REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT

Was organized at Madison, and mustered into service by Lieut. Col. T. J. Wood, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1861. The following comprised its officers:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Jeff. C. Davis, Indianapolis; Lieutenant Colonel, John A. Hendricks, Madison; Major, Gordon Tanner, Indianapolis; Adjutant, Charles L. Holstein, Jr., Madison; Regimental Quartermaster, Emmer Bradley, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Benjamin J. Newland, Bedford; Assistant Surgeon, Joseph A. Stillwell, Brownstown.

Company A.—Captain, Michael Gooding, Vernon; First Lieutenant, Leonard Ennis, Vernon; Second Lieutenant, David Ennis, Vernon.

Company B.—Captain, Thomas H. B. Tanner, Brownstown; First Lieutenant, James M. Lewis, Brownstown; Second Lieutenant, John F. C. Tanner, Brownstown.

Company C.—Captain, James S. Hester, Nashville; First Lieutenant, William W. Browning, Nashville, Second Lieutenant, William A. Adams, Nashville.

Company D.—Captain, David W. Dailey, Charlestown; First Lieutenant, William H. Ratts, Charlestown; Second Lieutenant, Isaac N. Haymaker, Charlestown.

Company E.—Captain, Josiah Wilson, Waynesville; First

Lieutenant, William H. Snodgrass, Waynesville; Second Lieutenant, Samuel H. McBride, New Albany.

Company F.—Captain, Elijah A. Stepleton, Vevay; First Lieutenant, John S. Roberts, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Sidney S. Marques, Bennington.

Company G.—Captain, Squire Isham Keith, Columbus; First Lieutenant, William McKenley Wiles, Columbus; Second Lieutenant, James McGrayel, Columbus.

Company H.—Captain, Patrick H. Jewett, Lexington; First Lieutenant, Thomas Shea, Lexington; Second Lieutenant, William Powers, Lexington.

Company I.—Captain, David Lunderman, Bloomington; First Lieutenant, John Oscar McCullough, Bloomington; Second Lieutenant, Anthony Ravenscraft, Bloomington.

Company K.—Captain, Richard H. Litson, Madison; First Lieutenant, Perry Watts, Madison; Second Lieutenant, Robert R. Smith, Madison.

On the fourteenth of August it arrived at Indianapolis, and on the seventeenth left for St. Louis, Missouri, arriving there the next day. It went into camp in the suburbs of the city. For ten days the regiment was engaged in drilling.

On the twenty-seventh it took the cars for Jefferson City, where an attack from the rebels was threatened. Here it again camped, and for three weeks was constantly engaged in field maneuvers and receiving military instruction.

It being reported that the enemy was in force at Glasgow, a detachment was sent on steamboats up the Missouri river, and landed a few miles below that town. The force consisted of three companies from the Twenty-Second, two from the Eighteenth and one from the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, all under command of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second. Quietly landing on the banks on the nineteenth of September, a bright moon shining, the force, in detached bodies, pushed through the woods towards the town, when a fatal mistake occurred. The detachments mistook each other for the enemy, and poured volleys into our own ranks, killing eight and wounding thirteen. The Twenty-Second lost one killed and three wounded—one mortally, Major Tanner, who died at Jefferson City one week afterward. This

unfortunate affair defeated the object of the expedition, and, next day, receiving intelligence of the surrender of the command of Col. Mulligan, at Lexington, it was deemed injudicious to proceed further, and the forces returned on transports to Booneville.

On the twenty-fifth the regiment marched to Otterville, and took cars for Sedalia, where it remained in camp until the twelfth of October. On the twentieth it joined the forces of Gen. Fremont, then on the march for Springfield, where the rebel generals Price and McCulloch had concentrated a large army. Crossing the Osage river at Warsaw the force steadily pressed on, and halted for a few days near Quincy, where Major Dailey joined the regiment. Moving on, the regiment reached Springfield on the second of November. Meanwhile Gen. Fremont had been relieved and Gen. Hunter placed in command. It having been ascertained that the rebel generals were withdrawing their army to Arkansas, a retrograde movement was ordered by Gen. Hunter. After a long, wearisome march, the regiment arrived near Otterville and went into camp.

On the sixteenth of December it took part in the Warrensburgh expedition, which resulted in the capture of nine hundred and fifty rebels, together with their arms, horses and camp equipage, on a stream called Black Water. Though the expedition was under command of Gen. Pope, to Col. Jeff. C. Davis is due the credit of its success. It was he who planned the attack and captured the entire force of the enemy, with a loss on our side of only two killed. The regiment then returned to camp near Otterville, where it remained until January twenty-fourth, 1862.

At this time Gen. Curtis, who had succeeded Gen. Hunter, resolved to move upon the enemy, who was reported to be fifteen thousand strong, under the rebel Gen. Price, at Springfield. The regiment struck tents and joined the advancing column. Col. Davis had command of a division. Lieut. Col. Hendricks being absent, Major Dailey took command of the regiment; Capt. Gooding acting as Major. It was a mid-winter march. The weather was very cold, the roads rough, and the sufferings of the men great. Yet they exhibited a

courage, perseverance and endurance highly creditable to their patriotism.

The forces were four days in crossing the Osage river at Lynn creek. At Lebanon the troops of Davis and Curtis formed a junction. Moving south, the weather moderated, and on the eleventh of February our advance encountered the pickets of the enemy, within seven miles of Springfield. Skirmishing at once ensued; the rebel pickets fell back, and our forces bivouaced within five miles of Springfield.

Early on the morning of the twelfth, the division, led by Col. Jeff. C. Davis, advanced cautiously through fields and prairies, until within two miles of Springfield. Here it was formed in line of battle, and skirmishers thrown out. Advancing rapidly on the town, not a rebel was to be seen; and in a few minutes it was ascertained that the enemy had fled. Our forces occupied the place at once, and soon the flag of the Twenty-Second waved over the lofty dome of the hospital on the plaza. Price and his rebel army retreated rapidly toward Arkansas. Curtis' army, though fatigued with long marches, commenced a vigorous pursuit of the flying foe. Sigel turned to the left, hoping, by rapid marching, to gain the enemy's rear. Davis followed in direct pursuit. Our forces pressed closely on the retreating columns of the enemy. Every day there was a sharp skirmish between our advance and the rebel rear guard. At Sugar Creek, Arkansas, Price was brought to bay. Davis halted for Sigel to join him; but Sigel had been misled by his guide, and was far in the rear. Taking advantage of the delay, the rebel General pushed on to Cross Hollows and Boston Mountain.

Here he was heavily reinforced by McCulloch, McIntosh, Rains and Steele. At once retracing his steps, on the sixth of March, he attacked Sigel's pickets near Bentonville. The next day it was ascertained that the rebel army, in overwhelming numbers, was moving upon the command of Gen. Curtis, which was encamped on Sugar creek, immediately south of Pea Ridge. Gen. Sigel fought bravely all day on the sixth, gradually falling back, with the design of leading the enemy into a favorable position for defense. But the

wily foe avoided the intended snare, for, instead of following Sigel up Sugar creek, Price turned to the left, and, on the morning of the eighth, made a furious attack on the rear of Carr's division, at Elk Horn Tavern.

The Twenty-Second, led by Lieut. Col. Hendricks, was ordered to take position on the left. Here McCulloch and McIntosh, with a heavy force, supported by Albert Pike's two thousand Indian allies, were pressing our line. The battle opened fiercely about eleven o'clock. The regiment was posted in the rear of a battery, and was greatly exposed. A ten-pound shell from the enemy's battery took off the head of a corporal in the front rank, passed through the neck and shoulders of a private in the rear rank, and, without exploding, buried itself in the breast of Lieut. Watts, of Co. K, killing all three instantly.

About four, P. M., the enemy made his last and most desperate charge on the left. Col. Hendricks fell, shot through the breast by a musket ball. Major Dailey was absent, receiving orders from Col. Pattison, commanding the brigade. Adjutant Powers, under the impression that our men were, through a mistake, turning our own battery upon our ranks, at the request of Col. Hendricks, passed to the left, and, on reaching the battery, saw that one section of it had been captured by the rebels, and turned against us. The left of the Twenty-Second having been forced by a desperate charge of the enemy, Adjutant Powers found it difficult to rejoin his command, and barely saved himself from death or capture. The enemy had brought the battery into an open field, and were raking our men terribly. Lieut. George S. Marshall, Eighteenth Indiana, aid to Col. Pattison, thinking it was our battery, rode up and ordered it to cease firing. Discovering the mistake, he accompanied Adjutant Powers to the Twenty-Second, and, there being no mounted officer present after the fall of Col. Hendricks, these brave officers rendered timely aid in re-forming the companies on the left, which had been thrown into confusion by the fierce onset of the enemy. Major Dailey, however, soon appeared, and, by a flank movement of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second, the battery was recaptured. In a few minutes, the enemy, having lost their

leaders, McCulloch and McIntosh, who both fell in front of our brigade, abandoned the field, and commenced a precipitate retreat.

That night the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana moved over to assist Col. Carr; and next day, about eleven, A. M., a combined charge of infantry and artillery drove the enemy from the field, with great loss. The loss of the Twenty-Second, at Pea Ridge, was nine killed and thirty-two wounded.

After this battle, the enemy withdrew into the mountains, and left the Union army masters of the country in north-west Arkansas and south-west Missouri. The regiment went into camp at Cross Timbers, and remained there until the sixth of April. At that time the army started on the march across the Ozark Mountains. At Bull's Mills, Capt. Gooding having been promoted to the rank of Major, joined the regiment. Major Dailey was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel in place of Col. Hendricks, who was killed at Pea Ridge. Arriving at West Plains, Mo., on the thirtieth of April, the column turned towards the south and reached Sulphur Rock, near the flourishing town of Batesville, Ark.

On the ninth of May, Gen. Davis with his brigade, composed of the Twenty-Second Indiana, Twenty-Fifth, Thirty-Fifth and Fifty-Ninth Illinois regiments, was, by order of the Secretary of War, instructed to report to Gen. Halleck, in front of Corinth. The next day, the troops, in fine condition, started on the march for Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi river, which place they reached on the evening of the twentieth, having made a march of two hundred and sixty miles in nine days, resting only one day during that time. Lieut. Col. Dailey here left the regiment on leave of absence, and Major Gooding took command.

At Cape Girardeau, the brigade embarked on board transports, the Twenty-Second taking the steamer War Eagle; and moving down the Mississippi, and up the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, the fleet arrived at Hamburgh Landing, on the Tennessee, on the evening of the twenty-fifth.

On the twenty-seventh, Lieut. Colonel Dailey rejoined the regiment, and assumed command. The regiment at once

marched to the front, and took position behind the intrenchments before Corinth. For two days skirmishing and fighting were brisk, heavy cannonading and musketry resounding along the lines.

On the twenty-ninth, at early daybreak, a series of heavy explosions was heard from the enemy's works. Soon afterwards, it was ascertained that the rebel General Beauregard had blown up his magazines, and evacuated Corinth. The regiment soon passed through the deserted camps of the enemy, and for several days harrassed his rear guard, pursuing him to Booneville, Mississippi, capturing a number of prisoners, and destroying the railroad and a long train of cars.

The Twenty-Second camped near Booneville until the sixth of June, when it moved to Clear creek, near Corinth. Here excellent water, and good camping grounds, were obtained. On the twenty-fourth it left camp, and moved in a southeasterly direction, towards Rienzi. On the twenty-sixth, Col. Gooding rejoined the regiment. Marching westward on the Memphis road, through a fine cotton, grain and fruit country, the regiment proceeded fifteen miles beyond Ripley. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the regiment returned through Ripley, and went into camp, on the fourth of July, within one mile of Jacinto, in a well watered and healthy region. It remained here for a month, performing picket and guard duty.

On the twentieth of July, Gen. Davis having obtained leave of absence, Gen. R. B. Mitchell took command of the division. On the fourth of August, Gen. Mitchell made a reconnoissance to Bay Springs, fifteen miles in the direction of Tupelo. The expedition was a complete success. A camp of rebel cavalry was broken up, and several prisoners taken; an extensive cotton factory and large mill destroyed, and a large amount of stores confiscated. The expedition arrived at Iuka on the ninth, and remained in camp there until the seventeenth. The regiment then marched to the Tennessee river, crossed that stream at Eastport, and moved up the river to Florence, Alabama. Here all tents and baggage were left, and the force started for Kentucky.

Gen. Bragg had invaded Kentucky, and was threatening

Louisville and Cincinnati. Buell's army was in rapid pursuit The march from Florence to Louisville was long, tedious and fatiguing. The regiment reached Louisville on the twenty-seventh of September, and left that place on the first of October, passing through Bardstown and Springfield. Col. Post being sick, Col. Gooding took command of the brigade. Lieut. Col. Dailey having resigned, Lieut. Col. Keith took command of the regiment.

On the eight the battle of Perryville was fought. Col. Gooding's brigade bore a conspicuous part in this battle. For two hours and a half this gallant brigade held immense numbers of the enemy in check, delivering a heavy and deliberate fire into the opposing masses of the enemy. A deadly fire swept their ranks. Many of their comrades fell, yet they bravely faced the deadly storm. At dark Col. Gooding was taken prisoner. The brave and heroic Keith was mortally wounded at the head of the regiment. The gallant Capt. R. K. Smith, Lieut. Sibbitts, Lieut. Tolbert, and Lieut. Ridlen, met their death in battling for their country. Forty-six of their comrades sleep the sleep of death on that fatal field. Lieut. McBride was mortally wounded. More than ninety others were wounded, some mortally. Over thirty were taken prisoners. The loss of the regiment was fifty per cent. Night put an end to the battle.

Five days afterwards, the regiment, commanded by Capt. Tanner, was confronted by a formidable force of rebel cavalry at Lancaster, Ky. A skirmish took place, and the rebel cavalry fled. From Lancaster the pursuit of Bragg's army was continued to Crab Orchard, Ky. Here Mitchell's division halted for a few days.

On the twentieth the division marched to Danville; thence back through Lancaster, on a three days' scout, to Lowell, twenty-five miles distant; and returning the same way, started for Nashville, Tennessee, passing through Lebanon. Halted on the thirtieth on Green river to be mustered. Thence the regiment passed through Bowling Green to Nashville, going into camp, on the seventh of November, on the north bank of the Cumberland river, opposite the city. On the tenth, Gen. Davis, the hero of Pea Ridge, assumed command of his

old division. Gen. Mitchell took command of the post of Nashville.

On the twenty-eighth the regiment crossed the Cumberland, passed through the city of Nashville, and, with the rest of the division, went into camp three miles south of the city. Col. Gooding, having been exchanged, joined the regiment, and took command. Capt. Shea was promoted to the rank of Major. On the twelfth of December, the regiment moved to another camp, seven miles southeast of Nashville, at a place called St. James Chapel. Here it was employed in picket duty and foraging, and was engaged in several exciting skirmishes while scouring the country in search of food.

On the twenty-sixth a forward movement of the Army of the Cumberland was made on Murfreesboro, which resulted in the battle of Stone River. Gen. Davis' division led the advance, going by the way of Nolensville, a small town midway between Murfreesboro and Nashville, a few miles to the right of the main road connecting the two places. Here the enemy had a strong force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, advantageously posted.

Soon after leaving camp at St. James Chapel, skirmishing began between our advance and the enemy's pickets. At twelve o'clock we forced in their outposts, and attacked their main body, which, after a spirited resistance, gave way, falling back to a more favorable position. Gen. Davis, moving his infantry forward at a charge, closely followed by two good batteries, pursued the rebels so closely, that they scarcely had time to form and bring their artillery to bear upon us. In one hour their lines were broken, one piece of artillery captured, several prisoners taken, and the rebel force put to a precipitate flight. Our loss was only four wounded. The affair at Nolensville was well managed, rendering it one of the most brilliant and successful enterprises of the campaign.

The enemy contested our advance from day to day, though not with so much vigor as at Nolensville, until the thirtieth, when the army of Gen. Rosecrans had contracted its lines, and was well concentrated upon the enemy's position at Murfreesboro, McCook's corps, including Davis' division, holding the right.

Early on the morning of the thirty-first the battle opened. During the previous night Bragg massed the greater part of his force to operate against, and, if possible, to turn our right. On came the rebels, closely followed by their artillery. Our troops hastily formed, and poured into their ranks volley after volley. Our artillery opened on them with grape and canister, cutting frightful gaps in their battalions; yet they wavered only for a few moments; then, closing their ranks, they bravely and heroically pressed forward. After desperate fighting, McCook's corps, overpowered and overwhelmed, faltered and gave way, but soon rallied, and stubbornly resisted the impetuous and reckless advance of the rebels, who, yelling like demons, swept on like an avalanche. The enemy, having succeeded in turning our right, greatly elated by his success, pushed on until within point blank range of Rousseau's and Negley's divisions, who opened upon him a murderous and galling fire. The flushed columns of the rebels halted and returned the fire. But deadlier became our volleys. The rebels hesitated. Seeing that delay only added to their destruction, they turned and fled to the forests. The ardor of the rebels was cooled, and night put an end to the fight for that day.

When the battle opened, five companies of the Twenty-Second were thrown forward as skirmishers. They deployed, and covered the entire front of the brigade; leaving the remaining five companies to occupy the place and bear the shock hurled against the whole regiment. The five companies were ordered to support Pinney's Wisconsin battery, and poured a deadly fire of musketry into the ranks of the advancing foe, while Pinney's battery delivered its grape and canister with fatal precision. The companies held the position until Lieut. Col. Tanner was severely wounded, and Capt. Pinney mortally wounded. The battery, with the exception of one gun, was saved. The regiment soon re-formed and took place in line.

The next day, January first, 1863, a vigorous onset was made by Bragg upon our center, but the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. On the second an attack was made on our left; but the enemy met with such a warm reception that he

retired in haste before our victorious columns, taking shelter behind his works, and leaving hundreds of his dead and wounded in our possession.

The Twenty-Second was thrown on the left as a support. The enemy was now confined to the limits of his intrenchments. Knowing that delay was dangerous, he commenced a well executed plan of withdrawal, covering his real design by a feint on the night of the third. In this he was foiled, and on Saturday morning, January fourth, our forces took possession of the town of Murfreesboro'. The loss of the regiment in this battle was twelve killed, thirty-six wounded, and thirty taken prisoners.

After the battle of Stone river, the Twenty-Second, with other troops belonging to Gen. Davis' division, encamped near the river, two miles south of the town. In February it accompanied General Davis on an expedition to Franklin, designing to counteract a movement of the enemy towards Cumberland.

After an absence of twelve days the division returned to Murfreesboro', and in March started by way of Eaglesville to Triune. While on this scout, on the anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, Gen. Davis delivered a short address to the regiment, in which he spoke of the long marches, bloody battles and skirmishes through which the regiment had passed.

It is claimed that no regiment in the service has made longer marches than the Twenty-Second. Traversing the central, south-western and entire southern portion of Missouri, north-western and northern Arkansas, portions of Mississippi and Alabama, across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, a journey of five thousand miles, all of which, with the exception of seven hundred miles, was performed on foot.

Here we leave the regiment. It is now, November sixteenth, 1863, at Chattanooga, with Grant's gallant army, prepared to fight for the old flag until the rebellion is crushed.

MAJOR GORDON TANNER.

Gordon Tanner was born near Brownstown, Jackson county, Indiana, July nineteenth, 1829. His father, Colonel

Thomas Tanner, a native of Kentucky, moved to Indiana soon after he reached his majority, and located on a beautiful farm where he lived until his death, in 1845. Col. Tanner was a man of imposing appearance, and possessed great firmness and decision of character, with noble qualities of head and heart. He had a predilection for the military service. In 1830 he was appointed Colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment Indiana Militia, and held the commission until his death. He left a widow and seven children dependent upon their own exertions.

The great grandfather of Gordon Tanner was an officer in the army of the revolution. He was wounded at the battle of King's Mountain, which caused the loss of an arm.

Gordon Tanner was the eldest of five sons. From infancy he was of weak frame, and had ever to contend with bodily infirmities. Early in life he exhibited genius, intellect, and mental energy of an extraordinary character. At six years of age he could read and write with remarkable correctness. With his father's assistance, at home, he made rapid advances in scholastic attainments. All his leisure was devoted to reading; and this mental food was supplied from the Franklin Library, of Brownstown, an association of which his father was a member. His reading in boyhood,—a taste for which continued through life,—was principally literary reviews and criticisms; the choicest poetical works; biography and history. He had an especial fondness for the productions of the early English authors. His library contained many rare works of literature and art.

At the age of thirteen he commenced a thorough preparation in the languages and mathematics for a collegiate course. Just as he was ready to enter the State University his father died, and he was left at the age of sixteen with the care and responsibility of providing for his mother's family. He undertook the management of the farm; but amid the anxieties and labors thus early thrown upon him, he found time to cultivate his literary tastes.

When war was declared against Mexico, he entered the army in an Indiana company of volunteers, under the command of Capt. Ford. On his way to the seat of war, at New

Orleans, he was attacked with yellow fever, and lay sick for three months. On his recovery he was appointed recruiting officer for the Third Regiment Indiana volunteers, which position he held until the war was ended. He then resumed his collegiate course, and was a student at the State University, at Bloomington, Indiana, during the years 1848–9. In the latter year he commenced the study of law. In 1850 he published and edited the Brownstown Observer, but he disposed of the establishment in a few months, for the purpose of joining the Cuban expedition under Walker. Fortunately he arrived in New Orleans four days after the steamer had left, which carried those men to their untimely end and sad fate. He returned home and resumed the study of law. In 1850–1, he was Assistant Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of Indiana. In 1854 he was elected by the Legislature State Librarian, and while occupying that position, he assisted in editing the Democratic Review, and furnished some of the ablest literary and political articles which it contained. In 1856 he edited the Democratic Platform, a political campaign paper, and his vigorous pen made a marked impression during that memorable presidential canvass. He was elected that year, by popular vote, Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court; and for four years filled the position with marked ability, and gained a reputation enviable and enduring.

Major Tanner was a Democrat. He was an enthusiastic admirer and devoted friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and followed the political fortunes of that great statesman and political leader, with unswerving fidelity. His was not a sycophantic, blind devotion to the representative of a great political party; but arose from the firm conviction of a man who thought and believed that the principles which Douglas advocated, reflected the spirit, as well as the letter, of the Constitution, and that the policy he espoused was best calculated to give vitality to our *Magna Charta* and perpetuate the Union in its career of unexampled progress and prosperity. The great speeches of Mr. Douglas, just before and after the inauguration of President Lincoln, expressed the sentiments which Major Tanner thought should be enter-

tained by every patriotic citizen, and in his view suggested the only true and peaceful solution of the nation's troubles.

Sumter fell. The President issued his call for volunteers to put down the armed rebellion in the seceded States, to preserve the Constitution and the Union, as framed by the wise, sagacious, and patriotic fathers of the republic. Major Tanner believed it to be his duty to tender his services to the Governor of Indiana as a volunteer in the army of the republic, asking only a position in which he could do honor alike to his native State and himself.

Major Tanner had State pride, and he was anxious that Indiana should occupy that position among her sister republics, and exert that influence in the destinies of the nation, which had been withheld her, but to which she was justly entitled. At the Legislative re-union, in Cincinnati, in January, 1860, at which the Legislatures of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio, were present, Major Tanner was called upon to respond to a toast complimentary to Indiana, as her representative in that assembly of the most prominent citizens from contiguous States, two slave, and two free. No address on that occasion expressed more patriotic and truthful sentiments. It was brief, but peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. It was singularly prophetic of the events which have since transpired. His prophecies, if we may so term them, have become history. As the speech is a specimen of his peculiar temperament, composition, and far-seeing sagacity, no more appropriate tribute can be offered to his memory than to reproduce it. He said:

"On behalf of the citizens of Indiana, from the lake to the Ohio, from the Miami to the Wabash—on behalf of the whole people of our State, the humblest of her citizens may express gratitude for, and thankfulness to the Divine Providence which has brought together, in peace and harmony, the contending brethren of sister republics. Indiana responds, throughout all her borders, to each and every expression of patriotism and devotion to the Union which has been uttered by the eloquent and honored representatives of her elder and greater sisters. Thank God! Indiana needs no panegyric. Not one word need be said of her devotion to the union of

these States. Her past history speaks for her. There is not this day one disunionist, one secessionist, within her boundaries. There is not a battalion of drilled soldiery in the northwest that could prevent the conservative masses of Indiana from hanging a professed disunionist on the nearest tree. She has been, in some sort, a silent member. She has been the Cinderella of a more brilliant and favored sisterhood. What influences have brought a great and powerful State to this position, I do not now propose to point out. But from this time forth she intends that her voice shall be heard and her power felt in determining the destinies of this republic.

"The time for action has come. We have among us those who can move the people by their eloquence. We have among us those who have fought more wordy battles for the Union, against more fearful odds, than have been fought by the citizens of any State of the Confederacy. But we are tired of talking about disunion. We are ready for the 'overt act.' We are ready to pledge our wealth, our intellect, our muscle, and honor to the people of the Mississippi Valley to 'crush out treason wherever it may rear its head.'"

And Indiana has made her voice heard and her power felt in determining the destinies of the republic. Her wealth, her intellect, her muscle, and honor have been freely contributed to "crush out treason wherever it has raised its head." On every successful battle field her sons have been found winning new laurels to garland her escutcheon, and performing deeds of valor that will make her star the brightest of the galaxy. Indiana's part in the war of the Union will give her the individuality and fame which Major Tanner so much desired her sons should win, and for which he sacrificed his own life.

On the second of August, Gordon Tanner was appointed Major of the Twenty-Second Regiment Indiana volunteers. In that regiment were two of his brothers, one a Captain, and the other a Second Lieutenant. On the sixteenth of the same month his regiment was ordered to service in Missouri. With a natural taste for military affairs, and some experience in a soldier's life, he rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of his duties. It is only expressing the sentiment of every

member of his regiment, when it is said he was its idol Cool, brave, energetic, and determined, he promised to be one of the most useful officers in the service. He had every prospect of a brilliant future. His towering ambition,—subordinate, as it really was, to the great interests at issue in the nation's struggle for life,—had he been spared and opportunity been given him, would have led him onward until he had performed deeds of valor which would have given him a proud name and an enviable fame. But he left home with a sad presentiment. He never expected to return. He told his friends that he did not expect to survive the first engagement with the enemy. Alas! these sad forebodings too soon became reality. He did his duty with alacrity, and cheer fully laid down his life for his country.

On the eighteenth of September, the Eighteenth, Twenty-Second and Twenty-Sixth Indiana regiments were ordered up the Missouri river towards Glasgow. On nearing the town three companies of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second, under command of Major Tanner, were detailed for a reconnoissance, in the performance of which duty he received a mortal wound. He was immediately conveyed to Jefferson City, where every attention that friends and a devoted wife could render, and all that medical skill could do, to alleviate his suffering and save his life, was done; but in vain. For eleven days he suffered intensely, but exhibited in those long hours of agony all that fortitude and those marked peculiarities which had distinguished him through life. On the thirtieth of September, his brave, patriotic and gallant spirit took its flight.

"A warrior's weapon had freed a warrior's soul."

Every respect was paid to his memory. Brigadier General Thomas L. Price, commanding at Jefferson City, Missouri, issued a general order, in which he said:

"The General Commanding learns with regret the decease of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second regiment of Indiana volunteers—one of the bravest of those who have given their lives for their country. The loss of this brave and gallant officer, in the present condition of our country, is

not only one of great importance to the army, but is also a cause of deep regret to thousands of his comrades in arms, many of whom looked forward to gaining distinction and success under his command."

The remains of Major Tanner were taken to his home, Indianapolis, for interment, and received the honor due a patriot and a soldier. The members of the bar, in a feeling tribute to his memory, said: "It was due at once to the virtues of the deceased and to the members of the profession that he adorned while living, to join with the community in lamenting that our fellow-citizen, endeared to us by the kindness of his nature, the integrity of his conduct, and the promise of future usefulness, has been cut off before that promise had been realized; but not before he had given ample evidence of his capacity for a life honorable and useful to the country."

On the fourth of October, 1861, the mortal remains of Major Gordon Tanner were laid in their final resting place, with all the honors of war, and every manifestation of respect, by the citizens of Indianapolis. A faithful wife, and a son eight years old, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

The career of Major Tanner illustrates, most forcibly, the advantages and workings of republican institutions. No adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune attended him. He fought his own way through life from childhood onward. He was the architect of his own fortune. Knowing that his future depended on his own efforts, he became self-reliant. He was ambitious. He sought fame and distinction in the paths of honor; and they were the incentives which inspired him with hope and courage through the toil by which they are reached. Major Tanner was no orator, but when the occasion required it, he could speak forcibly and well. He excelled as a writer. His compositions—and he wrote much on varied subjects—display thought, accuracy, comprehension and cultivation. His reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Indiana, present the evidence that he had thoroughly mastered the science of the law, and well understood the application of its principles; his published reviews and criti-

cisms show that he was a thorough *belles lettres* scholar; and his political treatises are the best testimony that he had thoroughly studied and comprehended the art or science of governing men.

Major Tanner was a genial companion. He had but few associates, but to them the windows of his soul were always open. He was devoted to his friends. He was exceedingly sensitive and reserved, except with those in whom he had entire confidence. This greatly prevented his attaining that personal popularity so essential an element of success in public men. Wielding a caustic pen himself, the sarcasm and ridicule, too often used as a weapon against an adversary, stung him to the quick. A man of strong passions, he could both love and hate. He was a man of generous heart, and a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to contribute his efforts and means to promote social happiness and the public good. He was the kindest of husbands, and the most indulgent of fathers, ever manifesting towards his family a woman's gentleness.

In no more flattering and just terms can the private character of Major Tanner be portrayed, than by quoting his own estimate of one of Indiana's sons:

"In his private relations he was noble and generous. He contemned a mean thing, and disdained a cowardly act. He was a firm and devoted friend. His attachments were few but strong. He was not too much a partisan to be a gentleman. He would fight a man as a political enemy, and at the same time love him as a personal friend. He had more respect for the bold man who opposed him with an earnest and determined spirit, than the slave who waits for others to act, and then sides with the strong."

Gordon Tanner died young. Although he had occupied many honorable public positions, he was but on the threshold of usefulness. He looked forward hopefully to greater enterprises than any he had accomplished; but death has cut off his ambitious aims. Had he lived, he had the intellect and the accomplishments to have fitted him, and the will to have striven, for the most elevated positions in the public service.

But he has gone from us forever. The memory of his many virtues will be cherished by those who knew and loved him.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL S. I. KEITH

Was born in Dover, Mason county, Kentucky, on the thirtieth of November, 1837. As a youth, he was noted for gentleness; but, as the boy grew to manhood, time developed in him indomitable energy and an iron will. At the first call to arms, he responded, and enlisted as a private in Capt. Abbett's company; but the company failed to get into the three months' service on account of an over supply of troops. Not discouraged, S. I. Keith at once went to work to raise a company for three years' service; and succeeded so well, that on the fifteenth of August, 1861, the company was raised. Keith was commissioned as Captain, and his command attached to the Twenty-Second Indiana, as company G.

Through the Missouri campaign, with its terrible exposure, fatigue and suffering, Capt. Keith was cheerful, and used every effort to encourage his men. At the battle of Pea Ridge, when Lieut. Col. Hendricks fell, and the regiment was almost surrounded by the swarming masses of the enemy, Capt. Keith's company formed the rear guard, and held the enemy in check until the regiment fell back, when Capt. Keith, at the head of his company, cut his way through and rejoined his regiment. His gallant conduct, in this battle, endeared him to the command. The regiment, after the battle of Shiloh, joined the army of Gen. Halleck, and participated in the seige of Corinth, Capt. Keith being almost constantly in the front.

On the eighteenth of July, 1862, Capt. Keith was commissioned Major of the Twenty-Second; and on the twenty-third was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. After the seige of Corinth, the regiment was attached to Gen. Buell's command, and joined in the pursuit of Bragg through Kentucky. On arriving at Louisville, Col. Keith made a short visit to his home in Columbus, Ind. He rejoined his regiment soon after, and at the battle of Perryville took command, Col. Gooding, of the Twenty-Second, being in command of the

brigade. Col. Keith led a furious bayonet charge, driving the enemy from their position, with fearful loss. In this desperate battle, the brave Col. Keith lost his life. The circumstances attending his death were as follows:

When nearly dark, on the eighth of October, Col. Keith was ordered, with his regiment, to the support of the Fifty-Ninth Illinois. Marching by the left flank down a hill into the woods, he was halted by the rebel Gen. Hardee, who asked, "What command?" Col. Keith replied, "The Twenty-Second Indiana from Pea Ridge." Hardee then said, "I belong to the same command;" and, pointing to the rebels in Union uniforms, and with the United States flag, said, "These are my troops;" and, riding quickly to the rear of his column, gave the command, "Fire!" By that volley Col. Keith was mortally wounded. He was carried by his men to the rear, when he remarked, "I must die; go back and do your duty." The next morning he was dead. He was buried in a soldier's grave; a board was placed at its head to mark the spot. Soon afterwards his remains were conveyed to Columbus, Ind., and interred in the family burying ground. He was true in all the relations of life.

Thus died a brave man and a true patriot.

INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XVII.

The position assumed by Kentucky in the beginning of the struggle was that of neutrality. It seemed to be the dream of her rulers, and of a large portion of her people, that they could place their State as a breakwater between the gathering armies, and secure the blessings of peace, by rolling back the tide of war. It is not our design to discuss the wisdom of this policy, or to question the motives of those who were responsible for it. The effects we have experienced; the facts it is our province to state. In response to the President's call for troops after the fall of Fort Sumter, Gov. Magoffin curtly replied: "Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say, emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." On the twenty-fourth of April the Governor issued a proclamation, convening the Legislature in extraordinary session, at Frankfort, on the sixth day of May.

In the meantime, Gov. Magoffin, whose loyalty to the Union was doubted, both within and without the Commonwealth, used every effort to put the State in a warlike attitude. He professed to a sincerity of purpose to prevent the passage of armed bodies across the borders of Kentucky from either section. Neutrality had become armed neutrality. The State Guard, partially organized before the rebellion, was placed on a war footing; and strenuous efforts were made to raise money to arm and equip those troops. The true

Union men became more and more alarmed as they witnessed these preparations. The State Guard was under the direction of Gen. Buckner, who was then believed to be what he has since proved himself—a decided and bitter secessionist. The young men of the State flocked to Buckner's standard. Their sympathies were with the South. Large numbers of them threw off all disguise, and left their homes for the seceded States. In some instances companies were raised with the avowed purpose of tendering their services to the Montgomery Government. The restless warlike element was evidently hostile to the Federal Government. Tenders of troops were made to President Lincoln by individuals resident in Kentucky; but in no instance were the rank and file of the regiments offered at this period expected to be raised within the State.

