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ENGEL

GEN. STERLING PRICE.

HISTORY
OF THE
FIRST AND SECOND
Missouri Confederate Brigades.

1861—1865.

AND

FROM WAKARUSA TO APPOMATTOX,

A MILITARY ANAGRAPH.

BY
R. S. BEVIER.

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BRYAN, BRAND & COMPANY.

1879.

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1878.

PREFACE.

AS is customary and proper with all Historians, I crave the indulgence of my readers for all errors and omissions. I had but little written history to rely upon—mostly only sketches, letters and loose data—from which I have woven the web of the work as best I could.

Much assistance has been promised, largely in the line of biographical sketches, and much has been received, but a few have failed to comply with their promises and I have had to supply the deficiencies out of meagre materials.

The lists of the survivors are necessarily imperfect, as their numbers show, although the result of a very extensive correspondence.

At the proper places I have acknowledged my indebtedness to many friends, but there are two gentlemen whom I here desire particularly to thank for the invaluable assistance they have rendered me. George E. Patton, formerly of Liberty, Mo., one of our most gallant soldiers, who gave an arm as a tribute to the Lost Cause, and at one time the editor and proprietor of the *Advance*, has served us more, perhaps, than any one else in obtaining the lists of names contained in the Appendix.

Dr. John M. Allen, of the same place, gave the first impetus to the preparation of the History of the Missouri Brigades. Dr. Allen was a medical graduate of 1854, enlisted under Col. Rives, was surgeon of the 3d Infantry until September, 1863, when he was selected to take charge of the Medical Department of Mississippi and East Loui-

siana, in which capacity he performed service of immense benefit to the sick and wounded ; and succeeded in running through the blockade large supplies of medicines and surgical instruments.

Subsequently he was in charge of the medical corps of Gen. Wirt Adams' command until the close of the war, shortly after which he married a most charming lady of Port Gibson, Miss., and returned to his home in Clay county to engage in a large and lucrative practice.

Without the help of these two gentlemen this History could not have been written.

Part Second, "From Wakarusa to Appomattox," does not profess to contain any portion of the History—it is merely an Anagraph—a personal memoir—and the only thing in it which I can mention as at all worthy of remark, is the correctness and general accuracy of the dates and facts therein professed to be given.

It was the result of a diary kept during the war—in pencil—on scraps of note books—and well nigh undecipherable after ten years.

It was written, finished and printed before the History was dreamed of. Portions of it were published in "Ware's Valley Monthly" and several newspapers, and is herein gathered together and reproduced without any alterations beside typographical corrections.

Incidents and personal sketches which are set forth in the Memoirs are not duplicated in the History.

I cast my waif upon the waters and ask my fellow-soldiers to judge it kindly—and will only add Steele's celebrated apology :

"If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a design under it."

R. S. BEVIER.

RUSSELLVILLE, KY., November, 1878.

PROLOGUE.

Missouri! Missouri! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish and love and defend her;
And our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.
—[*Gaston.*]

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land?
—[*Scott.*]

Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land.
—[*Halleck.*]

And they who for their country die,
Shall fill an honor'd grave;
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave.
—[*Drake.*]

Furl that banner; true 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages—
Sung by poets, penned by sages—
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.
—[*Miss Dinnies.*]

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CHAPTER I.

WHY THEY FOUGHT—THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

DURING over two thousand years, in many languages and every clime, the brave deeds of the sturdy and disciplined Greeks who had lost their leaders by treachery—whose allies were turned to bitterest foes, and who retreated through an hostile and unfriendly country—have been celebrated in verse and in prose.

The heroism of the Anabasis recounted by Xenophon, which has been crystallized in history and in song, was not one whit more worthy of that distinction than was the prowess, the patriotism and the daring of the Missouri Brigades in behalf of the wavering fortunes of the "Lost Cause."

Among their members were counted the bravest hearts, the wisest heads, and the best blood of Missouri, who had voluntarily abandoned the peaceful delights of happy homes and the urgent ties of business and family duties, to obey the mandates of their governor, Jackson, and his commanding general, Sterling Price, and engage in the vicissitudes of an uncertain and bloody conflict.

They left a State which was justly accorded a high position among the sisterhood that composed the starry group of the Great Republic, at a period when its prosperity was more pronounced, its grand and imperial resources being more successfully and rapidly developed, and its near future looming up into more magnificent proportions than ever before in all the history of its noble career.

During the four long, toilsome years the weary warfare was waged, this grand domain, the home and abiding place of these brave men, where were planted the hearthstones

of their wives and little ones and the graves of their sires, was the scene of every misery and outrage that a ruthless, internecine war could inflict.

But with unfaltering courage and Romanesque heroism, in spite of daily diminishing numbers, they kept at the front and faced the foe unflinchingly in almost every bloody Western battle of the war.

They extorted the admiration of the enemy, won the highest encomiums from the Confederate leaders, and were accorded a position among the Southern armies similar to that proclaimed by their contemporaries as having been achieved by the Macedonian Phalanx, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, and the Old Guard of the Great Napoleon.

With their aspirations turned back lovingly towards the household altars they had been compelled to abandon, they never once neglected the call of duty, filled every sanguinary breach to which they were ordered, and with their life-blood bedewed the soil of States and countries that to them were stranger lands.

When the roll was called at Fort Blakly, low down in the farthest swamps of distant Alabama, where their last gun was fired, but a few pale, gaunt specters answered to their names—the battle-scarred and war-worn veterans of nearly an hundred fights.

The bones of many missing comrades had been left to bleach beneath the soil of almost every Southern State, whilst others were tossing upon the fever-stricken couches of almost every Southern hospital, and yet others, still more unfortunate, were wasting and fretting their young lives away behind the prison bars of almost every Northern bastile.

Surely some great principle lay behind all this splendid courage and self-abnegation!

It was resistance to sectional aggression and conquest; it was a protest against that worst of all tyrannies—an irresponsible majority—and a cry for “liberty” as earnest, as sincere, as conscientious and as honest as was that of the “Great Rebellion” which Washington headed.

Mr. Lincoln’s election was purely geographical. The

South had sustained a defeat, not at the hands of a party, but at those of Northern power. Every Northern State but New Jersey had voted for Lincoln; every Southern State against him. He was not known as a statesman whose individuality might control majorities; he had no great National reputation that could cluster around him the hopes of a people; he was no pilot to whom they might look to guide them safely through the impending storm. He was known only as a partisan of the narrowest kind—the prophet of a sectional hate—the preacher of the “Irrepressible Conflict.”

After such a sectional triumph, the future offered no glimmer of protection to the South.

There was none in power, for the superior political strength of the North was now beyond dispute; and that section was practically united.

There was none in public opinion, for *that* the entire political history of America showed was the abject slave of the largest numbers.

There was none in the courts, for the Chicago platform, on which Lincoln was elected, nullified the Dred Scott decision and pronounced it a dangerous heresy.

In Congress the dominant section had 183 votes, the South only 120; and hence, if the North was prepared to act in mass, its power was irresistible; and the election of Mr. Lincoln exhibited the Northern States compact, invincible, and determined to carry out their sectional designs.*

Their President-elect arrived at the capitol of the nation in a condition of pitiable alarm and agitation; his journey kept a profound secret and his person disguised in the cast-off habiliments of a Scottish emigrant.

Gen. Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies—the worn-out veteran of Chippewa and of Vera Cruz—a dotary fossil of a past age—shared in this pretended apprehension, placed armed soldiers at the gates of the Presidential mansion and converted the grand reception-room of the White House into quarters for Kansian troops.

Thus was inaugurated the chosen chief of the new dispen-

*The Lost Cause, p. 80.

sation; surrounded by idle fears and fronted by rows of bayonets—thus was commenced a reign fraught with an Illiad of woes to the people of a free nationality.

Shortly afterwards the Southern part of the Union witnessed a scene in strange contrast with this. Its representatives in Congress, assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, unanimously selected a leader, and the fortunate choice was hailed by the almost universal acclaim of the people.

Jefferson Davis left his quiet home on the banks of the Great River, to journey towards his capitol, invited by the prayers of his countrymen, and followed by their blessings. His pathway was strewn with flowers and the refulgent sun of the Sunny South gilded his progress. Triumphant arches were erected to do him honor, long lines of beautiful ladies added splendor to his welcome, and the Congress of the young Confederacy greeted him with an ovation befitting a Roman conqueror, and which was hardly clouded by any serious thoughts of a possible war.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIVIDUAL WRONG.

WHEN great National wrongs have been discussed for years, they have a tendency to inflame the public mind, even in the case of men whose ignorance precludes a comprehension of the issues in question; and hence a dull glimmering of outrages sustained prepares them to become the extremists in the political explosion naturally ensuing.

William Tell was but the emblem of an idea, and the tea in Boston Harbor the inarticulate and illiterate protest against the accumulated oppressions of a lifetime.

The aggressive and fanatical spirit of the North ran to such a pitch against us that, just before the Southern people

began to feel that patience and forbearance were both exhausted, a band of raiders, fitted out and equipped in the North, came down upon Virginia with sword and spear in hand. They commenced in the dead of night to murder our citizens, to arm the slaves, encouraging them to rise up, burn and rob, kill and slay, throughout the South. The ringleader was caught, tried and hung. Northern people regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause. His body was carried to the North; they paid homage to his remains; sang peans to his memory; and, amid jeers and taunts for Virginia which to this day are reverberated through the halls of Congress, enrolled his name as one who had deserved well of his country.

These acts were highly calculated to keep the Southern mind in a feverish state and in an unfriendly mood; and there were other influences at work to excite sectional feelings and beget just indignation among the Southern people.

The North was commercial; the South agricultural. Through their fast-sailing packets and steamers, Northern people were in constant communication with foreign nations; the South rarely, except through the North. Northern men and Northern society took advantage of this circumstance to our prejudice. They defamed the South and abused the European mind with libels and slander and evil reports of a heinous character. They represented Southern people as a lawless and violent set where men and women were without shame. They asserted, with all the effrontery of impudent falsehood, that the chief occupation of the gentlemen of Virginia and the South was the breeding of slaves, like cattle, for the more Southern markets.

To this day the whole South is suffering under this defamation of character; for it is well known that emigrants from Europe now refuse to come and settle in Virginia and the South on account of their belief in the stories against us with which their minds have been poisoned.

But the list of grievances does not end here. The population of the North had, by reason of the vast number of foreigners that had been induced to settle there, become so

great that the balance of power in Congress was completely destroyed. The Northern people became more tyrannical in their disposition, Congress more aggressive in its policy. In every branch of the Government the South was in a hopeless minority and completely at the mercy of an unscrupulous majority, for their rights in the Union.

Emboldened by their popular majorities, on the hustings, the master-spirits of the North—and notably Mr. Lincoln—had proclaimed the approach of an “irrepressible conflict” with the South, and their representative men in Congress preached the doctrine of a “higher law,” as did Gov. Seward, confessing that the policy about to be pursued in relation to Southern affairs was dictated by a rule of conduct unknown to the Constitution, not contained in the Bible, but *sanctioned*, as they said, by some *higher law* than the Bible itself.

The Commissioners to Washington, accredited by the Provisional Government of the Confederate States to seek an honorable settlement of the questions in dispute arising from the triumph of the dominant faction, were deceived and rejected with disdain, and vigorous but clandestine preparations for war, on part of the Government of the Northern section, aroused and startled the peaceful vales of Missouri where the “peace party” largely prevailed.

“Not content with rejecting all proposals for a peaceful settlement of the controversy,” says the Confederate Congress in an early address to its people, “a cruel war of invasion was commenced which, in its progress, has been marked by a brutality and disregard of the rules of civilized warfare that stand out in unexampled barbarity in the history of modern wars.

“Accompanied by every act of cruelty and rapine, the conduct of the enemy has been destitute of that forbearance and magnanimity which civilization and Christianity have introduced to mitigate the asperities of war.

“The atrocities are too incredible for narration.

“Instead of a regular war, our resistance of the unholy efforts to crush out our national existence is treated as a rebellion, and the settled international rules between bellig-

erents are ignored. Instead of conducting the war as betwixt two military and political organizations, it is a war against the whole population. Houses are pillaged and burned; churches are defaced; towns are ransacked; clothing of women and infants is stripped from their persons; jewelry and mementoes of the dead are stolen; mills and implements of agriculture are destroyed; private salt-works are broken up; the introduction of medicines is forbidden; means of subsistence are wantonly wasted to produce beggary; prisoners are returned with contagious diseases; the last morsel of food has been taken from families who were not allowed to carry on a trade or branch of industry; a rigid and offensive espionage has been introduced to ferret out disloyalty; persons have been forced to choose between starvation of helpless children and taking the oath of allegiance to a hated government; the cartel for exchange of prisoners has been suspended, and our unfortunate soldiers subjected to the grossest indignities; helpless women have been exposed to the most cruel outrages, and to that dishonor which is infinitely worse than death; citizens have been murdered by the Butlers, McNeils and Milroys, who are favorite generals with our enemies; refined and delicate ladies have been seized, bound with cords, imprisoned, guarded by negroes, and held as hostages for the return of recaptured slaves; unoffending non-combatants have been banished or dragged from their homes to be immured in filthy jails; preaching the gospel has been refused, except on conditions of taking the oath of allegiance; parents have been forbidden to name their children in honor of rebel chiefs; property has been confiscated; military governors have been appointed for States, satraps for provinces, and Haynaus for cities.

“The sad story of the wrongs and indignities endured by those States which have been in the complete or partial possession of the enemy will give the best evidence of the consequences of subjugation.

“Missouri, a magnificent empire of agricultural and mineral wealth, is to-day a smoking ruin and the theatre of the most revolting cruelties and barbarities.

“The minions of tyranny consume her substance, plunder her citizens and destroy her peace.

“The sacred rights of freemen are struck down and the blood of her children, her maidens and her old men is made to flow, out of mere wantonness and recklessness.

“No whispers of freedom go unpunished, and the very instincts of self-preservation are outlawed.

“The worship of God and the rites of sepulture have been shamefully interrupted, and in many instances the cultivation of the soil is prohibited to her own citizens.

“These facts are attested by many witnesses, and it is but a just tribute to that noble and chivalrous people that, amid barbarities almost unparalleled, they still maintain a proud and defiant spirit towards their enemies.”

How true was every word of the latter clause of the Congressional report is too clearly shown by some random extracts from the newspapers of the day.

C. B. Jennison, colonel of the 1st regiment Kansas cavalry, U. S. A., issued a proclamation to the people of Missouri, in November, 1861, in which he says:

“All who shall disregard these propositions (to surrender their arms and sign ‘the deed of forfeiture’) shall be treated as traitors and slain wherever found.

“Their property shall be confiscated and their houses burned; and in no case will any one be spared, either in person or property, who refuses to accept these propositions.”

The St. Louis *Democrat* of December 27, 1861, “pleasantly” states that:

“Lieut. Mack, sent out to Vienna with twenty Kansas Rangers, returned yesterday. They bring no prisoners, it being a useless operation about being played out.”

About the same time the Rolla *Express* contains the following paragraph:

“A scouting party, consisting of a detachment of ‘Wood’s Rangers,’ which left this place last week for Maries county, has returned. The boys bring no prisoners home to Rome; it ain’t their style.”

These are specimens; how much has been left untold?

“The dark atrocities of the Yankee rule in Missouri, enacted, as they were, in a remote country, and to a great extent removed from observation, surpassed all that was known in other parts of the Confederacy of the cruelty and fury of the enemy.

“The developments on this subject are imperfect, but some general facts are known of the inordinate license of the Federals in Missouri, while others of equal horror have escaped the public notice.”*

At the commencement of the war the men of the South had not degenerated—they manifested every noble trait that had distinguished their ancestors—they made a record worthy of the best deeds of their sires. If there were any true men in the South, any brave, any noble, they were in the army. If there are good and true men in the South now they would go into the army for a similar cause.

“And to prove that the army demoralized, you must prove that the men who came out of it are the worst in the country to-day. Who will try it?” †

Strange as it may seem, religion flourished in this army. So great was the work of the chaplains that whole volumes have been written to describe the religious history of the four years of the war. Officers who were ungodly men found themselves restrained alike by the grandeur of the piety of the great chiefs and the earnestness of the humble privates around them. Thousands embraced the gospel and died triumphing over death! Instead of the degradation so dreaded, was the strange ennobling and purifying which made men despise all the things for which they ordinarily strive, and glory in the sternest hardships, the most bitter self-denials, and cruel suffering and death. Love for home, kindred and friends intensified, was denied the gratification of its yearnings, and made the motive for more complete surrender to the stern demands of duty. Discipline, the cold master of our enemies, never caught up with the gallant devotion of our Christian soldiers; and the

*See Henry Clay Dean's "Crimes of the Civil War," 1868.

†Carleton McCarthy's "Boys in Gray."

science of war quailed before the majesty of an army singing hymns.

Hypocrisy went home to dwell with the able-bodied skulkers, being too closely watched in the army, and too thoroughly known to thrive there long. And so the camp fire often lighted the pages of "The Best Book," while the soldier read the orders of the Captain of his salvation. And often did the songs of Zion ring loud and clear on the cold night air, while the muskets rattled and the guns boomed in the distance, each intensifying the significance of the other, testing the sincerity of the Christian while trying the courage of the soldier.

Stripped of all sensual allurements and offering only self-denial, patience and endurance, the Gospel took hold of the deepest and purest motives of the soldiers, won them thoroughly, and made the army as famous for its forbearance, temperance, respect for women and children, sobriety, honesty and morality, as it was for energy and invincible courage.

Never was there an army where feeble old age received such sympathy, consideration and protection; and women, deprived of their natural protectors, fled from the advancing hosts of the enemy and found safe retreat and chivalrous protection and shelter in the lines of the army of Northern Virginia, while children played in the camps and delighted to nestle in the arms of the roughly clad, but tender-hearted soldiers.

Such was the behavior of troops on the campaign in Pennsylvania, that the citizens of Gettysburg expressed wonder and surprise at their perfect immunity from insults, violence, or even intrusion, when their city was occupied by and in complete possession of the "Boys in Gray."* The hosts led by Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson possessed no exceptional virtues among the armies of the South.

With our Missouri troops, no harder working men were found than the regimental chaplains. In battle, up with the fighting lines, or serving as hospital stewards; in camp,

*Carleton McCarthy's "Boys in Gray."

ministering at a divinely simple altar, beneath the stately forest trees, the results of their labors are now found all over Missouri and the Southern States, in the earnest, honest, sterling piety of men whose thoughts they turned towards heaven amid the smoke and carnage of carnal conflict.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING IN MISSOURI—CAMP JACKSON, MAY 10, 1861—
STERLING PRICE.

THE politics of Missouri had always been strongly Southern. As early as 1848-9, when the North was evidently intent upon excluding the South from the territory obtained in the Mexican war—acquired principally by the blood of Southern soldiers—the Legislature of Missouri passed resolutions affirming the rights of the States, as interpreted by Calhoun, and pledging Missouri to “co-operate with her sister States in any measure they might adopt” against Northern encroachments. On account of his opposition to these resolutions Mr. Benton was defeated for the United States Senate; and they remained on the statute-book of Missouri unrepealed at the commencement of the war.

In the last Presidential campaign, Missouri, under one of those apparent contradictions or delusions not uncommon in American politics, had given her vote for Douglas. This result was obtained chiefly through the influence of Sterling Price, who had formerly been Governor of the State, had previously represented her in Congress, and was a man of commanding influence. Price and his party were firmly attached to the Union and hoped that it might be perpetuated with safety and honor to the South. Of the Convention called in January, 1861, not a single member was yet

ready to avow the policy of secession; and Price himself, who had been returned as a Union man without opposition, was elected its president.

But the Federal authorities in Missouri did not show that prudence which the occasion called for; they did nothing to conciliate the disposition of the Convention; and, as events marched onward, the designs of the Washington Government were too plainly unmasked to leave any doubt with the people of Missouri of the fate prepared for them.

The fall of Fort Sumpter, on the 13th of March, had created a profound sensation throughout the State, but no overt acts had been committed. It was left for the Unionists to take the initiative. Under the militia law an annual encampment was established by the Governor for instruction in military tactics. Camp Jackson, near St. Louis, was the point designated for the drill of 1861. Here for some days several companies of State militia, amounting to about eight hundred men, under command of Brig.-Gen. D. M. Frost, were pursuing their studies as is usual upon such occasions. They presented the least appearance imaginable of an armed camp. No videttes were kept out; no sentry to guard against surprise; every avenue was open to all comers; it was the picnic-ground for the ladies of the city; and the young gentlemen composing the command chiefly occupied their time in airing their uniforms and paying their *devoirs* to the softer sex.

Without notice, as well as without necessity, General Nathaniel Lyon, a captain in the regular army, and who had been recently sent from a distant post to St. Louis to stand a court-martial on the charge of peculation, but who, as a fanatical Abolitionist, had recommended himself to the Washington authorities,* with an overwhelming force of Federal troops, surrounded this holiday encampment, and demanded its unconditional surrender. No resistance was dreamed of or attempted; and the eight hundred were immured as prisoners in the United States arsenal.

A large crowd of citizens, men, women and children, were gathered around, gazing curiously at these strange

*Lost Cause, p. 162.

proceedings, when a volley was fired into them, killing ten and wounding twenty non-combatants, mostly women and children.* A reign of terror was at once established, and the most severe measures were adopted by the Federals to overawe the excitement and the rage of the people. St. Louis was environed with military posts; all the arms and ammunition in the city were seized, and the houses of unoffending citizens searched for concealed munitions of war.

The massacre of Camp Jackson fired the Missourians with indignation and raised the intensest excitement in every quarter of the State. The news reached the capital after the Legislature had adjourned for the day and many of the members were in their beds. The Governor at once called them together; and by the dim light of candles and lamps, in the midst of a scene of indescribable excitement, they passed several bills authorizing the mobilization of the militia, and conferring upon the Governor almost dictatorial powers.†

Shortly after these occurrences Governor Jackson appointed Sterling Price Major-General of the Missouri State Guard; and General Harney, of the regular army, with a small force from the plains, having arrived in St. Louis and assumed the chief command, the two proceeded to consult as to the best mode of "restoring peace and good order to the people of the State, in subordination to the laws of the General and State Governments."

In view of the riotous demonstration at St. Louis, Price, having "full authority over the militia of the State," undertook, with the sanction of the Governor, to maintain order; and General Harney declared that he had no intention of using the military at his command to cause disturbance. Both recommended the citizens to keep quiet and attend to their ordinary occupations. But soon after this and in consequence of it, General Harney was removed by orders from Washington.

General Price continued to busy himself with the duties of his command; and on the 4th of June issued an ad-

*Capt. G. W. Covell's Diary, p. 7.

†Covell's "Diary."

dress, in which he declared that the people of Missouri should exercise the right to choose their own position in any contest which might be forced upon them, unaided by any military force whatever. He referred to a report of the intention of the Federal authorities to disarm those of the citizens of Missouri who did not agree in opinion with the Administration at Washington, and put arms in the hands of those who, in the same localities of the State, were supposed to sympathize with the views of the Federal Government; and he added: "The purpose of such a movement could not be misunderstood; and it would not only be a palpable violation of the agreement referred to, and an equally plain violation of our constitutional rights, but a gross indignity to the citizens of this State, which would be resisted to the last extremity." In conclusion of his address, he wrote:

"The people of Missouri cannot be forced, under the terrors of a military invasion, into a position not of their own free choice.

"A million of such people as the citizens of Missouri were never yet subjugated, and, if attempted, let no apprehension be entertained of the result."

On the 13th of June, 1861, Governor Jackson issued his proclamation calling for fifty thousand volunteers, and at the same time appointed nine brigadier-generals. These preparations were large on paper; but the brigadiers had no actual force at their command; and, even if men were not lacking, arms and ammunition were; and as for military training and discipline, there had been for years but little military organization and seldom a militia muster in Missouri. It was thus poorly prepared for the contest; that the State of Missouri, separated from her confederates and alone, showed a heroism almost unexampled in history in spurning the plea of "helplessness" and in confronting the entire power of the North, at a time, indeed, when Northern newspapers were declaring that she was but a mouse under the lion's paw.

The first development of the campaign on the part of General Price was to issue orders to the several brigadiers

just appointed to organize their forces as rapidly as possible, and push them forward to Boonville and Lexington. His ulterior design was, having collected at Lexington volunteers from the whole region accessible to it, to march to the extreme southwest part of the State where subsistence was abundant; where opportunity might be had to organize his army, and where he expected to be joined by Confederate forces from Arkansas, under the command of Brigadier-General McCulloch.

The man who had been selected as the chosen leader of the Missourians, and who was now engaged in inaugurating one of the most wonderful campaigns of the war — Sterling Price — was a native of Virginia. He was born about the year 1810, in Prince Edward county, a county which had given birth to two other military notabilities — General John Coffee, the “right-hand man” of General Jackson in his British and Indian campaigns, and General Joseph E. Johnston, distinguished as one of the heroes of the war.*

Sterling Price emigrated to Missouri and settled in Chariton county, in the interior of that State, in the year 1830, pursuing the quiet avocations of a farmer. In 1844, Mr. Price was nominated by his party as a candidate for Congress, and was elected by a decided majority. He took his seat in December, 1845; but, having failed to receive the party nomination in the following spring, he resigned his seat and returned home. His course in this respect was dictated by that conscientious integrity and high sense of honor which ever distinguished him in all the relations of life. He argued that his defeat was caused either by dissatisfaction with his course on the part of his constituents, or else by undue influences which had been brought to bear upon the people by ambitious aspirants for the seat, who could labor to a great advantage in their work in supplanting an opponent who was attending to his duties at a distance from them. If the former was the case, he was unwilling to misrepresent his constituents, who, he believed, had the right to instruct him as to the course he should pursue; if the latter, his self-respect would not allow him to

* First Year of the War, p. 154.

serve a people who had rejected him without a cause, while he was doing all in his power to advance their interest.

At the time of Mr. Price's retirement from Congress, hostilities had broken out between the United States and Mexico ; and volunteers from all parts of the South were flocking to the defense of their country's flag. Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, bred a soldier, who, like Mr. Price, was serving his first term in Congress, resigned his seat about the same time ; and was soon marching at the head of a Mississippi regiment to the field from which he was destined to return loaded with many honors. So, too, did a brave Missouri regiment call to its head her own son who had just doffed his civil robes, to enter a new and untried field of duty and honor.

The regiment to which Colonel Price was attached was detailed for duty in what is now the Territory of New Mexico. It was by his arms that the province was subdued, though not without several brilliant engagements in which he displayed the same gallantry that so distinguished him in the war between the States.

Soon after the close of the Mexican war a violent political excitement broke out in Missouri. The slavery agitation had received a powerful impetus by the introduction into Congress of the Wilmot Proviso and other sectional measures, whose avowed object was to exclude the South from any portion of the territory which had been acquired principally by the blood of Southern soldiers. The people of the South became justly alarmed at the spread of Abolitionism at the North ; and no people were more jealous of any encroachment upon the rights of the South than the citizens of Missouri, a majority of whose leading statesmen were as sound on the slavery question as those of Virginia or South Carolina.

In order to cause Colonel Benton, who had become obnoxious to a large portion of the Democratic party by his course on the Texas question, the Wilmot Proviso and other measures of public policy, to resign his seat, and for the purpose of casting the weight of the State against the surging waves of Abolitionism, a series of resolutions, com-

monly known as the "Jackson resolutions," was introduced into the senate, at the session of 1848-9, by Claiborne F. Jackson, the Governor of Missouri at the beginning of the war, which passed both houses of the General Assembly. These resolutions were substantially the same as those introduced the year before by Mr. Calhoun into the Senate of the United States.

From the Legislature Colonel Benton appealed to the people; and made a vigorous canvass against the Jackson resolutions throughout the whole State, marked by extraordinary ability and bitterness towards their author and principal supporters. The sixth resolution, which pledged Missouri to "co-operate with her sister States in any measure they might adopt," to defend their rights against the encroachments of the North, was the object of his special denunciation and his most determined opposition. He denounced it as the essence of nullification; and ransacked the vocabulary of Billingsgate for coarse and vulgar epithets to apply to its author and advocates. But his Herculean efforts to procure the repeal of the resolutions proved abortive. Colonel Benton was defeated for the Senate the next year by a combination of Democrats and State-Rights Whigs; and the Jackson resolutions remained on the statute book unrepealed up to 1861. Their author became Governor of the State; their principal supporters engaged in fighting to drive the myrmidons of Abolitionism from the soil of Missouri; and how nobly the State redeemed her pledge to "co-operate with her sister States," the glorious deeds of her hardy sons, who have fought her battles almost single-handed, who struggled on through neglect and hardships and suffering without ever dreaming of defeat, afford the most incontestible evidence.

In the canvass of 1852, the Anti-Benton Democrats put forward General Sterling Price as their choice for the office of Governor; and the Bentonites supported General Thomas L. Price, at that time Lieutenant-Governor, and afterwards a member of Lincoln's Congress and a Brigadier-General in Lincoln's army. The Anti-Bentonites triumphed, and the nomination fell on General Sterling Price, who, receiving

the vote of the whole Democratic party, was elected by a large majority over an eloquent and popular Whig, Colonel Winston, a grandson of Patrick Henry.

The administration of Governor Price was distinguished for an earnest devotion to the material interests of Missouri. At the expiration of his term of office he received a large vote in the Democratic caucus for the nomination for United States Senator, but the choice fell on Mr. James S. Green.

In the Presidential election of 1860, in common with Major Jackson, who was the Democratic candidate for Governor, and a number of other leading men of his party, ex-Governor Price supported Mr. Douglas for the Presidency on the ground that he was the regular nominee of the Democratic party. He moreover considered Mr. Douglas true to the institutions of the South, and believed him to be the only one of the candidates who could prevent the election of the Republican candidate. The influence of these men carried Missouri for Douglas.

Upon the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Border States were unwilling to rush into dissolution until every hope of a peaceful settlement of the question had vanished. This was the position of Missouri, to whose Convention *not a single Secessionist was elected*.*

Governor Price was chosen from his district as a Union man, without opposition, and, on the assembling of the Convention was chosen its President. The Convention had not been in session many weeks before the radicalism of the Republican administration and its hostility to the institutions of the South became manifest to every unprejudiced mind. The perfidy and brutality of its officers in Missouri were particularly observable, and soon opened the eyes of the people to the true objects of the Republican party.

The State authorities decided upon resistance to the Federal Government; the Governor issued his proclamation for volunteers; and, of the forces raised under this call who were denominated the Missouri State Guard, Governor Price was appointed Major-General, and took the field in command.

*First Year of the War, p. 157.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSOURI STATE GUARD — THE AFFAIR AT BOONVILLE,
 JUNE 20, 1861 — COLE CAMP, JUNE 21, 1861 — THE BATTLE
 OF CARTHAGE, JULY 5, 1861.

THE Brigadier-Generals appointed by Governor Jackson for the respective divisions of the State Guard were: for the 1st Division, M. Jeff. Thompson; 2d Division, Thomas L. Harris; 3d Division, John B. Clark; 4th Division, William Y. Slack; 5th Division, A. E. Steen; 6th Division, M. M. Parsons; 7th Division, J. H. McBride; 8th Division, James L. Rains.

In obedience to the orders of General Price, heretofore referred to, these gentlemen reported at Lexington and Boonville with such volunteers as they could gather on their way thence from their homes. As soon as their appointments were promulgated they became prominent objects of Federal persecution, and the most of them were compelled to make precipitate departures from their families and firesides. The divisions were designated from the Congressional districts of the State, and the recruits reported to their respective brigade commanders. They drifted into companies and aggregated into regiments under the controlling influences of county lines and local pride, and elected their officers with as much fitness as judges and legislators are generally made.

The majority of these officers were strangers to war, knew the smell of gunpowder only from the muzzles of squirrel rifles, had perhaps never seen a disciplined company and were sorely afflicted in their vain but persistent efforts to form their men from a front of two lines into a column of four deep at a "right face," as well as to induce them to step off with the left foot in time.

The volunteers were poorly equipped and worse armed for fighting purposes, and disdained the use of any marching music more euphonious than the stentorian "*left! left!*"

of the captain of the company. But although their equipments were poor, their drill at *nil*, and their legs apt to get tangled when on parade, they were soon to show that they had the ring of the truest and noblest metal, and that they were the peers of England's "Hearts of Oak."

THE AFFAIR OF BOONVILLE.

On the 20th of June, 1861, General Lyon and Colonel F. P. Blair, with seven thousand Federal troops well drilled and well armed, came up the Missouri river by vessels and debarked about five miles below Boonville. To oppose them there the Missourians had but about eight hundred men, armed with ordinary rifles and shotguns, without a piece of artillery and with but little ammunition. Lyon's command had eight pieces of cannon and the best improved small-arms.

The Missourians were commanded by Colonel Marmaduke, a graduate of West Point. Under the impression that the forces against him were inconsiderable he determined to give them battle; but upon ascertaining their actual strength after he had formed his line, he told his men they could not reasonably hope to defend the position, and ordered them to retreat. This order they refused to obey. They declared that they would not leave the ground without exchanging shots with the enemy.* The men remained on the field commanded by their captains and Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Brand.

A fight ensued of an hour and a half or more; the result of which was the killing and wounding of upwards of one hundred of the enemy and the loss of three Missourians killed and twenty-five or thirty wounded, several of whom afterwards died. "The barefoot rebel militia," as they were sneeringly denominated, exhibited a stubbornness on the field of their first fight which greatly surprised their enemy, but, overpowered by his numbers, they retreated in safety, if not in order.

The booming guns of this skirmish resounded over all North Missouri; the first rumors were that the troops under Marmaduke had been defeated with dreadful loss, but pub-

* "First Year of the War," p. 128.

lic confidence was restored when it was found that the Federals were amazed at the obstinacy and courage of unformed, uncommanded and undisciplined troops who at that time resembled more a mob than an army.

Governor Jackson and General Price arrived at Boonville, from Jefferson City, on the 18th of June. Immediately after his arrival General Price was taken down with a violent sickness which threatened a serious termination. On the 19th, he was placed on board a boat for Lexington, one of the points at which he had ordered troops to be congregated. This accounts for his absence from the battle of Boonville.

COLE CAMP.

A portion of the Missouri militia engaged in the action, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred in number, took up their line of march for the southwestern portion of the State, under the direction of Governor Jackson, accompanied by the heads of the State Departments and by General J. B. Clark and General Parsons. They marched some twenty-five miles after the fight of the morning, in the direction of a place called Cole Camp, to which point it happened that General Lyon and Colonel Blair had sent from seven hundred to one thousand of their "Home Guard," with a view of intercepting the retreat of Jackson. Ascertaining this fact Governor Jackson halted his forces for the night within twelve or fifteen miles of Cole Camp. Luckily, an expedition for their relief had been speedily organized south of Cole Camp and was at that very moment ready to remove all obstructions in the way of their journey. This expedition, consisting of about three hundred and fifty men, was commanded by Colonel O'Kane, and was gotten up in a very few hours in the neighborhood south of the enemy's camp.

The so-called "Home Guard," consisting almost exclusively of Germans, were under the command of Colonel Cook, a brother of the notorious B. F. Cook who was executed at Charleston, Virginia, in 1859, as an accomplice of John Brown in the Harper's Ferry raid.

Colonel O'Kane approached the camp of the Federals

after the hour of midnight. They had no pickets out except in the direction of Jackson's forces, and he consequently succeeded in completely surprising them. They were camped in two large barns and were asleep when the attack was made upon them at daybreak. In an instant they were aroused, routed and nearly annihilated; two hundred and six of them being killed, a still larger number wounded, and upwards of one hundred taken prisoners. Colonel Cook and the smaller portion of his command made their escape.

The Missourians lost four killed and fifteen or twenty wounded. They captured three hundred and sixty-two muskets; thus partially supplying themselves with bayonets, the weapons for which they had a particular use in the war against their invaders.

Of this success of the Missouri "rebels" there was never any account published even in the newspapers of St. Louis.*

Having been reinforced by Colonel O'Kane, Governor Jackson proceeded with his reinforcements to Warsaw, on the Osage river, in Benton county, pursued by Colonel Totten, of the Federal army, with fourteen hundred men, well armed and having several pieces of artillery.

Upon the receipt of erroneous information as to the strength of Jackson's forces, derived from a German who escaped the destruction of Camp Cole, and perhaps also, from the indications of public sentiment in the country through which he marched, Col. Totten abandoned the pursuit and returned to the army under Gen. Lyon, at Boonville.

Jackson's forces rested at Warsaw for two days, after which they proceeded to Montevallo, in Vernon county, where they halted and remained for six days, expecting to form a junction at that point with another column of their forces that had been congregated at Lexington, and ordered by Gen. Price to the southwestern portion of the State. That column was under the command of Brigadier-Generals Rains and Slack, and consisted of some twenty-five hundred men.

* First Year of the War, p. 129.

Col. Prince, of the Federal army, having collected a force of four or five thousand men from Kansas with a view of cutting them off, Gen. Price ordered a retreat to some point in the neighborhood of Montevallo. Gen. Price, still very feeble from his recent severe attack of sickness, started with one hundred men to join his forces. His object was to draw his army away from the base-line of the enemy, the Missouri river, and to gain time for organization. The column from Lexington marched forward, without blankets or clothing of any kind, without wagons, without tents, and indeed, without anything usually reckoned among the comforts of an army. They had to rely for subsistence on the country through which they passed—a friendly country it is true, but they had but little time to partake of hospitalities on their march, being closely pursued by the enemy. On the night of the 3rd of July, the column from Lexington formed a junction with Jackson's forces in Cedar county.

That night, under orders from Governor Jackson, all the men belonging to the districts of brigadier-generals then present, reported respectively to their appropriate brigadier-generals for the purpose of being organized into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions. The result was, that about two thousand reported to Brig.-Gen. Rains, six hundred to Brig.-Gen. Slack, and about five hundred each to Brig.-Gens. J. B. Clark and Parsons, making a total of about 3,600 men.

This, then, was the Patriot Army of Missouri.

It was a heterogeneous mixture of all human compounds, and represented every condition of Western life. There were the old and the young, the rich and poor, the high and low, the grave and gay, the planter and laborer, the farmer and clerk, the hunter and boatman, the merchant and woodsman. At least five hundred of these men were entirely unarmed. Many had only the common rifle and shotgun. None were provided with cartridges or canteens. They had eight pieces of cannon, but no shells, and very few solid shot or rounds of grape and canister.

Rude and almost incredible devices were made to supply

these wants: trace-chains, iron-rods, hard pebbles, and smooth stones were substituted for shot; and evidence of the effect of such rough missiles was to be given in the next encounter with the enemy.

