

Through
THE CIVIL WAR with
the 14th Ohio Infantry

Horatio Quiggle's
Memoir of Service, 1861–1865

Edited and annotated by
Joanna R. Hagopian and
David A. Powell

Unedited Excerpt

SB

Savas Beatie
California

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From David A. Powell:
To my wife, Anne

From Joanna R. Hagopian:
To my grandmother, Mildred Quiggle Fenn, who recorded these memories,
and to my mother, Elizabeth Fenn Rogers, who preserved them.



Private Horatio Hanford Quiggle. *Joanna R. Hagopian*

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Introduction

I was introduced to Horatio “Rash” Quiggle by my publisher, Theodore P. Savas. Ted sent me a copy of Horatio’s memoir, knowing the account would be of interest to me. The 14th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which Rash was a member, was in the thick of things at the Battle of Chickamauga, and Rash’s recollections include a lengthy part of his epistle devoted to describing two hellish days of combat.

The memoir follows a familiar format, glossing over whole months of garrison duty in a few sentences, and then very often recalling details of incidents on specific dates. It is likely that Private Quiggle used existing letters or perhaps a diary to help his recollections—but if so, the original source documents are lost. Fortunately, the family preserved this memoir, so that it might eventually see the light of day.

The 14th Ohio Infantry was recruited in northwest Ohio, with many of the men coming from in and around Toledo. As a result, one of the state’s most prolific newspapers, the *Toledo Blade*, often published letters sent home by men in the unit, especially if reporting on events as dramatic as combat. To add depth to Rash’s memoirs (and sometimes provide the odd minor correction to an old man’s memory) we have chosen to add some of those letters to the narrative. Each chapter of the memoir concludes with one or two such letters from the *Blade* or some other local paper, which the editors hope will help deepen the reader’s understanding of Rash’s wartime experience.

David A. Powell

The Quiggle Family in America

Horatio Quiggle's forebears came to the United States from the Grand Duchy of Baden on the Rhine River in Germany. When emigrating to this country, the "Quickles" settled for a time in Pennsylvania before moving to Ohio. Johann Philippus Quickel (1709–1757) and Anna Sabina Britsch (1709–1765) were married in Darmstadt, Hesse, Germany on June 23, 1733. Johann was a carpenter. They came to America with two young children, Nicholas and Maria Catherina, aboard the brigantine *John* (Perth Amboy, NJ registry). They traveled from their village of Brandau, near Darmstadt. Before embarking for America, they sailed the Rhine to Rotterdam, a trip that took four to six weeks because of stops at Custom Houses. Following delays at Rotterdam and the English port of Dover, they crossed the Atlantic Ocean—a trip of more than seven weeks. They arrived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on October 19, 1736, where Johann took an oath to the Province of Pennsylvania. The newly arrived family settled in Manheim Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Their second son, Peter, was the first direct American-born Quiggle ancestor, born April 8, 1740, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Over the years, the family grew to five boys and five girls; however, the youngest girl, born in the winter of 1749, only survived three months.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Peter Quiggle married Anna Sophia Elisabeth Niemeyer (1744–1820) on February 13, 1765. They raised four boys and three girls and farmed the land. During the American Revolution, Peter fought as a private against the British in Parker's Company, 7th Pennsylvania Regiment. John Michael Quiggle was the oldest born to Peter and Anna, and he married Betsey Shull (1779–1852) in September 1798 in Juniata, Pennsylvania. About 1807, John and Anna's family included two boys and two girls, and they moved to Ohio. By 1810, their family was firmly settled in Hambden, Geauga County, Ohio. The

youngest son of John and Betsey was born January 1, 1813, in Hambden, Ohio, and they named him Calvin Quiggle.

