

A HILL
Toward Home

ROBERT EARL WINTER

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A Hill Toward Home
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CONTENTS

Acknowledgements	i
Foreword	iii
1. Philippi Footraces	1
2. The Early Days , Watauga Valley	25
3. Mormon Station	37
4. Spanish Mary.....	44
5. The Trip East	54
6. Fort Laramie	72
7. Kellars Crossing, Fall, 1855	93
8. Cairo, Illinois.....	119
9. The Army of the Ohio Summer 1861.....	131
10. East Tennessee	155
11. Libby	182
12. Visit to Lodge #19.....	202
13. Richmond, Virginia at Night	212
14. New Castle	230
15. Lewisburg	258
16. The Shenandoah Valley	265
17. Return to Lewisburg	282
18. Greenbriar River	319
19. Corinth 1862.....	327
20. Bedford Forrest	346
21. Nashville, 1863	367
22. Fort Dick Robinson	385
23. A Hill Toward Home.....	409
24. Gainfield.....	438

25. Knoxville	453
26. Little Joe Wheeler	468
27. Northwestern Georgia.....	491
28. Franklin.....	508
29. Watauga Valley, 1865	518
30. Genoa	537

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While the structure of the account of the Civil War has been gleaned from copious reading and research of the volumes listed below, much of the story line has been taken and adapted from family tradition and legend. The characters, other than those historic men and women obvious to the reader, are from either the author's collection of family stories or his own imagination, linking them conveniently to actual persons, places, and events. The names of some of the actual family members have been changed to protect the identity of their descendants, but others may be vaguely recognized by their progeny, with or without benefit of their true names.

There are a few songs written into the story, the source and authorship of which intensive research has failed to identify. These were passed down to me by my father, Rowland E. Winter, a consummate story teller in his own right. I must also register great appreciation to the services provided by Wikipedia, verifying much of the information gleaned from my research, some of which, however, I found to be conflicting as to dates, times, numbers, and even names. In such cases, I used the information that most suited my story line.

Publications and authors which I used in support of my story include: April 1865, by Jay Winik. Dred Scott v. Sandford, 60 U.S. (19 How.) 393 (1857). East Tennessee and the Civil War, by Oliver P. Temple. Generals in Blue, by Ezra J. Warner. Grant Moves South, by Bruce Catton. History of the First Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry, by W. R. Carter. History of the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry U.S.A. by Samuel W. Scott and Samuel P. Angel. The Impending Crisis of the South, by Hinton R. Helper. The Knoxville Campaign, by Earl J. Hess. Nathan Bedford Forrest, First with the Most, by Robert Selph Henry. Southern Lady, Yankee Spy, by Elizabeth R. Varon.

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It is to Carolyne that I dedicate the work, as without her encouragement it would still lie unfinished in the bowels of my computer.

FOREWORD

History, like truth, is an entire, seamless, endless fabric. Its beginning stretches back to the time of the first inscribed word or character and reaches forward to most recent moment; now, this very second. History, also like truth, beauty, justice and many other virtues lies principally in the perception of the beholder. Each of us maintains his or her own unique, exclusive view of history and none shares, word for word, fact for fact, the exact perception of anyone else.

History takes three forms; history experienced, history recalled, and history recorded. Experience is transitory and temporary. It is modified moment by moment, by setting and circumstance. It is constantly evolving and with the passage of time eventually becomes history recalled, which, too, is personal and may be only of value to the person who is the central figure; the hero of that particular narrow band of (his)story. It may be shared with others to a limited degree but sometimes even then it evolves with time and takes on a shade often far different from the original experience.

History recorded bears only faint resemblance to the other two forms, but is often the only reference we, in subsequent ages, have to rely on. We often see it written, "history is written by the victor," and that, to a great extent is true. It doesn't mean that there was no history experienced by the vanquished, it only means that it didn't get preserved for posterity.

Fortunately, when a great person or a tumultuous event breaks upon us there are usually enough accounts written by various sources that we can sometimes, with reasonable accuracy, reconstitute much of the original fabric. The American Civil War (or The War Between the States, depending on your version of 'history') produced several such great people and was just such an epoch event, and there is certainly no lack of material from which to draw in reconstructing a personalized experience.

This work tries to present history of the second form; history recalled. It is taken from the other two forms and rewoven. There are admittedly some holes, some patches, and some tears in the fabric. Some of the colors may be a little brighter or a little more faded than the original; the blues more blue and the grays perhaps shaded toward a richer butternut. It is not the 'unvarnished truth' nor is it intended to be, but neither is it a shameless fabrication. The story is taken from some personal family tradition and recall, some local color and legend, and virtually years of research. It is also stretched over a framework of recorded events, which I have used to support my patchwork fabric and give it form.

The unique aspect of the American Civil War was that it was an exclusively American experience involving friends, neighbors and even family members on opposing sides. We can speculate as to the real cause of the war, whether it be states rights, slavery, patriotism, preservation of a way of life, or any of a hundred other reasons but the fact remains that the war was, after all, an inevitable product of a dual system that existed far back into time, even before the American Revolution.

The pleasure of writing a book based on the War Between the States is that it gives the author a purpose to study, review, research, and sometimes vicariously relive the events that made up that strangely fascinating and challenging four-year bite of the American experience. It brings the author into personal contact with those who were involved, if they chose to record their experiences for posterity, and there were many involved in the War Between the States who did just that.

It is said that war often shapes civilizations. This statement may be an oversimplification of real experience. However, we must nevertheless recognize the fact that the Civil War and those who took part in it did, indeed, change the direction of this country, its attitude toward itself, and its relationship to the rest of the world that could not have happened without it. It was, in every sense of the term, an epoch event, an event of the greatest magnitude that this country has ever experienced. Even the Revolutionary War, changing this land from a colony under subjugation to an independent nation of the first order, only found true meaning when the government of that nation was tried and tested in the crucible of the Civil War.

Individuals, too, were tested and changed by the war. As we study them, we find them changing from indifferent and disinterested men and women to visionaries; people of great strength and resolve. Unfortunately, we also

see some of them progressing, or more properly, regressing to brigands and bandits just as readily. I've chosen to ignore most of those; the Quantrills, the Jameses, the Youngers, except to add a bit of flavor to my story and lend contrast to those who exemplified the higher, more virtuous human characteristics that were the inevitable product of the Civil War.

1

PHILIPPI FOOTRACES

Logan's stomach was in tight knots. His brow and palms were soaked with sweat, and his head was pounding. The Spencer rifle in his hands, for all its good qualities as an accurate and reliable weapon, felt as cumbersome as a fencepost. He tried to look down the sights, but his eyes wouldn't focus.

His long-time friend and now supervisor, Sergeant Frank Davis had chosen Jesse Logan, trained him, tested him, lectured him, counseled him, and had now sent him with a squad of supporters out onto this god-forsaken hillside to do what? To shoot some soldiers! To actually try to kill some people that he didn't even know whether they were good or bad people. They just happened to be members of the Confederate army.