The army was reorganized by 12 o'clock, the 4th of July, and in one hour thereafter it took up the line of march for the southwest.

Before leaving, Governor Jackson received intelligence that he was pursued by General Lyon, coming down from a northeasterly direction, and by Lane and Sturgis from the northwest, their supposed object being to form a junction in his rear, with a force sufficiently large to crush him. He marched his command a distance of twenty-three miles by nine o'clock on the evening of the 4th, at which hour he halted for the night. Before the next morning, he received authentic intelligence that a column of men, three thousand in number, had been sent out from St. Louis on the southwestern branch of the Pacific railroad for Rolla, under the command of General Sigel, and that they had arrived at the town of Carthage, immediately in his front, thus threatening him with battle in the course of a few hours.

Such was the situation of the undisciplined, badly armed Missouri State troops, on the morning of the 5th of July; a large Federal force in their rear, pressing upon them, while Sigel in front intercepted their passage. But they were cheerful and buoyant in spirit, notwithstanding the perilous position in which they were placed.

They resumed their march at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and proceeded without halting a distance of ten miles. At ten o'clock A. M. they approached a creek within a mile and a half of the enemy, whose forces were in line of battle under Sigel, in the open prairie, upon the brow of a hill, and in three detachments, numbering nearly three thousand men.

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

The Missourians arrived on their first important battlefield with a spirit undiminished by the toils of their marches, privations and exposures. The men were suffering terribly

for water, but could find none, the enemy being between them and the creek.

The line of battle was formed with about twelve hundred men as infantry, commanded by Brigadier-Generals J. B. Clark, Parsons, and Slack, and the remainder acting as cavalry under Brigadier-General Rains, the whole under the command of Governor Jackson. The infantry were formed and placed in line of battle six hundred yards from the enemy, and on the brow of the hill fronting his line. The cavalry deployed to the right and left, with a view of charging and attacking the enemy on his right and left wings, while the infantry were to advance from the front. Sigel had eight pieces of cannon. The Missourians had a few old pieces, but nothing to charge them with.

While their cavalry were deploying to the right and left, Sigel's batteries opened upon their line with grape, canister, shell, and round-shot. The cannon of the Missourians replied as best they could. They were loaded with trace-chains, bits of iron and rocks. It was difficult to get their cavalry up to the position agreed upon as the one from which a general charge should be commenced upon the foe.* Sigel would turn his batteries upon them whenever they came in striking distance, causing a stampede among the horses and subjecting the troops to a galling fire. Colonel Rives, however, of the 1st cavalry, 4th Division, made a gallant charge on the enemy's rear, to their great surprise and confusion, causing a diversion and enabling General Rains' cavalry to reform.

Owing to the difficulty of bringing the horses into position, the infantry was ordered to charge the enemy, the cavalry to come up at the same time in supporting distance. They advanced in double-quick with a shout, when the enemy retreated across Bear creek, a wide and deep stream, and then destroyed the bridge over which they crossed.

Sigel's forces retreated along the bank of the creek a distance of a mile or a mile and a half and formed behind a skirt of timber. The Missourians had to cross an open field, exposed to a raking fire, before they could reach the

* Covell's "Diary."

corner of the woods, beyond which the enemy had formed. A number of the cavalry dismounted and acted with the infantry, thus bringing into active use nearly all the small-arms upon the field. They rushed to the skirt of the timber, and opened vigorously upon the enemy across the stream, who returned the fire with great spirit. For the space of an hour the fire on each side was incessant and fierce. The Missourians threw a quantity of dead timber into the stream and commenced crossing over in large numbers, when the enemy again abandoned his position and started in the direction of Carthage, eight miles distant.

A running fight was kept up all the way to the town, Sigel and his forces being closely pursued by the men whom they had expected to capture without a fight. At Carthage the enemy again made a stand, forming an ambushade behind houses, woodpiles and fences. After a severe engagement there of some forty minutes, he retreated under cover of night in the direction of Rolla. He was pursued three or four miles, till near nine o'clock, when the Missourians were called back and ordered to collect their wounded.

They camped at Carthage that night (July 5), on the same ground that Sigel had occupied two nights before. The little army had done a brilliant day's work. They had fought an enemy from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M., killing and wounding a considerable number of his men, and driving him twelve miles on the route of his retreat. They afterwards ascertained that he continued to march all night, and did not halt till eleven o'clock the next day, nearly thirty miles from Carthage.

The casualties of the day cannot be given with accuracy. The Missourians lost between forty and fifty killed, and from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty wounded. The loss of the enemy was estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred killed, and from three hundred to four hundred wounded—his killed and wounded being scattered over a space of ten miles or more.

The Missourians captured several hundred muskets, which were given to their unarmed soldiers.

The victory of Carthage had an inspiring effect upon them and taught the enemy a lesson of humility which he did not soon forget. It awakened the Federal commanders in Missouri to a sense of the magnitude of the work before them. When Sigel first got sight of the forces drawn up against him, he assured his men there would be no serious conflict. He said they were coming into line like a worm-fence, and that a few grape, canister and shell dropped into their midst, would throw them into confusion and put them to flight. This accomplished, he would charge them with his cavalry and take them prisoners, one and all. But after carefully observing their movements for a time, in the heat of the action, he changed his tone.

"Great God," he exclaimed, "was the like ever seen! Raw recruits, unacquainted with war, standing their ground like veterans, hurling defiance at every discharge of the batteries against them, and cheering their own batteries whenever discharged. Such material, properly worked up, would constitute the best troops in the world."* Such was the testimony of General Sigel, who bore the reputation of being one of the most skillful and accomplished officers in the Federal service. For troops who formed "like a worm-fence," the obedience of Jackson's men was as remarkable as their courage. Almost utterly famished as they were, on a broiling day and after a fierce charge, when they reached the creek, not one drank of its cooling waters until permission was given by their officers. The distrust in which the Federals were held was exemplified by the fact that no thirst was slaked until it was ascertained that Sigel's "Dutchmen" had not poisoned the waters.

* Captain Covell's "Diary."

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, OR WILSON'S CREEK, AUGUST 10, 1861.

THE day succeeding the battle of Carthage, General Price, who had hitherto been detained from active command by a severe sickness, arrived at that town, accompanied by Brigadier-General McCulloch of the Confederate army and Major-General Pearce of the Arkansas State troops, with a force of nearly two thousand men. These timely reinforcements were hailed with great joy; and the patriot army was alike animated by the appearance of their beloved commander, and the assurance, which McCulloch's presence gave them, of the friendly feeling and intention of the Confederate Government.*

The next day the forces at Carthage, under their respective commanders, took up their line of march for Cowskin Prairie, near the boundary of the Indian Nation. Here they remained for several days, organizing and drilling. General Price still continued to receive reinforcements, and the whole numerical strength of the command was now rated at about ten thousand.

With this force, although yet imperfectly armed, it was decided to venture on the offensive; and it having been ascertained that the Federal commanders, Lee, Sturgis, Sweeny and Sigel, were about to form a junction at Springfield, it was determined by Price, McCulloch, and Pearce, to march upon that place, and attack the enemy in the position he had chosen. To that end, their forces were concentrated at Cassville, in Barry county, according to orders, and from that point they proceeded in the direction of Springfield, ninety miles distant, General McCulloch leading the advance.

Upon his arrival at Crane creek, General McCulloch was informed by his pickets that the Federals had left Springfield, and were advancing upon him in large force, their

* Lost Cause, p. 284.

advanced guard being encamped within seven miles. For several days there was considerable skirmishing between the pickets of the two armies in that locality.

In consequence of information of the immense superiority of the enemy's force, General McCulloch, after consultation with the general officers, determined to make a retrograde movement. He regarded the unarmed men as incumbrances, and thought the unorganized and undisciplined condition of both wings of the army suggested the wisdom of avoiding battle with the disciplined enemy upon his own ground, and in greatly superior numbers. General Price, however, entertained a different opinion of the strength of the enemy. He favored an immediate advance. This policy being sustained by his officers, General Price requested McCulloch to loan a number of arms from his command for the use of such Missouri soldiers as were unarmed, believing that, with the force at his command, he could whip the enemy. General McCulloch declined to comply with the request, being governed, no doubt, by the same reasons which had induced him to decline the responsibility of ordering an advance of the whole command.*

On the evening of the day upon which this consultation occurred, General McCulloch received an order from General Polk, commander of the Southwestern division of the Confederate army, to advance upon the enemy in Missouri. He immediately held another consultation with the officers of the two divisions, exhibited the order he had received, and offered to march at once upon Springfield, upon condition that he should have the chief command of the army. General Price replied, that he was not fighting for distinction, but for the defence of the liberties of his countrymen and that it mattered but little what position he occupied. He said he was ready to surrender not only the command, but his life as a sacrifice to the cause. He accordingly did not hesitate, with a magnanimity of which history presents but few examples in military leaders, to turn over the command to General McCulloch, and to take a subordinate position in a combat in which, from the first, he felt assured of victory.

* First Year of the War, p. 165.

On taking command, General McCulloch issued a general order, that all the unarmed men should remain in camp, and all those furnished with arms should put their guns in condition for service, provide themselves with fifty rounds of ammunition, and get in readiness to take up the line of march by twelve o'clock at night.

The army was divided into three columns: the first commanded by General McCulloch, the second by General Pearce and the third by General Price. They moved at the hour named, leaving the baggage train behind, and proceeded in the direction of Springfield. The troops were in fine condition and in excellent spirits, expecting to find the enemy posted about eight miles from their camp, on the Springfield road, where the natural defences are very strong, being a series of eminences on either side of the road. They arrived at that locality about sunrise, carefully approached it, and ascertained that the enemy had retired the previous afternoon.

They followed in pursuit that day a distance of twenty-two miles, regardless of dust and heat; twelve miles of the distance without a drop of water—the troops having no canteens. The weary army encamped on the night of the 8th at Big Spring, one mile and a half from Wilson's creek, and ten and a half miles from Springfield. Their baggage trains and beef cattle having been left behind, the troops had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours, and had been supplied with only half rations for ten days previous. In this exigency, they satisfied the cravings of hunger by eating green corn, without salt or meat. On the next day, the army moved to Wilson's creek and there took up camp, that they might be convenient to several large fields from which they could supply themselves with green corn, which, for two days, constituted their only repast.

Orders were issued by General McCulloch to the troops to get ready to take up the line of march to Springfield by nine o'clock P. M., with a view of attacking the enemy at four different points at daybreak the next morning. His effective force, as stated by himself, was five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six

thousand horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles, and shotguns.

After receiving the order to march, the troops satisfied their hunger, prepared their guns and ammunition, and got up a dance before many of the camp-fires. When nine o'clock came, in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, and the want of cartridge-boxes to protect the ammunition of the men, the order to march was countermanded, the commanding general hoping to be able to move early the next morning. The dance before the camp-fires was resumed and kept up for some time with a merry earnestness.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

The next morning, the tenth of August, before sunrise, the troops were attacked by the enemy, who had succeeded in gaining the position he desired. General Lyon attacked them on their left, General Sigel on their right and in their rear. From each of these points batteries opened upon them. General McCulloch's command was soon ready. The Missourians under Brigadier-Generals Slack, Clark, McBride, Parsons, and Rains, were nearest the position taken by General Lyon with his main force. General Price ordered them to move their artillery and infantry forward. Advancing a few hundred yards, he came upon the main body of the enemy on the left, commanded by General Lyon in person. The infantry and artillery, which General Price had ordered to follow him, came up to the number of upwards of two thousand, and opened upon the enemy a brisk and well directed fire. Woodruff's battery was opposed to that of the enemy under Captain Totten, and a constant cannonading was kept up between these batteries during the action. Herbert's regiment of Louisiana volunteers and McIntosh's regiment of Arkansas mounted riflemen were ordered to the front, and after passing the battery, turned to the left, and soon engaged the enemy with the regiments deployed. Colonel McIntosh dismounted his regiment, and the two marched abreast to the fence around a large cornfield, where they met the left of the enemy already posted. A terrible conflict of small-arms took

place here. Despite the galling fire poured upon these two regiments, they leaped over the fence, and, gallantly led by their colonels, drove the enemy before them back upon the main body.*

During this time, the Missourians under General Price, were nobly sustaining themselves in the centre, and hotly engaged on the sides of the height upon which the enemy was posted. Some distance on the right, General Sigel had opened his battery upon Churchhill's and Green's regiments, and gradually made his way to the Springfield road, upon each side of which the Confederates were encamped, and had established their battery in a strong position.

General McCulloch at once took two companies of the Louisiana regiment which were nearest to him at the time, and marched them rapidly from the front and right to the rear, with orders to Colonel McIntosh to bring up the remainder. When they arrived near the enemy's battery, they found that Reid's battery had opened upon it, and that it was already in confusion. Advantage was taken of this and soon the Louisianians gallantly charged upon the guns and swept the cannoniers away. Five cannon were here taken, and Sigel's forces completely routed. They commenced a rapid retreat with but a single gun, pressed by some companies of the Texas regiment and a portion of Colonel Major's Missouri regiment of cavalry. In the pursuit many of the enemy were killed and his last gun captured.

Having cleared their right and rear, it became necessary for the Confederate forces to direct all their attention to the centre, where General Lyon was pressing upon the Missourians with all his strength. To this point McIntosh's regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Embry, and Churchhill's regiment on foot, Gratiot's regiment, and McRae's battalion were sent to their aid. A terrible fire of musketry was now kept up along the whole line of the hill upon which the enemy was posted. Masses of infantry fell back and again rushed forward. The summit of the hill was covered with the dead and wounded. Both sides were

*Covell's "Diary."

fighting with desperation for the field. Carroll's and Green's regiments, gallantly led by Captain Bradfute, charged Totten's battery; but the whole strength of the enemy was immediately in the rear, and a deadly fire was opened upon them.

At this critical moment, when the fortunes of the day seemed to be at the turning point, two regiments of General Pearce's brigade were ordered to march from their position, as reserves, to support the centre. Reid's battery was also ordered to move forward, and the Louisiana regiment was called into action on the left of it. The battle then became general, and "probably," says General McCulloch, in his official report, "no two opposing forces ever fought with greater desperation; inch by inch the enemy gave way, and were driven from their position. Totten's battery fell back,—Missourians, Arkansans, Louisianians, and Texans pushed forward—the incessant roll of musketry was deafening, and the balls fell thick as hailstones; but still our gallant Southerners pushed onward, and, with one wild yell, broke upon the enemy, pushing them back, and strewing the ground with their dead. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our final charge. The enemy fled and could not be rallied."

The battle was won by the desperate courage and obstinate valor of untrained and undisciplined troops. As a matter of special interest, I insert the narrative of Colonel James A. Pritchard, one of our most gallant officers and who was in the very thickest of the melee on "Bloody Point." It gives a vivid description of the affair in the glowing words of a cool and thoughtful eye-witness:

"We were surprised and aroused from our tents by a discharge of grape and cannon ball from the enemy's batteries, planted on the heights around us. (I said we,—I was not surprised.) I told General Slack, Colonel Hughes, and Captain Merrick, that if Lyon was the skillful general he was represented to be, he would never allow us to leave the situation we then occupied, and attack him on fair ground. Consequently I was up before day that morning, and had breakfast over by daylight. I heard the first gun of the enemy, and saw the first messenger pass.

“Our situation was in the forks, and upon both sides of two creeks, with high points all around us. In fact if the enemy had picked the ground for us, they could not have suited themselves better. We were almost completely surrounded before we knew it. General Sigel on the right, three thousand strong; General Lyon in the centre, six thousand strong; Sturgis on the left, three thousand, and all moved upon us simultaneously, and so posted as to nearly surround us while we were yet sleeping.

“We had intended to march upon Springfield the same night, but owing to a rain and threatening storms, the order to march that night was changed. At twelve o'clock the same night, our picket guards were all drawn in, to join the army in its march on Springfield; hence our exposed condition and surprise. But we rallied our forces with the determination to conquer or die.

“I led the head of the first column, that marched against General Lyon, with his force posted strongly upon what is now known in the army as ‘Bloody Point.’ I formed my battalion in good order under a most galling discharge of small-arms, then turned and assisted Colonel Hughes and General Slack in forming the second battalion, which had been thrown into the same disorder, by the murderous cross-fire to which they were exposed. We were not more than half musket-shot from the enemy when we formed the line, during which movement several were killed. The enemy was concealed in the brush, tall grass and weeds. I ordered our men to lie down until he unmasked himself. They were waiting for us to advance upon their ambuscade, but after a few moments they uncovered and came on. There was for a short time a dead silence in both armies, except the low tone of command given by the officers in each line, which was distinctly heard by the men opposite. The stillness was finally broken by the enemy giving the order to move forward; I heard the word given distinctly. I cautioned our men to be ready, to take good aim, and not waste a shot. My order was obeyed in a most handsome and gallant style. The enemy reeled, tottered, and fell from one end of the line to the other. We maintained our position until overpowered by numbers; and gradually fell back about eighty yards, contesting every inch of the ground; and as we did so we sheltered ourselves somewhat under the brow of the hill; rallied our forces and drove the enemy back in great confusion.

“Here the fortune of battle ebbed and flowed for hours. We had the same ground we formed on in the morning in possession seven times during the day; and closed the desperate conflict at half past two o'clock P. M. upon the very ground that we formed upon before sunrise in the morning. Our regiment numbered six hundred and fifty, and with that force we held General Lyon in check, with his five thousand strong, for more than nine hours. We kept our men concealed behind the brow of the hill, and delivered our fire only when the enemy attempted to turn the summit. We were supported by troops from Missouri, Arkansas, and at one time, while they delivered one fire, by the Louisiana regiment. Woodruff's battery covered us all day from an opposite height, about half a mile distant, and threw balls and shells over our heads into the ranks of the enemy. This battery was the same that was commanded by Captain Bragg at the battle of Buena Vista; and it was fighting Captain Totten of the same battery, who deserted the Southern cause in May, 1861. Here were two captains, who had stood side by side and worked the same guns, on many a hard-fought field, occupying opposite heights, and fighting each other with all the energy they could command. I could and did see the whole thing, for the balls and shells passed immediately over my head all day.

“Sturgis moved through a cornfield to surround us on our right. The regiment of Louisianians concealed themselves on the outside of the fence in the brush, and waited until they got within thirty or forty steps, then arose and delivered such a destructive fire that Sturgis's whole force fled, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and wounded. Sturgis fell back, crossed the creek with the remainder of his command, and joined Lyon, so that we had to fight him also the rest of the day. The same regiment then filed across in our rear, came up and delivered one fire in our support, filed across to the right of Lyon's army, and assisted the Arkansas, Missouri and Texas troops, who were fighting Sigel, and there captured five pieces of cannon, belonging to Sigel's battery. They scattered his forces, which were pursued by the cavalry, until his command was considerably cut to pieces. Parsons' and Weightman's batteries were playing on Sigel all the morning. Parsons' battery was ordered up to our support; they did fine execution for a time, but finally gave

way before a heavy discharge of the enemy's small-arms.

"Two regiments of Arkansas and Louisiana troops flanked the enemy on their right, and assisted us in driving Lyon's whole force from the field; a thing that should have been done at least seven hours sooner. General Weightman brought a portion of his command to our assistance, formed on our right, and fell mortally wounded while leading a charge. His sword was handed to me by a friend of his (Colonel Hughes), having received it from him when he fell. My horse just at this time was shot from under me. I hung the sword on a bush to catch another horse that was near by, some one took it off, and we have not yet been able to find it. Missouri loses in General Weightman her bravest and most experienced general.

"Just at this time, General Slack received a very dangerous wound in the right groin, passing out of the left hip; I was near the general, took him off his horse, and gave him to some men to carry off the field. At about that time I received a slight cut across my right thigh with a Minie ball. One Minie ball struck my saddle-bags, and went clear through, cutting eighteen holes in two shirts folded up in them. One passed through my hat brim, and one cut me just across my right breast, not breaking the skin, but making a black place about as large as the palm of the hand.

"We had lost many of our best men. The officers were necessarily very much exposed. If General Slack, Colonel Hughes or myself had been stricken down in the early part of the fight, it would have been impossible to have kept our forces, or any of the forces on Bloody Hill. Our regiment formed the nucleus around which the rest of the army could rally. The Missouri forces lost that day, in killed on the field, one hundred and fifty-six, and five hundred and seventeen wounded, some of whom afterward died of their wounds. I have not ascertained the loss of the Confederate forces under General McCulloch. Theirs will not exceed one hundred killed, and three hundred wounded; while the Federal forces will not fall much short of twelve hundred killed, two thousand wounded, and one thousand lost. Their entire force at Springfield when they marched upon us, was about fourteen thousand, they left about twelve hundred in Springfield, and brought the remainder with them. Sigel got back with just himself and two of his command. They left Springfield next morning with between six thousand and seven thousand troops,

The difference between fourteen thousand and seven thousand is General Lyon's loss either killed, wounded or driven to the woods, so that they will never unite with the army again. They left over six hundred of their wounded in Springfield, took forty wagons loaded with them, and left them at all the private houses in the country, where they could get them in. There were two hundred and sixteen of the enemy left dead on the point where we fought them, on about an acre square. At one place I could nearly walk across the ground on the dead bodies of the enemy.

"Amongst their slain was General Lyon himself, killed right where we met him, doubtless by some one in our regiment. He urged his men on that day with perfect desperation, but he never could make them turn the hill."

General Lyon, at the head of his regulars, was killed in an attempt to turn the wing mainly defended by the arms of the Missourians. He saw that his men were unable to advance against the sheet of fire before them, and he marked with desperate concern the huge chasm in his lines where his torn regiments had given away. He had already been wounded in the leg, and a bullet had cut the scalp of his head. Bloody and haggard, he turned to one of his officers, and said: "I fear the day is lost—I will lead the charge."

Remounting and riding rapidly to the front, he said simply to his nearest regiments, "Forward men! I will lead you." He had advanced but a little way when two small rifle balls, or buckshot, pierced his breast. He reeled in his saddle and fell dead from his horse.* Unlike Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, he fell not with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears, but rather like Charles the Bold Burgundian before the walls of Nancy, not until after he knew the shadow of defeat had rested upon his arrogant banners.

His surgeon came in for his body, under a flag of truce, after the close of the battle, and General Price sent it in his own wagon. But the enemy, in his flight, left the body unshrouded in Springfield. The next morning, August 11th, Lieutenant-Colonel Gustavus Elgin and Colonel R.

* The Lost Cause, p. 162.

H. Musser, two members of Brigadier-General Clark's staff, caused the body to be properly prepared for burial. He was temporarily interred at Springfield, in a metallic coffin procured by Mrs. Phelps, wife of Colonel John S. Phelps. A few days afterwards, the body was disinterred and sent to St. Louis to await the order of his relatives in Connecticut.

The death of General Lyon was a serious loss to the Federals in Missouri. He was an able and dangerous man—a man of the times, who appreciated the force of audacity and quick decision in a revolutionary war. To military education and talents, he united a rare energy and promptitude. No doubts or scruples unsettled his mind. A Connecticut Yankee, without a trace of chivalric feeling or personal sensibility—one of those who submit to insult with indifference, yet are brave in the field—an exception to the politics of the army in being an undisguised and fanatical Abolitionist.*

Shortly after this battle the Confederate forces under General McCulloch returned to Arkansas, that officer and Price having failed to agree upon the plan of a campaign in Missouri.

CHAPTER VI.

GENERAL HARRIS AND COLONEL MARTIN GREEN.—DRY WOOD,
OR FORT SCOTT, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.—THE SIEGE OF LEX-
INGTON, SEPTEMBER 18–20, 1861.

IN Northern Missouri, the bold and active demonstrations of Colonel Martin E. Green and General Thomas A. Harris, had made an important diversion of the enemy in favor of General Price. These demonstrations had been so successful that they diverted eight thousand men from

* Lost Cause, p. 163.

the support of General Lyon, and held them north of the river until after the battle of Wilson's Creek, thus making an important contribution to the glorious issue of that contest.

The history of the war presents no instance of a more heroic determination of a people to accomplish their freedom, than was exhibited by the people of Northern Missouri.* Occupying that portion of the State immediately contiguous to the Federal States of Kansas, Iowa and Illinois, penetrated by two lines of railroads intersecting at right angles, dividing the country north and south, east and west—which lines of railroads were seized and occupied by the enemy, even before the commencement of hostilities; washed on every side by large, navigable rivers in possession of the enemy; exposed at every point to the inroads of almost countless Federal hosts, the brave people of Northern Missouri, without preparation or organization, did not hesitate to meet the alternative of war, in the face of a foe confident in his numbers and resources.

On the 21st of June, 1861, a special messenger from Governor Jackson overtook, at Paris, Monroe county, Thomas A. Harris, who was then *en route* as a private soldier to the rendezvous at Boonville. The messenger was the bearer of a commission by which Harris was constituted a brigadier-general of the Missouri State Guard, and assigned to the duty of organizing the forces for the defence of that portion of the State north of the Missouri river. The commission was accompanied by orders from General Price. At the date of the delivery of the commission and orders, the affair at Boonville had transpired, and the governor and General Price, with such of the forces as had been hastily collected, were, as already stated, in full retreat before the enemy in the direction of southwestern Missouri.

General Harris was without any organized force whatever; without military supplies of any kind; without money, or any authorized agent to pledge the credit of the State. He commenced recruiting an army in the face of the enemy. At a public meeting, called by him, he delivered a

* First Year of the War, p. 141.

stirring and patriotic address, caused the oath of allegiance to the South to be administered to himself in the most public and impressive manner, and, in turn, administered the same oath to fifty-three men, organized them into a company, directing them to return to their homes, collect their private arms, and join him without delay. When we consider that this bold action was within three hours' march of an enemy in force, and that it invited his bitter resentment, we can rightly appreciate the heroism and self-sacrificing patriotism of the participators.

A false report of the approach of the enemy caused the evacuation of the town of Paris, where quite a number of unarmed troops had assembled. General Harris retired into a stronghold in the knobs of Salt river. He was a brigadier-general, with a command of three hundred men and a few officers whom he had appointed upon his staff. Here, without blankets, tents, or any kind of army equipments, he commenced the organization of a guerrilla force which was destined to render important service in the progress of the war in Missouri.

General Harris adopted the policy of secretly organizing his force, the necessity for such secrecy being constantly induced by the continued presence and close proximity of the enemy. The fact, however, that General Lyon was moving to the southwest in pursuit of General Price, caused him to attempt this diversion, which was successful in holding a large Federal force north of the Missouri river.

Although the active duties of a guerrilla campaign necessarily involved a delay in organization, yet General Harris was successful in raising a force of one thousand seven hundred and thirty men in the very face of the enemy, and of effecting a junction with Colonel Martin E. Green, who had also, in the midst of every difficulty and almost within hearing of the "curfew bells" of Keokuk, in the extreme northeastern part of Missouri, raised and tolerably well equipped a peerless regiment of over a thousand brave fellows. With this force of two thousand seven hundred and thirty men Harris and Green succeeded in crossing over the river, and after a march of sixty-two miles in

twenty-eight hours, united their commands with General Price in time to participate in the memorable siege of Lexington.

To follow General Price's command to that battlefield we must now turn.

Late in August, abandoned by the Confederate forces, he took up his line of march for the Missouri river, with an armed force of about four thousand five hundred men and seven pieces of cannon. Hearing that the notorious trio of bandits, Jim Lane, Montgomery, and Jennison, were at Fort Scott, with a marauding force of several thousand, and not desiring them to get in his rear, he *detoured* to the left from his course to the Missouri river, marching directly to Fort Scott for the purpose of driving them up the river.

On the 7th of September, he met with Lane about fifteen miles east of Fort Scott, at a stream called Drywood, where an engagement ensued which lasted for an hour and a half, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy.* Gen. Price then sent on a detachment to Fort Scott, and found that the enemy had evacuated the place. He continued his march in the direction of Lexington, where there was a Federal army strongly intrenched, under the command of Colonel Mulligan. General Fremont, who had been appointed by the Federal government to take command in the Missouri department, had inaugurated the campaign with a brutality towards his enemy, a selfish splendor in his camp, and a despotism and corruption more characteristic of an Eastern satrap than an American commander in the nineteenth century. He had published a proclamation absolutely confiscating the estates and slave property of "rebels," which measure of brutality was vastly pleasing to the Abolitionists of the North, who recognized the extinction of negro slavery in the South as the essential object of the war, but was not entirely agreeable to the government at Washington, which was not quite ready to declare the extremity to which it proposed to prosecute the war. †

On the 10th of September, just as General Price was about to encamp with his forces for the day, he learned that

* Lost Cause, p. 163.

† Lost Cause. p. 163.

a detachment of Federal troops were marching from Lexington to Warrensburg to seize the funds of the bank in that place, and to arrest and plunder the citizens of Johnson county, in accordance with General Fremont's proclamation and instructions. Although his men were greatly fatigued by several days' continuous and rapid marching, General Price determined to press forward, so as to surprise the enemy, if possible, at Warrensburg.

After resting a few hours, he resumed his march at sunset, and continued it without intermission till two o'clock in the morning, when it became evident that the infantry, very few of whom had eaten anything for twenty-four hours, could march no further. He then halted them, and went forward with the greater portion of his mounted men, till he came, about daybreak, within view of Warrensburg, where he ascertained that the enemy had hastily fled about midnight, burning the bridges behind him. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that his men had been fasting for more than twenty-four hours, constrained General Price to abandon the pursuit of the enemy that day. His infantry and artillery having come up, he encamped at Warrensburg, where the citizens vied with each other in feeding his almost famished soldiers.

A violent storm delayed the march next morning until the hour of ten o'clock. General Price then pushed rapidly forward, still hoping to overtake the enemy. Finding it impossible to do this with his infantry, he again ordered a detachment of mounted men to move forward, and placing himself at their head, continued the pursuit to within two and a half miles of Lexington, where he halted for the night, having learned that the enemy's forces had all gone within the city.

THE SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

About daybreak the next morning, a sharp skirmish took place between the Missouri pickets and the enemy's outposts. A general action was threatened, but General Price' being unwilling to risk an engagement when a short delay would make success in his estimation perfectly certain, fell back two or three miles and awaited the arrival of his

infantry and cavalry These having come up, he advanced upon the town, driving in the Federal pickets, until he came within a short distance of the city. Here the enemy's forces attempted to make a stand, but they were speedily driven from every position and compelled to take shelter within their entrenchments. The enemy having strongly fortified the college building, the Missourians took their position within easy range of it and opened a brisk fire from Bledsoe's and Parsons' batteries. Finding, after sunset, that his ammunition, the most of which had been left behind in the march from Springfield, was nearly exhausted, and that his men, most of whom had not eaten anything in thirty-six hours,* required rest and food, General Price withdrew to the fair ground, and encamped there.

His ammunition wagons having been at last brought up, and large reinforcements having come in, he again moved into town on the 18th, and commenced the final attack upon the enemy's works. Brigadier-General Rains' division occupied a strong position on the east and northeast of the fortifications, from which position an effective cannonading was kept up on the enemy by Bledsoe's battery and another battery commanded by Captain Churchill Clark, of St. Louis. General Parsons took his position southwest of the works. Skirmishers and sharpshooters were sent forward from both of these divisions to harass and fatigue the enemy, and cut them off from water on the north, east and south of the college, and did great service in the accomplishment of the purposes for which they were detached. Colonel Congreve Jackson's (Brigadier-General Clark's) division, and a part of General Stein's, were posted near General Rains and General Parsons as a reserve.

Shortly after entering the city on the 18th, Colonel Rives, who commanded the 4th Division in the absence of General Slack, led his regiment and Colonel Hughes' along the river bank to a point immediately beneath and west of the fortifications, General McBrides's command and a portion of General Harris' having been ordered to reinforce him. Colonel Rives, in order to cut off the enemy's means

*The First Year of the War, p. 145.

of escape, proceeded down the bank of the river for the purpose of capturing a steamboat which was lying immediately under their guns. Just at this moment a heavy fire was opened upon him from a large dwelling-house, known as Anderson's house, on the summit of the bluff, which the enemy was occupying as a hospital, and from which a white flag was flying. Several companies of General Harris' command and the soldiers of the 4th Division, who had won much distinction in previous battles, immediately rushed upon and took the place. The important position thus secured was within one hundred and twenty-five yards of the enemy's intrenchments.

A company from Colonel Hughes' regiment then took possession of the boats, one of which was freighted with valuable stores.

General McBride's and General Harris' divisions meanwhile stormed and occupied the bluffs immediately north of Anderson's house. The position of these heights enabled the assailants to harass the enemy so greatly that, resolving to regain them, he made upon the house a successful assault, and one, said General Price, which would have been honorable to him had it not been accompanied by an act of savage barbarity—the cold-blooded and cowardly murder of three defenceless men who had laid down their arms and surrendered themselves as prisoners. The position thus retaken by the enemy was soon regained by the brave men who had been driven from it, and was thenceforward held by them to the very end of the contest. The heights on the left of Anderson's house were fortified by our troops with such means as were at their command.

On the morning of the 20th, General Price caused a number of hemp bales to be transported to the river heights, where movable breastworks were speedily constructed out of them.* George Wilkes, in a letter from the camps on the Potomac, thus speaks of this artifice of General Price in a manner the more noticeable as coming from the pen of an avowed enemy:

“All Price's efforts, notwithstanding his overwhelming

*First Year of the War, p. 146.

force, had failed to occupy the open space between the entrenchments and the river; and every time he repeated the attempt his troops were hurled back, either by downright bayonet charges, or fierce onslaught of the Illinois cavalry, of whom there were seven hundred in the fort. It seemed, therefore, almost impossible for the rebel General to carry his point in this quarter against the devoted valor of the Federal soldiers. In fact, he had half despaired the chance, when suddenly an idea came which instantly dissipated all his difficulties, and delivered the besieged hopelessly into his hands. Taking possession of some bales of hemp, which, unluckily for Lexington, lay upon the bank, Price ordered them to be rolled into the river until they were saturated beyond any chance of fire. Then bringing them up in line, he arranged them diagonally along the shore, and ordered a portion of his troops to roll them towards the uninvested portion of the works, while others, in strong force, bent below the level of the moving parapet and delivered their volleys as they went.

“Let sneering Europeans no longer dispute our capacity for war, for here we have an idea developed in the heat of battle, by a Western General, which excels the best strategy ever developed in Lombardy or the Crimea. It was a stroke of genius—one of those happy adaptations of chance means which prove the talent of the General, and elevate the art of battle above the level of mere downright force. It excels, by far, the fine conception of Jackson’s breastworks at New Orleans, for it engrafts upon that artifice a superior idea. It was an *active* rather than a *passive* stratagem, and inspired an inert and merely resisting body with a living, moving and assailable function.

“We have heard of flying artillery, and seen its execution; but who ever heard before of flying redoubts, which, while they give shelter to an advancing line, can successfully withstand the heaviest cannonade? Poor Mulligan must have gazed upon this miracle, in the method of approach, with much the same wonder as the Scottish king beheld, from his battlements, the advance of Birnam-wood upon Dunsinane, and his heart must have sunk as heavily within him at the sight. No valor could withstand the marching bastion. It was impregnable to bayonet charges and inaccessible to cavalry, and the force behind it was superior to his own.”*

*We may accept all but the latter clause of the last sentence, which certainly was not true.

The demonstrations of the artillery, and particularly the continued advance of the hempen breastworks, attracted the attention and excited the alarm of the enemy, who had made many daring attempts to drive back the assailants. They were, however, repulsed in every instance by the unflinching courage and fixed determination of men fighting for their homes. The hempen breastworks, said General Price, were as efficient as the cotton bales at New Orleans.

In these severe encounters McBride's and Slack's divisions, and Colonel Martin Green and his command, and Colonel Boyd and Major Winston and their commands, were warmly commended for their gallant conduct.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th, and after fifty-two hours of continuous fighting, a white flag was displayed by the enemy on that part of his works nearest to Colonel Green's position, and shortly afterwards another was displayed opposite to Colonel Rives' position. General Price immediately ordered a cessation of all firing, and sent his staff officers to ascertain the object of the flag and to open negotiations with the enemy, if such should be his desire. It was agreed that the Federal forces should lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war.

The entire loss of the Missourians in this series of battles was but twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded. The enemy's loss was considerably larger, but cannot be stated here with accuracy.

The visible fruits of the victory to the Missourians were great—about three thousand five hundred prisoners—among whom were Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, White, Grover, Major Van Horn, and one hundred and eighteen other commissioned officers; five pieces of artillery and two mortars; over three thousand stand of infantry arms, a large number of sabres, about seven hundred and fifty horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, some ammunition, more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores, and a large amount of other property.

In addition to all this, General Price obtained the restoration of the great seal of the State, of the public records,

and about nine hundred thousand dollars of which the bank of Lexington had been robbed, in accordance with Fremont's instructions. General Price caused the money to be returned at once to the bank.

The capture of Lexington had crowned General Price's command with a brilliant victory, and so far, the Missouri campaign had proceeded step by step from one success to another. It was at this period, however, that Price found his position one of great emergency. After the victory of Lexington, he received intelligence that the Confederate forces, under Generals Pillow and Hardee, had been withdrawn from the southeastern portion of the State. General Jeff. Thompson had fallen back to the swamps. General McCulloch had retired to Arkansas. In these circumstances, General Price was left with the only active forces in Missouri to confront an enemy seventy thousand strong, and, being almost entirely without ammunition, he was reduced to the necessity of making a retrograde movement.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETREAT—GEN. M. JEFF. THOMPSON.

BEFORE leaving Springfield, General Price had made arrangements for an ample supply of ammunition, then at Jacksonsport, Arkansas, to be forwarded to him in Missouri, General McCulloch promising to send a safe escort for it. General McCulloch subsequently declined to furnish the escort and stopped the train, assigning as the reason therefor, that under the circumstances then existing, it would be unsafe to send it, and that General Price would be compelled to fall back from the Missouri river, before the overwhelming forces of the enemy moving against him under the direction of General Fremont.*

* First Year of the War, p. 150.

Having no means of transportation, except for a limited number of men, and surrounded by circumstances of the most painful and unlooked for misfortune, General Price was compelled to disband a considerable portion of his forces. No occasion could be more fraught with mortifying reflections to the brave, generous, and hopeful spirit of such a commander as Price. He had marched from success to success; he had raised a force from hundreds to tens of thousands; his army had been swelled to twenty-three thousand during his stay at Lexington, not enumerating ten thousand volunteers who had collected on the north bank of the Missouri about the period when he commenced a retreat, compelled by emergencies which the most daring valor could no longer hope to surmount. General Price advised all who could not accompany him to take care of such arms as they had, to cherish a determined spirit, and to hold themselves in readiness for another opportunity to join his standard.