Calvin married Louisa Brewer in Warren, Ohio, on November 16, 1835. Louisa was the daughter of Luke Brewer and Louisa Hale, both from old Massachusetts families. The Brewers arrived in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1632 and were among the original settlers of Roxbury. The Hales were early settlers in Enfield, Connecticut, and were related to Nathan Hale, the American Patriot, soldier, and spy for the Continental Army during the American Revolution. Louisa was born in Wilbraham, Massachusetts, on December 25, 1817. The Brewers moved to Ohio sometime after the 1830 census and settled in the Ashtabula County area. Luke died in 1849 and is buried in Kelloggsville. Louisa Hale Brewer was living with her daughter Louisa Quiggle in Hambden by the 1850 census. The Quiggle's moved to Fulton County. The birth of two Quiggle children, Romanso Calvin, born in 1836, and Horatio Hanaford, born in 1838, may have prompted Louisa Hale Brewer's move back to Ashtabula County to live with her daughter Lucy until Louisa died in 1864. The Quiggle family continued to grow: Amelia Louise, born in 1840; Osro Francis, born in 1843; Lucy A., born in 1845; twins Maria Chloe and Milton (who died as an infant), born in 1847; Elmer Canfield, born in 1849; Charles Clarence (aka C. C.), born in 1851; and Frederick E., born in 1854. The Quiggle family was beginning to establish their roots in Ohio.

Calvin reportedly bought land in Fulton County in 1853 from J. W. Deck and was known to have managed the Columbian House in Waterville, Ohio, around the same time. Some reports also put Calvin in the drug business. Around 1860, the family moved to Ai, Fulton County, and Calvin was farming with his second son Horatio. The eldest son and daughter, Romanso and Amelia, were both schoolteachers. Horatio eventually went from farming to teaching before enlisting in the Civil War.

The Quiggles stepped up to defend the Union like many other Ohio families when the call came to enlist. Romanso, Horatio, and Osro all served in the Federal army. Sister Amelia's husband, John Arthur Grandy, and sister Lucy's future husband, Russell Gideon Merrill, also enlisted. Even Calvin's older brother John, from Hambden, signed up in 1861 and served briefly until medically discharged about a year later—after authorities discovered he was over 60 years old. On July 15, 1865, Horatio was discharged from the 14th Ohio and returned to his beloved home and family in Delta. He had served four years, two months, and twenty-three days.

Known as “Rash” around town, Horatio ran the most well-known grocery store—“Quiggle's”—during the 1870s through the late 1880s. Advertisements in the *Northwestern Republican* and *Delta Atlas* newspapers listed groceries, provisions of all kinds, canned goods, fresh fruits, and oysters in their season. Rash offered “cash paid for game of all kinds.” He sold furs and kept all types of sportsman's

material on hand. Rash worked hard at his store, with almost weekly mentions in the *Delta Atlas* addressing his success, family get togethers, fishing adventures, and even recognition that “Rash Quiggle wears a new straw hat.” Horatio clearly was one of the town’s most successful, well-liked, respected, and eligible bachelors.

January 7, 1872, was a big day for a little family in Morenci, Michigan. Horatio Quiggle married Mary Jane Bowhall and adopted her 3-year-old son, Thomas. The family settled back in Delta, where Mary Jane became known as Jennie Quiggle, and Thomas grew into a fine young man. Following in his stepfather’s footsteps, on April 25, 1898, aged 29, Thomas enlisted in the 6th Ohio Infantry to serve in the Spanish-American War. Interestingly enough, after being sworn into Federal service, the 6th Regiment traveled to Camp Thomas, Georgia—named for General George H. Thomas—a training camp established on the grounds of the newly created Chickamauga National Military Park, where Horatio and his comrades in the Civil War-era 14th Ohio suffered through two bloody days of combat on September 19–20, 1863. Thomas Quiggle and his fellow 6th Ohioans were stationed at Camp Thomas for nearly six months, until being transferred to a different camp in Tennessee. The 6th Regiment eventually reached Cuba but saw no combat: they served as occupation troops for three months in early 1899 before returning home to be mustered out. Thomas was honorably discharged on May 24, 1899. He returned to Delta, Ohio, and resumed his work about town as a painter.

Around mid-1875, the “Quiggle & McMaster’s Brick Block” broke ground on Main Street in Delta. Horatio hired masons, and they laid bricks, constructing a building sixty feet long by forty feet broad. The building would be thirty-six feet high—the French plate glass front cost \$500. The whole project cost \$6,500. It became known as one of the finest buildings in town, with the most handsome facade. Rash was in his glory. The H. H. Quiggle Grocery Store on Main Street in Delta would be in a new home by fall. Horatio filled his new store with the best provisions and more ammunition than “anywhere in the county,” according to the *Democratic Expositor*, upon the store’s opening in September 1875. It’s no wonder it was a successful enterprise. However, Horatio could be fickle. In September 1878, Horatio decided to sell the grocery store, only to re-enter the business again in May 1879. His younger brother Clarence, aka C. C., ran the store in the Quiggle Brick Block.

