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## HORRORS OF THE COLUMBIA.

### A French Scout's Memories of Sheridan 40 Years Ago.

#### INDIAN MASSACRES.

Young Phil Sheridan's Energetic and Skillful Measures.

#### OUTWITTING SAVAGES.

Their Complete Defeat and Exemplary Punishment.

BY MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

OUR FRENCH scout, Edouard, gives me some items of history that I have not found recorded. These touch upon events prior to Phil Sheridan's maiden enterprise on the Columbia.

A dreadful massacre of white settlers occurred late in the season of 1854. It was called the "Snake River" or "Ward Massacre."

More poor white people were outraged and slain than in the well-known "Whitman Massacre." The cruelty of the Indians engaged in this indiscriminate destruction was excessive.

Our troops, under Maj. Granville O. Haller, 4th Inf., who had already a grand record for years of successful service, started from Fort Dallas as soon as the news of the outbreak reached there. It was a train of immigrants that had been destroyed not far from the Hudson Bay Company's frontier station, called "Old Fort Boise." Haller had with him in the expedition 26 Regulars and 34 volunteers, making only 60 men altogether. Edouard was a member of the volunteer company. He says: "We arrived at the place where the horrid outrage had been committed the early part of September, 1854. The country was scouted in all directions, and the Indians looked up. Some were killed in battle, and others were captured and hanged on the very spot where they had perpetrated their unspeakable outrages and murders."

Haller, after his LONG AND TEDIOUS MARCH of some 400 miles altogether, had just returned to Fort Dallas, when the news of another Indian outbreak north of the Columbia, only about 70 miles from him, came to his ears. Edouard, the scout, being in the midst of these troubles also, says:

"The Indians hereabouts were determined to rid themselves of all white men. They had been killing the white men, and these as they could catch them. At last the Yakimas at Fort Sincow murdered Agent Borland, who had gone over there to try to assuage their troubles."

Edouard, the scout, who appears to have reached The Dalles before Maj. Haller, had there met Borland while he



LIEUT. P. H. SHERIDAN.

was en route to Fort Sincow, and warned him: "It is not safe for you to venture among them." \* \* \* "It was but a short time," Edouard continues, "before I heard that he was killed."

Haller, with but "102 enlisted men and four officers," marched straight over to Sincow. Then the savages in large numbers boldly attacked his command and drove it from the timber. "The next morning," Maj. Powell, in his record, writes, "his camp was completely surrounded, his animals cut off from grass and water; hourly during the day squads of mounted Indians were seen approaching and joining the war party. Father Pandoza, a Catholic priest, who was held as a prisoner, declared the number exceeded 2,000 fit to bear arms. They made, however, this day, little impression on the command [of Haller's standing on the defensive], and withdrew at night." Haller was thus afforded "an opportunity to reach ground more favorable for marching in retreat that night, and the third day successfully kept a body of pursuing warriors at bay while retreating to The Dalles." He brought in all the wounded and the body of his Commissary-Sergeant,

who in the last charge of the Indians was killed.

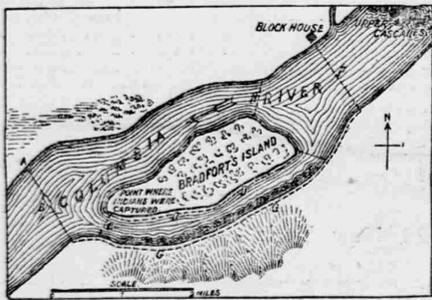
Col. Rain's disastrous campaign came next in order, which Sheridan, in his Memoirs, so graphically describes, and of which he formed a part. Councils of war followed, particularly at Walla Walla, where the greatest number of gaily-dressed Indians came together since those that followed the Whitman Massacre.

I remember accounts of those as they appeared in the press of 1854 and 1855. Our scout has their beauty, their fierceness, their majesty, their picturesqueness, and the eloquence of the participants photographed on his brain. Nothing was yet really settled. Our people had to take the country—that up-country of eastern Oregon and northern Washington—as the Israelites did the Promised Land; i. e., little by little, with many unexpected drawbacks.

NOW COMES THE NEXT SCENE! The Columbia River Indians near and above The Dalles, the Yakimas and others during the Winter of 1855 and 1856 formed combinations that appeared to threaten all white settlements east of the Cascade Mountains. The savages for a time seemed bound together to dispute with our people the possession

place for the purpose, I disembarked my men and gun on the north bank of the river, so that I could send back the steamboat to bring up any volunteer assistance that in the meantime might have been collected at Vancouver.

