

## Colonel Henry Leaming Letters

[image- photo of Col. H. Leaming]

Letter to his Wife

Written from the Battlefield:

“Our entire right wing gave way, a great part of it in much confusion. The stragglers came rushing back toward our position (we were just to the left of the pike) in a perfect panic. For a time all seemed lost. Our men fell back across a large open field between the pike and the woods in which they had been posted, the Rebels pursuing and yelling with all their might. After our men had got well across the field, a battery of eighteen guns, posted on the hill to the left of the pike, was turned on the Rebels as they advanced in four lines, and grape and canister were showered among them until they could stand it no longer. Our brigade had been withdrawn from the position first held, in order to support the right wing in its [sic] retreat, and as we were in an open field, I had a fine view of the effect of the fire of our batteries. The loss to the enemy here was awful. As sometimes from four to six guns would fire at one time, at not more than two hundred yards, full into the face of the advancing lines, whole companies were swept down as grain to a reaper. They soon broke and ran back to the shelter of the woods, whither they were followed by our merciless shells.

In the meantime we had been shelled by some batteries of theirs planted in front of the position we held at first. Grape, canister and fragments of shell fell around us like hail. The regiment was getting disoriented. Blake received an order to report to General Wood as under arrest. He started off, and Neff was, of course, in command. Just at this time an order came for us to march across to relieve the Fifty-Eighth, of Hascall's brigade. This regiment was sharply engaged with a force in front, but was manfully standing its ground. The Fortieth marched over the railroad, into an open field, and lay down on a hill-side just in rear of the Fifty-Eighth. We were exposed to the full fire of the force engaging the Fifty-Eighth, and being above it, were in much more danger, as it is a fact beyond all doubt that perhaps nine-tenths of all the shots in battle pass to [sic] high, and that there is much more danger to men one hundred yards to the rear than to those in front.

There was also a battery in full view of us taking the Fortieth as its target. But the boys lay like heroes under this most fearful trial that troops can be put to, that is, exposure to fire without a chance return it. We lay there for a half hour, when Royse came to me and told me that Neff was wounded soon after we arrived at this place, and that I was in command. The Fifty-Eighth by this time had expended its ammunition, I call the Fortieth

to attention and moved forward to relieve it. As the fine fellows sprang to their feet, I saw three lying in their place, never more to respond till the last trump shall call to attention the universe. A large number of wounded had been removed. We started, as I have said, to relieve the Fifty-Eighth. When we were near enough, I called out to them that we would take their places, and in five seconds they had retired, and we were ready for the Rebels. The party that had fought the Fifty-Eighth soon retired. I ordered to cease firing, and rode out in front of the regiment to see what was coming next. I was not long in finding out.

A large brigade of Breckenridge's corps was formed about a half mile in front of us, and in a few moments came across the open field directly upon us. The order was given that no one should fire, and our boys lay flat and motionless. As their line advanced the fire from three of their batteries was directed on us; and the limbs from the trees overhead cut off by their shells, wounded and bruised quite a number of our boys. I rode over to the right of the regiment to see what support we had there. I could see nothing at all to our flank on the right, nothing to our rear. On our left was the One Hundredth Illinois behind the embankment, at nearly a right angle to our position. This was well enough, but I was uneasy about our right, especially as the weight of the advancing brigade was moving toward the right of our line. But nothing could be done just then by me to remedy the matter so, I merely sent a notice of the advance to Rosecrans, and left him to prepare as he thought best.

As soon as the enemy was within one hundred and fifty yards, the One Hundredth Illinois Commenced firing. I had intended to let them come close up to us, then fire, and charge bayonets. But they halted as soon as the Illinois regiment commenced on them, and I was compelled to give the order 'Commence firing.'" The boys did so with a will. I stood watching them and the effect of their firing on the enemy. I cannot express to you how proud and happy I was when I saw their coolness, and the determination in every face. I encouraged them in every way I could, and as, unable to stand our fire, the Rebels began to run, I shouted to the boys to give it to them. They yelled out a shout of triumph, and it seemed to me, shot as if it were not necessary to load, and they could indeed 'fire at will.'" They disappeared into the woods on our right, and we had nothing but the fire of their batteries to stand. This continued for several hours, indeed till dark, but happily all the shell and shot passed to our rear, although not more than a few rods. At dark the battle was nearly over, and ceased soon after.