In March 1882, at 44 years old, Horatio purchased a farm and devoted his time to tilling the land as he had done as a teenager. He wanted to live a double life: staying one day on his farm, two miles from town; the next as a villager, at the Wood Street cottage. This life seemed to be good for him for a time, but after six years, the time had come to give it up, and he sold the farm in 1888.

During the spring of 1889, Horatio began experiencing ailing health. His older brother, Romanso, aka R. C., lived in Milton, Michigan, with his family. Over the next four years, whenever Horatio took ill, he and his family headed to his brother's home. There Horatio would get some much-needed rest and recovery. R. C. lived well. He had a fine yacht, the *Sun Beam*, used to tour Michigan's many lakes. Those frequent visits to the sun and fresh air brought Horatio back to health each time. He would talk wistfully of moving up to Lake St. Clair or maybe Monroe upon each return to Delta.

On August 18, 1892, the beautiful village of Delta became a sea of seething flames. It was the most destructive fire ever visited upon Fulton County to that date. It destroyed the Masonic Building, the Central Hotel, downtown businesses, livery barns, and dwellings. Dispatches were sent to Wauseon and Toledo, from which engines were immediately sent. The Delta and Wauseon engines nearly exhausted the water supply, but fortunately the Toledo steamer had enough hose to reach the creek south of town. The sun was sinking fast before the fire was under control. Cinders from the fire were picked up nine miles northwest of town. Despite most businesses being burned out in the village, the people had begun rebuilding by the following week. By mid-September 1892, Horatio had a new forty-four by sixty-foot brick foundation laid for a two-story brick building block in downtown Delta. He was pushing for an early finish for his community, and on November 25, 1892, a new building was open.

Despite his vigorous and enthusiastic pursuit of the business life, Rash equally enjoyed getting away from it all. He spent many days at the Maumee River casting his fishing rod, dreaming of the day he would catch a big bass. Sometimes he left early in the morning with just a fishing pole and a can of worms. One summer, Rash and Art Grandy took an excursion over to the Maumee River for a day of fishing and banting. Supposedly their luggage, weighing 1,500 pounds, was full of guns, ammunition, fishhooks, expectations, etc. All they brought home was a faint recollection of one little bite. Another time when Rash went to the "muddy" Maumee, there were "lots of bites—from mosquitoes." After decades of trying, Rash finally made the front page of the *Delta Atlas* on June 13, 1902, when he finally landed his dreamed-of trophy: a four-pound, one-ounce, twenty-inch bass.

Horatio was a faithful member of the United Brethren Church in Delta for thirty years and an active Sunday School teacher when able. Horatio and Jennie often held receptions at their home for church members, known about town as a joyful time. The Reverend and his wife had been welcome guests among the Quiggle family at the Thanksgiving table over the years.

In April 1896, now 58, Horatio and his family moved from Delta to Monroe, Michigan, as he dreamed of in years prior. Yet, Delta was still in his heart, and they

moved back within three months. Four years later, Horatio retired and was soon on his way back to Monroe with his family. They made it one year before returning to Delta. In 1905, the Quiggles packed their belongings for yet another move to Monroe. They lived there until 1913. However, this time the family did not return to Delta. Instead, they moved to Toledo, Ohio, where they resided for the next seven years. Horatio had one more move in him. In the spring of 1920, when he was 81 years old, he decided that the family should return to their hometown of Delta. Horatio, Jennie, and Thomas moved into what turned out to be Horatio's final residence, a home on Lincoln Street, on September 16, 1920. On February 16, 1921, Horatio died at home in his beloved hometown of Delta. He was 82 years old.