The result of the elections for members of the General Assembly was a decided Union majority in both branches. The Legislature met at Frankfort on the sixth of May. The excitement was intense; for the stake at issue was immense. Various military schemes were proposed, some of which evidently looked to the project of arming the State as an ally of the South. During the discussion of these projects, Gov. Magoffin issued his proclamation of neutrality, in which he warned all States, separate or united, and "especially the United States and Confederate States," that he positively forbid any movements upon Kentucky soil, or the occupation, within her borders, of any post or military camp, and warned all citizens, whether incorporated in the State Guard or otherwise, from making any hostile demonstration against any of the aforesaid authorities. A strict construction of this proclamation of neutrality would have led to the expulsion of the United States troops from the barracks at Newport, which had for years been a Federal military post. The partisans of the Governor, however, contended that he was a good Union man, and that his object was to keep the State within the Union, and free from strife, and in such an attitude, that she could act as an arbiter between the contending sections. This would have been a high and holy mission; but Beriah Magoffin was believed to be too deeply implicated

in the schemes of the secession leaders to command the confidence of the loyal people of Kentucky. A resolution, endorsing the proclamation as containing the true policy for Kentucky, was defeated in the Legislature. The bill introduced by the Chairman of the Military Committee was also defeated. A bill, however, was passed, appropriating seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of arms, to be distributed under the direction of commissioners, appointed by the Legislature, and requiring organized companies to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States before they should receive them. The passage of this bill took the control of the military force of the State out of the hands of the Governor and of Gen. Buckner, and was considered a decided Union triumph. The Legislature, after a short session, adjourned to meet on the first Monday in September.

It soon became evident to the most sanguine advocates of neutrality, that such a condition could not long be maintained. The strife between Unionists and secessionists increased in bitterness. The papers in Tennessee were clamoring for the Confederate occupation of Kentucky, under pretense of affording protection to those who were opposed, politically, to the Federal administration, and as a protection against the invasion of their own State. The large Federal force assembled at Cairo was made a pretext for this clamor. By the fifth of June five thousand Union troops were gathered at that point, and fortifications were erected there and at Bird's Point, on the Missouri shore. The Mississippi river was effectually blockaded; and the order from the Treasury Department, prohibiting the shipment of supplies South, was rigidly enforced along the shores of Kentucky, bordering upon the Ohio river. The shipment of arms, by the Federal Government, to be placed in the hands of Union citizens, caused serious disturbance in several districts in the State. Notwithstanding the test of the elections showed a large majority in favor of sharing the fortunes of the old Union, the secession minority was often bold and defiant. The Union men felt assured, during the months of July and August, that preparations were being made by the Confeder-

ates to invade the State through Tennessee, by throwing a force through Cumberland Gap. Faith in the efficacy of the neutrality doctrine waned, and recruiting for the Federal service was stimulated, and camps were formed, within the State.

On the nineteenth of August, Gov. Magoffin addressed a letter to President Lincoln, requesting him to withdraw the Federal troops from the military camps. He claimed for the policy he had adopted peace and tranquility within the borders of the State, and expressed an earnest desire to maintain it; and urged his belief that the horrors of civil war would be averted by the course he recommended. The President declined to comply with his request. The military force in the State, he said, consisted exclusively of Kentuckians, and the establishment of the camps had been recommended by many eminent citizens of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress; and that no person, except his Excellency and the bearer of his letter, had ever urged their removal. One worthy citizen, he continued, did solicit him to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time, and he had complied with that request. On the same day that the letter above referred to was sent to the President, a message was dispatched to Richmond with a note from the Governor, reiterating the desire of Kentucky to continue her neutrality—stating that Federal camps were established in the central portions of the State—expressing the fears of the people, that the Confederate force gathering on the Southern border would be used for the purpose of invasion—and calling upon Mr. Davis to give an authoritative assurance that they would not be so used. In his reply, President Davis expressed the strong desire of the Confederate authorities to respect the position assumed by Kentucky so long as it was maintained in good faith; but added, that "if the door be opened on the one side for the aggressions of one of the belligerent parties upon the other, it ought not to be shut to the assailed, when they seek to enter it for purposes of self-defense." "The assemblage," he said, "of troops in Tennessee had no other object than to repel the lawless invasion of that State by the forces of the United

States, should their Government seek to approach it through Kentucky, without respect for its position of neutrality."

This correspondence clearly foreshadowed the fate of Kentucky. The Government at Washington could not forego the right to march through a loyal State to reduce a disloyal one to submission; and the moment the door was opened on one side for the passage of troops, it would be broken violently on the other to resist their march. Without strength to beat back both parties, the State, lulled to sleep by its vision of neutrality, must become the battle field of the contending parties.

When the Legislature met on the first of September, the crisis was at hand. On the third, the Confederate General Polk occupied Columbus with a large force. He issued an address, giving, as his reasons for violating the neutrality of Kentucky, that the Federal Government had first done so, by establishing camps in that State, and that batteries were being erected on the Missouri shore to command the town. On the sixth, Paducah, at the mouth of Tennessee river, was occupied by Federal troops from Cairo, under Gen. C. F. Smith; and a camp was formed on the Kentucky shore a short distance above the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, called in honor of a distinguished Kentuckian, Joseph Holt, who had already taken a decided stand in favor of the Government. Thus was the dream of neutrality, in which doubtless many good and loyal men had resposed in fancied security, rudely broken by the tread of armed legions, and the thunder of hostile cannon.

The most intense excitement was created by the movements of the rebel commander. Rumors of the occupation of Bowling Green were rife on the streets of Louisville and Frankfort, and it was reported that the State Guard intended seizing Muldraugh's Hill, a commanding point on the Nashville railroad, a few miles from Louisville. The Legislature immediately sent commissioners to Gen. Polk to know by what authority he invaded the State; and the Governor was requested by resolution to issue a proclamation, commanding the Confederate General to withdraw his troops. An attempt was made to engraft another resolution upon the

one just passed, to require the Governor to include the Federal troops in his order; but it signally failed. The proclamation was issued, but it was ineffective.

The State, however, was by this time thoroughly aroused, and men flocked to the Federal standard. Regiments were soon in process of organization in different parts of the State. A few months before, recruiting for Kentucky regiments was done in Ohio and Indiana; but the tread of the invader upon her soil, roused the spirit of the sons of the "dark and bloody ground," who sprung to arms in defense of their homes.

The Military Board was directed by the Legislature to call in the arms which had been distributed to the State Guard; and the report of the Committee on Federal relations, pledging the State for the payment of the war tax, and for the performance of all her constitutional obligations, was adopted by a large majority. Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter notoriety, had been sent to Kentucky. It was his native State, and much was hoped for from his ability as a commander, and his influence with the people. The Legislature requested his aid in raising troops; and placed the State Guard under the command of Col. T. L. Crittenden, a son of the venerable Senator, who, in his place in the lower branch of Congress, as a representative of the State which had so often honored him, labored with lofty patriotism to stay the tide of desolation which was sweeping over the land. Col. Crittenden had served in the war with Mexico, and was an aid-de-camp to Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista. Like his venerated father, he was true to his country in her hour of peril.

Gen. Rousseau, who had raised a brigade, and drilled it in camp, on the Indiana shore, about this time marched through Louisville, and took possession of Muldraugh's Hill. Troops from Indiana were freely offered to assist in holding the rebels in check. Four hundred men of the Indiana Legion, from Jennings and Jefferson counties, with several pieces of artillery, marched to Louisville, under command of Gen. Mansfield, and offered their services to Gen. Anderson. Gen. Anderson rejected the artillery on account of the guns not

being of uniform calibre, and declined to receive the men unless they would volunteer for an indefinite period.

About the twentieth of August, Gov. Morehead and other prominent secessionists, were arrested and sent North; and Gen. Buckner fled to the Confederate lines, causing the bridge over the Rolling Fork, on the Louisville and Nashville road, to be burned by his adherents. His flight was followed on the twenty-second by the departure southward from Lexington, of John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States, Wm. B. Preston, late Minister to Spain, the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and other notables of the State. John Morgan, since so famous as a cavalry commander in the rebel army, left Lexington about the same time, at the head of a company of mounted men.

The repudiation of the policy of neutrality by the Legislature and people of the State, was followed by a period of great activity in military circles. Gen. W. T. Sherman was in command of the Federal forces on the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, with his headquarters at Lebanon Junction. His pickets extended to Elizabethtown. Gen. Rousseau, with his brigade, held Muldraugh's Hill, at that time considered an important position. The force collected by Gen. Sherman was a motley one. Home Guards from the adjoining counties, citizens from Louisville, armed with whatever implement of warfare they had at hand, mountaineers from the knobs of Salt creek, with their squirrel rifles, and a few half organized volunteer regiments, without uniforms, composed his force. The Sixth was the first regiment from Indiana to cross the border into Kentucky. It was re-organized after having been mustered out of the three months' service, and marched to Kentucky without waiting for an answer to requisitions on the Quartermasters Department. Other regiments rapidly followed from Indiana and Ohio, and soon Gen. Sherman had a respectable force to keep back the roving bands of guerrillas who were threatening his lines. Gen. G. H. Thomas, another regular army officer, was in command at Camp Dick Robinson, in the central part of the State. The Confederates were concentrating in force at Bowling Green, and had already commenced their fortifica-

tions at that point, while their scouts roamed over the country to the Federal lines, and their advanced post was at Nolen, on the Nashville railroad, having the road well guarded from there to the Cumberland river. In front of Gen. Thomas was a large force under command of Gen. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, and Humphrey Marshall was gathering the disaffected of Eastern Kentucky into his camps on the Big Sandy.

The situation was critical. The Confederate government knew the importance of Kentucky as a battle ground, and was not disposed to quibble about the means used to get possession of it. In addition to the number of the young men who had entered the Southern army, many who remained at home, strongly sympathized with the effort of the rebel leaders to extend their power over the State. Gen. Buckner issued a stirring address to the people, and being in possession of two-thirds of the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, with his headquarters at Bowling Green, and his detachments roaming over half the State, it was not without effect in rallying even the more lukewarm of the secession party to his standard. Buckner destroyed the locks on Green river, and Zollicoffer advanced to Manchester.

The armies increased rapidly in numbers on both sides. Troops from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were hurried across the border fast as regiments were organized. The struggle was rapidly becoming one of vast proportions. Gen. Sherman succeeded General Anderson in the chief command on the seventh of October. He was an officer of energy and ability, and felt the responsibility imposed on him. He comprehended the situation. He knew the North must put forth its power to save the State to the Union. He was regarded as crazy because he said that two hundred thousand men were needed to drive back the southern armies. It would have been well for the country had a few more such crazy men then held important commands, and successfully urged the adoption of their views upon the government at Washington.

The rapidity with which Indiana organized and sent forward her troops was remarkable. The danger which menaced Kentucky struck a chord that vibrated through the heart of Indiana. Except the invasion of her own soil, there was

no event that could so thoroughly arouse her people as the tread of hostile feet upon the fair fields of a State, to which she was bound by so many tender ties. Indiana believed, and not without evidence, that the majority of the citizens of Kentucky were opposed to the revolutionary schemes of the Southern leaders, and every generous impulse impelled them to rush to their assistance. It was evident, too, that their own homes could be more effectually defended on the banks of the Cumberland than on the shores of the Ohio. The desire to aid Kentucky was universal. Men of all parties and of every shade of opinion were united on that point. As the hastily organized regiments crossed the beautiful river separating the sister States, the names of many of Indiana's sons, who have since won unfading honor on the gory fields of battle, were then first heard of as military men. How quickly and how well their first lessons in the art of war were learned, will appear from the histories of their regiments, and from the sketches of the campaigns in which they participated.

Lieut. Col. T. J. Wood, of the First regular cavalry, formerly mustering officer for Indiana, was appointed a Brigadier General of volunteers. He arrived at Nolen on the tenth of October, and formed the first Indiana brigade in Kentucky. His staff were Indianians. Capt. Wm. H. Schlater was his Adjutant General, Capt. George W. Wiley, of the Thirty-Ninth, Chief Commissary, and Lieuts. George W. Leonard, of the Thirty-Sixth, and F. A. Clark, of the Twenty-Ninth, aides-de-camp. Gen. Wood was shortly after placed in command of the camp of instruction at Bardstown, where many of the new regiments were sent.

Some of the regiments, when but a few days from their homes, proceeded to the front, and encountered the enemy. The Thirty-Third Indiana, Col. Coburn, left Indianapolis on the last of September, passed through Frankfort, Camp Dick Robinson and Crab Orchard, joining the forces under Gen. Schoepff, which encountered and checked the advance of Zollicoffer's army at Wild Cat on the twenty-first of October. Zollicoffer, by forced marches, was hastening to overrun the blue grass region, and thus secure that rich territory as a base of operations for the Confederate army. For a description of

the fight at Wild Cat, and the operations in that district, we refer to the history of the Thirty-Third in this volume.

GEN. BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.

On the fifteenth of November, 1861, Gen. Don Carlos Buell arrived at Louisville, and assumed command of the new Department of the Ohio, which embraced the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Tennessee and that portion of Kentucky east of the Cumberland river. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the Confederate army west, and was preparing to make a vigorous campaign, for the possession of Louisville and the establishment of his line on the Ohio river. He had thirty-five thousand men north of the Cumberland river, and garrisons at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and was in railroad communication with Columbus, on the Mississippi, where a large force was stationed under command of Gen. Polk. His communication between these points and Nashville was uninterrupted. With these facilities he could soon concentrate at any point all the force of the Confederacy not required elsewhere for defense. He had also two thousand five hundred men under Humphrey Marshall on the north-eastern border of the State, and a force under Gen. Zollicoffer at, and near, Cumberland Gap, which had recently attempted to overrun the rich central portions of the State, and might at any time renew the attempt. Bands were yet being organized in the rear of our lines to join the rebel ranks. At that time the Confederacy was not seriously threatened at any point except in front of Washington. The sea coast expeditions had not yet been thoroughly organized. Our forces in Missouri and Western Virginia were not prepared to operate beyond the limits of those States. Kentucky, therefore, offered to the enemy the most encouraging field for successful operations. The disloyal element in the State confidently expected the rebel troops to be in possession of Louisville in a very short period, and did not conceal their satisfaction at the prospect. Gen. Buell, to oppose the movements of the Confederate General from the Cumberland Gap and from Nashville, had only two organi-

zed divisions, numbering twenty-five thousand effective men. He had also a force of four thousand on the Big Sandy in the north-eastern portion of the State. There were in addition fragments of undisciplined regiments and companies scattered at distant camps, many of whom were without arms. These had to be organized, armed and drilled. To this task Gen. Buell at once directed his energies, and, under many discouragements, succeeded in forming from this disorganized mass an efficient force. Still there was much to be done to prepare the army for offensive operations. Transportation had to be created; supplies had to be provided; depots established; artillery and cavalry equipped; in short everything had to be prepared, which was needed to make a forward movement effective.

While these preparations were progressing the enemy was not idle. Regiments crossed the Cumberland rapidly as they crossed the Ohio, and the defenses at Columbus, Donelson and Bowling Green grew from light field works to fortifications of great strength.

The instructions received by Gen. Buell urged the importance of sending a column to hold East Tennessee. That section of the State was represented to be devotedly attached to the Federal Government; and the sufferings of its loyal inhabitants under the iron despotism of their rebel rulers, were vividly painted by thousands of refugees. The sympathies of the nation were aroused in their behalf. The people and the press urged immediate efforts for their relief, and the Government, it is presumed, felt strongly as did the people, the importance of securing the territory. After carefully investigating the subject, Gen. Buell reported that a campaign against East Tennessee would require thirty thousand men—twenty thousand to enter the State, and ten thousand on the line of communications. There would be two hundred miles of wagon transportation—a great portion of the way through a barren mountainous region. The General submitted to the War Department the plan of a campaign against Nashville. He proposed to march rapidly against that city; to pass to the left of Bowling Green, through Glasglow and Gallatin, while a force from Missouri should ascend

the Cumberland river, under the protection of gunboats. It was essential to open the river to make the movement successful; for it would be necessary to depend on that channel for supplies. The troops, therefore, were so disposed, that they could easily be directed to East Tennessee, or towards Nashville. By the last of December four divisions—forty thousand men—were organized. One division was at Munfordsville, one at Beaver creek, on the same road, one near Green river, on the New Haven pike, and one at Lebanon. But notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, transportation for an advance had not been obtained. While preparations were being made for a successful advance, collisions occurred between the Federal and rebel forces, which resulted in brilliant and decisive victories to the Union arms.

THE FIGHT AT MUNFORDSVILLE.

Gen. McCook's division lay at Munfordsville awaiting the completion of the railroad bridge over Green river for a further advance. The opposing rebel force, under Gen. Hindman, was at Cave City. The duty of picketing the south side of the river, and protecting the working parties, had been assigned to Col. Willich's regiment—the Thirty-Second Indiana. The regiment usually had two companies on the south side of the river; but on the evening before the fight—the sixteenth of December—a second bridge having been completed, Col. Willich sent four companies to the south side, and ordered four companies to the north bank as supports. The picket line was advanced to the outskirts of Woodsonville, a village about one mile from the river. Gen. Hindman, with a force of eleven hundred infantry, four pieces of artillery, and a battalion of Texas rangers, under Col. Terry, marched from Cave City on the morning of the seventeenth, for the purpose of capturing the Federal pickets on the south side of Green river, and breaking up the railroad. He halted his infantry on the railroad, near Woodsonville, and advanced his cavalry to the hights overlooking the position occupied by our pickets. About noon the enemy's cavalry attacked the outer pickets. Capt. Glass, with the

second company, advanced and drove back the attacking party, until he came in sight of their infantry supports. He then fell back slowly, the enemy's line advancing upon him. The third company to the left of the Woodsonville pike was attacked at the same time, but more feebly. The two other companies on the south side of the river hastened up; and Lieut. Col. Von Trebra, with the remainder of the regiment, crossed over, and advanced on the run to the scene of conflict. He soon formed his line, sending three companies to support Capt. Glass on the right, and four companies to the left. The line thus formed, with skirmishers thrown out, advanced steadily, and drove the enemy back. Then came a furious charge of cavalry upon our skirmish line, led by Col. Terry, of the Texas rangers. They rode among our men, firing with their carbines and pistols. The skirmishers closed up, and met the charge with veteran coolness. On our left flank, Lieut. Sachs, with half the third company, left his covered position, and attacked the cavalry in the open field. Terrible and furious was his charge. The rangers fought with desperate valor. The eighth and ninth companies, in close skirmish order, advanced to the rescue of Sachs. They drove back the cavalry, but not until the gallant and impetuous Sachs, and a number of his men, were killed.

In the meantime, the fight on our right wing was equally severe. Three of the companies were then deployed as skirmishers, and one—the sixth—was in column for their support. One of the companies was in skirmish order, behind a fence. The rangers galloped up to them in close line, and commenced firing rifles and revolvers. The fire was steadily returned, and they were held in check until the company formed a square. On this square the rangers threw themselves with a yell. Capt. Welshbellich, who commanded, ordered his men to reserve their fire until their assailants were within fifty yards. The volley staggered them. They rallied again, charged, and were made to reel. Frantically they rushed upon another face of the square, and were met by another cool, deliberate volley. At the fall of their leader, Col. Terry, they withdrew, to give place to an infantry charge against the invincible square, which was also repulsed. The

artillery of the enemy opened on our line, but with little effect; and soon the whole force retired, leaving the gallant regiment in possession of the field. Our loss was one officer, and nine men killed, and twenty-two wounded. That of the enemy thirty-three killed, including Col. Terry, and fifty wounded.

For the gallantry of the Thirty-Second in this fight, Gen. Buell issued a complimentary order, directing that "Rowlett's Station" be inscribed upon the regimental colors.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S DEFEAT.

About the middle of December, Humphrey Marshall again invaded the State, moving by way of Pikeville, at the head of twenty-five hundred men. His force was represented to be much larger. Gen. Buell placed five regiments of infantry and about one regiment of cavalry, under command of Col. Garfield, to operate against the invading force. Marshall had intrenched himself three miles south of Paintsville. He fell back on the approach of our forces, retreating to Middle Creek, fifteen miles distant, where he took position on the hights two miles from Prestonburgh, leaving a corps of observation of three hundred mounted men at the mouth of Jennie creek, and a small force of infantry above, to protect the passage of his trains. Arriving at Paintsville, Col. Garfield sent Woolford's and McLaughlin's cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. Letcher, up Jennie creek to harass the enemy's rear, while with one thousand picked men from the infantry regiments under his command he rapidly advanced up the Big Sandy towards Prestonburgh. After a march of ten miles he found the enemy's pickets and drove them back to the mouth of Abbott's creek, one mile from Prestonburgh. Night coming on he bivouaced and sent back for the remainder of his force. At four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh all the available force was on the march. At eight o'clock the mouth of Middle creek, which empties into the Big Sandy, was reached. Here the advance commenced a brisk skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, which continued up the stream for two miles and a half, and within one thousand

yards of its forks, where the enemy was posted. Forming his infantry on the crest of a semi-circular hill, Col. Garfield sent forward a small mounted force to draw the enemy's fire. He found one regiment posted behind a point of the ridge on which our forces were formed. This regiment was speedily dislodged and driven across the creek. The enemy then opened fire from his artillery on our center. Major Perdee, who had driven the enemy's advance regiment, and occupied the spur of a high rocky ridge to the left front of our line, was reinforced by portions of three regiments under Colonel Craner. The enemy, while keeping up a brisk fire upon our center, attempted a flank movement down the creek. Col. Garfield sent Lieut. Col. Moore, of the Twenty-Second Kentucky, with a portion of his own regiment and a battalion of the Fourteenth Kentucky, to cross the stream and check this movement. The mission was performed in gallant style by Lieut. Col. Moore. Col. Craner and Major Perdee, in the meantime, drove the force opposed to them inch by inch up the steep ridge nearest the creek. At four o'clock Lieut. Col. Brown was sent round to the right to charge the battery which had been playing upon the center of our position, but the enemy observing the movement retreated. The Union forces pressed the retiring columns down the slopes of the hills, and at five o'clock were in possession of every position. Darkness came on, and lest the different divisions of our force, in the rugged and broken country over which they must pass, might fire upon each other, pursuit was abandoned. A brilliant light now streamed up from the valley through which the enemy had retreated. He was burning his stores and flying in disorder. Twenty-five of his dead were left on the field, and sixty more were found next day in a gorge, where they had been left unburied in the hasty flight of the routed enemy. Twenty-five prisoners were captured. Our loss was only one killed and twenty wounded, two of them mortally.

The cavalry sent to attack the rear failed to arrive in time to cut off the retreat, and did not join Col. Garfield until next morning, when they were started in pursuit. They followed for six miles and took a few prisoners, but Gen. Mar-

shall succeeded in crossing the Big Sandy with the large portion of his force, and fell back to Abingdon, Virginia. He never, however, recovered from the effects of his defeat, and the north-eastern portion of the State was henceforth relieved of any serious demonstration by the rebel army.

BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS.

Simultaneously with the advance of Marshall, Gen. Zollicoffer made his appearance on the Cumberland river, near Somerset. His force was magnified by the fears of the people, but it probably did not exceed eight thousand men. Gen. Buell advanced a regiment to Somerset to watch that route into the State, and to prevent the shipment of coal to Nashville. Two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery were also ordered to Jamestown, to blockade the river below. Gen. Zollicoffer crossed at Mill Springs and erected fortifications on the north bank of the Cumberland. He called his camp Beech Grove. He had in his intrenchments, and on the opposite side of the river, at Mill Springs, nine regiments of infantry, sixteen pieces of artillery, and four or five hundred cavalry. About the first of January Major General George B. Crittenden arrived at Mill Springs, and assumed the chief command, leaving Gen. Zollicoffer, who only ranked as a Brigadier, in charge of the troops on the north bank.

On the twenty-seventh of December, Gen. Thomas was ordered to march from Lebanon, and, in conjunction with the force already at Somerset, drive the enemy from the State. Want of transportation delayed the march of Gen. Thomas until the first of January. The roads were by that time thoroughly saturated by the heavy rains which characterized the winter; the streams were so swollen, and the march so difficult, that seventeen days were occupied in marching seventy-five miles. Gen. Schoepff's brigade was in the rear, having been detained by the almost impassible condition of the roads.

On the seventeenth Gen. Thomas encamped at Logan's Cross Roads, ten miles from the camp of the enemy, to await the arrival of Gen. Schoepff's brigade. The Fourteenth

Ohio and Tenth Kentucky regiments, of Gen. Schoepff's brigade, were detached, under Col. Steadman, to capture a rebel train, reported to be on the Danville road, six miles from the camp occupied by these regiments on the evening of the seventeenth. Gen. Thomas had with him at the Cross Roads seven regiments of infantry, three batteries of artillery and Wolford's Kentucky cavalry.

Gen. Crittenden, learning that Gen. Thomas' army was advancing, and distrusting his own ability to make a successful defense of his fortified camp, resolved to march out and attack our forces before they could concentrate for their assault upon his works. At midnight on the eighteenth the march began, Gen. Zollicoffer's brigade in the advance. In the gray dawn of the morning of the nineteenth our picket line was reached, and a furious assault was made upon it.

The Tenth Indiana, Wolford's cavalry, and Kinney's battery were camped on the road leading to Mill Springs. The Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota, of Colonel McCook's brigade, were three-fourths of a mile to the right on the Robertsport road. Two companies of the Tenth Indiana, under Major A. O. Miller, were thrown out as pickets about one mile in front, and at the point where the Somerset road joins the main road to the river. Videttes from Wolford's cavalry were advanced still further. These two companies and the handful of cavalry, rallying on the picket reserve, held the enemy's advance in check. They were soon joined by another company of the Tenth Indiana, and so soon as the remaining seven companies could be formed, Lieut. Col. Kise promptly led them to the support of his hard pressed pickets. Col. Kise rapidly formed his line of battle, deploying five companies in the woods to the right of the road, and the remaining companies on the left of the road. The firing was hot and continuous. Gen. Manson ordered the Fourth Kentucky to support the Tenth Indiana.

The Tenth, in the meantime, had retired through the field to the right of the road, and through the woods, for about one hundred and fifty yards to the edge of a ravine. Here the Fourth Kentucky, under Col. Fry, joined them, and formed along a fence, which separates the road from a field

on the left. There was no fence at this point on the right of the road. Here the two regiments formed in the shape of a V, its apex towards the enemy, who were advancing from the ravine. The whole force of the enemy was hurled against that V, and for an hour they tried in vain to break it. Gen. Thomas arrived upon the field while the two regiments, with Wolford's cavalry, were breasting the tide of battle, and just at the moment when an effort was being made to turn the left of the Fourth Kentucky, by advancing a regiment through the open field. He sent word to Gen. Carter to move with his brigade of Tennesseans on the enemy's right; and ordered Gen. McCook to hurry up the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota to the support of Gen. Manson's line. A section of Kinney's battery was placed in position, and opened an effective fire on the Alabama regiments, which were marching upon the flank of the Fourth Kentucky. The Second Minnesota came into line, and enabled the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana to replenish their cartridge boxes. The Ninth Ohio got into position on the right of the road, and charged, driving the enemy, with fearful slaughter, out of the woods, and across the ravine. The contest, however, was stubbornly maintained for half an hour longer, when the Twelfth Kentucky, and the Tennessee brigade, reached the field, and the enemy, perceiving that he was outflanked, fell back. The fire from our entire line was a continuous sheet of flame. The Ninth Ohio, on the right, charged with fixed bayonets, and routed the force immediately opposed to them, who, in wild disorder, fled, and communicated the panic to the entire line, which soon retreated in confusion. Our line followed. A few miles in the rear of the battle field a force of cavalry was drawn up across the road, which was soon scattered by a few shots from Standart's battery. This ended the fighting. The retreat ended in a rout. The road from thence to the fortifications was strewn with the debris of the panic-stricken army.

Our loss in this battle was one officer, and thirty-eight non-commissioned officers and men killed, and eighteen officers, and one hundred and ninety-four non-commissioned officers

and privates wounded. The enemy lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, three hundred and forty-nine men, including Gen. Zollicoffer, who fell when directing the charge on the line of the Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky.

This victory to the Union arms was the most important which had occurred during the war.

Gen. Thomas followed, and arrived opposite the enemy's intrenched camp, on the river, in the evening. The division was deployed in line of battle, and advanced to the summit of the ridge overlooking the works. From this hill, Standart's and Wetmore's batteries opened fire, and continued until dark. Kinney's battery was placed in position, on the extreme left, with directions to fire on the ferry, should the enemy attempt to cross.

EVACUATION OF BEECH GROVE.

During the night, while the wearied Union army was resting in front of the intrenchments, to assault the works in the morning, the rebels, distrusting their ability to defend their chosen position, quietly slipped away, abandoning their artillery and stores. The crossing was effected by the aid of a steamer, which had ascended the river with supplies. The evacuation was not known in our camp; and early next morning Gen. Thomas arranged his force to advance on the enemy's works. Wetmore's battery of Parrott guns was ordered to join Kinney, to bear upon the ferry. Col. Manson's brigade supported these batteries. Col. Steadman's brigade—the Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky—had joined from detached service; and Gen. Schoepff's brigade—the Seventeenth, Thirty-First, and Thirty-Eighth Ohio—had also come up. The line advanced toward the breastworks, and several shells and round shot were thrown, but no answer was made. All was quiet. The regiments moved steadily on, and into the fortifications. The tents were standing, and everything was left behind which would at all have impeded the locomotion of the men. Twelve pieces of artillery, with their caissons packed with ammunition, one battery wagon and two forges, a large amount of ammunition, and a num-

ber of small arms, one hundred and fifty wagons, one thousand horses and mules, and a large amount of commissary stores, intrenching tools, and camp and garrison equipage, fell into our hands. They had burned the boats on their retreat, and it was found impossible to cross the Cumberland in pursuit.

Gen. Crittenden, with such of his demoralized army as could be held together, marched towards Gainsboro, where he hoped to obtain supplies, reorganize, and be prepared to fall upon the flank of any column that Gen. Buell might send to East Tennessee.

OCCUPATION OF BOWLING GREEN.

After the battle of Mill Springs, the road to East Tennessee seemed to be opened; but such in reality was not the case. The enemy, in the way, was defeated and dispersed; but the roads leading to it were in such condition, that if transportation had been abundant, which was not the case, it would have been impossible to get through with supplies. Gen. Buell found it barely possible to subsist ten thousand men at Somerset. He set a strong force at work to corduroy the roads. The experiment demonstrated the impracticability of sending an expedition in such force as to insure its success, and he so advised the General-in-Chief, and expressed his purpose to proceed against Bowling Green.

The plans adopted by Gen. Halleck to reduce Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, were substantially those which Gen. Buell had recommended him to adopt. He had not, however, been advised of their adoption; but in the belief that expeditions would be sent up these rivers, he forwarded troops from his department to assist in the enterprise.

On the thirteenth of February, 1862, Gen. Mitchell was ordered to move with his division from Munfordsville upon Bowling Green. Col. Turchin's brigade was in the advance. The march of forty miles was made in twenty-eight hours, over a frozen, rocky road, obstructed by felled timber. The brigade consisted of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana, the Eigh-

teenth Ohio, the Nineteenth and Twenty-Fourth Illinois, Loomis', Edgerton's and Simonson's batteries, and three companies of Kennett's cavalry. On the night of the fourteenth the advance reached Barren river, and marched rapidly to a ferry, a mile and a half below the town. A single flat boat was there, upon which fifty infantry and a few cavalry men could cross. The river is about one hundred yards wide at that point, with steep banks on either side, rendering the ascent and descent difficult. The crossing was commenced at once, and by daylight the entire brigade, with the exception of the artillery, was over, and ready to march upon the town. It was intended to pass the remainder of the division—Gen. Dumont's brigade—by a pontoon bridge, but before it was completed, it was ascertained that the enemy had hastily abandoned their stronghold, and fled to Nashville. Capt. Loomis, in the meantime, had sent some messengers from his Parrott guns into their works, which had hastened their departure.

When our forces reached the town it presented a scene of desolation seldom witnessed at this stage of the war. The inhabitants had nearly all deserted their homes. Those who remained fared the best. Rebel and Union citizens were alike protected in their persons. Very little of the town was burnt. The depot had been fired by the retreating army. Seven locomotives and an immense quantity of army stores were destroyed. Two locomotives were ready to start when our artillery opened on the town. One escaped, but the other was crippled by a shot and fell into the hands of our army, together with the train of cars loaded with material of war. But one cannon, a brass six-pounder, fell into our hands. The heavy siege guns had been removed two weeks before, and it is surprising that such vast quantities of valuable stores had been left until our army thundered at the gates demanding admission.

The Texas Rangers were the last to leave the place, starting after our artillery had opened upon the town. The evacuation of the Western Manassas, as Bowling Green had been called, was a virtual abandonment of Kentucky by the rebel

leaders, and a confession that they could not hold it for the Confederacy.

OCCUPATION OF NASHVILLE.

The passage of the river at Bowling Green, in its swollen condition, was difficult and tedious. Gen. Mitchell, with all his energy, occupied more than ten days in crossing his entire train. During this time the troops in the rear were employed in repairing the railroad. On the twenty-fourth several small steamers were able to go over the dams, and arriving opposite the city assisted in ferrying over the river the remaining divisions. Gen. Buell arrived on the twentieth. He learned that the enemy had evacuated Clarksville and fallen back upon Nashville, for which place, on the morning of the twenty-second, two brigades were started. Gen. Buell himself, with about one thousand men on cars, left at the same time. Owing to the damage to the road by heavy rains, he did not arrive opposite the city until the night of the twenty-fourth. The divisions of Gens. Nelson and Crittenden arrived about the same time, on transports from Smithland, and were the first Federal troops to enter the capital of Tennessee, which had been hastily evacuated by the rebel troops on the fall of Fort Donelson.

The army of Gen. Buell, with the exception of the Cumberland Gap force, was concentrated around Nashville. The division of Gen. Thomas, from Mill Springs, joined on the second of March. The regiments scattered through Kentucky were ordered to report to Gen. G. W. Morgan, whose command was increased to a division, and he was instructed to take the Gap if practicable, and if his force should prove insufficient for that purpose to hold the enemy in check in that quarter.

The rebel troops, after the evacuation of Bowling Green, retired to Murfreesboro, where joining those from Mill Springs they numbered thirty thousand men. Gen. Buell found it impossible to follow up with any prospect of success. The streams were swollen, and the bridges destroyed. The enemy

moved further south and eventually formed a junction with the army of Gen. Beauregard, at Corinth.

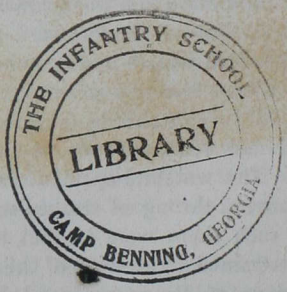
Shortly after the events just narrated the armies of Gens. Grant, Buell and Pope were placed under the general direction of Gen. Halleck, and Gen. Buell was ordered to move with the bulk of his force to the Tennessee river. Before he commenced his march, the division of Gen. Mitchell was moved to Fayetteville for the purpose of seizing the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Gen. Mitchell captured Huntsville on the morning of the eleventh of April, and took and held the road to Tuscumbia. His campaign was very successful. A brief sketch of it will be found in the history of the Thirty-Seventh regiment.