His new friend, his 'spotter', and tent-mate, Jimmo Ogilby and he had had long discussions about how great it was not to have to march with the company against the enemy, but to be able to pick them off from a safe distance. Now, that idea was not nearly so attractive, when he was expected to put it into practice.

It was almost ten o'clock, the time he was supposed to start the battle by shooting some enemy soldiers, one of those he could plainly see in the valley below.

"Get a hold of yourself, Logan," Jesse muttered silently to himself. *"Sergeant Davis told you it would be like this and you have to think about your job. You volunteered to be here, remember? You volunteered to be a rifleman and take out the top brass of the enemy, to minimize the danger that our boys would be facing. You volunteered. Volunteered!"*

All of a sudden, the reflections on his situation went out of his head. He heard cannon and rifle fire coming from the hills below him, and knew

General Rosecrans had commenced his attack and he, Jesse Logan, was expected to do his job.

He wiped the sweat out of his eyes and took aim at what appeared to be a captain or major or something. He closed his eyes and squeezed the trigger. The Spencer leaped in his sweaty hands and he opened his eyes. There was so much smoke from the shot that he couldn't even see the officer he'd been aiming at.

Jimmo Ogilby immediately scrambled over to where Jesse was crouched behind a rock, "You hit him, Jesse. You hit him. You hit that captain. You did."

Jesse was anything but happy with the news, but steeled himself for another try. Sergeant Davis had drilled it into the sniper teams that their first shots would cause confusion in the ranks, but the enemy troops wouldn't usually be able to detect the source of fire and the riflemen were to take as many follow-up shots as soon as possible. He settled behind his rock and took aim at a sergeant. This time he kept his eyes open as he had learned to do hunting deer and rabbits. He fired the Spencer and when the smoke cleared, he could see the sergeant was also down with men clustering around him. Logan fired again and hit one of the members of that group. *"Remember. These people are a threat to our side; to our fellow soldiers. The goal is to get this war behind us and that's what you're doing right now. The sooner this thing is over, the sooner we can go home."*

Jimmo tapped Jesse on the shoulder, "You see that group a little over to the right? There's a lieutenant in with that bunch of men."

Jesse sighted the Spencer as Jimmo watched through a telescope. His next shot dropped the lieutenant. He was no newcomer to firing at live animals, but this was totally different. He wiped the sweat from his eyes and looked for another target.



Jesse had been in the army now for over two months. He, like most of the recruits in the company, was dedicated to what he and his companions called the 'cause of the Union', and had looked forward with considerable enthusiasm to the idea of being a soldier and going to war. He had even taken calmly to the idea that it would be necessary to shoot enemy soldiers, just as he had been expected to shoot hostile Indians whom he and his family had encountered out west back in the fifties. He just hadn't become

A Hill Toward Home

accustomed to the idea of taking the life of a person posing no immediate threat to one's own safety.

Jesse Logan, Sergeant Frank Davis, James Ogilby, Elijah Hawkins, Abner Thomas, Martin Mason, Shelby Smith, and a thousand other men had joined the federal army at the first call, from Indiana. Jesse had been visiting in Illinois with his brother David at the time, and when the call went out, he lit out for Evansville, Indiana, where it looked as though there would be a good chance of enlisting. They had all mustered in together on a ninety-day enlistment, had taken their initial training and had been assigned to the Sixth Indiana Volunteer Regiment under a captain named Jeremiah C. Sullivan and Colonel Erastus Tyler in General Rosecrans's Indiana Brigade.

Captain Sullivan was a mild mannered, round faced man with a small van dyke goatee. He had been an officer in the navy before he resigned his commission to study the law in Indiana. He was well liked by his troops though they saw him as somewhat bookish for a captain, still they respected his judgment and his position.

The regiment had 'marched off' to the east through Ohio and into Virginia at Parkersburg. Actually, they didn't march much at all, they travelled by river boat most of the way.

Their orders had been to drive the Confederate army from western Virginia, which region was in full sympathy with the Union, much the same as the people of Carter County, Tennessee, where Jesse had been born and where he had been living with his grandmother and grandfather before the war had started. At Parkersburg, they joined with the Ohio Volunteers under General George McClellan, who, as senior general, assumed command of the combined forces. They then continued east through Clarksville, as there had been reports of Rebel forces in the area.

General McClellan advanced his forces along the Northwestern Railway as far as Grafton and as he did so Confederate General Porterfield drew his forces back to Philippi. As McClellan neared the region, he sent Colonel Benjamin F. Kelley and the First Virginia Provisional Regiment (later the First West Virginia Infantry) as an advance guard. On June 3, at Philippi, they routed a small force of Rebels in a night attack and then they rested. General McClellan was good at that, and the men in the ranks appreciated his concern for their wellbeing. His strategy seemed to be one of extremely cautious progress, with ample preparations being made to approach the next encounter with frequent pauses for rest and reconnaissance.

Philippi had been not much more than a skirmish and Jesse's unit was not really involved. He never even fired his rifle, but it was an initiation of sorts and the men in ranks felt a great sense of triumph and a little relief.

It was just as they had hoped. Their “overwhelming strength and superior tactics,” as General McClellan had called them, would, “drive the Rebels all the way to Richmond”. The skirmish at Philippi was quickly given the moniker as the “Philippi Footraces” because of the haste with which the small Confederate regiment vacated the town.

By this time the ninety-day enlistments were running out and most of the men in the regiment volunteered for a three-year term. General William Rosecrans was still in command of the brigade, but Captain Sullivan was promoted to the rank of Colonel and put in command of the regiment. Lieutenant William Weller was promoted to Captain in command of Company “H”, much to the chagrin of First Lieutenant John Goodin, who had ranked Weller by three days.

The recruits were a salty lot at that time. They had been mustered in only a few short weeks before but thought themselves to be soldiers in every sense of the word. James Ogilby was a Scotsman, whose family had immigrated only a few years before the war broke out. They had been sheep farmers, and had left Scotland to try their hand at the rich plains of the American West, which, at the time, took them to Indiana. At home, he was called Jamie, but as soon as he and Jesse met, they hit it off, and Jesse gave him the nick-name of Jim O, or Jimmo, to distinguish him from the dozen or so other Jims and Jameses in the unit. He was a stout young man, with a shock of sandy hair, and a pink face, which lent the impression that he was perpetually blushing. Except, that is, when he actually did blush, at which time his face took on a ruddy glow that was the delight of his fellow recruits who constantly tried to embarrass him.

Jimmo took all this good naturedly, but his immediate attachment to Jesse was a natural buffer, as he was assigned as Jesse’s spotter. This gave him and Jesse a certain distinction and an opportunity to work separately from the rest of the company when the snipers would be sent out to the perimeters of the battlefield to harass the enemy. It was a tactic Sergeant Davis had refined to perfection, and worked well in Colonel Sullivan’s developing military strategy.