Joanna R. Hagopian

Acknowledgments

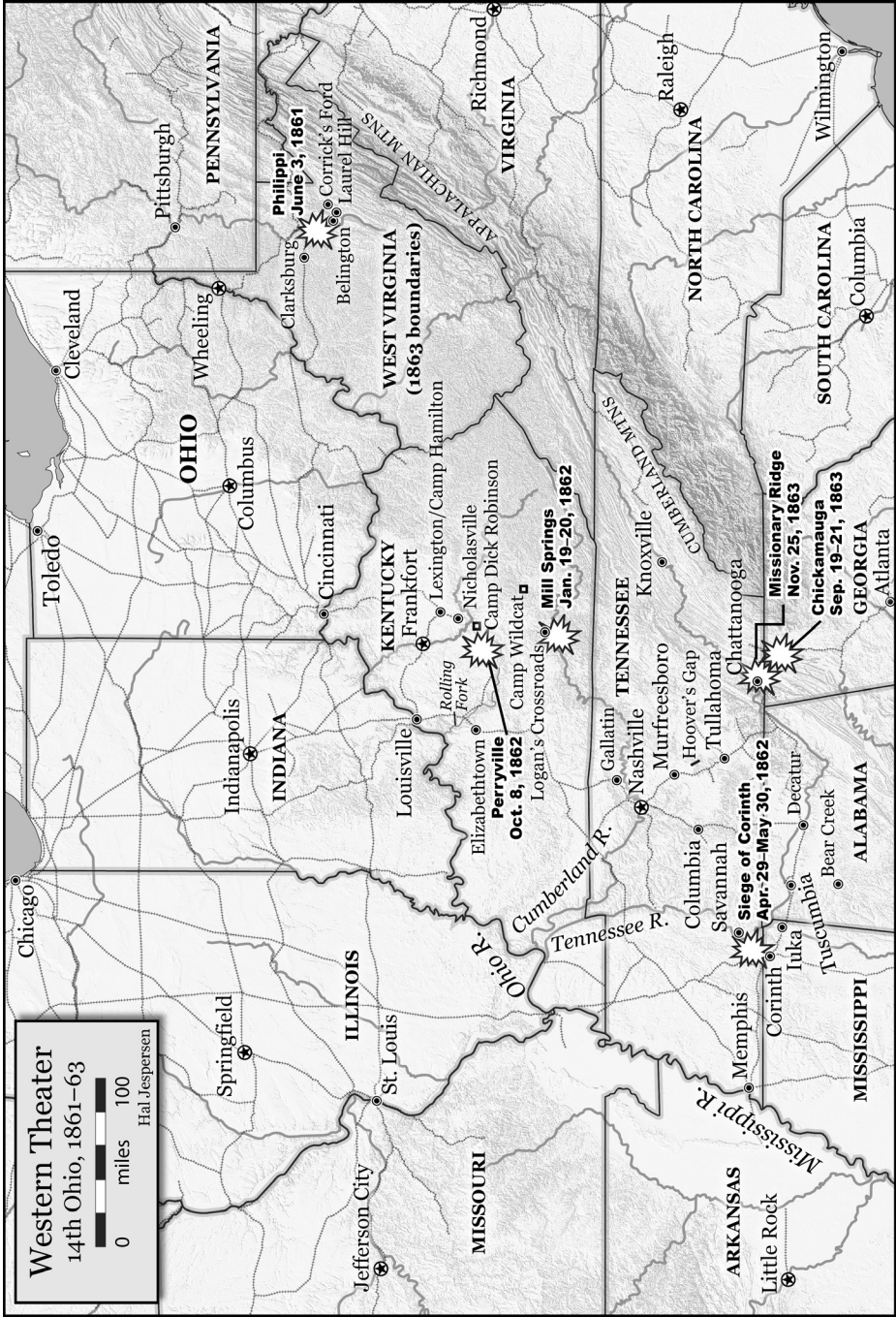
From Joanna: This book exists because generations of my family preserved our history. The survival of Horatio Quiggle's memoir, along with letters, photographs, and records, reflects their care and devotion. I am deeply grateful for their foresight, which made it possible to share these voices with future generations.

My sincere thanks to Savas Beatie, especially Theodore P. Savas, for believing in this project and helping bring it to print. I also wish to thank the Savas Beatie staff for guiding me through the production and marketing process. Thanks also goes out to Derrick Lindow for indexing the book. I am especially grateful to my co-editor, David Powell, whose knowledge, guidance, and commitment to historical accuracy strengthened this work.

I also appreciate the assistance of librarians, historians, and researchers who provided valuable resources and insight, as well as the editors and publishing professionals who helped shape this book.

Finally, I am thankful to my friends and loved ones for their continued encouragement and support.