Just as we had driven our visitors off, I rode out to see the effect of our fire. The ground was literally covered with their dead and wounded. A prisoner we we [sic]took said that the Louisiana regiment he had belonged to was almost exterminated; that one captain came out without a man left, and another had only ten.

Now I know you would like me to say something about myself, Well, my little lady, folks say I did my duty. That's enough, is it not? But I cannot give too much praise to Royse. He behaved like a hero. All, officers and men, did their duty nobly, and I am glad to have so brave a set of fellows under my command. I must not forget to say that in all probability the Fortieth was the only regiment which had been engaged that rested on the night of the great battle on the same ground that it occupied the night before."

[image-Union soldiers in battle]

Huntsville, Alabama, Fortieth Regiment, January 9, 1865

"You will readily pardon my long silence when you remember that since the last of October we have, save the short time spent at Pulaski, been constantly on the go. Besides it is but poor business writing letters when you are living in the open air, without shelter of any kind, in the winter at that, with the ground for a seat, and your knee for a desk, while your eyes have become fountains of tears, as the smoke from burning fence rails compels them to the outward show of grief for the destruction worked. Now, however, we have been in that Potomacian condition known as 'winter quarters,' for several days, (about three,) and having built a chimney to my tent, which has arrived, much to my satisfaction, from the hearth of said chimney is dispensed a genial glow, which, despite the warning winds and dashing rain, almost convinces one that he is enjoying 'comfort.' 'Tis true the ground on which my feet rest, is wet and cold, and occasional droppings here and there remind me at best, tents are leaky things, and not over warm, (except in the summer time,) but in that spirit of cheerful philosophy which urges one to be thankful, not that things are so well as they are, but that they are no worse, I accept the situation, and shall undertake, by most vigorous efforts of the imagination, to persuade myself that there might be something more miserable than 'comfortable winter quarters,' and therefore be most thankful that the unknown possibility had not fallen to our lot. As usual my good fortune did not desert me, and I came out of all the fights without any holes through my flesh. I had a horse killed under me as quick as lightning could have done it, and a ball cut a strap from my saddle, directly in my front, not two inches from where it would have hurt me, if it had hit, making the farther digestion of hard-tack and fat pork impossible."

"By the way, Hood was terribly thrashed in those same battles, but there can be no doubt that the greatest battle was that of Franklin. There his army was ruined. When we came back over the ground, we could see by the graves the fearful destruction of our fire. I met no prisoners of any rank who did not agree that their repulse there was most unexpected and disastrous. They largely outnumbered us, and our works were very hastily put up, and not finished when the attack was commenced; yet their loss was

numerous, and their repulse complete. We fought three corps with three of our divisions. Our regiment captured a battle flag, the man who took it running the bearer of it through the body with his bayonet.”

“At Nashville, where we outnumbered the Rebels, and they had the advantage of position and defences [sic], we took them squarely out of their works, and completely routed them. ‘Tis true they used but little artillery at Franklin, and we an enormous ammount [sic] at Nashville, still it was not in the killed or wounded by cannon shots, or in their moral effects that the difference lay, but in the growing conviction in rebellious minds, that they are now paying for a very dead horse, and that a life as an individual concern is a rather big price to pay. Sixteen general officers and any quantity of smaller fry were killed or wounded at Franklin. It is well known that generals do not expose themselves usually on either side, save in some desperate emergency. General Adams was killed right on our breastwork, and so were some others. Do you not see how difficult it must have been to bring the men to the scratch, when it became necessary to urge them forward by the generals themselves leading them? When we assaulted their works at Nashville, and began to go over them, I never saw more abject terror than among those we captured. It was real, genuine fright. ‘What would we do with them!’ ‘Would anybody hurt them!’ ‘Do give me a guard,’ etc, etc, they were constantly saying—in fact a badly thrashed set of rascals.”

“The country is now full of deserters. Hood and his army, who were to go to the Ohio river, are completely played out, and quiet reigns in Tennessee. Thus it happens that we go into winter quarters. The men are now busy as bees, cutting and hewing logs for their huts. Soon the men will settle down to daily drills and the consumption of rations, and the officers to the reception of orders to do or leave undone this, that and everything under Heaven that somebody else can think of when having nothing else to do but to devise and issue orders. Reports, returns, tri-weekly, tri-monthly, monthly, weekly, daily and hourly, are called for, and the grand aggregate carefully filed away at Washington, never more to be seen by eye of man. The paper wasted on all these things would each day freight a large ship, and Satan himself would yield to despair at the task of making head or tail of them. The idea is beginning to force itself upon me that, as it is after eleven o’clock at night, I had better stop writing and go to bed, ‘To sleep—perchance to dream’ of home, and wife, and chicks, and then to wake homesick beyond expression. Ehen!”

