WEEKLY SENTINEL

WEDNESDAY.....JULY 31, 1861

Central Democratic Committee.

The Central Democratic Committee of Marion county will meet at the *Sentinel* office, on Saturday, the 3d o August, at 2 o'clock P. M. The following are the Committee:

Center Township—N. Hayden, Julius Nicolai, J. P Meikle.
Decatur—D. L. McFarland.
Franklin—George Hickman.
Perry—Ed. S. Tyler.
Pike—Joseph Loftin.
Wayne—Thomas Morrow.
Warren—William Hunter.
Washington—Dr. Cyrus.
Lawrence—John McCook.

Punctuality in the attendance of members is requested.

N. HAYDEN, Chairman.

Indianapolis, July 27, 1861.

Direct Taxation.

In the House of Representatives on Saturday last, the Committee of Ways and Means, by a vote in the affirmative of seventy-eight against thirty-three, were instructed to report forthwith a bill upon a basis to raise twenty millions of dollars by direct taxation, and that such other sums as may be necessary be raised on the personal income or wealth of the country. A measure of this kind will doubtless be passed as the only means of preserving the credit of the Government. Indiana's portion of the twenty millions will be about nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides whatever else may be necessary to be raised on personal incomes. This is correct policy. The Government should not borrow money without at least providing means to pay the interest upon the public indebtedness. We say this upon the principle that those who dance should pay for the music. It would also give additional confidence in the bonds as a safe security, that the question of the increase of the public debt should be submitted to the people for their approval. This could readily be done in sixty days, and during that time the exigencies of the Government could be met by temporary loans, as is now being done.

Mr. Davis at Greencastle.

The appointment of Hon. JOHN G. DAVIS to address the people of Putnam county, at Greencastle, on Saturday last, upon the present condition of public affairs, was largely attended. Mr. DAVIS was listened to attentively throughout, and his remarks, we are informed, were well received. It was anticipated from the inflammatory course of the secession organ here, the *Journal*, advising the people of Putnam not to permit Mr. DAVIS to speak, and thus to throttle "free speech," that there would have been a disturbance and an attempt to break up the meeting, but nothing of the kind occurred, much to the disappointment of the disunionists who have for years been trying to abolitionize the Government, or if they could not succeed in that, to dissolve the Union. We do not know the character of Mr. DAVIS' remarks, but we are gratified to learn that he and the people of Putnam county, on Saturday last, vindicated a principle—the right of the people to peacefully meet, and, without molestation, discuss all measures of public policy—deprived of which Republican institutions would become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. We are willing to defer to the judgment and sagacity of the "plain people" of the country at all times, knowing that if even they are carried away for the moment by public clamor and a false policy, that the "second sober thought is always right."

Who to Blame!

The war correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Washington, after the disaster at BULL'S RUN, that "we have sent into Virginia the best appointed division of our grand army, we have fought the greatest battle ever fought upon the Continent, and we have not only been beaten, but our army has been routed, and many of its best regiments wholly demoralized." Who to blame for this sad disaster? It is said that Gen. SCOTT was unwilling to risk an advance upon Manassas, and advised against it, and that Gen. McDOWELL wrote the day before the engagement that he anticipated a defeat. Mr. RICHARDSON, of Illinois, during a speech in the House on Wednesday last, says that Gen. SCOTT, in a conversation with him, remarked: "I am the biggest coward in the world." I rose from my seat. "Stay," said Gen. SCOTT, "I will prove it. I have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the President ought to remove me to day for doing it." "As God is my judge," he added, after an interval of silence, "I did all in my power to make the army efficient, and I deserve removal because I did not stand up when I could and did not." Afterwards Gen. SCOTT alludes to a conversation with the President, as follows: "Your conversation implies," said the President, "that I forced you to battle." Gen. SCOTT indicates that he did, for his reply, which is as follows, does not exculpate him: "*I* have never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been." The New York *Times* of Friday last, contains an editorial, by authority, exposing Gen. SCOTT's plan, and drawing the distinction between that and that of the Cabinet, which shows that the latter controlled the advance of the army of the Potomac, instead of the former. And this, too, by men who have no knowledge whatever of military affairs. Should Gen. SCOTT have thus yielded his judgment in reference to an important movement of the army, the result of which might change the whole character of the war? Does it not prove most conclusively that he lacked that decision of character which is the most important element in a military leader? He permitted political Generals to control a movement in which his reputation as a soldier was at stake not only, but possibly the destiny of the Government he was serving. Instead of yielding, he should have promptly resigned his own commission and thrown the entire responsibility of the disaster upon the Administration, to whom it properly belongs. An intelligent correspondent, in estimating the results of the disaster, forcibly remarks:

> Were this defeat to be mourned, in the estimation of the world, by the comparative extent of loss of life on the two sides, one might strike a balance, not much against the Federal Government. But unfortunately, the defeat is, is a moral point of view, more disastrous to us than would be the loss of tens of thousands of lives. The victory is morally of a value to the Confederates, equal to all the crops of cotton that they can grow for five years;—equal in fact to the value of hundreds of thousands of the lives of their best people. It confirms their independence, as they believe—and it is only necessary that they should have this belief, to make the fact itself a substantial reality. Every hesitating man in the South is rendered firm by this event, in favor of disunion. Their victory will save them perhaps a ten years war. At any rate, as they think, it will render impossible and absurd the threatened advance upon Richmond. They do, in fact, threaten Washington; and boast, not without some reasonable ground, that we hold it by their sufferance, and as an assurance that they seek only for independence and peace.