Sergeant Frank Davis had been a private in the war with Mexico in 1846 and 1847, and had fought with valor beside many of the notable officers and enlisted men now holding important positions in both the Federal and Confederate armies. He had stayed in the army for almost twelve years and had risen to the rank of sergeant, but then met a lady who stole his heart and convinced him that he should leave the army and go into business with his father in Evansville, Indiana. They were married, and the shipping business was good in Evansville, but when the war broke out, he couldn’t resist the call to arms.

A Hill Toward Home

A married sergeant was something of a rarity in the early days of the war, and some said marriage robbed a man of the courageous abandon necessary to carry out orders and lead his men into battle. Frank Davis was never short on courage, and while it could never be said that he avoided risk, the risks he took and to which he subjected his men, were measured, calculated, and precisely managed to get the most out of the opportunity.

Then, "Just think of it as a hill toward home," Davis would say to his men, as they were about to assault an objective. "Just one more hill toward home, boys."

Frank Davis was just as anxious to go home as any of them, but he was also committed to doing a job. Jesse and Frank Davis had known each other briefly a few years back, and had developed considerable respect for each other at that time. It was a fortuitous reunion when they both joined the Sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry and Davis probably would have suggested Jesse for the rank of Corporal if he hadn't been aware of Jesse's marksmanship abilities.

On the ninth of July, General McClellan had given orders to move out in a southeasterly direction, as the intelligence he had received indicated the Confederate forces, now under Confederate General Robert Garnett, were guarding a town called Beverly, which was a key junction on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. There were scores of Union-friendly citizens in the area, and the enemy couldn't make a move without the Union Army learning of it immediately.

General McClellan was in his element. He had graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1846, with such other luminaries as Confederate Generals Thomas J. Jackson and George Pickett. He had been assigned to General Winfield Scott's staff as an engineer during the Mexican War, and had then left the army in 1857 for a career with the Illinois Central Railroad. His management style was one of planning and preparation, which meant he needed the unswerving support of his staff and subordinates and all the operational information he could obtain on which to make decisions.

General McClellan planned to move the army into Beverly, but the turnpike between Philippi and Beverly was blocked by General Garnett, and the alternate passes were felt to be too narrow and winding to support McClellan's entire column. He didn't feel he could move the entire force at once. Reports from the friendly citizens gave him to believe the Confederates were in the hills around Beverly, specifically Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, in a chain of hills running roughly north and south and through which the Federals would have to pass to take that valley.

His plan was to skirt Camp Garnett, move south along a small creek

on the west side of Rich Mountain, as far as the southern branch of the Parkersburg Turnpike, completely avoiding General Garnett's main force of about 3500. General McClellan would initiate the attack on July 11, at 10:00 AM, if he could locate and confront the enemy. General Rosecrans's forces were to delay a short time west of the ridge, and then to move in as a support force, after the McClellan's Ohio Volunteers had cleared the route.

At the last minute, however a young man, 18-year-old David Hart, familiar with the terrain, had appeared in camp with information that there was an alternate route through Rich Mountain which was passable though somewhat winding and tortuous. Hart told them this route would put them onto the battlefield in a position of advantage, flanking the Rebels who were dug in at the farm owned by his family, and by doing so they would be furnishing valuable flanking support for McClellan's main contingent. They would be facing a force of unknown size commanded by General Garnett. Intelligence told them that on July 9, Garnett had established himself securely on Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill protecting Beverly on the east and north.

Still McClellan decided to attack. On July 10, Leaving General Thomas Morris to confront the Rebels at Camp Garnett, he ordered General Rosecrans and a brigade consisting of the 6th and 13th Indiana, the 5th, 15th, and 16th Ohio, and the 1st and 2nd (West) Virginia Infantries, along with the 1st Ohio Light Artillery, almost 2,000 men, to attack from the south end of the valley. Fortunately for Rosecrans, Garnett had thought Rich Mountain too strong to be attacked and left only 1,300 Confederates under the command of Colonel John Pegram to hold that position.

On the night of July 10, Brigadier General William S. Rosecrans, "Old Rosy", put his troops into action, following the route indicated by the helpful young man. The night was dark and there was a driving rain that made the movement all that much more difficult, but the information was good and the brigade moved into position as planned. Sergeant Davis had sent a detachment of skirmishers, including Jesse Logan, out ahead and gave them instructions to establish a position at a point of visibility and vantage, avoiding the Confederate pickets, and commence a sniping attack at ten o'clock.

"Look for the officers," Davis had told his three sniper teams. "Without officers the men will be in more confusion, and our job will be a lot easier. Take as high a position as you can find, with dense brush or heavily wooded hillsides, and get that first shot off at ten o'clock. We'll be listening for your shot as a signal you're in place. Logan, — are you all right with shooting at somebody? You know this isn't just a target or an antelope. It will be a real person."

A Hill Toward Home

Jesse had told Sergeant Davis not to worry, that he would do his job as he had been instructed. He was almost 21 years old, now, and had been over the routine and mental preparation with the sergeant a dozen times but Davis was still undecided as to whether to go out with the sharpshooter team the first time out or not. Through his past association with Sergeant Davis, Logan had developed a deep trust in the older man, and he had every intention of demonstrating that trust.

Sergeant Davis also told the skirmish force to keep as low a profile as possible, as it was supposed to be McClellan's Ohio Brigade that was to initiate the action, and the force under General Rosecrans was to act in support only. The reason for Jesse's ten o'clock opening shot was that ten o'clock was to be the time General McClellan had designated as the time his own attack was to start.

Logan's little squad, consisting of twelve men under the direction of Abner Thomas, a newly appointed corporal, moved out quickly and quietly. The heavy rain, which would make it difficult for them to use their muskets, helped cover the sound of their movement. Jesse was armed with his Spencer rifle, which used metallic cartridges putting him at a considerable advantage, as it was not only more accurate at long range, but less subject to misfire than the regularly issued muzzle-loading muskets loaded with paper cartridges. They trudged along in the rain, not bothering to even communicate with one another, shrouded by their gum blankets, needed to keep them and their powder dry following the directions given by young David Hart.

Corporal Thomas was cautious, but Sergeant Davis's instructions left little to chance. "From here," the sergeant had told the squad, "I want you to go as far as you safely can and work your way north along the eastern fringe of the valley. Stay with the cover as much as you can and well up on the side of the hills. At thirty-minute intervals, I want you to send a man back with progress reports on your movements. I'll send him right back, 'soon as I can, to keep you informed of what's goin' on back here. Logan is to start firing at ten o'clock, sharp, and Ogilby is to stay with him to spot. Give those rifle teams as much protection as you can but for the rest of the squad, your immediate responsibility is intelligence. If you're close enough for them to do their job, you should be close enough to do yours. Remember, men, this is just another hill toward home. If we can take this hill, we'll be that much closer to getting back to our families."