"AFTER GETTING WELL IN HAND everything connected with my little command, I advanced with five or six men to the edge of a growth of underbrush to make a reconnaissance. We stole along under cover of this underbrush until we reached the open ground leading over the causeway or narrow neck before mentioned, when the enemy opened fire and killed a soldier near my side by a shot which, just grazing the bridge of my nose, struck him in the neck, opening an artery and breaking the spinal cord. He died instantly. The Indians at once made a rush for his body, but my men in the rear, coming quickly to the rescue, drove them back, and Capt. Dall's gun being now brought into play, many solid shots were thrown into the jungle where they lay concealed, with the effect of considerably modifying their impetuosity. Further skirmishing at long range took place at intervals during the day, with little gain or loss, however, to either side, for both parties held positions which could not be



LIEUT. SHERIDAN'S FIGHT FOR THE RELIEF OF THE BLOCKHOUSE AT THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA IN 1856.

Explanation:  
A. Point of landing from steamer.  
B. Route of crossing to south side of river.  
C. Route of crossing to island.  
D. Route by which the boat was pulled up.  
E. Crossing again to north shore.  
F. Crossing to Blockhouse.  
G. Route of troops marching up on the south side of river.  
H. Route to the island to attack the Indians.

of that part of Washington Territory and Oregon.

In consequence of the threatened outbreaks Col. George Wright, with his 9th Inf., occupied Fort Vancouver. The 25th of March he set out by steamer with his command northward, reached The Dalles, so that he was able to begin his march toward the up-country the morning of the 26th.

He had gone but a few miles when the Yakimas, coming from their country, being aided by some Columbian Indians, began to attack the settlement far behind them, near the Cascades.

As introductory to some of his rough work and hairbreadth escapes, my old messenger and scout, Edouard, introduces his story by quoting Gen. Sheridan's account of his own gallant and characteristic work accomplished with his escort of 40 men, whom he denominated his dragoons.

From Sheridan's "Memoirs":

"On the morning of March 26 the movement began, but the column [Col. Wright's] had only reached Five Mile Creek when the Yakimas, joined by many young warriors—free lances—from other tribes, made a sudden and unexpected attack at the Cascades of the Columbia, midway between Vancouver and The Dalles, killed several citizens, women and children, and took possession of the Portage by besieging the settlers in their cabins at the Upper Cascades and those who sought shelter at the Middle Cascades in the old military blockhouse, which had been built some years before as a place of refuge under just such circumstances. These points held out and were not captured, but the landing at the Lower Cascades fell completely into the hands of the savages. Straggling settlers from the Lower Cascades made their way down to Fort Vancouver, distant about 36 miles, which they reached that night and communicated the condition of affairs. As the necessity for early relief to the settlers and the re-establishment of communication with The Dalles were apparent, all the force that could be spared was ordered out, and in consequence I [Sheridan] immediately received directions to go with my detachment of dragoons, numbering about 40 effective men, to the relief of the middle blockhouse, which really meant to retake the Cascades. I got ready at once, and believing that a piece of artillery would be of service to me, asked for one, but as there proved to be no guns at the post [Fort Vancouver], I should have been obliged to proceed without one had it not been that the regular steamer from San Francisco to Portland was lying at the Vancouver dock unloading military supplies, and the commander, Capt. Dall, supplied me with a steamer's small iron cannon, mounted on a wooden platform, which he used in firing salutes at different ports on the arrival and departure of the vessel. Finding at the arsenal a supply of solid shot that would fit the gun, I had it put upon the steamboat Belle, employed to carry my command to the scene of operations, and started up the Columbia River at 2 p. m. on the morning of the 27th. We reached the Lower Cascades early in the day, where, selecting a favorable

assailed in flank, and only the extreme of rashness in either could prompt a front attack. My left was protected by the back water driven into the slough by the high stage of the river, and my right rested secure on the main stream. Between us was only the narrow neck of land, to cross which would be certain death. The position of the Indians was almost the exact counterpart of ours.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE SCOUT AND INDIANS.