The facts in reference to the unfortunate and ill-timed advance of the Army of the Potomac illustrates the incompetency of the Administration for the discharge of the high duties entrusted to it. The Republican leaders in Congress are also equally culpable. All assumed a responsibility in urging forward the advance to Richmond against a foe fully prepared to meet it, and well informed as to the point of attack and the forces to be employed. A victory to the enemy was of the highest importance, as it would encourage and consolidate the entire South, while a decisive defeat would have been ruinous to their cause. But the members of Congress and the Republican leaders wanted to see the fun of a battle, and their clamor prevailed, regardless of the stake at issue. A few more such mistakes, and the Federal Army will be thoroughly demoralized. And what hopes, with such materials to administer the Government, but that similar disasters will follow? If they should, we can only anticipate anarchy in the future, until even the people will welcome a military chieftain, ambitious and equal to the occasion, who would assume authority and restore tranquility and stability to the Government. History furnishes many remarkable instances of rulers who have arisen to power under like circumstances, and they may be repeated.

☞ John B. Davis, of Brookville, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 21st regiment.

In Which Class!

RAYMOND, of the New York *Times*, says he can find nothing in Washington but "compromisers, sneerers, infidels, adventurers, toadies, pimps, gamblers, scrabs (!) and poor miserable rat scavenger organizations, for which, in the capital of the nation, there should be no hole found." In which class does he place himself? Again he says, "there would be nothing lost if the State Department were locked up and the key thrown into the Potomac." This sounds odd in a Republican paper on the first and last Republican Administration the world ever saw or ever will see. Is this treason to the Government, or only to the party? If the former, it is a capital crime; if the latter, it is a capital virtue.

How the Negro Pants for Slavery.

The Chicago *Times* says "the war has dispelled one delusion of the abolitionists. The negroes regard them as enemies instead of friends. No insurrection has occurred in the South—no important stampede of slaves has evinced their desire for freedom. On the contrary, they have jeered at and insulted our troops, have readily enlisted in the rebel army, and on Sunday, at Manassas, shot down our men with as much alacrity as if abolition had never existed. These are the creatures for whose sake LOVEJOY, CHANDLER and POMEROY are agitating the nation, and to whom they would unconditionally extend the privileges of freedom. A more abject, treacherous race never lived on the face of the earth."

Recollections of the Past.

The New York *Times*, speaking of the battle at Bull's Run, says: "To the 69th (Irish regiment) too much praise for unflinching and persistent gallantry can hardly be awarded."

"And when the retreat had been ordered it was the masterly skill of the German brigade under Col. BLENKNER, which covered the movement, and prevented any accumulated disasters." Had it not been for the old Democratic party, these very men would be *politically proscribed* by Know-nothingism in 1854–5. The curious and mortifying spectacle would be presented of men fighting for a Government that proscribed them on account of their *birth* and religion! The heroic acts of LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, MONTGOMERY and DEKALB, were forgotten. Their descendants have left a fresh mark on the page of the history of our country. How soon will it be forgotten by the same men?

The Abolition Programme.

The New York *Independent* is perhaps the best exponent of the ultimate but undeclared purposes of the Administration. *It* either inspires the Radicals and Ultraists who contrive to mould and shape the policy of the Administration, *or* it is inspired by *them*. In either case, what it and its recognized correspondents say of the intentions and future policy of the Administration, may justly be regarded as semi-authoritative. Hence, the following from the *Independent's* regular Washington correspondent becomes somewhat important:

> The legislation asked for by the President *will* be granted, and much more. He *will* be authorized to take such steps as he thinks proper to crush out the rebellion. A confiscation law *will* be passed, the rebel ports *will* be closed, and a bill has been introduced by Mr. Trumbull *to emancipate the slaves in all the rebel States*. This is a prophecy of the future. If, when the regular session of Congress opens next December, the rebels still maintain their positions, Congress will go earnestly at work *to devise some scheme for the complete extirpation of slavery*, and some of the ablest members of Congress are now studying the subject, *with a view to practical measures for the entire overthrow of human slavery upon this continent*. We have seen only the beginning of this war, and North and South are alike *unaware of the vast results* which are to flow from it. *This is well*. Let the war go on, and the people *will be educated by it* to accept its grand consequences with heartfelt gladness.