Corporal Ab Thomas and the small force had moved out well before 5:00 AM, just as it was getting light, staying with cover as instructed. They moved quickly away from the main force, soon losing contact with them.

They kept the hillside to their left, ascending steadily, until they had been out about four hours.

The enemy was spread a little higher up the hill than they had expected. They were hunkered down against the rain, and were totally unaware of the approach of the skirmishers, though they suspected and prepared for the main force moving against them from the north, the opposite direction from that which Rosecrans was to use.

Thomas sent the couriers back as directed to report to Sergeant Davis. As the morning progressed the weather began to clear and as ten o'clock approached, they could see the enemy, but Jesse still didn't feel he had a sufficiently commanding position to hit a good target. He suggested they move higher on the mountainside to improve his vantage. The Spencer was good for 1000 yards, but with only open, or 'iron' sights on his rifle, Jesse wanted to get a lot closer than that, or his accuracy would suffer.

"Davis said I should start my firing at ten o'clock," Jesse said to Ab Thomas. "How much time do we have?"

"About ten minutes, yet," Thomas replied, looking at his watch, "We'd better start looking for a good place to set you up."

"There's some rocks and trees on that next rise that I think I can use," Jesse said. "I'd better get up there and set up. Are you going to send a messenger back now, or wait till we get set?"

"I'll wait," Thomas replied. "You move on over there and we'll check the area for pickets." It took longer than Jesse had reckoned to get into position, and by the time he was ready with what he thought were suitable targets, he thought it was well after ten.

The whole thing felt odd. He had never before settled into a take-aim position to shoot at a man, much less one in full uniform. On both trips he had taken across the plains when he was younger, he had been forced to shoot at hostile Indians, but that was on the spur of the moment and necessary to save his life. This was different. Pure and simple, he was bushwhacking.



When they heard the firing from below them, as General Rosecrans had set his troops in motion in spite of Logan's delay, Corporal Ab Thomas was not prepared for Jesse's opening shot. He pulled out his pocket watch, the only watch in the squad at that time, and peered at it, discovering, to his

A Hill Toward Home

disgust, that it must be well after the ten o'clock start time. His watch had stopped at ten minutes before ten o'clock, and the implications were clear. In his haste to set off on the squad's mission he had forgotten to wind his watch that morning, but had also failed to initiate the sniper fire as directed. He didn't know what time it was but he was sure he had not been able to carry out the sergeant's orders, and he was going to get a lecture when he got back to the lines. He wound his watch and dispatched his ten o'clock courier. The return message would not be a pleasant one.

Presently movement on the hillside below Jesse's position told him that there was a squad of about ten Rebels making their way up the hill toward his position. His first thought was to move out, but then he thought of his advantage. He was shooting down on them; they had to shoot uphill. He had a rifle, they probably had muskets. He could fire seven rounds to their one. He was ensconced in a clump of trees and rocks. They had to range in the open, and did not yet seem to have identified Logan's exact location.

Sergeant Davis had discussed tactics with the men, and had advised them how much easier it was to defend than to attack a position. From experience, Jesse knew the rules of ballistics when it came to shooting downhill. He set his sights at 200 yards, tracked one of the soldiers who seemed to be out in front of the squad and fired. When the rifle smoke cleared, the man was on the ground and his companions were scattered. The Rebels were well aware of their disadvantage, and it looked as though they were making plans to spread out and surround Jesse and Jimmo, without unnecessarily exposing themselves to the deadly fire Jesse was laying down. He had only fired nine shots but each of them had done damage. He reloaded with five more cartridges in the seven-round magazine of the Spencer.

As he waited and watched, Jesse reflected on his situation. He had been anxious to get into the war. It represented high adventure, and his family in Tennessee had firmly supported the Union cause, encouraging him to go back across the Ohio River where he found there was even stronger Union sentiment. The feelings in East Tennessee were mixed. Carter County, Tennessee, like the several counties surrounding it was a strong Union bastion, but some of the people in the counties farther west, were just as strongly Secessionist. For the last year or so there had been killings and beatings as the tensions of secession had torn the communities apart. Jesse had met several fine young men at school in Elizabethton and other gatherings that had expressed strong secessionist feelings, though he was not sure why. He'd also met some young hotheads with the attitude that they wanted to rebel against something, not sure what, and this was an opportunity to join with others of like mind and "kick some tail".

Slaves in that part of the country were uncommon and mostly an unnecessary burden. Jesse didn't know anyone except a few of the wealthier townspeople, and a friend of his family that was involved in freighting, who owned them. But there was also the issue of what he had heard called "states' rights" discussed. With it went the accompanying argument that if the north were to impose their will in the U.S. Congress, as they often seemed to be doing, there would be no hope for any state to maintain its authority over any of its own business. Jesse thought this was something of a 'straw man' issue, and that the matter of slavery was really the key to all the dissension. Pure and simple, the wealthy wanted to protect their investment and resented any threat to diminish it. They had paid good money to acquire the people they 'owned', and they didn't feel it was fair to have someone just come and take those people from them.

Jesse and Jimmo watched as the little force of rebel soldiers climbed the hill. As they approached within about sixty yards, they stopped, and regrouped. Jesse could catch snatches of what they were saying, even though they were still in the cover of some trees. The word "trap," reached his ears, as did, "sniper, skedaddle", and "captain's orders." It appeared that he had knocked out their leader and the squad was uncertain as to how to proceed.

Presently the rebel soldiers slipped out of the grove of trees on the far side from where Jesse was crouched and made their way hurriedly back down the hill. He was disappointed, but there were other matters to attend to at the moment. Corporal Thomas came over to where Jesse was hidden and encouraged him to go ahead and try to pick off whoever he could in the Rebel squad, but by then Jesse couldn't get off a clear shot.

The forces under General Rosecrans were on the move, coming up the valley from Jesse's right. What a sight! The whole Rosecrans Regiment was advancing in an organized and disciplined manner, and Jesse had never before been in a position to see such a spectacle. He was overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of the force. A battery of cannon had been set up below where his small troop was located, and had opened up on the Confederate forces. The Rebels were pretty well dug in at the Hart Farm however, and showed no inclination to retreat.

General Rosecrans was now visible in the distance conferring with his staff and giving orders. They had caught the enemy off guard to some degree and though General McClellan may have been able to carry the day with the force he had available, it looked as though General Rosecrans certainly guaranteed the victory. Jesse consulted with Ab Thomas, who had received word from Sergeant Davis to move their position up the hillside if they felt Logan could still be of service as a sniper.

A Hill Toward Home

“There’s plenty of cover here, Ab,” Jesse said, “and I think I can harass them some. Can you scout up the hill for a better spot but leave me a couple of men as protection?” He was nervous.