From Dave: Thanks to Joanna, for allowing me to work on this project, and thanks to the entire Savas Beatie team for publishing this and many other projects.



Chapter One

First Campaign: April to July 1861

About the twelfth day of April 1861, I started from my home near Ai, Ohio, and went to Toledo to hire out to a man named Vannorton that was in the ice business in that city. When I got there all was excitement. Drums were beating up and down the streets. Fort Sumpter had been fired on. Abraham Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops and Colonel James B. Steedman was recruiting a regiment.¹

I enrolled my name in Company I, and within fifteen days I, with a musket on my shoulder, was on my way to Virginia. We went first to Webster, Virginia passing through twenty-two railroad tunnels, leaving guards at each tunnel. The next night we started on an all-night's march to Philippi where there were a lot of rebels encamped. We got there just at daybreak with the intention of surprising the camp, but a woman seen us coming and came out and fired off a shotgun. We doubled quick but when we got to where we could see them, they were flying in every direction. Casualty: one man was wounded. This was my first battle of the war, and the first battle of the war.²

1 James Blair Steedman was a force in antebellum Ohio politics. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1817 but was orphaned at an early age. He moved to Louisville and became a printer, but soon left there to join Sam Houston's army in the Texas Revolution in 1836. By 1860, he was a newspaper editor and publisher, joined the California Gold Rush for a time in 1849, served two terms in the Ohio General Assembly as a Democrat, served on the Ohio Board of Public Works, was appointed official printer of the United States Government in 1857 by incoming President James Buchanan, and was serving as a major general of the Ohio Militia when secession roiled the country's political landscape. A staunch war Democrat, Steedman vehemently opposed the dissolution of the Union and quickly recruited the 14th Ohio Infantry for three months' service in the spring of 1861. He was appointed colonel of the 14th Ohio on April 27, 1861. See Ezra J. Warner, *Generals in Blue, Lives of the Union Commanders* (Baton Rouge, LA: 1964), 473-474.

2 The Battle of Philippi, Virginia, (subsequently West Virginia) was fought on June 3, 1861. It is considered the first organized engagement of the war. By subsequent standards, it hardly qualified as

When we marched from Webster to Philippi, it rained all night. We laid at Philippi between three to four weeks drilling and doing guard duty. One night Captain Crawford of Company I was going the “Grand Rounds” to test the pickets and see if they were all right. He came to a post just below where I was stationed, where a green German boy was on post and in trying to get his gun, the boy shot him dead. The ball striking him in the breast drove the third button of his coat right through him. This was the first death that occurred in our command. It seemed to cast gloom over the entire regiment. He was from Napoleon, Ohio, and a lawyer by profession.³

Here we drew our first pay from Uncle Sam being at the rate of fifteen dollars a month in gold. The Pay Master made his headquarters under a tree near the camp and had the gold in a nail keg. I was detailed to guard him and the gold. About the time he got ready to pay, a soldier came on a horse and said the rebels were advancing on us. All was excitement. Officers called their companies to fall in. They doubled quick on the road and expected to meet the enemy. The Pay Master left for parts unknown, but I stayed by the gold. In a little while the regiments came back, for it proved to be a false report. The Pay Master returned and after quiet had been restored, he went on paying the troops.

The next battle was Laurel Hill. Here the rebels were strongly entrenched with as fine and as strong a works as I ever saw. It was in the shape of a horseshoe. We tried to form our lines so as to outflank them, but they left in the night before we accomplished our design. I was on picket that night and heard the rumbling of wheels. I reported to an officer that I believed they were leaving. He didn't think they were, but in the morning, it proved correct.⁴

even a skirmish, pitting 2,000 Federals against 1,500 Confederates. At least ten Rebels were wounded, as were five Federals, including Col. Benjamin E. Kelley, who took a pistol ball to the chest. The Rebels retreated in disorder. Northern journalists had a field day, hailing the victory as the “Philippi Races.” The battle was really a minor affair, though it produced significant results: the Federals were able to secure control of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge at Grafton, which allowed rapid movement of Federal troops east. David S. Heidler and Jeanne T. Heidler, eds., *Encyclopedia of the American Civil War, A Political, Social, and Military History*, 5 vols. (Santa Barbara, CA: 2000), vol. 3, p. 1511.

