

Memorial Swinging Bridge Project

Lighting Our Legacy

Pulaski County, Indiana Military History [Mexican-American War]

From Counties of White and Pulaski, Indiana, published by Batty, 1883

Mexican-American War 1846 – 1848

So far as can be learned, no man then a resident of Pulaski County served his country in the war with Mexico. A company was organized at Logansport. Another was organized at Crown Point. Doubtless, each of these companies contained men who, sometime before or after the war, made Pulaski County their abiding place.

The following is as perfect a list as could be procured by the writer of the men who served in the Mexican war, and who have since resided in the county. There may be some mistakes in this list.

- John P. Liming and his son, Andrew Liming. Andrew Liming, after the War a resident of Van Buren Township, also served in the Civil War.
- Zemariah Williamson, who died in the service, and whose father secured his land warrant of a quarter-section in Van Buren Township.
- Peter Lane, who formerly lived near Winamac.
- Mr. Updegraff.
- O.H.P. Grover, an early resident of Winamac, who served in the Logansport company in the First Indiana Regiment.
- Charles Humphrey.
- J. B. Agnew, a resident of Winamac and one of its most prominent citizens, who lost his leg in a skirmish with Mexican guerrillas.

- Mr. Phipps.
- John Hodges.
- E. P. Potter.
- Charles Hathaway.
- G. H. Barnett.
- Francis H Snyder.

Doubtless, this is but an imperfect list.

It would be interesting to give a more extended account of the military services of each of the above men, but this is impossible, owing to their scattered location.

A Tale From The Battle of Buena Vista

Andrew Liming, yet living on the same farm obtained from the Government in virtue of his military warrant, was in the Third Indiana Regiment and participated in the battle of Buena Vista.

He was a young man then, in the prime of life, and recalls vividly the details of that decisive battle. He denies positively the alleged cowardice of Indiana troops – a stigma that was unwillingly borne by them until wiped out by scores of gallant achievements during the last stupendous war.

He insists that the Second Indiana, which was posted on a plateau about 200 feet high, and on the extreme left of General Taylor's battle line, did not leave the field until ordered to retreat by the Colonel.

Even then, the momentary disorder into which the men were thrown was wholly due to the fact that they had not been drilled to retreat – an important and vital omission in the military education of a true soldier.

His own regiment, the Third Indiana, was posted to support Washington's battery, which was so well served that, when Santa Anna endeavored to force the pass in

solid column, the storm of shot and shell was so terrific that his swarming legions were sent flying back in full retreat.

Then it was that the Mexican commander flanked to the right and fell upon Taylor's left, forcing the Second Indiana back across a deep ravine, and gaining the rear of the Government troops.

Another important point insisted upon by Mr. Liming, who was so situated that he could see all the movements of both armies, detracts somewhat from the credit usually accorded Jefferson Davis (ex-President of the Confederacy).

He states that Davis had nothing to do with repelling the charge of the Mexican Lancers after the Government troops had been flanked, except, perhaps, the moral effect which the presence of his men afforded.

The command of Davis was back some four hundred yards from the front, and simply served to support the regiments which forced the Mexicans back across the plateau.

Do Not Forget

The boys who went to Mexico must not be forgotten under the shadow of the last great war [the Civil War]. It was no holiday undertaking to go from the comparatively cold climate of the Northern States to the hot and peculiar climate of Mexico.

The appalling sacrifice of life from disease abundantly attests the peril which the men assumed for the country's good. Many were left there in lonely, deserted and forgotten graves, and the rugged cactus comes and kisses with its crimson blossoms the silent mounds where they sleep.

The rich flowers of the stately magnolia shed their fragrant perfume around. The long festoons of silvery moss hang pendant above the quiet graves. The rustling

wind and the dancing rain pay their passing tribute to the glory of the departed. Over all the strange, bright birds of that sunny clime chant the sad requiem of death.

The boys are gone, but their names are living jewels in the bright casket of memory.



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