In southeastern Missouri, the operations of General Jeff. Thompson, of the 1st. Div. M. S. G., in connection with General Hardee's command, had attracted some public notice from its adventures, and some incidents of interest had occurred. But the campaign in the Ozark mountains was not productive of any important or serious results, although General Thompson and his "Swamp Fox Brigade," gave many rash illustrations of daring in the face of the enemy. At one time he burnt an important railroad bridge within fifty miles of the city of St. Louis, which was swarming with Federal troops. On a march towards Fredericktown, with a force of twelve hundred, General Thompson encountered a Federal force numbering ten thousand men, which he engaged with such skill and courage as to check the enemy's pursuit and enable him to move his little force out of danger. The feat showed extraordinary military skill, when we consider that the smaller command was extricated with only twenty killed, while the loss of the enemy was counted by hundreds; and that his pursuit of the "Foxes" was baffled only from the impression of a large force opposed to him, created by the skillful disposi-

tion of ambuscades. Captain Israel Gibbons, late of the editorial corps of the New Orleans *Crescent*, in a letter from Columbus, Kentucky, gives the following striking sketch of "the great Missouri Swamp Fox":

"The great Missouri swamp fox, the Marion of this revolution—you must know I mean General M. Jeff. Thompson—was in town yesterday. I cannot say he is in town; like the Hibernian's flea, he seems to be here, there, and everywhere all at once. As he stepped leisurely over some barrels on the landing, I would not have known him but for the inevitable white handled Bowie knife, which he carries as no other man carries a knife, stuck perpendicularly in his belt on the middle of his back; for he now wears a genteel regulation uniform, befitting a general. His old slouch white hat and feather, bobtailed coat, short pants and rough boots, which made him look more like a cattle drover than a gentleman, and in which he did his earliest deeds of daring, have been laid aside, and now he has really a military look. Let me picture this man to you.

"Imagine a tall, lean, lank, wiry looking customer, at least six feet high, and as slender as a pair of tongs; a thin, long head, with a very long nose; what you would call a hatchet face; thick yellow hair, combed behind his ears and bobbed off short, displaying a very long and thin neck; face healthy and ruddy, without a vestige of beard or mustache; some thirty or thirty-five years of age; light blue eyes with friendly and benevolent expression; a placid, well-shaped mouth, with a half-smile always playing about the corners; a little stoop shouldered; slightly bandy-legged from much riding on horse back; easy and graceful in his movements, as well on foot as in the saddle; mild voiced and unassuming in a crowd; full of rough soldier language in his talk; his manner and tone of voice the same to all, from major-general down to a negro; imagine such a person as this, I say, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the famous Jeff. Thompson. He is about the last person you would take for Jeff. Thompson, after forming your idea from what you had heard of him.

"He is perpetually full of fun and never gets to talking without setting all around him to laughing; it is believed, indeed, that he fights chiefly for the fun of it. The camp is full of Jeff. Thompson's jokes, or rather the odd dialogues he has had with friends and enemies."

In his official report of the battle of Lexington Price paid

a high compliment to the command that had achieved such rich and substantial results. "This victory," he wrote, "has demonstrated the fitness of our citizen soldiery for the tedious operations of a siege, as well as for a dashing charge. They lay for fifty-two hours in the open air, without tents or covering, regardless of the sun and rain, and in the very presence of a watchful and desperate foe, manfully repelling every assault and patiently awaiting my orders to storm the fortifications. No General ever commanded a braver or better army. It is composed of the best blood and bravest men of Missouri."

When the surrender was made, and the forces under Colonel Mulligan stacked their arms, General Price ordered that they were not to be insulted by word or act, assigning as the reason therefor that they had fought like brave men, and were entitled to be treated as such.

When Mulligan surrendered his sword Price asked him for the scabbard. Mulligan replied that he had thrown it away. The General, upon receiving his sword, returned it to him, saying he disliked to see a man of his valor without a sword.

Mulligan refused to be paroled, upon the ground that his government did not acknowledge the Missourians as belligerents. While awaiting his exchange Colonel Mulligan and his wife became the guests of General Price, the General surrendering to them his carriage, and treating them with the most civil and obliging hospitality. The captive Colonel and his lady were treated by all the officers and soldiers of the Missouri army with a courtesy and kindness which they seemed to appreciate.

After the first day's conflict at Lexington, while General Price was encamped at the fair grounds near the city, awaiting reinforcements and preparing for the renewal of the attack, an episode occurred at some distance from the city, in which the Missourians again had the satisfaction of inflicting a terrible chastisement upon the bandits of the Lane and Montgomery organization.

BLUE MILLS.

General Price was informed that four thousand men, un-

der Lane and Montgomery, were advancing from the direction of St. Joseph, on the north side of the Missouri river, and General Sturgis, with fifteen hundred cavalry, was also advancing from the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, for the purpose of relieving the forces under Mulligan. About twenty-five hundred Missourians, under the immediate command of Colonel Saunders, were, at the same time, hurrying to the aid of General Price, from the same direction with the Lane and Montgomery Jayhawkers; and having reached the river at Blue Mills, thirty miles above Lexington, on the 17th of September, crossed over their force, except some five hundred men, in a ferry-boat. While the remainder were waiting to cross the Jayhawkers attacked the five hundred Missourians on the north bank of the river. The battle raged furiously for one hour on the river bottom, which was heavily timbered and in many places covered with water. The Missourians were armed with only shot-guns and rifles, and taken by surprise; no time was given them to call back any portion of their force on the south side of the river; but they were from the counties contiguous to Kansas, accustomed in the border wars since 1854 to almost monthly fights with the Kansas Jayhawkers under Lane, and were fired with the most intense hatred of him and them.

General D. R. Atchison, former President of the United States Senate, and well known as one of the boldest leaders of the State Rights party in Missouri, had been sent from Lexington by General Price to meet our troops under Colonel Saunders, and hasten them on to his army. He was with the five hundred, on the north side of the river, when they were attacked, and by his presence and example cheered them in the conflict. Charging the Jayhawkers with shouts of almost savage ferocity, and fighting with reckless valor, the Missourians drove the enemy back a distance of ten miles, the conflict becoming a hand-to-hand fight between detached parties on both sides. At length, unable to support the fearful fire of the Missourians at the short distance of forty yards, the enemy broke into open flight.

The loss of the Jayhawkers was very considerable. Their official report admitted one hundred and fifty killed and some two hundred wounded. The entire loss of the Missourians was five killed and twenty wounded.

The intelligence of this brilliant victory of the "five hundred" was received with shouts of exultation by Price's army at Lexington.

Before the surrender Sturgis with his cavalry appeared on the river bank opposite Lexington, expecting to cross over in the boats of Mulligan, and reinforce him to the extent of fourteen hundred men. It appeared, however, that on the day of his arrival, General Price's forces had captured all of the enemy's boats, and General Sturgis, ascertaining this fact, retreated precipitately in the direction from which he came. General Price had sent across the river two thousand men under General Parsons, to meet the forces under General Sturgis, and they succeeded in capturing all the tents and camp equipage of that distinguished Yankee commander.* The tents were most acceptable to the Missourians, as they were the first they had obtained in the war, except one hundred and fifty taken at Springfield. General Sturgis did not stop in his flight for three days and three nights.

General Price commenced his retreat about the 27th of September. He sent his cavalry forward, and directed them to make a demonstration in the neighborhood of Georgetown, fifty miles from Lexington, where Fremont was concentrating his forces with a view of surrounding him. With Sturgis on the north side of the river, Lane on the west, and himself on the east, each advancing upon Lexington, Fremont expected to cut off and capture the entire force of the Missourians.

General Price supplied his mounted men with provisions for several days, and directed them to make demonstrations on each of the divisions of the Federals, so as to give time for the safe retreat of his infantry and artillery. By this means he succeeded in deceiving the enemy as to his real purpose, inducing Fremont, Lane and Sturgis to believe he

*The First Year of the War, p. 150.

was about to attack each of them. Each fell back, and Fremont commenced ditching. In the meantime Price's infantry and artillery were making the best time they could towards the South. They had to encounter a very serious obstacle in crossing the streams swollen by the recent rains. The whole command, fifteen thousand strong, crossed the Osage river in two common flatboats, constructed for the occasion by men who could boast of no previous experience, either as graduates of military schools, or even as bridge builders. Subsequently General Fremont was fifteen days engaged in crossing at the same place upon his pontoon bridges. The superiority of the practical man of business over the scientific engineer and "pathfinder," was demonstrated to the great satisfaction of the Missourians.* General Price continued his retreat to Neosho, at which place the Legislature had assembled, under a proclamation from Governor Jackson. At Neosho he again formed a junction with Gen. McCulloch, at the head of five thousand men.

The Legislature had passed the ordinance of Secession, and elected delegates to the Provisional Congress of the Southern Confederacy, among whom were General Clark, who was succeeded by Col. E. W. Price, a son of the General, and General Harris, who was succeeded by Col. Martin E. Green.

General McCulloch remained a day or two in Neosho, and then fell back with his forces to Cassville. Price remained ten days in Neosho, and then retreated also to Cassville, and from Cassville to Pineville, in McDonald county.

General Fremont, with his magnificently equipped army of sixty thousand men, moved upon Springfield with the avowed object of capturing Price and his entire army. Colonel Taylor, who had been left in that town, was in the act of withdrawing his regiment, when he met Colonel Zagoni, of Fremont's body-guard, who, with about equal numbers, was ingloriously beaten and driven back by Taylor's men, and the latter, without further molestation, were permitted to join their command.

*Lost Cause, p. 167.

At Pineville, Price made preparation to receive Fremont, determined not to abandon Missouri without a battle. But just at this juncture news came that Fremont had been superceded as commander of the Federal forces. His course had given great offence at Washington; and Attorney-General Bates had declared that it would be "a crime" to keep him in command. His vanity had become so insolent that he paid no regard whatever to acts of Congress, the orders of his superiors, the usages of the service, or the rights of individuals; he was surrounded by a band of contractors, and, in partnership with them, plundered the public funds without mercy.

On persistent representations the order at Washington was at last given for his removal and the appointment of General Hunter in his place. Fremont had obtained intimation that such an order was on the way from Washington. He took singular pains to prevent it from reaching him. He had two body-guards, one of whites and one of Indians. He gave strict orders that no one should be admitted through the inner lines surrounding his headquarters, except by his direct orders. Notwithstanding his precautions, one of the three military messengers sent from St. Louis, by address and stratagem, succeeded in gaining admission and making his way to Fremont's presence on the night of the 7th of November, and delivered to him the fatal missive which concluded his career. This event had the effect of demoralizing the Federal forces to such an extent that an immediate retreat was thought advisable by the acting officers in command. The degraded general showed symptoms of rebellion. The Dutch were greatly attached to him; signs of mutiny were shown by these adherents; for a time open revolt was threatened; but Fremont's subordinates, Sigel and Asboth, positively refused to sustain him, and the army was ordered to retreat from Springfield. The Federals accordingly left that town in the direction of Rolla, and were pursued by General Price to Osceola.

At this point was commenced the organization of the Confederate First Missouri Brigade, whose fortunes we will hereafter more particularly follow. Notwithstanding the

adverse termination of this campaign with respect to the occupation of Missouri, it had already accomplished much; it had given an exhibition of spirit and resource without a parallel in equal circumstances; and it constitutes the most remarkable and brilliant episode of the war.

It was a chapter of wonders! Price's army of ragged heroes had marched over eight hundred miles; it had scarcely passed a week without an engagement of some sort; it was tied down to no particular line of operations, but fought the enemy wherever he could be found; and it had provided itself with ordnance and equipments almost entirely from the prodigal stores of the Federals. The hero of Missouri started on his campaign without a dollar without a wagon or team, without a cartridge, without a bayonet-gun. When he commenced his retreat, he had about eight thousand bayonet-guns, fifty pieces of cannon, four hundred tents, and many other articles needful in an army, for which his men were almost exclusively indebted to their own strong arms in battle.

This campaign was little less than a puzzle to military critics. Price managed to subsist an army without governmental resources. He seldom complained of want of transportation. His men were never demoralized by hunger. They would go into the cornfield, shuck the corn, shell it, take it to the mill and bring it into camp ground into meal. Or, if they had no flour they took the wheat from the stack, threshed it themselves, and asked the aid of the nearest miller to reduce it to flour. Price proved that such an army could go where they pleased in an agricultural country. His men were always cheerful. They frequently, on the eve of an engagement, danced around their camp fires with bare feet and in ragged costumes, of which it was declared "Billy Barlow's" dress at a circus would be decent in comparison. Price himself wore frequently on his shoulders but a brown linen duster; and this and his white hair streaming on the battlefield made him a singular figure. It often flapped, this duster did, in the fore-front of the battle, even as the white plume of Henry of Navarre waved where the carnage was greatest on the field of Ivry.

Despite the exposure and hardship of this campaign, the most remarkable fact remains to be recorded—that in its entire course not more than fifty men died from disease. Such a record of courage, of expedient and of endurance has no known parallel in the war. It settled forever the question of Missouri manhood. It did more than this—it proved that the spirit of the native and true population of Missouri was strongly Southern, and that it needed nothing but organization and opportunity for its triumph.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GENERAL, STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS OF THE MISSOURI STATE GUARD.—THE LAST ADDRESS.

AT the conclusion of the glorious career of the Missouri State Guard as a separate army, it will be of interest to give a list of its field officers, taken from "The Missouri Army Argus," issued at Pineville, McDonald County, Missouri, November 16th, 1861 :

GENERAL, STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS OF THE MISSOURI STATE GUARD.

Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.
 Thomas C. Reynolds, Lieutenant Governor. *
 Brig. Gen. Warwick Hough, Adjutant General.
 Capt. Wm. H. Brand, Assistant Adjutant General.
 Brig. Gen. James Harding, Quarter Master General.
 Col. John Ried, Commissary General.
 Col. Thos. H. Price, Chief of Ordnance.

AIDS TO THE GOVERNOR.

Col. M. C. Goodlet.	Col. Thos. L. Snead.
Col. F. T. Mitchell.	Col. Wm. Jackson.
Col. Wm. M. Cooke.	Col. Ed. W. Shands.
Col. Richard Gaines.	Col. Rob't C. Woods.

Sterling Price, Major General and Commander-in-Chief.
 Col. Henry Little, Adjutant General, M. S. G.
 Col. H. H. Brand, Inspector General M. S. G.
 Col. A. W. Jones, Aid de-Camp.
 Col. Robert Woods, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. R. H. Dyer, Assistant Quarter Master General.
 Col. Edward Haren, Jr., Assistant Quarter Master General.
 Maj. H. A. Galliher, Assistant Quarter Master General.

* Gov. Reynolds succeeded Gov. Jackson as Governor of the State, on the death of the latter, which occurred at Little Rock, Ark., on the 5th day of December, 1862.

The "Divisions" were designated from the Congressional Districts into which the State was divided.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Harris.
 Col. B. C. Brent, Adjutant General.
 Lt. Col. J. A. Vaughn, Quarter Master **General**.
 Lt. Col. John S. Mellon, Commissary.
 Lt. Col. E. H. C. Bailey, Division Surgeon.
 Lt. Col. Robert Shacklett, Division Inspector.
 Lt. Col. M. McElhanev, Division Judge Advocate.
 Lt. Col. E. C. McDonald, Paymaster.
 Lt. Col. Wm. B. Litleman, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lt. Col. D. W. Vowels, Aid-de-Camp.

Infantry—Battalion.

Lieut. Col. S. A. Rawlings, Commanding.
 Major, C. Adams. Capt., John Combs.

Infantry—Battalion.

Major J. W. Robinson, Commanding. Capt. McPheeters, Adjutant.

Cavalry.

Col. Martin E. Green, Commanding. Lt. Col. J. C. Porter.
 Major Shacklett. Capt. W. F. Davis, Adjutant.

Cavalry.

Col. J. Q. Burbridge, Commanding. Lt. Col. E. B. Hull.
 Major R. D. Dwyer. Capt. J. T. Turpin, Adjutant.

Cavalry.

Col. Thos. Bruce, Commanding. Lt. Col. W. C. Splaun.
 Major G. B. Milton. Capt. H. McClure, Adjutant.

Cavalry.

Lt. Col. B. W. Hawkins. Major John L. Owen.
 Capt. Geo. F. Hatch, Adjutant.

Cavalry—

Col. B. H. Franklin. Lt. Col. _____
 Major _____ Capt. C. Whaley, Adjutant.

THIRD DIVISION.

John B. Clark, Brig. Gen. Commanding.
 Lt. Col. Wm. O. Burton, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lt. Col. Robert Walker, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lt. Col. Joseph Finks, Aid-de-Camp.
 Col. Caspar W. Bell, Adj. Gen. Division.
 Dr. W. C. Boone, Division Surgeon.

Cavalry.

Col. J. P. Major. Major A. H. Chalmers.
 Lt. Col. Hoskins.

First Regiment.

Col. John B. Clark, jr. Major Thomas Boyce.
 Lt. Col. S. Farrington.

Second Regiment.

Col. Congreve Jackson. Major Joe. Vaughn.
 Lt. Col. J. R. White.

Third Regiment.

Col. Ed. Price. Major _____
 Lt. Col. Hyde.

Fourth Regiment.

Col. McKinney.
Lt. Col. Singleton.

Major Peacher.

Fifth Regiment.

Col. R. S. Bevier.
Major James Lovern.

Lt. Col. X. J. Pindall.
Dr. B. G. Dysart, Surgeon.

Sixth Regiment.

Col. Poindexter.
Lt. Col. Fort.

Major Perkins.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Wm. Y. Slack, Commanding.
Col. A. H. Conrow, Adjt. Gen.
Lieut. Col. Wm. Hill, Quarter Master.
Lieut. Col. D. H. McDonald, Commissary.
Lieut. Col. Peter Austin, Surgeon.
Lieut. Col. Wm. Keith, Division Inspector
Lieut. Col. H. W. Lyday, Judge Advocate
Lieut. Col. Wm. Peery, Paymaster.
Lieut. Col. Wm. E. Walker, Aid-de-Camp.
Lieut. Col. Walter Scott, Aid-de-Camp.

First Infantry.

Col. J. T. Hughes, Commanding
Major Wm. Mirick.

Lt. Col. Jas. A. Pritchard.
Capt. S. H. McWilliams, Adjutant.

Second Infantry.

Col. Thomas Patton, Commanding.
Major Wm. R. Gause.

Lt. Col. Robt. A. Hewitt.
Capt. J. H. Cook, Adjutant.

Extra Battalion, Infantry, attached to Col. Hughes' Command.

Major C. B. Housand.

Capt. Churchill Clark's Battery also attached to Col. Hughes' command.

First Cavalry.

B. A. Rives, Col. Commanding.
Major John B. Corner.

Lt. Col. Lewis Bohannan.
Capt. F. L. Hubbell, Adjutant.

Extra Battalion, Cavalry.

Lt. Col. Richard Chiles.

Major John Patton.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. A. E. Stein, Commanding.
Col. D. W. Flowerree, Assistant Adjt. Gen.
Lt. Col. S. R. Shrader, Quarter Master.
Lt. Col. B. Roberts, Commissary.
Lt. Col. Chas. N. Palmer, Surgeon.
C. T. Hart, Ass't Div. Surgeon.
Wm. S. Wright, Ass't Div. Surgeon.
Lt. Col. Thos. W. Shields, Inspector.
Lt. Col. Alex. Harris, Judge Advocate.
Lt. Col. Jas. M. Loughborough, Paymaster.
Lt. Col. Wright Schaumburg, Aid-de-Camp.
Lt. Col. John W. Gillespie, Aid-de-Camp.

First Regiment—Infantry.

Col. J. P. Sanders, Commanding.
Major D. Todd Samuel.
John S. Teasdale, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.

Lt. Col. W. H. Cundiff.
Adjt. G. D. Shackelford.
A. B. Nephler, Ass't Surgeon.

Second Regiment, Infantry.

Col. John H. Winston, Commanding.
Major J. Murphy.
F. M. Johnson, M. D., Surgeon.

Lt. Col. W. P. Chiles.
Adjt. John W. Ross.
B. F. Johnson, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.

Third Regiment, Infantry.

Col. L. M. Lewis, Commanding. Lt. Col. C. C. Thornton.
 Maj. G. W. Thompson. Adj. G. B. Howard, Jr.
 C. H. Shotwell, M. D., Surgeon. A. B. Ralph, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.

First Battalion, Infantry.

Lt. Col. John R. Boyd. Adj. S. Quinan.
 Major John J. Hash. S. T. Gregory, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.
 O. B. Knode, M. D., Surgeon.

Fifth Regiment Infantry—Mounted.

Col. A. W. Slayback, Commanding. Lt. Col. — Welfrey.
 Major Florence. Adjutant John Kemper.
 C. M. France, M. D., Surgeon. B. S. Howard, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.

First Regiment, Cavalry.

Col. J. T. Carneal, Commanding. Major Nay Bostick.
 Lt. Col. Elijah Gates. E. McD. Coffey, M. D., Surgeon.
 Adj. J. H. Lawther. W. F. Stark, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.
 W. W. S. Kelly, M. D., Ass't Surgeon.

First Battalion, Artillery.

Major John Landis. Adjutant Toole.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. M. M. Parsons.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. J. H. McBride.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Jas. S. Rains, Commanding.
 Col. L. A. Meacham, Adj. General.
 Lt. Col. John McMurtry, Quarter Master.
 Lt. Col. Wm. M. Dunn, Commissary.
 Lt. Col. Geo. W. Taylor, Surgeon.
 Lt. Col. Wm. E. Arnold, Division Inspector.
 Lt. Col. Geo. S. Rathburn, Division Judge Advocate.
 Lt. Col. Warner Lewis, Division Paymaster.
 Lt. Col. B. H. Woodson, Aid-de-Camp.
 Lt. Col. Wm. M. Briscoe, Aid-de-Camp.
 Geo. W. Haymakeur, Sergeant Major.

First Infantry.

Col. Thomas H. Rosser, Commanding. Lt. Col. Wm. Martin.
 Major Eugene Erwin. Capt. J. E. Harwood, Adjutant.

Second Infantry.

Col. Benjamin Elliott, Commanding. Lt. Col. L. W. Councilman.
 Major Samuel F. Taylor. Capt. George W. Lewis, Adjutant.

Third Infantry.

Col. Edgar V. Hurst, Commanding. Lt. Col. J. L. Tracy.
 Major Fred Routh. Capt. Robert Gibson, Adjutant.

Fourth Infantry.

Lt. Col. W. S. O'Kane, Commanding. Capt. Robert Gibson, Adjutant.
 Major Elbert Feaster.

Fifth Infantry.

Col. Jas. Clarkson, Commanding. Lt. Col. Robert W. Crawford.
 Major Alex. C. Lamar. Capt. M. W. Buster, Adjutant.

Second Cavalry.

Lt. Col. James McCown, Commanding. Capt. Wm. M. King.
 Major Moses W. Smith.

Third Cavalry.

Col. R. L. Y. Peyton, Commanding. Lt. Col. Martin White.
 Major W. S. Tyler. Capt. D. H. Williams, Adjutant.

Fourth Cavalry.

Col. B. F. Walker, Commanding. Lt. Col. H. K. Hartley.
Major Thomas H. Hartley. Capt. Jas. L. German, Adjutant.

Fifth Cavalry.

Col. Jesse L. Cravens, Commanding, Lt. Col. H. Slover.
Major W. Langston. Capt. J. H. Williams, Adjutant.

Sixth Cavalry.

Col. John T. Coffee, Commanding. Lt. Col. John W. Payne.
Major M. W. Smith. Capt. A. Chillcutt, Adjutant.

Seventh Cavalry.

Col. DeWitt C. Hunter, Commanding. Lt. Col. Richard A. Vaughan.
Major G. W. Bolton. Capt. B. O. Weidemeyer, Adjutant.

Eighth Cavalry.

Lt. Col. Owens, Commanding.
Major R. K. Murrell. Capt. N. D. Short, Adjutant.

Ninth Cavalry.

Lt. Col. Cummings, Commanding.
Major J. Alex. Smith. Capt. H. C. Purcell, Adjutant.

Tenth Cavalry.

Col. Erwin, Commanding.
Lt. Col. Cunningham. Major Fleming.

Eleventh Cavalry.

Col. Talbot, Commanding.
Lt. Col. Pearsey. Capt. A. A. Husley, Adjutant.

GENERAL PROVOST GUARD.

Major Phineas M. Savery, Chief Marshal.

Deputy Marshals.

Capt. Ed. Aldrich, Lt. Henry C. Kerr.
Lt. Carroll Wood. Lt. John E. Brooks.

Marshals of Military Commission.

Carroll Wood. John Taylor.

At the risk of a slight hiatus, but because more properly belonging here, I append General Price's farewell address to the Missouri State Guard, issued at Des Arc, Arkansas, in April, 1862, until which time, from Osceola, he had been in command of both the State Guard and the Missouri Confederate troops :

GEN. PRICE'S ADDRESS.

H. QRS. ADJ'T GENERAL'S OFFICE, MISSOURI, }
DES ARC, ARK., April 8th, 1862. }

General Orders, No. 27.

The resignation of Sterling Price, Major General of the Missouri State Guard, has been received and is hereby accepted, to take effect from this date.

The Commander-in-Chief takes this occasion to express his sincere regret to the Missouri State Guard at the loss of so gallant, experienced and distinguished an officer from their councils, and to encourage them in such a perform-

ance of their duties in the future as will keep bright the fame they have so nobly won under his leadership.

By order of the Governor.

WARWICK HOUGH,
Adjutant General of Missouri.

H. QRS. MO. STATE GUARD, }
DES ARC, ARK., April 8th, 1862. }
General Orders, No. 79.

Soldiers of the State Guard:

I command you no longer. I have this day resigned the commission which your patient endurance, your devoted patriotism, and your dauntless bravery have made so honorable. I have done this that I may the better serve you, our State, and our country—that I may the sooner lead you back to the fertile prairies, the rich woodlands and majestic streams of our beloved Missouri—that I may more certainly restore you to your once more happy homes, and to the loved ones there.

Five thousand of those who have fought side by side with us, under the Grizzly Bears of Missouri, have followed me into the Confederate camp. They appeal to you, as I do, by all the tender memories of the past, not to leave us now, but to go with us wherever the path of duty may lead, till we shall have conquered a peace and won our independence by brilliant deeds upon new fields of battle.

Soldiers of the State Guard! Veterans of six pitched battles and nearly twenty skirmishes—Conquerors in them all! Your country, with its ruined hearths and shrines, calls upon you to rally once more in her defence, and rescue her forever from the terrible thralldom which threatens her. I know she will not call in vain. The insolent and barbarous hordes which have dared to invade our soil, and to desecrate our homes, have just met with a signal overthrow beyond the Mississippi. Now is the time to end this unhappy war. If every man will do his duty his own roof will shelter him in peace from the storms of the coming winter.

Let not history record that the men who bore with patience the privations of Cowskin Prairie, who endured, uncomplainingly, the burning heats of a Missouri summer, and the frosts and snows of a Missouri winter; that the men who met the enemy at Carthage, at Wilson's Creek, at Fort Scott, at Lexington, and in numberless lesser battlefields in Missouri, and met them but to conquer them; that the men who fought so bravely and so well at Elk Horn; that the

unpaid soldiers of Missouri were, after so many victories, and after so much suffering, unequal to the great task of achieving the independence of their magnificent State.

Soldiers ! I go but to make a pathway to our homes !
Follow me !

STERLING PRICE.

H. QRS. ADJ'T GENERAL'S OFFICE M. S. G. }
DES ARC, ARK., April 8th, 1862. }
General Orders, No. 26.

I. Brigadier General M. M. Parsons is hereby specially detailed to the command of all the Missouri State Guard now in the field, and will immediately organize them into battalions and regiments according to law.

II. The Army Corps to be thus organized will consist exclusively of Infantry and Artillery.

III. The General commanding will report, as soon as practicable, the entire force in the Missouri State Guard, now remaining, rank and file.

By order of the Governor.

WARWICK HOUGH,
Adjutant General of Missouri.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST MISSOURI BRIGADE.

ON 2d December, 1861, while the Missouri State Guard were encamped on Sac river, near Osceola, Missouri, General Price established a separate encampment for recruits to the regular Confederate army, from whence sprang the future First Missouri Brigade. The following order was promulgated to the State Guard :

HEADQUARTERS M. S. G., CAMP ON SAC RIVER, }
December 2d, 1861. }
General Orders, No. 109.

I. A separate encampment will be forthwith established for the troops volunteering to enter the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, upon the terms stated in the cir-

cular issued by Major General Price, on the 25th day of November last.

II. All such volunteers will be admitted into the encampment, either by companies, in squads, or individually.

III. All individual volunteers and squads of less than twenty-five men will be organized into detachments, for the purpose of transportation, subsistence, drill and discipline, and temporary officers will be appointed over them by Major General Price.

IV Muster rolls will, however, be furnished to squads of ten men or more, proposing to organize a company, and they may establish within the encampment a recruiting rendezvous for such company.

V Whenever twenty-five or more men may volunteer to form a company, or any squad referred to in the last section shall be augmented to twenty-five men, they may be temporarily organized into a separate detachment, under the command of an officer to be appointed by the Major General, and who shall hold his office until the detachment shall have recruited to the legal standard, when an election of company officers will be held, and the company duly organized.

VI. The Major General will appoint a competent officer with a sufficient staff to command this volunteer corps. A regiment will be duly organized whenever a sufficient number of companies shall have been formed.

VII. Companies may be organized without regard to the division of the State into Military Districts, and the Major General will furnish discharges to any number of the State Guard who will enlist in the volunteer corps.

VIII. Until the muster rolls shall have been transferred to the Confederate Government the Major General will grant a discharge to any volunteer who shall furnish a substitute who will serve twelve months from the date of his substitution.

IX. The volunteer corps will be armed, equipped, tented and clothed by the Government, with as much uniformity as possible, out of the first supplies which shall be received.

X. The regulations for the government of the army of the Confederate States will be enforced in this corps.

XI. Volunteers will report themselves to Colonel Thomas L. Snead, so that they may be duly sworn into the service. By order of

MAJOR GENERAL S. PRICE.

H. LITTLE, Adj't General.

Extraordinary efforts were expended in recruiting this corps, and great interest was manifested in its filling up.

As a curious item indicating the prescience of this brigade's subsequent renown, predicated upon the fact that its ranks were swelling with the best and most buoyant material in the State Guard, I quote a contemporary editorial call from the pen of Hon. J. W. Tucker in the *Missouri Army Argus*, of December 12th, 1861:

THE CONFEDERATE CAMP.

We visited the encampment of Missouri troops, enlisted into the Confederate States' service, yesterday, with feelings of pride and gratification.

The organization of State Guards, while it comprised the best fighting material in this or any other country, has proved very loose and defective. The largest army of troops thus organized would never constitute a very reliable force for military purposes. Without detailing reasons why this is so, every one is conscious of the fact, and all experience demonstrates its truth. The army of the Confederate States will present all the order, discipline, compactness, power, and efficiency of regular soldiers. It will constitute the regular army, while the State Guards, if the organization be maintained at all, will be regarded as the militia troops.

The popularity of the Confederate army in Missouri will sweep all before it. It is the army to conquer and hold the State. It is, in the language of sportsmen, the card that will win. That army will become the Old Guard of our history. It will be admirably armed and equipped, and well provided with all things necessary to the soldier's comfort. The troops thus employed will be regularly paid in money every two months. The entire corps will be under the command of General Price.

Reason as we may, only this movement can save the State and insure its complete protection. Missouri can never be free by her own unaided efforts. Our Southern allies open wide their arms to embrace her as one of their family. Their money and their men are pledged to our defence. Flock to the Confederate camp, brave boys, and raise a war-cry there which shall shake the hills and strike terror into the ranks of the oppressors!

There will be connected with the Confederate camp a most magnificent sutler's establishment, where every com-

fort and delicacy known to the shops of a great city can be purchased. The parties have already ordered up from the South the necessary supplies.

Rally to the Confederate camp, boys, join hands with your comrades in arms and hurl defiance into the teeth of the cruel and bloody tyrants that waste and afflict the State.

Who'll go?

Who will NOT go?

Thousands have already enrolled their names, and those names WILL BE RECORDED IN HISTORY.

Under such favorable auspices the recruiting went on rapidly and was much accelerated by the plentiful commissary stores, substantial uniforms and superior arms furnished by the Confederate government—which were in strong contrast with the shabby equipments of the State Guard.

On the 28th of December the First Battalion of Artillery was organized with William Wade, Captain; Samuel Farrington, 1st Lieutenant; Richard Walsh, 2nd Lieutenant; Lucien McDowell, Surgeon; John Bannon, Chaplain.

On the 30th of December the First Missouri Cavalry organized and elected—Elijah Gates, Colonel; R. Chiles, Lieutenant-Colonel; R. W. Lawther, Major; C. W. Pullins, Adjutant; J. Dear, Quarter-Master and Commissary; W. F. Starks, Surgeon; D. Kavanaugh, Chaplain.

January 16th, 1862, the First Infantry was organized, with John Q. Burbridge, Colonel; E. B. Hull, Lieut. Colonel; R. D. Dwyer, Major; H. McCune, Quartermaster; Wm. M. Priest, Commissary; Joe M. Flanagan, Adjutant; E. H. C. Bailey, Surgeon; J. W. Vaughn, Asst. Surgeon; Rev. Dobson, Chaplain, who at Corinth resigned, and was replaced by Rev. J. S. Howard.

Shortly after the organization of this regiment it was ascertained that Colonel Jno. S. Bowen had organized a regiment at Memphis, which, by seniority, was entitled to be called the First Missouri Infantry, and Colonel Burbridge's was therefore styled the Second.

On the same day, but later, was organized the Third Missouri Infantry, with B. A. Rives, Colonel; J. A. Pritchard, Lieut. Colonel; F. L. Hubbell, Major; M. Ray, Quarter-

master and Commissary. The Second Battery of Artillery, commanded by Captain S. Churchill Clark, was added, and these forces were formed into the First Missouri Brigade, and placed under command of Brigadier-General Henry Little.

In the ensuing Elkhorn campaign the unorganized Confederate battalions under the command, respectively, of Colonels T. H. Rosser, Hughes, Eugene Erwin, James McCown and R. S. Bevier, Landis' Battery, and some other forces, comprised the Second Missouri Brigade, with Brigadier-General Wm. Y Slack in command, which, however, after the death of the latter, was gradually merged into the First Brigade.

General Little had been an officer in the old army, was a fine tactician, an accomplished soldier, a thorough gentleman, and much loved and respected by his men. A contemporary sketch says :

A BRIGADIER FROM MISSOURI.

A telegram was received yesterday in official quarters from Richmond, announcing that Colonel Henry Little had been appointed Brigadier-General of the Confederate States. This officer had charge of the brigade he now commands at the recent battle of Elkhorn, and distinguished himself for his soldierly bearing.

Not only is he a gallant leader in battle, but he takes care of his men in camp. Every officer and soldier is attached to him. They know that he is both brave and provident.

General Little is a native of Maryland. His father was a member of Congress from that State. The son entered the United States army at an early age, and had served in it for a period of eighteen years.

Being thoroughly Southern in feeling, he resigned his position in the United States army when the subjugation of the South was seriously entertained, and, when Governor Jackson called for troops to defend the capital, he came forward and tendered his services, and was appointed by General Price his Adjutant General.

His qualities as a military man becoming appreciated, he was put into the line at the head of a regiment—then assigned as Colonel to the command of the First Brigade of Missouri Confederates, and now he is full Brigadier-General

in the Confederate service. The earnest wishes and prayers of all good Southern men go with him.

His staff were : Wright Schaumburg, A. A. General; F. Von Phul, Aid-de-Camp; W. C. Kennerly, Ordnance Officer; John S. Mellon, Commissary; J. Brinker, Quartermaster; E. H. C. Bailey, Surgeon; E. B. Hull, Inspector.

At Saltillo, just before the battle of Iuka, in Mississippi, where General Little fell, he was assigned to the command of a division, consisting of the brigades of Generals Green, Hebert, Martin, and his own, commanded by Colonel Gates. After this the First Brigade was commanded at different times by General Martin E. Green, and by Colonels Gates, Flournoy, and McCown, by seniority. Their only general officers, however, were Generals Little, Bowen, Green, D. H. Maury for a short time, and finally by General Cockrell.

The Missourians, under General Bowen, constituting the First Infantry regiment, were united with the First Brigade shortly after the battle of Corinth; and Green's Brigade was incorporated with the First upon the reorganization after the fall of Vicksburg, where it lost its gallant commander.

On the 30th of April, 1862, the battalions of Colonels MacFarlane and Johnson and Captain Fagin were formed into the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, officered by Archibald MacFarlane, Colonel; Waldo P. Johnson, Lieutenant Colonel; S. W. Wood, Major; Geo. B. Clark, Adjutant; John Bretts, Surgeon; B. F. Stewart, Quartermaster.

But a few days after this, the Fifth Infantry was organized by the union of the battalions of Colonels McCown and Bevier, and Captains Waddell, Canniff and Pankay, with James McCown, Colonel; R. S. Bevier, Lieut. Colonel; O. A. Waddell, Major; J. T. Greenwood, Adjutant; M. V. Mitchell, Quartermaster; Wm. H. Russell, Commissary; B. G. Dysart, Surgeon; Wm. C. Goodwin, Ass't Surgeon; Chas. H. Atwood, Chaplain.

During the same month (May, 1862), the battalions of Colonels Hedgspeth and Erwin were united into the Sixth Missouri Infantry, with Eugene Irwin, Colonel; L. W.

Hedgspeth, Lieut. Colonel; Joseph Vaughn, Major; E. Harwood, Adjutant; Ben. F. Herr, Quartermaster; Robert Bledsoe, Commissary; D. W. Hunter, Surgeon; — Franklin, Ass't Surgeon.

The First Regiment of Missouri Infantry, to which reference has been made, was composed, to a large extent, of the young men who had been captured at Camp Jackson by General Lyon, placed in prison at St. Louis, and held for exchange.

John S. Bowen, having been commissioned a Colonel in September, 1861, commenced organizing a regiment at Memphis, and Captain Burks, of the old "St. Louis Grays," was his first recruit. In a very short time every company was full, with 1,100 men for duty, and at New Madrid the regimental officers were selected, with John S. Bowen, Colonel; L. L. Rich, Lieut. Colonel; C. C. Campbell, Major; Louis H. Kennerly, Adjutant; Dr. Carey N. Howes, Surgeon; Wm. F. Howels, Ass't Quartermaster; Jas. Quinlan, Commissary.