The remaining divisions of the army left their camps in the vicinity of Nashville on the twenty-ninth of March, and moved by different roads in the direction of Savannah. Gen. Negley's division was left at Franklin, and the others debouched upon the Columbia road, and formed a junction near Duck river. The rebels had destroyed the bridge, which caused some delay in crossing the columns and trains. Nelson's division forded the stream. The others crossed on pontoon bridges. In the order of march, Nelson had the advance. McCook followed; then Crittenden, Wood and Thomas. The march of one hundred and forty miles was made in seven days. The army was in splendid condition, and the most rigid discipline was maintained. The route lay through the garden of Tennessee. By the magnificent country-seats, which wealth and taste had contrived to make abodes of luxurious ease—by granaries filled with the fruits of a teeming soil—by orchards, vineyards and shady groves, our long columns filed, without committing the slightest depredation. The watchful eye of the commanding General was on the moving throng of trained soldiers; and the vandal hands, if such there were in that thoroughly organized army, were restrained. The army of the Ohio was hurrying to meet the legions of Beauregard and Johnston; and it is highly creditable to the Union army, that the women and children, the aged and helpless, on the line of march, were treated with kindness, and protected in their persons and

property. There was no demoralization in this army, nor were there any temptations for it.

As the leading divisions neared the Tennessee river, on the sixth of April, the roar of artillery was heard from the field of Shiloh. Nelson left the main road to Savannah, and marched up the river, reaching a point opposite Pittsburgh Landing in the evening. McCook, Crittenden and Wood pushed on to Savannah, where they embarked on steamers, on Monday, and reached the scene of conflict in time to assist in turning back the rebel tide, which had well nigh forced the hard pressed troops of Gen. Grant into the turbid waters of the Tennessee. The roar of artillery was heard at a distance of thirty miles. Some regiments of Gen. Wood's command were that distance from the battle field on Sunday morning. As they marched across the intervening valleys, a continuous rumble, as of distant thunder, fell upon their ears. They pressed rapidly on, eager to share the dangers and glories of the bloody conflict. The part taken by Gen. Buell and his army in the second day's fight, and the seige of Corinth, which followed, will be found under the appropriate head.

The operations of the army of Gen. Buell against the forces commanded by Gen. Bragg will be fully sketched in the second volume of this work.



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Bernard R. Mullen.

ADJ.T BERNARD R. MULLEN.
35th Indiana Regt

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT

Was organized at Camp Sullivan, Indianapolis, on the sixteenth day of September, 1861, as follows:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, John Coburn, Indianapolis; Lieutenant Colonel, James M. Henderson, Princeton; Major, William J. Manker, Martinsville; Adjutant, James H. Durham; Regimental Quartermaster, Heneage B. Finch, Franklin; Surgeon, Joseph G. McPheeters, Bloomington; Assistant Surgeon, Robert F. Bence, Indianapolis; Assistant Surgeon, Andrew M. Hunt, Indianapolis; Chaplain, Joseph L. Irwin.

Company A.—Captain, Andrew T. Wellman, Hall; First Lieutenant, Charles Seaton, Hall; Second Lieutenant, Henry R. Flook, Hall.

Company B.—Captain, John T. Freeland, Knox county; First Lieutenant, Andrew Fullerton, Knox county; Second Lieutenant, Eli M. Adams, Knox county.

Company C.—Captain, Charles Day, Martinsville; First Lieutenant, William J. Day, Martinsville; Second Lieutenant, Andrew J. Cox, Martinsville.

Company D.—Captain, Edward T. McCrea, Shelbyville; First Lieutenant, John C. Maze, Shelbyville; Second Lieutenant, William H. Miller, Shelbyvillle.

Company E.—Captain, Isaac C. Hendricks, Indianapolis;

First Lieutenant, William A. Whitson, Gosport; Second Lieutenant, James Hill, Gosport.

Company F.—Captain, Burr H. Polk, Princeton; First Lieutenant, Joseph T. Fleming, Princeton; Second Lieutenant, Francis Brunson, Princeton.

Company G.—Captain, Israel C. Dille, Columbus; First Lieutenant, William Farrell, Columbus; Second Lieutenant, Pliny McKnight, Columbus.

Company H.—Captain, James E. Burton, Paragon; First Lieutenant, Lawson E. McKinney, Paragon; Second Lieutenant, Jefferson C. Farr, Paragon.

Company I.—Captain, William A. W. Hauser, Hope; First Lieutenant, George L. Scott, Hope; Second Lieutenant, Edwin J. Bachman, Hope.

Company K.—Captain, Levin T. Miller, Williamsport; First Lieutenant, John P. Niederaner, Williamsport; Second Lieutenant, Henry C. Johnson, Williamsport.

All was excitement in consequence of the condition of affairs in Kentucky. The election had resulted in favor of the Union ticket. The exasperated rebels, under the lead of John C. Breckenridge, Roger Hanson, Thomas Monroe, Simon B. Buckner, and William C. Preston, resolved to plunge the State into the whirlpool of secession. They held conventions, met in secret conclaves, organized and drilled companies, threatened loyal men, and tried to drag the State out of the Union. Buckner had been in command of the old State militia, and led thousands of young men to Bowling Green. Breckenridge assembled his followers at Lexington; and was on the point of seizing the arms at that place, when Col. Bramlette, with a few hundred men of his regiment—then being organized—marched to the city, seized the arms, and carried them to his camp. Soon after, Breckenridge, J. B. Clay, Hanson, Preston and Monroe, fled. Several hundred more muskets were sent to Lexington by the Government. John Morgan, with a small gang of followers, seized them at night, and took them, without resistance, to Bowling Green.

A short time before the election in Kentucky, Gov. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, had procured six thousand small arms

for the use of the East Tennesseans, and had them in Cincinnati. When Gen. Robert Anderson arrived there, and assumed command, the arms were distributed in Kentucky to Union men. These arms were furnished to the troops, which were organized at Camp Dick Robinson, by Gen. Nelson. Neither Kentuckians or Tennesseans could be found to man the battery which stood idly in camp.

At this time, Rousseau was organizing his regiment in Jeffersonville, Indiana. He crossed to Louisville, and the troops of Nelson assembled at Camp Dick Robinson. Buckner advanced to Muldraugh's Hill, and Louisville was in imminent danger. The Sixth, Tenth, and Thirty-Third Indiana, not fully organized or equipped, were hurried off in a few days. The Sixth and Tenth went to the neighborhood of Bardstown. The Thirty-Third was ordered to New Haven, but its destination was changed to Camp Dick Robinson.

The regiment left Indianapolis on the twenty-ninth of September, 1861, nine hundred and seventy-four strong, going by rail to Louisville, Kentucky. Gen. Anderson was in command of that department. Louisville was to be headquarters for the army, stores and supplies were to be collected, an army was to be organized, and the cloud of rebels driven back to the South. Zollicoffer was advancing upon London through Cumberland Gap. The Blue Grass region, the garden of the West, was to be the seat of war, and the base of rebel operations. Dispatches were sent to the Governors of Ohio and Indiana to send troops at once to Camp Dick Robinson to repel the invasion from the south-east.

Colonel George H. Thomas, of the regular army, succeeded General Nelson in command at Camp Dick Robinson, and arrived there a few days before the Thirty-Third, which reported there for duty on the second of October, 1861. This camp is situated on the beautiful farm of the proprietor—from whom it is named—in the midst of a gently undulating and highly cultivated country, and at the junction of the Lexington and Danville, with Lexington and Crab Orchard turnpikes. On the west is Dick's river, and on the north is the Kentucky river, the angle of their confluence being a few

miles north-west of the camp. The banks of these rivers are precipitous, with crossings at long intervals. Nature has strongly fortified this position on the north and west. This was taken advantage of by Gen. Bragg, after the battle at Perryville, where he collected his army, and all his vast trains of booty, and covered, from this point, their retreat to the south-east, through the mountains.

On arriving at Camp Dick Robinson, the Thirty-Third found but few troops there, all raw, unorganized and ineffective. Col. Smith S. Fry, had about six hundred men there. Col. Bramlette, now Governor of Kentucky, had about the same number. Col. Wolford was bringing his regiment of cavalry into camp, having it equipped and organized. The Fourteenth Ohio, Col. Steadman, and the Thirty-First Ohio, Col. Walker, arrived the day before. The East Tennessee refugees, numbering about eighteen hundred, were there, and being formed into two regiments, the first under command of Col. Byrd, the second under command of Col. Carter.

These poor men, ragged, feeble, gloomy and sorrowful, seemed unfit for the rude and severe duties of war, but their hardy constitutions, ardent patriotism, and stern self-devotion, have since overcome all difficulties, and placed them high in the ranks of our soldiery. The tales of their trials and persecutions, mingled with romantic and tragic adventures, would inflame the ardor of the most lukewarm patriot. Some had fled at night by the light of their burning houses; others had scaled the frightful ascents of the pathless mountains; some had run the gauntlet of the murderous guerrillas, and hiding by day in the rocks and forests, effected their escape by night; others had left their wounded and dead comrades by the wayside, and were now homeless and helpless exiles. All had left their homes without a protector, and their land without a law.

At Camp Dick Robinson, soldiers, civilians, politicians, exiles, contractors, speculators, patriots and traitors mingled together in excited confusion. The army was unorganized. Col. Wolford had a regiment of cavalry, but not an officer. One regiment of Kentucky infantry was reported to have thirty Captains and a corresponding proportion of Lieuten-

ants. Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, Horace Maynard, and others of less note, were urging an early advance to Cumberland Gap and Knoxville. They said, "Cut the great railroad at once." "Relieve the loyal men of East Tennessee."

Gen. Thomas had not one regiment, except the Thirty-Third Indiana, supplied with wagons; it had twenty-five. Soon after, the Seventeenth Ohio, Col. Connell, arrived with a supply of transportation. The forces were armed, but most of them, for lack of transportation, could not move.

The Thirty-Third, after remaining in camp ten days, were, at the request of Col. Coburn, forwarded to Crab Orchard. The Seventeenth Ohio was ordered to Big Hill, on the Richmond road. After two days march, the Thirty-Third went into camp two miles beyond Crab Orchard. The weather was mild and beautiful.

The rumors of Zollicoffer's advance multiplied. Col. Garrard was at that time in camp at Wild Cat, about twenty-two miles south-east of Crab Orchard. His regiment was organized, but not full. Many were sick with measles, and poorly provided with tents, food and arms. Col. Garrard sent word to Col. Coburn that he soon expected to be attacked. The latter, on receiving the message, mounted about forty of his regiment, and, at sunset, started with them for Wild Cat. On arriving at Rockcastle river, he was met by Col. Garrard, who requested the immediate bringing forward of the rest of the regiment. Col. Coburn returned and on the next day started for Wild Cat. The turnpike road and level country terminates at Crab Orchard. Beyond, the country is mountainous, the road rough and difficult, muddy and rocky, running over immense ridges, and winding along and around the edges of frightful precipices.

In order to march, teams had to be pressed into service—all the government wagons having gone back to Dick Robinson for Quartermaster's stores. The regiment moved and made the march in two days, over one of the worst roads in the country.

Two miles from Wild Cat they crossed Rockcastle river, a deep mountain stream. From this point the road ascends and winds along by the edge of, and under, the lofty castel-

lated crags, which have given their name to the river and county. On arriving at Col. Garrard's camp on the top of the hills, amid the pines and rocks of that wild region, the Hoosiers found that the Seventeenth Ohio had just arrived from Big Hill. Wolford's cavalry soon after arrived. So that at sundown of the twentieth of October there were there four regiments, under Cols. Coburn, Garrard, Connell and Wolford.

The rebel army, about six thousand strong, was reported to be five miles in front of them. The smoke of their camp fires, and an occasional firing of pickets, reminded the Union forces of the presence of enemies.

Soon after sunset Gen. Schoepff and staff arrived, and at once assumed command. He had acquired some military experience in Hungary and Turkey, and was sent to command and discipline the raw troops in the Kentucky mountains.

The camp at Wild Cat was situated on the summit of the lofty range of hills between Big and Little Rockcastle rivers; the road running along this crest is bounded by deep and wild ravines, with precipitous sides. At the highest point the ridge divides, and part of it crosses the ravines to the east; on this the Winding Blades road runs. Farther south the road descends to Little Rockcastle by ravines and precipices on either hand. On the west side of the road, as it descends, Col. Garrard had erected some temporary fortifications commanding the road. On the east, and beyond a deep ravine, half a mile south of the Winding Blades road, was a large hill which commanded the camp, and up whose gradual ascents on the south the rebels might post their artillery. Once in possession of this the camp was untenable by the Union forces. To this place Col. Coburn, with four companies of his regiment, was ordered on the morning of the twenty-first of October, with directions to hold it.

The night was spent quietly; but soon after daylight the firing of pickets and the arrival of wounded men, indicated the rebel approach. A part of the Thirty-Third, under Col. Coburn, took their position just before the rebel force commenced its advance. The remaining four companies, under

Lieut. Col. Henderson, were posted on the extreme right, west of the road, and in the narrow and deep gorge leading south into the valley, in which Zollicoffer's army lay. They were to check the approach of the enemy in that direction, and prevent his gaining the rear of the Union army on the right. The Seventeenth Ohio was placed in the rear of Col. Coburn's forces, half a mile on the Winding Blade's road, to prevent access in that direction on the extreme left. The regiment of Col. Garrard occupied the position in the center, which was in and near his fortifications, and on the west side of the road. The position occupied by the troops under Col. Coburn was the first point of attack. Two regiments of infantry approached him across a corn field, and charged up the gradual ascent to his position, from the south. They advanced with wild cheers and loud oaths, but were met with volley after volley, which repulsed them. They fled, leaving their dead and wounded. They rallied and again charged. Four companies of Wolford's cavalry now dismounted, and were led by Col. Wolford in person. They immediately joined in the contest; and though they at first wavered, they soon rallied, and fought with determination. Soon after, four companies of the Seventeenth Ohio arrived, under command of Major Ward, who also poured in their fire. The enemy was completely routed, and fled in confusion. At about one o'clock in the afternoon the attack was repeated on Col. Coburn's right, and upon Col. Garrard's forces, on the road. The Fourteenth Ohio had arrived in the meantime, and one company, under Capt. Brown, laden with picks and spades, in addition to their arms and ammunition, and still further reinforced Col. Coburn. The firing being at this time hot, they threw down their implements of fortification, and poured a few volleys into the rebels, who again fled. During the fight, about noon, the East Tennessee regiments, the Fourteenth and Thirty-Eighth Ohio, and Standart's Cleveland Ohio battery, arrived. The battery was immediately put in position, and engaged the enemy.

Had these new troops been at once advanced, the army of Zollicoffer would have suffered an irretrievable defeat. They were situated then in a short, narrow valley, about a mile

from the battle field, with but a single outlet, and that was up a precipitous hill. The forces, however, were kept in position during the remainder of the day and night. A portion of the Thirty-Third Indiana, under Col. Henderson, held the extreme right, and threw up defenses during the night. Col. Coburn's command fortified the hill they occupied, by constructing rifle pits and breastworks of logs. About midnight unusual noises were heard from the deep valley in which the rebels lay. The beating of drums, the cries of drivers, the rumbling of trains, the general hum of a disturbed camp, rose upon the air, and was heard by the Union soldiers. Gen. Zollicoffer had begun his retreat.

Gen. Schoepff was fully apprized of the facts, but nothing was done. The Federal loss was four killed and forty-two wounded. The rebel loss was about thirty killed and seventy wounded.

This battle was mainly fought by the Thirty-Third. This regiment lost three times more in killed and wounded than the entire army beside. Col. Newman, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Tennessee, led the attack in the morning, and Col. Rains the assault in the afternoon.

So terminated the rebel advance in that direction in the year 1861. They fell back to Cumberland ford, and remained there in camp till December, when they withdrew to Cumberland Gap, and went to Mill Springs; from whence they were driven in February, 1862.

Our forces remained a week at Wild Cat, and then advanced to London, where they remained in camp about one month. The weather was beautiful, and the opportunity ample to have advanced into East Tennessee. But the scarcity of supplies, the poverty of the country, and the unusual difficulties of the roads, held the Union force in check, and at length induced the order for their return. Our army could not have subsisted at London during the winter, unless the whole force had at once, after the battle of Wild Cat, been put to work grading and bridging the road. There was not a bridge south of Crab Orchard. The true policy would have been to have made, as the army advanced, a good turnpike, so that forces could have marched, and trains

moved, with regularity. Many Kentuckians opposed the policy of building a turnpike, because they wanted the Government to make a railroad. This project was at one time under consideration at Washington, but was afterwards rejected.

About the middle of November the order was received to march to Nicholasville, taking all the sick. The hospitals of the Thirty-Third were filled with men, sick with measles and fever. Teams were again pressed into service, and as many sick as could be put into the wagons, were started on the road against the earnest remonstrances of Col. Coburn and Dr. McPheeters, Surgeon of the regiment. That night the cold fall rains commenced. The whole army straggled. Men, sick and worn out, lay down by the road side. The trains stuck upon the hills. Rock Castle river rose. The train was two days in crossing the ferry. The forces struggled along to Crab Orchard, and there went into camp, without tents, in the most inclement November weather. There were many empty houses in town, but the men were not permitted to go into them. Gen. Thomas had his headquarters there. The Tennesseans were ordered back to London, the Thirty-Third remained at Crab Orchard, and in a few days the remainder of the force moved to the neighborhoods of Lebanon, Somerset and Danville. Very soon after the column arrived at Crab Orchard. Hundreds were taken sick. The march in such terrible weather, the exposure in the rain and mud, added to the prevailing measles, ruined the constitution of many, and carried a large number to the grave. It is hard to tell which regiment suffered the most. The Thirty-Third was left at Crab Orchard to guard and nurse almost a thousand sick men of Gen. Thomas' army. The hospitals were poorly supplied, sanitary stores were not to be had, the Surgeons were with their regiments, and left the care of all the sick to the Surgeons and nurses of the Thirty-Third. Almost fifty of that regiment died during their two months stay there. Hundreds from other regiments shared the same fate. To the kindness of Miss Bettie Bates and Miss Catharine Merrill, of Indianapolis, who went out and labored for weeks in

the hospitals, the regiment was indebted for the health and life of many a good soldier.

Gen. Schoepff's army went into camp near Somerset and Lebanon; and additional forces being assigned to Thomas, he moved upon Mill Springs and took the rebel works at that place in January.

The Thirty-Third continued in camp at Crab Orchard until the tenth of January, when they marched to Lexington, where they remained until the eleventh of April, 1862. During this time Col. Coburn had command of the post, and succeeded in keeping the community quiet. A short time before the regiment marched south, the ladies of Lexington presented to it a beautiful regimental flag, in testimony of their good will. Perhaps no regiment is more favorably regarded in central Kentucky than the Thirty-Third Indiana. Their discipline, orderly and gentlemanly behavior, and their regard for private rights, were held up by the citizens as models of soldierly propriety.

On the eleventh of April, 1862, the regiment marched for Cumberland Ford, Gen. George W. Morgan, of Ohio—appointed a Brigadier while in Europe—having been assigned to the command of the Cumberland Gap expedition.

The forces on the first of April, 1862, at Cumberland Ford, were the First and Second East Tennessee, Forty-Ninth Indiana, Col. John W. Ray, Sixteenth Ohio, Col. DeCourcey, Nineteenth Kentucky, Col. Landrum, and Third Kentucky, Col. Garrard; the Ninth Ohio battery, Capt. Wetmore, and some unorganized regiments of East Tennesseans, under Col. Hauck, Third; Col. Robert Johnson, Fourth; Col. Shelley, Fifth; Col. Cooper, Sixth, and Col. Cliff, Seventh. These constituted the brigade of Gen. James Spears, of East Tennessee, and numbered about three thousand men; refugees, from the persecutions of their rebel neighbors, and from the rebel troops who infested East Tennessee for the purpose of conscription.

Quite a large force marched with the Thirty-Third to the Ford—the Fourteenth Kentucky, Col. Cochran; the Twenty-Second Kentucky, Col. Lindsay, and the Forty-Second Ohio, Col. Sheldon, and the First Wisconsin battery, Capt. Foster.

The roads were almost impassible on account of mud and high waters, and it is no exaggeration to say tnat this was one of the most difficult marches performed during this war. Over the mountainous and muddy roads of south-eastern Kentucky, the Thirty-Third marched, with a company to each team. The men performed as much service in getting the teams through as did the mules. But for the constant presence of the men with the teams, they could not have advanced. On arriving at Cumberland Ford, Col. Coburn was put in command of the twenty-seventh brigade, seventh division, of the Army of the Ohio; and continued in command until relieved by Gen. A. Baird.

The Thirty-Third, on arriving at Cumberland Ford, numbered over nine hundred men, and was the largest regiment for duty in Gen. Morgan's division. Soon after arriving at Cumberland Ford, a reconnoissance in force was made upon Cumberland Gap, then occupied by the forces under Gen. Stevenson and Gen. Kirby Smith—the latter having command in East Tennessee. The reconnoissance resulted in showing that the rebels had constructed immense earthworks on each side of the Gap, which commanded its approaches for a long distance in every direction; that they had a force of about six thousand, and that the position was exceedingly strong and easy of defense. It was then determined to move into East Tennessee by some other than the direct road—there being other gaps in the mountains through which an army might pass. In the meantime the forces at Cumberland Ford were living upon scanty and unhealthy rations. As a specimen of the bad management of the officers connected with the Quartermaster's Department of this army, we will relate the following fact. It was determined to use pack mules on the road. About eight hundred were procured at Louisville, Kentucky, and driven through; the pack saddles were loaded in wagons and hauled to the Ford. Why the mules were not saddled at Louisville and loaded with army stores, was a mystery to all except those connected with the Quartermaster's Department. When the mules left Louisville, food, clothing and ammunition were scarce in the army at the Ford. Nevertheless the regiments drilled constantly,

and the arduous duty of picketing the wide circuit of the mountains was performed with the greatest cheerfulness. This indeed was the school of the pickets. The roads ran through the narrow valleys of the various streams centering at the Ford; the mountain paths wound over and along the precipices and cliffs. There were in that wild region a thousand points for observation and concealment, for cautious, skillful, daring approach, or for wary retreat and artful ambushes. Perhaps there is not a more picturesque or romantic landscape on the continent than that at Cumberland Ford. The valley of the river is narrow, running between the lofty hills on either side. The river at the ford bends at right angles to its general course and cuts through Pine Mountain, and again bends at right angles and flows down through narrow bottoms and amid the overhanging mountains to the west. The scene at the Pine Mountain Pass is beautiful, grand, sublime. On either side the gray and bronzed cliffs tower fifteen hundred feet into the air, and seem to have been torn by some convulsion of past ages into a hundred strange, fantastic shapes; some are beautifully rounded, others are wild sharp crags, and a few like castles crown the highest peaks. This pass is about a mile long and the road winds along at the base of the cliff, on the brink of the river, which, amid huge bowlders, foams and roars as it tumbles onward in its course. The fantastic vegetation, the long leaved magnolia, the red flowering ivy, the moaning pines, the vastness, the desolation, and the silence—save the noises of nature—make the scene indescribably impressive. At the lower end of the pass Straight creek enters the Cumberland; at its mouth our forces erected earthworks commanding the pass. At the upper end Clear creek enters, and here were the remains of the "Three Gun Battery" of Gen. Zollicoffer, commanding likewise the pass in the direction of the Union forces. This was naturally a position of great strength, and with the assistance of art, could be made impregnable.

About the middle of May Gen. Morgan's army moved beyond Cumberland Ford and occupied a position to the west, in the valley of Clear creek, but soon fell back to the river. About the eighth of June the army again moved

forward to the west, over a rugged and unfrequented road, to Roger's Gap, about eighteen miles west of Cumberland Gap. The road at this Gap passes over the mountain at one of its loftiest points. The ascents seemed almost impassible. Everything was left behind but articles of absolute necessity, and the men put their shoulders to the wagons and artillery to assist them over the mountain. In this work the men of the Thirty-Third did a herculean task. Their large number, their cheerfulness, and their activity, occasioned a heavy burden to be imposed on the regiment, in the almost hopeless task of scaling the mountain with the wagons and artillery. It was begun at sunset and before daylight the following morning the army was over the mountain and asleep in Powell's Valley. As the troops gained the top of the mountain the full moon shone down on the silent but moving masses, on the towering precipices, and on the smiling and beauteous valley beneath. Behind, were the stern and barren ridges, the rocky roads, the woody glens, the morasses and unbridged streams. Before, was East Tennessee, its valleys, the homes of Union men, the land of women's and children's tears, of imprisoned, exiled, down trodden, murdered patriots. A low murmur, like the multitudinous whisper of the forest before a storm, swept along the lines, and at the word of caution all was hushed. The moon, which lit up their pathway in the ascent, now went into total eclipse, and under its veil the army went down the mountain. The enemy was near, and his cavalry, the next day, made a dash on the Union lines, but were repulsed.

Orders now came from Gen. Buell to retire at once from East Tennessee and go into camp at Williamsburgh, Kentucky. This was most discouraging. Our forces, however, turned about. The mountain was again laboriously scaled, and, after a day's march towards Williamsburgh, the news was received that the enemy were evacuating Cumberland Gap. Gen. Morgan gave the order to again march into Tennessee; with wild and joyous shouts the men again turned southward, and climbed, for the third time, the mountain. Spears' and Carter's brigades went west to Big Creek Gap,

drove out the enemy, and marched up the valley and joined the rest of Morgan's forces at Roger's Gap.

On the way up the valley hundreds of women and children, old and young, flocked to the roadside to see the "Northern Army." Soldiers, who had long been away, threw down their guns and knapsacks, and shed tears of joy with their families. Mothers and grandmothers rushed into the ranks to embrace their long lost boys. Wives wildly clasped their dusty foot-sore husbands to their bosoms, or turned away in anguish from the ranks in which their missing forms would march no more. Joy, grief, surprise, love, hope, and despair, in their wildest demonstrations broke forth.

The army moved on; the women, old men and children, confident of permanent deliverance, went home. Our army, in a few days, moved on to Cumberland Gap. The rebel forces which advanced upon ours at Old Town, under Stevenson and Rains, fell back to Tazewell, and then to Knoxville. Our troops immediately occupied Cumberland Gap. This was on the eighteenth of June, 1862. Here the great natural strength of the position, the immense fortifications, and the difficulties of approach, all proved the wisdom of our flank movement. The real weakness of the rebels consisted in their lack of provisions, forage and ammunition. Their force was not equal in number to ours, but they believed we had thirty thousand men, and were confounded by our singular countermarches.

Cumberland Gap, long famous as a route through the great mountain chain of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, had become doubly so by its occupation by the rebel forces, and had been an object of great consequence in the eyes of military men of both armies. It was considered the door to East Tennessee; the key to the great Central Railway of the rebels; an impregnable position; and an outpost of vast importance to both armies. The Gap commands the roads which here diverge east, south and south-west; the first, a fine turnpike, running to Central Virginia; the second, to the central part of East Tennessee, and the third down Powell's Valley. The ascent to the Gap is gradual, and the ele-

vation over it about seven hundred feet—the mountain peaks ascend about eight hundred feet still higher on either side.

These peaks slope gradually to the summits, and are not, as is generally supposed, perpendicular walls, forming a long chasm or alley. The peaks are a third of a mile apart.

On the south side, the face of the mountain is precipitous, and for hundreds of miles presents the appearance of a vast wall of sand stone. On the north side, the surface is broken by a series of mountain peaks, extending, like the waves of a stormy ocean, beyond the range of vision. On the east side of the Gap is what is called the "Pinnacle," and upon its summit was erected a fort armed with immense guns. On the northern slope of the mountain were three more works commanding the roads and approaches in every direction. On the summits, on the west side of the Gap, were three other forts; and just in the Gap, upon the road, still another. Such was the extent of these works that ten thousand men would be necessary to man them and properly defend the place; the works being disconnected by the remarkable nature of the ground. The road on the north winds along down the west side of a deep ravine, till it reaches the Yellow Creek Valley. On the south, it descends into a narrow valley, in which there are a few dwelling houses and a mill. The mill is propelled by an immense spring which gushes from the mountain side. This valley is semi-circular, and is the floor of one of the grandest mountain amphitheaters in the Union. Here the rebel cabin-camps were situated; here they had been strengthening themselves since the first hour of rebellion. At this place, in the spring of 1861, the rebel force encamped; and such was the scrupulously technical regard for State's Rights, that the Tennessee Colonel, Rains, would not let his men cross the Kentucky line even to get water from a spring. Kentucky State Rights and neutrality were, for a short time, held sacred by the rebels, and the most scrupulous regard paid to even the soil and water of that State, which, a few days afterwards, they invaded to plunder and desolate. Such is the progress of ideas. "State Rights," and "the right of secession," were definite ideas, but were soon lost in the smoke and dust of war, and wiped out by

the rude hand of violence. On our side the change is not less remarkable in the treatment of rebels, the use and distinction of property, and the use of slaves.

The enemy left very little in the deserted works, except the relics of a year's occupancy. Our forces, on their arrival, had not a day's rations, and for some days they gathered their subsistence from the neighboring country.

Soon after the arrival of our forces at Cumberland Gap, our army began the work of strengthening the place. On the south side of the Gap forts with bomb-proof casements were constructed, which commanded the country for miles. Hundreds of acres of timber in front, from the Poor Valley Ridge, were hewn down, and the whole army was soon engaged in digging, chopping, hauling, building, making roads, earthworks, stone houses, shops, sheds and hospitals.

The men toiled late and early, and the amphitheater, lately so sad and desolate, swarmed from valley to pinnacle, like a bee-hive, with busy, working men. A road was to be built and turnpiked from Crab Orchard. The Quartermasters had orders to begin at once. The streams were to be bridged, and Cumberland Gap was to be the vast central fortress of the Union.

Occasional foraging parties went into Tennessee, and returned, well supplied with hay and oats. There were large quantities of wheat in the field. The men in three weeks could have gathered and threshed thousands of bushels of wheat. The Gap mill was capable of grinding sixty bushels daily. But the wheat was neither threshed or gathered, much less ground. Bread and flour were hauled from Lexington. Had the army gathered in time the wheat, which was cut and stacked, our forces might have held Cumberland Gap.

The whole of East Tennessee, for six weeks, was at the feet of our forces. The rebel army there was greatly inferior to ours. A part of the Union army went to Clinton, within seven miles of Knoxville, unmolested.

After our reverses near Richmond, Virginia, threats in rebel papers were made, that Kentucky would be invaded. Rumors were afloat of the moving of troops to Knoxville.

Rebel scouts became more bold. A brigade of the Union army, under Col. DeCourcy, on a foraging expedition, about the first of August, was suddenly attacked by a large force, and driven from Tazewell, with considerable loss. A few days after this, the rebel cavalry threatened the guards, a few miles from the Gap, in front. In a short time, a rebel force of about seven thousand, under Gens. Stevenson, Rains, Taylor, Allston, and others, encamped three miles in front of the Gap.

Gen. Kirby Smith, with an army, estimated at fifteen thousand men, passed over the mountain, west of Cumberland Gap, at Roger's, Wilson's, and Big Creek Gaps, and arrived at Cumberland ford and Barbourville, on the road, in the immediate rear, seizing the trains belonging to the army now beleaguered in the Gap. These men of Smith's subsisted principally on roasting ears, and marched without a train, except for ammunition. It may justly be called "the great roasting ear expedition." It could not have been made three weeks earlier, nor six weeks later. The country was utterly destitute of supplies, except the green corn in the fields, which gave sustenance to man and beast. At Barbourville, the wagons captured were burned, and the rebel force started for Lexington, and marched with the greatest rapidity. They defeated our army near Richmond, seized Lexington, and threatened Cincinnati. About thirty men of the Thirty-Third Indiana were in the battle at Richmond. They were teamsters and train guards, and were cut off on their return with forage to the Gap. They volunteered in a newly organized battery, and fought desperately, most of them making their escape in the confused flight of the new troops. Sergeant Enos Halbert had charge of them.

The rebel army of Humphrey Marshall moved on Lexington from Big Sandy, and the great army of Gen. Bragg moved up toward Louisville from central Tennessee.

The communications of the forces at Cumberland Gap were totally cut off by the army of Kirby Smith. Trains, mails, arms, ammunition, forage, food, everything of the materiel of war, fell into rebel hands. The little army was completely isolated. No orders reached them, no tidings of

victory, no supplies. Hemmed in on every side, with stout hearts, they toiled on in the work of completing the fortifications, till the very evening they evacuated. The supply of breadstuff was small—only enough for two weeks. The men were put on half rations. Every day the pickets came in laden with green corn. When the supply of bread was exhausted, the men passed through the lines, on the north of the mountain, and gathered corn, to cook or grate into meal for bread.

During the time the army was thus hemmed in, battle was offered by Morgan on several occasions, but the rebels showed no disposition to attack. The object of the rebel force was to occupy our attention, and prevent, if possible, the occupation of Knoxville by our troops.

The spirit of the rebel forces was jubilant. They were confident in present successes, and sure of future triumphs. Night after night their camps resounded with the wildest cheers. Kentucky had been overrun, and was theirs; Virginia was theirs; and our forces had fallen back into Maryland. The seven days' disasters at Richmond, Virginia, the defeat at Richmond, Kentucky, the losses at Munfordsville—all portended complete success to the rebellion.

The army at Cumberland Gap captured, in various small engagements while beleaguered, about five hundred prisoners. The various regiments took part in these expeditions, and the adventurous and hair-breadth escapes of the men engaged, would fill a volume.

The question of food was uppermost in the minds of men and officers. The supply was gradually diminishing, without hope of being replenished. There was no breadstuff. The soldiers had, with their bayonets, punctured tin plates and pieces of sheet iron, thus making graters upon which to make meal from the soft and ripening corn. Thus, the struggle to procure food, to fortify the place, and to obtain advantages, continued until about the middle of September, when it was intimated that the camp would soon be surrendered or evacuated. This was received with evident disapprobation by the men, who had labored and endured so much to strengthen the place. They were willing to fight or to starve to hold it.

