It is an honor to participate in Chambersburg's observance of the centennial of the opening of the Civil War.

International events which confront our Nation in this present period are fraught with peril as great as the explosion we commemorate tonight.

As a Nation, we need to demonstrate in the 1960's the same grim determination which the people of Chambersburg demonstrated when Jubal Early and John McCausland experimented with massive retaliation upon this lovely city.

I have had historians in our Department do some research on Chambersburg's role in the war, so I have at least a measure of familiarity with the subject.

Even before the North and South reached the boiling point, John Brown was here in Chambersburg in the summer of 1859, organizing his Harpers Ferry raid. His lieutenant, John Kagi, maintained Brown's headquarters here, forwarding weapons and supplies and recruits.

Frederick Douglas, the Negro leader, came to Chambersburg for three days of talks with Osawatomie Brown, recognized the insane futility of the massacre plans, and refused to have anything to do with them.

When the first shell arched toward Fort Sumter 100 years ago, there didn't appear to be much chance of intersectional warfare on a large scale. But Chambersburg was close to the border, and the rich Cumberland Valley led to Harrisburg, so its possibilities could hardly be overlooked.

However, the first real threat didn't come to Chambersburg until September of 1862. Robert E. Lee had come through Second Manassas—or Second Bull Run—and I wish we could have everyone get together on a single lexicon of names for those battles. Lee invaded Maryland and got up to Hagerstown. He fought McClellan on the banks of Antietam and had to turn back to Virginia.

But the real thing did come to Chambersburg only a month later, with Jeb Stuart's "October Raid." Stuart crossed the Potomac on October 10 with 1,800 men on horseback and reached your town that same night. A few home guards over at St. Thomas took shots at them but were captured before any damage was done. The Cumberland Valley Railroad's bridge over the Conococheague Creek withstood the attempts to destroy it, but the other important military property were burned, including machine shops, warehouses and railroad cars.
One of Chambersburg's leading citizens, Col. Alexander K. McClure, got off relatively easy. He lost 10 horses but he would have been taken as a hostage if it hadn't been for a friend, Hugh Logan of Mount Alto, who was Stuart's guide and covered up for McClure.

The Confederates continued their horse collecting through Emmitsburg and recrossed the Potomac, October 12.

In June of 1863 they were back, this time for a longer visit. At Gettysburg, Americans on both sides were writing an end to the fiction that America could be divided up among its several States and thus the union could be dissolved. During the Gettysburg campaign, Chambersburg was occupied for most of two weeks. Lee spent part of four days here, receiving reports of his successes and setbacks, and planning ways to follow them up or counter them.

His troops had to live, so in the fashion of troops in all wars, they commandeered. Franklin County farmers had no collectors' interest in Confederate paper money or Confederate quartermaster receipt--and they didn't always have the chance to receive those scraps of paper--so they drove their cattle and horses into remote mountain coves to the west. For those who lacked this foresight, or didn't have the chance to exercise it, the losses were heavy.

Today the Confederate money and Confederate Quartermaster receipts might sell for real money, if the collectors' prices keep going up.

During the Gettysburg fighting, Chambersburg, saw some skirmishing, and those of the retreating Confederates who went south through here did some damage, but not much.

But a year later, in July, 1864, Sam Grant was choking the resistance out of Richmond and Petersburg in Virginia. Lee tried to divert Grant's soldiers by bleeding them away by threats to the north, by way of Shenandoah Valley. Jubal Early made a pass at the Nation's Capital itself, but couldn't take it. He went back to the Valley of the Shenandoah. As he wrote later, he learned that several Southern sympathizers in Berkeley County, West Virginia, had had their homes burned.

"I came to the conclusion," he wrote, "it was time to open the eyes of the people of the north to this enormity, by an example in the way of retaliation."

He expressed a conviction here that his way was right. And the method he chose to put it into effect was to permit McCausland to demand of the town fathers a town ransom of $100,000 in gold, or $500,000 in greenbacks. Either that or Chambersburg would be put to the torch.

From our historical vantagepoint, it seems probable that Early really wasn't giving Chambersburg a choice. He wanted the place burned. About nine o'clock in the morning, the Confederates touched off fires in fifty places, and half or more of Chambersburg became ashes.

Col. McClure didn't escape so easily this time. A special detail was sent out to burn his mansion.
The Civil War was a very personal sort of war, and possibly the last one this country has seen in which personal convictions and sympathies could have any expression. The Southerners went about burning Chambersburg with mixed emotions. Some Confederates approached their arson and pillage with glee but others refused to take part. One Colonel was arrested for refusing to help burn this place.

When warfare does get personal, the personal aspects work both ways.