“Sure,” Thomas said, “We’re supposed to stay out here till Sergeant Davis pulls us back. ‘Got plenty of ammunition?’”

“I have about thirty rounds in my sardine can, yet,” Logan assured Thomas as he peered into his cartridge case. “If that isn’t enough, I’d better not be here.”

They both laughed nervously. “Jesse, if you talk to Sergeant Davis, let him know that we were really busy securing our position at ten o’clock, and jus’ couldn’t get into position to start firing.” Ab said with something of a plea in his voice. “I know I’m gonna catch hell for not havin’ you start on time.”

“I’ll sure do what I can, Ab,” Jesse assured him, “It was as much my fault for trying to get better position.”

“Well, we’ll see,” Thomas wasn’t optimistic.

Jesse and his small support group stayed in the rocks for a short time and then moved farther up the hill and north into a grove of trees that Ab Thomas had suggested, as a confederate battery was trying to identify his position. He fired another fifteen rounds, doing damage with almost every shot, and moving his position periodically to confuse the enemy and avoid detection.

At about four o’clock, the Confederate troops had retired about a mile and Logan’s squad had moved their position several times to keep the Rebs under observation, but then they saw that there was a large squad of men starting out in his direction. They kept to the available cover, and though he managed to hit two or three of them, the Rebs kept coming. The Rebels didn’t stop to exchange shots, as they knew their disadvantage. They just kept climbing, keeping out of his sight as much as possible.

“The party’s getting rowdy and I think it’s time to go home,” Jesse said to the others. “Here come some guys who can just wreck any event and I don’t want to be around when they get here.”

“You’re right, Jess,” Shelby Smith responded, “Just when we were starting to enjoy ourselves these party-crashers show up.”



While Rosecrans led his column toward the Hart farm, McClellan had been waiting impatiently to launch the frontal assault on the Rebel

emplacement. But McClellan was encountering difficulties. By eleven o'clock that morning his forces were in position, but his artillery placements had not been completed to his ultimate satisfaction. He remained with his advance pickets awaiting Rosecrans' assault upon the Confederate rearguard at Camp Garnett, not realizing the attack had actually begun as planned. The action by the forces under General Rosecrans were beyond some hills and out of range of McClellan's hearing.

General McClellan had held his troops in assault position for almost three hours, making last-minute preparations and "waiting for Rosecrans to attack". When he eventually heard the firing at the Hart farm, McClellan and his troops moved up to the forward picket line, but he could not bring himself to order the frontal attack. He was in a position to see some Confederates making speeches, which were greeted by loud cheers. The jubilant mood of the Confederates seen from that position and the apparent failure of Rosecrans to attack served to convince McClellan that the Confederates had overpowered the Federals at Hart farm.

As the battle for Hart farm slowed toward evening, also learning that the Forty-fourth Virginia (CSA) was posted nearby and considering the exhausted state of his troops, Rosecrans departed from McClellan's battle plan to bivouac for the night at the Hart farm, but he had accomplished his purpose for that day.

Rosecrans's capture of Rich Mountain put the Federals squarely across Garnett's line of retreat toward Beverly and to the east, but General Garnett was determined to continue the fight. Entrenched securely at 'Camp Garnett' at Laurel Hill, he was well protected, but isolated from reinforcement or escape. As General Rosecrans later described it to the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, the key to Confederate defenses in Trans-Allegheny Virginia was Camp Garnett and its adjacent fortifications; Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill. The fall of Camp Garnett would threaten Confederate positions in the Shenandoah Valley from Harpers Ferry to Staunton. It was a text-book example of how military distributions could be positioned to demonstrate the 'domino theory' of defense.

The bulk of the Confederate army under General Garnett was thus bottled up. Rosecrans, having captured Colonel Pegram and the 20th Virginia Infantry on Rich Mountain, had placed the Rebels in a pinch between his and General McClellan's main force, which was dug in at Laurel Hill. General Garnett now had to break out or face capture and total defeat, and he was not one to accept the latter alternative. With Rich Mountain gone and Laurel Hill threatened, Camp Garnett was not the place to be at the time. General Garnett decided his best escape was to try to slip between Rosecrans and

A Hill Toward Home

McClellan in an easterly direction. The route he chose would take him to a crossing over the Cheat River called Corrick's Ford.

On the thirteenth of July, General Garnett launched an effort to try to break between the line of General Rosecrans and the force under General McClellan at Laurel Hill and a sharp battle ensued. Jesse was again assigned to act as a sharpshooter. This time he was a little more mentally prepared for his assignment.

The next day, Sergeant Davis called Jesse aside and handed him a beautiful gold pocket watch. "Take this watch." Sergeant Davis said sternly. "I want you to keep it. We need to have at least two watches out there to coordinate our timing."

"Where'd you get it?" Jesse asked. "Where did you get a watch like that, Sergeant? Watches cost money, and I know you ain't much given to throwin' your money around."

"Don't worry about where I got it. You need a watch, and here it is. We can't take a chance on messing up the way we did over on the side of Rich Mountain Thursday. When I tell you to start shooting at ten o'clock, I want to hear a round fly at exactly ten o'clock, and not before, and not after. You're the best shot we have in the company, Logan, and I need you and that Spencer rifle of yours out on the edges of the field to get their attention, and take down their leaders, if you can."

"Well, you know, I did take down that captain. I knew you wanted me to start shooting at ten o'clock. I k - k - killed that captain, then a sergeant and a lieutenant and about ten other Rebs. It was the best I could do at the time." Jesse took the watch reluctantly. "You got it off a dead Reb, didn't you?"

"He won't be needing it," Sergeant Davis mumbled. "You're just goin' to have to get used to the idea that the spoils of war are just as legal down here in the field as they are among the gen'als and those people in Washington or Richmond. When we were back there at Rich Mountain at the Hart farm, who do you know that had any concern about who owned what part of the ground? When you crossed that little ford in the rain that morning, did you worry about who it belonged to? Private Logan, it is called 'the spoils of war,' and no matter whether we are taking land, cannons, horses, or watches from the defeated enemy, it is all legitimate plunder."

Private Logan hung his head and looked at the watch Sergeant Davis had given him, as he walked slowly back to the tent that he and his bunkmate James Ogilby had called home for the past two days. The watch was quite a prize, probably real gold, with a hunting case that closed over the face of the watch to protect it. It had a beautiful chain to which was attached both its key and an ornate watch fob with some figures Jesse didn't recognize.

It had engraving inside the case which looked quite new, and had most likely been a presentation to the former owner, shortly before he went into battle; his last.

“What’ve you there, Jess?” Ogilby asked, as Logan approached their tent.

“Hey, Jimmo,” Jesse responded, “The Sergeant gave me this watch to keep me in line when we’re out on the rim, sniping at the Johnnies. He was a little unhappy with me when I didn’t let fly right on time over on Rich Mountain the other day. He thought I should’ve been able to knock down at least a major or colonel or better when we opened up on them, and wants to make sure I get the next one right.”