On the sixteenth of September, one year from the day the Thirty-Third regiment was organized, orders were received to evacuate Cumberland Gap. The Thirty-Third and the Ninth Ohio battery were selected as the escort for the ammunition train for the entire army, which was to march that night, under command of Col. Coburn. This was the post of honor and danger. This train lost, and the fate of the army was sealed. The rebel cavalry were in their rear. The entire army of Kirby Smith was in the direction of Lexington. The road ran along mountain passes and ravines, and in the most favorable spots for ambushes and attacks. At midnight, as the moon rose over the pinnacle and the great fort on the east, the long train wound down the northern slope of the mountain slowly and silently, and passed under the clouds of mist which covered the valley, and disappeared. They thus alone marched to Manchester, one day in advance of the remainder of the army, and in the face of the enemy. The night of the seventeenth the camps were set on fire, the great depots, store houses and magazines blown up, the heavy guns, four in number, destroyed, and the place evacuated. Thus, after three months' occupancy, was this vast stronghold abandoned. It was lost as it was won—by a flank movement.

The lessons here learned were, that a stronghold, without food, is weak, and that unless there is a combination of the forces of war, with the sustenance of animal life, the most formidable positions and armaments are useless; that Cumberland Gap was not the only way into Kentucky or Tennessee; and that a good road is absolutely essential to the occupancy of a formidable and valuable position, thereby insuring a sufficient store of supplies, ready access, and safe communication. These lessons were learned too late. The army itself might have graded and bridged the road during the time it occupied the country.

During the night of September seventeenth, Gen. Morgan's army abandoned Cumberland Gap, having previously destroyed their tents and articles they could not carry. No transportation could be obtained for the sick, therefore many were left behind. Col. Coburn, however, resolved to

take every man in his regiment who could survive the march. Seizing mules, oxen and wagons, he brought with him his sick, notwithstanding every obstacle.

The next morning, Gen. Stevenson, with the entire rebel force in Powell's valley, marched through the Gap, and followed in pursuit of our army. His advance guard attacked the rear of Morgan's army as it passed the Goose creek salt works, but was repulsed. During this skirmish, a soldier of the Third Kentucky regiment, (Garrard's) for the murder of a member of his own company, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, convicted, and shot.

The Goose creek salt works were extensive, and produced large quantities of salt. They supplied South-Eastern Kentucky, South-Western Virginia, and East Tennessee. Their possession was of great value to the rebels, who, in the fall and winter of 1861, drew from them large supplies. They were afterwards, in the fall of 1862, destroyed by Cruft's brigade, of Crittenden's corps, of our army.

The army marched northward, through Booneville to Proctor; at this place crossing the Kentucky river. Hearing that the rebels were in force at Proctor, Gen. Morgan ordered the Thirty-Third to march at night to Booneville, and prevent the burning of the mill at that place, which was threatened by the rebel force. They arrived in time to drive back the enemy, and save the mill, which supplied the army with one day's rations of flour. The next day Proctor was reached. The large mill was a smoking heap of ruins, having been fired the night before, by order of the rebel Morgan. The rebels fell back in the direction of Irvine, where Gen. John Morgan was said to have a force of six thousand men. At Proctor are the great Kentucky river coal mines, and the bed of the river was covered with loaded boats ready for a freshet to carry them down to the central part of the State. Here, by order of Gen. Morgan—the enemy continually hovering upon our front, flanks and rear—the men threw away all superfluous clothing.

From Proctor to the Ohio river, the rebel forces hung upon the Union front, flanks and rear, blockading the road with fallen timber, lying in ambush in the thickets, or upon the

cliffs, picking up stragglers, and constantly threatening and impeding the progress of the Union forces. At Hazel Green the rebels fled in haste on the approach of the army. It was expected that the united forces of Humphrey Marshall and John Morgan would attack West Liberty; but they lay at the safe distance of seven miles, only venturing to skirmish. At Cracker's Neck—a narrow gorge or valley, through which the road runs, between lofty, cedar-covered, perpendicular cliffs—the rebels blockaded the road, and took position to give battle. The main force of the Union army diverged to the right, by a road over the mountains, while the Thirty-Third Indiana, the Fourth and Sixth East Tennessee, and Foster's battery marched to the Neck, attacked and put to flight the rebels. Day after day the delays of blockading, skirmishing, and the immense and tedious task of forcing the long wagon trains over the road, prolonged the marches far into the night. And the exhausted and weary men and animals, after a few hours rest, often resumed the march before the break of day. During this time the men gathered from the fields their subsistence, industriously plying their graters at the various halts, and ready, when coming into camp, to cook their rough, but healthy, cakes. A stringent order was issued to shoot any man who would get into a wagon, when many wagons were empty, and the men footsore and exhausted. This, like the orders not to take corn for bread, was disregarded by the men. It was impossible to enforce it. Immense quantities of ammunition were hauled through; but soldiers, footsore and weary, were left by the roadside, to the tender mercies of the rebels. An order was issued at West Liberty to establish hospitals there, and leave the sick and wounded. This was most earnestly protested against by Gen. Spears and Col. Coburn, on the ground that it was an unfit place, there being no supplies of food or medicine there, it being a rebel community, with one of their armies in the vicinity, and that it was suicidal policy to carry the men so far, and leave them unsupplied, in rebel hands, only four days' march from the Ohio river. The order was changed, and but two men were left.

On the eighteenth of March the army reached the Ohio

river, at Greenupsburgh. As the men filed down a ravine, and their eyes caught the broad, rich valley of the Ohio, sweeping far away to the right and left, wild shouts of joy broke forth, and the hardships, which had worn them to the bone, were instantly transformed into a dream.

Two days afterward the army crossed the river, and marched down to Sciotoville, on the Ohio shore. On the way they were all most bountifully feasted at the little town of Wheelingsburgh. The sympathy, kindness and cordiality of the people astounded the Kentucky and Tennessee troops, who had been in the habit of paying to Union men a dime for a hobby (cake) of corn bread, and five cents for a drink of buttermilk. Wheelingsburgh and its hospitable citizens will long be remembered by the ten thousand hungry men who ate there on that beautiful October Sabbath day.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH (IRISH) REGIMENT.

The courage displayed by the gallant Sixth-Ninth New York, at Bull Run, and the heroic defence of Lexington by Mulligan and his men, fired the patriotic hearts of the Irishmen of Indiana, who determined to emulate the conduct of their countrymen. To this end a project was formed to raise an Irish regiment in Indiana. The effort was successful. The following was the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, John C. Walker, Laporte; Lieutenant Colonel, Richard J. Ryan, Indianapolis; Major, John E. Balfe, Lafayette; Adjutant, Frank Cunningham, Terre Haute; Regimental Quartermaster, Martin Igoe, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Alexander J. Mullen, Michigan City; Assistant Surgeon, George K. McCoy, Gosport; Assistant Surgeon, Jerome B. Gerard; Chaplain, Peter Cooney, Notre Dame.

Company A.—Captain, Henry N. Conklin, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, John E. Dillon, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, John Maloney, Indianapolis.

Company B.—Captain, John P. Dufficy, Vigo county; First Lieutenant, Christopher H. O'Brien, Marion county; Second Lieutenant, William H. Kenney, Marion county.

Company C.—Captain, William Hipwell, Laporte; First Lieutenant, John W. Cummins, Laporte; Second Lieutenant, Charles E. Galezio, Westville.

Company D.—Captain, John P. Dunn, Perry county; First Lieutenant, August G. Tassin, Perry county; Second Lieutenant, Henry Y. Murtha, Perry county.

Company E.—Captain, Patrick Tobin, Lafayette; First Lieutenant, Edward Galligan, Lafayette; Second Lieutenant, Orvin Daily, Lafayette.

Company F.—Captain, Jonathan H. Green, Lawrenceburgh; First Lieutenant, Abram F. Farrar, Lawrenceburgh; Second Lieutenant, James M. Brasher, Lawrenceburgh.

Company G.—Captain, James McKim; First Lieutenant, Bernard R. Mullen; Second Lieutenant, James Fitz Williams.

Company H.—Captain, John Crowe, Dayton, Ohio; First Lieutenant, E. G. Breene, Dayton, Ohio; Second Lieutenant, Levi A. Waltz, Dayton, Ohio.

Company I.—Captain, Thomas Pryce, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, John Scully, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, William H. Patton, Indianapolis.

Company K.—Captain, James R. Millikin, Fayette county; First Lieutenant, Michael W. Glenn, Wayne county; Second Lieutenant, William H. O'Connell, Indianapolis.

About this time Kentucky was invaded by the rebels under Buckner. Gen. Buell, then commanding the Department of Ohio, was organizing a force to drive the rebels from Kentucky, and, ultimately, to "carry the war into Dixie."

The emergency required in the field every available man, and, on the thirteenth of December, 1861, the Thirty-Fifth regiment received marching orders, which were hailed with wild cheers by the gallant Irishmen.

THE DEPARTURE.

The thirteenth of December, 1861, will long be remembered by the friends of the Irish regiment. The green caps were to evacuate Camp Morton, and start for the seat of war. Thousands of citizens lined the side walks to witness the

departure of the regiment. Friends assembled to bid their "good-byes." All were anxious to testify to this spirited corps their hearty wishes for its success. At the depot boisterous laughter and hurrahs were mingled with half-subdued sorrow and tears. Flashing wit, ready repartee, and expressions of honest friendship flew from every tongue. And then followed that never failing assurance of Irish friendship, a "parting drink." The world may censure, the fastidious may deride and condemn the practice, still it must be conceded that this evil is the only one which mars the otherwise spotless character of Irishmen, and evil as it is, it springs, in most instances, from the fountain of friendship.

It was late at night when the cars were ready for transporting the regiment. The intervening time was spent in boisterous merriment; no cloud hung upon the brow of the Irish soldier. He left behind him the dearest friends on earth and went forth to brave the storm of battle, to defy the fatigues of the march, and to play the great game of hazzard, of which life was the stake. In a military campaign he grasps his musket in one hand, his cap in the other, and defies all fate by a ringing cheer.

There is nothing to equal the dash of an Irish soldier. He is at home everywhere. He will charge a battery in the best possible humor; and his courage then and there, is only equal to his impudent innocence in courting a milliner's apprentice. For true hospitality commend us to the Irish soldier. He will share his blanket and his bottle. The best "the counthry affoords," is not too good for his guest and friend. He will sing to amuse you; he will relate legend after legend of his native land to entertain you; legends, abounding with all the wit, eloquence and poetry of his "Dear Ould Ireland." You leave his tent with an uncontrollable desire to return soon, very soon, again, and this desire is heightened by the hearty invitation, "You must dhrop in agin; shure its as aisey for ye to look in and see a body, as to go by as if ye were a go'in to a hangin."

THE MARCH.

The regiment reached Jeffersonville by rail. There a camp was established and rigid military discipline enforced. On the first of January, 1862, the Thirty-Fifth crossed the Ohio river and landed in the then neutral State of Kentucky. The appearance of the regiment, as it marched through the streets of Louisville, was exceedingly fine. The waving of the starry banner, side by side with Erin's own green flag, the "Sunburst;" the sweet strains of music from the band, under the leadership of Messrs. Boyne and Clifford; the martial bearing of officers and men, elicited the highest encomiums of the citizens. Many towns were passed through and not a Union flag greeted the eye of the soldier until Bardstown was reached, where, to the astonishment of all, Union flags were flying from every window.

A friendly tongue let out the secret. Some "divil of an Irishman," told the citizens that an Irish regiment was approaching, and any house that had not an American flag out "would be past prayin for in less nor a minit." The denizens of Bardstown had not the loftiest opinion of Irish amiability, and rather than offend the "gentle craythurs" of the Thirty-Fifth, they swung from their windows and housetops the American flag, an honor the brave men acknowledged by hearty and repeated cheers. The stay of the regiment at Bardstown was protracted six weeks. A camp of instruction was formed and officers and men took lessons in the art and science of war.

CHARACTERS.

Every regiment has its "characters." Those peculiarly odd geniuses that season camp life with wit and wisdom—the pepper and salt of a soldiers existence. Nothing develops so readily the points of character in man as a campaign. Thrown upon his own resources for everything, the soldier takes the shortest route to comfort or fun, and whatever contributes to the former, he will have regardless of expense, and that which hightens the latter, will be sought out and appropriated.

But to the characters. In the regiment were two inseparable friends—Paddy Smith and Billy Lyon. Paddy was a soldier of fortune; Billy, to use his own expression, "a very unfortunate soger." Both "little blest in the set phrase of speech," but knowing their duty well they did it faithfully. Notwithstanding their rough exteriors, and the use of language which at times would fall harshly on ears polite, they possessed a vein of true humanity and religion which contrasted strangely with their conduct. They had been in the service some months without receiving any pay. The Paymaster, that much esteemed individual, had not yet made his appearance, and everything was to be done "as soon as I git me pay." Well, poor Paddy was taken sick. The Surgeon's art failed him, and Paddy, as a last resource, called to his aid the good and brave Father Cooney, the Chaplain of the regiment. It was evident to the Father that Paddy must soon sling his knapsack and march. His years had extended to the shady side of fifty summers, and with the "camp-typhus" he could have but little hopes of recovery. Father Cooney prepared the dying man for his journey into the future. Billy, sobbing like a heart broken girl, came to stay with his companion and watch the "sands of life run out." "Well, Paddy," said his friend, "an y're goin to lave us?" "Indade I suppose I am," said Paddy. "An glad I am to lave this dirty world." "You may well say that Paddy, but faith you've had your own fun out iv it," retorted Billy. "Oh, Billy, aint you ashamed to use such levity," said Father Cooney. "When will you be ready to leave it." "Be jabers, as soon as I gits me pay." This last sally of Billy's was too much for Priest or layman, and the tent shook with merriment. Even the dying man, it is said, smiled at the reply of his old and trusty friend.

Very many hard things have been said of Quartermasters, who, under our military system, are also acting Commissaries. There are exceptions to all rules, and it is a pleasure to say that Quartermaster Igoe, of the Irish regiment, is one of these exceptions. He delights in the *nom de plume* of "big rations," a term affectionately applied to him by the "boys." An excellent provider, he leaves, to use an Irish expression, no stone unturned to contribute to the comfort of the regiment.

He, too, is a character. Full of kindness of heart, he is, also, brimful of wit and humor. Lieut. Igoe has a holy horror of the "regulations." He abominates all orders, general or special, that inflict upon him the red tape routine. Not entirely wanting in a proper respect towards a superior officer, he very frequently smashes all rules of etiquette and leaves the aforesaid superior officer convulsed with laughter or "bewildered intirely" by his exquisite Irish impudence.

On entering the service, Quartermaster Igoe, like many of his countrymen at a "berrien," went on foot. It was somewhat of a journey to travel nine or ten times a day, from the last saloon on Illinois street to Camp Morton, (where the regiment was being organized,) in the long month of August; and when it is considered that the distance is over one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight yards, it is no wonder that our hero soon acquired "right smart" of a reputation as a pedestrian.

Lieut. Col. (now General) Wood, a brave and dashing soldier, was the mustering officer for Indiana. Igoe having some business with Col. Wood, hailed the latter as he was riding along the street—Wood splendidly mounted, Igoe on foot, as usual. "What do you want, sir?" said Wood. "I have some business with you, Colonel," replied the Quartermaster. "Well, sir, don't stop me on the street; I'll see you in camp." This nettled Igoe, for it was said rather pettishly. "All right, if that's your style; light out, and I'll meet you at camp," he replied. Wood, striking the rowels into his horse, went off one street, while Igoe "lit out," taking another.

As Col. Wood entered the camp, the first man who saluted him was Igoe. Astonished at this he asked, "How did you get here?" "Principally on foot," said Igoe. A few days afterwards, Col. Wood, meeting the Quartermaster in the street, hailed him. "Don't talk to me in the street; see me in camp, sir;" and away sailed Igoe, leaving the Colonel surrounded with laughing friends. No man in the service appreciates a "rejoinder" more than Gen. Wood, who confessed himself "headed" by the Irish Quartermaster.

About this time Major Montgomery was acting United

States Quartermaster at Indianapolis. Being a blunt and outspoken man, he admired Igoe's mode of doing business. One day, Igoe, having been sent for, presented himself at the office of the Major, who said to him, "Lieut. Igoe, you will find a fine horse hitched to that post," (pointing to the post) "which you will consider a present from me." Igoe bluntly remarked, "I'll go and look at him." Having scrutinized the horse, he returned to the Major and said, "If you intend to make a man a present, why dont't you do the thing decently? Of what use will that horse be to me without either saddle or bridle?" Montgomery was amused at the cool impudence of the Irish Quartermaster, and at once presented him with a splendid saddle and bridle, whereupon Igoe expressed his entire satisfaction with the horse.

We have said that Lieut. Igoe had a horror of the regulations. Monthly, quarterly, and semi-annual reports, required by the department, were treated with easy neglect; not that the eccentric Quartermaster did not honestly discharge his duties, but because he regarded all such reports as "a piece of magnificent tomfoolery." A twelvemonth went by, and no reports were received at Washington of the state of affairs in the Quartermaster's department of the Irish regiment. A note from headquarters to the Colonel brought the report question "to a head." Igoe at once gathered up all his receipts, vouchers and loose papers, and putting them carefully in a keg, headed up the concern, and respectfully forwarded them to Washington, with a note, stating that as the clerks in the department had more time than he had, they could assort and arrange the papers to suit themselves, remarking, too, that if they could make anything out of them, it was more than he could do himself. The reply from Washington was what might have been expected. Notice was served, that if he did not make out a report in full form, he would be "sent for." Nothing disconcerted, the subject of our sketch sat down, and, as report goes, wrote the following exceedingly polite letter:

"Headquarters Irish Regiment,
Quartermaster's Department.

"*Dear Sir:*—Your kind and friendly note of the — inst. is before me. I regret exceedingly you can not make anything out of the keg-full of papers forwarded some two months ago. In order to facilitate the solution of the difficulty, I take great pleasure in sending another box-full. I have long contemplated a visit to the capital of this mighty nation; but my finances being in such a dilapidated condition, I have been forced to forego that pleasure. I will be pleased to make a visit to your, I am told, delightful city, under the auspices, and at the expense, of our much afflicted Government.

"Accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

"M. Igoe,
"Lieut. & A. Q. M."

Of course the bureau of "contracts and Quartermasters" was not satisfied; but John Morgan, having a short time afterwards captured our hero, books, papers, (all not "kegged up,") and wagons, Igoe made a final statement, and a satisfactory settlement, by stating in a humorous way the facts and incidents of his capture. It has been ever since his boast, that John Morgan kindly settled all his affairs, with the "big conostrophies at Washington."

We have given the light side of the "gallant little Thirty-Fifth," as Gen. Rosecrans styles it; let us look at another character, in the person of the

REV. FATHER COONEY.

Among the many appointed Chaplains, some did their duty well; among that number, was Father Cooney, Chaplain of the Irish regiment. Possessing all the elements of a soldier, he is endowed with the virtues of a good Priest. Cool and brave under fire, he is kind and compassionate in the hospital. In the sluggish and dull monotony of the camp, he is energetic and active. Everything tending to the spiritual or

temporal welfare of his "charge," engages his first attention, and secures his best services.

Father Cooney was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, in the year 1832; consequently he is now in the thirty-second year of his age. He emigrated, with his parents, to this country at the early age of four years. His parents settled near Monroe, Michigan. This place was the scene of Father Cooney's school boy days. Here it was he prepared to enter college; and in the beginning of 1851, he matriculated at the University of Notre Dame, near the town of South Bend, Indiana. In this institution he remained three years, prosecuting his studies vigorously. At the end of these three years, he sought the shadows of the theological seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, Maryland, where he remained and completed his literary and theological studies, returning to Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1859. He was ordained a Priest in July first, 1859, and at once joined the order of the Holy Cross—an order similar to the Jesuits—whose object and aim is to teach and preach. Immediately after his ordination, he was sent to Chicago, where he filled the honorable and important position of Vice-President of the University of "St. Mary's of the Lake." He continued for two years in this position, when, on learning that an Irish regiment was being organized in Indiana, and of Gov. Morton's application for a Priest as Chaplain, Father Cooney tendered his services to the country, and was commissioned as Chaplain of the Irish regiment on the fourth of October, 1861.

Notwithstanding he left his native land at an early age, he loves and cherishes with affection the memories of Ireland. The flutter of the "Green Flag," or the sweet strains of "Patrick's Day," or "Garryown," arouses his Irish blood, and for a moment he forgets he is a Priest, and thinks himself a soldier. United to a kind heart, he has a deep fund of wit and humor, and many an hour is pleasantly passed in listening to his native wit and risible anecdotes. He knows human nature thoroughly, looks leniently upon the frailties of mankind, mildly censuring the misconduct of the men, and zealously urging them to a faithful performance of their duty to God and country. To say that he is much respected

by the men of the regiment, is saying too little; he is loved by them. To illustrate this we will relate an incident.

Around a blazing camp fire sat a few comrades smoking their "dudgheens," (short pipes) and discussing strategy with all the intensity of Irish controversialists. Father Cooney came hurriedly along, evidently bent on a visit to some sick soldier. The little squad instantly rose to their feet with the hand to the cap. "Good evening, boys," said the Father, with one of his pleasant smiles, and hurried towards the hospital. "There he goes," said one of the group, "he's always where he can do good, and niver idle. The likes iv him, God bless him, is not to be found betwixt here and the giant's causeway." "Thrue for ye, Tim, by gorra; his match coud'nt be found iv ye thraveled from Dan to Barsheeba," said his comrade. "He'll be sayin his bades among the stars, whin many of his callin' will be huntin' a dhrop of wather in a very hot climate." This last remark was received with a hearty acquiescence by the entire group. Rough and witty as it was, it expressed the feelings of the soldiers for their Chaplain.

In the discharge of his duties, Father Cooney does not confine himself to his own regiment. Wherever and whenever his services are required, then and there are they freely bestowed. This gives him a reputation co-extensive with the Army of the Cumberland, and makes his friends of the Thirty-Fifth Indiana that much the more proud of him. A short time after the terrific battles of Stone River, while the regiment was at Murfreesboro, an incident occurred, which showed the kind heart of the Chaplain.

Michael Nash, a private in the Sixty-Fifth regiment Ohio volunteers, was sentenced to be shot to death at Nashville, on the fifteenth of June, 1863. The sentence was to have taken effect between the hours of two and four, P. M. Father Cooney, hearing of the affair, started for Nashville, to be present at the execution, and administer the rites of his church to the condemned man. Having prepared the unfortunate soldier for his final march, the Chaplain made inquiries respecting his case. The facts were these: On the morning of the thirty-first of December, when Johnson's division

was surprised, and McCook hurled from his position by a superior force, the Sixty-Fifth was thrown into momentary confusion. Nash, being separated from his command, fell into the tide of fugitives who were retreating towards Nashville. By the irresistible current of panic-stricken soldiers, he was carried back to Lavergne. Here he was arrested. From the evidence it appeared that Nash did not intend to desert. He might have been brave as those, who stood the galling fire; but having been caught by the rushing current of a panic, he was swept from the field. It was now half past twelve, M. If the unfortunate man be saved, no time must be lost in communicating with the General. Without making known his intentions to any one, Father Cooney telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans, at Murfreesboro, the facts of the case, and the circumstances supporting them, and concluded by saying:

"Were I under the impression that he intentionally deserted, I would not say a word in his behalf; the good of the service would require his death. But I am convinced of the contrary. I respectfully beg, therefore, for him some other punishment than death.

"Signed, P. P. COONEY,
"Chaplain Thirty-Fifth Ind. Vols."

Two o'clock arrived, but brought no answer to the dispatch. The detail to fire upon Nash assembled; their guns were loaded; the ground for his execution was selected, and about three thousand persons were assembled to witness the tragedy. The open coffin awaited its victim, and an artisan unfastens the heavy shackles from the culprit's limbs, that he may take his last march on the great highway which leads from Time to Eternity. A messenger enters the cell and hands to the jailor one of those "yellow covered" communications. "His death warrant," whispered some one, and all was still as death. The jailor broke the seal and read aloud:

"Michael Nash, sentenced to be shot to-day, is reprieved.
"By order of MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS."

The prisoner, heretofore calm and collected, now became pale and agitated. Instantly those around him rushed forward and clasped his hands in hearty congratulation. The prisoner, looking intently on Father Cooney, knew the source of all this mercy. Tears of joy rolled down his manly cheeks. But another trouble. Nash, under the direction of his confessor, had written a farewell letter to his mother, informing her of his sad fate, and saying his last farewell. That letter had gone, carrying news which would break her heart. "Not a bit of it." Father Cooney, keeping his secret, had that letter in his pocket. Nothing now remained to complete the soldier's happiness; he walked from his prison a free man—thankful to God and the good Father, and grateful to his General, whom he now knew to be merciful as he was just and brave.

A chaplain has more than one duty to perform to the men of his regiment. Whilst the spiritual welfare of the men is of primary importance, he is not at liberty to neglect the soldiers temporal comfort and happiness. To the duties of the Priest, Father Cooney adds the kindness of a father and friend. On every pay day he receives money from the soldier and becomes a banker without fee or discount. It is a difficult work faithfully and honestly to discharge the duties of banker to a regiment. A certain amount is ordered to be sent to "the dear ones at home," a few dollars kept to be drawn at will for the purchase of a "bit of tobaccy," or may be a "dhrop of the dhrink to warm the heart." Of this latter commodity the good chaplain is extremely jealous. He has often declared that this same "dhrop of dhrink" is the curse of Irishmen, and in order to guard against its baleful influence, Father Cooney has organized a Temperance Society, of which he is the President. This Society does not embrace all the members of the regiment, nor are its members "life members." The pledge is generally taken for six months or a year, and to their credit be it said, it is rarely if ever violated.

Through the practice of temperance and economy, the Irish regiment, on three different occasions, has sent home by the hands of Father Cooney alone the round sum of forty

thousand dollars. To be the custodian and messenger to carry such sums of money is at once a responsible and perilous position.

In November, 1862, the regiment lay in camp at Silver Spring, eighteen miles from Nashville. It was after the severe campaign of Buell *versus* Bragg and Bragg *versus* Buell; when each in turn, to use the phrase of Emil Shalk, "had recourse to the offensive-defensive strategy." During the repose at Silver Spring the Paymaster visited the troops, and the Thirty-Fifth Indiana placed in the hands of Father Cooney the snug sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, to be carried home and distributed to their friends. The road between Silver Spring and Nashville was thronged with guerrillas, and many a blue jacket, unconscious or careless of the danger, was taken prisoner. Col. Mullen having business at Nashville—where Gen. Rosecrans then had his headquarters—placed an ambulance at the disposal of Father Cooney to carry himself, companions and treasure to Nashville. The party, consisting of Col. Mullen, Father Cooney, the Colonel's Orderly, and a Mr. Korbly, formerly sutler of the regiment, expecting to overtake Gen. Crittenden and escort, boldly pushed forward. After going four miles it was ascertained that Gen. Crittenden and escort were not on the road. Then came the question, "Shall we go back or go on?" "We'll go on," said the Colonel. And away the party dashed, believing there was safety in speed. On the road were courier posts about three miles apart, but this gave no security to our travelers. Our party, with fresh caps on their pistols, moved forward. Duck river, hemmed in by bluffs, was to be crossed. The enemy had destroyed every bridge, and the party was compelled to "take water." They met and overcame every difficulty—for the stream had to be crossed many times on the route—until they arrived at the last ford. In crossing the river the ford was missed, and a steep bank presented itself. Jimmy Welch, the driver of the ambulance, was bold of heart and had unbounded confidence in his team. He "made a run on the bank"—"the bank broke,"—Jimmy and his team rolled gently back to the river; his horses, that "couldn't be matched either at Doncaster or a circus,"

wouldn't pull a pound. Night was fast approaching. What was to be done. "Arrah, give them their wind and they'll come out o' that like a daisey," said the ever confident Jimmy. A few moments were allowed the beasts to rest; all put their shoulders to the wheels, but the off-horse would not move. Jimmy applied the whip and the party yelled, but the "off-horse" still refused. The sun was setting, the party had yet to travel eleven miles, and carry twenty-three thousand dollars, which were locked up in Father Cooney's trunk. "Halloa, gentlemen," said a courier, dashing up, "you must get out of here; there is a party of sixty or seventy guerrillas a short distance over here, and you'll go up." Just then a sharp rifle crack added to the persuasive speech of the dragoon. A council of war was called. "Father Cooney," said the Colonel, "divide out your money among us four, and we will run when we can and fight when we must." This did not meet with favor only as a dernier resort. Two or three other propositions were made, all in quite an unparliamentary manner, when the spattering picket firing, in the rear and on the flank of the road, suddenly broke up the council of war. Emergencies develop men's genius. A small mill being near, the long rope which had been used for the purpose of dragging logs from the river, was pressed into service, likewise two yoke of oxen. One end of the long rope was fastened to the tongue of the ambulance; the oxen were hitched to the rope; up came the wagon and its treasure. "Bang! Bang!" again went the rifles of the guerrillas. "Come Jimmy hurry up now and let's be off." "Don't be hasty," said Jimmy, drawing his pipe out of his mouth and cooly throwing over his nose a column of smoke. "Go aisy, I'll take yees to Nashville inside an hour, or I'll not lave hide enough on the horses to make a pair of brogues for a tinker." And Jimmy kept his word. Within the hour the party were safe inside the lines at Nashville. Was there really any danger? The post in the rear was attacked and driven in; the whole line was broken up, and the army moved and concentrated at Nashville.

These sketches and incidents are given to show the reader what is necessary to make up, in detail, a campaign, and we

take those of the Irish regiment because of its "peculiar institutions." With its

"Fighting and marching,
Pipe-claying and starching."

MARCHING.

The sorest trials and severest sufferings of the soldier are on the march. Toiling beneath a burning sun, dust shoe-mouth deep, water scarce, the soldier marches and suffers. A battle to him is a thousand times preferable to tramping and marching. Sometimes he presses through the choking dust, his lips and tongue being dry and parched and crisped. Again he struggles through the tenacious mud, with knapsack on his back, and forty rounds of ball cartridge in his box—"arms at will—route step." With all the fatigues of the march, there are many little occurrences which give life and spirit to the troops. The light hearted members of the Irish regiment will cheerfully respond to the enthusiastic calls for a song—a merry, rhyming, chiming lilt, that raises Irish blood to boiling heat—and the response is received, as usual, with a cheer.

"Come Dennis, ye sowl, give us a song."

"Oh the bad luck to the one iv me can sing a bit. Shure me throat is as dhry as a magazine," was Dennis' reply, as he evidently wanted "coaxin."

"Can Dennis sing?" asked another. The question was propounded only to provoke discussion.

"Is it him? he sings like a Mavish; (Mavis) he has a voice that would brake up a female boardin school or a nunnery," was the reply. This last superb compliment caused Dennis to clear his throat. After a few coughs, shifting his musket to the opposite shoulder, he gave to his comrades a history of Irish courtship in verse. At the end of every verse, there was loud applause, but when that which recounted the fair one's shyness and coquetry, as,

"Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye bother me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye taise me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, would ye smudther me;
Oh the divil go wid ye be aisy."

The applause was "tremendous," shaking the column from Co. A to the rear guard of the regiment. Such occurrences as the one narrated frequently occur—they lighten the heart and quicken the step of the soldier.

It is astonishing the number of miles traveled by Indiana regiments since the opening of the war. As an example the Irish regiment marched from January twelfth to December first, 1862, eleven hundred and forty-five miles.

On the twenty-second of May, 1862, the Thirty-Fifth and Sixty-First—First and Second Irish regiments—were consolidated. Col. Mullen, of the Sixty-First, became Lieut. Colonel of the Thirty-Fifth. Soon after the consolidation, Col. Walker resigned, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Mullen.

SKIRMISHING.

The march from McMinnville, Tennessee, to Louisville, Kentucky, was the most severe the regiment ever experienced. The weather was extremely hot; no water could be obtained, save from the stagnant pools. The men were on half rations. Officers and men exhibited great stamina and heroic endurance.

At Franklin, Tennessee, the enemy appeared on the flank, and frequent skirmishing was the result. As the "flankers" opened fire, the column came to a halt, ready to deploy into line of battle. A few rattles of musketry, interspersed with the hoarse barking of a howitzer, settled the affair; and along the line was heard the soul-stirring command, "Forward."

At Louisville the Irish regiment was in the brigade commanded by Col. Stanley Matthews—Vancleve's division and Crittenden's corps. From Louisville to Wild Cat the march of the army met with continued resistance. At Perryville the enemy gave battle. The Thirty-Fifth was not seriously engaged.

On the morning of the eighth of Octr., heavy skirmishing on the left and front gave evidence that the enemy intended to stand. The occasional rattle of musketry was drowned by rapid battery explosions. All doubts were now removed.

The gallant Crittenden pushed his corps rapidly forward. Nearer and nearer sounded the rattling musketry and the heavy reporting howitzer. The men cheered and pushed forward.

"Steady, boys, steady; you'll get enough of it directly," said the Colonel.

"Be the holy poker, thin, it'll take enough o' that same to go round the Thirty-Fifth," replied one of its members.

"Where's Col. Mullen?" asked a staff officer, dashing up, his horse reeking with foam.

"Here he is, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Colonel, you will occupy the extreme left of your brigade. There is the line on the crest of that hill"—pointing with his sword. "Now look out; the enemy is about turning McCook's right. Be ready to change front on tenth company," and away he dashed.

The men heard the orders, and were in the best possible spirits. Jokes passed freely among the dauntless, light-hearted Irishmen. "All were eager for the fray." A little incident here occurred which we must relate.

At Munfordsville some of the men took "a dhrop too much;" and while the regiment was resting in column by companies, a difficulty occurred between the officer of the guard and those who had been drinking. The guard was about being overpowered—the mutineers cocked their rifles to fire. Col. Mullen, seeing the guard in peril, and discipline violated, drew his sabre, and dashed into the midst of the mutineers. The guard fired, killing the ringleader, and wounding one of his followers. A mutineer, who aimed his musket at the Colonel, was promptly arrested. This man (Daley) was tried by court-martial; but his sentence had to be approved—which led to the opinion that the sentence was death—before it could be made public. He was handcuffed, and ordered to march in the rear of the regiment. As the orders to get into line of battle at Perryville were given, the Colonel rode from front to rear of his regiment. Daley was ironed and surrounded by the guard. "Lieutenant," said the Colonel to the officer of the guard, "take those irons off the prisoner." The order was promptly obeyed. "How do

your wrists feel, my man?" asked the Colonel. "Pretty well, sir," replied Daley. "Can you shoot with them?" "I think I could, sir, if I had a gun." "Orderly, bring this man a musket, and equipments, and forty rounds of cartridge."

"Now, Daley," said the Colonel, "you have been tried by a court-martial for mutiny and attempting to take the life of your superior officer. I don't know what that sentence is; you can judge as well as I. Take that musket, and on the field ahead of us, wipe out that sentence, and, by the blessing of God, I'll help you to do it." The poor fellow rushed forward, and, seizing the hand of his officer, covered it with tears. "There, there; now go. You are a free man and a soldier once more." Daley has since proved himself, on more than one occasion, to be a soldier.