Is this the entertainment to which we were invited? Are our Republican cotemporaries—are our Republican members of Congress prepared or this crusade, for its "vast results," and for the incalculable burdens and sacrifices which it must necessarily impose? *We* are not.

Here it is declared that the real object of the war henceforth is, "the entire overthrow of human slavery on this continent." We are told that "the North and the South are alike *unaware*" of this scheme. We are further told that "*this is well*": that is, it "is well" that the people *are* "unaware" of the grand and "vast results" which the war is designed to accomplish. We are further told that as the war goes on, the people "will be educated by it," and come by degrees to penetrate and approve the plans of the powers that be. These are startling revelations—if revelations they really are; and we fear they are revelations. We have little heart to comment on such cold blooded and demoniacal suggestions and predictions, at a moment when tens of thousands of our brethren are in murderous conflict with each other—a conflict, which, however justifiable on our part, an exalted patriotism and a high order of statesmanship might have averted.

The Great Battle.

A Republican friend stated to us yesterday that a large number of Republicans had expressed the opinion that the *Sentinel* was coloring the results of the great battle at BULL'S RUN to favor the rebels. In the first place we have only published such results as have come to us through Republican papers and sources of information. Instead of giving all the facts we have withheld what we knew in regard to that disastrous affair, knowing that a portion of the community were unwilling to hear the truth, and would therefore charge us with presenting a prejudiced view of the misfortunes of our army. We know that Gen. SCOTT telegraphed to a friend that "the finest appointed army which ever went to a field of battle had suffered an inglorious rout," and we learn from a reliable source that the Cabinet, at a meeting held to hear the results of the battle of Sunday at BULL'S RUN, determined that it would be inexpedient to publish to the country a true statement of the terrible disasters attending the defeat, rout, and demoralization of the Federal army. We publish a newspaper and we endeavor to give our readers a true representation of current events. This is the duty of the press. In a country where the people rule it is right that they should have the information necessary to pass judgment upon the occurrences of the day and the doings of their representatives. If a finely appointed army, unsurpassed in that regard heretofore, meets with an overthrow, the causes of the disaster should be known so that the same fatal errors may not be committed in the future. From what has been developed of the disasters to our army at BULL'S RUN we are satisfied that the principal cause of defeat arose from the large number of incompetent, inefficient and timid officers who led brave and gallant men, and who, under other circumstances, would have achieved a triumph. We are glad to note that the War Department has taken steps to remedy this difficulty in the future, by providing a thorough examination of the qualifications of all who aspire to rank in the army.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—The largest farm in Illinois is that of Isaac Funk, who resides near Bloomington, McLean county. The total number of acres occupied and owned by him is 39 900—one farm of 27,000 acres, said to be worth $30 per acre, and three pasture fields containing, respectively, 8,000, 3,900 and 1,000 acres. His great crop is corn, all of which he consumes at home, and is thus able to take to market about $70,000 worth of cattle per year at New York. His stock on hand of horses, mules, hogs and fat cattle is said to be worth $100,000.

THE CAUSE OF THE PANIC AT MANASSAS.—The Washington *Star* says that the panic was commenced in a light battery commanded by a fat Lieutenant. He was proceeding under orders to flank one of the enemy's batteries, when a detachment of cavalry made a dash at them. Instead of unlimbering and essaying to receive the charge with grape or canister, he turned and instantly fled, leaving two of his pieces on the field. The 2d Connecticut and the Minnesota (of Gen. Schenck's Brigade, which were exposed to the fire of the battery which the fat Lieutenant had started to flank) then broke and run into the bushes. Instantaneously it seemed that the panic was communicated in all directions.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.—The Petersburg (Va.) Express says that the Confederate troops now in Virginia, and under arms, is estimated at 170,000 men. There is a large enrolled force not yet equipped.

For the Daily State Sentinel.

Our Army Correspondence—The Thirteenth Indiana in Virginia—Shameful Neglect of the Wounded.

CAMP AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN PASS, VA, July 25.

EDITOR SENTINEL.—A strange object made its appearance in our camp this morning. Field officers and staff, Captains and Lieutenants, non-commissioned officers and privates crowded around to see the strange and, to us, unnatural sight. We had all seen such sights in Indiana and were our frequent companions, often carrying them in our pockets and hats, and frequently, like the man's milk, "lying around loose," but three long weeks had elapsed since our eyes beheld the like; three long weeks of silence, cut off and shut out as we are from the world, its jolity and mirth, its gaiety and its pleasures, we danced in very joy when Col. Heffren held up to our astonished gaze a copy of the *Weekly Sentinel* of the 16th of July. All hunger was forgotten, all duty dropped and one universal thrill ran through the hearts of all to hear from the old Hoosier State, from our homes, kindred and friends, to see if we of the 13th were forgotten. All listened to every word and syllable in the paper concerning our share in the campaign, but silence, dread silence, told all that we were as yet unnoticed, and that others carried off the honors and laurels that should grace our brows. But we all "will wait awhile with patience" until tardy justice can be meted out to our noble dead and heroic living.