"In the evening I sent a report of the situation back to Vancouver by the steamer, retaining a large Hudson's Bay bateau which I had brought up with me. Examining this I found it would carry about 20 men, and made up my mind that early next morning I would cross the command to the opposite or south side of the Columbia River, and make my way up along the mountain base until I arrived abreast the middle blockhouse, which was still closely besieged, and then at some favorable point recross to the north bank to its relief, endeavoring in this manner to pass around and to the rear of the Indians, whose position confronting me was too strong for a direct attack. This plan was hazardous, but I believed it could be successfully carried out if the boat could be taken with me; but should I not be able to do this I felt that the object contemplated in sending me out would miserably fail, and the small band coupled up at the blockhouse would soon starve or fall a prey to the Indians, so I concluded to risk all the chances the plan involved.

"On the morning of March 28 the savages were still in my front, and after giving them some solid shot from Capt. Dall's gun we slipped down to the river bank, and the detachment crossed by means of the Hudson's Bay boat, making a landing on the opposite shore at a point where the south channel of the river, after flowing around Bradford's Island, joins the main stream. It was then about 9 o'clock, and everything had thus far proceeded favorably, but an examination of the channel showed that it would be impossible to get the boat up the rapids along the mainland, and that success could only be assured by crossing the south channel just below the rapids to the island, along the shore of which there was every probability we could pull a boat through the rocks and swift water until the head of the rapids was reached, from which point to the blockhouse there was smooth water.

"Telling the men of the embarrassment in which I found myself, and that if I could get enough of them to man the boat and pull it up the stream by a rope to the shore, we would cross to the island and make the attempt.

"ALL VOLUNTEERED TO GO; but as 10 men seemed sufficient, I selected that number to accompany me. Before starting, however, I deemed it prudent to find out if possible what was engaging the attention of the Indians, who had not yet discovered that we had left their front. I therefore climbed up the side of the abrupt mountain which skirted the water's edge until I could see across the island. From this point I observed the Indians running horse-races and otherwise enjoying themselves behind the line they had held against me the day before. The squaws decked out in gay colors, and the men gaudily dressed in war bonnets, made the scene more attractive; but, as everything looked propitious for the dangerous enterprise in hand, I spent little time watching them. Quickly returning to the boat, I crossed to the island with my 10 men, threw ashore the rope attached to the bow, and commenced the difficult task of pulling her up the rapids. We got along slowly at first, but soon striking a camp of old squaws who had been left on the island for safety, and had not gone over to the mainland [north shore] to see the races, we utilized them to our advantage. With unmistakable threats and signs we made them keep quiet, but also give us much-needed assistance in pulling vigorously on the tow-rope of our boat.

"I was laboring under a dreadful strain of mental anxiety during all this time; for, had the Indians discovered what we were about, they could easily have come over to the island in their canoes, and, by forcing us to take up our arms to repel their attack, doubtless would have obliged the abandonment of the boat, and that essential adjunct to the final success of my plan would have gone down the rapids. Indeed, under such circumstances it would have been impossible for 10 men to hold out against 200 or 300 Indians; but the island forming an excellent screen to our movements, we were not discovered, and when we reached the smooth water at the upper end of the rapids we quickly crossed over and joined the rest of the men, who in the meantime had worked their way along the south bank of the river parallel with us. I felt very grateful to the old squaws for the assistance they rendered. They worked well under compulsion, and manifested no disposition to strike for higher wages. Indeed, I was so much relieved when we had crossed over from the island and joined the rest of the party, that I mentally thanked the squaws one and all. I had much difficulty in keeping the men on the main shore from cheating at our success, but hurriedly taking into the bateau all of them it could carry, I sent the balance along the southern bank, where the railroad is now built, until both detachments arrived at a point opposite the blockhouse, when, crossing to the north bank, I landed below the blockhouse some little distance, and returned the boat for the balance of the men, who joined me in a few minutes.

"WHEN THE INDIANS ATTACKED THE PEOPLE at the Cascades on the 26th word was sent to Col. Wright, up the river, who had already got out from The Dalles a few miles on his expedition to the Spokane country. He immediately turned his column back, and soon after I had landed and communicated with the beleaguered blockhouse the advance of his command arrived, under Lieut.-Col. Edward J. Steptoe. I reported to Steptoe, and related what had occurred during the past 36 hours, gave him a description of the festivities that were going on at the Lower Cascades, and also communicated the intelligence that the Yakimas had been joined by the Cascade Indians when the place was first attacked. I also told him it was my belief that when he pushed down the main shore the latter tribe, without doubt, would cross over to the island we had just left, while the former would take to the mountains. Steptoe coincided with me in this opinion, and informing me that Lieut. Alexander Piper would join my detachment with a mountain howitzer, directed me to convey the command to the island and gobble up all who came over to it.