Some West Virginians were burned out. As repayment, Chambersburg was burned. A month later Sherman captured Atlanta, and since the movie Gone With The Wind is taking its current trip through the neighborhood theaters, another generation is learning all about that destruction. After Atlanta, Sherman started for the sea, and his 50-mile corridor of destruction will never be forgotten.

Early and McCausland opened a Pandora's Box in Chambersburg. It was that sort of war, which brings me to a part of the war which has had little attention here in the east where the Army of the Potomac and Lee's magnificent fighting men held the spotlight.

My responsibilities include the duty to exercise the Secretary's delegated supervision over the Bureau of Indian Affairs. A hundred years ago the American Indian had lost his authority here in Pennsylvania. But he was still very important farther west.

In 1861 the plains Indians still roved freely west of the white man's western border. Thirty years earlier the whites had managed to convince or force most of the tribesmen in Georgia, Florida, Tennessee and the Carolinas to surrender their ancestral lands and move into the wilderness. In Oklahoma the Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees and some Seminoles adopted the white man's ways. Many of them prospered, by the white man's standards.

Some of them became big landowners and reached the level of civilization, if that is the word, where they were also major slaveholders. One of them was named John Ross. His blood was mostly non-Indian, but he preferred to live with his Indian people.

Abe Lincoln had decided to follow the so-called Anaconda Plan to win the war. The Anaconda would be the snake to coil around the Confederacy, blocking its seaports, denying it the use of the Mississippi River and the natural borders to the north.

The Confederacy wanted the Indians' aid to prevent the Anaconda from joining its head and tail, to prevent the Indians from helping the Union, and to draw on their fighting power and food supplies.

The South had Albert Pike as a convincer. Pike was the versatile sage of Little Rock, Arkansas, a poet, newspaperman, lawyer and fraternal organizer. He had just won a $140,000 suit for the Creek Indian Nation. He was big and portly, with long hair and a flowing beard, well-to-do in his own right and he had an official war chest of $100,000.
In short, Pike could speak the Indians' own languages. He could also speak French, Spanish, Greek, Latin and Sanskrit, and with that $100,000 he could talk money.

Some of the Western tribesmen had picked up the ways of southern aristocratic planters. They saw little reason to become involved in the white man's war.

Others were younger and wilder. They had mixed with Kiowas and Comanches out on the plains where the Buffalo herds were still deciding one way of Indian life, and they were receptive to proposals of joining a war.

Somewhere between the planter aristocracy and the buffalo adventurers was the peaceful middle class of Indians. They wanted to preserve their own culture. Generally they favored the Union. They were called the "pin" Indians because they wore crossed pins as identifying insignia.

Persuasive Albert Pike swiftly talked the Choctaws and Chickasaws into signing treaties. Some Creeks and Seminoles followed. The Cherokees were more reluctant. Their John Ross kept thinking of the five million dollars which the Federal Government still owed the Indians, and he had doubts about the Confederacy's ability to take over the obligation.

Ross had a rival named Stand Watie, who embraced the Southern cause and began raising a Confederate force. Down to this day there is doubt over why the mistreated Indians wanted any part of either side's interest, but at any rate Stand Watie put together one group of confederate Indians, and one of John Ross's men, named John Drew, was appointed to raise another regiment for the South. The more primitive "blanket" Indians on the plains border sat on their hands, keeping an eye on Pike's fat war chest.

One contingent of Creeks followed a chief named Opothleyoholo. He decided to take them to the free soil of Kansas. Opothleyoholo couldn't read or write, but he kept track of money accounts and other tribal affairs in his head. He kept the tribal cash in a barrel. After burying it, he started out with some 4,000 men, women and children for Kansas.

A detachment of Texans took up his trail. The Texans were accompanied by a band of other Creeks, and Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles. They wanted to punish Opothleyoholo for fleeing to the Union, but they also had practical eyes on the fugitives' readily saleable Negroes and points.foxies

The pursued and pursuers clashed at Round Mounds, near the border between Cherokee Country and Creek Country, on November 19, and Opothleyoholo stood off his attackers, but with heavy losses.

They fought again at Bird Creek on December 9, in the same general area of what is now Oklahoma. The chief scout for the pursuers was a mixed-blood named Clem Rogers. Clem's son grew up to become our time's best-loved commentator on public affairs. His name was Will Rogers.
In the second fight, John Drew's Cherokees decided at the last minute to sit this one out, so again the quarry escaped after some sharp fighting.

But finally, on the day after Christmas, superior forces whipped the Creeks. They scattered over the frozen plains in the dead of winter, and at least 700 perished, either in combat or in the dogged chase that followed. Some reached Kansas, but many more were brought back.