This fine regiment was kept in constant motion, being moved to New Madrid and Feliciana and sent on a demonstration by way of Mayfield, Ky., to Paducah, and reaching Bowling Green, Ky., December 25th, where Colonel Bowen received his commission as Brigadier-General, and Lieut. Colonel Rich was made Colonel, A. C. Riley, Lieut. Colonel, Major Campbell retaining his position. It seems also that W. C. P. Carrington was made Adjutant, Captain Wm. McArthur Quartermaster, and Joseph Pritchard Commissary. By express order of General Sidney Johnson the regiment did the garrison duty at Bowling Green, and was placed in General Bowen's brigade of General John C. Breckenridge's division.

As reserve, under Breckenridge, they supported the "Crescent" (La.) Regiment at Shiloh, Sunday, April 6, 1862, but became actively engaged at 7 A. M., and were in a continuous fight all day, and drew off by moonlight. That night General Hardee remained with the First Missouri, and in the morning, when they were attacked by the whole force of Buell's army and temporarily swept before it, they

soon rallied and stood firm. The fifth company of Washington Artillery had been forced back by the heavy odds, losing all their guns. The six pieces were every one recovered by a headlong charge of the gallant Missourians, who were led by Hardee and his staff. Even after all their losses their alignment was perfect, and their bearing as soldierly as if on drill, while slowly retreating by the personal order of the General. The regiment went into this battle about 1,000 muskets strong, and lost 83 killed, including Colonel Rich and Captain Sprague, and among the wounded were Lieuts. Boyce, Kennedy and Carrington, and about 150 others.

Riley was now made Colonel, Hugh A. Garland Lieut. Colonel, and Robt. J. Duffey Major.

The First Missouri was with Breckenridge at Baton Rouge, but not closely engaged; joined Van Dorn at Ripley, and finally (November, 1862,) was incorporated into the First Missouri Brigade, by a consolidation with the First Missouri Infantry, under the following officers: A. MacFarlane, Colonel; A. C. Riley, Colonel and acting Lieut. Colonel; H. A. Garland, Major; L. H. Haynes, Adjutant; J. H. Britt, Surgeon; J. W. Harrel, Ass't Surgeon; B. F. Stewart, Quartermaster; Joseph R. Mathews, Commissary.

The Second Missouri Cavalry were commanded by Robert McCullough, Colonel; Robert McCullough, jr., Lieutenant Colonel; — Cozzens, Major; Charles Quarles, Adjutant; James Chandler, Sergeant-Major.

The Third Missouri Cavalry were officered by D. Todd Samuel, Lieutenant Colonel; T. J. McQuidley, Major; W. J. Vankirk, Quartermaster; J. Waite, Surgeon.

Wade's Battery has been referred to.

There were also attached the batteries of M. Guibor, Captain; M. Brown, 1st Lieutenant; W. Corkrey, 2nd Lieutenant; J. McBride, 3rd Lieutenant; C. Hefferman, 4th Lieutenant; and of J. C. Landis, Captain; J. M. Langan, 1st Lieutenant; W. W. Weller, 2nd Lieutenant; A. Harris, 3rd Lieutenant.

The batteries of King, Bledsoe, McDonald, Low, and Dorson were also composed of Missourians.

At the time of the union of the First Brigade, under Bowen, his staff were as follows; John S. Bowen, Brigadier-General; Capt. R. R. Hutchinson, A. A. G.; Capt. W. A. Percy, A. I. G.; Maj. R. H. Hooper, Q. M.; Maj. J. M. Quinlan, Commissary; Capt. W. F. Harris, Paymaster; Capt. Frank Carter, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. S. S. Carlisle, Ord. Officer; E. McD. Coffee, Surgeon.

At that time the staff of Brigadier-General Martin E. Green were, Capt. Hugh M. Pollard, A. A. G.; Capt. W. R. Pittman, Inspector; Maj. J. E. Klump, Q. M.; Capt. A. C. Danner, Paymaster; Maj. A. G. Anderson, Commissary; Capt. U. M. Young, Ord. Officer; Lt. T. E. Green, Aid-de-Camp; Lt. O. F. Guthrie, Provost Marshal.

Shortly prior to the Elkhorn campaign the staff of Maj. General Sterling Price were Col. Thomas L. Snead, A. A. G.; Col. John Reid, Commissary; Col. James Harding, Quartermaster; Col. R. C. Wood, Aid-de-Camp; Col. Clay Taylor, Aid-de-Camp; Dr. Wooten, Med. Director; Dr. M. M. Pallen, Surgeon.

Subsequently and while connected with the First Brigade, his staff were Col. L. A. Maclean, A. A. G.; Col. J. M. Loughborough, A. A. G.; Col. A. M. Clark, Inspector; Maj. Thos. H. Price, Ord. Officer; Col. Clay Taylor, Chief of Artillery; Maj. J. M. Brinker, Quartermaster; Maj. E. C. Cabell, Paymaster; Dr. Wooten, Surgeon; Dr. W. McPheeters, Inspector; Maj. John Reid, Commissary; Col. R. C. Wood, Aid-de-Camp; Col. R. M. Morrison, Aid-de-Camp.

General Van Dorn's staff at that period were, Earl Van Dorn, Major General; Brig.-Gen. Dabney H. Maury, A. A. G.; Col. W. N. R. Beall, A. A. G.; Dr. J. G. Gainslin, Med. Director; Maj. W. L. Cabell, Quartermaster; Maj. A. M. Haskell, Insp. General; Maj. R. W. Keyworth, Commissary; Lt. M. M. Kimmel, A. A. G.; Capt. F. L. J. Thysens, Aid-de-Camp; Lt. Clement Sullivan, Aid-de-Camp; Col. Edward Shands, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. O. W. Barrett, Aid-de-Camp.

Of course, in the eventful occurrences of active war, many changes were made, and after the exchange of the

brigade, following the surrender of Vicksburg, the regiments were reorganized by merging two into one—all of which will be noted, as far as possible, in the proper place.

At the risk of making my chapter too long, I desire to insert by way of "argument," a lately written sketch from a prominent ex-member of the brigade:

"It is Flournoy I ask about, Colonel of the united second and sixth regiments.

"Who can forget him that ever saw him, as he was in those four years of war? What one of the soldiers does not thrill as he remembers that incomparable manner Flournoy had in battle—so cheerful, so confident, so reassuring, filling his men with trust and belief, yet brimming with fire and matchless intrepidity in the charge. There was a soldier, a patriot in every inch of him.

"May I go on to say something more about Cockrell's brigade—its leader, the 'praying Captain,' who, without even a hint on his part, was chosen Colonel, who loved each man in his regiment as his friend. My friend has taken care of his own history pretty well. If a fear of death ever crossed his mind, or a hesitation to do his duty ever made him waver, no man knew it or believed it. There was nothing in him that was not noble, lofty and Christian. His countrymen seem to have remembered all this, and honored him in full measure. His soldiers will carry him always in their hearts.

"Now and then I see Gates' name in the papers. The man who knew Elijah Gates in the army, and did not love him, could love nothing but himself. A lion in the fight, tender as a woman in the camp, and as modest, the type of all that a *beau sabreur* should be—no other man except Cockrell ever had such influence in the brigade as Gates—from first to last.

"I hear that Colonel Tom Carter is Sheriff of one of the counties of Missouri. If there was a better man or a better soldier in the annals of the Confederacy than he, his name was not known.

"Cooper, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth, who lost an arm, was just such another man as Tom Carter.

"McCown, who died since the war, Colonel of the Fifth, was a good man and officer."

(With many thanks to the kind writer, the author omits that paragraph personal to himself.)

“The Kennerly brothers, Sam, Jim and Lew, of the First, were among the finest officers of the line we had in the brigade. They were Bowen’s brothers-in-law.

“But the dead, those of Cockrell’s men who never went home, but stayed sleeping where they fell—how my heart bubbles over as I think of them—the chivalrous Rives; the high-souled, lovable Pritchard; Henry Little, who fell so early, whom the whole army loved; the fiery Wade, with his terrible batteries; the stately but soft-hearted Eugene Irwin, Henry Clay’s grand-child; the polished Senteney, so grateful and gracious and good, whose death at Vicksburg fairly sickened the army; Bowen, the peerless, the gifted, over whom we truly wept; Garland, Riley, Samuels, McDowell—all honored and revered officers of the rank, and those untitled heroes who slept alongside of their chiefs!—God bless them all, the living and the dead, my dear devoted brethren in that most glorious and immortal host, the finest soldiers that ever marched into battle!

“The historian of this brigade will have much to tell. He can write about nine great pitched battles. He can tell about those charges at Corinth and Baker’s Creek; about those assaults at Altoona and Franklin; about Bowen’s wonderful fight at Port Gibson. He can relate how Irwin had his position undermined and blown up at Vicksburg, and how Cockrell dashed with his regiment into the breach, and we yelled to the Yankees and begged them to come on; how Captain Bob Napier, that dauntless one, waved his sword with his poor one arm, on the day of the great assault on our works (the 22d of May, 1863,) and could barely be kept from leaping the rifle-pits!

“The historian can recount how we collected the taxes from the refractory Tories in North Alabama; how Mellon was the ablest commissary in the army, and Brinker the ablest quartermaster. He can tell how Harry DeJarnette, ensign of the Second and Sixth, led the brigade in the charge up that narrow flinty road at Altoona, and fell (thank Heaven not forever) with his face on his colors; how Captain Frank Koontz, of Pettis, skinned a Yankee’s face with a rock in that same fight, after he had emptied his revolver; how President Davis uncovered and bowed his head at Demopolis before the colors of the regiment that had been Bowen’s; how a murderous sharpshooter picked off Riley, Colonel of that same regiment, at New Hope, in Georgia; how Colonel Cooper and Captain Glanville kept

Sherman's army in check in front of Kennesaw with only a skirmish line; how four heroes from the Second and Sixth leaped the works at Pine Mountain the day General Polk was killed—carrying a litter and ran out and brought in a wounded comrade who lay in the open field, covered by the fire of both armies, and in full view of both. Lord! what a sight that was! How it elevated man's notions of human nature."

Alas! how many stirring incidents are unremembered and will be unrecorded! How sincerely does the historian feel his inability to discharge his task in a befitting manner!

CHAPTER X.

ABANDONING THE STATE.—CROSS HOLLOWES.—COVE CREEK,
FEBRUARY 17, 1862.

FOR something over a month, the army under General Price lay at the camp on Sac river, near Osceola, being very seriously depleted during the time by the expiration of the term of service for which the most of the men had enlisted; many of whom were procuring their discharges and leaving for home. Active military operations would have immediately aroused all the fire and energy of the troops, but these were out of the question, with a daily diminishing and poorly armed force, fronted by a vastly superior and perfectly equipped foe, who was eager and anxious to engage.

Price's fortunes began to wane—he anticipated the gloomiest results. He had declared his intention to winter on the Missouri river, and with his army intact, and the assistance of General McCulloch, would have done so. But the commander of the Confederate forces in Arkansas comfortably settled himself in his winter quarters and refused, or at least *failed*, to again enter Missouri—the regiments of the

State Guard had dwindled into mere skeletons, and the hopes of the old hero were centered in the two embryonic Confederate brigades.

Instead of moving toward the north a retrogression became necessary, the proximity of the enemy under Gens. Curtis and Sigel determined a retreat from Springfield. By a bold dash of Colonel Rives' cavalry the bridge at Warsaw was destroyed, thus delaying the pursuit, and on the 19th of December, 1861, the entire army, numbering all told six thousand men, evacuated their pleasant quarters on the Sac, and on the 23rd were encamped near the fair grounds at Springfield, and with all the judgment and prevision of veteran campaigners of many winters, commenced the erection of log huts, slab shanties, mud-plastered chimneys and carefully banked up reception tents.

On the 1st day of January, 1862, the two Confederate Missouri brigades were paraded and marched by column, flank and otherwise, exhibiting a wonderful improvement in drill, through Springfield and in front of the commanding general's headquarters. Price stood on the steps with uncovered head, his white hair streaming in the wind and the blinding tears filling his eyes, as he bowed repeatedly to the storms of cheers and shouts with which every regiment, battalion and battery greeted "Old Pap." From that first day of the year the First Brigade never lost its *esprit de corps*. The recruiting and drilling, study of tactics, reading of army regulations, and improvement of discipline occupied the time of both privates and officers, who were engaged in war with the grim determination of men who meant business. The singular spectacle was presented in this little army, of rigid adherence to all military forms when on duty, and implicit obedience and respect paid the officers; whilst in camp the rank and file mingled together, recognizing no social distinction, "because," as General Clark said in a speech at a reception tendered him by the army on his return from Richmond, "we were all *gentlemen* at home, and the fact that we voluntarily left the quiet and dignified occupations of peace to endure the hardships and

privations of war for the sake of a great principle, doubly entitles us to that distinguished appellation."

About the 1st of February it was known by General Price that the enemy had commenced his campaign and was moving in strong force from Sedalia, Rolla, and Fort Scott. It was evident that unless McCulloch could be induced to co-operate with the Missourians, they would be compelled to abandon their State to the tender mercies of the mercenary foe. The Missouri Major General sent courier after courier to the ex-Texas ranger, imploring him to support him in another battle of Springfield and in again driving the defeated enemy back on St. Louis. But no aid came. The Confederate general seemed indifferent to the fate of Price and his army. The Richmond government was undoubtedly remiss in its duties and obligations to the best and most wealthy State that acknowledged its sovereignty. A fine army, well equipped, anxious for active operations and large enough, by union with Price, to have doubled up Hunter and Halleck and hurled Sigel, Sturgis and Lane back to the protecting waters of the broad Missouri, was lying idly in camp amidst the rugged hills of Arkansas, and had not struck a blow since Wilson's Creek.

On the 11th there was skirmishing between the advance of the Federal army under Curtis and our pickets on the Bolivar road, and on the next day the latter were driven in before a full division of the enemy. About one o'clock p. m., on the 12th of February, a staff officer galloped into the Confederate camp with orders to move immediately. In two hours the whole force under General Price, comprising eight thousand men and fifty-one pieces of artillery, had broken up their cosy winter quarters and were moving southward on the Cassville road, with an immense train, sufficient for a grand army of thirty thousand.

Colonel Gates with his regiment of cavalry was ordered to meet the enemy in front, and hold him in check until the evacuation of Springfield was completed. He performed his duty well—met the Yankees seven miles from the town, and adopting Stonewall Jackson's tactics, charged and commenced fighting as soon as he saw them, and with such dar-

ing impetuosity as to create the impression on their minds that Price's whole army was bearing down upon them. They drew back in alarm and waited for their main body to reinforce them. This was large enough to anticipate with confidence the capture of Price and all his men. That night they surrounded the town, and with the morning closed in rapidly, only to conquer a few sick soldiers in hospital and the empty shanties in long lines of the departed regiments, who had carried every thing with them, and at that moment were quietly bivouacing on the old battleground of Wilson's Creek, ten miles distant, while Gates' cavalry laughed at their chagrin and slowly retreated southward.

The First Brigade occupied the post of honor as the rear guard, which was as well the post of fatigue and endurance—halted and formed in line of battle at every alarm—and then, by long stepping and brisk marching, overtaking the main body, which moved along slowly in rear of the wagon train. Wade's and Clark's batteries settled a friendly altercation by agreeing to yield the rear to each other while on the retreat, alternately, day about.

The enemy followed closely, and with unusual persistence; the march was only interrupted by short halts, absolutely necessary for rest and refreshments. The weather turned cold, and the biting wind, the thin, piercing snow, the icy sleet, added discomfort to fatigue.

At "Dug Spring" the Yankee cavalry pressed too closely on Colonel Gates, who interposed objections which resulted in a severe skirmish, with some loss on both sides, and a quiet day's march to the First Brigade.

The weary column reached Crane creek, and hailed it as a haven of rest. The encampment was soon formed and the men turned in, only to be immediately aroused by the boom of guns and the information that Gates was again fighting three miles in the rear. Recrossing the creek the brigade was formed—motionless in the pale moonlight the line of crouching figures extended on both sides of the road, where the shimmer of the guns indicated the position of Emmet McDonald's St. Louis battery, each piece double-shotted,

covering the approach. Until midnight their position was maintained, when they filed out and commenced their swinging half quick-step, to overtake the rest of the command. This extraordinary night march was rendered necessary by the information that General Jim Lane, with a strong force, had that day reached Mount Vernon, and learning of Price's route of retreat was endeavoring to reach Cassville in advance by the shortest line of the triangle. The First Brigade marched in column of platoons, so as to be ready to form line, countermarch, or face either way on a moment's notice.

At nine o'clock P. M., on the 15th of February, they arrived at Cassville, weary, hungry, foot-sore, and wet to the skin, having crossed Flat creek *seventeen times* during the day, and upon arriving at camp were informed that in thirty minutes they must move again. While they were preparing a hasty supper Jim Lane and his large command were only six miles north-west of them, feeding their mules and getting themselves a hasty meal.

The trap so skillfully laid for General Price he had succeeded in eluding; the whole Federal army was in his rear—he was safe from any front or flank movement.

At Keatsville General Little formed the brigade into line of battle, where they lay in constant expectancy from dark until sunrise, the rest of the army continuing in motion all night, many of the men going to sleep as they walked, and only being awakened by a rock in the road, or an intrusive stump over which they would stumble, open their eyes and mutter some savage exclamation, as they rejoined their comrades in the line, about that being by all odds decidedly "the worst road for sleeping on in the State."

Early in the morning of the 16th the rear guard was formed into line at another point to support McDonald's battery, which was rapidly and pluckily firing on the foe. Three times during the day a line of battle was formed across the huge gorge through which the road meandered. With the First Brigade on one side, Slack's and the State Guard on the other, Wade's, Clark's and McDonald's batteries commanding the narrow approach, the

situation was rendered an undesirable one for attack. The slopes and sides of the wagon way were filled with *abattis* formerly placed there by General McCulloch, and the enemy seemed in no mind to test its defensive merits on the present occasion. Emerging from the gloomy gorge at length, the main body had taken up its march just before sunset, when a Federal regiment of cavalry made a sudden charge through a field, upon a small detachment of Gates' men, and drove them in, following so closely that the blue coats and gray came thundering down the road side by side on Captain Clark's battery, which had no time to unlimber. The young artilleryman called to his men to "stand by their guns," and with swords, revolvers, sponge staffs and boulders, they checked the astonished enemy until the glittering bayonets of Rives' regiment proclaimed relief, followed by the rush of Gates and the rest of his men, who sent the daring assailants flying back with several empty saddles and leaving some prisoners.

Near this point the little army crossed the Missouri line and entered upon Arkansas soil with heavy hearts, vainly hoping that but a short time would elapse when they would once more tread the soil of their loved State. They were cheered up, however, by General Price, who stood upon the summit of a little hill, just in the edge of Missouri, and informed his men, as they passed him, that they would soon effect a junction with General McCulloch's forces, who were coming to meet them, that they were done standing picket for Arkansas, and in a few days, with heavy reinforcements, would face about and drive the invader back in turn.

Late that night they pitched their tents on Sugar creek close to General Hebert in command of several regiments of McCulloch's men. It was midnight before the troops got supper, having marched from Keatsville that day, counter-marched and formed battle array three times and eaten nothing since they left Cassville twenty-eight hours before and near twenty-five miles distant.

Early in the morning the half-rested soldiers were aroused and began to move. The army had not yet straightened out when the enemy appeared in force. Little's brigade was

still kept at the post of honor and Gates brought up the rear. A fierce cavalry charge was made upon the latter and nobly repulsed. The First Brigade was quickly posted on one side of the road and General Slack's brigade on the other, with Clark's battery in the center. During the lull before the storm, while General Price is galloping about every where, regardless of danger, hurrying up his reserves and preparing for a battle if the enemy are willing, we will pause to look at young Churchill Clark. Just behind his guns, in company with some of his men, he is standing by a mouldering fire parching an ear of corn, which is poised on a small stick, as part of an extempore breakfast. His appearance is boyish, hardly eighteen in fact, rather small and delicately formed, features regular and almost effeminate, cheeks fair and rosy—although beginning to show the bronze of war—the general expression of his face bright and attractive. He wears a dark overcoat reaching below the knee ; his hat is looped up on the side and surmounted by a black, jaunty plume. The free and easy intercourse between him and his men exhibits a kind and cordial feeling. He is fresh from West Point and ranks as a fine artillery officer.*

The Federal mountain howitzers were soon in position, and commenced playing. As a regiment of their cavalry came dashing up the lane, "Cannoniers, to your posts!" cried Clark, as his sabre flashed in the sunlight, and his "breakfast" was thrown aside. In a moment the voice of the youthful Captain is again heard: "*Ready—aim—fire!*" and the simultaneous discharge of his four guns causes the head of the bold attacking column to reel. The artillery fire soon became incessant, and the continual roll of Gates' small arms sounded to the reserve as if the long looked for battle had really commenced. But the enemy, after about an hour's resistance, retired in confusion and with considerable loss. Our loss was only one man killed in Gates' regiment, and quite a number wounded in both Little's and Slack's brigades.

This decided repulse seemed to have terminated the pur-

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 149.

suit, and the army resumed its march in quietude and without interruption until ten at night on the 17th, when they encamped in line of battle at "Cross Hollows," prepared for attack, suffering exquisitely from the cold, and by some mistake in the commissary arrangements again "supperless until next morning."

At this point they met General McCulloch and remained one day for rest. Upon consultation among the generals, it was found necessary to retreat to Cove creek, among the Boston mountains, some twenty miles beyond Fayetteville, which place was being evacuated, in order to effect a junction with the rest of McCulloch's command. On the nineteenth the army moved to Fayetteville, where they were supplied with clothing and shoes and an abundance of provisions, which would otherwise have necessarily been abandoned for want of transportation. On the night of the twenty-first of February the little army arrived at Cove Creek in the rain and through interminable mud, after a wonderful retreat of more than one hundred and twenty miles, followed by a foe infinitely better equipped and five times their number, and with only three miles' start at the beginning of the race. But very few of the men sank under the fatigue of the march—none of the immense wagon train was lost; and after a few days' rest the men were clamorous for more exercise.

Several regiments of Arkansas recruits came in while at Cove Creek, and were furnished with arms, to some extent from the ordnance stores of the Missouri troops, unfortunately too well supplied with the guns of those who had gone home from Springfield. General Albert Pike, the poet lawyer and Master Mason of the Southwest, came in with a brigade of two thousand aboriginal warriors on diminutive Indian ponies. They trotted gaily into camp, yelling forth a wild war whoop that startled the army out of all its propriety. Their faces were painted, for they were "on the war path," their long black hair queued in clubs hung down their backs, buckskin shirts, leggins and moccasins adorned with little bells and rattles, together with bright colored turkey feathers fastened on their heads,

completed unique uniforms not strictly cut according to army regulations. Many of them were armed only with tomahawk and war club, and presented an appearance somewhat savage, but they were mostly Cherokees, cool and cautious in danger, active and sinewy in person, fine specimens of the "noble red man," and withal deft in the use of the rifle, although awkward and unmanageable on the drill ground. They made good soldiers, "barrin" their mortal fear of the "big kettles," which the Yankees shot at them, and the huge iron balls that had an unaccountable way of shooting twice, first in the enemy's ranks and then in ours.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN, MARCH 6TH, 7TH, 8TH, 1862.

GENERAL D. H. MUARY, who was afterwards for a time in command of the First Brigade, was chief of staff of the Trans-Mississippi District during the Elkhorn campaign. To him I am indebted for some interesting incidents connected with the battle. He says:

"In January, 1862, General Earl Van Dorn was appointed commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, then a part of the great territorial command of General Sydney Johnson. I was ordered from the Potomac to go with Van Dorn as chief of the staff of his Trans-Mississippi district. In February we reached Jacksonport, Arkansas, on the White river, and soon after moved up to Pocahontas, in the northwestern part of Arkansas, and began to organize an expedition against St. Louis.

"Van Dorn's plan was to carry St. Louis by a *coup de main*, and then to throw his forces into Illinois and transfer the war into the enemy's country.

"We had been busily occupied in preparing for this operation, when, late in February, Colonel Clay Taylor arrived at headquarters with dispatches from General Price, then in

Boston mountains in northwest Arkansas. General Price related that after his victory at Springfield he had been forced by the reinforced enemy to retreat through Missouri down into Arkansas; that General McCulloch, commanding the Texans, was near him in Boston mountains; that the enemy, under Generals Curtis and Sigel, were lying only two marches distant, not over eighteen thousand strong, and might be overcome by a vigorous, combined attack of all the forces of McCulloch and Price, but that points of difference of opinion and precedence of rank had arisen between them, in consequence of which no co-operation could be efficiently conducted, and he prayed that Van Dorn, as their common superior, would come at once to Boston mountains, combine the forces of the discordant generals, and lead them to attack the enemy's army.

"As our designed operations upon St. Louis depended mainly upon these commands of Price and McCulloch for success, Van Dorn at once set out for Boston mountains, where he knew he would find a battle ready for him, and should victory crown him, the success of his St. Louis expedition would be assured.

"We took a steamer for Jacksonport, whence, on February 23d, we mounted our horses and started upon our ride across the State to Van Buren. We rode into that place on the evening of February 28th, and next morning, March 1st, left Van Buren for Price's camp in Boston mountains, distant about thirty miles. The weather was bitter cold, and all day we traveled over an ascending mountain road until dark, when we came to the little farm-house in which the leader of the Missourians had made his headquarters. I was much impressed by the grand proportions and the stately air of the man who up to that time had been the foremost figure of the war beyond the Mississippi. General Price was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. He was over six feet two inches in stature, of massive proportions, but easy and graceful in his carriage and gestures; his hands and feet were remarkably small and well shaped; his hair and whiskers, which he wore in the old English fashion, were silver white; his face was ruddy and very benignant, yet firm in its expression; his profile was finely chiseled, and bespoke manhood of the highest type; his voice was clear and ringing, and his accentuation singularly distinct. A braver or a kinder heart beat in no man's bosom; he was wise in counsel, bold in action, and never

spared his own blood on any battlefield. No man had greater influence over his troops; and as he sat on his superb charger, with the ease and lightness of one accustomed all his days to ride a thorough-bred horse, it was impossible to find a more magnificent specimen of manhood in its prime than Sterling Price presented to the brave Missourians, who loved him with a fervor not less than we Virginians felt for Lee.

"The next morning we mounted our horses, and were soon on our way over the mountain ridge which divided Price's camp from that of the Texans under General McCulloch. McCulloch's little army was bivouaced several miles distant from the Missourians. We found the noted Texan ranger occupying a small farm-house on the mountain-side; comfortless and bare enough it was. In person, in manner and in character, McCulloch presented a strong contrast with Price. He was near six feet tall, was spare and wiry, and somewhat inclined to a stoop in the shoulders. His deep-set gray eyes were shaded by rather heavy eyebrows, which gave an expression of almost suspicious scrutiny to his countenance. In manner he was undemonstrative, reticent, and, to us, even cautious. He was calm and anxious, in view of the enterprise we had undertaken; but avowed his confidence in it, and co-operated heartily for its success. His whole conduct during these operations impressed us very favorably as to his capacity for war, and but for his untimely death, he would have played an important part in our struggle. His staff was limited to five or six earnest, working men, and all about him bespoke the stern seriousness of soldiers trained to arms. Armstrong, Lomax, Dillon and Kimmel were members of his staff, all of whom served often and long with me in the stirring events of the great contest in which we had embarked."

A full conference with McCulloch, whose remarkable knowledge of the roads and country were much relied upon in the operations of that campaign, enabled Van Dorn to organize the corps of Price and McCulloch into an army of about seventeen thousand men, and to move at dawn of March 4th to attack the enemy in the valley of Sugar creek at the "Elkhorn Tavern." Price's corps was composed of the First Missouri Brigade, consisting of three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and two batteries, numbering in all about two thousand men; the Second

Confederate Missouri Brigade, under General Slack, having about five hundred, and his division of the State Guard three hundred and fifty men. The rest of the State Guard consisted of the troops in General Rains' division, one thousand two hundred; in General Stein's, six hundred; in General E. W. Price's (commanded by Colonel John B. Clark, Jr.) five hundred; and in General McBride's, three hundred men; General Parsons was not present—his division was very small—the entire Missouri force comprising about five thousand five hundred, rank and file. General Green's division, nearly two thousand strong, with details from other commands, had been left to guard the trains and stock. McCulloch's corps was composed of eleven Confederate regiments, one unarmed, in all amounting to something over ten thousand men. The Indians, under General Pike, brought up the numbers of the advancing column to about seventeen thousand men, under General Van Dorn. Provided with five days' rations, in high spirits, and with guns loaded, not knowing what moment they might strike the enemy, the army commenced its eventful march. General Maury says:

“That day we crossed over Boston Mountain and encamped near Fayetteville. Our cavalry, under McIntosh, was sent forward to make a demonstration. Next morning, March 5th, we passed through Fayetteville, and camped for the night at Fulton Springs, a few miles this side of Bentonville. Van Dorn knew the enemy was occupying three detached camps, and the design was to strike the main body at Elkhorn before the divisions of Sigel or of Carr could join it.

“He ordered the army to march at three o'clock A. M. of the 6th, hoping to reach Bentonville before Sigel, with his seven thousand men, could pass that point and join Curtis on Sugar creek canon. But the enemy was up before we could get the troops to move; and on the march they would delay at the crossing of every stream (and they were numerous), till they could pass by single file over a log, dry shod. And thus it was, that when the head of our column debouched from the timber out upon the open prairie, three miles from Bentonville, we had the mortification to see the head of Sigel's column already entering that village and

marching so rapidly through it, on the Sugar creek road, that we were unable to intercept or delay his movements. Even yet McIntosh, with his mounted men, might have thrown himself across his (Sigel's) road, dismounted and formed a line in front, and thus delayed him till we could close in behind and cause his surrender. But his impetuous valor induced him to attempt a sort of charge upon Sigel's veteran infantry, with his wild men on wilder horses. Sigel met the attack with a volley or two, which scattered McIntosh's horsemen in every direction, and then resumed his rapid march."

We are, however, informed by Captain Covell* that in a charge made shortly after the repulse of McIntosh, by the cavalry of the First Brigade, fifty of Sigel's men were killed and wounded and twenty-five prisoners and a wagon loaded with Minie rifles, together with the six mules and driver, were captured.

"The army pressed on rapidly in pursuit, but the road led along a narrow canon shut in by steep rocks and hills, and they could only *follow* Sigel, who whenever he passed a favorable point, placed a battery in position to check the head of the column. Long before dark he had closed upon Curtis, and General Van Dorn halted for the night beyond cannon range.

"His march had been along the main telegraph road from Bentonville to Springfield, on which, in his front, lay the enemy's army. Van Dorn had learned from McCulloch of a road by which he might turn off to the left from the telegraph road, make a *detour* of eight miles, and come into the telegraph road again in the enemy's rear. He therefore halted as if for the night, just at the junction of this road; and as soon as it was full dark, the army was moved out upon this road to the left, leaving a force of one thousand men to cover the movement, and occupy the enemy. The route was very bad and it had been much obstructed by the enemy, so that the march was slow, and it was eight o'clock A. M. when they debouched into the main telegraph road, about two miles north of Elkhorn tavern and quite in the rear of the enemy.

"We occupied the only route by which he could retire to Missouri. The game seemed now to be in our own hands; but never was a well-conceived plan more completely de-

* Diary, p. 89.

feated in its execution than ours was by the remarkable mischances which befell us that day, all of which were plainly traceable to our own want of discipline.

“When Price’s corps advanced along the telegraph road, we found only some skirmishers and a battery to oppose us, the whole Federal army having concentrated towards its front, where we were supposed to be; but very soon Curtis discovered he had a heavy force in his rear, and made such quick and efficient changes to meet us that we had plenty to do; but we bore the enemy steadily back, and were pretty warmly engaged, when McCulloch sent to request that instead of closing up and joining in our attack, he should strike the enemy from where he then was. Van Dorn assented, and soon both armies were warmly engaged, McCulloch’s position being some three miles distant from ours, and his attack being made upon the enemy’s defences in the front.”*

The question has been much discussed and never satisfactorily settled—was General Van Dorn in blame for dividing his forces in an attack on an equal if not superior army? General Price’s friends insist that he favored the joint attack from the north, which would have resulted in driving General Curtis into the mountains, and destroying or capturing his whole army. Whoever may have been to blame, I give the commanding general the benefit of General Maury’s statement.

General Price’s column had reached the Telegraph road, one mile north of Curtis’ headquarters, before ten o’clock A. M., and he immediately disposed his troops in the following order of battle: General Slack’s second brigade was posted on a high ridge at the extreme right, called Trott’s Hill, and with it one battery; next General Little’s first brigade, with another battery, was held as a reserve, while the left wing was held by the second, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth divisions of the State Guard, commanded by their respective Brigadiers, except Stein’s and Price’s, in whose absence their senior Colonels took command, and McBride’s, who, having resigned, was succeeded by General D. M. Frost.

Along the front of the State Guard were planted forty-three

*Maury’s “Elkhorn Campaign.”

pieces of artillery, which from about eleven until three o'clock P. M. kept up a continuous fire with splendid effect. At intervals during that time the State forces were hotly engaged, and forced the enemy to give way at every point of attack.

Upon the extreme right the action was more tardy. A cavalry charge at the forces on Trott's Hill was easily repulsed by Hughes' and Bevier's battalions, and a battery was brought forward by the enemy, which was quickly charged by Colonel Rosser, and one gun captured before they could unlimber, the rest managing to escape. About twelve o'clock the First Brigade was ordered into a more advanced position, and Burbridge's regiment directed to capture a battery, which they soon ascertained to be supported by three regiments of infantry. Colonel Burbridge's men made a most gallant assault, and for some time engaged the enemy at close quarters, until it became evident that the odds were too great, when Colonel Rives was sent to his support. With a ringing yell the dashing Second (it was at that time) rushed in on their right flank and drove both infantry and artillery back beyond the Elkhorn Tavern,* which was around the spur of Trott's Hill from where Rives' regiment was halted, who for near an hour lay quiescent, while the contest was continued with unabated fury by the first regiment, which stubbornly maintained its ground and resisted all attempts to dislodge it. Goram's battery came up and effectually replied to the galling artillery fire of the enemy. At length, at about three o'clock P. M., a general charge was ordered along the whole line, which was suddenly closed up for that purpose by the advance of the reserves.

E. McD Anderson, in his "Memoirs," page 171, says: "The enemy, finding they could not move us from the front, and being superior in numbers, began to close in upon our flanks, when a loud cheer was heard in the rear, and Rives and Bevier, coming up at double-quick, with a well-directed fire, drove back the flanking forces. Like magic the word 'charge' ran along the line, and with a wild shout it sprang forward, driving the hostile ranks be-

*Col. Pritchard's Official Report.

fore it; rushing on, we quickly came in sight of the little field by the tavern, in the edge of which the battery of six guns was in position, supported by the infantry. The battery opened upon us with a sweeping fire, tearing through our lines, crashing among the limbs of the trees and scattering the rocks in the air, now filled with the contents of bursting shells.

“The line recoiled for an instant, under the iron hail of grape and canister, when, ‘on to the battery’ was the cry, and with a yell that rose above the roar of battle, we closed upon the opposing ranks. The clash of arms and the din and fury of the deadly strife were now fierce and wild; the thunder of the artillery, and the opening roll of the muskets of the long fresh line of infantry, were deafening. Like a withering, scorching blast, the torrent of lead and iron poured through the surrounding smoke. Above all, ‘forward, Missourians!’ could be distinctly heard, and, in response to the ringing battle-cry, the men defiantly pressed on, delivering a deadly fire as they advanced.”

In this charge the enemy were routed and driven two miles. Colonel Phelps’ Federal regiment was very badly cut up, sixty-five men and officers of the thirty-fifth Illinois regiment made prisoners, two cannon and the enemy’s camp and commissary and sutler’s stores captured.*

Gates and his regiment, by their repeated and magnificent charges, had covered themselves with glory; indeed, the First Brigade had carried its front *even* along its whole line from the center to the extreme right. This includes the Second Confederate Brigade under General Slack, which I may be excused for uniting with it, as they were always together, always fought side by side, and were ultimately merged into one. On the left the Missouri State Guard sustained its traditional renown. Unlike the right, which had the advantage of hills and woods, the “Guard” encountered the enemy in a large open field, in a fierce and sanguinary contest, that lasted until near sunset, when the foe were completely routed.

Of our artillery it will be more satisfactory simply to quote the testimony of a Virginian, General Maury:

“He (General Henry Little) had Bledsoe’s, Wade’s and Covell’s Diary, page 92.

McDonald's batteries, and also the battery of the gallant Churchill Clark, already the Pelham of that army, and who was killed by almost the last discharge. They were all almost constantly engaged, and each of them exhibited the most daring valor in rushing their guns up into the very teeth of the enemy.

"One of the most remarkable incidents I have ever known occurred during the most critical part of the battle of Elkhorn. The batteries of Wade and McDonald had been so constantly engaged that, on the morning of the 6th, their ammunition was entirely gone. General Little ordered them out of action, and sent to replace them the battery of Captain ——, which had not yet been engaged.

"The two withdrawn batteries were in a little open field in rear of the line, when to our surprise, the battery of Captain —— appeared galloping out of the battle to the rear. Van Dorn asked what was the matter? He replied he found the fire so severe he could not stay in it any longer. Van Dorn arrested him at once, and published an order striking his name from the rolls for cowardice.

"Wade then approached the general, and said:

"General Van Dorn, the limbers of this battery are full of ammunition; may I not transfer some of it to my own boxes and go back into the fight?"

"Captain," said Van Dorn, "I am delighted by your request; certainly, sir, you can."

"Wade at once drew up alongside the withdrawn battery, and had begun the transfer, when McDonald discovered what was going on, and asked if he might not have some too; and the whole contents of the recreant's limbers were in a few minutes transferred to Wade's and McDonald's batteries, who galloped off again, cheering and in high glee, to their places on the lines. I never have witnessed anything more hearty and active than the satisfaction with which these gallant soldiers found themselves so unexpectedly in fighting order again. Wade was ever after a great favorite with Van Dorn, and I have never known a more gallant battery commander than he was. He was always cheerful and alert and never grumbled; kept his men, horses, guns and equipage in the best possible trim, always looked after the comfort of his command, and knew how to find for them something good to eat and to drink when nobody else could. His cheerful voice on the eve of a fight, and his bright face, had a mesmeric effect on all

about him. His very spectacles seemed to shine with extra lustre, and his short stature to extend itself on such occasions. He was but little over five feet high. I do not think any man in the army, up to the last, was more respected than Wade. He became colonel of artillery, and fell at Port Hudson, decapitated by a shot from Farragut's fleet."