"Lieut. Piper and I landed on the island with the first boatload, and after disembarking the howitzer we fired two or three shots to let the Indians know we had artillery with us, then advanced down the island with the whole of my command, which had arrived in the meantime. All of the men were deployed as skirmishers except a small detachment to operate the howitzer. Near the lower end of the island we met, as I had anticipated, the entire body of Cascade Indians—men, women and children—whose homes were in the vicinity of the Cascades. They were very much frightened and demoralized at the turn events had taken, for the Yakimas at the approach of Steptoe had abandoned them, as predicted, and fled to the mountains. The chief and head-men said they had nothing to do with the capture of the Cascades, with the murder of men at the upper landing, nor with the massacre of men, women and children near the blockhouse, and put all the blame on the Yakimas and their allies. I did not believe this, however, and to test the truth of their statement formed them all in line with their muskets in hand. Going up to the first

man on the right I accused him of having engaged in the massacre, but was met by a vigorous denial. Putting my forefinger into the muzzle of the gun, I found unmistakable signs of its having been recently discharged. My forefinger was black with the stains of burnt powder, and holding it up to the Indian, he had nothing more to say in the face of such positive evidence of his guilt. A further examination proved that all the guns were in the same condition. Their arms were at once taken possession of, and, leaving a small force to look after the women and children and very old men, so that there could be no possibility of escape, I arrested 13 of the principal miscreants, crossed the river to the lower landing, and placed them in charge of a strong guard."

People do not imagine now how those settlers at the famous Cascades almost worshipped the little giant, Lieut. Sheridan. My venerable messenger was among them about that time. As soon as Wright's men, under Lieut.-Col. Steptoe, approached from above, the wary Yakimas, as we have seen, abandoned the poor Columbia Indians to their fate; and it was a sad one, for nine of them, after Sheridan had found the inside of their muskets soiled with powder recently burned, were tried by military commission and hanged, the limb of a tree being used for a gallows. After the three days of skulking, boating, and fighting in the wild, picturesque pass of the mountains, finding the Yakimas, the principal offenders, all gone, the officers caused a thorough scouring of the whole country to the north and northeast of them.

A little later, Edouard, then enlisted in a company, was selected and sent out as a scout from Vancouver. Here is the way he tells his tale. His memory, like that of the frontiersmen generally, who have not been much worried with the words in books, is most remarkable:

"A trail through the woods and over the jagged hills by which the Klickitats and Yakimas (for both tribes were there at the Cascades) had retreated was followed for 10 miles, but no Indians were overtaken. The Army officers, as they all know the importance of fearless and faithful scouting, sent out several. I was one of them at this time, and, indeed, was kept very busy. Had the Indians been successful at the Cascades, they were to descend the Columbia the 36 miles, and attack Fort Vancouver."

#### BUILDING A BLOCKHOUSE.

Edouard proceeds: "Being there during the excitement, I had advised the settlers to build a blockhouse near Vancouver, for the Indians might make a raid down there, taking advantage of the absence of Wright's regiment and Sheridan's Dra-

## THE LEFT WING AT FAIR OAKS.

### Keyes's and Heintzelman's Corps in that Dread Battle.

#### OVERWHELMING ATTACK.

### Desperate Resistance Against Enormous Odds.

#### REBELS LOSE HEAVILY.

### An Opportunity Lost to Take Richmond.

BY W. H. WADE, 23D PA., 122 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

AT THE OPENING of the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, as it is called by the Confederates, on May 31, 1862, the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of the Third Corps, under Heintzelman, and Fourth Corps, under Keyes, were advanced beyond the Chickahominy River in echelon. Casey's Division, of the Fourth Corps, was in position beyond the Nine Mile road and right of the Williamsburg road; Couch's Division along the Nine Mile road from its junction with the Williamsburg road across the York River Railroad, or Fair Oaks Station, and a quarter of a mile beyond. Kearny's Division, of the Third Corps, was posted half a mile to the rear, along the Williamsburg road, and Hooker's Division was

WATCHING THE APPROACHES along the edges of the White Oak Swamp. At this time there was but one available crossing, that of Bottom's Bridge. The other corps, with the Commander-in-Chief, were on the north bank of the Chickahominy, with the right extending to near Hanover Courthouse, some 20 miles distant.