“The war is playing out fast. There can be no doubt of that now. Sherman and Grant will prove to [sic] heavy for Lee; and the Rebel plan of arming ‘niggers’ will only give us so many more of that sort of soldiers. ‘Tis folly in them, but so was the Rebellion an insane piece of folly. ‘Deus vult perdere prius dementat’”

“Henry Leaming”

Major Leaming’s Atlanta Campaign Letter, Camp of the Fortieth, Near  
Atlanta, Georgia, July 16, 1864’

“We are on the south bank of the Chattahoochie [sic], our camp about six or seven miles from Atlanta; othere [sic] parts of our army somewhat nearer. We crossed on the thirteenth, and have been in camp quietly resting for three whole days, and with the alarming prospect of at least another day of rest. I never felt so keenly the need of it before, for both body and mind are completely wearied out with the constant strain brought upon them during a campaign of over sixty-six days, sixty of which were spent under fire more or less intense.

We were always, during the sixty days, not only within reach of Rebel artillery, but also within range of Minie balls, and could hear them at almost any moment whistling, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, all the notes of scale, from highest to lowest, according to velocity or the more or less perfect smoothness of the missile. If a ball hits a tree, and glancing, is battered by the impact, it comes squalling along so much like a cat, that the boys constantly say, ‘There, they are throwing another cat over here by the tail.’ These glancing balls perform strange feats in the way of penetrating into apparently impossible places. For instance the Chaplain of the Ninety-Seventh Ohio was struck in the back by one, with his face toward the spot from which it came. I saw a man have a hole put through his hat, and it knocked off, he sitting at the time with his back to a breastwork [sic] three feet higher than his head, and actually leaning against it. The ball had been shot from a lower point than the wall, and striking a limb overhead at a proper angle, was deflected in such a manner as to quite equal the Irishman’s shot round the hay-stack with a bent gun. There is no certainly safe place, and no possibility of providing against the vagaries of ‘stragglings balls.’

On the eighteenth of June, a man standing talking with me, and at the same time cleaning his gun, and whose head was at least six feet lower than the top of the ridge between him and the Rebels, and they also thirty feet lower than that, and four hundred yards off over an open field, was shot through the head and fell as you have seen a bullock fall, an involuntary quivering of the muscles [sic] lasting for a few minutes, alone showing that there remained even a remnant of the vitality which had animated him a moment before. On the twenty-seventh of June, in the assault upon the enemy’s lines, in which our regiment was so badly cut up, three men were wounded, (have since died) all within less than a minute, and so near that two of them were in actual contact with

me at the time, and the other not two feet off. I did not get a scratch. A small tree, about eight inches across, behind which I stood for half an hour nearly, after the attack had evidently failed, and the greater part if not all the regiment had got back to the works, I saw afterward, when the Rebels had retreated, there may have been balls put in it before, or some after the twenty-seventh assault, but it was, when I looked at it, actually torn splinters by both canister and rifle balls.

There was hardly a particle of bark left on it, from the ground up, on the side of the enemy, yet, as I said, I was untouched, while in a line of that same fire there were not less than one hundred men hurt, many of them killed outright. I fear you may think there is a touch of egotism about this. My intention was simply to give you an idea, if possible, of the strange freaks and unpleasant partiality these bullets display for entering the bodies of some men, while they avoid those of others. Happily, so far, they have avoided me. I continue to hope they may 'keep on doing it.' But about the war, what shall I say? I cannot tell you anything of our movements, for that would, under present circumstances, be contraband news, and mere speculations are of but small account in face of the events which follow each other with sufficient rapidity to satisfy any one not born in the country where everything is 'expected to be done in about twenty minutes.' We have come one hundred and thirty miles over mountains and rivers, gaining every inch by hard fighting with an army who have made 'spades trumps,' and held a handful of them too. The positions from which Johnston has been driven by force or strategy are each miracles of strength, both natural and artificial, and having accomplished the huge undertaking in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, we are now arrived at the plain country, and have left the mountains and their spurs and outlying ridges behind us. The Chattahoochie [sic] is crossed, and we can count the church steeples, and see the dwellings of the people of Atlanta.

