

lency that if His Majesty is planning to establish this region, he must always begin with the upper part, which makes for the security of the lower, to which it can lend aid promptly; whereas it can receive help only after a long delay because of the difficulty of going up [against the current]. He who will be master of the upper part will always, for this reason, be master of the lower.

The crime of destroying the game, of which we are accused, is a fabrication. We hunt to live, as we have done in the past, when the cultivation of our lands permits. In this we do only what is done by the inhabitants of the Illinois country, and by the English themselves who live there. Should the savages destroy a little more, the result would be the same. It is in that way that under the French government we were able to furnish domestic animals for the service, either here, in the Illinois country, or at Fort Pitt; it is by this means that we have been able to furnish to the English troops in the Illinois country the greater part of the animals which they have consumed there since their arrival, and we will be in a position, moreover, to furnish them, and the settlers who may come, still more in the future. Is that the injury we are accused of bringing to the business of the King?

As to the savages, we would be only too happy if they had for us the care which our state of neglect compels us to have for them, a situation which we cannot enjoy unless we exchange mutual help with a garrison, which we have fruitlessly desired for a long time.

Such are the motives with which has been painted over the betrayal of good faith of the best of kings, whom we love and respect. His Excellency on this account has been obliged to make this matter the object of the proclamation of which we humbly request the retraction, as prejudicial to the justice of the king, to which we appeal. We have the strongest confidence in the superior virtues of His Excellency, and as it is the characteristic of the great to interest themselves in an unhappy people when justice is on its side, we beg him to stay the proclamation, and in short to urge even its withdrawal; he will perform an act worthy of him, and will oblige forever the undersigned inhabitants, who will not cease to offer prayers for his prosperity and preservation.

Vincennes, the 18th of September, 1772.

SERGEANT-MAJOR BLANCHARD AT GETTYSBURG

NORMA FULLER HAWKINS

With whispered word and softened tread,
We walk today where sleep these dead
As brothers, 'neath a hallowed sod
In endless peace with man and God!

The flag was stained, full of holes and soiled, and as a very small child, I could not see why my mother cared so much for it when there were so many pretty new ones to be had. With the years came understanding, and I grew to share her

reverence and sentiment for this particular flag for it was bullet-torn and stained with the life blood of her brother, Asa W. Blanchard, who as a lad of nineteen, enlisted in the Union Army and gave his life to save these Colors which covered his body when it was sent home to his parents.

Twenty-four years later, William W. Dudley, Brevet Brigadier General United States Volunteers and formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the Nineteenth Indiana Volunteers, in whose regiment my uncle served, persuaded my mother to part with the flag that it might be given to the State of Indiana and preserved for posterity.

Replete in human interest, and historic fact, I feel that the following letter of Col. Dudley's is a valuable addendum to any history which may have been written of the memorable battle of Gettysburg.

[THE LETTER OF 1887]

St. Paul, Minn.,
August 9, 1887.

Hon. George R. Blanchard,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

At the earliest moment since my return when I could spare the time to do so, I seat myself to give you, as I promised, an account of the heroic and noble death of your brother Asa in the battle of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg.

First let me say as matter of history that the Iron Brigade, of which the 19th Indiana was a part, is shown by the official records of the War Department to have suffered the heaviest losses in killed and wounded of any brigade in the Union Army, and heavier losses than any brigade of the Confederate Army during that memorable battle.

The 19th Indiana of which your brother was the sergeant-major and of which I was the Lieut. Colonel, went into action on the morning of July 1st with 279 effective officers and men. Its losses in killed and seriously wounded were 156 and 54 who were slightly wounded and carried away as prisoners, making a total loss during the first day's battle of 210. Your brother was one of the killed, and as the circumstances of his death were peculiarly pathetic and heroic, I am glad before passing off the stage of action myself, and while the events of that day are fresh in my mind, to give you an account of Asa's bravery and death for you to preserve.

We were among the first of the advance infantry column, commanded by General John F. Reynolds of the 1st Corps, to engage the enemy upon the field north-west of the town of Gettysburg. We had been on picket duty the night before, some miles in advance of the army, and near Great Round Top, and as we were the first troops of

the Union infantry, we found the citizens glad to see us and hospitable to a refreshing degree. In consequence we joined the column and took our place in the line of march with full haversacks and canteens and with well satisfied appetites. The regiment never went into action in such good spirits as it did that morning, and when the battlefield was reached the cheerful songs of the men and the sincerity with which they stripped for action betokened ill for any force of Confederates whom we might meet. None were more cheerful and hilarious, and none advanced to the charge that morning with more alacrity than did Asa.

We were formed in line of battle on the double quick, and your brother took his proper position upon the left of the regiment, and, under fire, placed the guides for the left wing as coolly as if on parade, and when the rush of the charge began was then assisting in keeping the line from disintegrating as we pushed forward over fences and across fields. A person who has not experienced the sensation, can little imagine the mixed emotions by which an officer responsible for the actions of his men is swayed in such a moment. His anxiety lest the fire of the enemy which his men cannot return, and the many obstacles which his line must encounter, may destroy the alignment and thus lose the momentum and break the face of his charge, and thus the precious lives entrusted to his care, which he sees strewn along the rear of the advancing line, be wasted; all these things are calculated to try his nerve and courage of the bravest officer.

It was under such circumstances as these, and in this his first engagement as an officer, that the splendid qualities of nerve and heroism which your brother displayed attracted the attention of his superior officers and convinced us that we had made no mistake in *his* promotion. He seemed to feel that our eyes were upon him, and his frequent reports of the condition of the line, our losses and the position of the enemy showed that he was alert and careful in the discharge of every duty.