Since I wrote you, we have advanced sixteen miles farther into the enemy's country, and are now encamped at the foot of Cheat Mountain Pass, a most important position and one of strong natural defenses, which we, together with the 14th and 15th Indiana and 13th Ohio, are fortifying and which we are determined to hold at all hazards. Other columns may be driven back, but I do not believe that this can be. We are right in the mouth of the pass, and a beautiful mountain stream meanders over its rocky bed through the narrow valley. There are some fine speckled mountain trout in the stream which our men manage to catch occasionally. I have a fine mess of frogs for one of the officers caught out of "Roaring River," and have no doubt they were enjoyed greatly, while the "poor devils," as the boys term themselves, eat beef and pilot bread. Our march to this place was in quick time, being 16 miles, with all our baggage, camp equipage, &c., &c., in one afternoon. It was a hard march, and such an one as I hope not to experience soon.

Our wounded have been shamefully treated. The hospital surgeons or regimental surgeons, or whose ever business it is to look after the sick and wounded and dress their wounds and attend their wants, have shamefully neglected them. For two days have the noble hearted brave boys of the 13th lain in hospital without their wounds being dressed, and at Rich Mountain some say as long as four days. If such conduct does not merit the severest reprehension, I am unable to judge. I will give one instance, that your readers may judge for themselves. One Fordyce, belonging to Capt. Sayles' Co., 13th regiment, lost an arm at Rich Mountain. It had to be amputated close up to the arm pit. He was placed in the hospital, and being strong and athletic and of a vigorous constitution, would, it was thought, easily recover. Weak from loss of blood he could not leave his position on his blanket. He was neglected, and after he had been carried to the hospital at Beverly, he, together with others, were shamefully neglected. His arm broke open afresh, and when Dr. Gall was sent for to go to the hospital, (a place he has no control over, nor do his duties require him there,) and see about the wounded, he found Fordyce's arm with *maggots in it a half inch long*. If this is the way Indiana soldiers are to be treated, God forbid that any more should be wounded. I think it a disgrace to civilization, a shame upon humanity, morality and Christianity.

Last Sunday some of the 15th boys climbed the high plank at our left and put an American flag upon its summit. It is one-half mile to the top from our camp, and is one thousand feet higher, so you can judge of the difficulties in climbing it. On yesterday Col. Heffren and about thirty of our men went up, cut off the brush and trimmed up the tallest tree on the point and placed the flag still higher. It can be seen for many miles around and serves as a beacon to our pickets. The sides of mountains here are covered by "huckleberries" and right well do we use them. We have no vegetables whatever. Beef, pork, beans, sugar, coffee, rice, and vinegar, with hard pilot bread completes our fare and often on short allowance.

We are now in Gen. Schleich's brigade, and I think him a first rate man. We all want our old patriotic Gen. Reynolds of Indiana, here. We hear he is on the road and when he arrives, if you could be here you would hear such a shout as would shake even the mountains around us. It is a little singular that the two leaders of the Democratic party in the legislatures of Ohio and Indiana, after being branded and denounced as secessionists by Republicans at home should be here in one brigade fighting to put down rebellion while their traducers and miligners to a great extent are at home either too niggardly to leave home and give their time to their country, or else too cowardly to face the foe. Time makes great changes and those are often found in the rear who express the greatest bravery.

I forgot to mention that our mutual friend and well-wisher, Capt. J. R. Bracken, with his cavalry came into Beverly about half an hour before we left. There was a joyous shaking of hands and "how do you do," on all sides. The Capt. rides his horse well and can "hold his oats." We treated him kindly on —— and water, and he says *hurra* for the men of the 13th and we say *hurra* for Capt. Bracken and his men, and all of Indiana because we had better *hurra* while we can.

In conclusion permit me to say "go it Sol.," and "go it George," as you both belong to the same family and may tell the truth on each other.

I am &c., A. B. C.

Our Army Correspondence—the Fifteenth Indiana in Virginia.

CHEAT MOUNTAIN PASS, VA., July 20, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The short account sent you regarding the battle of Rich Mountain, was written before full particulars had been obtained of the sick and wounded on each side. Official document now state that over 250 of the rebels were killed, with the loss of twenty men killed and sixty wounded on our part. Five guns, twelve colors, 1,500 stand of arms, and 1,000 prisoners, with their baggage and camp equipage were taken. Of these prisoners, more than forty were officers, including one of the rebel commanders, who occupied their intrenched position, the other commander being killed in the battle. The fallen rebels were buried by our troops, and our Chaplain gave an impressive and appropriate discourse on the occasion. Some who witnessed this scene for the first time pronounced it (in connection with the sight of the wounded near by) the most awful spectacle they had ever beheld. The prisoners, except the officers, were released on parole, and many of them marched past our encampment, night before last. The impression made on our men was various; some thought them fine looking men, while others, after reserving a few from the general condemnation, denounced them, to ourselves, as very far inferior to the material composing our ranks. They were, however, treated with the utmost civility, our Brigadier General, Schleich, of Ohio, seeing personally that this was strictly carried out. About the time they reached the most advanced detachment of the 14th Indiana volunteers, situated near the summit of Cheat Mountain, news was brought that four dragoon scouts of the Cincinnati cavalry, some of whom had been sent in advance, were killed and others wounded by an ambuscade of rebels, who immediately after firing from the timber were seen rapidly retreating, in a position inaccessible to cavalry. The prisoners are retained until the affair is investigated.