3 Captain Andrew Crawford was actually in Company F. Crawford, a lawyer from Defiance, Ohio, was killed on June 13th, 1861, much as Quiggle describes it.

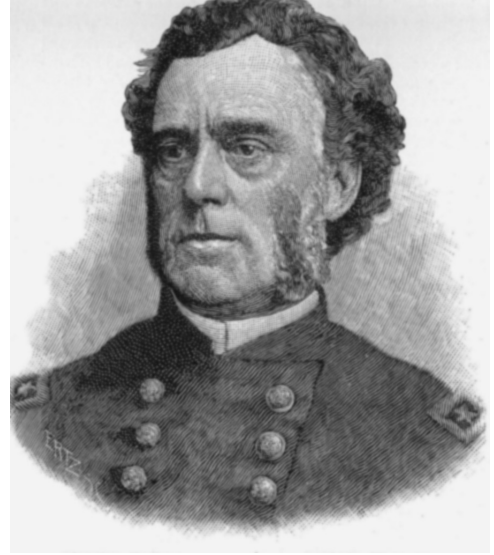
4 The Battle of Laurel Hill, Virginia, (subsequently West Virginia) was fought on July 10, 1861. It was part of a double-pronged pincer movement orchestrated by Federal Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, the other arm of that movement resulting in the Battle of Rich Mountain. Laurel Hill was once again little more than a skirmish, though Rich Mountain proved to be more substantial. Each side suffered roughly 70 casualties, and two days later, Confederate Col. John Pegram was forced to surrender a force of 555 men. Confederate Brig. Gen. Robert S. Garnett was killed on July 13, while fighting a rearguard action at Corrick's Ford. This string of Union triumphs—Philippi, Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain, and Corrick's Ford—forcibly ejected Rebel forces from western Virginia and helped

Just below where our regiment was encamped, was a doctor's house and office, but he and his family had left when they heard the Yankees were coming. The day before the rebels evacuated, we were on picket at the house. I saw a group of officers on horses near their works. I rested my Enfield rifle over the top bar of a fence in a barnyard and shot at the group. They became immediately scarce. Whether I hit them I don't know, but they certainly left in a great hurry.

In order to retaliate they planted a cannon on the doctor's house. The first shell they shot went right through the house, throwing lath and plastering in every direction. There were about a dozen of our boys in there, and they left if anything, a little faster than the ones I shot at.

The next was at Carricks Ford where the General Garnett, the rebel, was killed. Our regiment, the 14th Ohio, had three men killed and seven wounded. The rebels had thirty-two killed besides the general. While marching back from Carricks Ford, going up a hill, one of the boys slipped and fell and the hammer of his gun struck a stone. The gun went off killing Lieutenant John B. Belknap, him being the second one wounded in our regiment.⁵

As our three months enlistment was drawing to a close, we started for home, and the 13th of August 1861, I was discharged from the three-month service.



James Blair Steedman, editor of the *Toledo Blade*, was the first colonel of the 14th Ohio Infantry. *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*

* * *

propel General McClellan to Washington later that summer, where he took command of the Army of the Potomac and replaced the aging Winfield Scott as general-in-chief. David J. Eicher, *The Longest Night, A Military History of the Civil War* (New York: 2001), 85-86.

5 First Lieutenant John D. (not B.) Belknap, aged 34, is listed in the official roster as "accidentally killed July 15, 1861.

Newspaper Accounts

Daily Toledo Herald and Times, June 12, 1861

Philippi, Virginia

June 4, 1861

We've had a battle, taken a town, and all of us escaped unhurt. I wrote a few days ago from Clarksburg telling you that we expected to pursue an army of Rebels who were committing depredations upon the people of Virginia. Sunday afternoon we left Clarksburg on a transport train and proceeded up the railroad about 20 miles to a town called Webster. There we disembarked about 5 o'clock. We were accompanied by the 7th Indiana and a part of the 6th Indiana regiment in advance, with two pieces of artillery following them, our regiment in the center, and the rest of the 6th Indiana bringing up the rear. The road, during the whole distance, was uphill and downhill through an immense wilderness, occasionally relieved by a solitary farmhouse. The rain continued to pour down in torrents all the time. We were wet through, and numbers of the men were overcome by fatigue and lay down by the roadside. Some threw away knapsacks, havelocks, canteens, blankets, etc., in fact, all of their accoutrements but their arms. We marched at a half run. My feet bled profusely and the officers had to ride up and down the lines constantly to inspire the men with courage and fortitude to endure the fatigue and continue the march.