While General Price's corps was so brilliantly hurling back the foe at every point in its own front, an accumulation of disasters was crowning the rest of the battle with defeat and gloom. At eleven o'clock A. M. General McCulloch commenced by driving the enemy from his first position with great slaughter, which was augmented by the unerring aim of Pike's Indians. Upon the second position assumed by General Sigel an assault was made by the 3rd Louisiana and McNair's, McRae's and Hill's regiments, led by McCulloch in person. They moved up in splendid order, firing as they went, and were again successful.* The brave McIntosh soon after made a brilliant cavalry charge, passing entirely through the enemy's lines, coming around again to his former position, and bringing with him three pieces of Federal artillery. McCulloch desired him to make a second charge, and started to show him where to strike; but while riding through the woods he was shot through the heart and fell dead. McIntosh tried to get an Arkansas regiment to make a charge and bring off his leader's body, and while thus engaged, a ball entered his heart, and he, too, fell dead. Colonel Rector placed himself at the head of his regiment (Arkansas), and by a bold charge succeeded in recovering the body of McCulloch. That of McIntosh was not recovered until next day.

General Hebert, the next officer in rank, was taken prisoner—where was Albert Pike?—and the whole command was thrown into confusion. There was a reserve of several regiments lying in sight of the battle ground, but there being no officer present authorized to take command or knowing aught of the plan of battle—they remained supine. Action on their part, at the supreme moment, would have changed the fortunes of the Western campaign and of the war.

* Covell's Diary, p. 94

Whilst Price, from near the headquarters where Curtis had eaten his breakfast in the morning, was directing the tide of successful battle, Van Dorn was writing orders to McCulloch to press the enemy vigorously in his front and Price would close in and soon end the contest. Before they were dispatched, Colonel Dillon galloped up with sorrow in his face. Riding up to Van Dorn, he said, in a low tone: "McCulloch is killed, McIntosh is killed, Hebert is killed, and the attack on the front has ceased."

The General turned pale, set his lips, and ordered the final charge we have detailed. It was now nearly dark. Price's corps had been constantly victorious, and his headquarters that night were where the enemy's had been in the morning. But McCulloch's corps was thoroughly disheartened and disorganized, and, worse than all, by some strange and criminal mistake, the reserve train of ammunition, when sought for, could not be found. By some subordinate, unknown to the ordnance officer, it had been sent off to Bentonville, fifteen miles away, and the enemy lay between.

General Curtis, finding the attack flagging in his front (to the south, where McCulloch's corps was), heavily reinforced his lines in front of Price, but they were again driven back in confusion, and the darkness closed upon a battle in which Price's corps had not suffered a check during the day, from one end of its line to the other. That night the exhausted men supped plentifully from the Federal commissary stores, and slept on the field in line of battle, and with their guns for pillows.

Van Dorn and Price were astonished and amazed when, about ten P. M., General Albert Pike led up to Elkhorn Tavern a disorganized mob, a portion of what had so lately been McCulloch's magnificent corps, and they were also completely dismayed when they learned that the ammunition train could not be found and that the troops had expended nearly all that had been with the army* in the morning. General Van Dorn, in his official report, says:

"Our troops slept upon their arms nearly a mile beyond Covell's Diary, page 95; Maury's "Elkhorn Campaign."

the point at which the enemy made his last stand, and my headquarters for the night were at the Elkhorn Tavern. We had taken during the day seven cannon and about two hundred prisoners.

"In the course of the night I ascertained that the ammunition was almost exhausted, and that the officer in charge of the ordnance supplies could not find his wagons, which, with the subsistence train, had been sent to Bentonville. Most of the troops had been without any food since the morning of the sixth, and the artillery horses were beaten out. It was therefore with no little anxiety that I awaited the dawn of day. When it came it revealed to me the enemy in a new and strong position, offering battle. I made my disposition at once to accept the gage, and by seven o'clock the cannonading was as heavy as that of the previous day. On the side of the enemy the fire was much better sustained, for, being freed from the attack of my right wing, he could now concentrate his whole artillery.

"Finding that my right wing (McCulloch's corps) was much disorganized, and that the batteries were, one after the other, retiring from the field, with every shot expended, I resolved to withdraw the army, and at once placed the ambulances upon the Huntsville road, and a portion of McCulloch's division, which had joined me during the night, in position to follow, while I so disposed of my remaining forces as best to deceive the enemy as to my intention, and to hold him in check while executing it."

The line was formed about twelve hundred yards south of the tavern, under command of General Little. All our forces had been withdrawn except the First and Second Missouri Brigades,* the latter, after general Slack was wounded, commanded by Colonel Rosser.

About seven o'clock A. M. the enemy, having massed their large artillery force, concentrated upon the two devoted little brigades one of the most terrific and appalling cannonades of the war. Veterans of many future fights between much larger armies, have declared that for two hours this was the most continuous fire from the same batteries they ever witnessed. Our artillery could not reply, lack of ammunition causing them to be parked in the rear, except Wade's and Clark's batteries, who maintained a rapid

*Covell's Diary, p. 96.

and well-delivered fire, cheering gaily at every discharge.

The final charge of the enemy in largely superior numbers had been made against the Missourians and easily repulsed, the Second Brigade was withdrawing and the First preparing to bring up the rear, when a parting shot extinguished the young life of the gallant Churchill Clark.

The enemy did not follow the retreating army; he appeared to be fully satisfied. Indeed the Missouri soldiers supposed they were only changing position—performing some brilliant flank movement—were in the best of spirits, and did not learn, until they were some miles on their route, that they were a defeated and retreating army. Then their anger was decided and demonstrative, and in their free expressions verging on the mutinous. It is worth recording, and is mentioned in Colonel Pritchard's official report, that while the Second Missouri Infantry were moving off the field, the Federal line, in full view, took off their hats and gave them three cheers, which were heartily responded to.

Maintaining the best of order in the worst of humors—supplied alone with such provisions, principally corn meal and bacon, as could be picked up in the country; through floods of rain, and over submerged bottom lands and swollen rivers, the retreating Missouri Brigades marched for eight days, and finally camped on Frog Bayou, near Van Buren.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESULTS.—CROSSING OVER THE RIVER.

ALTHOUGH our forces had been compelled to retire, and the battle of Elkhorn had been proclaimed all over the North as a splendid victory achieved by their arms, there is no shadow of doubt, in the light of history, but that the substantial fruits of victory were with the Con-

federates. There was no endeavor to pursue. General Little's command quietly and slowly withdrew from the field, shortly before noon, and about three o'clock as quietly encamped six miles from the battle-ground. Van Dorn's army brought all their artillery, baggage and wagons, and three hundred prisoners, four cannon and three baggage wagons, captured from the enemy.*

The Confederates actually engaged did not exceed fourteen thousand men, as against twenty thousand Federals. Our loss was one hundred and sixty-nine killed, four hundred and thirty-one wounded, and two hundred missing. The Federal leaders admitted a loss of three hundred and ninety killed, nine hundred wounded, and four hundred and fifty missing.†

Whilst Van Dorn and Price, by the most untoward accidents far beyond the control of human wisdom, were thwarted in their planned conquest of Missouri, the enemy were defeated in their proposed invasion of Arkansas. They set out with the avowed intention of subjugating that State and capturing Fort Smith. The shock of the encounter at Elkhorn forced them to fall back into Missouri and to abandon the enterprise in disgrace. It added to the lessons of bravery and endurance which we had been teaching our invaders, and threw the lustre of additional glory around the soldiers of our little army.

The gallantry of our Missourians had been unrivaled. Half of our troops were raw levies armed with shotguns, country rifles, and old-fashioned smooth-bore guns. The enemy were equipped with revolving rifles, sabre bayonets and rifled cannon. Says Pollard in his "History of the First Year of the War," p. 279:

"In the action, the Missouri troops, from the noble veteran who had led them so long, down to the meanest private, behaved with a courage, the fire and devotion of which never for a moment slackened."

The personal testimony of General Van Dorn to their noble conduct, was a just and magnanimous tribute. He wrote to the Government at Richmond:

* First Year of the War, p. 277. † Covell's Diary, p. 99.

“During the whole of this engagement, I was with the Missourians under Price, and I have never seen better fighters than these Missouri troops, or more gallant leaders than General Price and his officers. From the first to the last shot, they continually rushed on, and never yielded an inch they had won; and when at last they received orders to fall back, they retired steadily and with cheers. General Price received a severe wound in the action, but would neither retire from the field nor cease to expose his life to danger.”

Nor is this all the testimony to the heroism of General Price on the famous battlefield of Elkhorn. Some incidents are related to us by an officer of his conduct in the retreat, that show aspects of heroism more engaging than even those of reckless bravery. In the progress of the retreat, writes an officer, every few hundred yards he would overtake some wounded soldier. As soon as he would see the old general, he would cry out, “General, I am wounded!” Instantly some vehicle was ordered to stop, and the poor soldier’s wants cared for. Again and again it occurred, until our conveyances were covered with the wounded. Another one cried out, “General, I am wounded!” The general’s head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes, bedimmed with tears, were thrown up; he looked in front, but could see no place to put his poor soldier. He discovered something on wheels, however, and commanded: “Halt! and put this wounded soldier up; I will save my wounded, if I lose the whole army!”

This explains why the old man’s “poor soldiers” loved him so well.

The fall of General Ben McCulloch was esteemed a national calamity, and, in his official report of the battle, General Van Dorn declared that no success could repair the loss of the gallant dead who had fallen on the well-fought field.

General McCulloch’s name was already historic at the time of the breaking out of the revolution. Twenty-six years before he had served in the battle of San Jacinto, afterwards passed his time on the Texas frontier, in a succession of hardships and dangers such as few men have

seen, and subsequently in the Mexican war, on the bloody field of Buena Vista, received the public and official thanks of General Taylor for his heroic conduct and services. McCulloch as a soldier was remarkable for his singular capacities for partisan warfare, and, in connection with Walker, Hays and Chevallie, had originated and rendered renowned the name of "Texas Ranger." These daring adventurers did much in achieving the independence of the Texan republic, and in defending its borders from the ruthless and enterprising Comanche. In the war of the United States with Mexico they rendered invaluable service as daring scouts, and inaugurated the best and most effective cavalry service that has ever been known.

When Lincoln's election became a fact McCulloch identified himself with the Secessionists, and repaired to Texas to take part in any movement that might grow out of the presence of over three thousand United States troops in that State. He was unanimously selected by the Committee of Public Safety to raise the men necessary to compel the surrender of San Antonio, with its arsenal, and the neighboring forts, four or five in number. Within four days he had traveled one hundred and fifty miles, and stood before San Antonio with eight hundred armed men, his old comrades and neighbors. His mission succeeded. Texas looked to him with confidence as one of her strong pillars in case of war. She sent him abroad to procure arms, but, before he had fully succeeded, President Davis appointed him brigadier-general, and assigned him to the command of the Indian Territory.

He was killed in the brush, on a slight elevation, by one of the sharpshooters of the enemy. He was not in uniform, but his dress attracted attention. He wore a dress of black velvet, patent-leather high-top boots, and had on a light-colored, broad-brimmed Texan hat.

General McIntosh had been very much distinguished all through the operations in Arkansas. During the advance from Boston Mountain he had been placed in command of the cavalry brigade, and in charge of the pickets. He was alert, daring and devoted to his duty. His kindness of dis-

position, with his reckless bravery, had attached the troops strongly to him, so that, after McCulloch fell, had he remained to lead them, all would have been well with the right wing; but, after leading a brilliant charge of cavalry, and carrying the enemy's battery, he rushed into the thickest of the fight again, at the head of his old regiment, and was shot through the heart.

The Missourians, although during their retreat from their State had severely reprehended General McCulloch for not coming to their assistance sooner, sincerely and unaffectedly mourned his untimely loss. Even while discussing their merits, they had properly gauged the sterling virtues of McCulloch and McIntosh.

But they had distinguished losses of their own to remember. Every one of their officers were their personal friends, and none were more regretted than Colonel Rives. His very presence and manner bespoke a man of lofty nature, worthy of all the love and admiration in which he was held throughout the army. Only a few minutes before he fell, he rode out of the line to give some explanation in person to Van Dorn of the condition of affairs, and as he concluded his brief interview, and turned his horse to gallop back to his place, the General exclaimed, "What a noble looking fellow he is!" Ten minutes after an aid-de-camp reported, "Colonel Rives is down, sir."* He received his mortal wound in the last charge, and was left at the hospital, where he died four days after. He was a man of polished education, and a physician of repute, an orator of distinguished ability, a meritorious officer, and had he lived, would doubtless have risen to a high position in the service.†

Colonel James A. Pritchard, who succeeded him in command of the second regiment, says of him in his official report of the battle: "He was a man of genius, combining the skill of the soldier with the wisdom of the statesman. In battle, cool, daring and courageous, brave to a fault, firm in his decisions, yet kind in his intercourse with his men—all who knew loved and admired him."

*First Year of the War, p. 189. †Covell's Diary, p. 98.

As much as any was the young Missouri hero missed. His youthful age, his gallant bearing, his pleasant joyous face, had made him friends and a favorite with all. Anderson knew him well, and thus speaks of him :

“Churchill Clark, who at the time was fighting his battery, soon had all his pieces limbered up, remaining to see the last off safe, and was just in the act of leaving, when a ball from the enemy’s cannon struck him, tearing off his head. His body was borne from the field by one of his lieutenants.” Thus perished this brave, gallant and promising young officer, devotedly loved by his men, admired by all who had witnessed the coolness which characterized him in the hour of danger, and the skill and unfaltering courage always exhibited by him in the midst of conflict. Though young in years, he was already distinguished as an able artillery officer.

I am under obligations to Messrs. Jo. A. Wilson and W. B. Steele, of Lexington, Missouri, for this sketch of the history of Captain Clark’s company after his death :

S. Churchill Clark organized his company in Parsons’ Division of the M. S. G. and his battery was completed with some of the guns captured at Lexington. After his untimely death Lieutenant Houston King was elected captain. It participated in all the battles in which the Missouri brigades were engaged, was drilled to act as cavalry, and in February, 1863, was placed in the cavalry command of General Van Dorn and took an active part in the brilliant affair at Spring Hill, Tennessee. In that engagement the brave Missouri artillerymen made an actual charge on a body of Federal infantry, whose surrender they compelled.

During the summer of ’63 this battery was constantly with Van Dorn until his death, fighting frequently in Middle Tennessee between Franklin and Columbia, and until they were ordered to the support of General Johnston, near Jackson, Mississippi, who was striving to relieve Pemberton in Vicksburg. Captain King was kept on the flank and rear of Sherman during his march to Meridien and was occupied with that duty until about the 17th of May, 1864, when he was joined to the army of Tennessee near Adairsville, Georgia.

During the entire summer of '64 this gallant company performed arduous services with the army under Johnston and Hood. In November Captain King was promoted to a colonelcy and went West. Lieutenant James L. Farris was made captain, new guns and harness were issued, and the company was moved to Verona and Columbus, Mississippi, as a portion of General Forrest's cavalry command, and at which latter place they were united to the shattered remnant of Hood's defeated army.

Here they remained, in almost constant activity, however, until the surrender, upon which occasion they displayed the first mutinous spirit they had exhibited since the commencement—endeavored to throw their guns in the river and were, by General Forrest, placed under arrest until the surrender was consummated.

In a little less than four years this company had marched over 9000 miles, travelling by railroad and river 1200, took part in over sixty engagements, and fired 15,000 rounds of ammunition. Its members were composed of the first volunteers—the best blood of Missouri; and their gallantry, uniform good conduct and intelligence rendered them favorites with the Southern people and with every command with which they came in contact.

During the first day's fight at Elkhorn, while the battle was raging at its fiercest on the left and centre, although hardly amounting to a skirmish yet on the right where Gen. William Y. Slack commanded, he was shot in the groin by a sharpshooter from a distant tree. It was near the former wound, hardly yet healed, which he received at Wilson's Creek. He was tenderly borne from the field and died in the hospital the day after Rives.

Owing to the incomplete organization of the battalions composing his brigade, some of which had not yet attained the dignity of regiments, it was uncertain who was the ranking officer and entitled by seniority to assume command. The honor was tendered to two or three officers, who doubted their right to act, and while the matter was still in abeyance, and before General Price could be heard from, a charge was ordered along the line. The gallant little brig-

ade sprang to its place, directed only by its battalion officers, who in turn governed themselves by the alignment, advancing or falling back as did the remainder of the line. As Colonel Hughes remarked, "they kept up their end of the row," and most bravely and stubbornly did they do their duty. In the evening, by command of General Price, Colonel Rosser took charge of the brigade.

The men exhibited great affection for General Slack; he was plain, honest and unassuming with them, treating all with great courtesy. He was an able and distinguished lawyer, characterized for his integrity in private life as for his unwavering courage in the field; fervid in his patriotism, devoted to principle, and a faithful and energetic officer.* He commenced life a poor boy, and when the war began had amassed in his business as an attorney at Chillicothe, a comfortable fortune, which he sacrificed, as he did his life, to what he considered the dictates of duty. He was diligently engaged in the pursuit of his peaceful avocations when he received the appointment from Governor Jackson as brigadier-general of the Fourth Division Missouri State Guard, and at once became an object of Federal persecution. A regiment of Iowa troops one morning debarked from the cars and marched into his town to capture him. The general carelessly took a tin bucket, and started out to hunt blackberries, the soldiers not suspecting him in that guise of being a general.

He never saw his home or his office again; his honest, manly spirit was breathed away in another State, and his remains tenderly laid to rest in peace beneath the rugged soil of Arkansas.

While encamped at Frog Bayou, several changes were rendered necessary in the organization. The Second Brigade was placed under command of General Green, who had received his Confederate commission. Hughes', Erwin's and Rosser's detachments were organized into battalions under Lieutenant Colonels Hughes, Erwin and MacFarlane respectively. Such of the State Guard as were willing to follow General Price were organized into a brigade, under

*Covell's Diary, page 98.

General M. M. Parsons. The remainder, who preferred staying west of the river, were assigned to the command of Brigadier-General J. S. Rains. All the artillery of the Missouri army was organized into a brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General D. M. Frost.

The army remained in this camp until March 27th, when the march across the Mississippi, by way of Des Arc, was commenced. The latter place was reached on the 7th of April, after a march of twelve days, averaging fifteen miles a day. Says a member of the brigade: "Never had we accomplished a march of this length in so short a time, or with as much ease and comfort. We generally started at daylight, and were in camp by one or two o'clock, less fatigued than formerly we were after a ten mile march. The credit was due to General Little, who knew better how to march men on the road, array them in fight, and provide for them in camp, than any officer in the army."*

The conduct of our troops, in following General Price to a distant State, and to other and more arduous scenes of warfare, was warmly commended by the people of the South, and elicited the admiration of our foes. The Virginia historian never wearies in praising them, every word of which was true and well merited.

"It was decided by the Confederate Government to remove our forces from the Trans-Mississippi district and to unite the armies of Van Dorn and Price with such force as General Beauregard already had at Corinth. The order for leaving the limits of their State was responded to by the Missouri troops with ready and patriotic spirit. These brave men gave an example of gallantry and devotion, in leaving their homes and soil in possession of the enemy, to fight for other parts of the Confederacy, which was made especially conspicuous from the contrast afforded by the troops of some other States who had made unusually large pretensions to patriotism and gallantry, regiments of which had openly mutinied when ordered beyond the limits of their State, or had marched off with evident discontent, although no enemy held their territory, or was left in possession of their homes and the treasures they contained. The noble State Guard of Missouri had a better appreciation of

the duties of patriotism than many of their fellow-citizens of the Confederacy, whose contracted and boastful spirit made them louder in professions of chivalry and devotion. They followed their beloved commander without a murmur across the waters of the Mississippi, turning their backs upon their homes, for which they had fought with a gallantry and devotion unequaled by any struggle of the war. They felt that while they were fighting for the fortunes of the Confederacy, they were also contending for the ultimate restoration of Missouri, and that they would serve their State most effectually by following promptly and cheerfully Generals Van Dorn and Price to Tennessee. Their leader had been made major-general in the Confederate service. His influence was used to lead the troops of Missouri to new and distant fields of service, and his noble, patriotic appeals could not but be effectual to men who loved him, who had suffered with him, and were almost as his children.”*

On this journey General Price traveled in an ambulance, still disabled by his wound, and all along the route he was the centre of observation. The “boys” were as proud of attentions paid to “Old Pap” as if they had been the recipients in person. Indeed the ragged and rough-clad veterans, with hardly a whole coat in the brigade, and with clothes of as many colors as Joseph’s garment—with nothing bright and shining but their well-rubbed fighting equipments and their captured brass cannon—were greeted with ovations as they marched through the streets of Des Arc and Memphis in perfect time and order, to the music of the piercing fife and the rattling drum, with arms at “right shoulder shift,” and with smiling faces, joyous shouts and buoyant step. “My God,” exclaimed a white-haired old Tennessean in Memphis, to the writer, who had been with Jackson at New Orleans, and had led a regiment through the Seminole war, as tears unconsciously filled his eyes, “no wonder that nobody can whip those troops; they are the most gallant fellows I ever saw!”

On the eleventh of April, 1862, the Missouri troops arrived at Corinth, and on the fourteenth were placed in camp at Rienzi, twelve miles south. Here Little received his commission as brigadier-general.

*Lost Cause, p. 307.

Price's command was designated "Second Division, Second Corps, (Van Dorn's) Army of the West," all under General Beauregard. The composition at this time of the Division commanded by General Price is thus given by Anderson,* who was a member of Burbridge's regiment:

"The State Guard had come on from the other side of the river, and General Green was raising a brigade for the Confederate service, in which his success was satisfactory. The command of the old guard had been assigned to General Parsons. General Bowen, of St. Louis, had raised a regiment of Missouri troops in Memphis, most of whom were from the former city, and constituted principally the men captured at Camp Jackson. This regiment was organized before Burbridge's, and was also called the First Missouri, and, as there could not be two with that title, it was decided to call ours the Second, Pritchard's the Third, McFarland's, which was in General Green's brigade, the Fourth, McCown's the Fifth, and Colonel Erwin was raising the Sixth, which was finally filled up.

"The commands here named were originally infantry, and raised for that service. Gates' regiment and Colonel Samuel's battalion, the First and Third Missouri (dismounted) Cavalry, and the batteries of Captains Wade, King, Landis, Bledsoe, Guibor, Lowe, and Dawson, and also McCulloch's regiment, the Second Missouri Cavalry (not dismounted), in addition to the original infantry commands before stated, constituted the Missouri forces, which remained on the east side of the Mississippi, and served there to the end of the war.

"Captain McDonald commanded a battery here at this time, but was soon afterwards transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department."

*"Memoirs," page 195.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AFFAIR AT FARMINGTON, MAY 8TH, 1862.

WHILST the army was lying at Rienzi, Tupelo, and around Corinth, the reorganization of the First Brigade was effected. Before leaving Des Arc the cavalry had been dismounted, its horses being either left behind and sent into Texas to graze, or appraised and purchased by the government. Colonel Gates' regiment, First Missouri Cavalry, which was enlisted to serve only as cavalry, also left its horses behind, and never afterwards received them. In dismounting this command the Confederates lost one of the most efficient regiments of cavalry ever raised for the service, and it was not only a loss, but an injustice to the men, who were very much opposed to serving as infantry. Nevertheless, they became one of the most effective infantry regiments in the army.

The First Missouri Infantry having participated in the battle of Shiloh, were at Corinth, and embraced the earliest opportunity to greet their comrades and brothers, although they were not attached to the brigade until after the battles of Iuka and Corinth. Lieutenant Colonel A. C. Riley was at the time commanding, with Hugh A. Garland, Major; Colonel Lucius L. Rich having received wounds at Shiloh which caused his death at Okalona, Miss., August 6th, 1862. Of the Second Infantry, John Q. Burbridge was re-elected Colonel.

Captain Frank M. Cockrell, of Company H, was made Lieutenant Colonel, and Major Dwyer continued in his position. The Third Infantry chose James A. Pritchard Colonel, to succeed B. A. Rives, W. R. Gause Lieutenant-Colonel, and F. L. Hubbell Major. The Fourth Infantry was here organized as heretofore indicated, with Archibald MacFarlane, Waldo P. Johnson and S. W. Wood, field officers. McCown's and Bevier's battalions were made the Fifth Infantry by the addition of two companies and the

election of O. A. Waddell, Major. And as before stated the Sixth Infantry was formed, with Eugene Irwin, L. W. Hedgspeth and Joseph Vaughn, field officers. General Little being on the sick list, the brigade was under command of Brigadier-General D. H. Maury.

On the 3rd of May the Brigade received its first pay from the Government at Richmond in the pink and black paper money of the Confederate States.

On the 6th the command was moved to its place in the line of defences four miles southeast of Corinth. After the battle of Shiloh, which had been fought just one month prior to this time, General H. W. Halleck had been placed in command of the Federal army and was moving upon Corinth by the slow approaches of a regular siege. Our effective forces did not exceed forty-seven thousand men, that of the enemy, obtained from the best sources of information, could not have been less than ninety thousand men.*

On the 3rd of May, General John Pope occupied Farmington but did not hold it. On the 8th, with two full brigades, he again advanced with the intention of occupying the place. The Confederate army was promptly formed to effect the capture of the invaders, by an attack on their right wing from General Bragg, and on their center by General Hardee, while Van Dorn and Price were to make a feint on their left and gain their rear where the main assault would then be made. An interminable swamp, one of the worst in Mississippi, delayed the passage of the Missourians; and the attack from our center made by General Hardee, was so vigorous that Price's division could only fire a few volley's into the rear of the surprised, routed and retreating army of the blustering Pope, and accelerate the speed with which they sought the shelter of their entrenchments. The Federal leader's tent, his telegraph operator and instruments, besides a number of drums and fifes and military accoutrements, were captured.

As the flying squadrons of the foe disappeared in the dense forest that covered their retreat, our whole force de-

*The Lost Cause, p. 320. Gen. Beauregard's official report.

ployed from the woods into the open ground, by brigades and regiments, "and the scene at once grew brilliant and imposing with the long lines of bright uniforms, fluttering plumes, waving banners and glittering bayonets, while the bands sent forth their note of war in deep and stirring tones."* It was indeed a striking and impressive sight—the commands of Bragg, Hardee, Van Dorn and Price—each marching under a different battle-flag, as they retired to their respective camps, each in a different direction across a vast open field with every band and fife sending forth "Dixie" upon the evening air, accompanied with stentorian shouts from thousands of Southern lungs, all in the highest of spirits and vainly imagining they had tendered battle to the enemy who had ingloriously fled the proffered gage. How egregiously they were deceived is shown from the following "truthful" report of John Pope, Major General:

"On the 8th of May I again occupied Farmington with my whole force, and pushed forward on a reconnoissance with two divisions, on two separate roads, to the enemy's intrenchments around Corinth, without meeting any considerable resistance. My command was, however, again drawn back behind Seven-mile creek, as I was again informed that the rest of the army was not ready to advance; I left, however, one brigade of four regiments under Gen. J. M. Palmer, as grand guard on the south side of the creek, about one mile north of Farmington. It is proper to say that the small streams in the vicinity of Corinth are bordered on both sides by wide swamps, which are passed by rough corduroy roads.

"On the morning of the 9th of May, the enemy, in heavy force, sallied from Corinth, with the purpose of beating or checking my command, which they understood to be considerably in advance of and separated from the main army. It so happened that the attack on Palmer's brigade was made just as it was being relieved by Plummer's brigade; so that there were eight regiments on the south side of the creek. As these troops were full of spirit,† and anxious to meet the enemy, they accepted the proffered battle against a force five times their strength.

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 199.

† What "brand" the Major General fails to inform us.

"The action raged fiercely all day, the two brigades holding their own until, at five o'clock in the afternoon, finding that the enemy had turned both flanks, I withdrew them to the north side of the creek. My whole force was under arms within one and a half miles, but I was forbidden by General Halleck to advance, and instructed, if the enemy pressed the small force under Palmer too heavily, to withdraw it. I did so, as above stated, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Palmer's command, and of my whole corps."

For so reluctant a retreat his command certainly made fine time and most excellently counterfeited a surprise. A well-matched pair were John Pope and General Halleck; the virtues of "Truthful James" pale by comparison. A few weeks later, when the Confederate army had evacuated Corinth, and General Beauregard had achieved an undeniable strategic triumph, when Col. Elliott's expedition had utterly failed except in destroying a train of cars and burning up a few sick soldiers in the depot at Booneville (a duty in which General P. H. Sheridan participated, and has since made himself famous for on the plains), General Halleck sent this telegram to the Federal Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton:

"General Pope, with forty thousand men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports ten thousand prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and fifteen thousand stand of arms captured.

"Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best way they could. We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired, and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days. The result is all I could possibly desire.

"H. W. HALLECK,

"Major General Commanding."

Not until after the close of the war, July 5, 1865, did General Pope deny the making of the report that is charged to him, although *then*, to be sure, his denial is complete and crushing. In a letter of that date to General Halleck he says:

“In short, General, I utterly deny that the despatch purporting to have been sent by you to the Secretary of War was based upon any report from me such as is therein stated, and I therefore call upon you either to disavow this despatch or to furnish me with a copy of the report attributed to me.

“In almost any other case this question could be easily and conclusively decided by a reference to the official files at the headquarters of the department which you then commanded; but I have ascertained that when you left the West, you ordered that portion of the despatches and reports concerning the operations around Corinth, which bore upon this question, to be cut out of the official books and brought with you to Washington, leaving the official records in St. Louis mutilated and incomplete.”

To this day Halleck has never exhibited the mutilated documents, nor disavowed the falsehood.

The Missouri brigades suffered severely, physically, during the campaign around Corinth. The country was flat, low and swampy, the water of the very worst for drinking, and the fatigue of constant alarms, rapid marches from point to point, and lying out in line of battle two and three days at a time, increased the sickness in camp to a greater extent than they had ever before experienced.

On the 18th of May the Third Infantry were ordered out to blockade one of the roads leading into Farmington. Colonel Pritchard moved at night, and at daylight crossed the Memphis and Charleston railroad, met the enemy in considerable force, and drove them back over a mile.* Anticipating his approach to the Federal main line he halted until the First Cavalry (the reader will bear in mind that Gates' cavalry regiment were acting as infantry) and a section of Wade's battery, under Lieutenant Farrington, came to Pritchard's assistance. A mounted Mississippi regiment, which was with the detachment, fell back out of the line in confusion, but the Missourians maintained their advanced position all day. At night they were relieved by a portion of General Green's brigade and the Sixteenth Arkansas infantry. The latter were so remiss in their duty that they allowed the enemy to creep up within fifty yards and com-

Covell's Diary, page 117.

pletely surprise them by an unexpected volley which put the regiment to flight. Green's men immediately repulsed the attack and covered the gap in the line. This disgraceful circumstance, however, caused a general alarm and the formation of the whole army into battle array. On the 21st Van Dorn's corps was sent off on a wearisome march to Glendale, east of Corinth, but the enemy once more retreated.

Upon reaching the entrenchments again Captain Landis' Missouri battery of two twelve and two twenty-four pounder guns, was placed in a prominent redoubt, and succeeded in getting up the liveliest artillery duel of the siege. On the first day he battered down their defences and silenced their pieces, at eight hundred yards distant. During the night they reconstructed their works, reinforced with a battery of powerful rifled cannon and opened in the morning with a furious fire. They threw a huge conical kind of shell, unlike any our Missourians had knowledge of, but they soon became so accustomed to them that the moment one would strike in the ground without exploding, fifty men would gather around, dig it out and open it to see how it was constructed. Their officers finally interfered with their search after knowledge by positive and emphatic orders.

At midnight of the 29th of May the Missouri brigades moved out of their position to follow the evacuating army of General Beauregard, so silently that the Yankees within eight hundred yards of them, knew nothing of it until noon next day.

A Northern man, writing of this event at the time, says :

“The Confederate strategy since the battle of Shiloh has been as successful as it has been superior. Taking the enemy's stand-point, and writing when and where I do, I cannot possibly imagine how it could have been more eminent for perfection and success. Taking our stand-point—the stand-point of the Union's hopes and Halleck's fame—I cannot possibly imagine how it could have been more mortifyingly disastrous. If the attack at Shiloh was a surprise to General Grant, the evacuation of Corinth was no less a surprise to General Halleck, and has laid out in pallid death the military name and fame of Major General Henry W.

Halleck. Corinth has been searched in vain for a spiked or disabled gun. Shame on us! what a clean piece of evacuation it was!"

General Beauregard, in his official report, says:

"The purposes and ends for which I had held and occupied Corinth having been mainly accomplished by the last of May, and by the 25th of that month having ascertained definitely that the enemy had received large accessions to his already superior force, whilst ours had been reduced day by day by disease, resulting from bad water and inferior food, I felt it clearly my duty to evacuate that position without delay. The transparent object of the Federal commander had been to cut off my resources by destroying the Mobile and Ohio, and the Memphis and Charleston railroads. This was substantially foiled by the evacuation and withdrawal along the line of the former road, and if followed by the enemy, remote from his base, I confidently anticipated opportunity for resumption of the offensive, with chances for signal success."

On the ensuing morning the enemy opened a heavy fire on our lines from formidable batteries of long range guns, blissfully ignorant that there was no one to reply save a scattered cavalry picket.

"The troops moved off in good spirits and order, prepared to give battle, if pursued, but no serious pursuit was attempted. Whilst at Rienzi, half way to Baldwin, I was informed that on the morning of the 13th ult., a detachment of the enemy's cavalry had penetrated to Booneville, eight miles south of Rienzi, and had captured and burned a railroad train of ammunition, baggage, and subsistence, delayed there forty-eight hours by some mismanagement. I regret to add that the enemy also burned the railroad depot, in which were, at the moment, a number of dead bodies, and at least four sick soldiers of this army, who were consumed; an act of barbarism scarcely credible, and without a precedent, to my knowledge, in civilized warfare. Upon the opportune appearance in a short time, however, of an inferior force of cavalry, the enemy left in great haste and confusion, after having received one volley."

This "inferior force" of cavalry was seventy-five of Colonel McCullough's men from the gallant and chivalrous Third Missouri cavalry

"I desire to record that one Colonel Elliott, of the Fed-

eral army, commanded in this raid, and is responsible for the cruel death of our sick," adds General Beauregard.

General Pope evolves the following version of this affair:

"It seems proper for me to state here that the day previous I sent out the first of the cavalry raids which I believe was made during the war. Colonel (now brevet Major General) W. L. Elliott, was instructed to proceed with his own regiment (the second Iowa cavalry) and the second Michigan cavalry, commanded by Colonel (now Major General) P. H. Sheridan, and make a descent upon the Mobile and Ohio railroad, if possible, as far as forty miles south of Corinth. This raid was conducted with great vigor and complete success by General Elliott. He struck the railroad at Booneville, twenty miles south of Corinth, tore up the track and the telegraph lines and captured a train of cars loaded with ammunition and small-arms, which they destroyed. He also captured, and for want of means to bring them off, paroled two thousand of the enemy, mostly convalescents."

The Federal general fails to add that he did not do any such thing—only four hundred sick men were captured, and these were involuntarily and speedily released when the seventy-five brave Missourians attacked and drove away in dismay and confusion this "first cavalry raid of the war"—these thousand moss troopers commanded by Major Generals W. L. Elliott and P. H. Sheridan.

The truth of history has long since fully corroborated the Southern version of the evacuation of Corinth and its results.*

On the 1st of June the Missouri Brigades went into camp at Baldwin—remained there until the 7th, when they were moved to Priceville—from thence, on the 7th of July, to Tupelo, and finally, on the 29th of July, to Slatton, where they remained until the movement against Iuka. From Tupelo the remains of the Missouri State Guard, under command of General Parsons, left for the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Col. J. T. Hughes was commissioned as a brigadier-gen-

* "Lost Cause," p. 329. "Official Reports to Confederate Congress," p. 436. General Pope's Reports "Conduct of the War," part 2d. Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 200. Covell's "Diary," p. 120. Hubbell's "Diary," p. 81.

eral and left for Missouri, where he raised a brigade and attacked and captured Independence, but was killed just as victory had perched upon his banners.

At Priceville Col. Burbridge resigned, F. M. Cockrell becoming Colonel of the Second Infantry, Major Dwyer Lieutenant-Colonel, and Pembroke S. Senteny, Captain of Company A, was promoted to the position of Major.

Price's Division was reviewed near Tupelo by Generals Bragg and Hardee, who pronounced it to be the finest, most efficient, best drilled and most thoroughly disciplined body of troops in the Army of the Mississippi.* Says Captain Covell:

“Our regiment, the Third Infantry, received the highest of praise for its fine appearance. The ‘boys,’ as they passed General Hardee in review, were, every one, doing their best—each man looking straight to the front, keeping step to the music, carrying his piece as steadily as though it had grown to his shoulder, the whole regiment moving as one man, when Hardee turned and exclaimed to Generals Bragg, Price and Little, who were sitting on their horses near him, ‘My God! isn’t that magnificent?’ This, from the author of the ‘Army Tactics,’ the iron-gray veteran who had seen soldiers paraded from Oregon to the swamps of Florida—from West Point to the halls of the Montezumas—*was* praise.”

About the first of August the commands of Generals Polk and Hardee were sent off to the Department of Tennessee, under General Bragg, operating from Chattanooga. General Breckenridge's corps was sent to reinforce Van Dorn, who had been placed in charge of a southern department comprising Vicksburg and Baton Rouge. General Beauregard was sick at Bladen Springs, and General Price was left in command in North Mississippi. General Little commanded a division composed of Hebert's (Louisiana), Martin's (Mississippi), the First Missouri, commanded by Colonel Gates, and the Second Missouri, commanded by General Green. The Second Missouri Regiment of Cavalry, Colonel McCullough, was operating under General Frank Armstrong in the vicinity of Corinth and along the Tennessee border.

*Covell's Diary, p. 127.

Such was the *status* of General Price's command on the sixth of September, 1862, when the movement on Iuka was commenced.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CAPTURE OF IUKA—SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.

The medicinal virtues of the chalybeate springs at Iuka, a small town seventeen miles east of Corinth, constituted it a summer resort for invalids and pleasure seekers from all parts of the South. Beautiful grounds had been arranged, ornamented by trees and shrubbery, with pleasant graveled walks winding among them, pointing to a large hotel, erected for the accommodation of the guests. The building was now occupied as a hospital for Federal soldiers, and was the depot for a large amount of commissary and quartermaster's stores. At the time of its capture by General Price, it was sadly deteriorated in aspect, and shorn of all its former glory.