You will find when this campaign in all it's [sic] parts has been carried to a conclusion, that there will only be a few of the outside corners of the rebellion to polish off. We are fighting it now in a way to either annihilate the men of the South, or compel the remnant to submission to the laws. It is a "Killkenny cat fight", and we have a 'cat with the longest tail;' and the more desperate the fighting, the more terrible the loss, the quicker will peace return and the blessings that belong to it. In spite of our losses in this army, they have been at least made up by reinforcements. You may rely upon this statement. We are most likely stronger than when we started. The South are fighting their last men—without resources. We can loose [sic] man for man with them, annihilate them, and have a handsome balance to our credit to commence the business of building up a nation anew out of the reliques [sic] of the old."

Major Leaming's letter was written to his wife.

## Major Henry Leaming's Missionary Ridge Letter

"Two days after the battle Major Leaming, of the Fortieth gives a spirited description of the race up the mountain."

"I do not know that I could interest you by attempting a description of the battle last Wednesday, but some of it's [sic] incidents will never by me be forgotten. Stone [sic] River was a skirmish, as far as our regiment was concerned, to this affair. In fact the Fortieth, being in the front line, formed with the regiments on it's [sic] flanks, the forlorn hope of the storming party. Now, if you will reflect that we had to advance more than a mile, without cover of any sort, over a dead level, commanded at all points by the enemy's batteries, and for the last quarter of a mile under fire of the infantry, you will wonder with me that any ever succeeded in reaching the foot of the ridge, to say nothing of the ascent afterwards. I could see our brave boys dropping all around as we moved forward, some killed, others desperately wounded, but the advance was not even checked. It moved on as if each man felt himself invulnerable. As I lost my horse before we were half way across the plain, I had to take it on foot, and after running more than a half mile, had the mountain to climb. It is about as steep and about twice as high as the hill just back of Camp Tippieconoe, at Laffayette [sic], perhaps higher. After running so far, of course I was about gone up before I got to the mountain foot, and from there to the top was just the biggest job of climbing I ever undertook, not to speak of the rascals on the top, who objected to our going up."

"I never have seen anything so vicious as the artillery fire from the ridge. Grape, canister and shell flew through and over our ranks like a flock of birds. I was blinded time and again by the dirt thrown in my face by some of the missiles striking the ground in front of me. The flight of canister much resembles the noise of a covey of quails just springing from the ground. I heard a soldier say, as a charge of canister rushed along, 'Here goes your quails.'"

"As we lay behind the rifle-pits a few moments, taking breath for the next rush, the firing from the artillery was most accurate and rapid. The bank we were behind was not more than three feet high, and as the Rebels were so much above us, they plumped their shell right down on us. Once, I remember, as I lay close up on my side to the parapet, with my legs behind me, a twenty-four shell struck not three inches from my feet, and glancing, exploded about fifty feet in the rear. You can easily imagine that I drew in my legs as far as possible toward my chin. I mention these things of my own experience that you may form a better idea of how hot the place was for us all. As we were going up the mountain side, directly at the battery, we could feel the hot smoke puff right into

our faces. The pieces were depressed so much as actually to blow huge masses of earth from the edge of the hill top.”

“The prisoners say that our attempt to scale the height was laughed at by them as absurd and impossible. They thought us insane to undertake it. After the thing was over, and I could see just what had been done, I came to pretty much the same conclusion. Of course we did, but why we should succeed I cannot see. No artillery could be used by us. All depended on the bull-dog perseverance of the infantry. In fact we mobbed the Rebels out of their position, every fellow fighting on his own hook. A man behind a stump would move forward to another just vacated in advance of him, and thus make room for another behind him. Thus the whole thing was gradually rushed up the hill, and when we got to the top the Rebels were mostly at the bottom on the other side. ‘Twas a clean thrashing they got, all the advantages on their side, all the success on ours.”