It is reported that Capt. Chris. Miller, of the 10th Indiana, who was shot through the lungs, is recovering, and that not much hope is entertained of the life of Col. Bryant, who labors under concussion of the brain from the passage of a cannon ball close by him without his having received the slightest wound. The 8th and 10th Indiana volunteers suffered the most severely of all in the engagement. The Ohio troops, under General Rosecrans, doubled the enemy's flank and made the attack in the rear. The 13th and 14th Indiana served to complete the victory, and the 15th Indiana was held in reserve, sleeping all night on their arms.

The 14th Indiana now occupies the advanced post in the mountains, which they will probably fortify; our men being in the valley at the foot of that mountain. This, as remarked before, constitutes the limit of this geographical division, as, on descending, we are all in the valley of the Alleghany range.

This section of country is diversified by fine mountain scenery. The small valleys affording good small grain and grazing, but the grain and provisions chiefly ran out of the country before our arrival, so that it is very difficult to obtain grain forage for the artillery and cavalry horses, baggage teams, officers' horses, &c.

The mountain sides are clothed with chestnut, beech, oak, some pines, sassafrass and an undergrowth of some laurel and vast quantities of winter-green, ferns, blackberries, gooseberries and whortleberries.

In Rich Mountain are several coal seams, overlying the millstone grit, some of which seams are worked; in one of these pits the wounded rebels took refuge, and were found piled on each other, dead.

On the route from Rich to Cheat Mountain, we passed a kiln which burns lime from the subcarboniferous limestone. Here, at the foot of Cheat Mountain, we are again chiefly in the millstone grit, with adjoining siliceous and alumnious shales, bearing fossiliferous evidence of the subcarboniferous epoch, and sloping at a high angle from the Alleghany range.

The country, although the valleys are well adapted for small grain and grapes, is sparsely settled, because of the preponderance of mountain; and the few inhabitants who are here, show a decided secession proclivity, which renders them dangerous as spies, &c. Yet not finding them with arms in their hands, they are well treated; and the orders of the Commanding General scrupulously to respect private property, have rarely, if ever, been violated.

A few of the officers and men of the 15th Regiment remain sick from diarrhœa, dysentery, rheumatism and pneumonia, from forced marches, and exposure to rain, &c., without tents; but the latter have now chiefly arrived, and there is a prospect of convalescence, as well as there is full evidence of good spirits and heartiness in the cause, exhibited by the officers and soldiers of

THE 15TH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Report of Col. Dumont to Gen. Morris of the Battle of Corrick's Ford of Cheat River.

CAMP AT INDIANAPOLIS, July 25, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The officers of the 7th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers earnestly request you to publish Col. Dumont's official report of the battle of Corrick's Ford.

JAS. GAVIN, Adjt. 7th Ind. Reg.

GEN. T. A. MORRIS—I have the honor to submit to you herewith, a report of the part taken by my command (7th Indiana Regiment) in the battle of Corrick's Ford of Cheat River, the 13th day of July 1861. About 10 o'clock, A. M., of the 12th a mounted scout, coming with the utmost speed on the road leading from the enemy's camp, informed me that the order was that Col. Milroy and myself with our commands should march without a moment's delay, by the Beverly road, on the enemy's camp. That was all I was told, and, as the enemy's camp was but a short mile distant, and the emergency seemingly such as justify no delay, I, with the assistance of Lieut. Col. Spooner and Maj. Oyler, formed my regiment, and was in rapid march in five minutes from the time the order was delivered. Col. Milroy's regiment was formed and on march with Lieut. Col. Dunn at its head (Col. Milroy himself having advanced with a small party toward the enemy's camp to reconnoitre) with as little loss of time, and, being encamped nearer the enemy than the 7th Indiana, took the advance.