"Forward the Thirty-Fifth!" and away went the regiment to its position. The battle raged furiously. The line of the third brigade was formed, and ready for the enemy, or for orders to go to him. From two o'clock until five, P. M., the storm of battle raged. All our left were engaged. McCook, Gilbert, Jackson, Rousseau, Lytle, and the gallant Starkweather, were there. Here comes a staff-officer. "Send forward two companies of your regiment as skirmishers, and clear that underbrush, Gen. Wood's division is coming up to occupy your left," said an officer of Col. Matthews' staff. Co. D, under Lieut. Tassan, and Co. B, under Lieut. O'Brien, were ordered to that duty. Major Dufficey commanded this battalion of skirmishers. He kept his eye well to the front, and marched upon the enemy's deployed line. The enemy fell back, making but a feeble resistance. Wood approached in fine style, and entered the conflict; but it was too late. The sun had gone down, and hostilities ceased.

"Night threw her mantle o'er the earth,
And pinned it with a star."

The next morning the enemy fled, and were pursued by the victorious Union army, Crittenden in the advance.

Nothing of importance occurred until the Thirty-Fifth approached the little town of Crab Orchard. Here it was reported the enemy would make a stand. It was three

o'clock, A. M. The round, full moon made everything light as day. Vancleve's division is ordered to march and dislodge the enemy, who is said to be three miles ahead. Skirmishers are thrown out, and the column moves. "Bang, bang!" The enemy is found. The fire of the platoons in reserve is instantly answered by three rapid shots from the enemy's artillery, posted beyond a creek. The Seventh Indiana battery, in the rear of the first line, replies, but their shot and shell whiz over the Thirty-Fifth, and fall a few yards in advance. The contending batteries wax warm, and the road is literally plowed up.

"Did you see that?" said Father Cooney, as a shell burst immediately in front of him. "I think I did," replied the Colonel. "This must be stopped," said the Chaplain, referring to the Indiana battery's bad range. "That what's I am going to do," said the Colonel, referring to the enemy; "if I can only get across that narrow bridge." Orders were received to cross the bridge, and take position. "Now, every mother's son of you keep your mouths shut until we cross the bridge, when you may yell till your hearts' content," said the Colonel. "Fix bayonets and forward," and away they go. A short turn in the road saves the regiment, the enemy shelling the road. The Thirty-Fifth debouches to the left, until the creek is reached. Instantly they rush to the right for the bridge. The head of the column is over. "Double-quick," and with deafening yells the Thirty-Fifth, closely followed by the Fifty-First Ohio, rush for the battery. The artillery fly at their approach, leaving two artillerymen, and a few infantry skirmishers, in the hands of the assailants. Not a man of the Thirty-Fifth was injured in this little affair.

From this time till Gen. Rosecrans assumed command of the army, nothing of special interest occurred.

LAVERGNE.

On the ninth of December, 1862, Col. Matthews, commanding the third brigade, consisting of the Twenty-First and Eighth Kentucky, Fifty-First Ohio, and Thirty-Fifth Indiana, with a section of Swallow's Seventh Indiana battery,

was ordered on a foraging expedition. This force, with its long train of wagons, took the Murfreesboro road, and when near Lavergne, diverged to the left, and crossed Mill creek at Dobbins' ford. At the ford a Sergeant and ten men were left as a guard, while the teams were escorted a short distance beyond, where forage was to be obtained. Soon the wagons were loaded. The sharp ring of the rifles at the ford announced the approach of an enemy. The Fifty-First Ohio and Thirty-Fifth Indiana moved forward on the double-quick, and arrived in time to save the gallant little band of pickets. The enemy pressed forward to obtain possession of the ford. He was met by a galling fire from the Ohioans and Irishmen. A stubborn contest, for a few moments, ensued. Matthews, with fixed bayonets, charged the enemy, who fled out of range of both bayonet and musket. The train now approached. Matthews determined to save it, if possible. The Kentucky troops were ordered as a rear-guard, while the Ohio and Indiana regiments led the advance. The Thirty-Fifth Indiana was commanded by Lieut. Col. John E. Balfe. of Lafayette, Indiana—as gallant a soldier as ever drew steel, The train proceeded but a short distance when the rear-guard was attacked. The "Kentucks" opened on the assailants a crashing fire of musketry, which, for the moment, surprised and staggered the rebels; but the enemy being of superior force, soon recovered, and fought vigorously. The Thirty-Fifth soon went to the rescue of the rear-guard, and with Irish impetuosity, dashed into the fray. The enemy recoiled, and, changing front, attacked Matthews' flank, but with no better success, for that officer immediately threw at the foe his impetuous Irishmen. A desperate struggle ensued. The Fifty-First Ohio was advancing; not fast enough, however, to suit the gallant Matthews. "Double-quick!" said Matthews. "Do you intend the Thirty-Fifth to do all the fighting?" This sally "put life and metal into their heels; and the noble Ohioans, led by the brave McClean, rushed into the line of battle. Our fire became rapid and effective; still the enemy made repeated efforts to break the line. Tired of bullets, the Irish regiment had recourse to bayonets, and, charg-

ing the thick cedars, which partly concealed the foe, drove him from his cover.

This spirited and splendid little affair was hailed with delight by the entire army. The loss of the Thirty-Fifth was one commissioned officer, (Adjutant Bernard R. Mullen,) and four enlisted men killed, and two commissioned officers, and thirty-three enlisted men, wounded. The enemy's forces were commanded by Gen. Wheeler—an officer of sound judgment and undaunted courage. The rebels admitted that their loss in killed and wounded amounted to one hundred men. The Thirty-Fifth Indiana was highly complimented by Matthews.

STONE RIVER.

It was Christmas night, 1862. In one of the officer's tents of the Thirty-Fifth Indiana were assembled a gay and dashing group of officers. The custom of civil life must be followed; egg nog and smoking punch must be imbibed. Wit, anecdote and badinage swept from lip to lip. The loved ones at home were toasted until every "mother's son of thim," had their little regiment, three hundred strong, been in line, would have made an affidavit that it was at least six hundred rank and file. Fun and merriment "flew fast and furious," and the whole batch of Irish officers there assembled expressed their entire willingness to fight Bragg or Beelzebub, "which iver presinted his ugly sconce first." In the "wee sma hours" the tramp of a horse was heard, and the next instant an officer's voice: "Orderly."

"Oh, by all that's blissid, here comes the Curnel. For the Lord's sake act dacint, or he'll think this is an instoot for the reformation of the brainless," said an officer with "one bar" on his strap.

"If ye don't take the original of yer photograph out iv here in double-quick, he may swear to it," replied a gentleman with "no bar" on his strap.

The rattling of a sabre and jingling of spurs broke up this interesting dialogue. The Colonel presented himself to the full and frolicsome assemblage.

"Well boys, enjoying yourselves," said the Colonel.

"Well weer'e doing the best we can; the punch is nearly out; of the raw material we have plenty, but that omadhun of a Frank is off playin poker with the doctor's cook, and the hot wather has givin out," answered the master of ceremonies.

"Have ye had anything Colonel?"

"Indeed I have visited headquarters and five or six hospitals, and I have'nt had the full o' that," said the superior officer pointing to a two gallon tin bucket.

The hint was sufficient, and the "tins" on the table were fragrant in a minute with, as the hospital cook would say, "as dacint a compound of hot wather, sacharum pulvis, and alcheholic extract as iver produced gout."

"A paper for you, sir," said the Adjutant, passing across the table a suspicious looking document marked O. B., (official business.)

The party made a movement to retire.

"Sit still, gentlemen, I know what it is, and you shall know too. We march upon the enemy at daylight." It was so, the yellow cover contained marching orders.

The punch was drank, a hearty shake hands was given all around, and the officers retired to their respective quarters, with the admonition: "We beat no reveille; the officer of the day will have you all called at sharp four; I shall expect to see the regiment in line of battle at five o'clock precisely. Good night!"

At five o'clock, on the twenty-sixth of December, the gallant Thirty-Fifth was in line of battle. A drizzling rain and cold windy atmosphere ushered in the daylight. Troops were passing and repassing; the order of march was being arranged. For five long hours the regiment stood in the cold pitiless rain; at last the order to march was received, the regiment wheeled into column by platoon and took the Murfreesboro pike. To recount the incidents of the march would be but a repetition of other marches where the enemy disputed progress. Constant skirmishing, toilsome marches, hurried meals, restless nights, intermingled with jokes and jollity, were the chief features of the "On to Murfreesboro."

Stone river was reached. A "feeler," on Thursday, the thirtieth of December, settled all doubts and showed that the enemy would there give battle. Vancleve's division, to which the Thirty-Fifth was attached, was ordered to the extreme left of the line, with orders to cross Stone river and take position. Daylight on Wednesday found the division on the march; the Thirty-Fifth was the first regiment across the river.

The morning was cold and frosty. The men were active and dauntless. Scarce had the brigade formed line of battle when a terrific discharge of musketry and cannon on the right announced that the battle had commenced. Soon the storm increased to a hurricane. The third brigade was ordered to recross the river and take position, the left resting upon the river bank.

The Thirty-Fifth occupied the extreme left. An hour passed and the contest raged with increased fury. The report sped along the line that the right wing was driven back. Stragglers from some of the regiments took the Nashville road. Here the enemy's cavalry encountered and whirled them towards the rear of the extreme left. The Thirty-Fifth had received orders to arrest the fugitives in their flight. Bayonets were fixed and the order executed. The stragglers were formed and sent, under the charge of staff officers, to the right and rear. At this juncture of affairs an officer dashed up and informed Col. Mullen that the enemy's cavalry was about to charge upon the hospital on the east side of the river, and would doubtless capture some wagons, among which were two belonging to Gen. Rosecrans, containing valuable papers. The regiment started for the ford to repel the cavalry. It was too late to cross and get into position. The left wing was thrown back to correspond with the enemy's advancing column. A terrific "fire by wing" was poured into the rebel cavalry, and the battery on the right belched forth against them round shot and shell. The enemy, having captured two or three ambulances filled with sick soldiers, was driven back.

The sun had not yet risen on the morning of January first, 1863, ere the gallant soldiers of the Thirty-Fifth shook the

white frost from their head and shoulders, and fell into line. Orders were received to cross to the east side of Stone river; with steady step the regiment, leading the brigade, dashed into the cold rapid stream. On crossing the river, skirmishers were thrown out, front and flank, and the regiment faced to the front to hear a few words from their Chaplain, Father Cooney. "Boys," said the Father, "this is the New Year; many of you will never see the sun go down to day; I desire to say to you a few words. You are an Irish regiment. Your countrymen have already proved their devotion to the flag of the nation by their courage and stamina on the field of battle. The eyes of the division are upon you. Your friends at home expect much from you—you must not disappoint them. Now, then, many of you have not been to your duties. All of you make an act of contrition, sincerely ask God to forgive you, and I will pronounce absolution."

In an instant hats were off, and heads bowed upon their muskets, while the brave Priest, with extended hands, implored the forgiveness and blessing of God upon them. "Amen," was scarcely pronounced when the men, fixing their hats upon their bayonets, gave three hearty, wild cheers.

"Good bye, Father," said the Colonel, riding up and extending his hand. "Oh you must'nt think of getting killed. You will come out safe." "I don't know. The Colonel who commands a set of fellows that will pray one minute and cheer the next will have a precious poor chance to escape." "Forward," and the brigade moved up to support the skirmishers who were warmly at work.

That day was passed in skirmishing; at twelve o'clock that night the enemy made an attempt to drive in the pickets. The Thirty-Fifth reinforced its line of skirmishers and drove the enemy back and occupied his line—all out of pure spite.

Friday, the second of January, the sun rose bright and glorious. It set upon the flag of the Union, waving over the field of victory. From eight o'clock, A. M., till twelve, P. M., large bodies of the enemy moved toward the left, evidently intending to try the metal of Crittenden's corps. Gen. Rosecrans shifted a portion of the right center to the rear of, and in support of, his left. At two o'clock, P. M., a portentous

silence reigned. It was the calm before the storm. The artillery were ordered to fire only on advancing columns. The third brigade occupied the following position: There were two curtains of woodland, between which was a clearing of about two hundred feet. Immediately opposite this open space, and on a ridge which gently sloped to the front and rear, stood in line the Thirty-Fifth Indiana. The regiment was brought to the rear of this crest, and ordered to lie down, so as to be concealed from the enemy. On the regiment's right, in the front line, were the Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio; on the left, was the Seventy-Ninth Indiana; still further to the left, was Fyfe's brigade. The second line of the third brigade consisted of the Twenty-First Kentucky, supporting the Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio; the Ninety-Ninth Ohio supporting the Thirty-Fifth Indiana. To the rear and to the right, fifty-three pieces of artillery were massed, ready for the work of death. Col. Beatty rode up to the Thirty-Fifth's line. "Col. Mullen, you are expected to hold the ford." "I'll hold it, sir." "You will stay right here," added Beatty. "I will stay as long as any man in your division," replied the commander of the Thirty-Fifth. From that moment until next morning at nine o'clock, not another order was given by either brigade or division commander to the Irish regiment.

At three o'clock, P. M., the enemy threw down the fence opposite the Federal lines. His battalions steadily, and in splendid order, now marched forward. Disregarding the shots of the skirmishers, they advanced at a quick pace, several columns deep. Not a shot or cheer is heard from their ranks. The Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio pour a slashing fire into the head of the column. Crash! crash! goes the musketry of the enemy, and now the whole right is in a blaze of fire. The Seventy-Ninth Indiana, with its usual bravery, opens up; right and left roll out sheets of flame; still the Thirty-Fifth fires not a shot. Orders had been given them to be perfectly still, and await the command to fire. The enemy pressed on, diverging toward the right. One brigade had passed to the right, the second was within twenty-four paces, when the order was given, "Up, boys, with a

cheer; steady now; fire." The Irishmen poured forth a murderous volley. The whole column of the enemy reeled under it. The wild cheer of the Thirty-Fifth, and its deadly aim, astonished and terrified the foe. The battle was now opened, but we will quote from Col. Mullen's official report:

"The enemy advanced steadily in column by regiments *en echelon*. When within a short distance of the Fifty-First Ohio and Eighth Kentucky, the first brigade of the enemy came into line, and both parties opened a crashing fire of musketry. The enemy's second brigade came up to the work yelling. They were immediately in my front, and I considered it best to let them advance to within thirty or forty paces of my line, (as I believed they had no knowledge of my position,) before I opened fire. When their flank was opposite to the center of my line, I gave the order to rise and fire. With a deafening cheer, the order was obeyed. A plunging volley staggered the advancing columns, and before the enemy could recover his surprise, my regiment had reloaded, and commenced a well aimed and telling file fire. The flash and rattle of my musketry gave information to the enemy's battery in my front, which opened furiously upon me."

The battle was now at its hight. The gallant Capt. Prosser was shot through both thighs. He lay upon his side, still commanding his company. "Co. E, dont't throw away an ounce of lead; aim low!" shouted the brave Prosser; and Co. E did aim low. The enemy's left column was within three hundred paces of the massed and masked batteries of Mendenhall. A terrific explosion broke from the artillery. Shot, shell, schrapnell, grape and canister, indeed every manner of projectile, was hurled at the advancing column. The piercing rattle of the musketry, the roar of an hundred pieces of artillery, and the cheers of the combatants, created a storm of unearthly noises. The Thirty-Fifth still maintained its ground. The Fifty-First Ohio and Eighth Kentucky retired slowly, fighting most gallantly.

Of the Thirty-Fifth, Capts. Baggot, Prosser and Crowe were wounded. Lieut. Kilroy, a fearless soldier, was mortally wounded. Sergeant Major Stockdale was wounded in

the head; spitting the blood from his lips, and cooly wiping the red gore from his eyes, he refused to leave the field. The Colonel's Orderly, the brave Johnny Kinsela, fought like a hero. A round shot, ricochetting, hit the Colonel, and hurled him to the ground. Some of the men rushed to him. "Go back to the line; I'm all right," said the Colonel. The storm of battle continued. The brave Adjutant Sculley rushed along the line, swinging his sword over his head, exclaiming, "Well done, Thirty-Fives; pour into them." The officers vied with each other in displaying the staunchest courage. "Through all this terrible fire of musketry and shell," says Col. Mullen, in his report, "I am proud to say not an officer or man flinched." The enemy was pressing around the flanks of the Thirty-Fifth. "What now?" asked young Kinsela, looking up inquiringly into his Colonel's face. "Fight on." The brave young Kinsela fired; and as he turned about to reload, was shot through the head, and fell dead upon the battle field.

After forty-three minutes of this murderous and unequal contest, it became evident the Thirty-Fifth would be either killed or captured, if they did not change position. The order to fall back by the right of companies, was given, and had to be repeated before the brave fellows would obey. On reaching the river's bank, and under cover of artillery, the officers rallied the torn ranks of the regiment. They were joined by portions of the Eighth and Twenty-First Kentucky, and Fifty-First Ohio. This new formed line wheeled upon the enemy; and, rushing up the hill, along the river's bank, drove him from his position. Wood, and Palmer, and Negley, rushed forward. The enemy, in confusion, left the field.

In this desperate struggle, the Thirty-Fifth lost one-third of its rank and file; but it established a proud name, and won the applause of its friends.

ADJUTANT BERNARD R. MULLEN,

Was born in Napoleon, Ripley county, Indiana, on the twelfth of July, 1844. While a boy he applied himself assiduously

to his studies. In all the boyish games which tend to physical development he became proficient. Although he possessed a gentle disposition and a kind heart, yet oppression roused in him a spirit of stern resistance. In school boy quarrels, the smaller disputant had a friend in young Mullen. When controversies ended with blows, it was enough for the little boys to cry out "Bernard Mullen is coming," The oppressed then knew a friend was near. Never assuming the quarrels of others, he was ever ready to interfere when appealed to, and, if kind words and persuasive arguments failed to restore peace, then woe to the young tyrant who sought to inflict punishment on a weaker school-fellow. With his kindness of heart and true courage, it is no wonder he became a favorite with all who loved right and hated wrong. He had a talent for music and acquired some proficiency in this elegant science.

In 1860 his father, Dr. Alexander J. Mullen, the present Surgeon of the Thirty-Fifth regiment, moved with his family to Michigan City, Indiana. About this time a volunteer company was formed and young Mullen at once enrolled himself in the ranks. The company engaged, as a military instructor, a member of "Ellsworth's Zouaves," who drilled the young soldiers twice a week. None entered into the spirit of the drill with greater zest than the subject of our sketch. He soon became famous as the "best drilled boy in the company." So zealous was he studying his "tactics" that he had "Hardee" from the formation of a squad to the "School of the company" perfectly memorized, and was perfect in the manual of arms.

When the war broke out young Mullen desired to volunteer, but his parents opposed it on account of his youth. When the Thirty-Fifth (Irish) regiment was being raised, he obtained the consent of his father to enter its ranks. Before it left for the field, his uncle, Col. B. F. Mullen, received permission to raise the second Irish regiment, and young Mullen at once commenced recruiting for that regiment. Recruiting having been suspended, and a consolidation of all skeleton regiments ordered by the Secretary of War, the first and second Irish regiments were consolidated. The first regiment

having only nine companies, Lieut. Mullen's company was assigned to it as company G. He now held the rank of Lieutenant in a regiment to which he was so partial, as to assert "that it contained the best material in muscle and pluck of any regiment from the State." He inherited from his parents that warm Irish blood and nervous endurance which are of great value to a soldier. His grandfather had followed the fortunes of the great Napoleon, and after the campaign of Moscow wore next his heart the "Cross of the Legion of Honor."

In the long and fatiguing march from Louisville to Wild Cat, Lieut. Mullen endured every hardship cheerfully. On the road to Crab Orchard, the regiment being in the advance, was furiously assailed by the rear guard of the enemy. Lieut. Mullen was cool and courageous under the heavy fire of the foe. When his command reached Glasgow, on the return from Wild Cat, he was appointed Adjutant. In this capacity he soon became the idol of the Thirty-Fifth. He was obeyed because he was respected. His courage was undoubted, and his honor unquestioned; he was a model staff officer.

Adjutant Mullen was killed in an engagement near Lavergne. The enemy made a desperate charge upon the flank of the regiment, and the commanding officer fell wounded. Adjutant Mullen at once took command, ordered his line to change front, and gave the command, "charge bayonets with a cheer." While the cheers of his gallant comrades were ringing in his ears, he fell, pierced through the brain with a minnie ball. He died in the moment of triumph with glad shouts filling the air. Like a warrior he fell, amid the roar of battle, and the deadly strife. When his body was brought into camp the greatest grief prevailed. Old and young gathered around the body and gave vent to their grief in tears. His remains were sent to his home in Madison for interment. A large concourse of citizens assembled at his funeral, to honor in death the memory of the one they had loved so well in life. His resting place will not long remain unmarked by the "chiseled marble." The officers of the regiment have organized a monumental fund, and contributed handsomely to place over his remains a monument of affection

and esteem. Thus slumbers the dust of our young hero. Beneath the sod which covers his grave rests one of the gentlest and bravest hearts that was ever stilled by the rude hand of war.

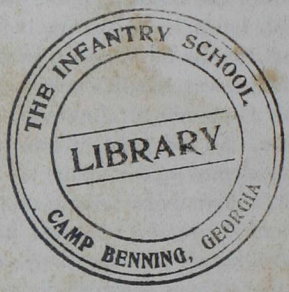
CAPTAIN HENRY PROSSER.

Henry Prosser was born in the State of Illinois in the year 1818. When a young man, he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he engaged in business. He early displayed a taste for military life. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, he received a commission in a Missouri regiment, in which he served until the terms of peace were concluded. On his return to St. Louis, he raised an independent company, and commanded it while he remained in that city.

When the present troubles culminated in active hostilities against the Government, he was engaged in business in Indianapolis. An independent company was at once raised, and he was elected to command it. It was designated as company A, Indianapolis volunteers, and included within its ranks some of the most prominent business men of the city. The war feeling in this company was intense; and soon many of its members engaged, in various capacities, in the regiments then being organized in the State for the General Government. When authority was given to raise the Sixty-First (second Irish) regiment, Henry Prosser was designated as its Major. The regiment could not be filled in the prescribed time, and an order was received from the War Department to consolidate it with the Thirty-Fifth, then in the field. Major Prosser joined the Thirty-Fifth as Captain of company E.

As an officer, he was prompt and efficient; a strict disciplinarian, exacting from those he commanded that attention to duty which he so scrupulously gave himself. He was a man of splendid appearance—one of the finest looking officers that ever buckled on a sword in defense of the old flag. At Stone River, where he fell mortally wounded, he displayed those heroic qualities, which, through life, had been accorded him by those who best knew him. When lying upon the battle

field, shot through both thighs, while the life blood was staining the sod beneath him, he retained the command of his company, and exhorted his men to stand firm and fire low. He lingered for a few days after the hard fought field was won, and died while the loved flag, for which he gave his life, was being planted on the enemy's works at Murfreesboro. He died the death of a hero, and his name will be honored for all time by the State of his adoption.



field, shot through both thighs, while the life blood was staining the sod beneath him, he retained the command of his company and encouraged the men to stand firm and fire low. His [illegible] made the hard fought field [illegible] which he gave [illegible] at Murfreesboro. He died the death of a hero and his name will be honored for all time by the State of his adoption.

G. Hathaway

COL. GILBERT HATHAWAY.

73d Indiana Regt

GRANT'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, in command of the Union forces at Cairo, resolved, early in November, 1861, to make a demonstration on the forces of the enemy, then stationed at Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus. The object of the expedition was to prevent the rebel Gen. Polk sending reinforcements to the rebel Gen. Price in Missouri, and, if successful, to strike a heavy blow upon their rapidly organizing troops.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

The expedition, numbering about three thousand men, left Cairo on the sixth of November, on five steamers, convoyed by two gunboats. The fleet lay all night near the Kentucky shore, thirteen miles below Cairo. At daylight it moved down the river, and took position just out of range of the rebel guns at Columbus, and disembarked on the Missouri shore. All the regiments, except the Seventh Iowa, were from Illinois.

The enemy were encamped upon high ground, back of the river, about two miles from the place our forces landed, and at once disposed their forces to meet our attack. The Kentucky shore rises in bold, high bluffs, while the Missouri shore is low and flat. A line of battle was at once formed on the levee; Col. Buford took command of the right, Col. Fouke of the center, and Col. Logan of the left.

Our skirmishers rapidly advanced, and encountered those of the enemy. Step by step, and from tree to tree, we drove them for two miles. There they were found in strong position behind felled timber. The fighting at this point was desperate. The scene was one of great excitement—cannon and musketry issued their death-calls all around. Our troops, with loud and continuous cheers, rushed on, and over, the abattis, driving the enemy from their camps, capturing their artillery and tents. The enemy, in confusion, retreated to the river's bank, under cover of their batteries on the Kentucky shore.

Reinforcements crossed the river to the enemy. Gen. Polk sent over large bodies of his choicest troops. The enemy's batteries, commanding the battle field, opened a severe fire. The reinforcements of the enemy endeavored to flank our small force, and get betweeen our troops and their transports. The situation was most critical.

Gen. McClernand at once reformed his lines, reversed the position of his artillery, and prepared to cut his way through. Driving the enemy back, the column moved on. Taylor's Chicago battery, under Capt. Swartz, fought splendidly, driving the enemy, with great slaughter, from his hidden positions. Our troops reached their boats, and embarked. The battle lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning until sundown. As our boats passed up the river, the enemy poured into them a galling fire. Our loss was one hundred killed, and one hundred and twenty-five wounded. That of the enemy, in four regiments, was three hundred and sixty-four killed, wounded, and missing. The movement did not accomplish all that was expected, owing to the failure of the commander of the Union troops at Paducah, Kentucky, to make a demonstration upon Columbus.

With the exception of a few unimportant expeditions against guerrillas in Missouri and Kentucky, no event of importance occurred in Gen. Grant's department, until early in the month of February, 1862. Then a succession of victories, which filled the Union army with joy, was inaugurated. A brilliant victory had been gained by Gen. Thomas over the rebel army at Mill Spring, Kentucky, on the nine-

teenth of January. This was followed by the capture of Fort Henry, situated on the Tennessee river, south of the Kentucky line.

It was the policy of the Government, and the plan of Gen. Halleck, who commanded the department of the West, to open the Mississippi river; and as the enemy had fortified heavily at Columbus, and other places on the Mississippi; also on the Tennessee river at Fort Henry, and on the Cumberland at Fort Donelson; the capture of any of these places would break his chain of fortifications. The movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and the capture of the forts thereon, would flank Columbus, and open the way to Nashville. Taking events as they occurred, the reader will see how successfully Gen. Halleck's plan was executed.

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

Fort Henry is on the right bank of the Tennessee, about seventy miles above its junction with the Ohio. In addition to the fort, there was an intrenched camp, protected on the flanks by creeks and ponds. The country around is much broken, intersected with creeks, and covered with forests. A combined attack of our army and fleet was agreed upon; Commodore Foote, with seven gunboats, was to move up the river, and open the assault on the fort; Gen. McClernand was to march across the country toward the Cumberland river, to prevent the enemy receiving reinforcements; while Gen. C. F. Smith was to move up the west bank of the river, occupy a hill overlooking the fort, and, if necessary, reinforce McClernand.

On the sixth of February, at noon, Com. Foote opened fire on the fort from his gunboats. The enemy instantly replied, and the fire became general. The gunboats moved steadily forward, until within six hundred yards of the fort, delivering their fire with great rapidity and exactness.

When the cannonade opened, the columns, which were endeavoring to gain the rear of the enemy's camp, were struggling over a muddy road, impeded by swollen creeks, not more than half way to their desired position. The roar

of the first gun caused them to push on with redoubled ardor. Miles of muddy swamps, and steep hills, were passed over. The fort was concealed from view by dense woods. The roar of heavy guns and huge shells filled the air.

The gunboats were the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Essex, Carondelet, Conestoga, Tylor and Lexington. The flag ship Cincinnati fired the first shot. Straight onward moved the boats. As they neared the fort their fire became more destructive. Early in the fight the rifled gun of the rebels burst, killing some of the gunners; but they did not on that account slacken their fire. The firing from the fort was very rapid, and the gunboats were often hit. A twenty-pound shot passed through the boiler of the Essex, disabling her, and occasioning the scalding of twenty-nine officers and men, including Commander Porter. The Essex at once dropped down stream, and was towed off by tugs. The enemy were greatly encouraged by this disaster. But our fleet worked most vigorously, delivering their fire with terrible precision and rapidity. They were now in close range. Their shots tore up the embankments, and their shells exploded directly over the enemy's guns. The fleet still advanced, shooting out their death-winged messengers. At half past one o'clock —one hour and twelve minutes from the commencement of the attack—when the gunboats were within three hundred yards of the fort, the rebel flag was lowered, and the fort surrendered.

Meantime the land forces were pressing eagerly forward to take part in the fight, and hoping to capture the rebel encampment and troops. The forces of the enemy were reported to be equal to our own, and a desperate fight was expected. Suddenly the firing ceased. Presently our scouts reported the camps of the enemy deserted. They had fled without firing a gun. The first few shells from the Cincinnati threw their camp into alarm. The rebels broke and fled, leaving arms, ammunition—everything—behind. Our troops soon occupied the deserted camp, and joyously greeted the Union flag waving over Fort Henry.

The fort contained seventeen heavy guns, including one ten-inch columbiad, one breach-loading rifled gun, carrying a

sixty-pound elongated shot, twelve thirty-two pounders, one twenty-four pounder rifled, and two twelve pounder siege guns. The camp contained stores and tents sufficient for fifteen thousand men. The most important result, however, was the opening of the Tennessee to Gen. Grant's army.

Immediately after the capture of Fort Henry, the troops moved on Fort Donelson, twelve miles distant on the Cumberland river. The route lay over high ridges, through a densely wooded country, with scarcely the sign of a human habitation. The ridges vary from one to three hundred feet in hight. Through many of the valleys run pure streams of water, which, as they near the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, become large creeks. These delayed the rapid movement of our columns.

The expedition against Fort Donelson was under command of Gen. U. S. Grant. Commodore Foote, with his gunboats, acted in concert with him. The divisions were commanded as follows:

FIRST DIVISION—GEN. M'CLERNAND.

First Brigade—Col. Oglesby—Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-First Illinois, Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries, and four battalions of Illinois cavalry.

Second Brigade—Col. W. H. L. Wallace—Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-Fifth, Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Illinois, Taylor's and McAllister's batteries, and Fourth and Seventh Illinois cavalry.

SECOND DIVISION—GEN. C. F. SMITH.

First Brigade—Colonel Cook—Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-Eighth and Forty-First Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-Second Indiana, and three batteries First Missouri artillery.

Second Brigade—Col. Lauman—Seventh, Second and Fourteenth Iowa, and Fifty-Sixth Indiana.

THIRD DIVISION—GEN. LEW. WALLACE.

First Brigade—Col. Cruft—Seventeenth and Twenty-Fifth Kentucky, Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth Indiana.

Second Brigade—Colonel Thayer—First Nebraska, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Sixth Ohio, Forty-Sixth, Fifty-Seventh and Fifth-Eighth Illinois, and Willard's Chicago battery.

A brigade, commanded by Col. Morgan L. Smith, composed of the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana, joined Gen. Lew. Wallace's command while the fight was in progress.

Gen. McClernand's division moved by the telegraph road directly upon Fort Donelson; Oglesby's brigade being in the advance. Another brigade of the same division moved by the Dover road. Gen. C. F. Smith's division also took the Dover road, followed by the division of Gen. Lew. Wallace. The weather was mild and pleasant. The column pushed gladly forward; the men being in high spirits and excellent condition. Presently firing was heard in the front. The Eighth Illinois had come in contact with the advance pickets of the enemy, and, after a slight skirmish, compelled them to retire.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

This was a strong position. The preparations made by the enemy for its defense were very extensive. The water batteries were well located to control river navigation. At the lower battery were mounted eight thirty-two pounders and one ten-inch columbiad. At the upper battery were mounted one rifled thirty-two pounder, and two thirty-two pound carronades. Both these batteries were sunk in the hillside. They were elevated about thirty feet above the water, when the gunboats made their attack. The main fort was on a high elevation in the rear of these batteries. The outworks consisted of rifle pits and felled trees, forming a difficult obstruction to the advance of our troops.

On arriving in front of these formidable works, our army immediately took position to invest them. A combined attack, by land and water, had been agreed upon between Gen. Grant and Commodore Foote, but as the gunboats did not arrive at the appointed time, Gen. Grant threw his forces around the enemy's position, and prevented the reinforcing

of the enemy. On the evening of the thirteenth the gunboats arrived.

On the fourteenth a gallant attack was made by Commodore Foote, with four iron clad, and two wooden gunboats. After one hour and a quarter's severe fighting, the St. Louis and Louisville became disabled. They then drifted down the river. The two remaining boats were also greatly damaged. There were forty-four killed and wounded in this attack.

The enemy were greatly elated at the repulse of our gunboats, and thought they could either repulse our whole army, or cut their way through to Nashville. Dispatches had been sent to Gen. Johnson, the rebel commander at Bowling Green, by Gen. Pillow, that the Union forces had been repulsed, and a triumphant feeling pervaded the people of Nashville.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, the enemy left their camp and made a desperate attempt to break through our lines. But in this they were foiled. Gen. Grant, sleepless and vigilant, had visited the outposts a short time previously and warned the sentries to be on the alert. It was a dreary night. The wind was sharp and biting, and the air filled with snow. Suddenly our advanced pickets saw a dark mass moving over the snow; the alarm was given; a regiment advanced to support our picket line, and the enemy was baffled in his expected surprise.

Gen. McClernand commanded the right. Upon Oglesby's brigade of his division, was first hurled the rebel thunder. Under fire from several batteries, an immense mass of infantry charged upon our lines. Sudden as was the attack, the gallant troops of Illinois were ready to meet it. Into the enemy's teeth they poured a steady and deadly fire. Fresh masses of the enemy advanced, but Taylor's battery, and two of McAllister's guns, met them with a storm of grape and shell, and the brigade charging, actually drove four times their number back to their intrenchments. The struggle was hand to hand. The bayonet, the bowie knife, and the but-end of the musket were freely used. Blood flowed profusely, staining the snow-clad earth with crimson. Fresh masses of the enemy rolled forth from the woods. McClernand's gal-

lant men still fought tenaciously. The contest had lasted four hours, all our right wing were engaged, when their ammunition failing, they were compelled to fall back, which they did in good order. The enemy poured forth in dense masses and captured Schwartz's battery. Willard's battery then opened a deadly fire on their columns, and the enemy fell back down the hill, dragging with them the captured guns.

While the battle raged desperately on the right, and Gen. C. F. Smith's forces were holding their line of investment on the left, ready to move to any given point, the division of Gen. Lew. Wallace hurried to the front to the support of the overpowered heroes of McClernand's division. At the head of the column marched the Eighth Missouri, closely followed by the Eleventh Indiana, both regiments under Col. Morgan L. Smith. Col. Cruft's brigade followed, and two Ohio regiments, under Col. Ross, were moved on the left flank of the assailing force.