“After we drove the Rebels from the ridge, we could see them running without any sort of order, each man for himself, throwing away everything, -- guns, cartridge-boxes with the belts cut, the owners not having taken the time to unbuckle them. While this was going on a part of our men were gathered together, and moved down the road after the crowd of Rebels. We struck them posted on a high hill, over which the road ran, and which, being crescent-shaped, with the horns encircling the road, commanded it most effectually. We got to the foot of the hill, but as we had only a remnant of our regiment, with a few of the Ninety-Seventh Ohio, our force was plainly not sufficient to storm it. So we stopped and commenced firing. We held our own for an hour and a quarter, with a fire poured into us from both flanks, as well as front. Finally a regiment was sent along the ridge to our left, and the Rebels, fearing a movement upon their flank, fled at once. We got here three pieces of artillery, a wagon loaded with rifle ammunition, and another loaded with new rifles, and a third with commissary stores.”

“I was standing in the road watching the firing, when I felt a pain shoot from my toes to my shoulders. I knew that I was struck about the knee, and I thought to myself, ‘Now for a wooden leg,’ but I did not put my hand down to see what was done for ten minutes. I was afraid to, expecting to find the bone shattered. So I lay down—I couldn’t stand, and after a while became curious to see the damage. Sure enough the shot had struck plump on the bone, but my heavy overcoat had stopped it’s [sic] force somewhat, and this, with the distance it had come, prevented it from making anything more than an ugly contusion. If it had come with the slightest additional force, my leg would have been a goner. For a long time it was useless for walking purposes as a stick.”

“This fight was a mile beyond the ridge we scaled. We marched on till four in the morning, then lay on the ground, white with frost. I got a cold that racks every bone in my body.”

“The Fortieth took two hundred prisoners, and eight pieces of artillery. The guns were of the famous Washington battery, one that did our regiment much harm at Stone [sic] River. One of the pieces was marked Lady Bragg, another Lady Buckner. These were two hundred and forty smooth bore, two rifled Parrotts one hundred, the others brass howitzers. Bragg himself was on the ridge not ten minutes before we got there, and with Breckinridge made his escape in good time to save his skin.”

“We found that every preparation for winter quarters had been made by the Rebels. Cabins without number were scattered through the woods for miles, many built of large logs, and well chinked and daubed. This freezing weather will provide a great hardship to them without any shelter at all.”

“I told you the Army of the Cumberland was not whipped at Chickamauga, and when we went for them again we would prove it. Whatever may have been the cause of the check there, the men were not, in any sense, whipped. This will, I think, be plain enough now. The back-bone of the Rebellion was broken last Wednesday. No tinkering can restore it. The patient may linger, but death is certain, and cannot long be delayed.”

“I have written to poor Mrs. Cooper, Jimmy Dick’s sister. It was indeed a painful thing to do, and I confess my heart was sad enough. Never was there a better fellow than he. I was, as all others were, attached most closely to him. A brave and noble gentleman.”

“The day of the fight was my birthday. The armies were celebrating it. Less noise would have suited me as well.”

Stones River After Action Report: Report of Major Henry Leaming,  
40th Indiana Infantry, including skirmish at LaVergne, December 17

HEADQUARTERS FORTIETH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS Near

Murfreesborough [sic], Tenn., January 9, 1863

SIR: On the 26th ultimo the 40th Indiana Volunteers, commanded by Colonel John W. Blake, marched from Nashville, in the direction of Murfreesborough [sic], and camped near the village of LaVergne, the pickets from this regiment covering the right of the

brigade, and one-half of the regiment having been thrown forward for this purpose, the entire picket line of the brigade being made the charge of Lieutenant Colonel Elias Neff, of this regiment.

The night passed quietly, but early on the morning of the 27th firing commenced between our outposts and those of the enemy who occupied the village, which was kept up briskly for some time, and terminated with a few rounds of artillery firing on either side. The regiment had 1 man wounded in this skirmish.

At about midday we again took the road, and without further casualty marched to Stewart's Creek and encamped, remaining till the morning of the 29th, when we crossed the creek and moved forward amid occasional skirmishing till arriving about 2 1/2 miles from Murfreesborough [sic], where we halted, our right resting on the turnpike at the toll-gate, and the left on the railroad.

We remained at this point till the morning of the 31st without casualty, having picketed the front on the nights of the 29th and 30th.

On the 31st firing was heard off to our right from both artillery and small-arms, indicating an important movement in that direction; but the regiment made no change of position, keeping the men ready for instant action.

About 9 a.m. the troops to our right were discovered to be falling back, and we were ordered to retire and move to a position from which we could advance to their support. The enemy were soon repulsed, however, and we were then ordered to take position in rear of Cox's battery, and on a line with that the regiment occupied in the morning, our right resting on the railroad, the left extending nearly at right angles from it. In this position we were exposed to the fire from the enemy's guns, and lost some men, wounded.