In March 1862, Confederate General Earl Van Dorn assembled his forces in the Boston Mountains in northwest Arkansas and moved out to engage Samuel Curtis' army, which was near Pea Ridge. Van Dorn's troops included Albert Pike's Indians, numbering possibly 6,000. All the tribes were represented, led by Stand Watie, Elias Boudinot, Chilly McIntosh and the Seminole, John Jumper. Pike was rigged out in the headdress, leggings and moccasins of a Sioux. He rode in a carriage, with his Negro slave Brutus, who kept the army payroll in a carpet bag. The Indians were to be paid after the battle. Also riding with the general was John Ross, and while Pike was in Indian garb, his Indian companion wore a frock coat and stove pipe hat.

Van Dorn marched his men 55 miles in three days, through snow and rain. When the Battle of Pea Ridge opened on March 7, 1862, they were exhausted and hungry. They outnumbered the Union force, but their equipment was poor. Many were armed only with shotguns, not rifles.

The Confederates marched at night around Curtis' right flank and hit him from the north. The Indians were on the Confederate right flank, or west. Stand Watie's eager braves, and John Drew's not-so-eager "pin" Indians were in the attack. The howling attackers bore down on the astonished Federals with guns, cutlasses, bows and arrows and tomahawks. The Confederates captured several guns. Drew's reluctant Indians abandoned the battle to play with the captured equipment. Federal dead were scalped as a routine matter and some of the scalps were later mailed to the home folks in Mississippi.

General Pike was pretty happy about his success until he tried to reorganize and press the attack. Then he discovered that Drew's Indians really didn't want to fight for him, they wanted to fight for the Union. All Pike could do then was hold his line as best he could.

Fighting continued the next day and resulted in a Confederate rout. The broken fragments retreated in great disorder in three different directions. Pike had to chase his command 40 miles before catching up with it.

The Federals took about 700 prisoners, including 11 Indians. The captives were marched north into Missouri, but none of the Indians survived. They were convinced that torture awaited them. Rather than be tortured, they chose to attempt escape one by one, and one by one they were shot attempting a break.

Curtis wrote to Van Dorn complaining that some of his dead had been scalped. The score was more or less evened, however, by a Union boy whose brother had been one of the scalped victims. The surviving brother lifted the hair off nine Confederate bodies.
Not long after Pea Ridge, Lincoln authorized the recruitment of Indian regiments. Two units of 1,500 Creeks and Cherokees were organized and invaded Indian territory, accompanying five white regiments. At Tahlequah they picked up the erstwhile Confederate, John Ross—captured is hardly the word—and a third Indian regiment of the Union force was organized.

Pike had resigned in the summer of '62, and Douglas Cooper succeeded him as the South's Indian commissioner and brigadier general. Cooper was not the most successful Southern general. On October 4, 1862, his command was defeated with Jo Shelby's army at Newtonia, Missouri. Less than three weeks later Cooper and Watie were routed, and all their artillery captured at Old Fort Wayne in Indian territory.

There were Indians on both sides at Prairie Grove, when the Yankees drove off the Confederates. The Arkansas whites were divided, as well. Southern conscripts, fearing execution as they deserted in a body as they wanted to do, continued to fire at their neighbors in blue, but without using bullets.

The Cherokee, Stand Watie, was one of the most persistent thorns in the Union's side.

On July 1, 1863, he ambushed the wagon train heading for Fort Gibson in Indian territory. The wagon train guard of "pin" Indians and Negro recruits held the Confederate Indians off in a bitter three-day fight. The following year Watie had better success. On September 17, 1864, he did capture a huge supply train, cut Fort Gibson off from Fort Scott, and caused the Union to divert troops west to take care of him.

That same year Watie stopped the Union supply steamer hauling flour, salt pork and hominy up the Arkansas River to Fort Gibson. Watie's cannon pierced the steamer's boiler and his happy Indians unloaded the supplies for their own consumption. The raid left Fort Gibson in a terrible spot, since 5,000 Union-sympathizing Indians had just walked in from Kansas, trailed by 3,000 dogs.

Organized Confederate resistance in the Missouri-Arkansas sector virtually ended in the fall of 1864. But Stand Watie and his raiders kept on operating until June 23, 1865, when he bowed to the inevitable and surrendered.

Watie's Indians and Col. McClure of Chambersburg were all caught up in one war—"testing," as Lincoln put it at Gettysburg, "whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

And what made it all worthwhile was that the nation did endure. It is one nation indivisible, and one proof is that Pennsylvanians have had the courtesy and patience tonight to listen to a man from Idaho. Pennsylvanians and Idahoans alike, all are Americans, and the same goes for every citizen from Maine to Hawaii, from Florida to Alaska.
Quoting Lincoln again: "It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here..."

Americans everywhere are rededicating themselves on this date to the resolution that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

So it is fitting that we recall the Americans of a century ago, who felt so strongly about saving the Union that they went out and died about it.

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