In recording the participation of the First Missouri Brigade in the capture and battle of Iuka, I cannot do better than to quote complete the "Recollections" of Major-General Dabney H. Maury,* who commanded a division in this campaign, who was a special favorite with the Missourians, and who in turn ranked them above any troops ever under his command. His peculiar position, having been chief of staff to the one and frequently consulted by the other, placed him in the absolute confidence of both Van Dorn and Price, and certainly no officer now living knew more of the secret history of the operations herein described. In a letter to General Joseph E. Johnston, Vice President of the Southern Historical Society, General Maury says:

* Southern Magazine, May, 1872, page 607.

“I am the senior surviving general of those who took part in the whole campaign in North Mississippi in 1862, against the forces of General Grant, and it is proper I should place on record my knowledge of those operations. In doing this I must rely on my own recollections and memoranda, and upon those of such comrades as I may be able to confer with. There are no official records open to us now, which may perhaps be regretted less on this occasion because the campaign under discussion was outside the grand movements of the war; but it was of deep concern to important communities in the South, to the soldiers who bore an active part in it, and to the Southern widows and orphans whose nearest and dearest died on those battle fields, as bloody and as honorable as any that were ever illustrated by Confederate valor. Therefore I write about it. Of the general officers of our army, who took part in those operations, Van Dorn, Price, Martin, Green, Rust, Little, Villipigue and Bowen have all gone to their rest, leaving but three or four of us to toil on until our summons comes and we shall go to join them again; I shall therefore tell my story in no spirit of detraction. Indeed, I have neither inclination nor occasion to detract from any of them; their honors in those fights were hard-earned, nor can I blame any of them for the disasters which came upon our army. They were brave men, who devoted all to their country, and among them were commanders of a high order of ability.

“On the 30th of May, 1862, General Beauregard evacuated Corinth in the presence of Halleck's army, and in June, 1862, his army was lying around Tupelo, cantoned on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Late in June Van Dorn was detached from command of his corps, known as the Army of the West, and sent to take command at Vicksburg, which was then threatened with attack. You will remember how well he acquitted himself in that command. He repulsed the enemy from Vicksburg and occupied and defended Port Hudson, thus securing to the Confederacy for nearly a year free access to the Trans-Mississippi Department and the unobstructed navigation of Red river, by which vast supplies of meat and grain were contributed to the maintenance of our armies east of the great river, which already began to feel the want of good provisions.

“General Beauregard having fallen into ill health, the supreme command of our army at Tupelo devolved upon

General Bragg. In August, 1862, Bragg threw his main army, by rail, *via* Mobile, to Chattanooga, leaving Price in command of the Army of the West, with orders to observe the Federal army at Corinth, under Grant, with a view to oppose him in any movement down into Mississippi; or, in case Grant should move up into Tennessee to join Buell, then Price was to hinder him in that movement, and was also to move up into Tennessee and unite his forces with the army of Bragg.

“Van Dorn and Price were thus left independent of each other. Each commanded a corps of two strong divisions, both were in the State of Mississippi, and, as events proved, it might have been for the good of all had one of them been in supreme command over the whole military force of that State.

“Van Dorn, after placing Vicksburg and Port Hudson in satisfactory condition of defence, attacked the Federal forces in Baton Rouge. He sent General Breckenridge to conduct the expedition, (with whom was General Bowen and the First Missouri Infantry). It seems altogether probable that he would have captured the place and the enemy's army in it, but for the accidental loss of the iron-clad Arkansas, and the extraordinary epidemic of cholera which reduced his force to one-half its original numbers.

“As soon as Van Dorn had refitted his forces after this attack, his ever-restless, aggressive spirit drew him up toward the northern line of the State, where Grant commanded a considerable force, occupying Corinth, Bolivar, and other points in West Tennessee, Northern Mississippi, and Alabama. Van Dorn having superior rank, but not having command over Price, sent Colonel Lomax, early in September, to urge upon Price that they should combine their forces and drive the Federals out of Mississippi and West Tennessee. At the time he made the proposition their combined forces would have amounted to about twenty-five thousand infantry, with about three thousand cavalry. Price replied that he could not comply with this request without departing from his instructions and the object for which General Bragg had left him where he was. And just here were developed the bad consequences of having these two commanders present in the field without a common superior; for, had Price been justified in placing his forces under Van Dorn's command at this time, there is scarcely a doubt that the enemy would have been driven in a few

days entirely beyond the Tennessee river. Then would have followed the reinforcement of Bragg's army by the corps of Van Dorn and Price, and without extraordinary misconduct or misfortunes, the Confederate army of Tennessee might have crossed the Ohio. But such speculations are vain and sad enough now; my present business is to tell the sorrowful story as it was, not to dream about what might have been.

"Within a few days after Price declined Van Dorn's invitation, he learned from spies in Corinth, that Grant had commenced his evacuation of that line, and was then actually throwing his supplies across the Tennessee, and would soon be on his way to reinforce Buell. Therefore, to intercept him, or that failing, to join Bragg, Price marched from Tupelo to Iuka. Tupelo is on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, fifty miles south of Corinth. Iuka is on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, seventeen miles east of Corinth. Our army consisted of Maury's First Division and Little's Second Division of infantry, and Armstrong's cavalry brigade." (Maury's Division consisted of the brigades of Generals John C. Moore, William S. Cabell and Charles Phifer, and Little's Division of the First and Second Missouri Brigades, commanded by Colonel Gates and General Green respectively, and Hebert's Louisiana, and Martin's Mississippi brigades.)

"We numbered in all near sixteen thousand effectives, viz.: about fourteen thousand infantry and near two thousand cavalry.

"On the 19th of September we entered Iuka. Armstrong's cavalry advanced, found the place occupied by a force of the enemy, who retreated toward Corinth, abandoning to us a considerable amount of stores.

"On the 21st of September I placed the First Division on the march, intending to move close up to Burnsville, the station on the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Iuka and Corinth, where we now ascertained the enemy was in strong force. At about three P. M., the enemy advanced upon me from Burnsville with so much boldness that I believed it to be an attack in force; but deploying three battalions of sharpshooters, forced him back by them alone, and proved him to be merely a reconnoissance in force. It was handsomely conducted, and was pushed with a boldness not usual in my experience with the Federal troops, so that I formed a line of battle and awaited with confident expectation the attack of Grant's whole army.

“From this time we began to receive such information about Grant’s position as indicated that he had moved none of his forces over the Tennessee, but that he still held the line of Corinth; and this conviction was much strengthened in the mind of General Price, when, on the 24th of September, he received, by flag of truce, a summons from General Ord to surrender! General Ord stated in his letter that recent information showed that McClellan had destroyed Lee’s army at Antietam; that therefore the rebellion must soon terminate, and that, in order to spare the useless effusion of blood, he gave Price this opportunity to lay down his arms! Price replied to Ord that he was glad to be able to inform him that we had late and reliable information which justified the belief that the results of the battle of Sharpsburg had been highly satisfactory to us; that the Army of Northern Virginia was still in the field, and that as for himself, duly sensible of the kindness of feeling which had inspired General Ord’s invitation, he would lay down his arms whenever Mr. Lincoln should acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and not sooner.

“On the same day Price received another urgent request from Van Dorn to come with all his forces, meet him at Ripley, and move their combined forces against Grant in Corinth. At this time Little and I were occupying with both our divisions a line of battle about two miles west of Iuka. We faced Burnsville, our left resting on the Memphis and Charleston road. About ten A. M. we were called by General Price to a council of war. He then disclosed to us Ord’s and Van Dorn’s letters, with other important information, and it was evident to us that the enemy was not moving over the Tennessee at all, but still lay in heavy force on our immediate left, and in position to cut us off entirely from our line and base of supplies on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. He decided to march back next morning toward Baldwin, and thence unite with Van Dorn in a combined attack on Corinth. Orders were at once issued for the trains to be packed and the whole army to move at dawn in the morning on the road back to Baldwin.

“Since an early hour on this day our cavalry pickets had been sending reports of a heavy force moving on us by the Jacinto road. General Little moved, soon after mid-day, away from the line facing Burnsville, and took position to command the approach by the Jacinto road. And he was just in good time, for, about four o’clock P. M., Rosecranz

came upon him with a sudden and heavy attack, striking our advanced line, which was composed of new troops, most of whom were now in their first battle; he forced them back, and came triumphantly onward without a check. He had advanced almost within sight of Iuka, when Little met him with his glorious First Missouri Brigade; the Third Louisiana Infantry and Whitfield's Texas Legion were there too. And then they rolled back the victorious tide of battle. The Federals were driven before them; our first line of battle was restored, and when night fell the Confederates held the field. Nine cannon had been captured from the enemy, and every man in Little's division was confident of victory should Rosecranz resume his attack on the morrow

"But one reflection saddened every heart. General Henry Little had fallen dead in the very execution of the advance which had won that bloody field. He was conversing with General Price when he was shot through the head, and fell from his horse without a word. He was buried that night by torchlight in Iuka. No more efficient soldier than Henry Little ever fought for a good cause. The magnificent Missouri Brigade, the finest body of troops I had ever then seen, or have ever seen since, was the creation of his untiring devotion to duty and his remarkable qualities as a commander. In camp he was diligent in instructing his officers in their duty and providing for the comfort and efficiency of his men, and on the battlefield he was as steady, cool and able a commander as I have ever seen. His eyes closed forever upon the happiest spectacle they could behold, and the last throbs of his heart were amidst the victorious shouts of his charging brigade.

"The night had fallen dark when the battle closed. It had been brief, but was one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war. The Third Louisiana regiment lost half its men; Whitfield's Legion also suffered very heavily. These two regiments and a little Arkansas battalion of about one hundred men, had charged and captured the enemy's guns.

"While Rosecranz advanced by this Jacinto road, which enters Iuka from the south, Grant was to attack by the Burnsville road from the West. As generally happens in combined movements, there was want of concert of action. Rosecranz had been beaten and forced back by Little, when, at about sunset, Grant deployed in front of me. He

was then too late to attack me that night. At dark General Price withdrew me from before Grant, and intended to attack Rosecranz at dawn with all his forces. At ten o'clock that night Rosecranz dispatched Grant to the following effect: 'I have met with such obstinate resistance that I cannot advance further by the Jacinto road; but there are some heights on my right which command the town, and at dawn I shall occupy them.'

"*'L' homme propose, Dieu dispose,*' is often true in war. At dawn I held those heights. Before midnight I had received from pickets, prisoners and others, satisfactory information that Grant had deployed a heavy force, estimated at ten thousand men, in front of my skirmish line, across the Burnsville road. I had at dark withdrawn my division, except the cavalry, under General Wirt Adams, and the skirmish line under Colonel William P. Rodgers, and now we lay in the town, with purpose to take part in the attack on Rosecranz in the morning. Rosecranz's force on the Jacinto road was estimated at over seventeen thousand men. Our army lay between Rosecranz and Grant, and if the battle were renewed in the morning, placed as we were, our total destruction seemed inevitable.

"About two hours after midnight, accompanied by General Armstrong, who commanded our cavalry forces, and who was one of the cleverest of our cavalry commanders, and by Colonel Thomas Snead, General Price's clever chief of staff, I went to the old General's quarters, aroused him from a sound sleep, laid before him the information I had received, and urged upon him the necessity for our carrying out, without delay, the decision we had formed at ten A. M. that morning, to return to our base on the Mobile and Ohio railroad.

"The old man was hard to move. He had taken an active personal part in the battle that evening; his Missourians had behaved beautifully under his own direction, the enemy had been so freely driven back, that he could think of nothing but the complete victory he would gain over Rosecranz in the morning. He seemed to take no account of Grant at all. His only reply to our facts and our arguments, as he sat on the side of his bed in appropriate sleeping costume, was:

"'We'll wade through him, sir, in the morning. General, you ought to have seen how my boys fought this evening; we drove them a mile, sir!'

“‘But,’ said I, ‘Grant has come up since then; and since dark you have drawn me from before him. My brigades are lying in the streets, with their backs to Grant; and the whole wagon train is mixed up with us, so that we can’t get into position promptly in the morning. As sure as we resume battle, placed as we are, we shall be beaten, and we shall lose every wagon. You can’t procure another wagon train like this, not if you were to drain the State of Mississippi of all its teams. We have won the fight this evening. We decided on going back anyhow, in the morning, to Baldwin, and I don’t see that anything that has happened since we published that decision should detain us here any longer.’

“Armstrong and Snead both sustained my views. I think Governor Polk, of Missouri, was occupying the same chamber and was present during our interview.

“After decided opposition, General Price admitted the prudence of our executing our return to the railroad, instead of assuming the aggressive in the morning. Orders were issued accordingly for the wagon train to move at three A. M. I was instructed to send one of my brigades to escort the wagon train, and to remain with the other two brigades as rear-guard of the army.

“Accordingly, before dawn, I had occupied the commanding heights referred to by Rosecranz in his last night’s dispatch to Grant, with the brigades of Moore and Cabell. Phiffer’s brigade had gone on with the train.

“I think Rosecranz must have thought our army was changing front to offer battle from those heights, and the concerted plans of Grant and himself were so disconcerted that before they could rearrange any, the wagon-train was safe on the road toward the Gulf of Mexico. The army, too, disappeared over the hill and into the forest-screened road, while the commanding heights were occupied by my line of battle with colors flying and guns unlimbered, offering battle to all their combined forces.

“Soon after eight A. M., Colonel Snead galloped up to me and said, ‘General, I am ordered by General Price to say that the train and army are now well on the road, and you will please follow immediately with the rear-guard.’ We moved at once; Armstrong covered my rear with his cavalry, and it was about two P. M., at a point eight miles from Iuka, that the last collision occurred between us and Grant’s army during the Iuka affair. I held the Second Texas

sharpshooters, Rodgers commanding, and Bledsoe's Missouri battery in rear of the rear-guard. Armstrong had been followed all day by the enemy's pursuing force, who were very cautious in their pressure upon him, but kept close up to his cavalry constantly. About two p. m. the movement of our army had become quite slow. The teamsters, having no longer the fear of the enemy before them, had relaxed their energies, and the rear-guard halted.

"Just at this moment the enemy was coming confidently on; Armstrong moved on with his cavalry past the rear of the rear-guard of infantry, Rodgers and Bledsoe were lying in ambuscade at a good point in the road, and Colonel 'Bob McCullough's' Second Missouri cavalry regiment was formed ready to charge. On came the confident Federals—I think a General Hatch was commanding them—until they were within short range, when the Second Texas rifles and Bledsoe's canister and old McCullough's cavalry all broke upon them at once. We laid many of them low, and then pursued our march to Baldwin without a shot."

At the time of which General Maury speaks, when Little with his "glorious Missouri Brigade" met Rosecranz only three miles from the town, they had double-quickened six miles through the suffocating dust and beneath a sultry sun, increasing their gait to a run as they neared the battlefield. They passed General Price, who was waiting for them with hat in hand. "Move up, boys," he cried; "we are whipping them—we have already driven them back a mile and captured nine pieces of their artillery. Go in, boys, and give them your best!"

They responded with a Missouri yell; and in a moment were under a murderous fire in rear of Hebert's brigade, where they remained an hour and a half and until that brigade dislodged the enemy and darkness settled on the sanguinary scene. "Thus one little brigade of twenty-five hundred men routed and drove from the field two full Yankee divisions of ten thousand total."*

After night Hebert's brigade was withdrawn and the Missourians took their place in the line of battle somewhat advanced—not two hundred yards from the enemy's line, the pickets in some instances being placed only a few steps apart.

* Covell's Diary, p. 135.

The six guns captured by the Louisianians and Texans were of the newest and best patterns, and belonged to the Tenth Ohio battery from Cincinnati. The contest around this section of artillery was brief but earnest. General Maury's assertion that it was one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war is not exaggerated. Anderson viewed the locality, and says:*

"Everything bore evidence of the bloody character of the action. The dead were so thick that one could very readily have stepped about upon them, and the bushes were so lapped and twisted together—so tangled up and broken down in every conceivable manner, that the desperate nature of the struggle was unmistakable. The carnage around the battery was terrible. I do not think a single horse escaped, and most of the men must have shared the same fate. One of the caissons was turned up-side down, having fallen back upon a couple of the horses, one of which lay wounded and struggling under it; and immediately behind was a pile of not less than fifteen men, who had been killed and wounded while sheltering themselves there. They were all Federals, and most of them artillerymen. Some of the limbers were standing with one wheel in the air, and strewn thickly around all were bloody corpses of the dead, while the badly wounded lay weltering in gore. I have been on many battlefields, but never witnessed so small a space comprise as many dead as were lying immediately around this battery.

"That night is well remembered as one marked by many conflicting emotions. Though already much hardened to the rough usages of war and the fearful events which inevitably accompany it—though somewhat accustomed to look upon the faces of the dead and fields of carnage as certain and natural results, yet the groans and cries of the wounded for help and water, the floundering of crippled horses in harness, and the calls of the infirmiry corps, as it passed to and fro with litters in search of and bearing off the wounded, rendered the scene very gloomy, sad and impressive. As the night wind rose and fell, swelling with louder, wilder note, or sinking into a gentle, wailing breath, it seemed an invocation from the ghosts of the dead, and a requiem to the departing spirits of the dying. There were few grey-coats among the dead around, and I gazed upon

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 323.

the blue ones with the feeling that they had come from afar and taken much pains to meet such a fate. It was but little akin to compassion, for war hardens men—especially when their country, their homes and firesides are invaded and laid waste.”

All the troops most confidently expected a hotly contested battle with the sunrise, and, like England’s naval heroes, every man was prepared to do his duty. With the dead and dying around, an occasional fusillade along the lines, and the groans of wounded men sounding beseechingly in their ears, many a comrade exchanged messages to be transmitted home by the survivors.

But before day-break the Missouri troops were withdrawn, and by sunrise were on the road of retreat, slowly following the baggage train. And yet, although in General Moore’s brigade of Maury’s division, a brave Missourian brought up the rear—was still at the post of honor.

Captain Bledsoe’s battery, supported by the Second Texas, occupied the position necessary to check the advance of the enemy. The rear was annoyed by his cavalry, some ten miles from Iuka, when Bledsoe’s battery and the Second Texas and McCullough’s cavalry were placed in ambush upon the edge of a low, dense piece of woods through which the road ran. Their column soon came on, advancing in an unguarded manner, being in marching order upon the road. Bledsoe suffered the head of the column to come within eighty yards of his pieces, when he opened upon it simultaneously with all four of his guns, and poured a perfect whirlwind of iron hail upon it, which swept with deadly effect through the ranks, and threw the entire regiment into confusion. McCullough and the Second Texas immediately charged and fired, and the road was cleared. The flying squadrons did not draw rein until out of sight and some distance in our rear. There was no further disturbance during the retreat, and, after four days’ march, the army reached Baldwin.

The total loss on the Southern side was four hundred and eighty-nine killed, wounded and missing, mostly in Herbert’s brigade. The enemy acknowledged a thousand killed,

and of course many more were wounded ; the latter, who fell into our hands, outnumbered ours four to one. The disabled on our side were left in Hospital in charge of our two most able and skillful surgeons, Drs. B. G. Dysart and L. McDowell.

General Price succeeded in carrying off all the captured property, consisting of every article of army use, so much needed by his men, and amounting in value to near two million dollars.

The brave hearts that beat in the bosoms of the members of the First Brigade, pulsated with sadness and sorrow as they pursued this retrograde march. Their leader and first brigadier had fallen. To the noble dead of Missouri another illustrious name had been added. He fell in the line of duty and with his harness on. In Henry Little our brigade lost its main stay and support, and the army its best subordinate general. He did more, both while belonging to the Missouri State Guard and in the Confederate service, towards organizing and disciplining the Missouri troops than any man connected with them. To him it owed its proficiency, steadiness in danger and excellency of drill, and to his labors it was greatly indebted for the high rank it achieved among the armies of the South. His death was an irreparable loss to the army, to his State and to the Confederacy.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE AT CORINTH, OCTOBER 3D-4TH, 1862.

THE retreating army went into camp at Baldwin on the night of the 22d, where it remained until the 26th, when it was moved to Ripley to form a junction with Van Dorn's forces. While at Baldwin the Missourians received four months' pay.

I once more acknowledge my great indebtedness to General Maury. I have taken the liberty to quote entire his account of the battle of Corinth, given in a published letter to General Joseph E. Johnston, Vice President of the Southern Historical Society. His thorough knowledge and accurate recollection render his memoir invaluable:

“In my narrative of the battle of Iuka, I related how General Price, acting on information received from General Bragg, and from our scouts, had moved as far as Iuka on his way to prevent Grant’s forces in Mississippi from effecting a junction with Buell’s in Tennessee; how at Iuka we had been attacked by Rosecranz; how we had repulsed him, capturing nine cannon and many prisoners, and had next morning returned to our proper base upon the railroad, with purpose to join our forces to Van Dorn’s and make a combined attack on Corinth.

“This attack had for some time occupied Van Dorn’s mind. Several weeks before General Price moved upon Iuka, General Van Dorn had sent a staff-officer, Colonel Lomax, of Virginia, (since Major General Lomax) to invite and urge General Price that they should combine their forces in an attack upon Corinth. The plan was wise, while it was bold and characteristic of Van Dorn’s aggressive temper. The enemy occupied West Tennessee and the Memphis and Charleston railroad at Memphis, Bolivar, Jackson, Corinth, Rienzi, Jacinto, Iuka and Bethel, with garrisons aggregating forty-two thousand men, and was preparing with extraordinary energy to reduce Vicksburg by a combined attack of land and naval forces.

“To prevent this, his expulsion from West Tennessee was a military necessity, while it was our obvious defensive policy to force him across the Ohio, occupy Columbus, and fortify the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. This policy induced General Bragg to move his army into Kentucky, and Van Dorn felt that he could force the enemy out of West Tennessee and contribute to its success.

“Corinth was the enemy’s strongest and most salient point. Its capture would decide the fate of West Tennessee; and the combined forces of Price and Van Dorn in the month of August could have captured Corinth, and have cleared West Tennessee of all hostile forces. When Van Dorn first invited General Price’s co-operation in this enterprise, his command embraced two large divisions under

Breckenridge and Lovell, numbering about twelve thousand infantry, with over one thousand cavalry under Jackson; and he expected to receive about five thousand veteran infantry just exchanged from the Fort Donelson prisoners, in time for the movement. This force, added to General Price's army, would have given an effective active force of over thirty thousand veteran troops; and it is most unfortunate that General Price could not then have consented to unite with General Van Dorn in a movement so auspicious of great results.

"But, as I have told you, Price was constrained by his orders to decline all part in that enterprise until he made his movement to Iuka, after which Price's forces were greatly reduced by the results of the battle, while Van Dorn's were diminished by the detachment of Breckenridge with six thousand men, and by the unexpected delays in fitting out the 'Donelson prisoners' for the field; so that when on the thirtieth of September we marched from Ripley against Corinth, our combined forces were but a little over half of what Van Dorn had justly calculated upon when he first proposed the enterprise. The disastrous results which ensued brought censure upon Van Dorn, and have left a cloud upon his military reputation which I hope the publication of this narrative will aid to dispel. There are few of those who criticised his conduct who knew the great objects he sought to accomplish, or the means with which he proposed to march to a certain and brilliant victory by which the State of Mississippi would have been freed from invasion, and the war would have been transferred beyond the Ohio. Such results justified unusual hazard of battle, and after Van Dorn's forces were reduced by near one-half, he still felt he ought to strike a bold and manly blow for his native State, and did not hesitate to attack the enemy with all the energy and force he could bring to bear upon him.

"We marched from Baldwin to join Van Dorn at Ripley on the morning of the 27th, and our whole effective force was made up of—Maury's division, 4,800; Hebert's division, 5,000; Armstrong's cavalry, 2,000; light artillery, 42 guns.

"We reached Ripley on the evening of the 29th. General Van Dorn, with his staff, was already there. He had sent his cavalry forward to cover our front, and his infantry and artillery, under General Lovell, were close at

hand and marched into Ripley in fine order the day after our arrival.

“On the morning of October 1st our combined forces moved from Ripley to attack the enemy in Corinth. We marched with a total force of nearly nineteen thousand effectives, viz.: Maury's division, about 4,800; Hebert's division, 5,000; Lovell's, 6,000; Armstrong's cavalry, including Jackson's brigade, 2,800.

“Van Dorn threw his cavalry forward so as to mask his movements, and marched directly with his infantry by way of Davis' bridge upon the enemy in Corinth.

“On the evening of October 2d we bivouaced at Chewalla, on the railroad, eight miles west of Corinth. At dawn of the 3d of October we moved from Chewalla to the attack. Jackson had been sent towards Bolivar, where he captured a large regiment of cavalry, and our advance was covered by Armstrong's brigade alone, Wirt Adams' brigade having been detached towards Davis' bridge.

“General Van Dorn was assured that the whole force of the enemy in the works at Corinth numbered about twelve thousand men, and he resolved to assault with all his forces. His purpose was to dismount his cavalry and attack with the whole army, and had he executed this intention in the spirit in which he conceived it, there is not ground for a reasonable doubt of his success.

“Soon after daylight our cavalry became engaged with the enemy's advanced pickets, and forced them back, until, just after crossing to the north side of the railroad, we formed in line of battle. We were then more than three miles from Corinth. Our line was perpendicular to the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Lovell's division was formed on the right (south) of the railroad; Maury's division was formed on the left (north) of the railroad, Moore's brigade touching the left of Lovell's division on the railroad; Cabell's brigade was formed as a reserve behind the left of Maury's division; the Missouri division touched Maury's left; and in this order we moved forward at ten A. M., and soon found ourselves confronted by the enemy's line of battle, which occupied the defences constructed by General Beauregard during the previous spring against the army of Halleck. All the timber covering the slopes which led up to the works had been felled and formed an obstructing *abattis* to our advancing line; but, at the signal to advance, our whole line moved forward, under a heavy fire of artillery.

ry and musketry, across the space which divided us from the enemy, without any check or hesitation, and drove him at every point from his position. We captured five cannon and put the whole force to rout. Our loss was not heavy in men, but we had to mourn the death of Colonel Martin, a young officer commanding the Mississippi brigade, who was killed while gallantly leading his men.

“The divisions of Maury and Hebert, composing the Army of the West, as Price’s corps was designated, continued to advance towards Corinth, preserving an alignment perpendicular to the Memphis and Charleston railroad. We were repeatedly and obstinately encountered by the opposing lines of the enemy, and during the day several fierce combats took place, which necessarily delayed our arrival before the place, but did not cause our troops to lose one foot of the ground we had won.

“During the advance of Price’s corps on this day, the right brigade of Maury’s division was commanded by General John C. Moore, an officer of fine ability and courage. Close on the railroad, but on the south side of it, was an entrenched camp of the enemy. Moore, advancing with his right on the railroad, would have soon been enfiladed by this force, but instantly perceiving his situation, he threw his brigade across the railroad, and attacking the camp, drove the Federals who were occupying it back into their heavy works about College Hill; he then recrossed to the north of the railroad, resumed his position in the line of Maury’s division and soon encountered a Federal brigade, which after a fierce conflict he drove before him into the works of Corinth. The Missouriians and Phiffer’s brigade of Maury’s division were also hotly engaged during this advance, and Cabell’s brigade acting as reserve was repeatedly detached to reinforce such portions of the line north of the railroad as seemed in need of support.

“At sunset the enemy in front of Price’s corps had been driven into the town at every point along our whole front, and these troops had established their line close up to Corinth. After a hot day of incessant action and constant victory, we felt that our prize was just before us, and one more vigorous effort would crown our arms with complete success. Van Dorn felt all this, and wished to storm the town at once, but General Price thought the troops were too much exhausted. They had been marching and fighting since dawn; the day had been one of the hottest of

the year; our men had been without water since morning, and were almost famished; while we were pursuing the enemy from his outer works that morning, several of our men fell from sunstroke, and it was with good reason that General Price opposed further action that evening. He said: 'I think we have done enough for to-day, General, and the men should rest.'

"Van Dorn acquiesced in this, and gave his orders for a general assault in the morning. They were of the simplest nature. At an early hour before dawn, all of the artillery of his army was ordered to open upon the town and works, and at daylight the whole line was to advance and storm them. During the night the enemy was actively moving his trains and baggage out on the roads to the Tennessee river, and all night reinforcements were pouring into Corinth.

"Under the direction of Colonel William E. Burnett, all the artillery of Maury's division, and two of the pieces captured from the enemy added to it, opened upon the enemy in Corinth, and at short range and with good effect cannonaded the place for near two hours before light. The guns of the other divisions did not open. At daylight I withdrew my guns and prepared to assault the town. My line, Moore's and Phiffer's brigades, with Cabell's in reserve, was formed close to the Mobile and Ohio railroad, just on the outskirts of Corinth, and concealed from view of the enemy by the timber which then covered the bottom along the creek. The orders given me were to charge the town as soon as I should observe the fire of the Missourians, who were on my left, change from picket firing to rolling fire of musketry.

"For hours we listened and awaited our signal. Half-past ten o'clock had come before the signal to advance was given. I have never understood the reason for so much delay; but as soon as we began to hear the rolling fire of musketry on the left, Maury's division broke through the screen of timber and into the town, and into the enemy's works. We broke his center; the Missourians moved in line with us. Gates' brigade of Missourians took all of the enemy's artillery to our left, and all along in front of Price's corps the enemy was driven from his guns, and the guns were captured by us. Within about twenty minutes from the time we began our movement our colors were planted in triumph upon the ramparts of Corinth. But it was a brief

triumph, and won at a bloody cost. No charge in the history of the war was more daring or more bloody. From the first moment after leaving the timber the troops were exposed to a most deadly cross-fire; they fell by hundreds, but the line moved on—never faltered for one moment until our colors were placed upon the works. Every State of the Confederacy had representatives in this charge, and well did they illustrate the valor of the Confederate troops. From general to drummer-boy, no one faltered. A color-bearer of an Arkansas regiment was shot down; young Robert Sloan, a boy of the same regiment, scarce eighteen years old, seized the colors and sprang upon the ramparts, waving them over it, and fell pierced with balls while cheering on his comrades. Field-officers fell by scores; more than three thousand of the rank and file were killed, wounded and captured during this fierce assault.

“The whole of Price’s corps penetrated to the centre of the town of Corinth, and was in position to swing around and take the enemy’s left wing in flank and rear, for we were twelve hundred yards in rear of the lines on College Hill, which formed the enemy’s left wing, and against which our right wing south of the Memphis and Charleston railroad had been arrayed. But since ten A. M. of the previous morning our right wing had made no decided advance or attack upon the enemy in its front, and when Rosecranz found his centre broken by our charge, believing the demonstration of our right wing merely a ‘feint,’ he withdrew General Stanley with a heavy force from his left, and threw him against us.

“Disarrayed and torn as our lines were, with more than one-third of our men down, and with many of our best regimental officers killed and wounded, the troops were not ready to meet and repel the fresh troops that now, in fine array, came upon our right flank from the left of the enemy’s works on College Hill and swept us out of the place. Our men fell back in disorder, but sullenly. I saw no man running, but all attempts to rally and reform them, under the heavy fire of the enemy, now in possession again of their artillery, were vain. They marched on towards the timber in a walk, each man taking his own route and obstinately refusing to make any effort to renew the attack; and it was only after we had fallen back beyond the range of the enemy’s fire that any of our organizations were reformed.

“When we returned from the town we found General Van Dorn had ordered Villipigue’s brigade from his right, south of the railroad, to cover our retreat from the town, and it was drawn up in line about one thousand strong, facing the enemy, and about one thousand yards from his works. These troops were in fine order. They had done no fighting. We moved on towards Chewalla again, reorganizing our forces as best we could while we marched along. Our right wing had borne no great part in the fighting, and it was in good order and served now to present a good front towards the enemy. I do not think the enemy was in a condition to pursue and attack us. He had suffered heavily, and had been greatly impressed by the attack of Price’s corps, and it was not until next day that he moved in force to follow us.

“By sunset we were again bivouaced at Chewalla, and busily occupied in reforming our organizations. The flower of our men and officers lay in the environs of Corinth, never more to rejoin their comrades. We had been bloodily repulsed, but Price’s corps had made an honest fight, and lost no honor in the battle. General Van Dorn seemed to feel he had deserved the victory. In a manly spirit he assumed all responsibility for his failure; like General Lee at Gettysburg, he reproached nobody. During the whole battle he was close to his troops about the center of his lines, where the fighting was most active and constant, and not a movement was made without his knowledge and direction, except the capture by General Moore of the entrenched camp of the enemy south of the railroad, which was one of those events of battle that give no time for reference to higher authority, and which illustrate the true genius for war of the executive commander, who, as Moore did, seizes the opportunity they offer.

“It is generally believed that the battle was lost by the inaction of our right wing, which, after the first advance on the morning of the third, made no decided attempt upon the lines in its front. So notable was this inertness that the enemy seems to have considered the attack of that wing merely a feint, which justified him in detaching a large force from his left to reinforce his center, which had been broken and was in great peril. It is altogether probable that had the attack with the right wing been pressed as it was pressed by the center and left, Van Dorn would have captured Corinth and the enemy’s army. The troops which



J. M. Cockrell

made the assault were chiefly Missourians, Arkansans, Texans, Mississippians, Alabamians and Louisianians.

"Soon after daylight on the 4th a battery on the railroad, known as Battery Robinet, which was immediately on my right flank, opened an enfilading fire upon my line, then drawn up near and parallel to the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and ready to begin the assault. I ordered General Moore to place the Second Texas sharpshooters, one of the finest regiments I have ever seen, under the brow of a ridge which ran perpendicular to my line and about two hundred yards from that battery. They reduced its fire very much in a few minutes, and when the order was given to charge, they naturally charged that battery, which was right in their front, though upon our right flank. Colonel W. P. Rodgers and Major Mullen, of this regiment, fell in this work.

"The commanders of divisions and brigades who went into Corinth with the troops, were General Dabney H. Maury, of Virginia, commanding First division; General Martin E. Green, of Missouri, commanding Second division; General John C. Moore, of Tennessee, commanding first brigade of Maury's division; General Wm. S. Cabell, of Virginia, commanding second brigade of Maury's division; General Charles Phiffer, of Mississippi, commanding third brigade of Maury's division; Colonel Elijah Gates, of Missouri, commanding First Missouri Brigade, Green's division; Colonel Cockrell, commanding Second Brigade, Green's division; Colonel Moore, of Mississippi, commanding third brigade, Green's division.

"When, after all was over and the whole of the Army of the West, now reduced to about six thousand men, came out of the town and into the woods through which we had so confidently charged an hour before, generals, colonels, and staff officers in vain endeavored to rally the men. They plodded doggedly along toward the road by which we had marched on the day before, and it was not in any man's power then to form them into line. We found Generals Van Dorn and Price within a few hundred yards of the place, sitting on their horses near each other. Van Dorn looked upon the thousands of men streaming past him with a mingled expression of sorrow and pity. Old General Price looked on the disorder of his darling troops with unmitigated anguish. The big tears coursed down the old man's bronzed face, and I have never witnessed such a pic-

ture of mute despair and grief as his countenance wore when he looked upon the utter defeat of those magnificent troops. He had never before known them to fail, and they never had failed to carry the lines of any enemy in their front; nor did they ever to the close of their noble career at Blakely, on the ninth of April, 1865, fail to defeat the troops before them. I mean no disparagement to any troops of the Southern Confederacy when I say the *Missouri troops of the Army of the West were not surpassed by any troops in the world.*

"In the month of November, 1862, a court of inquiry was convened at Abbeville, Mississippi, to examine into certain allegations made by General John S. Bowen, about the conduct of General Van Dorn during the expedition against Corinth. General Van Dorn was fully acquitted. A very intelligent battery commander, Captain Thomas F. Tobin, now the proprietor of a cotton-press in Memphis, was an important witness on this trial, and we quote from his testimony to show how complete was the first success of the assault on Corinth, and had it been supported, how great and complete would have been the victory.

"Question by the defendant.—First. 'After you were taken prisoner, state if you know if any portion of our army carried the interior works around Corinth. Second. And what troops, if you know them. Third. And also state whether they entered the town. Fourth. And how far they penetrated into it.'

"Answer.—First. 'Yes. Second. General Maury's division, nearly all of it, I think, and the First Missouri Brigade of General Green's division, commanded by Colonel Gates, carried everything before them. Third. And came into Corinth driving everything before them across the high bridge over the Memphis and Charleston railroad and beyond General Polk's old headquarters, which was outside the town. The artillery of the enemy went out as far as General Price's old headquarters. Fourth. Our troops penetrated to the Corinth House and the Tishomingo Hotel, and to the square in front of General Bragg's old headquarters, and into the yard of General Rosecranz's headquarters.'

"Question by defendant.—'State, if you know, any fact tending to show that the enemy anticipated a defeat on the morning of the 4th.'

"Answer.—'I judge that they expected a defeat, from

their having sent all their wagons to the rear, some of which did not get back until Wednesday. They had no ordnance whatever except what they had in the limbers and caissons of their pieces, so I was told; and I was ordered to report at the Tennessee river. I was taken prisoner on Saturday, October 4th, about four A. M., on the road that leads between Forts Williams and Robinet. I was ordered by General Stanley to report at some landing on the Tennessee river, I think it was Hemiling Landing—to General Rosecranz at sunset that evening.

“Colonel Wm. E. Barry, Thirty-fifth Mississippi regiment, of Columbus, was detailed by me to report to General Van Dorn, as commander of the burial party, which was detailed and left by General Van Dorn to discharge this solemn duty. General Rosecranz declined to receive Colonel Barry's command within his lines, but with a rare courtesy explained to General Van Dorn that he was forced to do this by considerations of a proper character, and assured General Van Dorn that ‘every becoming respect should be shown to his dead and wounded.’ It is due to General Rosecranz to say that he made good his promise as to the dead and wounded, of whom we left many hundreds on the field. He had the grave of Colonel Rodgers, who led the Second Texas Sharpshooters, enclosed and marked with a slab, in respect to the gallantry of his charge. Rodgers fell long before Gates called on me to reinforce him, and was buried where he fell, on the edge of the ditch of Battery Robinet.