We remained here but a short time, when we were ordered to retire the regiment slowly, which order was about being executed when General Palmer, mistaking the 40th for the 9th Indiana, ordered it to remain. Some time was consumed in explaining the mistake, which kept the regiment to the rear of the line of the retiring brigade. The movement on the part of the 40th Indiana was being executed with much confusion and greatly to the dissatisfaction of the company officers, as well as to Lieutenant Colonel Neff and myself, the confusion arising from the intoxication of Colonel Blake, who was discovered to be utterly unfit to command. These facts were reported to Colonel Wagner, who promptly put Colonel Blake in arrest, and ordered Lieutenant Neff to assume command.

Shortly thereafter an order came from Colonel Wagner directing that the regiment advance at once and engage the enemy; but after this order was found to be impracticable, as there were at that moment two lines immediately in front of us. Lieutenant Colonel Neff, however, directed the adjutant to say to the officer commanding the front line that the 40th was ready to relieve him; but it was ascertained that the enemy's guns engaging this line were silenced, and that our assistance was not required. In a few minutes another order came from Colonel Wagner, directing the regiment to the support of General Hascall's brigade, which was now engaging the enemy and occupying the ground which we had been resting on in the morning.

The regiment was reported to General Hascall, and was by him ordered to take a position, with the right resting at the old house near the toll-gate, and the left extending across the railroad, which struck the line about the colors, and lie down. This ground being elevated several feet above that occupied by the front line, placed the regiment in a position much exposed to the fire of the enemy, which was at this time very heavy, both artillery and musketry. Many of our men were wounded here, 1 mortally, and 3 were killed outright.

It was while lying here that I was advised that Lieutenant Colonel Neff was severely wounded in the arm, and had quit the field in consequence thereof. After having laid about three-fourths of an hour on this spot, we were ordered to relieve the 58th Indiana, which occupied the advance line in our front. I called up the regiment and advanced at once, notifying the officer commanding the 58th of my purpose. The 58th was withdrawn and the 40th took their place.

For some minutes after getting into a position we were only annoyed by artillery fire, but soon we observed a brigade of the enemy moving toward us in order, with the evident intention of attacking us. On nearing the ruins of the burned brick building in our front, one regiment was detached from the brigade and bore down upon us. I allowed them to gain a point within easy range of musketry fire, and directed the regiment to open upon them, which they did with great briskness, and with such effect as to repulse the enemy handsomely.

When I found the enemy had been effectually driven back, I ordered my command to cease firing, and immediately set about replenishing the cartridge-boxes with ammunition, and quietly awaited any further advance on the part of the enemy, which, however, was not made. Nightfall found the regiment occupying the same ground upon which we had bivouacked since arriving, on the 29th.

The regiment remained in position, with a picket thrown forward, till 4 a.m. of the 1st instant, when we were ordered to retire, which we did quietly, and took position a few rods to the left of the railroad, and about half a mile to the rear of one abandoned. Nothing of any moment occurred [sic] to the regiment on the 1st. We kept the front well covered with skirmishers, and kept in readiness for any attack.

On the 2nd, early in the day, we were subjected to a vigorous artillery fire from the enemy, which, however, had no serious result. On the evening of the 2nd, at nearly sundown, the enemy attacked the troops on the left of our position, and the regiment threw forward an additional skirmishing company to support our line, which, being in the open field, was much exposed, and had been subjected throughout the day to a vicious fire from the outposts of the enemy, who were concealed by the timber in front, which resulted in wounding Captain DeWitt C. Wallace (Company C) and two of his men. The enemy were repulsed on the left, and the regiment was directed to move to that part of the field.

Crossing the river we moved forward to the advance line, and taking position remained till the evening of the 3rd, when we were relieved and retired to the skirt of woods on the bank of the river, where we bivouacked till 4 a.m. of the 4th, when we were withdrawn to the rear, recrossing the river and taking position on the turnpike 1 mile in advance of the general hospital. Shortly after arriving here we learned that the enemy had evacuated.

Our loss during the engagement was 4 killed and 68 wounded. Among the latter were Lieutenant Colonel Elias Neff, Captains DeWitt C. Wallace and Orpheus C. Harvey (Company B), First Lieutenant (Adjutant) Willard Griswold, and First Lieutenant William L. Coleman (Company D) and Second Lieutenant Henry A. Hazelrigg (Company K).