The men marched with will and speed, and never did a body of foot pass a given space in quicker time, or with a greater desire to meet and fight the enemy. But when we arrived at the ground, no enemy was there—they had precipitately and ingloriously fled. Being joined by Col. Barnett, of Cleveland Artillery, with two companies of his command, to-wit: company C, commanded by Lieut. Leave and company E, commanded by Capt. Hickman, who took position in the rear of Col. Milroy's and in front of my command, Capt. J. N. Bemusdaffer's company of my regiment being in advance of the whole column as the advance guard. We gave immediate pursuit, the particulars of which is not perhaps necessary for me to detail at any great length. We found the road blocked with heavy trees in a great many places, felled by the enemy to retard our pursuit. We found the bridge at Leedsville broken up, which was repaired and made passable by Lieut. Waller, with a detachment of men from company A, of the 7th Indiana regiment, of which company he was in command, being detached for that purpose, from his own company, owing to the sickness and absence of all the commissioned officers of company A. I believe that I had no more reliable officer in my command and his subsequent conduct and daring in the battle proved the correctness of the belief. At this point which is some ten miles from the point at which we were directed to halt, and, my men being wholly without provision, directed Captain John M. Blair of Co. C, (an efficient and meritorious officer; ever ready to do duty and encounter danger) to take a small foraging party and seek provisions at some of the adjoining farm houses. While on this duty he came upon a small party of the enemy and took them prisoners, to-wit: Lieut. John W. Jackson of the 20th Virginia regiment, and private Robt. Anderson, and Samuel B. Murphy of same regiment—all of whom gave up their arms to him. At or near night fall we were joined by Col. Stedman, (14th Ohio regiment,) who had made a very hard march to overtake us, and who informed me that he had been directed by you, at such time as we might be ordered to take up our line of march and renew the pursuit, to take position in my advance. When the line of march was renewed he took position accordingly, and maintained it until the crossing of Corrick's Ford by my regiment, during the battle, when my command crossed the river, took the front and engaged the enemy on that side of the stream. What I know about the battle itself, and what part my command took in the same, I will now proceed to relate, and to do which understandingly, I will state, that our forces were pursuing the enemy at the time we came upon them, down Shank fork of Cheat river, and we came up with them at Corrick's Ford, so that when the fight commenced we were on the left, and the enemy (except as to a few wagons in the act of crossing) on the right side of the stream above the ford in a large meadow. The meadow begins a half a mile or more above the ford and terminates in woods a few hundred yards before the ford is reached. The road at this point passes between the meadow and the river near the bank, and parallel to the river. To avoid the mud, which was very deep in the road, I was marching my command through the meadow, and when the firing commenced had nearly passed through it. Just before the firing the order of march was Colonel Stedman in front, then a portion of Col. Barnett's artillery, then my command, (the 7th Indiana,) then Col. Milroy's command, (the 9th Indiana.) I will not state the order of march as to the troops still to the rear, for the very good reason that I do not know it, starting in the night as we did on the day of the battle. As soon as I heard a gun I put my men upon the run, (double quick,) and soon after emerging from the meadow was met by Capt. Blake of Col. Milroy's command, acting I believe temporarily as aid to Capt. Benham, who ordered me to cross the river and ascend the hill above the enemy, wind around it down the stream to his flank and rear and charge upon him. The right of my command was at that time near the river—without halting I gave the command to file right, marched straight to the river and in a moment was ascending the hill. I dismounted from my horse, gave him to a soldier—no horse could clamber up it—as it was almost perpendicular, and proceeded on foot to ascend the hill. I soon found that the top of the rugged hill could only be reached by the men marching in single file and seizing hold of the trees, bushes and ledges of rocks to aid them and prevent them from falling backward. Co. A, commanded by Lieut. Waller, Co. B, commanded by Capt. Morgan, a sturdy old man as tough as whalebone (who by the way, though sixty years of age, is gritty and resolute, a stranger to fear, the bravest of the brave) and a part of Co. C, had already reached the summit when Lieut. Col. Spooner, to whom I had confided the task of bringing up the rear, called to me, (I being at that time near the top of the hill,) saying that Capt. Benham directed me to bring the men back.

The order had been delivered by Capt. Benham to Adjutant James Gavin who communicated it to Lieut. Col. Spooner at the foot of the hill, and by him communicated to me as above stated. I filed my men quickly down the hill and was ordered to charge the enemy at the ford and guns. The space between me and the right bank of the ford was some 300 yards (I would judge) but for the greater part of that distance there was not a foot of ground between the river and the rough battlement of the hill upon which the men could march or even stand. They could not march alongside of the hill because it was a perpendicular battlement or parapet. Neither the ford nor the guns could be reached but by putting my men in the river and marching down. The bottom of the stream is covered with large, loose, rolling bowlders, and its depth and rapidity such that a number of the weaker men lost their footing and were submerged with their guns in the water. Still when I gave the order to charge down upon the ford no one hesitated, not a man faltered, notwithstanding their position in the stream necessarily exposed them to the fire of the enemy. The necessity of going down the stream at all, resulted from the fact that until the ford is reached the bluff is so high as to present an impassable barrier. The ford is where it is simply because there is at that point a narrow egress from the water to the right bank. The enemy's guns were above the ford, that is to say between the place where I took the water and the ford. We reached the ford without loss of time, as will be readily believed when the danger of the position is appreciated. Here we encountered a difficulty resulting from the fact that the narrow passage was gorged with the wagons and horses of the enemy, and that many of the enemy were still behind and among them, and in the bushes and woods beyond; the wagons and bushes afford ing a good cover against our fire.