“It’s truly a thing of beauty,” Jimmo said, admiring the watch in Jesse’s hand, “He’s complaining that you hit only their captain, a lieutenant, and a sergeant? He’s been telling us that the army can’t run without sergeants, and now he complains that you should have gone for a higher officer? Maybe he’s just trying to protect his chums from the old army.”

The fact that he was good at what he was doing gave Jesse some recognition among his peers. At six foot six inches tall, his size and his pale-colored hair made him stand out in the ranks, and the other members of the company felt they had a celebrity in their midst, and sometimes chided him in good humor about his status.

“They’d make you a general if they thought that you’d keep up popping off them Rebs,” Elijah Hawkins joked.

“They couldn’t spare him out on the perimeter,” Shelby Smith responded.

“Don’t let it go to your head. Jesse Boy,” Jimmo said, protectively, “But before you get that big promotion, you teach me to use that rifle and leave it with me when you go.”

General Rosecrans issued orders the evening of July 12 to have the troops up and ready by four o’clock the next morning. Company “H” was to anchor the right of Rosecrans’s Brigade facing Garnett’s 4600 troops, and holding one of the forward positions. Their reputation for discipline earned them the distinction of being one of the lead positions in many of the battles. They were up before four o’clock, assembled for roll call and prepared to finish the job they had begun two days previously, or so they thought. Sergeant Davis was explaining the approach he expected the men to use, and was about to dispatch the unit.

Jesse turned to the man to his left, Lige Hawkins, and said in a stage whisper, “He talks like a man in a paper sack suit.”

“What are you muttering about Private Logan?” Sergeant Davis had overheard the comment, as Jesse had intended.

A Hill Toward Home

"Sergeant Davis, don't you know those Johnny Rebs are shooting real bullets?"

"What do you care for those real bullets, Whitey?" Hawkins joked, "You don't spend enough time out in the open to catch any of them, and if you did get into a shooting match, that Spencer of yours can shoot all day without reloading."

"Well, if I do run out of bullets, I can't just pick up new ones at the corner store, though," Jesse responded, "So I have to be real cautious how many I use."

"What was that comment about a man in a paper sack suit, Logan," Sergeant Davis demanded with his face within inches of Jesse's.

"Sergeant, I was defending your honor just now, Private Hawkins said that uniform you're wearing wasn't fit to drape a potato sack. Well, I 'lowed as how it certainly would do a potato sack proud. But, say there, Sergeant," Logan said pulling his new watch from his pocket, "I do think it's time we got started, don't you?"

"Logan, Ogilby, Mason, Smith, fall out. Company, close ranks, right face," Davis was chuckling when he addressed the squad, "Forward, march, column half right, march." They were on their way into battle, but the men were smiling as they went out to face the enemy. Jesse, James Ogilby, Martin Mason and Shelby Smith were to assume their usual role as a sharp-shooting team.



General McClellan, was also preparing to attack General Garnett's position at Laurel Hill. His tactics were much more deliberate than those of General Rosecrans, and his forces were not in place until after six o'clock. As McClellan was placing his units in position to attack and as the artillery was being moved to the knoll to shell Camp Garnett, a cavalryman rode into camp, reporting a Confederate withdrawal. He briefed McClellan on the facts that Rosecrans had sent in the Nineteenth Ohio, units of the Tenth and Thirteenth Indiana and Burdsal's cavalry and had already driven the confederates out of Camp Garnett and had occupied the camp.

There had been considerable distance between McClellan and General Rosecrans, as evidenced by the fact that they had not communicated for two days, but General Garnett had a rather sizeable force to squeeze through the gap between the two armies. This also involved crossing Cheat Creek,

swollen by the recent rains, and for this purpose he chose Corrick's Ford. Abandoning Camp Garnett would mean that he would have to abandon a large cache of supplies, but Rosecrans pressed him so hard that there was not even enough time to set them afire. A small group of sick and wounded Confederates were also left at Camp Garnett in charge of a surgeon and a captain who were to surrender the camp at daybreak.



Confusion in the Tygart Valley was rampant with the Rebels clearing the valley and McClellan's Federals not even realizing it. Confederate Officers were issuing conflicting orders and soldiers were running in all directions.

Early in the battle, a civilian, Mr. John Hughes, who was acting as a courier and guide for General Garnett was riding toward the Rebel camp at Rich Mountain to deliver a message when Confederate pickets retiring from the Hart farm, shot and killed him, mistaking him for a Federal. It was a sad affair. Hughes had been a member of the convention that adopted the Ordinance of Secession for the State of Virginia. He was a strong Secessionist, and native of Beverly, but was killed for his service to the cause of secession by one of his own.

No one knew who the enemy was, and it was even difficult for the sniper team to adopt a position from which to harass the enemy.

Jesse had little time to secure a good position and get off any effective fire when he would have to pack up and move to another location. He was having trouble keeping contact with his own company, though his couriers kept up their half-hour trips as well as they could.

At Camp Garnett, some thirty-three Confederate officers and five hundred sixty enlisted men surrendered to McClellan's forces. After receiving the message of their surrender, McClellan ordered his men to load food and provisions in wagons and deliver them to the surrendering soldiers. McClellan then moved his units out, passed through Camp Garnett, and halted briefly at General Rosecrans's camp to speak to the wounded, while ignoring General Rosecrans. He then proceeded to occupy Beverly without opposition late in the afternoon. He left Rosecrans' brigade at Camp Garnett and the Hart farm until the following day when they moved on to Beverly.

By leaving his tents in place and withdrawing silently, General Garnett had fairly well managed to slip past McClellan without detection. Intending to move over the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike before McClellan could

A Hill Toward Home

block his escape route by occupying Beverly. Confederate General Garnett proceeded southward on the pike until he was erroneously informed that the Federals were already in possession of Beverly. He then turned northward from the pike, hoping to evade the Federals and move his troops around the northern section of the mountain range to return to Staunton.

At Corrick's Ford the wagons were momentarily halted. While the First Georgia and part of the Twenty-third Virginia regiments were trying to rescue the wagons from the deep water, Federal troops engaged them in a brief exchange of small weapons fire. General Garnett had returned to the rear guard to check on the action and while directing the Confederates in removing the wagons from the ford, he was shot and killed by a sergeant from the Thirteenth Indiana, leaving the Confederate forces with diminished leadership. They were on their own.

From Beverly General McClellan made good use of the telegraph lines, which he had constructed as his armies advanced. McClellan immediately reported the successes of his campaign. The Federal authorities had been much concerned with his campaign and were elated by McClellan's seemingly easy victory.