The battle field was much broken by out-cropping edges of rock, and covered by dense underbrush. The ascent was steep and difficult. Col. Smith rushed at once into the fight. Our skirmishers soon engaged the rebel pickets, who retired, obstinately contesting the advance. Meantime the regiments pushed on. On ascending the hill they received a heavy fire from the enemy. Instantly the regiments lay down. Soon as the fury of the fire abated, they rose and marched forward; thus they gradually neared the enemy's intrenchments. The movement was brilliant. The enemy was pursued until he reached his main works; we held our line of investment on the left and regained what we had lost on our right. The enemy's columns were forced back and thrown into confusion. The decisive moment had come, then Gen. Grant ordered a charge along the whole line.

Gen. C. F. Smith was ordered to lead the assault. In heavy columns the troops of Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri advanced upon the foe. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa and Fifty-Second Indiana as the storming party, Gen. Smith moved the main body of his troops to the right, and, having gained the attention of the enemy, led in person the forlorn hope, and advanced upon the enemy from

his extreme left. Indifferent to the storm of bullets flying around him, the General, on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded the column inspiring them with his gallantry.

Steadily they pressed onward. The enemy's fire decimated their ranks, but closing up, they returned not a shot, but pushed on, silent and determined as inevitable fate. Their leader was ahead; they followed him into the very jaws of death. The enemy recoiled. Their works were gained. Our men poured a terrible volley into their ranks. A bayonet charge instantly followed. They fled in confusion before our determined line, and our troops held their outworks. Night put an end to the battle. Our troops watched and waited for the morning. Wearied as they were, few slept, for the night was cold, and they were not permitted to build fires so near the enemy's lines.

Early on the morning of the sixteenth our line was in readiness to advance upon the enemy's works. They were surprised as daylight broke, to see upon the rebel intrenchments numerous little white flags. Soon after, a flag of truce approached. Gen. Buckner wished to arrange terms of surrender. Gens. Floyd and Pillow, with five thousand men, made their escape during the night.

Gen. Grant replied, that no terms would be accepted but an unconditional and immediate surrender; and that he proposed to move immediately upon the enemy's works.

Gen. Buckner accepted the terms, and surrendered the fort and thirteen thousand men. Twelve thousand stand of arms, forty-eight field pieces, and seventeen siege guns, and provisions and camp equipage valued at a million of dollars were the result of this brilliant victory. The enemy lost about three hundred killed and one thousand wounded. Our loss was three hundred and fifty-five killed, and fourteen hundred wounded.

The battle field presented a frightful spectacle. All the way to the intrenchments, for a distance of two miles, lay the dead and dying. "I could imagine," says an eye witness, "nothing more terrible than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses that lay at every

step. Though dead and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clinched hands, and strangely contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into a small compass, as if by a mighty effort to rend asunder some irresistible bond which held them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and, with mouth and eyes wide open, looked up into the sky, as if to catch a glance at its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree, and hung half-suspended, as if in the death-pang he had raised himself partly from the ground; the other had grasped his faithful musket, and the compression of his mouth told of the determination which would have been fatal to a foe had life ebbed a minute later. A third clung with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground. Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost undistinguishable mass."

The surrender of Fort Donelson was disastrous to the enemy. Aside from the loss of men and materiel, its capture opened the way to Nashville, and involved the surrender of that city. It gave us the whole State of Kentucky, and the greater part of Tennessee. It compelled the rebel Gen. Johnson to evacuate Bowling Green before the advance of Gen. Buell's troops, and opened to the Union forces a long extent of navigable rivers penetrating the very heart of the Confederacy.

Bowling Green was evacuated while the fight was in progress at Fort Donelson. Gen. Johnson's troops fell back to Nashville, thence to Murfreesboro. The sudden departure of the rebels from Nashville caused a scene seldom witnessed. The whole population were seized with terror and consternation. The members of the State Government were the first to fly. Gov. Harris galloped through the streets, calling upon the citizens to save themselves. Women and children ran crying through the city. Fear of the Union army caused as great a panic as if an earthquake had taken place. The rabble embraced the opportunity, and the work of plunder and robbery began. Drunken men rolled in the streets.

The negroes swarmed in the town, and carried away their share of the plunder. Millions of dollars worth of stores were destroyed or carried off during the frightful week which succeeded the fall of Fort Donelson. The total destruction of the city was imminent, unless the Union troops soon appeared.

On the twenty-third a body of Union pickets appeared in Edgefield, opposite the city, and seized the small ferry boat. The next day Gens. Buell and Mitchell arrived from Bowling Green, and Gen. Nelson with one gunboat and eight transports from Fort Donelson. The Union forces took possession of the city, and order was restored.

Shortly after the capture of Fort Donelson, the army of Gen. Grant moved up the Tennessee river; and, on the eleventh of March, arrived at Pittsburgh Landing, about fourteen miles north of the Mississippi State line. The design was to capture Corinth, an important strategic point in Northern Mississippi, twenty miles from Pittsburgh Landing. Gen. Grant's army, thirty-five thousand strong, had occupied this position for three weeks, waiting for the forces under Gen. Buell, which were crossing the country from Nashville.

THE SITUATION.

Back from the river at Pittsburgh Landing is undulating table-land, elevated about one hundred feet above the bottom land. Along the Tennessee river to the East, are abrupt ravines. South of Pittsburgh Landing is Lick creek, which sluggishly winds its course amid a range of hills, which slope gradually towards the battle field. Owl creek, rising near the source of Lick creek, flows to the northeast, around the battle field, into Snake creek, which empties into the Tennessee river a few miles below Lick creek. A large portion of the country is heavily timbered, with occasional pieces of dense underbrush. The battle field is called Shiloh, and takes its name from a small church which stood in its midst. From the Landing a road leads directly to Corinth, twenty miles distant. A short distance from the Landing the road forks; one branch is called the lower Corinth road, the other

the ridge Corinth road. Beyond the battle field is a perfect labyrinth of roads.

On and near the roads leading from Pittsburgh Landing to Corinth, a few miles from the Landing, lay five divisions of Gen. Grant's army on the morning of the battle. The advance line was formed by three divisions—Gen. Sherman's, Prentiss', and Maj. Gen. McClernand's. Between these and the Landing lay the two others—Gen. Hurlbut's, and Maj. Gen. Smith's, commanded, in the absence of Gen. Smith—who was then sick—by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Our line extended from Snake creek, on the right, to near Lick creek, on the left, curved outwards from the river, with the center nearest the enemy. It was about five miles in length.

Our advance line, beginning at the extreme left, was formed thus: On the Hamburgh road, north of the crossing of Lick creek, and under bluffs on the opposite bank, commanding the position, lay Col. D. Stuart's brigade of Gen. Sherman's division. About three miles distant, on the lower Corinth road, lay the remaining brigades of Sherman's division, McDowell's forming the extreme right of our advance line; Buckland's lay next, and Hildebrand's next. To the left of Hildebrand, and a little behind, lay Gen. McClernand's division, and between it and Stuart's brigade, lay Gen. Prentiss', completing the front. Back of this line, about a mile from the Landing, lay Hurlbut's division, stretching across the Corinth road; W. H. L. Wallace lay to his right; Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace's division lay at Crump's Landing. At half-past eleven o'clock of the sixth of April, Gen. Lew. Wallace received a verbal order, through a Quartermaster, from Gen. Grant, directing him to leave a sufficient force at Crump's Landing to guard the public property at that place, and to march with his command, and join the main army at the point where its right was then resting—four miles from Pittsburgh Landing, and six from the position Gen. Wallace then occupied. At twelve o'clock the General started with his division—having left a sufficient force to guard the public property at Crump's Landing—taking the direct road to the place designated by Gen. Grant. When the head of his column had marched five miles, an officer from Gen. Grant,

overtaking Gen. Wallace, informed him that Grant ordered him (Wallace) to "hurry up, as our army had been beaten back from the line it held in the morning, and was then fighting a losing battle close around Pittsburgh Landing." This was the first intimation Gen. Wallace had received of the disaster to our army. Had he proceeded in the course he was then pursuing, his division would have been captured, or uselessly sacrificed. He then determined to obey the spirit of Grant's order; and, as by reason of swamps and bayous, a direct march across the country to Pittsburgh Landing was impracticable, he at once ordered a countermarch, to form, if possible, a junction with the right of Grant's army at the point where it was reported to be resting. This he accomplished about dusk in the evening, having marched sixteen miles, ten of which was unnecessary, and would have been avoided but for the mistake made in delivering the order. The facts are: Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Wallace to march to Pittsburgh Landing; whereas, the order received by him, directed him "to join the right of the army at a point four miles from the Landing." The mistake, therefore, was neither that of Grant or Wallace, but of the Quartermaster who delivered the order.

The great Tennessee expedition of Gen. Grant had been up the river about four weeks. We had occupied Pittsburgh Landing for three weeks, destroyed one railroad connection, and failed in the destruction of another. The enemy began massing his troops in our front.

On the fourth of April there was skirmishing with the enemy's advance. A brigade, consisting of the Seventieth, Seventy-Second, and Forty-Eighth Ohio, was ordered to the front. They encountered the rebels, a thousand strong, and, after a sharp action, drove them off. A drizzling rain fell during the night. The impression prevailed among our army that the demonstration of the enemy was only a reconnoissance. On the next day there was skirmishing along our advanced lines.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

On Sunday morning, April sixth, the spring sunshine

danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green dressed earth. A few fleecy clouds floated in the sky. A soft breeze murmured among the young leaves, and the birds were singing their sweetest notes. Soon the peace of this Sabbath morn was disturbed. The air was filled with sulphurous smoke; and masses of advancing and receding men, in mortal combat, rent the very echoes with their cries. The alarm of the pickets rushing in, and the few shots which preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their danger. Soon afterwards, shells flew through the tents. Then followed the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole front of the division camps, and bending down on either flank. Into our alarmed camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they advanced. Some of our men were shot down as they hastened towards the river. The searching bullets found others in their tents. Some fell as they were buckling on their accoutrements. Such were the fearful disasters which opened the rebel onset on the lines of Prentiss' division. The shattered regiments of Prentiss' division did every thing they possibly could to stay the advance of the foe.

Falling back rapidly through the heavy woods, till they gained a protecting ridge, Hildebrand's brigade, of Sherman's division, succeeded in forming a hasty line of battle. The other two brigades of the division, which were placed to the right, no sooner sprang to their arms, than the enemy's line was hurled against their front, and the battle raged fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right.

Hildebrand's brigade, almost without a struggle, were forced from their camps. They had been sleeping in fancied security, and awoke amid the crash of musketry and the thunder of cannon, to see the serried columns of the enemy in their midst, with bayonets glistening through the blinding, stifling smoke.

As Hildebrand's brigade fell back, Gen. McClernand threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman put forth all his energy to rally his troops. Dashing along the lines he everywhere encouraged them by his presence; fearlessly

exposing his own life, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Buckland and McDowell for a time stubbornly held their position. At last they were compelled to leave their camps and retire across a small ravine. Here they made a gallant defense.

Almost at dawn Prentiss' pickets were driven in, and the enemy closely followed them into camp. A large portion of the troops maintained their position, and formed into line in an open space, the enemy under cover of dense scrub-oak in front, pouring fearful volleys into their midst. The men held their position gallantly. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Our men, fiercely pushed in front, and threatened with a wall of bayonets on either side, fought till fighting was madness, and then fell back. The enemy followed up their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and opened the way almost to the river. About one o'clock McArthur's brigade, of W. H. L. Wallace's division, went to the support of Stuart's brigade, on the extreme left, then in danger of being cut off. On account of the surprise of Prentiss' division, McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and, instead of reaching Stuart, went to the other side of the rebels who were pushing Prentiss. His men opened a vigorous fire on the enemy, but soon had to fall back.

At ten o'clock the entire division of Gen. Prentiss was disorganized; a deep gap was made in our front; Gen. Prentiss and three regiments were prisoners; the rebels had almost pierced through our lines, but were held back by W. H. L. Wallace's division.

Sherman's brigades still maintained a confused fight; Hildebrand's was scattered; Buckland's and McDowell's held their ground tenaciously. As Sherman fell back, McClernand had to bear the shock of battle. Gradually the resistance in Buckland's brigade became feebler. The line wavered, the men fell back by squads and companies. As they retreated the woods behind them became thinner, and there was less protection from the storm of grape which swept like a hurricane through the trees. Many officers and men fell. Part

of Waterhouse's battery was taken. Behr's battery was captured. Taylor's battery was forced to retire with heavy loss. The whole division was forced back in disorder, among the ravines that border Snake creek. Here, so far as the first day's fight was concerned, Sherman's division passed out of sight. Sherman fought bravely, and was wounded; but his columns could not stand before the large force of the enemy. Prompt to seize the advantage, a brigade of the rebels dashed through the abandoned camp of the division, pushed up the road, and endeavored to get between McClernand and the position Sherman had occupied. Dresser's battery opened on them, and drove them back with fearful slaughter. But the enemy's reserves advancing forced our troops to give way. Schwartz's battery lost half its guns. Dresser lost several of his rifled pieces. McAllister lost half his twenty-four pound howitzers.

McClernand's men fought bravely and at fearful disadvantage. Slowly they fell back, making a determined and organized resistance. At short intervals they rallied and repulsed the enemy, and then in turn were repulsed. At eleven o'clock the division was back in a line with Hurlbut's. It still did some gallant fighting. Once its right swept round and drove the enemy, and again fell back.

The fortunes of the isolated brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, must not be forgotten. It was commanded by Col. David Stuart, and was posted along the crooked road from the Landing to Hamburgh. The first intimation they had of disaster to the right was the partial cessation of firing. An instant afterwards muskets were seen glistening among the leaves, and presently a rebel column, with banner flying, emerged from a bend in the road, and moved at double-quick towards them. They fell back, and the rebel column veered to the right in search of Prentiss' flying troops.

Before ten o'clock, however, the brigade, which had still stood listening to the surging roar of battle on the left, was startled by the screaming of a shell directly over their heads. In an instant the batteries of the rebels, on commanding bluffs opposite, were in full play, and the orchards and open

fields in which they were posted were swept with the exploding shells and hail-storm rush of grape. Under cover of this fire, the rebels rushed down, crossed the ford, and in a short time were seen forming, in close musket range of the creek, in open fields. Their color bearers stepped defiantly to the front, and the engagement opened furiously, the rebels pouring in sharp, quick volleys of musketry, and their batteries above continuing to support them with a destructive fire. The brigade stood for a short time, and fell back to the next ridge, which position they held for an hour, threatened by a rebel cavalry attack on their left. They were soon forced back to another ridge, then to another, fighting desperately. About twelve o'clock, badly shattered and disorganized, they retreated to the right and rear, behind McArthur's brigade.

Thus we have shown how Prentiss, Sherman and McClernand were driven back; how their camps were all in the hands of the enemy; how, fight fiercely as they would, they still lost ground. Disaster had followed us all day. It was now twelve o'clock. Still all was not lost. Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were making a most gallant stand.

As Prentiss fell back, Hurlbut's left aided Wallace in resisting the rebel onset, and when McClernand gave way, the remainder of the division was thrown forward. The position, however, was not a good one, and the division fell back to the thick woods in the rear. Here, with open fields before them, they could rake the rebel approach. Nobly they stood their ground. From ten to half past three o'clock they held the enemy in check, and nearly all that time were actively engaged. Hurlbut himself displayed the most daring gallantry, and his example, with that of the brave officers under him, nerved the men to the sternest endurance. Three times during those long hours the heavy rebel masses on the left charged upon the division, and three times were they repulsed with terrible slaughter. Close, sharp, and continuous musketry,—whole lines belching fire on the enemy as they attempted to advance,—were too much even for rebel discipline, though the bodies left on the field gave evidence of the desperate daring with which they tried to break our lines. Taking their disordered troops to the rear, fresh troops rushed

on, unknowing the fate of their comrades. Like the rush of a mighty torrent, the masses of the enemy bore down on our troops. After six hours splendid fighting, the jaded and heroic division of Hurlbut was pushed back, to within half a mile of the Landing.

Let us now turn to Hurlbut's companion division, commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Here, too, the fight began about ten o'clock. From that time till four they nobly sustained the shock of battle. The musketry fire was continuous. The artillery was admirably served. Once or twice the infantry advanced, attempting to drive the swarming troops of the enemy, but though they held their position they were not sufficiently strong to drive back the foe. Four times the rebels charged them. Each time the infantry poured in its terrible volleys, the artillery swept their lines, and the rebels retreated with heavy loss. The division was eager to remain, even when Hurlbut fell back. But their supports were gone on either side. To have remained in isolated advance, would have been madness. Just as the necessity for retreating was becoming apparent, Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, whose cool, undaunted bravery had nerved his troops to deeds of heroism, was mortally wounded, and carried from the field. Then the division retired. Fighting determinedly with their faces to the foe, they were the last to leave the sanguinary field of battle. This brought most of our army within about half a mile of the Landing, with the enemy not a thousand yards from our position. Our army was now in a semi-circle of about two-thirds of a mile in front of the Landing. We had fallen back all day. The next repulse would have driven us into the river, and there were not transports enough to cross a single division. The tragedy of this bitter day was almost closed. We had lost our camps and camp equipage, and nearly half our field artillery. We had lost at one fell swoop a division general and three regiments. Lew. Wallace's division might have turned the tide of battle, but it was not there.

Meanwhile there was a lull in the firing. For the first time since sunrise the angry rattle of musketry, and heavy booming of the field guns, were hushed. The enemy were either

preparing for the grand final rush which was to crown their success, and drive us into the river, or they were bewildered by our movements, and advancing cautiously lest we might spring some trap on them.

Our army were now crowded round the bluff at Pittsburgh Landing. Col. Webster, chief of staff, an excellent artillery officer, had arranged all the artillery in a semi-circle, protecting the Landing, and covering our center and left. Twenty-two guns were in position. It was five o'clock. Every division of our army had been repulsed. We were driven within half a mile of the Landing. Behind, was a deep, rapid river; before, a victorious enemy. In that semi-circle of twenty-two guns, and the men supporting them, lay all our hope.

Suddenly a broad, sulphurous flash of light leaped out from the darkening woods; and through the glare and smoke whistled the leaden hail. The rebels made their crowning effort for the day, and, as was expected, attacked our left and center. Our cannon hurled out their storm of shot and shell. Our infantry fought most gallantly. The enemy gained no ground, and the heavy cannonading and musketry firing continued. Suddenly new actors entered on the stage. Our gunboats—the Tyler and Lexington—opened their fire. This was a foe the enemy did not expect; and as broadside after broadside of seven-inch shell, and sixty-four pound shot, tore through their ranks, they fell back out of range. Our twenty-two guns kept up their stormy crash; and thus, amid thunder and roar and hiss of bullets, the evening of battle wore away. The enemy suddenly ceased his fire. The first day's fight was ended.

ARRIVAL OF BUELL.

On the opposite side of the Tennessee was seen, amid the leaves and undergrowth, the gleaming of gun barrels; and down the opposite side of the river, were caught glimpses of the steady, swinging tramp of trained soldiers. A division of Buell's army was in sight. A boat crossed with an officer and two or three privates of the signal corps. Some orders were given the officer, and at once telegraphed to the other

side by the signal flags. Preparations were at once made to cross Gen. Nelson's division, the advance of Buell's army.

As Gen. Buell advanced up the river, groups of soldiers were seen upon the west bank. They were stragglers from the engaged army of Gen. Grant. The groups increased in size as the Landing was neared. The enemy had approached so near that several soldiers were killed at the Landing. Gen. Nelson arrived with Col. Ammen's brigade at this opportune moment. It was immediately posted to meet the attack at that point, and, with a battery of artillery, helped to repulse the enemy.

In the meantime, the remainder of Gen. Nelson's division crossed, and Gen. Crittenden's arrived from Savannah on steamers. During the night, Bartlett's Ohio battery, and Mendenhall and Terrill's regular batteries, arrived. Gen. McCook, by a forced march, reached the battle field early in the morning. Lew. Wallace's command arrived shortly after dark, and was placed on the right. Stealthily the troops crept to their positions, and lay down on their arms in line of battle. Lew. Wallace was busy until one o'clock arranging his brigades. Then his weary men lay down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

At nine o'clock all was still near the Landing. The host of combatants that, three hours before, had been engaged in the work of human destruction, now sunk silently to sleep. The bright stars looked down upon the silent scene. All breathed the natural quiet and calm of a Sabbath evening. But frequently there was seen a flash that spread like sheet-lightning over the rippling waters of the river, and the roar of a heavy naval gun echoed along the bluffs. Other flashes rapidly followed. The flash rendered the black outline of the gunboat visible. The smoke soon cast a thin veil over river and wood, which softened the wild scene; while over the distant woods a sudden jet of flame occasionally appeared, and at short intervals the faint explosion of shells was heard. This cannonading was kept up at intervals till daylight.

It was decided, that at daybreak the enemy should be attacked. Lew. Wallace was to take the right; Nelson the extreme left. Crittenden was to be next Nelson, and McCook

next to him. The gap between McCook and Lew. Wallace was to be filled with the reorganized divisions of Grant's army; Hurlbut coming next to McCook, then McClernand and Sherman closing the gap between McClernand and Lew. Wallace. Such was the line of battle.

The divisions of Buell's army were composed of the following troops:

BRIG. GEN. NELSON'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Col. Ammen, Twenty-Fourth Ohio, commanding—Thirty-Sixth Indiana, Col. Grose; Sixth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Anderson; Twenty-Fourth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Fred. C. Jones.

Second Brigade—Saunders D. Bruce, Twentieth Kentucky, commanding—First Kentucky, Col. Enyart; Second Kentucky, Col. Sedgwick; Twentieth Kentucky, Lieut. Col. —— commanding.

Third Brigade—Col. Hazen, Forty-First Ohio, commanding—Forty-First Ohio, Sixth Kentucky, and Ninth Indiana.

BRIG. GEN. T. L. CRITTENDEN'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Gen. Boyle; Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beatty; Fifty-Ninth Ohio, Col. Fyffe; Thirteenth Kentucky, Col. Hobson; Ninth Kentucky, Col. Grider.

Second Brigade—Col. William S. Smith, Thirteenth Ohio, commanding—Thirteenth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Hawkins; Twenty-Sixth Kentucky, Lieut. Col. Maxwell; Eleventh Kentucky, Col. P. P. Hawkins; with Mendenhall's regular and Bartlett's Ohio batteries.

BRIG. GEN. M'COOK'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Brig. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau; First Ohio, Col. Ed. A. Parrott; Sixth Indiana, Col. Crittenden; Third Kentucky, (Louisville Legion;) battalions Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Nineteenth regulars.

Second Brigade—Brig. Gen. Johnson; Thirty-Second Indiana, Col. Willich; Thirty-Ninth Indiana, Col. Harrison; Forty-Ninth Ohio, Col. Gibson.

Third Brigade—Col. Kirk, Thirty-Fourth Illinois, com-

manding—Thirty-Fourth Illinois, Lieut. Col. Badsworth; Twenty-Ninth Indiana, Lieut. Col. Dunn; Thirtieth Indiana, Col. Bass; Seventy-Seventh Pennsylvania, Col. Stambaugh.

MAJ. GEN. LEW. WALLACE'S DIVISION.

The following composed Gen. Lew. Wallace's division:

First Brigade—Col. Morgan L. Smith, commanding—Eighth Missouri, Lieut. Col. James Peckham; Eleventh Indiana, Col. Geo. F. McGinnis; Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey; Thurber's Missouri battery.

Second Brigade—Col. Thayer, First Nebraska, commanding—First Nebraska, Lieut. Col. McCord; Twenty-Third Indiana, Col. Sanderson; Fifty-Eighth Ohio, Col. Bausenwein; Sixty-Eighth Ohio, Col. Steadman; Thompson's Indiana battery.

Third Brigade—Col. Chas. Whittlesey, Twentieth Ohio, commanding—Twentieth Ohio, Lieut. Col. M. F. Force; Fifty-Sixth Ohio, Col. Pete Kinney; Seventy-Sixth Ohio, Col. Charles R. Woods; Seventy-Eighth Ohio, Col. Leggett.

At daylight, it was evident the gunboat bombardment throughout the night had caused the enemy to fall back.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The second day's battle was opened by Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace, who had disposed his brigades and batteries in position at one o'clock that morning. He opened with an enfilading fire on a rebel battery, and soon drove it from position. The instant Sherman came in to protect his left, Wallace advanced his infantry. The rebel battery at once limbered up and retired. The advance had withdrawn the division from Sherman. Making a left half-wheel to get back into our lines, they advanced about two hundred yards, which brought them to a little elevation, with a broad opening to the front. As the division halted, there passed before them a rare vision. Away to the front were woods. Through the edge of the timber, skirting the fields, the head of a rebel column, marching in splendid style on double-quick, appeared. Regiment after regiment followed. Twenty regiments were

counted. The design was plain. The enemy had abandoned the idea of forcing their way through our left, and now were making a movement on our right. Thompson's and Thurber's batteries were ordered up, and shelled the rebel column as it passed. The enemy rapidly placed their artillery in position, and a brisk cannonading ensued. Soon a new and destructive battery was opened by the rebels—afterwards ascertained to be Watson's Louisiana battery. Batteries, with a brigade of supporting infantry, were moved forward over open fields, under heavy fire, to contend with this new assailant. The batteries opened, the sharpshooters were thrown out in front to pick off the rebel gunners, and the brigade lay down to avoid the fierce fire. The artillery contest lasted over an hour, the main body of the division waiting for Sherman.

At ten o'clock, Sherman's right, under Col. Marsh, arrived. He started across the fields. The storm of musketry and grape was too much, and he fell back. Again he started on the double-quick, and gained the woods. The rebel batteries were flanked, and at once fled. Wallace's division rose in an instant, and started in rapid pursuit. Before them were broad, fallow fields; beyond which, was a ravine; then a corn field, skirted by woods. The left brigade was sent forward. It crossed the fallow field, under fire, then gained the ravine, and was rushing across the corn fields, when the same Louisiana battery opened on them. Dashing forward, they reached a ground-swell, behind which they dropped. Then skirmishers crawled forward till they gained a little knoll not seventy-five yards from the battery. In a few minutes the battery was driven off, with artillerists killed, and horses shot. The firing was grand and terrific. Before our line was the Crescent regiments of New Orleans; shelling us on our right was the famed Washington artillery; to and fro, in our front, rode the rebel Gen. Beauregard, inciting his troops to deeds of valor. "Forward!" was now the word of command. Rushing across the corn fields, our troops met the rebels face to face in the woods. The struggle was short but fierce. The rebels fell back. From the time the wood was entered, "forward" was the only order; and step by step, from tree to

tree, and from position to position, the rebel lines were driven back.

But let us turn to Nelson, on the left. He moved his division about the same time Wallace opened on the rebel battery, Ammen's brigade on the extreme left, Bruce's in the center, and Hazen's to the right. Skirmishers were thrown out, and for nearly a mile the division swept the country, pushing before it a few outlying rebels, till it came upon them in force. Then a general engagement along the line ensued, and the rattling of musketry, and thunder of artillery, echoed over the fields. Till half-past ten o'clock, Nelson advanced slowly but steadily, sweeping his long lines over the ground of our defeat, and forward over rebel dead, pressing back the jaded enemy. Under cover of heavy timber, the rebels made a general rally. The woodland in front suddenly became a sheet of flame. The rebel masses, with great force, were hurled against our lines. Our forces, flushed with their easy advance, were not prepared for the sudden onset of the enemy. Our men halted, wavered, and fell back. At this critical juncture, Capt. Terrill's regular battery dashed forward. This battery was a host in itself. It consisted of four twelve-pounder brass guns, and two ten-pounder Parrott's. Immediately it began hurling shot and shell into the dense masses of the enemy. It was handled superbly; and its fire was terrific. Wherever Capt. Terrill turned his guns, the enemy's batteries were silenced, and their columns swept before their withering fire. This was the turning point of the battle on the left. The rebels were only checked, not halted. Their masses still swarmed in our front. Every horse of Terrill's battery was shot. Capt. Terrill and a corporal worked one gun. Still the rebels advanced. A regiment now dashed up and saved the battery. Then for two hours the opposing artillery and musketry were engaged at close range. At last the rebels wavered. Just then, Gen. Buell, who assumed the general direction of his troops in the field, rode forward. At a glance he saw the condition of affairs, and gave the order, "Forward at double-quick by brigades!" Our men leaped forward like tigers. For eight hundred yards the rebels fell

back. Here they made a short stand in the woods. But our steady line soon forced them to retire. Faster and faster they ran, weaker and weaker became their resistance, till our camps, which had been abandoned the day before, were reached; and the fight on the left was over. Our camps were recovered, and our captured guns retaken.

Next to Nelson was Crittenden. He, too, swept forward over the ground to his front for some distance, before finding the foe. About nine o'clock, however, while keeping Smith's brigade on his left, even with Nelson's flank, and joining Boyle's brigade to McCook on the right, in the grand advance, they encountered the enemy, with a battery in position, and well supported. Smith threw his brigade forward, and captured the battery. Here Major Ben. Piatt Runkle, of the Thirteenth Ohio, was killed. For half an hour the storm raged around these captured guns. The enemy, to retake the ground and battery west, advanced with a force, ten thousand strong, against our two brigades. The fire of the contending lines were two continuous sheets of flame. Then advanced the rebel wave which had swept Nelson back. Crittenden, too, encountered its full force. The rebels swept up to the batteries, and pursued our retreating line. But the two brigades took a new position, faced the foe, and held their ground. Before abandoning the rebel battery, our men filled the vents of the guns with mud; and so successful was this novel expedient, that the guns were for the time being rendered useless. At length our brigades began to gain the advantage. Crittenden pushed the enemy steadily before him. Mendenhall and Bartlett poured in their shell. The rebel battery was taken. The enemy retreated towards the left. Wood's advanced brigade joined in the pursuit, and pushed on till the rebels fell back beyond our advanced camps.

Thus was the left saved. Meanwhile McCook was doing equally well towards the center. The enemy's attack was continuous and severe, but the steady valor of Gen. Rousseau's brigade repulsed him. He was vigorously pursued for a mile, when he received large reinforcements, and rallied among the tents of McClernand's division. Here, supported

by artillery, the enemy made a desperate stand. One of our batteries was in danger. The Sixth Indiana was ordered to its relief. A rapid rush, close musketry firing, and the battery is safe. Advancing and firing, the Sixth moves forward. The rebel colors fall. The enemy wheels and disappears.

The rebel general pushes forward more troops. Kirk's brigade advances to meet them. The rebels pour a fierce fire into our lines. The brigade drops on the ground. Then up they spring, charge across the field, into the woods swarming with hidden foes. The enemy is driven from his hiding place and falls back. Presently he rallies. Our men rush upon him, and he falls back again. The Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Indiana move rapidly forward. The air is filled with leaden hail. The Fifteenth Indiana moves to the support of the brigade. The enemy recoils and falls back through the woods.

Further to the right McClernand and Hurlbut brought their gallant, but jaded men into battle. Four times they fought fiercely over the same ground. The details of their struggle are similar to those of the other divisions.

The battle was over. The enemy was beaten in one of the most hotly contested engagements of the war. His forces fell back slowly on the Corinth road. Ours did not pursue. The nature of the country rendered cavalry movements difficult, and its roads and topographical features were unknown to our generals.

The loss of the Union army was one thousand six hundred and fourteen killed, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three missing. Total thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety-eight. The rebel loss in killed was one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight; wounded, eight thousand and twelve; missing, nine hundred and fifty-nine—making an aggregate of ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

This sad list tells in simple language of the stubborn fight made by both armies in front of the log chapel at Shiloh.


P. A. Hackleman.

by artillery [illegible]. One of our batteries [illegible] was ordered to its relief [illegible] and the battery [illegible] and firing, the [illegible] moves forward. [illegible] colors fall. The enemy [illegible] and disappears.

[illegible] general pushes forward [illegible]. [illegible]k's [illegible] advances to [illegible] them. [illegible] into our lines. [illegible] brigade drops on the [illegible] they spring, charge across the field, into the [illegible] with hidden foes. The enemy is driven from his [illegible] place and falls back. Presently he rallies. Our men rush upon him, and he falls back again. The Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Indiana move rapidly forward. The air is filled with leaden hail. The Fifteenth Indiana moves to the support of the brigade. The enemy recoils and falls back through the woods.

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Engraved by J. C. Buttre, New York.

P. A. Hackleman.

BRIG. GEN. P. A. HACKLEMAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER XX.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM GWIN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Commander William Gwin was born in the town of Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, on the fifth of December, 1832. In 1841 he entered St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he remained three years. He was then transferred to St. Xavier's College, Vincennes, Indiana, where he remained until the seventh of April, 1847, when he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

He entered the Academy soon after his appointment, and remained there until August, 1847, when he was ordered to the frigate Brandywine, forty-four guns, then flag ship of the Brazil squadron, under Commodore G. W. Storer. He had, however, not yet received his warrant, and was classed as an Acting Midshipman. Next year he received his warrant, but remained on same ship and in the same squadron, under Capt. Boardman, until December, 1850; when the frigate returned to New York and he was allowed a leave of absence for six months, which he gladly embraced to visit his parents, who had, in the meantime, moved to Martinsville, Indiana.

After the termination of his leave of absence, he went on a second cruise to the South American coast, from which he returned on the second of January, 1852; when he was sent to the Naval Academy to prepare for an examination, with a

view to promotion. On the tenth of June, 1852, he passed the Board, ranking as a Passed Midshipman, and went on a short cruise to the Newfoundland fisheries—concerning which there was then some trouble between the United States and Great Britain. He returned from this cruise in October of the same year.

He was next ordered to the brig Bainbridge, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding C. C. Hunter; then on the Brazilian station, under the chief command of Commodore W. D. Salter. The next year he was the ranking Midshipman of that vessel, under Lieutenant Commanding J. H. Rowan, in the same squadron.

On the fifteenth of September, 1855, he was promoted to a Master, and on the following day to a Lieutenant of the same vessel, on the same station. In September, 1856, the Bainbridge was ordered home, and was laid up in ordinary at Norfolk, Virginia.

He was next ordered to the steam frigate Saranac, six guns, Capt. J. Kelly, then in the Pacific squadron, under flag officer John C. Long. In reaching his vessel Lieutenant Gwin passed through the straits of Magellan, narrowly escaping destruction from the storms and cold of that tempestuous region.

From the Saranac he was transferred to the sloop of war Vandalia, twenty guns, on the same station. While on this vessel he visited one of the Feejee islands for the purpose of searching for some American seamen who had been wrecked there. On arriving off the island, information was received from one of the seaman who had escaped, that his comrades, three in number, had been killed and eaten by the cannibals.