“Colonel Barry remained near Chewalla, and had an opportunity of counting the force with which Rosecranz pursued us, and he reported it to me at twenty-two thousand men, from which I concluded the force in Corinth must have been about thirty thousand men when we attacked the place on the 4th of October. The combined effective forces of Van Dorn and Price, including all arms, numbered on the morning of the 2d of October about eighteen thousand six hundred men. Jackson's cavalry was detached towards Bolivar; it numbered about one thousand effectives. Whitfield's (Texas) Legion was left to guard Davis' bridge, and numbered about five hundred effectives. Wirt Adams' brigade, one thousand effectives, was also detached, to guard the approaches from Bolivar. Bledsoe's battery was detached, with six guns and about one hundred and twenty men. The force which actually assaulted Corinth on Octo-

ber 4th (*Price's corps only*) did not exceed nine thousand effectives.

"I think this battle illustrated the superior *elan* of Confederate troops.

"The outer defences of Corinth had, in the spring of 1872, held Halleck's great army before them for six weeks; and although the Confederate army holding those works was not half so strong as the Federal army under Halleck, he never dared to attack us.

"In October, 1862, we found these conditions all reversed. Those same works were then held by a Federal army, which we believed to equal or exceed ours in number; yet we did not hesitate to attack them, and with no more delay than was necessary to form our line of battle. We marched upon those entrenchments without check or hesitation, and carried them in just the time necessary for us to traverse, at quick step, the space which divided our opposing lines.

"I have been careful to state correctly the force with which we made this attack, because of the gross misrepresentations which have so often been made of the opposing Confederate and Federal armies during the late war. The school histories of the United States are replete with this sort of disparagement of the Confederate armies. In one of their histories I have recently seen a statement of Van Dorn's army at Corinth, at the exaggerated number of forty thousand effectives. As you know, it very rarely happened to any Confederate general to lead so many of our troops against the enemy; and had Van Dorn led half so many against the inner works of Corinth, and made them all fight as Price's corps did, we would have captured Rosecranz's army.

"No commander of the Federal armies evinced more tenacity and skill than did General Rosecranz during this battle. He was one of the ablest of the Union generals, and his moderation and humanity in the conduct of war kept pace with his courage and skill. Our dead received from him all the care due brave men who fell in manly warfare, and our wounded and prisoners who fell into his hands attest his soldierly courtesy."

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE OF CORINTH, CONTINUED—LOSSES, INCIDENTS AND PERSONALS.

AS a *quasi*-official report, General Maury's account of the battle of Corinth is complete; but sometimes the bravest deeds and noblest actions are unknown to the commander, and go unrecorded by history. In such desperate encounters as occurred on the *glacis* north of Corinth every man was a hero. The charge of the first day, through the dense *abattis*, too well constructed by Beauregard, where all semblance of line was lost, the field officers riding around trees, jumping their horses over them or dismounting to lift aside heavy branches, and the men dodging under, climbing over, struggling through or running around the many obstructions, under a continual deadly and persistent fire from Minie rifle, Parrot gun, and grape and canister shot, was simply sublime!

When the Missourians at last reached the clear ground, no man waited for his comrade, or to dress himself to any alignment, but rushed at once at the foe. In twos and threes they clambered over the breastworks, followed by dozens and hundreds. The astonished Yankees declared they were "drunk," and, doubtless disgusted by such conduct, departed for the rear with a speed that would have done credit to Weston's fastest feats.

In the mean time the mounted officers, who had been necessarily more delayed in the passage, came galloping up the hill, waving hats and swords, essaying to ride over the steep and soft ascent of the parapets, a few succeeding, some failing and sliding back with their horses into the ditch, while others coolly dismounted, hitched their steeds, and then at the keen run of a foot-race, followed their shouting squadrons. One of the men, seated on a captured cannon, wiping the perspiration from his brow, greeted his

commander, when he came up panting and blowing, with:

“Well, Colonel, you mounted fellows are tolerably useful in camp, and serve a good purpose on the drill ground but we don't need you much in a fight.”

“No, I'll swear you don't,” gasped the officer, “and you boys can out-run the devil when you are after a Fed.”

“You bet we can!”

In this assault the First Brigade captured five splendid twenty-four pound brass howitzers, belonging to the first Missouri Federal battery, but the horses having all been killed and the other pieces dismounted or disabled, but one could be utilized. There was also taken a thirty-two pound rifled Parrot gun, with “Lady Richardson” painted on the carriage, to which were attached six sleek, beautiful, coal-black horses, who were immediately enlisted into the rebel service.

As soon as the lines were re-arranged the advance continued through a dense underbrush, until a portion of General Hebert's division obliques too far to the right, infringing upon the Second Missouri Brigade, and completely covering the First. In this condition the Second, under General Green, encountered the main force of the enemy, posted in a strong position, and a furious combat ensued, which was nobly sustained by Green's men with an unflinching and unparalleled obstinacy, until Col. Gates was informed of the situation, and rapidly moved the First Brigade around to the left of the Second. The two Brigades halted but a moment to rectify their fronts, when they once more advanced upon the enemy, driving him back, and when they halted were within four hundred yards of the centre of the town of Corinth, and of General Rosecranz's headquarters.*

Finding they were some distance ahead of the other forces and occupying an isolated position in front of the general lines of Van Dorn's army, they paused for further orders from General Hebert, who commanded the division. None came, and Colonel Gates sent Major Hubbell, of the Third Missouri infantry, who was unable, although

* Covell's Diary, p. 143.

diligently searching, to find that officer. By some unaccountable mistake, Hebert's old brigade, commanded by Colonel Moore, of Mississippi, had been moved to the left, unflanking General Moore's Tennessee brigade and leaving in the line a long undefended gap.* Through this unfortunate interstice a brigade of reinforcements to the enemy, just arrived, passed, crossing the Mobile and Ohio railroad and getting completely in the rear of the First Missouri Brigade. Their object was to capture all Price's artillery which had been placed in battery on a little ridge directly behind the position so stubbornly defended by General Green, from which, as related, the Missourians had driven the enemy and were at that moment pursuing—leaving the artillery unprotected, or thrown upon their own resources for protection—and which turned out to be amply effective. Wade, Landis, Guibor, Bledsoe, and the other battery commanders perceived their danger but receded not an inch, opening with all their guns at once and spicing every shot with noisy Missouri yells, they drove the enemy back in confusion, and remained masters of the situation.

It was nearly sunset before any orders were received by Colonel Gates from General Hebert, and *then* it was to withdraw from his advanced position and form a line on the railroad. The Missourians, and indeed all his division, were exceedingly denunciatory of the conduct of this officer, the many truculent remarks made not needing repetition here. General Price, however, as soon as he was informed, ordered General Hebert to turn the command of the division over to General Green and retire to the rear. Colonel Cockrell was then placed in command of the Second Brigade. Not a doubt remains upon my mind but that if General Hebert had been in his place and the Missouri Brigades properly supported by a simultaneous advance, Corinth would have been captured before dark that evening. The enemy were sadly demoralized, ready to fly in every direction and hopeless of any success in staying our career except that which might be afforded by the strengthening of their breastworks and the arrival of the heavy

reinforcements who poured in upon them during the night. It was now nearly dark. The division, which included the Missouri brigades, commanded by General Green, was about a mile from the town, with the Mobile and Ohio railroad running through a dense skirt of woods immediately in front, the left of it extending some distance down it. General Maury's command was formed upon its right and facing the town, while Lovell was held in reserve. For a quarter of a mile the woods extended upon and from the railroad, and beyond was a large body of cleared land, from which the fencing had been removed, and nothing stood upon the ground except a few scattering trees. Stretching through this plain, and at the distance of six hundred yards from the woods were the Federal breast-works.

General Maury's position upon the right was nearer the town, and the ground in his front was of a different nature; the clearing near the works was not so wide, and tall clumps of trees were interspersed here and there, where the ground was somewhat broken; near the ramparts, however, the surface was smooth and unobstructed; the fortifications were strong—in the highest degree defensible.

Captain T. B. Wilson's company of the Second Missouri infantry, and Captain Caniff's, of the Fifth, were thrown forward as skirmishers, to discover and drive out any of the enemy's sharpshooters who might still be lurking under the shelter of the woods. Advancing as far as the railroad, two of Wilson's company descried a Federal lying in a culvert, through which a small branch, now almost dry, found its passage. They forthwith presented their pieces and ordered him to come out and surrender, which he was not slow in doing; but it seemed he was not alone, and one after another came out, on all fours, until the number reached eleven, and while delivering up their arms and accoutrements, their statement was that they had resorted to this hiding-place for safety.

The skirmishers continued to advance; night, however, was coming on, and only a portion of them had reached the lower edge of the open ground, when they were ordered

to halt and fall back near the line of the railroad and there to establish their position for the night.

The line of battle of Green's division for the night was formed along the railroad, and the troops slept with their harness on—their arms ready at a moment's call. A little after dark the whistle of locomotives, combined with the jarring sound of rolling cars, announced the arrival of trains, and the protracted cheers of their soldiers gave convincing evidence of the presence of reinforcements to the enemy. Shortly afterwards the low shuffling sounds of marching infantry, and the commands of the officers, were distinctly heard, as they moved down and formed upon the edge of the open field in our front. The voice of a colonel was plainly heard commanding his regiment to give three cheers, which were given, but not with any great enthusiasm. The commands, deploying their skirmishers, were very clear, and the tramp and breaking of the brush were also distinct, as they advanced into the woods. They halted before coming upon us. Several other trains came in during the night, and, on the arrival of each, repeated cheers announced still additional reinforcements.

The artillery in town shelled the woods around our position at intervals during the night, but with little or no effect. Landis' battery also fired occasionally upon the town. The range, however, was long, and our other batteries of lighter guns could not be brought to bear with any considerable effect.

Day finally broke, and soon after the sun rose bright and clear, while the artillery thundered from the town, and ours replied in deep and muttering peals. Skirmishing began now between our own and the enemy's sharpshooters. Both parties kept well concealed behind trees and other shelter, at the distance of seventy-five or a hundred yards apart; but the woods were overgrown to such an extent with high weeds, trailing vines and other foliage, that an occasional glimpse of a blue coat shifting his hiding place, or the flash and smoke of the guns, were all that was discernable. Now and then their line would advance rapidly fifteen or twenty paces, firing as they came, to feel our position and ascer-

tain the exact situation. Whenever visible they were subjected to a well-directed fire, and never showed themselves but a moment at a time. The skirmishing and artillery firing continued until nine o'clock, when the general charge was ordered. A wild cheer rose from the troops up near the town, and ran like electricity along the line, which at once moved forward to the attack. Advancing a little distance into the plain, it paused for an instant, and for a moment reviewed the works and contemplated the most accessible point of assault. Cockrell, waving his sword, and pointing it to the grim mouths of the artillery, which was blazing in full view, said :

“Forward, my boys; we must capture that battery.”

The scene was one in which a single glance comprehended all that in battle is sublime, grand, and terrible. The fortifications in front were gay with streaming banners, defiant with glittering bayonets and bristling cannon. Sixty pieces of artillery opened at once. The very earth shook; the plain was swept with every conceivable projectile; round-shot ploughed up the ground, raising volumes of dust; shells went shrieking above and around, exploding and filling the earth and air with their deadly contents. A perfect tornado of grape and canister came whizzing and pouring upon us, and, as we neared the works in the face of this storm, the rattle of musketry and the hissing of Minie balls were added to the already murderous character and spirit of the hour.

Through this hurricane and torrent of fire our line advanced at a double-quick, and charged the intrenchments with the bayonet. The infantry was driven out, flying through the field beyond the works. Many of the artillerymen were shot down or captured at the pieces; others, leaving their guns, retreated hastily with the infantry. The whole line of works in front of the First and Second Missouri Brigades, and extending for some distance down towards the town on the right, was captured. The attack of Green's division was completely successful, and forty pieces of artillery were in their possession.*

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 236.

Says Covell in his "Diary," page 148:

"Never was there such an unearthly din, never such a storm of shot, shell and Minie balls poured upon the heads of any body of soldiery, as was showered upon the ranks of the devoted Missourians.

"Cabell's reserve brigade, under orders from General Maury, had just begun to move up to the support of the division, when Ben Von Phul, a private in Wade's battery, who had been detailed by Colonel Gates to act as one of his aids, dashed up in front of the men and shouted, 'Colonel Gates has captured forty guns, but cannot hold them unless you reinforce him at once—follow me!' and wheeling his horse he dashed back towards the point occupied by the Missouri troops, leading Cabell's brigade. When they got within one hundred yards of the position they found the men falling back; they were out of ammunition and were compelled to give way.

"But they faltered not, nor halted until the works were captured and the task assigned them accomplished. Then they planted their standards on the parapets, gave a tremendous yell, and again commenced fighting like devils. No wonder the Yankees said they were *drunk* or *mad*."

The entire battle had been fought by Maury's and Green's divisions, the right wing under General Lovell taking but little part in the action. Whole brigades of his six thousand men did not strike a blow nor fire a shot. The right wing persisted in its inaction. On the first day General Lovell hung back, and failed to burst a cap—his ill-timed caution kept his men out of the range of danger, and that same "rascally virtue," as Charles Lee characterized it to General Washington, held them idle when we might have been victorious all along our line.

At one time Maury's division and Green's had both taken all the guns in their fronts, and if Lovell had advanced when the rest were in Corinth, they would have held all taken, and the day would have been gained. With but little dissent, the opinion of the participants and the verdict of history is that the loss of the battle of Corinth and the unnecessary slaughter of the brave Missourians was mainly owing to the misconduct of General Lovell and the inaction of the right wing.

It was the first time the Missourians had ever been defeated in a direct charge, and as General Price saw it, he exclaimed, "My God! my boys are running!" and then, as if talking to himself, while the tears filled his eyes, he added, "How could they do otherwise—they had no support—they are nearly all killed!" In vain did General Van Dorn compliment him upon their dauntless valor and the knightly manner in which they had accomplished the task set before them; in vain was he assured that they would have retained the victory they had conquered, had Lovell's division supported them as Van Dorn had ordered—he could only answer by pointing to the bloody ramparts of Corinth, where so many of "his boys" had been left.

During the campaign, including the subsequent encounters on the Hatchie, the Confederates captured seven pieces of artillery and lost five.

We had five hundred and ninety-four killed, and lost two thousand one hundred and sixty-two wounded, and two thousand one hundred and two prisoners, a total of four thousand, eight hundred and fifty-eight. Ours being the besieging party, we were the greater sufferers, the Federals only losing in killed and wounded two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven, and three hundred prisoners.

During the final charge the color-bearer of the Third Missouri Infantry was knocked down by a grapeshot, when Sergeant James H. Barger, of Company E, seized the colors, carried them about seventy-five yards to the entrenchments, scaled the parapet, went over on the side nearest the Yankees, and coolly and deliberately planted them there, while a myriad of bullets were flying around his head. Here he remained, loading and firing until he was disabled by a wound in the hip.*

Lieutenant Gillespie, of the second infantry regiment, was among the first in the works immediately in its front, and met face to face an artilleryman who was in the very act of firing his piece, but was prevented by the Lieutenant, who rushed upon and disarmed him just in time to prevent the discharge.†

*Covell's Diary, p. 152.

† Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 240.

Colonel James A. Pritchard, the gallant commander of the Third Missouri Infantry, fell on the fortifications at the head of his men.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gause had been temporarily disabled, and Major Hubbell took charge of the regiment. Captain Covell thus records it:

“A few minutes after we had captured the enemy’s works, Colonel Pritchard, our noble commander, a braver man than whom never lived, was struck in the left shoulder by a Minie ball, completely disabling his arm, and literally crushing the bones of his shoulder. I was standing by his side when he was hit, and heard him exclaim, ‘My God, I am shot! boys, take me off the field—don’t let me fall into the hands of the Yankees;’ at the same time he grasped his left wrist with his right hand, whilst a look of intense pain flitted over his stern countenance. As he left he said, ‘Boys, do your duty;’ *and we did it!*”

His dying request was loyally complied with; he was carefully removed with the army, but died at Coffeyville, Mississippi, from erysipelas, on the 20th of October. He was one of the most popular commanders in the First Missouri Brigade—his men were devoted to him, felt his loss acutely, as that of a friend, and mourned him sincerely:

CAMP NEAR LUMPKIN’S MILL, MISS., NOV. 2, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers of the Third Regiment Missouri Volunteers, held November 2d, 1862, relative to the death of Colonel James A. Pritchard, who died October 20th, 1862, from a wound received at Corinth, October 4th, 1862, Colonel W. R. Gause was called to the chair and Captain J. K. McDowell appointed secretary. A committee of six, consisting of Captains W. P. McIlvain, A. C. Smith, Thomas G. Lowery, T. J. Patton, J. C. McDowell, and Chaplain G. W. Rogers, were appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting. The committee, through the chairman, Rev. G. W. Rogers, reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an Allwise God to remove from our midst our much esteemed and gallant Colonel J. A. Pritchard, of the Third Missouri Volunteers, who died near Coffeyville, Mississippi, October 20th, 1862, from a wound received at Corinth, October 4th, 1862; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That in his death we recognize the mysterious workings of that overruling Providence which holds in its control the destinies of men and nations, and that we humbly submit to it, knowing that its workings are just and will work together for our good if we love God.

2nd, That the regiment has lost an able commander, whose loss is irreparable; the cause of the South an able defender, a true Christian patriot and as brave a soldier as ever unsheathed his sword.

3rd, That we do sincerely sympathize with his bereaved wife in her sore affliction and would with her lift our hearts to the Great High Priest, Jesus Christ, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities and who intercedes for us.

4th, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that the badge also be worn upon the regimental colors.

5th, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his wife, a copy be spread upon the regimental record, and a copy be sent to the Memphis *Appeal* for publication.

On motion adjourned. Col. W. R. GAUSE, *Pres.*

J. K. McDOWELL, *Secretary.*

The following pathetic lines to his memory, by James Bradley, a member of his command, will find a place in the hearts of each survivor of the First Missouri Brigade. They were first published in the *Army Argus*, and reprinted in the *Advance*, of Liberty, Missouri:

COLONEL PRITCHARD.

The Autumn leaves have fallen,
The Summer rose has gone;
So fell our noble Colonel,
The brave, the gallant one,
Upon the field of Corinth;
He fell—ever brave and true,
Sternly charging on the foe,
Obedient to his high *devoir*.

He stood with us at Springfield,
Where patriots fought and died;
And again at Lexington,
With honor by his side;
And on Elkhorn's bloody field,
Where Freedom's sons fell full fast,
He firmly stood, or led on,
The foremost to face the blast.

Iuka, too, we remember well,
 How there he most nobly stood
 Against the cowering foe,
 On field of flowing blood;
 And, alas! at Corinth fell—
 A bright flower of noble fame
 Who long shall bear—
 Tho' gone from us—a hero's name.

Now bring the fairest, loveliest flowers,
 And strew them 'round his tomb;
 Embalm his name with truth
 Of bright and brilliant bloom;
 Let his wife weep no more,
 But wipe those sorrowing tears away,
 For him she loved shall wear
 The crown of an immortal day.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM HATCHIE RIVER TO GRAND GULF—WINTER QUARTERS— DEPARTURE OF GENERAL PRICE.

PRICE'S corps of Van Dorn's retreating army moved leisurely and deliberately away from the bloody field of Corinth, halted at the same place where they had bivouaced on the night before the battle, cooked their suppers and one day's rations and composed themselves on beds of leaves beneath the overarching trees to slumber as soundly and as refreshingly as though no enemy were in all the land.

Early on the next morning (October 5th) they were started for Davis' bridge on the Hatchie river, proposing to cross before the enemy could reach it. General Van Dorn had left this bridge unoccupied save by a small cavalry force under Wirt Adams. After the first day's fight he had ordered the entire army train on to Corinth, and was so con-

fidant of victory that, like "Mad Anthony Wayne's" report to President Washington, he left open no line of retreat.

The Missouri Brigades marched sullenly and steadily along for some three miles, when repeated halts began to take place, admonishing them that something was going wrong in front—they were not left long in suspense as to the cause—the sullen roar of distant artillery explained it. Simultaneously a rush from the rear and then a facing about—the roll of small arms and the resounding discharges of cannon, informed them that they were assailed on both sides—the only avenue of retreat sternly contested, the river before them elsewhere impassible to an army, and a victorious enemy, flushed with success, thundering in their rear.

The brave Missourians soon received the order they anticipated, hurrying them forward to the point where the greatest danger impended. They advanced rapidly towards the head of the column, soon passed over the Tombigbee river, and a little distance beyond came upon the wagon and surplus artillery train corraled in a field of bottom land. It had been parked here ready for the destructive torch should it be found impossible to extricate it from its perilous position.

The fierce combats of the preceding days, combined with their present condition, clothed the countenances of the teamsters, non-combatants and camp-followers in sombre and cheerless looks of gloom. Their uncertain fates were shadowed with the lowering clouds of treacherous warfare. The army seemed completely hemmed in. Generals Hurlbut, Ord and Veitch, with three divisions of Federal infantry and five thousand cavalry, had advanced by forced marches, from Jackson, Tennessee, and covered every approach to the solitary crossing of Davis' bridge. Strong batteries of artillery were commandingly posted on the opposite banks, their cavalry flanked every outlying ford, their sharpshooters decimated every reconnoissance, and Van Dorn saw before him the like situation as that which confronted Bonaparte on the bridge of Lodt.

Phiffer's and Martin's brigades had made a most gallant charge over the bridge, but while they were forming on the farther side, and before all had effected a crossing, the enemy came down upon them with a completely overwhelming force, and drove them back with disastrous defeat into the river, where some were drowned, a large number killed, and the remainder escaped only by swimming the stream. This was quickly followed by the approach of the Federals, who in turn crossed the river, formed promptly on the hither bank, and at once commenced their advance.

At this juncture the Missourians, panting from over-exertion, double-quickened upon the scene of action, deployed by file on the run into line of battle, threw out their skirmishers, and presented so bold a front that Hurlbut's onward career was abruptly checked. The Missourians were barely formed when a demoralized brigade of Mississippians, who had not been in that action, became panic stricken and rushed towards the rear.

Cockrell and several of our officers appealed to them in vain—they passed through our lines and disappeared in the direction of the wagon train. This brigade had fought with distinguished bravery the day before at Corinth, but their failure there, the loss of their most trusted officers, and the conspicuous lack of discipline rendered them unreliable in the hour of reverse.

For two hours or more Hurlbut was held in check—the battle being confined to the cannon and the skirmish line—when General Price ordered a retreat of four hundred yards at a time, each halt being accompanied with a speedy formation of the battle line. During this time three regiments of Kentuckians from Rusk's brigade came up to form a part of the rear guard—came in perfect order, shoulder to shoulder, marching in the finest military style, and forming in line of battle with martial precision and address. They were welcomed with a glad shout; there was no mistaking the mettle of those men; their assistance was needed, and they were greeted like brave men greet brothers in arms. For some time each ear had been strained to catch the sound of every fresh report from the rear. The

dull, heavy booming of rapidly firing cannon and the startling roll of musketry pealed sharply out from the direction of that same Tombigbee bridge towards Corinth, over which the army had crossed in the morning. It was manifest that we were attacked by heavy forces, in both front and rear, each stronger than our entire command—caught in a *cul de sac* between two rivers and two armies, encumbered with a large train and with no line of escape allowed us.

Again it was a Missourian who saved the army, drove back the victorious Rosecranz and gave time for the withdrawal which was subsequently effected. General Bowen had been placed in charge of the rear guard and to resist the advance from Corinth. He was stubbornly fighting over every foot of ground, and availing himself of every hill and obstacle to check the advance of the foe. Forming a line in ambush with the First Missouri and the Twenty-first and Second Mississippi regiments, and masking a section of artillery, he allowed the enemy to approach within close range, when the artillery unmasked, opening with a fire of grape and canister, and at the same time the three regiments charged with the bayonet. Our troops acted with the greatest gallantry, and drove back the hostile column in utter confusion; and thus the fight kept up until night and darkness enveloped the field.*

During this time Price's retreat was slowly continued, facing about and savagely resenting each cautious assault, and although every soldier in the Missouri Brigades fully appreciated the desperate strait in which the army was placed, not one hesitated in his duty or flinched in its discharge.

During this critical time "Generals Van Dorn and Lovell (I quote from Captain Covell's Diary, page 155) rode out together and consulted for a few minutes, and then sent for General Price. General Van Dorn turned the command over to him, telling him to extricate the army, if possible, from its dangerous position, and save, if he could, the train and artillery. Having done this, he

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 243.

immediately rode off and left General Price to perform the task."

I give this quotation. I can neither verify nor deny it. My only authority for it is the Diary referred to. We do know, however, that, through General Price's inquiries, an old and unused road was discovered, upon which the trains and army were immediately placed. In this connection Anderson says: *

"Our commanding generals had been studying the ground and taxing their ingenuity, in order to withdraw the army and train safely out of this trap; no other bridge was on the river above for a long distance, and we were hemmed in below by the forks of the two streams. The longer we were delayed in our present position the greater would be the force of the enemy concentrated around us, and it might soon reach three times our number; the numerical resources of the Federal commander far exceeded ours. Though not in good condition for fighting—though encumbered with wounded, and very much broken down with fatigue and hard service, it was necessary for us to fight promptly, boldly and desperately, if no other way of escape should offer.

"Under these circumstances an obscure road was discovered, leading off between the two streams, and striking the river about five miles below, at a mill; though there was neither bridge nor ford here, yet there was a dam across the river and a quantity of puncheons and logs at the mill. A temporary bridge was constructed upon the dam with puncheons, logs, rocks and small timber, and the train was moved forward to this crossing. Our command reached the mill about nine o'clock at night, and found that a large portion of the train had already succeeded in getting over. Every few minutes something was knocked to pieces about the hastily constructed bridge; General Price was present, attending in person to keeping it in repair. As we passed over a wagon knocked down some of the puncheons, and the General, standing on the opposite bank, immediately called out for some of the boys to halt and assist in righting them. Several of us volunteered immediately and replaced the slabs, and the General himself assisted in throwing the heavy rocks upon them to hold them in place. His whole soul appeared to be in the work, and, when it

* "Memoirs," page 243.

was done, he straightened himself from his stooping posture, remarking, 'Well done, boys; now stand back and let the train pass.'

By one at night the entire army was across, and the march was continued without any further molestation from the enemy. The Federals were amazed; how it was possible for the Confederate army to escape from the meshes in which they were encoiled they were unable to comprehend; the odds had been so great, each repulse so pronounced, and every circumstance so adverse, that General Price's common sense was elevated into the plane of genuine genius.

The retreat was continued uninterrupted, to a point six miles from Holly Springs, Mississippi, where the exhausted veterans pitched their tents and rested.

After a campaign of unaccountable blunders in the advance and execution and extraordinary success in the withdrawal and retreat—ably conceived but miserably marred by mistakes of detail—bright with promise as planned by the leaders—glorious from the deeds of valor and endurance it evoked, but condemned to utter and complete failure; the remnants of the gallant army halted for reorganization on the thirteenth of October with its stores, material, supplies, *prestige* intact—nothing lost or left behind save those many noble comrades who had been left in soldiers' graves or stricken down on hospital couches.

Camp Pritchard, designated thus as a tribute to that esteemed officer, was pleasantly situated upon the sloping, grass-covered ridge of a beautiful woodland, close by a clear stream of purling water and shaded by towering trees.

Brigadier-General John S. Bowen was transferred from Lovell's command to Price's corps, bringing with him the First Missouri regiment of infantry, and on the twentieth assumed command of the division which had been in charge of General Martin E. Green.

General Bowen ordered the First and Third Missouri cavalry and the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Arkansas regiments of infantry to be organized into a brigade under command of Colonel Gates, and

called the First Brigade; and the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments of Missouri infantry to be organized into another brigade under command of General Green, and called the Second Brigade. This caused great dissatisfaction among both officers and men, and an appeal was taken by the former to General Price, who requested General Bowen to rescind the obnoxious order and directed that the name of the First Missouri Brigade should be restored to its rightful claimants, and that the Arkansas regiments with the First and Third Missouri cavalry should constitute the Second Brigade and be placed under command of General Green. Colonel F. M. Cockrell, for the first time, assumed command of the First Missouri Brigade.

The First and Fourth Missouri infantry consolidated and by agreement Archibald MacFarlane, of the Fourth, was chosen Colonel and A. C. Riley, Colonel of the First, was made Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonel MacFarlane, a talented and most gallant officer, had been severely wounded at Corinth, and Riley therefore continued in command of the joint regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Gause succeeded the lamented Pritchard in command of the Third, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pembroke Sentency was placed in charge of the Second, while Colonel Cockrell was acting as brigadier.

While in camp near Holly Springs the Missourians were stimulated into unwonted and angry excitement, by the rumor that Generals Lovell and Tighlman had reported to the President of the Confederate States "that Price's army was an armed mob, without drill or discipline, unsoldierly in appearance and equipments, and withal a disgrace to the service," and that President Davis had ordered Van Dorn to review those troops and report as to their discipline, efficiency and general bearing. I do not pretend to assert the truth of the report—it was current in and believed by the First Brigade—and a grand review was had on the twenty-third of October. General Van Dorn carefully reviewed the Missourians, closely inspected their accoutrements, noticed their appearance, drill and discipline, and reported thus to General Price and the President:

“I have attended reviews of the armies of Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston, and also in the old United States service, and I have never seen a finer looking body of men, nor of more soldierly appearance and efficiency, nor have I ever witnessed better drill or discipline in any army since I have belonged to the military service.” This endorsement was certainly comprehensive but not one whit exaggerated.

Shortly after this, Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton assumed command of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, Lovell was relieved by order of the President, and Van Dorn placed at the head of the cavalry.

The tardy approach of General Grant at the head of the Federal army necessitated a falling back on the 9th of November to Abbeville, where extensive and elaborate fortifications were constructed, to the excessive annoyance of the men, who never ceased detesting the shovel and the pickaxe. The officers of the First Brigade, however, took time to hold a meeting and pass resolutions justly denunciatory of the brutal conduct of the Federal General McNeil at Palmyra, Missouri, to which I have heretofore referred, and demanding from the Confederate Government retaliatory measures.

In the very commencement of his administration of the affairs of this department, the confidence of his men in General Pemberton's military capacity was sorely shaken. A column of Federals under General Steele moved from Helena on his left and came near surprising and flanking him, while Grant was pressing down from the north with his main army. In an all-day's fight with the advance of the latter, almost unsupported, Biedsoe's battery won unlimited encomiums for its skillful management and the pluck and bravery of its men.

On the 20th of November the entrenchments at Abbeville were evacuated, and through everlasting mud and a flood of rain the army toiled to Grenada, their rear protected by General Maury's division, a stunning check having been administered to the enemy's advance by the brave Kentuckians under Tighlman.

The army took position at Grenada, so as to check any advance from the direction of Helena; Van Dorn, with four thousand cavalry, was hovering in the rear of the strong force coming from the line of the Tallahatchie. The principal depot of the army moving under the command of General Grant, was at Holly Springs, and from that point its chief supplies were drawn. It was guarded by between three and four thousand Federal troops, and the line of communication was maintained and protected by a proportionate, and what was deemed an adequate force. The object of General Van Dorn was to strike a blow that would arrest the progress of the enemy, and, if possible, compel his retreat. The opportunity soon presented, and, promptly availing himself of it, he dashed into Holly Springs and captured the whole Federal command stationed there, together with all the stores and supplies collected at that point. These were immediately destroyed, and a large amount of United States currency was brought off, found in the paymaster's department, which had been located there, convenient to the invading army. This master-stroke determined the issue of the campaign; the enemy was forced to retreat, and as the main army was compelled to fall back, an attack from towards Helena was no longer probable, and if made in the present position of affairs, could be readily met and defeated.*

The winter-quarters camp was then established, named after Rogers, the gallant Texan who fell at Corinth with his regimental colors in his hand, and soon the cabins, huts, shanties, and banked-up tents assumed the appearance of a village with regular streets and the busy scenes of peaceful life, occasionally beamed upon by the fair ladies of Grenada and the vicinity.

On the 24th of December the army was united to be reviewed by President Davis, Generals Price, Johnston, Pemberton, Loring, and others. The First Brigade were clothed in their new uniforms of gray striped by blue, and presented a fine appearance that won the heart of the Chief Magistrate and wreathed General Price's broad face

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 251.

with sunny smiles. Every regiment greeted the former with a Missouri yell—a cross between an Indian war-whoop and a Yankee huzzah—to which the quiet, intellectual, pale-faced, broad-foreheaded chieftain replied by facing the colors and bowing low, with uncovered head, and with undisguised satisfaction and pleasure. As the official cavalcade passed, one veteran Missourian screamed out, “Three tigers for Jo. Johnston!” which were given with a vim. The old general paused, laughed aloud, and thanked the “boys” with the easy cordiality of an old campaigner.

As a consequence of this Presidential visit, among many other movements, General Van Dorn was ordered to report, with nearly all the cavalry of this department, to General Bragg, at Tullahoma, thus stripping Pemberton of this important arm of the service—almost a necessity in this widely extended field of his command. Captain Houston King’s Missouri battery (the one formerly known as Churchill Clark’s) accompanied Van Dorn.

General Grant, finding it impossible to advance in Pemberton’s front, and keep open his base on the Mississippi Central railroad, withdrew his entire army in that direction, and sat down in front of Vicksburg, with the immense gunboat, mortar and naval fleet of Admiral Porter as his most important auxiliary. This, of course, resulted in various wearisome counter movements on the part of the Confederate army, finally culminating in the establishment of the fortified camp at Grand Gulf, on the 12th day of February, 1863.

General Bowen assumed command of the First Brigade with the First and Third Missouri Cavalry still in the Second Brigade, under General Green, but the former being the ranking officer, was shortly after relegated to the command of the division, when Colonel Cockrell was again placed at the head of the First.

On the 27th of January General Price had returned from Richmond after an absence of some weeks, and made a most feeling speech to the Missourians, in which he informed them that he had solicited and obtained orders to assume command of the Trans-Mississippi Department,

whither he was going, and that the Secretary of War promised that they should soon follow him. The tears filled the old general's eyes, and the hearts of the men were sad, for they truthfully apprehended, notwithstanding his cheering words, that it might be a long time ere they would again follow the banner under which they had endured so much and had achieved so many successes. I quote again from Anderson.*

"This is the last time I shall have occasion to mention our noble old chief. From this period our destinies were cast in different spheres. It is not within the design of this work to give an account of gallant attempts afterwards made to recover a foothold in the State, and the conspicuous part taken by him and the brave army under his command at Helena, the Saline and other battlefields, in which their honor and devotion were maintained and illustrated. I have done with this great and magnanimous captain, this stainless, undefiled and devoted patriot—Missouri's brightest star and purest jewel. He is to-day looked upon proudly by the mass of her people, and loved, honored and admired by every one of her true-hearted sons that marched under his command." †

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAMP ON THE BAYOU—IN THE SWAMPS—THE BOMBARDMENT,
APRIL 29TH, 1863.

THE camp of the First Missouri Brigade was very pleasantly situated, about two miles from what had once been the little city of Grand Gulf. The scenery around was beautiful and picturesque, though the town was nothing now but a mass of ruins. The charred walls, black-

* "Memoirs," page 261.

† Since the above was written, General Price has died. His death occurred in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 29th of September, 1867. His funeral was largely attended, and the obsequies were imposing. The funeral of Mrs. Price, wife of the General's son, Celsus, took place at the same time and from the same church.

ened chimneys and isolated pillars were all that was left, except two solitary houses, of that once flourishing little city, which once contained probably two thousand inhabitants. Some twelve months before, it had been visited by naval vessels of the Federal fleet, then cruising in the river, and laid in ashes, scarcely anything whatever being removed from the houses. The residences along the suburbs, with two exceptions, were also destroyed by the torch of the invader

Grand Gulf is very appropriately named. Nature has touched with a master's hand the striking and beautiful scenery around; the promontory and magnificent conical hills overlooking the town and river, the grand natural causeways, the deep flowing ravines, the gulf above, and stretching below to Rodney, and some distance into Louisiana, on the opposite shore, are prominent features of the landscape.

Upon a narrow strip of bottom between the bluff and the river had been situated the business portion of the town, while most of the residences had stood along the side of the bluff or on the declivities of the hills where the grounds were still ornamented with relics of wealth and refinement, beautiful flower-gardens in full bloom, scattering summer-houses and shady groves, now the sole representatives of the once spacious and happy domiciles. Big Black river flows into the Mississippi just above, and the confluence forms that sheet of water known as the Gulf, while the larger stream sweeps gracefully around, and washes the foot of the promontory which juts out against the two opposing currents.

Here upon the lowest declivity of this point and about twenty feet above the surface of the water, our heaviest battery was mounted, protected by substantial earthworks. Extending some distance to the left of the battery, down the river, and running at the base of the cliffs, in front of the landing, was a line of well constructed rifle pits, probably half a mile or more in length. Small field-pieces were scattered along in the rear of this work, and near the terminus, about two hundred yards from the lower end, another heavy

battery, containing three siege-pieces, was also erected. This, and the whole of the field-artillery, were under the command of Captain Wade, now promoted to colonel of artillery.

Farther down the bayou Pierre, a large and deep creek flows from a direction beyond Port Gibson, and between that place and the Gulf, and falls into the Mississippi about two miles below; thus it will be perceived our situation was on the terminus of a strip of land that extended for several miles back into the country, between the bayou Pierre and Blackwater. The smaller stream was spanned, about half-way between Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, by a suspension bridge, upon the road directly between the two places,* and which furnished the only available means of crossing the bayou.

The society in the vicinity and at Port Gibson was of the very best, and every Missourian found a "home" where he enjoyed all the time he could snatch, either by furlough or surreptitiously, from the duties of camp. Although there was ceaseless activity in the antagonistic military movements, it was for some time confined to the scouts, the advance guard and the boats on the river. The brave veterans found at this camp a bright oasis in the history of their arduous campaigns. Hear how Anderson loses his head in describing a concert with tableaux given by the ladies of Port Gibson for the benefit of the hospital: †

"We were soon in the concert hall, already filled to overflowing. The hall was hung with banners and wreathed with flowers. Mingled with the throng of grace and beauty were the bronzed faces of the warriors, darkened beneath a Southern sun. Jewels sparkled on rounded arms and glittered upon fair brows, that in shape and loveliness challenged the Medicean Venus. Robes of wondrous hue and exquisite style and texture encircled fairy forms, that floated in bright and dazzling vision before the enchanted eye. Rare and beauteous flowers were wreathed in the golden tresses of the pure and lovely blonde, and in the raven curls of the dark-eyed daughter of the sun. The bewitching maiden, the glorious woman, in all their charms and splendor—the

*Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 271.

†"Memoirs," p. 280.

gallant soldier, the brave chieftain, with their proud step and flashing eye, were gathered there."