Following the battles of Rich Mountain and Corrick's Ford, General McClellan sent to his troops the following message, which was faithfully reproduced by the northern press:

'Soldiers of the Army of the West: I am more than satisfied with you. You have annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fastness fortified at their leisure . . . You have killed more than two hundred and fifty of the enemy, who has lost all his baggage and equipage. All this has been accomplished with the loss of twenty brave men killed and sixty wounded on your part.'

In Washington, as a result of the actions at Beverly and Philippi, Representative Thomas M. Edwards of New Hampshire introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives, unanimously adopted, which read in part:

'Resolved: That the thanks of this House be presented to Major General G. B. McClellan, and the officers and soldiers of his command for the series of brilliant and decisive victories . . . achieved . . . on the battlefields of Western Virginia.'

General Rosecrans and his brigade had been instrumental in defeating

an army of 1300 Confederates on Rich Mountain and 4600 at Camp Garnett, but when all was said and done, General McClellan, upset over having let Garnett's regiment slip through his fingers, cast about for someone to blame. He was understandably upset but, rather than accept any of the responsibility, he chose General Rosecrans for the object of his wrath. He claimed that he had expected Rosecrans to take the Hart Farm and alert him of his actions. It mattered little that the July 10th agreement had been to launch a simultaneous attack at ten o'clock, and that he, himself, had delayed the movement of his own forces until he discovered that the battle was well underway. George McClellan was a man who wanted to have all the information on all matters laid out right on his desk, and he didn't like surprises. The facts were that Rosecrans's attack was executed as planned, but acoustics got in the way. McClellan didn't accept that as any excuse, and Old Rosy felt the sting of McClellan's criticism.

In his report to Washington, General McClellan took full credit for the victory, and also censured General Rosecrans for failing to follow orders and send a courier to keep him advised. It was General Rosecrans's turn to be furious. Everyone except Sergeant Davis was dumbfounded. They couldn't understand why such a ringing defeat of the enemy should have resulted in censure. Davis took the matter stoically. He had been in the army long enough, even fighting alongside George McClellan in Mexico, to understand the importance of keeping one's superior officer advised. That had not been done in this case. He also knew the technique of some of the officers in the army, especially the ambitious ones, taking credit for all successes and scapegoating their own mistakes, and William Rosecrans was the designated goat.



Earlier in the year, when the war had been considered imminent, Jesse's brother David had purchased a brand new 1860 Spencer rifle against such eventuality as an invasion of Cairo, Illinois, where he was living. When he learned of Jesse's plans to enlist, David gave him the rifle as a gift. The state of Indiana authorized the purchase of firearms from the citizens who were willing to part with them, and eventually paid David the \$33.50 it had cost him. So Jesse had been selected as one of Sergeant Davis's designated sharp shooters.

Sergeant Davis's instructions to Jesse were always to work his way out onto the fringe of the battlefield to find a spot where he could observe the enemy's command staff and do as much damage to their top ranks as

A Hill Toward Home

possible. It was an effective way to demoralize the enemy as well as deplete their upper ranks. It was dangerous business, however, as the rebels were always anxious to knock out the Union snipers to counter their deadly effect.

The Rebs had sharpshooters of their own, and at times there was a spirited exchange between the snipers from the opposing sides. The Spencer rifle was both accurate and well made, and it seldom failed to fire. It held seven metallic cartridges in its magazine drilled through the stock, and a man could get off a series of seven shots in less than a minute, though it sometimes took another minute to reload. The exchanges between Jesse and his counterparts on the Confederate side were greatly tilted in his favor owing to the rapid-fire rate of his rifle. (As the war progressed, a tube to recharge the whole seven-shot magazine was developed and improved the firing rate of the weapon considerably.)

When his skills weren't required as a sharpshooter, Jesse was expected to march and fight with the company, though he was allowed to keep the Spencer as his regular weapon. It was as modern as any rifle Jesse had ever shot, and he protected it carefully, for he knew his position and possibly his life depended on it.

Jesse was also allowed to keep with him a Colt .31 caliber revolver, which he usually kept in his knapsack, but then carried in a holster on his belt when he went into battle. Both he and Jimmo were permitted such exceptions, as they were a team most of the time, Jimmo spotting and Jesse shooting. Jimmo also had a .31 caliber revolver that he had brought from home.



The successes of the campaign by the newly formed Army of the Ohio had attracted notoriety, and several reporters had been visiting in camp to provide their particular publications with first-hand information. It was surprising how fast the reporters gravitated to the scene of dramatic success or equally dramatic failure. One of these reporters was a man with the unlikely name of Monroe Monroe, who worked for a Philadelphia weekly. Monroe fancied himself quite a bird dog, and spent a great deal of his time haunting the troops and hunting for colorful stories.

Logan's involvement on Rich Mountain and later engagements attracted Monroe's attention, and he sent back to his publisher a romantic article on the young man's marksmanship and derring-do. Logan took the

flattery in stride, but he also took a lot of good-natured ribbing from the other men in the company. Monroe reported not only his exploits but a detailed description of him and information on the fact that his family was from Tennessee, all of which was picked up and reproduced in publications from both sides of the conflict, including the 'Knoxville Whig', a publication edited by a strong Union supporter from East Tennessee, Parson William Brownlow. The folks in East Tennessee were either proud or disgusted with the story, depending on which side of the secession issue they stood.

Jesse's size, his fair hair, and his proficiency with his rifle seemed to intrigue the news correspondents, and among them they contrived the concept of him as an 'angel of death' to the Rebels, and the sobriquet of "The White Angel" to pin on him. All this notoriety further contributed to the needling he would take from his peers in the company, his publicity in the newspapers, and his own embarrassment.

Later on, the death of General Garnett commander of the Confederate regiment was picked up by another reporter for a northern news magazine, who had been observing the activity from well behind the Union lines, giving Jesse credit. This story, too, was polished and published in both northern and southern papers, and even though Jesse denied responsibility for the death of the confederate general, the reporters ignored his denial.

As a result of the publicity Logan received from the news articles, a gun dealer from Clarksburg contacted Colonel Sullivan and offered to mount a telescopic sight on the Spencer, improving the effectiveness of the rifle considerably. The modification was to be without cost, and Jesse readily agreed. This gained additional publicity when the reporters learned of it and Jesse didn't think he'd ever hear the last of the matter.

Under Sergeant Davis's direction, the company had been quickly molded into a well-trained and disciplined unit. His experience in the war of 1846 and later as he rose through the ranks in the regular army gave him both the skill and the credibility to shape the troops into something more than a uniformed mob. While some of the other companies lacked the sense of discipline to carry out the orders delivered by their sergeants, Company "H" learned from the start to work together, and their proficiency at drill gave them a sense of confidence and pride inspiring them to perform all the better. It also earned them the envy of the other companies, and some key assignments on the field of battle.