It should be borne in mind that the entire right bank of the river, not only above but below the ford, is covered by a dense laurel thicket almost impassable on foot and through which it was impossible to fire effectually from the left bank of of the stream upon the enemy. It will readily be perceived, therefore, that the attack most damaging to the enemy could be made by the Federal troops not until after the passage of the jungle. The enemy securely located behind the laurel thicket, which could not be penetrated by musket balls, might have been *fired at across the river* with but little damage an entire day. To pass the narrow blockaded road leading from the river to the open space beyond the thicket, was a task of no trifling magnitude; but this step was absolutely necessary in order to get at the enemy on that side of the river and pour such a fire upon him as to make his position uncomfortable. As soon as my command got where the enemy behind the thicket could be fairly reached, we found no difficulty in putting them to rout. It was a running fight between my men and the enemy until we reached the next ford of the river, a distance, I would judge, of about half a mile, some of the ground being covered with a thick jungle and the rest of it open timber.

On arriving at the ford we found that the enemy had made a stand on the opposite side with cavalry and infantry. My men were considerably scattered, for that was the only way that the fight between the fords could be made; but apprehending a charge from the cavalry, I lost no time in getting them into line above the ford as much as possible, for the bank of the stream above the ford was a small bluff of five or six feet, affording a pretty good protection against a charge of cavalry. My extreme left was less protected. I suggested this to the gallant Capt. Scott, of company H, but he thought that a brave man who had a ball and a bayonet between him and a cowardly enemy, was sufficiently protected. The enemy did not stand long. My men were cool, and being face to face with the enemy, and being in good position, most of them fired with precision.

In is but justice to the dead to say that the enemy were commanded by an intrepid young officer, whose voice was heard loud above the din of conflict, cheering his men, and urging them on to the charge. Such courage was worthy of a better fate. Not many rounds had been fired, not many volleys exchanged, until I saw this brave officer fall, and no man can describe the consternation that seemed to pervade the troops. At the fall of their leader, without firing another gun, they fled in the wildest disorder. Putting the left wing of my command in front, I charged rapidly across the river, and gave pursuit, directing the advance so as to pass where I had seen the commanding officer fall. He was not dead when we reached him, but he never spoke; the pallor of death was on his manly face, and but a moment passed until I saw that the vital spark had fled. Major Jonathan W. Gordon, U. S. A., who had been by my side through much of the engagement, aiding and assisting me, encouraging my men, and exposing himself to danger, was still there, and being on foot, was in a state of complete exhaustion. I requested him to detail three of my men, and take charge of the body, secure his effects, to be returned to his friends, and ascertain, if possible, his name. A soldier lay dead by his side, who fell at the same time with his commander. This done (all of which required but a moment,) I continued the pursuit of the enemy.

They had carried a number of their dead and wounded to a house on the road, a quarter of a mile beyond where the officer alluded to fell, and a number not wounded had taken refuge in an adjoining barn. As we passed the premises, I directed Capt. N. Lord, of Company G, who had been at the head of his company, and in the midst of the danger from the beginning of the fight, and whom I knew to be as kind and merciful as he is brave and heroic, to take a sufficient number of men to surround the barn and house, and without the firing of a gun, unless resistance was made, to take those not wounded as prisoners, to bring on the prisoners we had already taken, and to put a guard over them and the dead and wounded, and to adopt instant steps to relieve the suffering wounded enemy—all of which he faithfully did. A portion of Captain Ferry's command, with a portion of Capt. Lord's, was detailed for this purpose. Capt. Bemusdaffer and Adjutant Gavin assisted in posting men around the premises, that no one should escape, and no wanton firing be done. Before we arrived at the house, indeed before we arrived at the second ford, where the enemy made the second stand, we had taken a number of prisoners. I am not aware that any prisoner was taken on the right side of the river, nor beyond the second ford, which were not taken by my command. I continued the pursuit of the enemy with the main body of my command, and until overtaken by Capt. Benham, some one and a-half miles beyond Corrick's ford, who directed me to pursue the enemy no further. I halted accordingly, and my officers and men, all of whom had acted nobly, made their supper on beef alone, killed by me on the spot. I did not stop to examine the captured property, but dropped sentinels, and continued the pursuit of the enemy; nor did I return until the next day, when I found that the wagons, (amounting, I should think, to forty or fifty, with their contents, had passed into the hands of another command, which did not cross the river until I had pursued the enemy far beyond, and that command claimed the captures. I am, therefore, unable to state what the wagons contained, or the precise number of wagons, horses or mules. I do not desire any of this property, nor do my men; but only that the share of credit due its captors, or that the part that my command took, whatever it may have been, may be properly awarded.