Soon the strain of the charge was over, and at our first volley, the line in our front was broken and in full retreat down the slope to Willoughby's Run; the next hour was devoted to the capture and disarming of the Tennessee regiment which, being in our front, surrendered to us as prisoners of war. The side arms of the field officers were handed to me, and I invested Asa with the sword and belt of the Lieutenant Colonel. (He had been serving without a sword up to this time.) The prisoners having been disposed of by a detail under command of the Adjutant and your brother, by turing them over to the cavalry force in the rear of our line these officers returned and under their charge the detail was engaged in disabling the rifles of the captured rebels. I presume it is no exaggeration to say that your brother, with the soldiers under him, destroyed at least 400 stands of arms within the space of an hour and a half. During this time the brigade was being reformed, the regiments assuming the various positions as assigned in what is known in history as McPherson's Woods.

We were now preparing to receive a charge from the division of A. P. Hill which was forming three lines deep in our front, and extend-

ing beyond our left flank at least a half mile. Every man in the regiment seemed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and none more so than your brother Asa.

Being upon the extreme left of the Union Line at the foot of the western slope of the above-mentioned woods, which terminated behind us at the crest of McPherson's ridge, and having in plain view the enormous flanking column away down beyond us and knowing that we should be completely enveloped thereby, we believed that a better position for defense than the one assigned us might be taken by the regiment at the top of the hill behind us where we might intrench our line and chose Asa as our messenger to communicate our views to General Meredith, our brigade commander. He, pleased with the clear statement of the situation made by Mr. Blanchard, sent him to the Division General's headquarters, and he delivered our message and that of General Meredith to General Wadsworth.

Immediately returning he brought us the command to hold the woods at all hazards and to hold the position assigned us as long as possible. The General remarked to him "that he regarded this piece of timber as the strongest position of the line and of the utmost importance," as it was in the nature of a redoubt upon our flank, and said "that he hoped it would be held." Your brother made the reply recorded in history: "General, if that is what you want, and the Iron Brigade can't hold it, where can you find troops who can?" The General replied: "Present my compliments to General Meredith and say to him that with the Iron Brigade in possession of McPherson's Woods I have no fear for our left flank."

Upon Asa's return and reporting to us what had passed between our commanding officers, we prepared ourselves to receive the terrible charge that was soon to strike us, and to hold the woods and the position assigned us, as long as men were left to do it. Soon the signal gun was fired and down across the slope in our front came three splendid lines of gray, our skirmishers retiring slowly as they advanced. Your brother was now sent out to the front to bring on Company B which had been deployed as skirmishers.

Every man was needed in line to meet the attack. Our line commanded perfectly the banks of the creek in our front. Every soldier was warned not to fire until the rebel line had reached the further bank, and cautioned also to waste no ammunition, but fire low. At our first volley the first line in our front disappeared from view, and while the gap was closing, time to load and prepare for the next line was given us. Not to weary you with the details of the next hour's engagement, it is sufficient to say that during that time our colors were shot down time and time again until all the color guard had been either killed or wounded; when, by your brother's request, he was put in special charge of the duty of keeping them afloat, and as fast as the bearers were felled he detailed others to take them up. Seeing the desperate situation he was in and the almost impossibility of getting men from the decimated ranks to discharge the fatal duty as fast as necessary, I went personally to his relief and, while he was securing another color-bearer held the flag myself long enough to meet the fate of all who

touched it that day. As I lay there with the staff in my hand your brother, his voice trembling with feeling, took the staff from my hand and giving it to a soldier he had detailed, assisted me back from the line a few feet and said: "Colonel, you shouldn't have done this. That was my duty. I shall never forgive myself for letting you touch that flag." He called to two slightly wounded soldiers and bade them get me out of the fire, and as he left he turned and smilingly said, "It's down again, Colonel. Now it's my turn." From where I lay I clearly saw him raise the flag. While he was holding it the order came for the line to retire to the top of the hill behind us, this it did slowly, forming line and frequently facing about to deliver volleys at the advancing enemy until the crest was reached. Here a determined stand was made and I was carried to the Seminary and lost sight of the individuals of the Regiment and their actions but could see the line as it gallantly withstood the terrific front and flank fire of the enemy. I was told by others who witnessed it that on this line, and not a hundred feet from the spot marked as the place where General Reynolds was killed, and immediately south of it, your brother, having seen that capture was imminent, had torn the flag from the staff and wrapped it around his body under his sword belt; and that while moving about, cheering and encouraging the men to stand fast, he received a musket ball in his groin, severing the artery and causing his almost immediate death.

Lieut. Macy and Lieut. Potts, who took the flag from his body, told me that it was stained with his life blood. Lieut. Macy carried the flag from this point the the rail pile on Seminary hill where the line was next reformed.

He was the last one at the side of your brother and laid his body where it would not be trampled upon by the advancing line of the enemy. No braver man fell that day in all the Union lines. Neither the regiment nor the brigade, nor yet the division, could furnish a man to fill his place with equal valor. If it was his fate to die in battle, no grander field nor greater battle, nor more decisive victory could his blood have bought. To you whom he loved so well he has left a name untarnished and a glorious record of patriotism and devotion to duty. To his comrades he left a noble example of soldierly heroism. Though of humble rank his services were unequalled and unsurpassed by any of his comrades. To this I gladly bear testimony, and can say truthfully that among the survivors of the 19th Indiana and the Iron Brigade, no name is more fondly cherished than that of the gallant boy who stained our flag with his life blood on that fateful July day at Gettysburg.

His surviving comrades will keep the memory of Asa W. Blanchard green, and tell their children after them of his brave deeds and heroic death.

Trusting that this may be of some satisfaction to you and glad that I have the opportunity of performing this gracious task,

I remain yours most respectfully,

Wm. W. Dudley,

Brevet Brig. Gen. U.S.V.

and late Lt. Col. 19th Ind. Vols.