In conclusion, I must state that the conduct of the regiment under the most trying circumstances was worthy of all praise. The coolness and quiet determination of officers and men were admirable [sic], and not less so the cheerfulness of spirit with which the hardships and exposure to cold and rain were borne. The regiment did its [sic] duty faithfully [sic]. I know no higher praise that can be given it.

HENRY LEAMING,

Major, Commanding Regiment

Captain H.C. TINNEY,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Twenty-first Brigade.

From the supplement to the OR:

December 31, 1862 loss-4 killed, 68 wounded

Company B-2 Killed, 14 wounded

Regiment under command of Colonel John W. Blake, then Lieutenant Colonel Elias Neff, then Major Henry Leaming

Reported casualties: 4 killed, 68 wounded, 13 missing, total 85

Tabulated Casualties: Killed 6, Died of wounds 8, Died while POW/on parole 0, Wounded 66, Missing 0, Captured 0, TOTAL 80.

Field and Staff:

Colonel John W. Blake, wounded in left arm when being taken to rear under arrest for drunkenness, captured and paroled

Lieutenant Colonel Elias Neff, severely wounded in arm

Adjutant William Griswold, severely wounded in thigh

COMPANY A

Killed: Private John Montgomery, Private George Porter, Corporal William Shellington; slightly wounded in hip near leg, died of wounds and disease April 25, 1863, Private William Morris; severely wounded in right foot and leg, died of wounds January 18, 1863, Private Joseph Patton, severely wounded in leg and died of wounds January 27, 1863.

Wounded: First Sergeant John A. Baer; slightly wounded in shoulder, Corporal William R. Hutton; slightly wounded in side, Corporal Sylvester Leaming; severely wounded in leg; Private Samuel Cambe; severely wounded in forearm near elbow, Private Scott Elliott; slightly wounded in shoulder, Private S. Fremm; wounded in left thigh, Private Nelson K. Howard; slightly wounded in arm, Private William Huelton; wounded in right arm, Private Peter Illianfritz; slightly wounded in "belly", Private James F. Julian; slightly wounded in side, Private William H. Manary; slightly wounded in leg, Private Walter Morris; wounded in foot, Private James Patten; wounded in right hand, Private Aaron

Shaw; wounded, Private Jacob Sheets; wounded in head near ear and shoulder, Private Reuben B. Wilson; wounded in right leg.

#### COMPANY B

Killed: Private Robert Aitcheson, Private Jacob Walling, Private Cassius M. Cook; slightly wounded in leg, died of wounds in 1863, Private Milton Miller; wounded in foot, foot shot off, leg amputated, died of wounds December 31, 1862, Private Sanford Staley (Statley); severely wounded in hip and died of wounds in 1863.

Wounded: Captain Orpheus C. Harvey; slightly wounded in head (or right arm) Sergeant Jeremiah Brower; slightly wounded in back, Sergeant Grimes L. Murphy; slightly wounded in arm, Corporal Henry S. Philabaum; slightly wounded in shoulder near left arm, Private Thomas Helvey; wounded in right arm, Private Hiram Julian; wounded, Private William McConaha; wounded in hand and breast, Private Charles E. Morrett; wounded in head and shoulder, Private David Ramsey; slightly wounded in breast, Private William Van Schoyck; slightly wounded in back.

#### COMPANY C

Wounded: Captain DeWitt C. Wallace; severely wounded in right arm January 2, 1863, Corporal Josiah Davis; slightly wounded in hand, Private Peter T. Beaty; slightly wounded in thigh, Private Ambrose Bell; wounded in shoulder, Private John Groves; wounded in arm, Private John C. Monfort; slightly wounded in side, Private James E. Sinnett, slightly wounded in neck, Private Adam Whitmore; wounded in face.

#### COMPANY D

Killed: Private George W. Harvey

Wounded: First Lieutenant William L. Coleman; severely wounded in head, Private George D. Davis; severely wounded in head (parietal bone), Private John L. Lewis; slightly wounded in neck; Private James Meek; slightly wounded in arm.

#### COMPANY E

Killed: Private Peter Writsman; wounded in back, died of wounds January 23, 1863.

Wounded: First Sergeant Richard Kolb; severely wounded in right arm near hand, Corporal Thomas D. Henderson; severely wounded in thigh, Private P. Hartman;

wounded in left foot, Private A.M. Hilt; wounded in arm, Private Silas N. Jackson; severely wounded in head, Private Andrew McNett; wounded in head and foot, Private Salathiel K. Wise; wounded in right foot.