We came upon the picket guard of the enemy about 3 a.m. Monday morning, shot one, but the rest escaped. This rallied the men, and we passed forward with renewed speed and soon gained sight of the town. The whole army then halted and threw aside everything that would impede us in a charge and started forward. The artillery horses were put in a gallop and they took a position on a hill commanding the town and opened the battle with grape and canister. The sound of the cannon was immediately followed by a roll of musketry from the hills on the opposite side of town; this came from the 1st Virginia [U.S.] and 16th Ohio regiments who had started from Grafton at the time we left Webster to intercept the retreat of the Rebels and make a simultaneous attack on the town with us. The 7th Indiana accompanied the artillery to protect them, and we charged the town upon a run, but before we crossed the river that separated us from them, we beheld the foe running like a flock of frightened sheep. They escaped by a road that was left unguarded by some oversight, and but 30–40 of them were killed and six or eight captured. We took two Confederate flags, and one company alone captured \$6,000 worth of booty, among which were 500 stand of arms, about \$500 worth of tents, camp equipage, provisions, army stores, powder, clothing, pistols, swords, etc., and many other things too numerous to mention. We also took 30–40 horses and several wagons, three of which were loaded with clothing.

Before we got into the town, we could hear the Rebels shouting, "Run, run, there is a million of them!" As I was completely wet through, I only looked for some underclothes. I soon put these on and then laid down in the middle of one of the streets, right in the mud, with a stick of wood for my pillow and my musket in my arms, and fell asleep in a moment. I was so overcome with fatigue that I could not have walked a square to save my life. The Indiana regiments behaved like barbarians. They plundered private houses and private city residences indiscriminately. Our company took possession of the jail and there was where we found most of our booty. A good many of our boys came out dressed in the uniforms of the officers in the Confederate Army the next day.

George D. Forsyth

* * *

Holmes County Republican, June 27, 1861

For the Republican.

CAMP PHILLIPPI,

PHILLIPPI, BOURBON CO., Va., June 14,

FRIEND CASKEY:—Since I last wrote to you we have seen some hard times, and others not quite so hard. We are doing finely at the present time, but on last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, we had scarcely anything to eat. One day, we had but three crackers, (Virginia toughs we call them,) to be divided between each mess, of eight men. But let that pass, we have plenty now of everything.

Capt. Crawford, of Defiance, formerly of New Philadelphia, was accidentally shot by one of the pickets, on last Wednesday night, and was buried with the honors of war yesterday morning, at 8 o'clock. The facts in the case are, as near as I can learn, as follows: The captain was going the rounds to see that the pickets were all doing their duty, when he came to this one, seeing the picket standing up against a tree very quietly for some minutes, thought he was asleep, and that he would slip up and surprise him. The picket was watching what he thought to be a man crawling along a fence, in an opposite direction to where the Captain was, and thinking it was an enemy in the act of picking him off his post, was watching it very closely, when the Captain came up and struck the bayonet of the picket's gun with his sword; the picket having his gun cocked for the supposed enemy, wheeled and charged bayonet on the Captain, and in the excitement discharged his gun, the contents of which entered the Captain's breast, killing him instantly. Capt. Crawford was beloved by all his company, was a good commander and would no doubt have led his men to victory, had that monster, Death, spared

him. He was a lawyer by profession, and is known to many citizens of Holmes and Tuscarawas. His father is a wealthy farmer and resides near New Philadelphia.

I notice a telegraphic report in your paper from Cincinnati of the Phillippi engagement—it gives the 16th regiment no credit, when 6 companies of our reg. were in the *chase*. None of Company G were among them, except the Drum Major, B. J. MORRIS. I can't call it a battle. There were some 40 or 50 killed and a number wounded, all on the secession side. They did not fire a gun on the Federal troops. One of the prisoners shot Col. Kelly with a pistol, but he is not dead, nor do I think he is in much danger. He was shot through the left shoulder. We came here one week ago yesterday, and will probably remain here some time longer.

E. Y. [G.] DOBBS.

End of Unedited Excerpt