A Hill Toward Home

At almost twenty-one, Jesse had grown into a rather imposing young man. He stood six and a half feet tall, with curly pale blond hair and blue eyes. His years pitching hay and cutting wood in the Carson Valley, Utah Territory, and later working with his grandfather and Uncle John as a sawyer in Carter County, Tennessee had left him wide shoulders, a narrow waist, and stout arms. He was quiet in manner, but had a devious sense of humor, which he often displayed with jokes and jabs at Jimmo and even Sergeant Davis, two of his favorite objects for such display. Jesse also managed from time to time to break out in song, drawing from those taught him by his Grandfather Kellar, with whom he lived for a time after his mother had sent him east, as she said "for an education."

Near the town of Beverly where Company "H" was camped after their victory at Corrick's Ford, the time passed quickly. General McClellan had given orders to rest the troops after the recent battle but when they weren't repairing their equipment or looking for replacement parts, Sergeant Davis kept the men busy drilling almost all day. The men, proud of their skill and reputation, grumbled about the incessant drilling, but submitted willingly. Sergeant Davis always seemed to have a new maneuver or tactic in the back of his mind to teach them. He worked them on turning, flanking, oblique movements, moving into files of one, two, or four, spreading into skirmish line, forming up out of skirmish line, wheeling in line, and a dozen other drills that they didn't even know the reasons for. He told the troops he wanted them to march wherever and whenever they moved. When two or three of his men were seen walking together, if he was around, he called cadence for them to march to. Discipline, Sergeant Davis told the men, would save more lives than marksmanship and he felt it was his job to get as many of them home in one piece as he possibly could.

The Sixth Indiana was bivouacked in a large meadow in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains for the time, near the Cheat River. As the brigade rested, General Rosecrans could be seen storming about the camp. Half the time he was consulting with his subordinates, rehashing the victory which had driven the Rebels down into the Shenandoah Valley or planning his next campaign, and the other half of the time he was railing against "That damned little Napoleon" who took the credit for the last victory.

One day Jesse had made his way over to the Suttler's tent to see what the latest goods were for sale. He had heard a soldier in one of the nearby camps playing a harmonica, and was inspired to try one. He had played the fiddle a little, at home in Kellars Crossing, and thought he might see if he could make music on the mouth organ.

Suttlers were a necessary lot and at that point in the war the trade of

the suttler was often quite good. They had food, dry goods, scissors, combs, pocket knives, underwear, odd ammunition for the firearms the men were permitted to keep of their own property, newspapers, and a host of such items as the army didn't normally provide. The suttlers usually showed up in the camps one or two days after the troops had settled in for bivouac, and ordinarily attached themselves to the same regiment, if possible. The feeling of customer relations was important even in the situation of war. They set up shop in any kind of structure available. Usually their store was a tent, as command staff got to occupy any buildings available, but there were times when a deserted building also served as the suttler's store.

The suttler that had been with the regiment was a man known only as Mr. Livingston. He was a rather quiet man with calm dark eyes and pale skin. He usually smoked a pipe, and the tent always smelled of the tobacco smoke. He was assisted by a young woman the men knew only as Miss Livingston, and assumed she was his daughter. She was an attractive woman, probably in her early twenties, with abundant brown, curly hair, and an attractive figure, which the boys could only speculate about, as she dressed plainly and modestly, though her wardrobe seemed to be quite extensive. The men also discussed the fact that they seldom saw Miss Livingston in the same dress twice. In fact, they discussed almost every aspect of Miss Livingston's life, presence, character, and being, as she was the closest thing any of them had to female companionship. Not that she was particularly friendly, nor did she show partiality to any of the troops. It was just that she was an attractive young woman, and that in itself was all she needed to be to get their attention.

Jesse had had little business in the store except to buy one of those little round discs with his name stamped on it that eventually became known as a 'dog tag'. They were popular among the soldiers, and as one fellow put it, "If I get blowed up by one of them bombs the Johnnies throw at us, at least there'll be something left of me to bury."

Jesse walked into the suttler's tent and though he could smell the strong odor of Mr. Livingston's pipe, the only person present was Miss Livingston.

"May I help you, Mr. Logan?" the young woman asked in a most cordial manner.

The greeting made Jesse look twice, as to his knowledge she had never so much as noticed his existence or known his name. "We just got in some new stock, and you might be interested in these wool socks."

"Well," Jesse said, "My land, Miss Livingston, you do look nice today. I was just thinking I might get a mouth organ. I heard some of the other fellas playin' theirs and it seemed to me to be a good way to pass the time."

A Hill Toward Home

"Do you play?" she asked, still in a most friendly manner. "What kind of harmonica are you looking for? We have several."

"Well, I don't rightly know," Jesse said. "I played the fiddle, some, but I don't know much about mouth organs. I jus' heard these fellas playing them and thought I might be able to."

"Where are you from, Mr. Logan," Miss Livingston asked. "Your accent has a ring to it that suggests you may be from the south."

"I have lived some, over most of the country, but you're right. I was born in east Tennessee and have lived the past four or five years Carter County." Did Jesse notice Miss Livingston stiffen at the mention of Carter County, or was it just his imagination? At any rate, he kept on talking. "My family moved west when I was a little boy, but then I went back to stay with kinfolk, when I was about fifteen."

"I thought so," she said, opening the case of musical instruments, "Where did you live out west, in California?"

The light conversation continued during Jesse's visit to the tent, and when he had purchased the mouth organ, he thought would suit him, he paid and started out the through the tent flap.

"Don't go playing that when you're out at your post looking to shoot those Rebs." Miss Livingston said. "They might hear you and slip over for a visit when you're looking the other way. We wouldn't want to lose one of our best sharpies, Mr. Logan."

"Don't you worry none, Miss Livingston. They say silence is golden, and I believe it when it comes to setting up out there."

"Well, I've also heard that silence is consent," she tossed back at him, "and as you can tell, I'm seldom silent."

"*Well, what did that mean?*" Jesse mused as he walked away from the tent. "*Sometimes I can't figure women out, and then sometimes I don't even try.*"



The success of the Army of the Ohio in the Tygart Valley was widely acclaimed in the north, and especially in Washington. It was really the first good news of the war as such and though small and remote from the centers of population, it was hailed as the harbinger of the way the war would go and 'On to Richmond' was heard frequently and repeated in the press. The prevailing feeling after the news of July 13 was jubilation, and it was with

this attitude that the citizens and politicians from Washington went forth to watch the Army of the Potomac, USA chase the Army of Northern Virginia, CSA all the way to Richmond from a small town named Manassas, Virginia, less than a week later.

'On to Richmond' didn't happen. Bull Run, or Manassas as it was referred to in the southern press, was a disaster for the northern forces and the Washington politicians began immediately casting about for someone to blame.

General Irwin McDowell, who had been commander of the Army of the Potomac was summarily removed on July 27, and replaced by General George B. McClellan.

"Little Napoleon" had made his mark with the powers at Washington and had been selected to save the Union.