COMPANY F

Killed: Private Reuben M. Caldwell

Wounded: Private Marcus A. Brockway; slightly wounded in arm, Private Francis M. Dinsmore; slightly wounded in head, Private William H. Dooley; slightly wounded in left hip, Private James Moldoon; slightly wounded in thigh.

COMPANY G

Killed: Private Elijah C. Moore; severely wounded in right forearm, died of wounds in 1863.

Wounded: Sergeant William W. Curnett; slightly wounded in arm, Private Luke Conner; slightly wounded in hip, Private Oliver James; slightly wounded in leg, Private William Lonberger; slightly wounded in left hip, Private Joseph N. Patterson; severely wounded in thigh, Private Horace C. Seely; severely wounded in right forearm, Private William Silvers; slightly wounded in hip.

COMPANY H

Wounded: Private John Brily; wounded in foot.

COMPANY I

Wounded: First Sergeant Eugene A. Ruth; wounded in hip, Private David Benson; wounded in right thigh, Private James A. Hicks; wounded in left knee; Private Daniel H. Richardson, wounded in hip.

COMPANY K

Wounded: Second Lieutenant Henry L. Hazelrigg; severely wounded in right leg, Corporal Henry W. Chambers; slightly wounded in left arm near hand, Private Horatio Veatch; severely wounded in right hand.

[image-photo of sword presented to Colonel Henry Leaming]

[image – photo of sword with letters US][image – inscription on sword which says COL. H. LEAMING. from the Officers and Men of the 40th. Regt. Ind. Vet. Vols. June 10th 1865.]

[image- Colonel Leaming's sword]

[image – photo of the handle of the sword]

Information on the Sword

**HIGH GRADE BAILEY, PHILADELPHIA PRESENTATION SWORD TO COLONEL LEAMING.** This very ornate sword no doubt was retailed by jeweler Bailey and Company of Philadelphia which later became the well know jeweler, Bailey, Banks and Biddle. Bailey was prominent in military designs, designing the Great Seal of the United States that is still used today and the Medal of Honor, among other accomplishments. This sword is not marked Bailey but very similar swords are Bailey marked. Bailey's [sic] are quite rare and were very expensive in their day so only wealthy buyers could afford them. This sword has high grade features of guard and counter guard resembling sea shells, as does a smaller guard facing the blade. There is an amethyst colored stone in knucklebow [sic], a very ornate relief cut grip terminating in a large American eagle pommel. The guard also has a panoply of flags with a superimposed eagle attached which is plated in two-tone gold and silver. Scabbard is equally ornate with large raised relief mounts including a framed monogram of Leaming's initials "HL" mounted on a dark colored stone and relief cut "US" with 30 small diamonds. Scabbard also has a framed silver presentation plaque which reads "COL. H. LEAMING FROM THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 40TH REGT. IND. VET. VOLS. JUNE 10TH, 1865". Leaming served with this unit from December 1861 when he entered as Captain. He was promoted to Major in June 1862, Lt. Colonel April 1864 and finally Colonel on May 1, 1865. The 40th Indiana was involved in most major battles in the West, losing five officers and 143 men. The 40th had over 30 casualties in three separate engagements at Missionary Ridge, Kenesaw [sic] Mountain, and Franklin Tennessee. This is a marvelous high grade sword given to the Colonel of one of the Western theaters [sic] hardest fighting regiments. A file of provenance accompanies this sword.

**PROVENANCE:** Pictured in John Thillmann "Civil War Army Swords" page 497, also pictured in Kevin Hoffman "Swords of Honor and Regulation", Kevin Hoffman Collection.

**CONDITION:** Sword is very good to fine overall. The 32" Damascus imported blade has 13" etched panels of patriotic and floral designs, still retaining traces of their orig gold wash. Remainder of blade is gray with scattered areas of staining and pitting, especially at tip, all etched panels are discernible, as can be seen in photos. The hilt retains most of its orig gilt with some high areas worn exposing patinaed brass. Scabbard retains about 60% orig gilt with brass patina on remainder. Grip and pommel retain about 70% silver plate as does applied insignia to guard with remainder with dark patina, as can be seen in photos. 4-46922 JS73 (30,000-40,000)