The condition of the roads, brought on by a tremendous rain storm the night of May 30, was such that to concentrate

Division of the Second Corps, which arrived on the field about 4 p. m., were attacked by Gen. Gustave Smith's Corps and Hood's Division, and repulsed them in their repeated charges. Gen. Pettigrew, one of the brigade commanders, was wounded and captured. The Chasseurs captured the colors of the 23d N. C. Gen. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, who was directing this portion of the attack in person, was severely wounded and carried from the field. It was here that Gen. Robert E. Lee assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, which he retained until its

SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX. This day's work of these regiments of Abercrombie's Brigade with the batteries of Brady and Kirby and a division of Sumner's Corps, which had effected a crossing at what was afterward known as the Grapevine Bridge, and the stubborn resistance of the 23d Pa., which gave Keyes the opportunity to form his new line, saved the right from being flanked.

When the 23d reached the Nine Mile road at their rear was a slashing. Col. Wm. H. Neill—"Bricky," as his regiment learned to call him—gave orders to cross the abatis and form line in their old camp. The enemy had at this time possession of the road on both the flanks, and was moving a force down the railroad to attack the other regiments of the brigade at their new position. On reaching the camp the line faced to the rear to receive an attack from that quar-



BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES, OR FAIR OAKS.

two wings of the army to the south side of the Chickahominy would take at least two days. The treacherous Chickahominy had swollen during that night's down-pour as to sweep away the bridges under construction, leaving but one passage, that at Bottom's Bridge.

Gen. Joseph Johnston, in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, was just waiting for such an opportunity, and while it was raining the night of the 30th gave orders to attack this advanced line

"I [Edouard] went on those trails whose direction seemed to be toward the Cascades. I had not long been out when toward evening I came upon a trail distinct and fresh, and feeling satisfied from the signs they left that I was not far from the main trail, I concluded to camp there for the night.

"The next morning early I started hunting for more distinct evidence. I had gone but a few miles when I noticed some more fresh tracks. Hitherto I had been riding my horse. Now I dismounted and was leading the horse by the bridle and trying very minutely to examine the tracks, when suddenly from behind a big log a rifle was fired, and I felt the shock of a wound in my arm, disabling it. Instantly two Indians, who had been lying there behind that log in ambush, sprang up, and yelling as only Indians on the war path can, tried to complete their attack. But before the one who had shot me could get over the log my return shot had struck him just beneath an eye, and he fell senseless.

(Continued on second page.)

Cabinet were on the field to witness such an event.

The attack, however, did not take place until about noon. Our regiment—the 23d Pa., of Couch's Division—was engaged in cooking rice, the only ration on hand, the wagon-trains not having reached us. The enemy threw a



GEN. HEINTZELMAN.

shell, followed by others, which opened the attack of Longstreet and Anderson's 30,000 on Casey's lines. We were

IMMEDIATELY HURRIED across the Nine Mile road to their support on the right. The attack was so sudden that within 10 minutes we were engaged, the Confederates had flanked the brigade on the right of Casey, and we were arriving in the nick of time.

We charged and drove the rebels down a clearing into the woods. We then reformed our line on a dirt road parallel with the railroad, and moving by the left flank reached the Nine Mile road. Here we were met by Gen. Couch and our brigade commander, Gen. Abercrombie, who, in order to give opportunity to take his three regiments—61st Pa., 82d Pa. and 65th N. Y.—on the extreme right across the railroad track to where he established a new line, turned our column back into the woods, charging in as a forlorn hope. We were attacked on both flanks and front, and after stubborn resistance driven back to the Nine Mile road. At this time the forces on our left had been driven back to the Williamsburg road, forming on the left of Kearny's Division, who had advanced up the road beyond Seven Pines, checking the enemy at this point with great execution; while the three regiments of the brigade were sent back a quarter of a mile, where the new line was formed and maintained throughout the action on this part of the field.

Later in the day these regiments—61st Pa., 82d Pa., 65th N. Y. (Chasseurs)—and 62d N. Y., 7th Mass., Brady's and Kirby's batteries and Richardson's

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When the 23d reached the Nine Mile road at their rear was a slashing. Col. Wm. H. Neill—"Bricky," as his regiment learned to call him—gave orders to cross the abatis and form line in their old camp. The enemy had at this time possession of the road on both the flanks, and was moving a force down the railroad to attack the other regiments of the brigade at their new position. On reaching the camp the line faced to the rear to receive an attack from that quar-

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GEN. COUCH.