Lieutenant Gwin was sent with sixty sailors and marines to demand reparation. In approaching the principal village of the island they fell into an ambuscade, and were attacked by about five hundred savages. They charged upon their foes, killing and wounding seventy of them; the remainder threw down their arms and surrendered. The Lieutenant had two or three men wounded. He then visited the chief of the island, and, after some delay, obtained from him a solemn pledge to molest no more Americans. The pledge

was ratified by a present of several barrels of oil. He returned from this station in November, 1859, and was granted a short leave of absence, at the expiration of which he was ordered to the steam sloop Susquehanna, fifteen guns, Capt. George N. Hollins, then stationed in the Mediterranean, in Flag Officer Bell's squadron. During this cruise he visited the Holy Land, and many places of interest in the East; also France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Naples and Greece—interesting his friends at home by vivid descriptions of the men, manners and places he saw.

The Susquehanna was ordered home at the breaking out of the rebellion to take part in the blockade. During the voyage his brother officers, all of whom were Southern men, approached him with a view to induce him to unite with them in their designs of aiding the rebellion; but they were met with such patriotic protestations and such bitter denunciations, that the attempt was at once abandoned.

Being the Executive Officer, upon the arrival of the vessel in Boston Harbor, he was left in sole command; the Captain and nearly every other one of the officers of the vessel tendered their resignations and joined the Southern conspirators.

He was next ordered to fit out the steamer Cambridge, then lying in Boston Harbor; which we did and soon after joined the Atlantic blockading squadron. While off the coast of North Carolina, in the summer of 1861, in company with the steamer Albatross, he proceeded with three boat's crew from his own vessel and two from the Albatross to the mouth of one of the small rivers of the coast, for the purpose of burning a rebel vessel secreted there. The night was very dark, and before the boats had proceeded half way to their destination a squall overtook them, capsizing the boats, throwing officers and men into the boiling surge. Five men were drowned, and the remainder, including all the officers, were saved by Union fishermen and returned to their vessels.

During his command of the Cambridge he was engaged in keeping the Rappahannock river open to Fredericksburgh. He effected this object with consummate skill, destroying batteries, camps and warehouses, and capturing many prisoners and smugglers.

In October, 1861, he was detached from the Cambridge and ordered to fit out the brig Commodore Perry, then lying in the Potomac, off Alexandria. He remained on the Perry until the first of January, 1862, when, at his own request, he was ordered to the Mississippi Flotilla, under command of Commodore Foote, as a Lieutenant Commander.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, Illinois, and took command of the wooden gunboat Tyler. Having fitted out his vessel, he was ordered up the Ohio and took an active part in the bombardment and reduction of Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Donelson he was ordered up the Tennessee river, and made a daring reconnoissance to Florence and the Muscle Shoals, Alabama; capturing a rebel gunboat, the Eastport—now in our service—a rebel transport, the Lady Robb, and a large amount of other property and many prisoners. For two months he was engaged in keeping that river open; protecting Union men, and destroying batteries. During this cruise he enlisted over one hundred loyal Alabamians into the Union gunboat service, and was urged to take a great many more, but his accommodations were not sufficient.

He was present at the sanguinary battle of Shiloh, and distinguished himself, in conjunction with Lieutenant Commander Shirk of the Lexington, in saving Gen. Grant's army from destruction, and keeping the enemy in check until the arrival of Gen. Buell. For this service he was honorably mentioned by the Secretary of War in his annual report, and received the commendations of his grateful countrymen.

In August, 1862, while still in command of the Tyler, he, in conjunction with the Carondelet, and the Queen of the West, was ordered up the Yazoo river to look after the rebel ram Arkansas. He had proceeded but a short distance when he perceived the ram coming down the river. He immediately gave her battle. The Carondelet and Queen of the West failing to co-operate with him, the brunt of the battle fell upon the Tyler. He turned down stream, and fought the iron-clad monster all the way to the fleet. The ram escaped through the fleet, leaving the Tyler riddled with balls. In

this encounter, Lieutenant Commander Gwin lost six men killed and fourteen wounded. Fifteen shots passed through his vessel. The greater part of the action was fought when the two vessels were within two hundred yards of each other. It was the remark of an eye witness, that "had the iron-clads fought as vigorously and as bravely as the Tyler, the Arkansas would never have passed through the squadron."

After the accident to the Mound City, at St. Charles, on White river, where Capt. Kelty, her commander, was so badly disabled, Lieut. Gwin was ordered to the command of that vessel. This command he held until the middle of September, when he was assigned to the command of the Benton.

In November following, he obtained leave of absence, and went to New York, where he married Miss Mary Francis Hutchinson, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of that city. By this marriage the young officer was placed beyond all pecuniary need. Having spent three weeks in the city of New York, he was urgently solicited to leave the service; but his patriotism was beyond all temptation. Believing his duty to his country was paramount to all other duties, he tore himself from the side of his young bride, and rejoined his vessel, barely in time to move down the river with the ill-fated expedition against Vicksburgh.

On the twenty-seventh of December, the Benton, Cincinnati, DeKalb, Louisville, Lexington and Marmora, were ordered up the Yazoo river to attack the rebel battery at Haines' Bluff, with a view of attracting attention from the army movements in the rear—Lieutenant Commander Gwin commanding by seniority. The morning and part of the afternoon were consumed in feeling the way up the stream, to avoid torpedoes. Five of these submarine infernals were found and removed without accident. The iron-clads then moved up the stream, facing the rebel position; and when about half a mile distant, they opened the engagement at four o'clock, P. M. precisely. Lieutenant Commander Gwin took a position nearest the batteries, on the east side of the stream, with his broadside to the enemy. Here he moored himself to the bank, and signaled the other boats to follow his example, and get under his stern. The bluffs are ninety

feet above the river. Three batteries were placed on these bluffs, at about equal distances above each other, well mounted and manned. The rest of the fleet were a long time in getting into position. When they reached the bank, the Cincinnati was the only other boat exposed to the fire of the enemy, and she only partially so. The result was, that for an hour and a quarter the Benton had the fight almost entirely to herself; the other boats firing briskly and well, it is true; but she, being the only one the enemy could see, was their only target. No less than twenty-five shots struck her; not one of which, however, penetrated her casemates, yet twelve of them entered her, three or four passing through her port-holes, and the others, being plunging shots, passed through her deck. Notwithstanding this terrible ordeal, the vessel was not injured so as to effect her running or fighting qualities. Lieutenant Gwin kept moving over the ship, attending to and directing everything throughout the action. Having given the range and elevation to the guns, he went on deck to observe the effect. He undoubtedly exposed himself unnecessarily. He fought most desperately, and intended that the engagement should be successful in silencing the rebel batteries.

After the fight had progressed about an hour and a half, he was standing on the hurricane deck, near the wheel-house, watching, through a marine glass, the effect of his shots on a large battery to the left, both hands being raised to a level with his eyes in holding the glass, when he was struck by a solid shot from a battery on the right. The ball struck him obliquely on the breast, tearing away a large portion of the flesh, severing the muscles of the right arm, and injuring him internally. The vessel was at once brought out of action, and the engagement terminated in a drawn battle, though proving of great benefit to us in discovering the position and character of the enemy's works. The casualities from this action—all of which occurred on the Benton—were two officers and one seaman killed, and one officer, one gunner and five seamen, wounded.

Lieutenant Gwin was immediately moved to the hospital of the flag-ship Black Hawk, Lieutenant Commander H.

K. Breese, under whose care, and that of Admiral D. D. Porter, he received every attention that kindness and affection could suggest. He lingered for one week in great pain, and died at four o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, January the third, 1863, aged thirty years and twenty-nine days. His death was signaled to the squadron, and the announcement cast a gloom over every ship in the fleet. Ensigns were immediately lowered to half-mast, and commanding officers hastened aboard the flag-ship to take a last look at the dead, and drop a parting tear over his remains. His remains were forwarded under proper escort to his relatives in Indiana, and thence to his wife in New York. The funeral services were held in Zion church, the same building in which his marriage service was performed eleven weeks previous. The church was crowded at an early hour. A number of naval officers, in full uniform, lined the porch. On the outside of the church, the United States flag over the porch was at half-mast. After the services, the body was taken, under naval escort, to Newark, New Jersey, for interment. As the funeral procession passed through Newark, flags were displayed at half-mast, and a large procession of citizens followed the remains of the gallant officer to the beautiful cemetry of that handsome city, where they were interred. A parting salute was fired, tears and flowers mingled over the grave of the brave patriot.

"The lightnings may flash, the loud thunders rattle;
He hears not, he heeds not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again."

It was the remark of one of his brother officers—one who had fought with him, and knew him well—that one of the greatest losses the navy had sustained, was the death of young Gwin. Young and vigorous, bold as a lion, cool and collected in action, sound in judgment and wise in council, he was one of the men the country could least spare in this her hour of peril. He was beloved by all who knew him,

and appreciated and esteemed by his superior officers. Truthfully may it be said of him:

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Lieutenant Commander Gwin was about five feet ten inches in hight, fully developed in form, without being corpulent, straight as an arrow, with light brown hair, clear complexion, blue eyes, high forehead, and remarkably regular and handsome features.

COL. GILBERT HATHAWAY,

Was born at Sagg Harbor on Long Island, on the eighth of January, 1813. His father was a ship builder of the finest mechanical abilities, and under his supervision the first fast sailing American vessels were constructed. When Gilbert was two years old his family removed to New York City. At the age of six he was placed in a school, where he remained until he was sixteen. He then entered the store of an elder brother as a clerk, in which capacity he served for one year.

His great desire was for a liberal education, that he might choose for himself a profession; but his father, a man of strong will, had conceived the idea of making him a mechanic, and having marked out the course for his son, it only remained for the boy to pursue it. Here many would have sunk under the spirit of opposition, and fallen into inaction; but opposition only fired the spirit of the boy, and nerving himself to the task, he determined to pursue his studies while learning his trade. The first dawn of morning found him at his books, and the midnight chime often surprised him over his Greek and Latin Grammar. Thus passed his apprenticeship, at the expiration of which, he bade adieu to the chisel and the plane, and entered Kenyon College, Ohio, where he pursued his studies, ranking with the first in scholarship and talent.

After leaving College he read law for two years in the office of Henry B. Curtis, Esq., of Mount Vernon, Ohio;

was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in Laporte, Indiana.

The ability he manifested in his profession, soon secured for him a flourishing business. He continued in the practice of law until July, 1862, when he was commissioned by Gov. Morton as Commandant of the Post in the Ninth Congressional District, to raise troops to help crush the rebellion. He raised and organized the Seventy-Third and Eighty-Seventh regiments of Indiana volunteers, and two companies of cavalry. On the twentieth of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Seventy-Third regiment of Indiana volunteers, and led them immediately into the field. At the battle of Stone river his regiment fought bravely, and he, having his horse shot from under him, fought all day on foot.

He was chosen to accompany Col. Streight on his expedition into Alabama in April last, where, on the second of May, he fell mortally wounded, at the head of his regiment, while leading his brave men against the foes of his country. When borne from the field his last words were, "Let me die in the front." The rebel papers, in giving an account of the engagement, say: "When Col. Hathaway fell many of the Federal officers fell upon his body and wept like children."

As a lawyer he was successful; as a citizen he was esteemed for his honesty and uncompromising integrity; as a neighbor and a friend, he was beloved for his generosity and fine social qualities; and as a christian soldier he feared only his God.

MAJOR AUGUSTUS H. ABBETT.

The subject of this sketch was born at Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, on the sixteenth of October, 1831. He received a fair education, and before arriving at the age of majority embarked successfully in business as a farmer and dealer in live stock and lands. Shortly after arriving of age he was elected to the office of magistrate, the duties of which he discharged faithfully and with ability. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was one of the first to volunteer his services. His personal popularity and well known courage soon enabled him to raise a company of which he was elected

Captain. His command was attached to the Sixth regiment and served with much credit through the three months' campaign in Western Virginia, participating in the affairs at Philippi, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford. On several occasions the bravery and good management of Captain Abbett were conspicuous. He was naturally fitted for daring and dashing service. His perceptions were quick, his nerves steady, and his judgment cool. Whatever he determined to do was undertaken with promptness and prosecuted with energy. He deemed no duty too arduous; the more daring the service the more anxious was he to undertake it. During the occupation of Philippi by his regiment, he, in company with another officer, while making an examination of the position of the enemy, captured an officer of Bradley's rebel cavalry, whom they tied and marched into camp. The capture was so cleverly managed, it was deemed worthy of "honorable mention." After the battle of Carrick's Ford, an expedition under Captain Abbett was sent out by Gen. Morris, to cut off and capture a rebel wagon train, and the work was promptly and successfully accomplished.

On the reorganization of the Sixth for three years' service, Captain Abbett again enlisted, raised a company and received the appointment of Major. The regiment was put in the field before it was fully organized or equipped, and formed a part of the little army under Rousseau which saved Louisville from capture by Buckner, compelling him to seek refuge in intrenchments at Bowling Green.

During the march of Gen. Buell's army through Kentucky and Tennessee, Major Abbett gained a high reputation for faithfulness and gallantry. On the bloody field of Shiloh he bore himself so well as to elicit the most flattering commendations from his commanding General, the heroic Rousseau, by whom he was greatly esteemed and appreciated. His unceasing anxiety to be always "at the front," or on a scouting expedition "to feel the enemy," united with his efficiency and tact, made him a most valuable officer. He was one of the first to discover the evacuation of Corinth and to enter that place, and on numerous occasions exhibited a spirit of enter-

prise which won for him the respect and confidence of his superiors.

At Florence, Alabama, Major Abbett, on account of intestine troubles in his regiment, resigned his commission, much to the regret of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who manifested their high regard by presenting him with a magnificent sword.

On returning to Columbus in July, 1862, with the view of resuming peaceful pursuits, the call of the President for three hundred thousand men reached him. He at once abandoned all idea of business at home and determined to return to the service of his country. He soon raised a company for the Sixty-Seventh regiment, and was again honored with a Major's commission. The regiment was hurried to Kentucky and placed on garrison duty at Munfordsville. On the thirteenth of September a strong rebel brigade of cavalry, with a battery of mountain howitzers, the advance of Bragg's army then invading Kentucky, appeared before Munfordsville and demanded the unconditional surrender of the garrison, which was refused by the gallant John T. Wilder, Colonel Commanding. Preparations were at once made for a vigorous defense. Major Abbett, whose abilities were fully appreciated by the commanding officer, was assigned with a small force to defend a redoubt, situated some distance from the main works, with orders to hold it at all hazards. The next morning the rebels made a furious attack and soon both forces were hotly engaged. Finally the enemy essayed to storm the main works, but was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Immediately afterwards two Mississippi regiments and a battalion of sharpshooters made a similar attack upon the redoubt. Its little band poured into the advancing rebels a most murderous fire. Yet on they advanced as if determined to storm and overwhelm every obstacle. At this juncture, perceiving the critical situation of affairs, and realizing the importance of firmness on the part of his men who had never before been under fire, Major Abbett sprang upon the parapet, with his hat in one hand and his sabre in the other, and in a clear ringing voice encouraged and cheered his men. He was struck in the breast by a musket ball, and fell dead under

the flag he so nobly defended. A moment after the rebels broke and fled in confusion from the field, with a loss of over seven hundred killed and wounded; our loss in killed and wounded being only thirty-seven. The redoubt flag had one hundred and forty-six bullet holes through it, and the staff was struck eleven times.

Thus Major Abbett died. The earth was never moistened with braver blood. Gloriously did he lay down his life for his country, he now sleeps the honored hero's sleep.

MAJOR FREDERICK ARN

Was born at Hindlebank, in Switzerland, June eighth, 1838. His father, John Arn, emigrated to the United States in 1848, and settled in Covington, Fountain county, Indiana. He subsequently, however, moved to Montezuma, Parke county, where he still resides, enjoying the respect and confidence of the entire community. Frederick, soon after he reached this country, was placed at school, and rapidly acquired a knowledge of the English language, which he both read and spoke fluently. So rapid was his progress, that in 1850—when he was only twelve years old—he was employed in the Post Office in Covington as a clerk, which duties he discharged satisfactorily. He remained there, however, but a short time, and then went to Lafayette, and entered upon an engagement with Messrs. Luse & Co., publishers of the Journal, to learn the printing business. He remained with them about three years, securing, by his attention to business and great energy, punctuality and integrity, their entire respect and confidence. In 1853 he went to Montezuma to reside with his parents; but his thirst for the acquisition of knowledge had so increased, that he was not satisfied to leave his education incomplete. He accordingly attended the school of Barnabus Hobbs, at Annapolis, Parke county, where he remained for a short while, and then engaged as a clerk in a store at Montezuma. His object was to acquire, by his own labor and industry, the means to educate himself. Having accumulated a sufficient sum for that purpose, he entered the Michigan State University at Ann Arbor, in the fall of 1857, where, in

June, 1861, he graduated with the highest honors of his class. He had the respect of all the faculty of the college, and greatly endeared himself to his fellow students by the frankness, generosity, and manliness, of his character.

At the very beginning of the rebellion, and when the storm of war was about to break forth with violence, he found it difficult to avoid engaging at once in the defense of his adopted country. He was only restrained from doing it by the pursuasions of his father and friends, that it would be better for him to complete his collegiate course, as he could accomplish this in a few months. Immediately after graduating, he returned to Montezuma, about the first of July, 1861, and at once commenced recruiting a volunteer company for the Thirty-First regiment of Indiana volunteers—infantry—which had been then called, and required to rendezvous at Camp Vigo, near the city of Terre Haute. He threw so much ardor into his exertions, that he had no difficulty in finding men to enlist, and succeeded in bringing into camp the first full company of the Thirty-First regiment, and, by common consent, was made its Captain. He was subsequently advanced, by Gov. Morton, to the office of Major of his regiment, which gave universal satisfaction; for, by this time, his merits and excellencies of character were perceived by all with whom he held intercourse.

The commanding officer of the Thirty-First regiment—Col. Charles Cruft—having been placed in command of a brigade at the battle of Fort Donelson, and the Lieutenant Colonel being absent, Major Arn had command of the regiment, and led it into that battle. This was to him a new theatre; but he sustained himself in it most manfully and successfully, acquiring the confidence of his superior officers, by his sagacity, coolness and undaunted bravery. He shrank from no peril, and was always at the post of duty, whatever the consequences or the danger.

After his regiment marched from Fort Donelson he had an attack of sickness which continued till the battle of Shiloh. This, however, was not sufficient to overcome his determination to share every danger to which his men were exposed. Consequently, when the regiment was summoned to battle,

he was the first to get ready for it. Entering the fight with every exhibition of personal firmness and courage he succeeded in infusing into all under his command an enthusiasm corresponding with his own, and the services of the Thirty-First Indiana, on that occasion, proved how well they were entitled to the respect and confidence of the country, and of their young and talented commander. In the very thunder of the battle, and about noon of the first day, Major Arn was pierced by a minnie ball, and was borne immediately from the field. He died the next day—but not until he had heard the glorious news that victory perched upon the standard of the Union. He lived, however, but a short while after this welcome news gladdened his heart, and died before the shouts of his companions in arms had died away. Like a true and gallant soldier he met his fate, and his last words were those of the most intense affection for his parents and friends, and the most devoted loyalty to the country of his adoption. He was a patriot; not only from a sentiment which filled his heart, but also from a sense of duty, and had been frequently heard to say that he "considered it the duty of every man to be loyal, and to defend his country, whether he was a native or adopted citizen, and that no man had a right to the protection of the laws who would not take up arms to maintain them."

Major Arn was much esteemed for his private virtues, and his death is universally regretted by his friends and acquaintances. He died young—before he had entered upon the active duties of life—being only in the twenty-fourth year of his age; but he had lived long enough to develop the highest capacity for usefulness. Such men can not die without leaving a void in society difficult to fill.

LIEUT. COL. MELLVILLE DOUGLAS TOPPING

Was born at Worthington, Ohio, June twenty-third, 1825, and was, at the time of his death, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was the only son of Dayton Topping, Esq, who now resides at Worthington, Greene county, Indiana. His parents came to Indiana in 1840, and settled in Terre Haute

in 1843, where young Mellville soon became a universal favorite, on account of his manly qualities and honorable bearing. In 1849, yielding to the spirit of adventure which has induced so many of our young men to seek their fortunes upon the golden shores of the Pacific, he emigrated to California, where he remained four years. At the expiration of this time he returned to Terre Haute, and married a daughter of T. A. Madison, Esq., of that city, and established himself in business with the intention of remaining there permanently.

At the breaking out of the war, he was actively engaged in a lucrative business; but such was the ardency of his patriotism, that he could not long brook the idea of remaining at home when his country needed his services in the field. At the call for troops in the spring and summer of 1862, he raised a volunteer company, and was unanimously chosen its Captain. He was admirably well qualified for this position—having had the command of an independent military company in Terre Haute, which, shortly before, had rendered important service in protecting the neighborhood of Henderson, Kentucky, from the depredations of guerrillas. His company was mustered into the Seventy-First regiment of Indiana volunteers—infantry—at Camp Dick Thompson, near Terre Haute, and soon became distinguished for its improvement in drill and observance of discipline, showing almost every day the effect of his example, and the value of his teaching. He was proud of his men, and they of him. When the regiment moved to the defense of Kentucky against the rebels, in August, 1862, Gov. Morton appointed him its Lieutenant Colonel. At that time it was designed that it should be placed under the temporary command of another officer not attached to it, and that, at the termination of this arrangement, Lieut. Col. Topping should become its Colonel. The arrangement, however, was not consummated; and the necessity for the immediate marching of the regiment being imminent, he took charge of it, and pressed rapidly forward to Richmond, Kentucky, to meet the enemy, who were then advancing upon Lexington, under the command of the rebel Gen. Kirby Smith.

The battle of Richmond, Kentucky, was fought on Satur-

day, the thirtieth of August, 1862, and resulted disastrously to our troops, who were greatly outnumbered by the enemy. But no troops, who had not become veterans by long service, ever fought more gallantly than did those under the command of Brig. Gen. Manson at this battle. Although the Seventy-First regiment was undisciplined, and had been supplied with arms less than a week, they were pressed forward to meet a superior force of the enemy, under such circumstances as might well make the bravest soldiers falter. But they did not falter. On the contrary, they did everything that human energy and unflinching bravery could accomplish, and never gave way till overpowered by a force, against which it would have been madness to contend.

Lieut. Col. Topping was conspicuous upon this bloody field, and, at the head of his regiment, leading it forward with cool and unflinching courage, he advanced, without quailing, upon the formidable columns of the enemy. In the midst of the conflict, and in the act of uttering words of encouragement to his gallant regiment, he was struck by a Minnie ball, which entered his body just above the left hip. He fell immediately, but the ardor of his men was so impetuous, that they rushed forward upon the enemy, and although soon driven back, they did not forget their noble and beloved commander. One of his young soldiers procured an ambulance, in which he placed his body, and carried it off the field towards Lexington amid a shower of bullets. He had gone but a short distance before Lieut. Col. Topping expired. His last words, addressed to a friend, were: "*Have I done my duty?*" When told that he had, he replied, "*Then I die contented.*" He then sent a brief and affectionate message to his wife and two little daughters, and died as only a gallant soldier can die. He died in defense of his country—of well-regulated liberty and law. Though his "maiden sword" fell from his grasp in his first and last battle for the Union, which he loved as he did his life, it fell from no coward hand. A braver soldier never lived or died.

Lieut. Col. Topping was an exemplary Christian—having been long a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was also a Free and Accepted Mason. The highest vir-

tues were handsomely blended in his character, and impressed themselves upon all with whom he held intercourse. He was true-hearted, generous and kind. His manly nature scorned deception, and shrank instinctively from every act of dishonor. As a man and citizen, he was frank and just, and no breath of suspicion ever rested on his good name. He possessed the modesty of real merit, beautifully and harmoniously united with true manliness of character. He never avoided duty, and never faltered in doing good. The respect in which he was held by those who knew him best, is shown by the fact, that when his body reached Terre Haute, it was accompanied to the cemetery by the largest funeral procession ever seen in that city. He was buried with Masonic and military honors; and although his place can not be supplied to those who survive him, he has left them the example of a life well spent, though short—such an example as only a steadfast friend, a true christian, an honest man, and a gallant soldier, can leave behind him.

RICHARD DENNIS WYLIE

Was born in Bloomington, Indiana, on the fifteenth of September, 1841. Early in life he manifested artistic skill and mechanical ingenuity of a superior order. He seemed to possess an instinctive knowledge of scientific apparatus, which he manipulated with great facility; he was a valuable assistant in the laboratory of the Indiana State University, in which his father was a professor. He was also fond of astronomy, and passed much of his time in viewing the heavenly bodies. On the call for volunteers to put down the rebellion, he enlisted as a private in Capt. Charles' company, Eighteenth regiment Indiana volunteers. The regiment was ordered to Missouri, and young Wylie participated in its early hard marches. His health failing he was left at Otterville, where he partially recovered, and at once hastened to rejoin his regiment, then in pursuit of the rebel Gen. Price, when he was again prostrated by disease. Being unable to proceed on his journey he was left in the house of a widow, whose Christian kindness soothed his dying hours. He was

unable to speak from the time he entered the house, and most of the time he was probably insensible. Consciousness appeared to return a short time before his death, and his countenance indicated the peace and joy which there is reason to believe filled his soul. Thus, at the early age of twenty, passed away a young martyr to the cause. His was an honorable and a happy death. It is not only on the battle field, but also on the march; in the bivouac; in the trench, and in the hospital, that patriots are called to die.

SERGEANT SAMUEL W. DODDS

Was the companion in arms of young Wylie, and enlisted as a private in the same company and regiment. He graduated at the University of Indiana about a month before his enlistment. He was a superior scholar, and an exemplary member of the church. On hearing of the sickness of his friend Wylie, he at once hastened to attend him, but did not arrive until after his death. Scarcely two weeks afterwards the kind friend followed his youthful associate and bosom companion to the eternal world. He died in the city hospital at St. Louis, on the seventh of November, 1861. He was in his twentieth year, full of the joy and promise of youth, when he bade farewell to earth and war's dread alarms. The happy intimacy of these young men, which death dissolved on earth, was, we doubt not, soon restored in that brighter land, where there are no sunderings of friendship.

COLONEL BASS.

Sion S. Bass was born in Salem, Livingston county, Kentucky, from whence he moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1847. Possessed of great energy of character, combined with a genial and generous nature, he soon established an enviable business reputation; frank, companionable and intellectual, he won the respect and esteem of all. On the organization of the Thirtieth regiment Indiana volunteers, he was appointed Colonel, and immediately entered upon his duties. Without military knowledge or training, he was called to the com-

mand of a regiment that had never shouldered a musket, and was in a very few days thereafter ordered to the field. Being supplied with arms the regiment at once went to Louisville, Kentucky, and from thence into camp, in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, which place the rebels then held. Here the duties of his position rendered it necessary that Col. Bass should give his mind wholly to the discipline of his regiment, to transform a body of raw recruits into a regiment of soldiers, qualified for the hardships and necessities of war; to this end it was indispensable he should first qualify himself for this important duty. None but those who have passed though the trying ordeal, can fully appreciate the difficulties and perplexities of such an undertaking. To this arduous task he applied himself with his usual indomitable energy and industry; in a surprisingly short time he surmounted every obstacle. In his fidelity and scrupulousness in the discharge of duty he excited the admiration of his superiors, and secured the love and respect of both officers and men of his regiment.

The Thirtieth was one of the best disciplined regiments in the brigade; and Col. Bass was regarded as one of the most promising officers of the army. While before Bowling Green he had ample opportunity to acquire, from practical experience, much useful knowledge in the art of war. He entered into it with intense interest. "The pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had charms for him. He remained in Kentucky during the winter; in the spring he marched with his regiment to Columbia, Kentucky, thence to Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee; arriving there on Monday morning, April seventh, with Buell's army.

The march of Col. Bass' regiment had been quickened by the constant booming of artillery all day Sunday; reaching Savannah at night they hastened by boat to the scene of conflict, and arrived in time to participate in Monday's fight. After halting for a brief rest, they took up their line of march for the front about ten o'clock, A. M. From daybreak our forces had been in desperate conflict with the enemy, driving them from one position after another. Col. Bass' regiment for a time acted as a reserve and support to troops actively

engaged, until the enemy was finally driven to the last position he attempted to hold during that eventful and bloody battle; for a brief period the fierce conflict was hushed; troops on either side were marshaled for the last desperate struggle that was to decide which should be victorious. Col. Bass, with his regiment of brave men, had now the front. As they proudly marched to their position he felt that the time he had long and anxiously waited for had come; the time which was to decide whether his own expectations of his strength and ability in the hour of trial were well founded; right nobly were these expectations realized. Alas, how soon to be extinguished forever! Forward, was the order, into the thick woods where the enemy had posted his men, with the stern resolve to yield no further step, but there to redeem the fortunes of the day. Our brave troops moved steadily on to meet the foe. No pen can adequately describe the continuous roar of musketry, or the quick winged and thick flying messengers of death which filled the air. On pressed our brave troops; now they were forced to give ground, again was the enemy driven back, but fighting still with a heroism worthy a better cause. The valor of our troops could not be resisted; the enemy was forced to fly. The field was won. Col. Bass had led his regiment into the very thickest of the fight, and, while bravely leading them on to victory, he received a wound which compelled him to leave the field. He was taken to the river and placed on board a steamer. He would not believe his wound was mortal; his only anxiety was to get back to his regiment. In a few days he was taken to Paducah, Kentucky, where much of his youth had been spent; there, on the thirteenth of April, 1862, surrounded by his family and friends, he died. Col. Bass had for several years been an exemplary member of the Episcopal church.

Thus, in the prime of life and in the vigor of manhood, was cut off one of Indiana's most estimable citizens. In his death, the service lost one of its most promising officers, and our country a patriotic and able defender.

COL. WILLIAM H. LINK

Was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, March second, 1821. In his fifth year he moved with his father and settled in Licking county, Ohio. Thrown upon his own resources at an early age, he prepared himself by assiduous labor for the profession of teaching, at which he was engaged, in the town of Circleville, Ohio, when the war with Mexico commenced. One of the first to respond to the call for volunteers, he entered the service as a private, but was soon promoted to the Second Lieutenantcy of his company, and mustered into the Second regiment Ohio volunteers. With this regiment he served in Mexico for twelve months—the full term of his enlistment—having, in the meantime, been promoted to the Captaincy of his company. He participated in none of the large battles, but had numerous skirmishes with the guerrillas of that country. On one occasion, after two hours hard fighting, he routed, with two hundred men, fifteen hundred guerrillas.

On the expiration of his term of service he returned to Circleville, and immediately commenced the formation of a company for the reorganization of his regiment. In this he was successful, and soon tendered to the government a full company, of which he had the command. At the reorganization of the Second Ohio, at Cincinnati, Capt. Link was elected Major, and with his regiment was ordered to join Gen. Scott in Mexico, where he served until the close of that war, sharing in all the dangers and difficulties of the campaign which resulted in the capture of the City of Mexico.

At the conclusion of that war, Major Link returned to Ohio, but soon after moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana; where he was successfully engaged in business at the commencement of the present rebellion. Among the first to rush to the defense of his country, he immediately organized a company and tendered it to the Governor of our State for the three month's service. The quota of troops for that service being full, he at once offered his company for any other service for which it might be needed. It was accepted and mustered into the State's service for twelve months, as a part of the Twelfth

regiment Indiana volunteers. On the organization of the regiment Capt. Link was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. Soon after the battle of Bull Run the Twelfth Indiana was received into the United States service, and ordered to Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Lieut. Col. Link was promoted to the command of the regiment. During the term of its service under Col. Link the regiment attracted much attention, and received many encomiums for its soldierly appearance and high state of discipline. Being mustered out of service at the end of its twelve months enlistment, Col. Link immediately procured an order for the reorganization of his regiment for the term of three years. This was fully completed by the seventeenth of August, 1862. On the next day they started for Kentucky, and reached Lexington on the twenty-second. Here Col. Link was placed in command of a brigade and ordered to Richmond, Kentucky, where, on the twenty-eighth of that month, the Federal forces, of which Col. Link's brigade formed a part, were attacked by the enemy under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. A spirited engagement of two hours left our forces in possession of the field. They rested on their arms during the night. The battle recommenced the next morning, and in consequence of the superior force of the enemy, the Federal troops were driven back step by step, until, on the afternoon of the thirtieth, they were routed.

Col. Link was prominent in these engagements, animating his men by his presence and example. Just before the final defeat of our forces, on the evening of the thirtieth of August, his horse was wounded and became unmanageable. Col. Link dismounted and placed himself in front on foot. Soon after, while rallying the Eighteenth regiment Kentucky volunteers, part of the brigade under his command, preparatory to a charge on the enemy, he received a wound in his thigh from a minnie ball. He was then taken to the house of Col. Holloway, in the town of Richmond, where he lingered in great pain until the twentieth of September, when his suffering terminated in death.

Col. Link left two children to mourn his loss; his wife died several years before. During his long and severe suffering at Richmond he often expressed a desire to see his children.

His anxiety for them and his country pressed heavily on his heart. One of his last utterances was, "My children can do without a father better than without a country." His remains were conveyed to Fort Wayne, and with military and Masonic honors interred in the beautiful cemetery near that city.

MAJOR ISAAC M. MAY

Was born at Harrisonburgh, Rockingham county, Virginia, in the year 1832. In 1854 he moved to Indiana, and settled at Anderson, Madison county, where he engaged in his trade of cabinet making. During his leisure hours he read law, with a view of engaging in its practice. Being possessed of a strong mind and determined will, had he embarked and continued in the legal profession, his success as a lawyer would undoubtedly have been as marked as it was as a soldier.

On the organization of the Nineteenth Indiana regiment he enlisted as a private, and before its muster into the service of the United States was elected Captain of company A. He was afterwards, for meritorious service in the field, promoted to the position of Major. He heroically bore his part in the hardships and battles of that veteran regiment, and on the twenty-eighth of August, 1862, in one of the series of battles on Manassas Plains, was mortally wounded and left on the field. After being wounded, he took shelter in the brush, where he remained undiscovered for eight days, and was finally removed by the enemy and taken to a hospital where he died, on the fifth of September. Major May was prompt in the discharge of his duties, a rigid disciplinarian, gallant and brave in the field, a true soldier; and always treated his men with courtesy and kindness. He freely gave his life to his country, leaving to his widow and only son the inheritance of the honors he won as a patriot and soldier. Thus, at the early age of thirty years, died another hero. His country honors his memory.