It is claimed that these captures were made by the command that first engaged the enemy from the opposite side of the river, and drove him from the wagons that were yet in the river. I claim that my command crossed the river long before any other command, and captured those of the enemy who remained with the wagons, and finally drew the enemy from the hill on the right side of the river, and beyond the second ford, and that I made the capture, though I did not stay to take an inventory of the goods. My command took twenty-three prisoners, a list of whom is herewith transmitted. What number of the enemy we killed, I am unable to state, owing to the pursuit already referred to. It affords me the most heartfelt pleasure to state, that not a man of my command fired upon any one of the enemy who grounded his arms, or showed any disposition to surrender. Heroic as they were, their heroism was tempered with mercy.

I am informed that an examination proved the commanding officer killed to be Gen. R. S. Garnett, of Virginia, the commanding General of the enemy's forces. Major Gordon reports to me that the papers found upon him prove such to be the case, and I have heard that Major Love, of your own staff, recognized the deceased as General Garnett.

The wounded of the enemy, as far as I know, were properly cared for, and Dr. G. W. New, chief Surgeon of my regiment, reports to me that he dressed their wounds. He furnished me a list of the wounded of the enemy cared for by him, which I herewith submit. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. New. He is a brave soldier, and a skillful surgeon. On this, as on a former occasion, he proved his willingness to encounter danger, and his superior skill in the line of his profession.

The laurels won by Lieut. Col. Spencer, at Buena Vista, were not tarnished on this occasion; on the contrary, no man in the command was more eager for the fray. No one could have been more cool and self-possessed, nor yet more brave and determined. I know not how the second in command could have rendered more or better service than he did. In speaking of him in terms of commendation, I but utter the sentiment that pervades the Regiment. Nor may I omit to say that Major Samuel P. Oyler was in the fight; that he was in his right place, did his whole duty, and approved himself possessed of grit, pluck and capacity.

Of Adjutant James Gavin I will say, that he is never in the way and never out of the way; always right where he ought to be, and in the faithful discharge of his duty. On this occasion, as at Phillippi, he proved himself possessed of rare capabilities—quick, intrepid, willing to encounter any necessary danger in the discharge of his duty, regardless of his own personal safety. I can not withhold from him my unqualified approbation, without proving myself incapable of appreciating worth. No common so soldier in the regiment has encountered more toil, privations and danger than he. He has won a good name, and is worthy of it. It is my duty to put his praise on record—a duty which I execute with delight. Adjutant Gavin took Surgeon Carrington, of the 23d Virginia regiment, prisoner.

It affords me pleasure to state that George P. Buell, at one time a resident of Indiana, and a member of the Legislature from the county of Marion, rendered me his aid on this occasion; and as an amateur fighter took part with my regiment and rendered me material assistance. While my men were marching in the river to charge the ford, he bore my orders from front to rear, and animated and cheered my men by his fearless bearing and brave example, and finally took his place in the ranks, and with musket in hand fought like a war worn veteran.

It is proper to state here that the enemy, just before reaching the first house beyond where Gen. Garnett fell (the same house afterwards appropriated to the wounded as a hospital,) threw down the fence, passed into the meadow and orchard and limbered up one of his guns between where the General afterwards fell and the house. The bushes on the margin of the bluff so masked the gun as to hide it from view, and we were unable to tell, at the time, whence the firing from that gun came. After crossing the river, Capt. J. V. Bemusdaffer found one of his men who had fallen by the roadside, and stopped to care for him, which left him a considerable distance in the rear; but hearing the firing in front, he hastened to his company (which was being led by Lieutenants Shaw and Tucker) in time to lead them to the last charge, in which the commanding officer was killed and the enemy totally routed. On this, as on every other occasion that an opportunity had offered since we came into the service, the gallant Captain proved himself a skillful officer, a brave soldier and a stranger to fear. Lieut. Tucker, of Capt. Bemusdaffer's company, took Lieut. Kean, of the Georgia troops, a prisoner. Capt. John F. Cheek, ever as true as steel, with his brave boys, was among the first to engage the enemy at the second ford, and with shoes worn out and feet blistering, to join with unflinching spirit in the pursuit. He and his boys were among the first to get at the enemy behind the Laurel thicket, on the right bank at the first ford, and bore their full share in the running fight between the fords after the enemy were routed from the Laurel thicket at the first. Capt. John H. Ferry was in advance in the charge made upon the ford. His company was on the extreme right, in the line formed at the second crossing; the Captain thinks it was his First Sergeant, Frank Burlingame, who killed the commander of the enemy. The same claim is made by Capt. Cheek, for Seageant Howard. I saw the officer fall, but am unable to state which of my men fired the shot. Capt. Ferry is game, and on this occasion, as at Phillippi, made it manifest. He will prove it when he has an opportunity. I have no better officer in my regiment, nor one who has performed more valuable services, nor one to whom I would more willingly assign a post of responsibility and danger. Capt. Scott, Capt. Rall and Capt. Gill, with their brave officers and men, are entitled to the warmest praise. None exhibited more courage and bravery under the enemy's fire than they. Henry Waller, of company E, but at that time in command of company A, was the first to reach the top of the hill with his command, being the right flank company. His conduct thro