SERGEANT JOHN WESLEY KEMPER

Was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on the ninth of April,

1843. His boyhood days were passed in hard work, for the laudable purpose of assisting his parents in maintaining a large family. He received a good common school education. On the organization of the Twentieth Indiana, he enlisted as private, joining Captain Geisendorff's company. At Lafayette, where the regiment rendezvoused, he was appointed Sergeant. The regiment soon after left for Maryland. Here it was employed in guarding the railroad, and perfecting itself in drill. Sergeant Kemper was very attentive to his duties in camp. His earnest desire seemed to be to do his whole duty. His sincerity was part of his being. However difficult the duty ordered, he always endeavored faithfully to discharge it. In October the regiment reached Hatteras, upon whose sterile sands it encountered disaster after disaster. During the toilsome march from Chicamacomico to Hatteras Inlet, Kemper accompanied his comrades, and did his best to keep the ranks closed up. Then came a period of rest at Fortress Monroe. Sergeant Major E. M. B. Hooker, having been detailed on the recruiting service, Sergeant Kemper satisfactorily filled that difficult position in his absence. On being relieved, he resumed his place as Sergeant, and was with the regiment when Norfolk was taken. In June, 1862, the regiment joined the army of the Potomac, then thundering at the gates of Richmond. Here all was activity and danger—skirmishing in the daytime, picket firing at night. The tired men had scarcely lain down to rest, when a rolling musketry fire called out the line to penetrate the dangerous forest in front. In this skirmishing Sergeant Kemper was always at his post, never shrinking from any duty, whether amid the deadly night swamps, or under the pestilential miasma of the Chickahominy.

Then commenced the Seven Day's Battles in front of Richmond, resulting in the Army of the Potomac falling back to Harrison's Landing, on the James river. In these terrible battles Sergeant Kemper was with his regiment, and never flinched from the deadly conflict till, tired and exhausted, the band of heroes with whom he fought sought a little rest on the muddy flat on the banks of the James river. Here his health failed, yet he marched across the Peninsula and joined

the army of Virginia, in August, 1862. The regiment at once went to the front, and was on picket on the Rappahannock when Jackson made his raid on Manassas Junction. Moving rapidly, many of the men were overcome by fatigue; Sergeant Kemper being among the number. Jackson was driven from Manassas and followed to Bull Run. Kemper, notwithstanding his feeble health, still toiled after the regiment. The terrible battles of Manassas Plains followed, and although Kemper could not reach the battle field, yet he got near enough to watch over the body of his slain Colonel. Struggling with failing health, he clung to his regiment until after the battle of Fredericksburgh, when he was discharged on a Surgeon's certificate, and, with but a slight hope of restoration to health, started for Indianapolis under the care of Sergt. Maj. Hooker. Alas! his discharge was received too late. He reached home only to die, on New Year's Day, 1863, with his loved ones around him. His soldier's career was glorious. He sleeps with Indiana's honored dead.

BRIG. GEN. P. A. HACKLEMAN.

Pleasant Adams Hackleman was born on the fifteenth of November, 1814, in that portion of Indiana Territory which is now Franklin county, Indiana, about two miles from Brookville. His father, Major John Hackleman, who served his country in the war of 1812, was born in Abbeville district, State of South Carolina; and his mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Adams, was a native of Stokes county, State of North Carolina. His parents were married in what is now Franklin county, Indiana, in the year 1810, and still reside at the old homestead, near Brookville, where they originally settled.

The early years of Pleasant A. Hackleman were spent amid the vicissitudes of pioneer life, when all men, followed by turns, the occupations of watching against the incursions of the wily Indian, hunting wild game, felling forests, opening up and cultivating farms, and preparing the way for that tide of civilization, which, by the aid of strong arms, vigorous intellects, and the blessings of Providence, has literally

made that which was a wilderness "rejoice and blossom as the rose." On the thirty-first of October, 1833, he married Sarah Bradburn, of the same vicinity. She and seven daughters survive him. After marriage, he continued in the occupation of farming nearly three years, and then commenced reading law with John A. Matson, Esq., at Brookville. At that day a knowledge of the law which would stand the test of a rigid examination by competent judges, was a pre-requisite to admission to practice law in Indiana. And such was the assiduity and energy with which he prosecuted his studies, that he accomplished in ten months what most men require two years to acquire, and was licensed to practice law.

Immediately after his admission to the bar—in May, 1837—he moved with his family to Rushville, Indiana. At Rushville he commenced the practice of law, and rapidly rose to high distinction in the legal profession. In August, 1837, he was elected Judge of the Probate Court of Rush county, which office he held until about the fifteenth of May, 1841. In August, 1841, he was elected to the House of Representatives, in the General Assembly of Indiana, and served the ensuing session. In the fall of 1847 he was appointed Clerk of the Rush Circuit Court. In August, 1848, he was elected to the same office, and was again elected Clerk in August, 1849, and served as such until the end of the year 1855. He was twice selected by his political friends as their candidate for Congress, in the fourth congressional district—as a Whig in 1847, and as a Republican in 1858; and although receiving more than a strict party vote, he was each time unsuccessful. His name occupied a place as Senatorial Elector, for Indiana, on the Presidential Whig ticket in 1852. He was chairman of the mass convention at Indianapolis, which nominated the State officers elected in the fall of 1860; and was, by the same convention, appointed delegate, for the State at large, to the National Republican Convention, held at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President, and labored actively to procure said nomination; and, when made, he labored for its success with all his wonted zeal, and earnestness, and ability, during the whole canvass of

1860. The following quotation from the proceedings of the annual communication (November, 1862,) of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Indiana seems appropriate as exhibiting another phase of his character.

"Upon the introduction of our Order into this State, Bro. Hackleman acquainted himself with the designs, principles, and operations, of the institution. Satisfied that fraternity—a universal fraternity in the family of man—was its corner stone; friendship, love and truth its motto; to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan, its grand command, his kind heart, sympathetic nature, generous impulses, and moral greatness, prompted him to espouse the cause of Odd Fellowship, and labor in a selfish world to make man more useful to his kind, more helpful to the distressed, more thoughtful of the happiness, of those around him.

"Bro. Hackleman was one of the very few who constituted Franklin Lodge number thirty-five at its organization in Rushville on the thirteenth of May, 1846. His eminent abilities soon placed him in the highest position in the Lodge. Such was their confidence in his zeal for the dissemination of the humane and charitable tenets of the order, that his brethren chose him to represent them in the Grand Lodge of the State; and he was admitted here on the twelfth of January, 1847. He soon occupied in the Grand Lodge a position of commanding influence, and became known throughout the State as one of the most zealous and active members of an institution which was attracting general attention, and whose altars were being erected in almost every city, town and village within our jurisdiction. To his active labors, wise counsels, and fraternal example, is the Order much indebted for the enviable position it has attained.

"In July, 1851, by the unanimous vote of this Grand Lodge, he was elected a Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and he served in this most distinguished position for six years. The honor of so long a service in the great legislature of our order has been conceded to but one other of our several distinguished Representatives in that body from Indiana.

"But the partiality and favor of his brethren did not stop here; this was not the culmination of the honors a grateful fraternity, for faithful labors, were disposed to award him. In November, 1857, he was chosen Grand Master of the State, which office he filled with distinguished ability.

"No better evidence of his unbounded philanthrophy can be required, than the fact, that for twelve years, in offices that afforded no emolument—in an order whose plan of practical operations, for the relief of the sick and distressed, is the best that is known—his great energies were exerted to extend its blessings to all. In his character he was unselfish—liberal in the extreme. He was always ready to assist a friend; and his heart was always filled with generous emotions, which controlled his actions through life. He was no pharisee, believing himself above or better than other men; nor that he was created for himself alone; that life was given him for his personal gratification; and that mankind had no claim upon him. On the contrary, he labored as much for others as himself. Of his abundance he distributed to the needy, and was never known to reject the petition of distress. He was no theorist, but a plain, common sense man. He seemed born to the mastery of business, and could adapt himself with equal ease to any situation; and whether as judge, jurist, legislator, or philanthropist in civil life, or as General, commanding armed men upon the field of deadly strife, he discharged his duty with honor to himself, and profit to his cause. His mind was clear, penetrating and sagacious; his temper serene, his manners simple and plain. His sense of right was strong, and in all things he sought the good of others, and was willing to forego his own interests and inclinations, if, by so doing, he could advance the interests or desires of others. He was not a member of any Church, but he had great respect for the Christian religion; was a man of deep religious feeling, of undoubted integrity, of spotless purity in private life, of expansive benevolence, and of exalted patriotism."

He was appointed, by Gov. O. P. Morton, as one of the commissioners or delegates, from the State of Indiana, to the Conference Convention, which met at Washington City on

the fourth of February, 1861, where tried and trusted statesmen, from the North and South, met for the purpose of conference and consultation, and of endeavoring to allay the turbulent elements of political strife, and, if possible, to avert the then impending scourge of civil war, which has since burst with such relentless fury upon our country.

Finding that the unfortunate dissensions, which had arisen between different sections of the country, could not be settled without a resort to the dread arbitrament of war, soon after his return home he tendered his services to his country, in behalf of that form of government under which he had lived from childhood, and which he so much admired; and he was, on the eighteenth of May, 1861, by Gov. Morton, appointed Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment Indiana volunteers—a regiment organized for one year for State service, under an act of the General Assembly of Indiana, approved May seventh, 1861. This regiment rendezvoused at Richmond, Indiana; and immediately after the reverse of that year at Bull Run, was offered to, and accepted by, the United States, and at once hastened to the defense of Washington City.

Col. Hackleman, with his regiment, left Richmond on the twenty-third of July, 1861, and went by rail via Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, and Allegheny City and Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, and through Baltimore—being the first Western regiment that passed through Baltimore—ordered to Harper's Ferry after the battle of Bull Run. The regiment passed directly on to Sandy Hook, where they camped a short distance below Harper's Ferry, Virginia, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Here they were attached to the brigade of Gen. Banks' division, commanded by Gen. J. J. Abercrombie, of the regular army. This brigade consisted of the Sixteenth Indiana, Col. Hackleman; Twelfth Indiana, Col. Link; Twelfth Massachusetts, Col. Fletcher Webster; Second Massachusetts, Col. Gordon, and Ninth New York, Col. ——; a company of Zouaves, and one battery.

From Sandy Hook, under orders, they passed through Knoxville to Monocacy, and camped at a wooden bridge; then marched to Hyattstown, and camped. Left Hyattstown on the twenty-eighth of August; marched through rain all day, on

the road toward Washington. Left the road two miles from Clarksburgh; went three miles, and camped; reached camp near Darnestown, four miles from the Potomac, thirty-first of August. On the third of October, ordered to march; went four miles; order countermanded; camped at Seneca creek. Evening of October twenty-first ordered to remove one mile nearer Darnestown, which was done by night. While on dress parade, received orders to march to Edwards' Ferry. Started same night; marched back to Darnestown; thence in the direction of the Potomac five miles, and bivouaced; after half an hour ordered out, marched all night; reached the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry about daylight, it having rained all night without cessation; that morning, in cold rain and mud, ferried across the Potomac in flats, having no tents or overcoats. On the evening of the twenty-second, about seven o'clock, the rebels opened fire, with musketry, on the pickets. The enemy were reported to be about two thousand strong. The pickets fell back, and the rebels were shelled out with two pieces of artillery, and driven back. About twelve o'clock, of the second night, the regiment was ordered to retreat, and retired in good order, and with so much quietness that not an oar was heard in the water. By daylight, next morning, all the Union forces had recrossed the Potomac. The regiment marched about a mile down the river and camped.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth ordered to march down the river, passed through Poolesville, six miles from Edwards' Ferry, to Seneca mills, and camped over Sabbath. Monday struck tents, and marched to Camp Pine Grove, near Darnestown; reached there October twenty-ninth. Morning of second of December struck tents, marched all day, and camped at night at foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain, at Darnestown. On the third arrived at Monocacy bridge, near Frederick City. On morning of fourth ordered to march three miles from Frederick City on Baltimore pike, where they went into Cantonment Hicks same night; constructed huts, and remained there nearly two months. February twenty-fifth ordered to march; prepared and held in readiness until twenty-seventh, when the regiment marched to Frederick,

took cars to Harper's Ferry; reached there same day, and marched from there, two miles, to Shenandoah City, and camped, occupying vacated houses. Remaining one day they marched to Charlestown, eight miles, and camped. In the night ordered out, and to the front; Maltby's brigade, Second Maryland, reported captured; made forced march to front; found Maltby's brigade all right; returned to camp by breakfast time. On the ninth, at midnight, ordered to prepare rations for three days. At ten o'clock started for Winchester, Virginia, marched to within a mile of Berryville, and camped. Second day after arrival had marching orders, Abercombrie's brigade taking the advance; started about dark on the twelfth, and marched to within two and a half miles of Winchester—a bitter cold night—and bivouaced, expecting then to assist in taking Winchester. Went from camp to Winchester, where, on the morning of the sixteenth, Col. Hackleman was put in command of a detachment, consisting of the Sixteenth regiment, part of the Second Massachusetts, two sections of artillery, and a company of cavalry, and ordered to build a bridge across the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry; went back from Winchester through Berryville, twelve miles; then five miles to Snicker's Ferry, and built the bridge in two days.

On the twenty-second the rest of the brigade arrived; then the whole brigade crossed the river, and camped on the Blue Ridge. Monday, the twenty-third, marched to Aldie, on Leesburgh pike, thirteen miles from the river; camped for the night near Aldie, in Loudon county, Virginia. On the twenty-fourth, at five o'clock, P. M., ordered back to Winchester; marched that night until twelve o'clock, and stopped at old camp on Blue Ridge. On the twenty-fifth started for Winchester; found part of bridge washed away; repaired bridge; crossed and marched about half way from the river to Berryville, when the order was countermanded; then marched back, and camped at old camp on Blue Ridge. Next morning started for Centreville, marched fifteen miles to Goose creek, and camped for the night. About daylight, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, part of the brigade, including the Sixteenth Indiana, ordered to Middletown, five miles to the right of the line of march; rebels reported to be

there; went there; found no rebels; returned to camp same morning. On twenty-eighth marched eighteen miles, and camped four miles from Centreville; the rebel fortifications there were all deserted; passed through Centreville; and on thirtieth camped on Bull Run, and quartered in the vacated rebel shanties. On thirty-first started for Manassas Junction; passed through Catlett's Station, on Orange and Alexandria railroad. On second of April went into camp at Warrenton Junction. On Monday, May fifth, took railroad train for Washington, D. C.; passed through Alexandria; crossed Long Bridge; went to Soldiers' Home; and on the seventh marched out Seventh street to camp.

These dates, and camps, and marches, to the general reader may prove dry and uninteresting; but to the survivors of the Sixteenth Indiana, they may be like turning over a leaf in the book of memory, and exposing a thousand little incidents of fear, and hope, and anxiety, of hardship and toil, through which they all passed as a band of brothers, under the lead of their now fallen General. And though no battle field entombed the remains of any of the regiment during that year's service, yet they all left their homes at the call of their country, and went to the Potomac, where it was then supposed the enemy might most readily be found; and being compelled to obey the orders of their superior officers, could only go when and where bidden.

Col. Hackleman was, on the thirtieth day of April, 1862, commissioned a Brigadier General, to rank as such from the twenty-eighth of April, 1862.

As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his regiment, and by the eminent citizens of Indiana then at Washington, we quote from the Washington Chronicle, and correspondent of Indianapolis Journal, blending the two together, of date of tenth of May, 1862, noticing the Sixteenth regiment Indiana volunteers: "After a prompt and faithful campaign of a year, in the service of their country, this noble body of citizen soldiery have been notified that in a day or two they will be honorably disbanded. They resolved at once, unanimously, that their long association with the brave and gentlemanly officer, under whose command they had

spent so many days of toil, should not be dissolved without an appropriate and enduring testimonial of their high regard for him as an officer, a patriot and a gentleman.

"About three o'clock, in the presence of a large and respectable concourse of ladies and gentlemen, the regiment was formed in line, when, after a fine performance by the regimental band, Mr. James R. S. Cox, a gallant young private of company K, a native of Miami county, Indiana, advanced and in an eloquent and handsome address, presented to their former Colonel—afterwards Brig. Gen. Hackleman—a magnificent sword, sash and belt, of elaborate finish, upon which was engraved: 'Presented to Brigadier General P. A. Hackleman by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Sixteenth Indiana regiment volunteers; Washington, D. C., May tenth, 1862.'

"The reply of Gen. Hackleman was appropriate, replete with the sentiments of loftiest patriotism, and delivered with a degree of power which seemed to touch every heart present. He feelingly alluded to the deep trials, hardships, and perils they had uncomplainingly endured together in the cause of their country. He had ever found them ready for duty. Not a man to murmur or complain, but in the darkest hour, the stormiest night, the bleakest day, the weariest march, the severest peril or danger, the sternest trial, with alacrity and cheerfulness, they had each one discharged his whole duty to a distracted and bleeding country.

"They had been upon no ensanguined field, but all might tell with pride on going home what they done. They had marched over two thousand miles, they had made forty distinct encampments, performed six long forced marches to meet an enemy; they had in forty-eight hours built a bridge over the swift Shenandoah, when regular officers and men said it would require weeks. At the terrible disaster of Ball's Bluff, in a winter storm at night, they had marched to the relief of comrades in arms, and wherever they had gone, whatever they had done, it was with willing hearts and ready hands; their whole duty was performed with fidelity and devotion to their country."

In May, 1862, Gen. Hackleman was ordered to repair to

Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee, and report to Maj. Gen. Halleck. He hurried on, expecting to take part in taking Corinth, but that place was evacuated by the rebels before he reached it, and when he reported for duty, after much delay, he was, on the twenty-third of June, 1862, assigned to duty with the army of the Tennessee, and required to report for orders in writing to Major Gen. Grant, commanding at Memphis; and, on reporting there, was assigned to command the first brigade of the second division (Gen. Davies) of the army of the Mississippi.

His brigade consisted of the Fifty-Second Illinois, Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, the "Union Brigade,"—composed of fragments of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, and Fifty-Eighth Illinois, doing duty as one regiment—and a battery. Gen. Hackleman remained near Corinth until a short time before the battle in which he yielded up his life a sacrifice on the altar of his country.

On Friday morning, third of October, 1862, being the first day of the great battle before Corinth, his brigade was ordered out to meet the foe; and about three o'clock, P. M., in a severe engagement with the enemy, while riding up and down his lines, rallying his troops against an overpowering foe, he received a fatal gunshot wound. The ball passed through his neck from right to left, injuring his powers of utterance to such an extent that he could only talk in broken sentences. He was taken from his horse by Capt. W. H. F. Randall, of Shelbyville, Indiana, Chief of his Staff, and conveyed to the Tishomingo House in Corinth, where he had every needed attention from army surgeons and nurses. And there, about eight o'clock the same evening, entirely conscious of his condition, quietly and peacefully his heroic spirit was freed from its tabernacle of clay.

His last audible words were, "I am dying—but I die for my country." After he had ceased to attempt communication with those around him, some one entered and announced that "the enemy had been repulsed," then a feeble smile passed over his pallid countenance. This was the last sign of consciousness he exhibited.

Thus passed away from earth one of nature's noblemen.

He met his death in that shape which the soldier seems to covet, fearlessly fighting in the face of the foe, urging his men on to victory. He spent his life in the promotion of what he honestly believed to be for the happiness, the prosperity, and true grandeur of his country; and sealed with his life's precious blood his earnest devotion to the country he so fondly loved. He left an example worthy of imitation. He was emphatically a self-made man; the architect of his own fortune. Without family influence or wealth to buoy him up above where merit sustained him, he, by his own industry and perseverance—sustained by an unswervering integrity and honesty of purpose—attained a character and achieved a position among men of which any one might justly be proud. He made his own path through life. His career is a brilliant illustration of the beneficence of that form of government under which we live; where the presiding genius of fame and honor cheerfully bestows her crown, wreathed with chaplets of lasting verdure, upon all by whom it is justly and honorably sought. He was no idler. Wherever he could find labor for his hands, which his convictions approved as contributing to the advancement and prosperity of his country and his race, there was he found laboring, with all his might. Whether urging the construction of railways, or other public improvements, whether urging the promotion of the cause of education, or the advancement of the political measures which he supported, his voice was heard by day and his pen was employed by night. Although for many years in public life, necessarily mingling with all classes of society, he was never guilty of any kind of dissipation. He was remarkably free from the fashionable vices of the age. He was open hearted, candid and generous. He was unaffected and unostentatious in his manner and habits. He was a profound lawyer; an honest, earnest, and able advocate; a frank and manly adversary, never attempting to conceal from his opponent the grounds upon which he relied for success. He was wholly incapable of resorting to any trick or chicanery for the purpose of gaining a triumph in a cause. He always placed his case on what he believed to be the law, and to his position thus taken he adhered with an unyielding tenacity.

When once fully enlisted in a cause, however small the amount involved, his whole powers were exerted in behalf of his client. He was an ardent admirer of that form of government under which we have so long lived and prospered, and often, in conversation, dwelt with great fervor of commendation upon its system of checks and balances; these he believed to be most admirably adjusted. He was an enthusiast on the subject of the capacity of man for self-government, and had an unbounded confidence in the honesty and intelligence of the people; and firmly believed that whatever errors they might be temporarily led into, would be by them corrected on reflection, and that they would in the end surely rectify all mistakes. We cull from various sources a few of the evidences of the estimation in which Gen. Hackleman was held.

Gen. Rosecrans, in his official report to Gen. Grant, dated Corinth, October fourth, 1862, says: "Brig. Gen. Hackleman fell bravely fighting at the head of his brigade."

Col. T. W. Sweeney, upon whom devolved the command of the first brigade when Gen. Hackleman fell, in his official report, says: "The enemy now receiving heavy reinforcements the fighting between him and the Fifty-Second Illinois, Second Iowa and Seventh Iowa became desperately fierce, the right of the 'Union Brigade' having given way at the very beginning of the engagement. Just at this juncture part of Mower's brigade moved up to our support; but before they could be deployed into line, they became panic-stricken and broke in confusion. It was while endeavoring to rally these men that Gens. Hackleman and Oglesby were wounded. The former received his death wound while thus rallying troops to sustain his own gallant brigade. His last words were: 'I am dying—but I die for my country.' 'If we are victorious send my remains home, if not bury me on the field.' No nobler sentiment was ever uttered by soldier or patriot."

Capt. Harris, who was present at the battle, writes thus: "Embracing the first hour of leisure and relief from marching, business and fatigue, since the memorable third and fourth of October, 1862, I offer my grateful tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of our lost hero and friend, Gen.

Hackleman. Dead, but living, an example to his late brother officers; absent, yet present in memory; without an enemy save such as envy makes; the Chevalier Bayard of the army, without fear and without reproach; the courteous gentleman, the competent General; beloved alike by private and officer, lamented by all; tears fill the eyes of his soldiers at his name; the lost leader is mourned as men mourn for a lost brother.

"On Friday, the third, I twice bore messages from Gen. Sullivan to Gen. Hackleman, and saw him at his headquarters, near the intrenchments, a short time before he was mortally wounded, observing the advance of the rebel column on the battery and line to his left. It was a life picture, such as only contending armies portray. Once witnessed, the scene is never lost; memory but reverts to it, and some mysterious camera spreads it out anew in all its hideousness. The rebels charged across an open field, under the well served guns of the battery, near the General's headquarters, and up to the very mouth of the guns attacked, with the desperation of a forlorn hope; every discharge tore through their ranks; platoons fell as one man; wide gaps were torn, but to be closed by the impetuous rush of brave men. Alas! that such bravery and devotion should die in such a cause. Once they falter. Some turn to fly, but the ringing call of their leader again moves the more than decimated band. 'Forward!' The intrenchments are stormed, the daring charge successful, our troops fall back fighting, and Hackleman's brigade is to face the foe. Observant, silent, and collected, Hackleman turns to his staff and officers grouped around him, and calmly issues his orders. I marked the kindly, affectionate tone in which he gave poor Mills the order: 'Bring up your regiment.' Observing me awaiting his orders, he directed me to report the turning of our flank to Gen. Sullivan. I rode away with apprehension. The roar of battle was momentarily stilled; the combatants moving into order of battle, preparing for the hand to hand conflict, which soon recommenced with increased fury; a musketry duel, replying batteries, howling shell, screaming grape and canister, death-winged Minnie balls, a hell of withering, consuming fire,

murderous bayonet stabs, destroying charges, the rush of wounded horses, the repulse, the retreat, amid cheers, cries, groans and curses, the clear, ringing voice of Hackleman is not heard. His men bear him sadly away; the life drops purpling the autumn leaves.

The soldier Hackleman died a martyr to the cause he had conscientiously and consistently fought for. As a citizen in civil and political life, foregoing preferment, if to be purchased by the loss of honor and self-respect—the life long champion of constitutional liberty—the poor man's advocate —the fearless opponent of the demagogue, and the bold denouncer of the aggressions of the ever traitorous oligarchy of the South, he has left a clean and perfect record. Who can impeach it?

In the army, his soldier-like qualities, military capacity, and known merit, gave him well-deserved promotion, and pointed to a career of usefulness. Stricken down in his first battle, the army has lost a brilliant officer; the nation an honest politician; his State one of its most honored sons; his country a brave and public spirited citizen. If there ever was a deliberate offering up of one's self on the altar of country and principle; if a man ever did die in defense of truth, justice and liberty, Pleasant A. Hackleman laid down his life deliberately, willingly, in resisting the flood of wicked treason."

The editor of the Madison (Ind.) Courier thus notices Gen. Hackleman's death:

"For more than twenty years we have known the gallant, but now deeply lamented Hackleman. His parents were of the very first respectability, and gave him, according to the times, a good English education, which he continued to improve, until he became one of the strongest intellectual men of the State. He studied law, and settled in Rushville, where he has had his residence ever since. He served the public as a lawyer, judge, and clerk of the county court, and was twice an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. A firm and decided Whig, his sentiments were not in accordance with the majority of the District, and therefore he was defeated. But no man of the District had a purer political

name, and no man in it was better posted in the history or politics of the country. He was an able political writer, and sent to the press as able editorials as any we have seen in the State. His political opponents had all confidence in his personal honesty and integrity.

"True to the patriotism of his own unbending nature, when the rebellion broke out, he stood up for the Union with his tongue and pen, and took an active part in raising the Sixteenth regiment for the one year's service, of which he was elected Colonel. He gave himself up at once to the study of the high duties of his position, and no officer from the State held a stronger power over the hearts of his men. They ever found him ready for duty, and prepared to meet the foe, while a humane and manly spirit ever led him to be considerate of the welfare of those committed to his charge. Gen. Hackleman is the first and only Brigadier General Indiana has lost in this dreadful rebellion. But his zeal and valor have proved him worthy of his position; and long and bitterly will his thousands of friends mourn his departure. Of him we might say much more than we have, and we could not well have said less. He was generous to his friends—forgiving to his enemies—true to his country, and careless often to himself, he has run the race of life, filled his share in the measure of his country's glory, and we now sadly, solemnly place his name, among the heroes immortal, in our country's galaxy, that it may be associated with the good and the great of the present vast, fearful conflict through all coming ages."

J. R. S. Cox, a private of Co. D in Sixteenth Indiana volunteers, who, for twelve months, endured the privations and hardships of the tented field, under his command, on hearing of his death, wrote as follows:

"There is a moment's pause in the wild turmoil of battle. At the head of his column, in the battle's front, the General has fallen. A shudder passes over the throng; then onward press the gallant legion to avenge their leader's fall. His staff, in silence so eloquent, gather around where their dying chieftain lies. Like the setting sun, his course is run. A life filled with noble deeds and manly purposes, now breathed

away amid broken bayonets and cannons' crashing thunders, on a victorious battle field. His requiem is the battles' fevered pulse. Veiled is the glory of his eye. Earth from his view has faded away with its half-realized dreams of manhood's achievements. Never more shall that commanding form, that would have ranked high even among Israel's stately kings, move the guiding star of hope in the battle's front. What a host of recollections throng upon us! Vividly rise before us the scenes of a twelve months' campaign: our camp at Sandy Hook—the mountain scenery at Harper's Ferry—the successive camps of Darnestown, Seneca, Frederick, and those dark days at Edward's Ferry, where, infusing something of his own spirit into the men, his iron will rose high above discouraging difficulties. Those long marches through Virginia to Winchester, across the Shenandoah, over the Blue Ridge, through Manassas to the Rappahannock, as the panorama moves past, how many thousand instances are called up, of his kindness in alleviating the condition of his men. We endured no hardship which he did not share; and no regiment ever loved their Colonel more devotedly, than the Sixteenth did P. A. Hackleman. I have seen him wrap his blanket around him in the rain, and lie down to sleep on the damp ground, and when resting on the march, eating a hard cracker by the roadside, surrounded by a crowd of the boys roaring at his jokes; often trudging on foot, carrying a gun, while a sick man rode his horse. Let others speak of him as the lawyer and the statesman. How well he acquitted himself in civil life, is for them to say. But when leaving all to do battle for his country, he did so bear himself as a soldier, that while almost adored as a commander, he was venerated as a father by every man in the Sixteenth Indiana. A hero of the old Roman stamp, too seldom seen among public men. His life may well be studied by the young. It was no heartless desire for fame. He lived not for himself alone. With a mind of expansive view, that glanced far away into the future—with a gigantic intellect, and most unquestioned honesty of purpose, he formed a conspicuous personage on the theatre of Indiana's history. Thus was he in peace, and in time of war, the same zealous discharge of duty made his

name a symbol of power in the army of the Union. While Indiana has lost a gallant son, could he have wished a prouder death? We will ever think of him as struck at the head of his column, leading them on to glorious victory."

The late Hon. Caleb B. Smith, then Secretary of the Interior, afterwards Judge of the Federal Court for the District of Indiana, in response to an invitation to deliver an oration at Gen. Hackleman's funeral, furnished the following feeling tribute to his memory:

"INDIANAPOLIS, October 14, 1862.

"JAMES S. STEWART, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I regret that official duties require my presence at Washington at so early a period that it will be impossible for me to attend the funeral obsequies of our late lamented friend, Gen. Hackleman.

"During an intimate professional and social intercourse with him of more than twenty-five years, I learned to appreciate his virtues and abilities, and should enjoy a melancholy satisfaction in uniting with his friends to pay a tribute of respect to his memory.

"Gen. Hackleman was a noble specimen of the best type of western manhood. As a lawyer, he was earnest and zealous in the advocacy of the cause of his client, while his high sense of honor prevented him from descending to any thing mean or unprofessional to gain a point. As a politician, he was bold, manly and independent, zealously advocating what he believed to be right, without regard to its effect upon his own political prospects; and never consenting to the sacrifice of principle to expediency. He possessed a frank and genial temper, which endeared him to his friends, and rendered him an attractive object in the social circle. The patriotism of Gen. Hackleman was of that ardent character which would not permit him to remain an idle spectator of the bloody struggle, which sedition and rebellion have brought upon our afflicted country. He promptly tendered his services to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and from the commencement of the war to the period when he yielded his life upon the battle field, a sacrifice for his country, he occupied a conspicuous position among the citizen soldiers, who are hazarding their lives to preserve the integrity of the Union. Although

he had not received a military education, he manifested in an eminent degree the qualities which make the able and successful soldier.

"His career, though brief, was brilliant; and his untimely death is one among the greatest sacrifices which a wicked rebellion has imposed upon the patriotism of the country. But though we mourn his early loss, we can derive consolation from the knowledge that he died in a sacred cause, and that his countrymen remember with gratitude his patriotic sacrifices.

"I trust that the sacrifices which have been made to preserve the best government in the world, will not have been made in vain, and that we shall soon have the satisfaction of seeing the flag of our Union acknowledged in every State. When our now dissevered confederacy shall be reunited, and the names of the gallant band of heroes and patriots who contributed to that result, shall be inscribed upon the roll of fame, conspicuous among the brightest will appear the name of Gen. Pleasant A. Hackleman.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"CALEB B. SMITH."

The following is from the Lafayette Journal:

"I AM DYING—BUT I AM DYING FOR MY COUNTRY."

Last words of Brigadier General P. A. Hackleman, of Indiana, who fell at the battle of Corinth, October third, 1862.

"Dying—for my country dying,"
And his comrades knelt to hear
What loved message they should carry,
To his friends and kindred dear;
"Dying"—he so faintly whispered,
While his face with radiance beamed,
"For my country"—then so gently
Slept he on as one who dreamed.

Dying—for thy country dying.
Proud that land which shares thy fame,
Richer far than thrones, or kingdoms,
Is the wealth of such a name;

For when treason's desolation
Shall be swept from off the land,
Midst the heroes of our country,
Shall thy name forever stand.

"Dying—for my country dying."
Live those words forever more.
Whilst each patriot heart shall bless thee
And repeat them o'er and o'er,
Live thy memory fresh and fragrant,
And thy name be written high,
On that scroll, with those who ever
For their country's cause would die.

T. W.

His remains were conveyed home and interred in the East Hill Cemetery, at Rushville, Indiana; there being a larger attendance at his funeral than at any other ever witnessed in that part of the State.

HARVEY BERTRAND BASSETT

Was born in Aurora, Dearborn county, Indiana, in 1835. In 1840 his father, Horace Bassett, Esq., at that time Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts, moved to the capital of the State. At a suitable age young Bassett was sent to Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, where he completed his education. On his return from college, he was appointed by his father Deputy Clerk, which position he held until the war broke out in 1861. The call which summoned the martial spirit of the North to arms awakened no more enthusiastic soldier than Harvey Bassett. He entered as a private in the company of Capt. George W. Geisendorff, which was assigned to the Twentieth regiment, then rendezvousing at Lafayette. Soon the regiment took the field. At first it was posted in Cockeysville, Maryland, guarding the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburgh. Here Bassett was chosen company clerk, filling the position to the entire satisfaction of his commanding officer. In September the regiment arrived at Hatteras Inlet, and, sailing up Pamlico Sound, went into camp at Chicamacomico. Four days afterward, the camp was attacked by a large rebel force, and compelled

to retreat to the forts at the Inlet, forty-five miles distant. This march was very trying on the men; and Bassett, being file leader, and ambitious for the fair reputation of his company, was always at the post of duty. After suffering many hardships, the regiment arrived at Fortress Monroe, where it remained six months. Then it marched upon Norfolk, and from thence to the front of Richmond. On the twenty-fifth of June, 1862, it took part in the battle of the Orchards. The regiment charged through timber into a wheat field, driving a large rebel force before it, when it was suddenly flanked, and suffered terrible loss. One hundred and ninety-two men, in twenty minutes, were killed, wounded and missing. Bassett's name was included in the list of the missing —that terrible list which makes the heart sick by waiting and hoping. The sad fact was known alas! too soon. He was mortally wounded and a prisoner. He was shot in the right side, the ball penetrating his stomach. He died in a rebel hospital on the third of July, the eighth day after the battle. The Union officers—Surgeons excepted—then prisoners in Richmond, were not permitted to see the wounded. After Bassett's death, his body was seen and identified by Adjutant Stiles. His treatment, while in the rebel hospital, was kind as could be afforded by the rebels. Dr. Marshall, a Union Surgeon, and rebel physicians, attended him. During his extreme suffering, he was remarkably cheerful, his great object seeming to be to encourage his wounded comrades. He believed he had done his duty, and was about to die in a glorious cause. The patriotism which nerved him to fight for his country strengthened him in his dying moments, and he breathed out his spirit gently as if sinking into pleasant dreams.