Stern work, however, was being done at the front. On the 19th of March the Hartford, flag-ship of Admiral Farragut, with one gunboat, passed up the river in face of the Confederate batteries, demonstrating the inability of siege guns to close the passage of the river unless it was otherwise obstructed. On the 25th a furious cannonading up the river, which aroused the whole army, resulted in the repulse by the Confederate batteries, of four gunboats from the upper fleet, two of which were completely disabled. But on the 31st Farragut came down, under full head of steam, delivered a double broadside, and passed our whole line, without suffering apparently much damage.

April 4th and 5th Colonel Cockrell crossed the river and led a perilous expedition into the opposite swamps of Louisiana. This force consisted of the First, Second, Third and Fifth Missouri infantry, with no artillery and no cavalry, except Major Harrison's Texas battalion. He was ordered there by General Bowen, to confront and resist the passage of bayou Vidal, by a Federal force of five thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry, under General McClermand. Here they remained thirteen days, constantly watching and scouting, in a country composed of as rich soil as there is on the continent--low, interspersed with lakes and swamps, the fertile delta of the great river, once covered with splendid mansions and plantations, now abandoned and dismantled and partially overflowed by an unusual rise of water. The vidette and picket duty was performed in canoes, skiffs and scow-boats, and many miniature naval battles were stoutly contested. Captain Patrick Caniff, of the Fifth, and Captain T. B. Wilson, of the Second, with their companies, formed the skirmish line, and "Wilson's gallant mariners" and "Caniff's brave sailor boys" became a standing compliment to their activity, dexterity and courage.

At midnight of the fourteenth the First and Second infantry, led by Colonel Cockrell in person, started on a six hours' march through a swamp, the water in which averaged

waist deep, surprised and completely routed an unsuspecting squadron of cavalry, effecting the capture of some of them and a quantity of stores and supplies. During the night a heavy cannonading above had been heard, and on the morning of the seventeenth of March Colonel Cockrell received information that a fleet of gunboats had passed Vicksburg and were bearing down to cut off his retreat. At the same time an exhausted courier from General Bowen came dashing up, ordering him to retreat with all possible dispatch. His force was then bivouaced on the beautiful "Perkins Place" near the placid waters of Lake St. Joseph, around which it was necessary to march.

It was a hot and sultry day—the sun beaming down with fierce Southern ardor, and the broad level road deep with sand and dust. It was a race against the gunboats, but the men made it nobly, traversing twenty-five miles in less than five and a half hours, and the last of them were disembarking at Grand Gulf as the enemy hove in sight, threw a few spiteful shells and withdrew.

Three days after that the Federal fleet made its appearance above the batteries and anchored out of range. No movement was discovered until the twenty-eighth of April, when their transports arrived and their troops were rapidly disembarked on the Louisiana shore. On the morning of the twenty-ninth the gunboats weighed anchor and rounded the point above, out of sight, as if they were leaving, but almost immediately came down again, firing rapidly from their bow guns as they advanced, and took their stations, at intervals, near the center of the river, extending along down in front of our batteries and rifle-pits, delivering heavy broadsides as they fell into line. Our batteries, both siege and field, the former numbering eight and the latter twelve or fifteen guns, replied promptly and with spirit, and a terrific cannonading began. Two of the gunboats did not seem inclined to form in line with the others, which were firing rapidly by broadsides from their positions, but steamed up and down in front of our works and batteries, firing from their ports, ploughing the works with both shot and shell, and raking the ground occupied by the infantry

with grape—a perfect storm of iron was being hurled shoreward; but it produced comparatively little effect upon a position strongly fortified and admirably protected.

We now discovered that the iron-clads, which had kept such a respectful distance from our guns, were not afraid to come to close quarters. The two already mentioned, which were steaming up and down in every direction, determined to try the strength of our works at the closest possible range, and one of them, the *Pittsburg*, ran immediately under the upper battery, within ten steps of the guns, and fired a tremendous broadside up immediately upon them. She lay so close under the bank that the muzzels of the guns in the battery could not be brought to bear upon her; but the smoke-stacks were riddled, and one of them shot almost entirely off, and she was soon forced to leave her position by our sharpshooters, who poured a destructive fire into her port-holes whenever opened. She also had sharpshooters aboard, who fired upon our artillerymen with some effect. As the *Pittsburg* moved off to a more respectful distance, a shot from one of our guns penetrated a port-hole and killed and wounded thirteen of the crew.

The fire from all the boats was now furious, and our guns were skillfully handled; they were struck repeatedly, but their iron sides appeared impervious, and our shot had little or no effect upon them. Our field batteries, which were only partially protected, were partly abandoned, by orders, as pieces of such light calibre could render but little efficient service. About nine o'clock one of the gun-carriages of the lower battery was injured by a very heavy discharge of powder, so that it could not be used in action again, while one of the upper battery was disabled by a shot from the enemy. Colonel Wade was killed at one of the guns of the lower, his head torn off by an immense shell. The loss of this brave, gallant and efficient officer at so critical a moment, was most deeply felt, as his valuable services could not readily be dispensed with.

Colonel William Wade was universally mourned. He was one of the favorites of the army, fearless under fire, un-

moved in danger, devoted to his duty and to his command—on the field the *beau ideal* of a gallant soldier and in the parlor a refined and elegant gentleman, *sans puer et sans reproche*. He had been with the Missourians from the very first, was known to every private and the personal friend of every officer, and respected and loved by all, as well for his private virtues as his public worth.

A shell also fell and exploded in the rifle-pits in front of the landing, where the Third Missouri regiment was in position to repulse any attempt the enemy might make to land forces there, and killed and wounded eleven men; a few other casualties also occurred. Between ten and eleven o'clock our batteries were ordered to cease firing, and the men to keep close.

"Only one of the gunboats had been crippled and compelled to withdraw from the action; it had its hog-chains shot off, was damaged otherwise, and towed below out of range.

"The bombardment was still continued from the fleet, the vessels relieving each other, and only half of them firing at a time, until one o'clock, when they drew off up the river, satisfied, I suppose, that our batteries had been effectually silenced."

It was something over an hour before the collection of vessels above, consisting of both transports and gunboats, began to move again, when they came on, all firmly lashed together by cables, and on the opposite side of each of the six iron-clads a transport was securely fastened. Their evident object now was to run by as rapidly as possible with the transports, which were intended to be used in effecting the crossing below. Within twenty minutes the Federal flotilla had made its passage good, with the loss of but one transport.*

The enemy had in action not less than sixty guns, most of them of very heavy metal and of the largest calibre, and threw ashore at least a hundred and twenty tons of iron. This may be thought at the first impression an exaggerated estimate, but when it is considered that it takes

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 293.

only about thirty-one sixty-four pound balls to make a ton, and that the enemy fired in the neighborhood of sixty rounds to the piece, it will be found that the calculation is moderate.

About five o'clock in the evening their transports began the work of ferrying over troops; the decks of the vessels could plainly be seen covered with men. General Grant landed his first troops in that part of Mississippi opposite Bruinsburg, and just below the mouth of the bayou Pierre.

General Green, with his brigade, had arrived a few days prior to this from Edwards' station, placing General Bowen in command of the division and Colonel Cockrell at the head of the First Brigade again. In reply to Bowen's urgent call for additional reinforcements, General Pemberton sent Tracy's and Baldwin's brigades, who arrived in the midst of the battle. These brigades were both small and composed of new recruits mainly, and even had they been veterans, were too much exhausted and worn out with a long forced march to be of great service. Bowen urged upon Pemberton the necessity of sending down all of his available force from Vicksburg, meeting the enemy in detail as he landed, and fighting the decisive battle amid the hills of the bayou Pierre. Had this been done, unquestionably the result would have been widely different. Whether Pemberton was completely mistaken as to Grant's objective or not, I am sure I cannot tell. It seems to me, however, that the great mistake of the campaign in the Mississippi valley, was the rapid change of Department commanders, who were removed before they could become acquainted with the situation and mature their plans—replaced by successors to whom they could bequeath no defined policy, and who, in turn, could transmit nothing to those who came after them. Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Van Dorn, Pemberton, Jo. Johnston, and Hood, were sent in rapid succession to learn lessons in the school of failure and retreat.

We Missourians will always firmly and almost religiously believe that had General Price been placed in command, after the evacuation of Corinth and the retirement of Beau-

regard, all would have gone well in the West. General Pemberton came to us with no prestige of previous success; he was an untried man, it was his first important command, and the Missourians always distrusted him; his efforts resulted in disastrous failures, and he was rewarded by the most unstinted censure and with the most unqualified condemnation. We must, however, as a matter of simple justice to him, recall to mind the fact that General Pemberton had at this period a line of over a hundred and fifty miles to defend, extending from above Deer creek and high upon the Yazoo, to a point many miles below his present position, and this had to be accomplished with an army of only thirty-five thousand men; while operating against him was one of the best and most effective armies that war has ever created or organized, at that time about an hundred thousand strong, greatly increased afterwards by immense reinforcements, and always backed and supported by one of the finest fleets in the world.

This mighty host, already foiled several times in its attempts upon Vicksburg, was now coiling its anaconda-like proportions to strike its object from another and almost unguarded direction. The blame, after all, which of right attaches to Pemberton, is that he did not meet the attack in this unguarded direction, and do with Grant's army what Grant subsequently did with his—defeat it in detail.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON—MAY 1ST, 1863.

UPON the southern banks of bayou Pierre was General Green with fifteen hundred men, to resist the landing and inland march of Grant's grand army. He had been skirmishing and cautiously fighting all the night, and early in the morning was reinforced by the two meagre and exhausted brigades of Generals Tracy and Bald-

win. He disposed his small command so skillfully, handled his men so well, and attacked the enemy so boldly and persistently as to cause the Federals to believe that Green's force was very large, and to move with extreme caution and deliberation. The actual collision did not occur until about daylight, lasting some two hours, and during which General Tracy, a brave Alabamian, was killed; when Green retired slowly and in perfect order to a range of hills three miles southwest of Port Gibson, where General Bowen met him and directed the formation of the new line of battle.

The sun rose bright and clear on the first day of May, 1863; no cloud flecked the azure vault; the atmosphere was balmy; the weather delightful. The budding blossoms scattered a soft fragrance over the land, and all nature smiled with a repose that invited one's memory back to more peaceful scenes—to the crowning of the happy queen and the dance around the May-pole. But far different aspirations inspired the souls of the brave Missouriians on this eventful morning, when they knew they were being marshaled to confront a foe better equipped, and at least eight times their number. Like Padua was to the cohorts of Hannibal, had been Port Gibson to the First Missouri Brigade. All the scolding of the officers and discipline of the martinets had been ineffectual to enforce their presence at roll-call or on dress parade. Only when an alarm was sounded could they be found in camp, and then, as if summoned by the magic horn of brave Rolando, they sprang from every hillside. For a month that portion of the Brigade not on duty had presented but a slim appearance; *now*, when all knew that a desperate and bloody fight was impending, every man was at his post; not only the jolly fellows who had been shirking camp life and playing the "old soldier," assumed their places with a jaunty air, but the really sick—the lame and the halt and the wounded—all came armed for the fray. The hospital was deserted; its inmates hobbled into the ranks and helped to swell the lines of the First Brigade.

About six o'clock A. M. the Third, Fifth, and Sixth in-

fantry were moved through the town to a point near the field of battle, eight miles from the camp, and held there for some time in reserve.

The Second infantry was left to occupy and defend the trenches at Grand Gulf, and the First was stationed on the north bank of the bayou, near its mouth, to prevent the foe from landing there and gaining our rear. The Sixth infantry was soon detached to report to General Green, who had just become engaged on his new line.

The right wing of the Confederates was composed of Green's command, and lay with its right on the bayou, striving to protect the bridge, which was the only means of escape. The left wing was composed of Cockrell's command, and there was only a single battery of artillery to occupy, at first, the space between the two. The army had *no centre*—it was all *wings*, and the artillery was gradually massed at an advantageous point to serve as a centre. Generals Bowen and Green deceived the enemy as to our weakness by marching bodies of troops near the park of artillery, in full view, then withdrawing them out of sight, double-quicking to the right, and attacking with all the vigor of fresh troops.

Soon the overwhelming force of the enemy began to push the right wing back to the bridge. That attained by them we would all be lost. It seemed necessary to sacrifice a part of the army to save the rest. The Third and Fifth infantry were selected to make a desperate charge on what was supposed to be the extreme left of the Federal army, and create such a diversion as would call a halt of their left, which was so sorely pushing our right. Generals Bowen and Cockrell in person conducted the two devoted regiments a mile and a half to their left, formed them in line on the summit of a hill, opposite which, on the sister hill, was planted two Federal batteries, and in the ravine were drawn up three brigades of their infantry, whilst a steep hill, two ditches and a dense canebrake intervened.

The commanding officers, Colonels Bevier and Gause, gave the word, and the men sprang forward with their wonted impetuosity and the regular Missouri yell,

but keeping step and preserving their alignment as perfectly as if only on parade. They soon came to a gully twenty feet in width and twelve in depth, which they must necessarily cross. It was too late to go round, and the men sprang in, clambered up the opposite side, coolly halted till the line was rearranged, and again moved forward until stopped by another ravine, which was raked by the galling fire of a whole brigade, and could no more be crossed than a bridge of fire. Falling back a few steps to the first gully, and sheltering themselves in the canebrake they fought for over an hour with the desperation of brave men anticipating death or capture.

At length the tardy order to retreat was given, and they fell back as best they could over the hill, and rallied on the farther side. A most terrible fire, of both artillery and small arms, had been concentrated upon them all this time. They had routed one brigade and maintained their ground until ordered back, and the greatest wonder is that out of the six hundred engaged in the gallant and reckless charge only one hundred and twenty men were killed, wounded and missing. The brave and efficient Adjutant Greenwood, of the Fifth, fell in the beginning of the fight. Says Captain Covell: *

“When we began the charge, the enemy’s infantry, perceiving us, raised a shout, came down towards us from the crest of the ridge on which they were posted, and stopped at its foot, close to the ravine. At the same time their cavalry moved to their right, to prevent a flank movement on our part. Their artillery opened on us with great rapidity, and as soon as we got within range the infantry poured the Minie balls into our ranks as thick and as fast as hailstones from a thunder cloud or rain drops in an April shower. The storm of leaden rain and iron hail which was flying through the air was almost sufficient to obscure the sunlight.”

In its results the charge was a success, the left wing of the Federal army was suddenly halted and drawn back, their right was heavily reinforced and moved by the flank, supposing that General Loring’s corps had arrived from Vicksburg and was gaining their rear.

* Diary, p. 192.

General Bowen soon galloped up to the point where the banners of the two regiments had been planted as a rallying point, and complimented the men most highly for the manner in which they had performed their duty, and expressed himself gratified that they had lost so few. "For," he added, as the tears filled his eyes, "I did not expect that *any* of you would get away, but the charge *had* to be made, or my little army was lost."

In the meantime General Bowen had led on the assault from that part of the field covered by General Green's forces, in which the Sixth Missouri infantry and the First and Third Missouri cavalry and Baldwin's brigade participated. Col. Eugene Erwin, who commanded the Sixth, supposing that Baldwin's men were advancing with him, rushed onward until he found his regiment far ahead of all support, just under the crest of a high ridge, on the opposite side of which, and not thirty paces distant, four regiments of Yankee infantry were waiting to receive the assault. Each hostile commander gave the order to "fix bayonets," which the other heard and with stern resolution each determined, should a charge be made, to repulse the other or die in the attempt. For two mortal hours the gallant Sixth remained there, shouting fierce defiance, but the Federals, ignorant of their numbers, refused to charge. The whole army had been withdrawn before Colonel Erwin could extricate himself. This he did by giving the command in a loud voice: "Charge bayonets, march!" quickly adding, however, in a low tone, "by the left flank!"

The *ruse* succeeded, he slipped away unperceived until too late, by the enraged Federal brigade commander. Generals Bowen and Green were overjoyed to see Erwin coming back at the head of his men, supposing that they had all long since been captured.

In this final charge General Green drove the enemy back nearly a mile, giving Bowen's whole army ample time to withdraw quietly from the field, through the town and across the stubbornly defended bridge, which was all done before dark, unmolested by the enemy. The last regiment to leave the field of battle and to cross the bridge was the

Sixth, which had done such noble work during the day.

The little army bivouaced on the north side of the bayou, and with the soft loamy soil were soon strongly entrenched and prepared for another assault.

The day's work had made General Bowen's division famous. With an insignificant force of five thousand men he had held in check for a night and a day a thoroughly equipped army of fifty thousand men, inflicting severe losses upon them with but comparatively slight damage to himself, and had succeeded in removing all his stores and supplies except the siege guns, which were spiked. Colonel Cockrell thought, and he was unquestionably correct, that with ten thousand more men, who could easily have been spared by General Pemberton, we could either have driven Grant back into the river or have checked his march to such an extent as to have disarranged and nullified all his plans.

The most reliable statistics (at least so appearing) of the losses in this battle, I find in H. C. Clark's "Diary of the War." He estimates the Confederate loss at six hundred and seventy, and the Federal loss at nine hundred and thirty. This I think is possibly exaggerated, although he includes all the casualties of the retreat and up to the battle of Baker's Creek.

On the morning of the 2nd the Yankees, from across the bayou, opened a heavy cannonade on the improvised entrenchments, doing but little harm. General Bowen sent a flag of truce asking twenty-four hours' armistice to bury the dead. The refusal to accede to this request was accompanied by a demand for our surrender. Of course this was promptly declined, but during the night the entrenchments were evacuated, the fortifications at Grand Gulf dismantled, and the army commenced a retreat towards Bovina station.

General Grant had found an upper ford across the bayou, by way of which a heavy force marched to gain Bowen's rear, and came very near doing so. A lively race ensued for the upper ferry on the Big Black. The skirmish companies (Wilson's of the Second and Caniff's of the Fifth

infantry,) moved cautiously but rapidly on the right flank, striking and driving back a Federal cavalry regiment, but at Rocky Spring running in upon the enemy's main column. Landis' battery was hardly in position before the enemy appeared in force, in a large field that lay in our front. They advanced several times into it from the woods beyond, but were driven back to shelter by the well-directed fire of Landis' guns. The rapid and skillful management of this battery, and the style in which the boys handled their pieces, were certainly splendid. Covered with black stains of powder, and almost enveloped in smoke, they worked in a manner and with a will that indicated plainly they were in their element, and their hearts in the work they were doing. The appearance of the enemy in the edge of the field, about five hundred yards distant, was invariably the signal for cheers from the boys, when thundering away with their twenty-four pounders, the men who fought each piece seemed to vie with the others in driving him back as quickly as possible to the cover of the woods.

Without further resistance Bowen effected a junction with General Loring's division and with General Pemberton at Hankerson's ferry on the Big Black, and arrived at Bovina about midnight on the 4th of May, with his men completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue. On the next day large details were made for the purpose of erecting fortifications to protect the railroad bridge across the Big Black. Heavy embankments were thrown up in the bottom land, some hundreds of yards east of the river, shaped like a horse-shoe, with the convex side to the front, and admirably arranged for a fatal enfilading fire.

Nothing ever so aroused the ire and animosity of the Missourians as did the digging of ditches. They would fight, march and starve for days in succession, without a murmur, but put them to work on trenches or parapets, and at the first opportunity they would tell the commander-in-chief, or whoever was responsible, what they thought about it, in terms often not very complimentary. From that time they hated Pemberton as earnestly as men hate each other who differ about the modes of baptism. There seemed

some justice in their strictures on this occasion, for the West bank of the river was a high bluff, most admirably calculated for defence with cannon and rifle-pits, from whence the bridge could have been effectively and safely protected, without incurring the risk which subsequently proved so disastrous, of trying to pass a defeated and demoralized army over a single foot-bridge.

On the 13th, the fortifications having been completed, the army was moved to the eastward, and on the 15th of May bivouaced on Baker's creek, where General Pemberton issued an order in which he exhorted the soldiers to nobly do their duty in the coming contest, and stating that he had staked his reputation, his own fate and that of the army. on the result of the battle which would probably be fought on the morrow.

The two armies camped within three-fourths of a mile of each other, and by the light of their camp fires were informed of each other's exact position and probable force.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF BAKER'S CREEK, OR CHAMPION HILLS, MAY 16TH, 1863.—BIG BLACK, MAY, 17TH, 1863.

I DO not hesitate to quote from Mr. Pollard* his "summing up," as lawyers would term it, of the positions and movements of the two armies just preceding the battle of Baker's Creek. Whilst I do not fully agree with him in his unsparing condemnation of General Pemberton, I have found him unusually accurate in his dates, geography and facts. He says:

"General Johnston reached Jackson on the night of the 13th of May. He received there a dispatch from Gen. Pemberton, dated the twelfth of May, asking for reinforcements,

* Lost Cause, page 389.

as the enemy, in large force, was moving from the Mississippi south of the Big Black, apparently toward Edwards' Depot, 'which will be the battlefield if I can forward sufficient force, leaving troops enough to secure the safety of the place.'

"Before Johnston's arrival at Jackson, Grant, as we have seen, had beaten General Bowen at Port Gibson, made good the landing of his army, occupied Grand Gulf, and was marching upon the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad.

"On reaching Jackson, General Johnston found there the brigades of Gregg and Walker, reported at six thousand; learned from Gregg that Maxey's brigade was expected to arrive from Port Hudson the next day; that General Pemberton's forces, except the garrison of Port Hudson (five thousand) and of Vicksburg, were at Edwards' Depot—the General's headquarters at Bovina; that four divisions of the enemy, under Sherman, occupied Clinton, ten miles west of Jackson, between Edwards' Depot and ourselves. General Johnston was aware that reinforcements were on their way from the East, and that the advance of those under General Gist would probably arrive the next day, and with Maxey's brigade, swell his force to about eleven thousand.

"Upon this information he sent to General Pemberton a dispatch informing him of his arrival and of the occupation of Clinton by a portion of Grant's army, urging the importance of re-establishing communications, ordering him to come up, if practicable, on Sherman's rear at once, and adding: 'To beat such a detachment would be of immense value. The troops here could co-operate. All the strength you can quickly assemble should be brought. Time is all-important.'

"On the 14th of May the enemy advanced, by the Raymond and Clinton roads, upon Jackson. Johnston did not propose to defend the town; had no sufficient force to do so; he therefore ordered Gregg and Walker to fall back slowly, offering such resistance to the march of the Federal columns as to allow time to remove or destroy the stores accumulated in Jackson. This work accomplished, General Johnston retreated by the Canton road, from which alone he could form a junction with Pemberton.

"It will be perceived that Grant was now between the two Confederate armies; but he was superior in numbers, not only to each, but to both united. Johnston had proposed the brilliant hazard of crushing an important detach-

ment of the enemy at Clinton, and had urged the paramount necessity of re-establishing communications between the two Confederate forces. Pemberton appears to have been completely blind to these considerations. In disobedience to the orders of his superior, and in opposition to the views of a majority of the council of war, composed of all his generals present, before whom he placed the subject, he decided to make a movement by which the union with Johnston would be impossible. It was a fatal error.

“The irresolute commander had at first expected to fight at Edwards' Depot, being unwilling to separate himself further from Vicksburg. When he received Johnston's order to march on Sherman's rear at Clinton, and when the council of war called by him approved the movement, he hesitated, did not move for twenty-eight hours, and invented a compromise in which, equally abandoning his own preconceived plan of battle, and disobeying the orders of General Johnston, he moved, not to risk an attack on Sherman, but in another direction towards Raymond, flattering himself that he was about to cut the enemy's communications.

“The delay and aberration of Pemberton left Jackson at the mercy of the enemy, and opened the way to Vicksburg. On the 15th of April General Sherman's corps marched into Jackson. The incendiary record of this famous officer commenced here; the first of his long list of conflagrations and peculiar atrocities dates with the burning, the plunder, and the sack of Jackson. The little town of two main streets, with detached villas, inhabited by wealthy planters, was surrendered to a soldiery licensed to rob, burn and destroy. Private houses, the Catholic church, the hotel, the penitentiary, and a large cotton factory were burned. As Sherman's troops marched out a volume of smoke rose over the devoted town, while here and there rolled up fiercely great masses of flame, attesting the infernal work of the man who, not content, in the nineteenth century and in a civilized country, to fight with the sword, had found a weapon taken from another age in the fire-brand of the savage.

“Meanwhile Grant, having ascertained Pemberton's movement, directed McClernand's and McPherson's corps to move by the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad, and by the road from Raymond to meet him. Sherman had been ordered to evacuate Jackson and to take a similar direction. Pemberton's disposable force consisted of seventeen thousand five hundred men. On the 16th of May, while mov-

ing on the road to Raymond, a courier handed him a dispatch from General Johnston, stating that as the attack on Sherman had failed, the only means by which a union could now be effected between the two forces, was that Pemberton should move directly to Clinton, whither Johnston had retired.

“An order of countermarch was issued. But already heavy skirmishing was going on in Pemberton’s front; he found it impossible to extricate himself for a reverse movement; and his situation was such that he was compelled to give battle on the ground selected by the enemy.”

I have no authority *aliunde* (to borrow from the electoral commission) to prove that General Pemberton ordered a countermarch just as the battle commenced. The armies had been facing each other since the night before.

“A little after daylight we were startled by a cannonade directly in our front and close to us. As yet no preparations had been made to make or receive an attack; the artillery was parked, the horses unharnessed, the general staff officers galloped around furiously delivering orders, the soldiers sprang to arms, and after innumerable maneuvers, were finally formed.”*

General Pemberton’s force consisted of the divisions of Loring, Bowen and Stevenson. The last was a large division of three Georgia brigades, some seven thousand strong; Loring’s command was about six thousand, and Bowen’s near five. The battle array was formed across the road and creek with Loring on the right, Bowen in the center and Stevenson on the left. General Bowen’s division was moved from one point to another several times during the morning, but about noon was formed on a ridge in a cornfield something like a mile distant from the position it occupied in the morning. Anderson, who was among the skirmishers, records the commencement: †

“The lines being formed, Colonel Cockrell rode up and down, spoke cheerfully and encouragingly to the men, and told them that he expected the brigade to give a good account of itself during the day. The men were in fine spirits, animated, gay and buoyant, and in good condition for the field. Wilson’s company of the Second, with Cap-

* Covell’s Diary, page 205.

† Anderson’s “Memoirs,” p. 310.

tain Caniff's of the Fifth and Burke's from the First regiment, were thrown out as a battalion of skirmishers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hubbell, of the Third regiment; this was about ten in the morning, and a company of our cavalry, a little over a mile distant in front, was skirmishing with the enemy who advanced cautiously.

"The battalion of skirmishers had proceeded about four hundred yards in advance of the lines, when a Federal battery appeared in sight in the field below, and they were ordered back to the cover of a gully just in front of our guns, which were now in readiness to open. There were ten guns in position here, composed principally of the batteries of Walsh, formerly Wade's, and Landis, and I think that one section of Guibor's was with them; all were of tolerably heavy calibre, from twelve to twenty-four pounders.

"This formidable array of metal opened, firing over their heads with a tremendous crash, upon the enemy before his guns were fairly unlimbered or in battery, at the distance of perhaps a thousand yards. He succeeded, however, in getting into position, and replied in a brisk and spirited manner, with six fine Parrot pieces. The most splendid artillery duel followed, which lasted for thirty minutes, during which time the guns on both sides were handled in the most skillful and scientific manner. Most of the enemy's shells passed over the skirmishers, and many of them fell in and around the battery, while others struck the ground in their front, and ricochetting, bursting over their heads, or beyond, near the guns, the fragments scattered and fell in every direction. Our metal proved too heavy for the enemy; great execution was done, both among men and horses. Five of his caissons were struck and blown up, he was finally forced to retreat at a gallop, and left one of his pieces behind, it was thought in a crippled condition and difficult to remove."

A lull of nearly an hour ensued, during which Grant was massing heavily against our left, and at about one o'clock an overwhelming force moved against Stevenson's division, which nobly sustained the fire for about an hour, losing heavily, when the men broke and fled in every direction. At this critical moment, General Bowen's division was ordered to move up to Stevenson's support and redeem the day from utter disaster. The brave Missourians double-quickened to the point of danger,

passing General Pemberton with cheers, who seemed somewhat excited, and looked at them with the hopeful gaze of one who expected them to do much. They moved quickly through the yard of Champion's house, where some lovely Southern ladies sang them "Dixie," to which they responded with resounding shouts. About two hundred yards beyond the house they came upon Landis' battery in position, immediately at the forks of the road, mentioned as being the centre of Stevenson's division, which had now given way *en masse*, while the Federals were advancing with triumphant cheers.

The battery played vigorously down the road in front, across a small field, and the enemy was in the woods beyond. He had already captured two batteries of Stevenson's division, and his dense and formidable line came pressing on, blazing with fire. From out of the woods came the Federal division, understood to be that of General John A. Logan, part of them regulars of the old army, and all moving in the finest style. The First Brigade took position at a run on "left by file into line," a difficult maneuver that only a tactician can understand, more especially when performed under a murderous fire, as upon this occasion. "Colonel Cockrell rode down the lines; in one hand he held the reins and a large magnolia flower, while with the other he waved his sword, and gave the order to charge."

With a shout of defiance, and with gleaming bayonets and banners pointing to the front, the grey line leaped forward, and moving at quick time across the field, dislodged the enemy, with a heavy volley, from the edge of the woods and pressed on. Cheers behind announced the coming up of Green's brigade, which soon joined in the action. The fighting now became desperate and bloody; the ground in dispute was a succession of high hills and deep hollows, heavily wooded, called "Champion Hills"—the name sometimes given to the battle. Our lines advanced steadily, though obstinately opposed, and within half a mile they recaptured the artillery lost by Stevenson's division, and captured one of the enemy's batteries. The battle here raged

fearfully—one unbroken, deafening roar of musketry was all that could be heard. The opposing lines were so much in the woods and so contiguous that artillery could not be used.

“The ground was fought over three times, and, as the wave of battle rolled to and fro the scene became bloody and terrific, the actors were self-reliant and determined ‘to do or die,’ and right manfully and nobly did they stand up to their work. Three times, as the foe was borne back by them, they were confronted by fresh lines of troops, from which flashed and rolled the long, simultaneous and withering volleys that can only come from battalions just brought into action.

“The numbers of the enemy seemed countless. Recoiling an instant from each furious onslaught of fresh legions, the firm and serried line of Bowen’s division invariably renewed the attack, and, taking advantage of every part of the ground and of all favorable circumstances and positions with the practiced eye of soldiers accustomed to the field, they succeeded each time in beating back these new and innumerable squadrons.

“Once the enemy was driven so far back before fresh forces were brought up that our men were in sight of his ordnance train, which was being turned and driven back under whip. This could be seen where our lines were advanced through the woods to the edge of a large field in front, near which point was a small church or school house. Though the force in front was vastly superior to ours, yet, if the fortunes of the day had depended upon the issue of the contest between them, as victory thus far was won, it might still have remained upon our side. Grant’s centre was undoubtedly pierced.”*

By this time, however, the hostile columns were closing in upon the flanks of Bowen’s lines. The Federal troops which at first were confronted by them, finding nothing to oppose their advance, after the Missourians had marched to support Stevenson, had moved not only “*en echelon*,” but were immediately threatening their rear; and, at the end of all this hard and desperate fighting—this gallant and triumphant advance—it became necessary to fall back. Bowen’s position was compromised, and the dense gather-

* “Memoirs,” page 309.

ing lines of the enemy threatened him on three sides. It is true, those in front had been steadily driven, but, conscious of their strength in numbers, and that our forces were about to be attacked in flank and rear by fresh and superior forces, they had again rallied. In front, on our flank and approaching the rear, were now at least between thirty and forty thousand men—the whole of the centre and one wing of General Grant's army—and I feel confident that the last figure is nearer correct than the first.

Bowen's division had fought in this part of the field, unaided and alone, except by the Twelfth Louisiana, a brave regiment. Their number did not exceed five thousand, and they had lost heavily. Under the circumstances, they were ordered to fall back, as a necessity, made doubly so by the giving out of their ammunition. As they came near the edge of the woods in their retreat, and were about entering the field, a Federal column, that had reached their rear, rushed down towards the forks of the road and fired a volley at them, but, coming in range of his battery, the indomitable Landis opened upon it. The thunder of his guns was glorious music to them, and they had the pleasure of seeing the head of the column reel and scatter in the woods, on either side of the road. As they passed on out Landis continued to hammer away, and kept the enemy in the shelter of the wood, beyond the clearing.

Being the first battery to open the action upon that part of the field, it was the last to close and leave it. This battery, with John C. Landis Captain and John M. Langan Lieutenant, was the first artillery company from Missouri that entered the Confederate service. From Springfield, Mo., it was ordered to Batesville, Ark., to take charge of a four-gun battery, two twelve-pound Napoleons and two fourteen-pound howitzers, and rejoined the army at Van Buren, thus missing the battle of Elkhorn. At Corinth the organization of the battery was completed, with John C. Landis, Captain; John M. Langan, Wm. H. Weller and Aaron W. Harris, lieutenants; and E. C. Robbins orderly sergeant, with a roll of about one hundred men.

The new company underwent its baptism of fire on the

28th of May, engaging a Federal battery of thirty-two-pound Parrot guns, opposite Farmington, dismounting one of the enemy's pieces, and causing General Pope to evacuate his headquarters in undignified haste. Their first battle showed them to be already veterans. Their guns were the last to leave the entrenchments on Beauregard's retreat, and covered the rear of his march.

The company participated in all the movements of the brigade before, during and after the siege of Vicksburg. At Baker's Creek Captain Landis was chief of artillery of Bowen's division, and opened and closed the fight with the thunder of his guns, and at Big Black his was the only Missouri battery saved from capture. In the grand charge on the defenses of Vicksburg, May 22d, this battery bore the brunt of several desperate assaults on the Stockade Fort, and repulsed them all, Sergeant W. W. Childs receiving special mention for his magnificent handling of one gun, which he fought double-shotted, at close range, and marked the sweep of its execution by a wide circle of the fallen foe.

The Missouri batteries were so depleted after Vicksburg that Wade's, Landis' and Guibor's were consolidated into one, with Henry Guibor Captain, Richard Walsh, Edward McBride and A. W. Harris, lieutenants. Their gallant conduct during the Georgia campaign is fully detailed elsewhere.

At Kennesaw Lieutenant McBride was killed and Captain Guibor so seriously wounded as to compel his retirement from active service. His sterling worth had won him the love and devotion of his men and the respect and confidence of the entire army. A. W. Harris, although also wounded, but soon again ready for duty, was elected Captain and Sam. M. Kennard and Lawrence Murphy Lieutenants. The company performed a distinguished and arduous part in the defense of Atlanta, went with Hood on his march into Tennessee, engaged in a fight with a gunboat near Decatur, Alabama, and whipped it, and Lieutenant Kennard's section fired the first shot of the unfortunate battle of Franklin.

Shortly afterwards General Forrest called on Hood for his three best artillery companies, and Harris' battery was among those sent. Under the great cavalry leader they had a rough experience, fighting and moving all the time, covering the retreat of the defeated and disorganized army, and finally reaching Tupelo—the only battery of General French's division which had escaped capture—recalling their similar success at Baker's Creek. From this point the company was sent immediately to General Jo. Johnston, in North Carolina, arriving just in time to be surrendered on the 27th of April, 1865. The three batteries which had been consolidated into this, contained originally 375 men—at the end only 60 were left, with scarcely any desertions. This speaks for them more than volumes. At the surrender the officers were A. W. Harris, Captain; L. Murphy, S. M. Kennard, and J. Dickinson, Lieutenants; W. W. Childs, Orderly, and James Divine, Geo. M. Harrison and W. H. Hays, Sergeants.

The battle of Baker's Creek was one of the most severe the First Brigade had yet been in, it was whirled into the very vortex of the contest. The havoc around its banners and in its front was dreadful, dead men of both armies were left lying in heaps in the heads of the little hollows, in the ravines, behind logs and trees, and were scattered over the ground more thickly than they had ever seen since the terrible carnage on "bloody point" at Wilson's Creek.

Loring's division was not engaged and in his retreat made his way out to General Johnston's command. He and Stevenson lost all their artillery while, Bowen did not lose a gun.

The enemy did not impede the retreat, which was pursued towards Edwards' Station and Big Black river. At the former place a train of cars loaded with fixed ammunition was fired by General Pemberton's order. Night had just spread her sable pinions and darkness was settling on the earth, obscuring terrestrial objects from view, when the flames communicated with the powder and forthwith the heavens were illuminated and the solid ground was shaken by the explosion of thousands of huge shells, the sound of

which reverberated through the forests like the deep-toned voices of the bellowing thunders which are heard when the storm king is aroused and the Great Spirit rides on the whirlwind and directs the elemental war.* Involuntarily the army halted a few minutes to view the sublime scene, and then moved on to reach the horse-shoe intrenchments of Big Black bridge, where at eleven o'clock at night, they bivouaced in the trenches.

The Confederate loss in this battle is given at two thousand prisoners and twelve hundred and fifty killed and wounded; the Federal loss was twenty-five hundred and eighty killed and wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Finley S. Hubbell was wounded late in the engagement, from the effects of which he died less than three weeks thereafter. From his diary up to this date I have gleaned many important data. He was a brave and gallant soldier, a true friend, a perfect gentleman, and universally loved and honored by his men and by all who knew him. The Third infantry, to which he belonged, sincerely mourned his loss.

Colonel McKinney also fell on the field. He was a gallant soldier and a brave and intelligent man. He came to the Brigade as an exchanged prisoner only six days before. He commanded a regiment in the State Guard, and had been captured while in North Missouri recruiting a Confederate regiment. He was on his way to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where his regiment awaited him, and, having about one hundred men with him, attached himself for the time being to the Fifth infantry. His courteous manner and kind and gentle demeanor won the hearts of all who were brought in contact with him.

The Big Black river formed an elbow in the rear of the army—the fortifications constituted a crescent in its front. The only means of crossing the stream was over the railroad bridge and across a steamboat, which had been anchored in the water and pontooned from shore to shore.

The First Missouri Brigade occupied the space to the right of the railroad, Green's brigade on the extreme left, Vaughan's brigade of Tennesseans and Mississippians in the

* Covell's Diary, p. 211.

centre, while Stevenson's division on the opposite side of the river, was held in reserve. Landis' battery was placed on the western bluffs, and all the rest of the artillery of Bowen's division, consisting of eighteen guns, was planted in the redans and parapets of the fortifications. This was all the light artillery left in the army; that of Stevenson's although recaptured, was abandoned, there being no horses to haul it away from Baker's Creek. By General Pemberton's order the artillery teams were all removed west of the river, so that on this retreat, likewise, all the cannon were lost.

At daylight the enemy opened with their Parrot guns, which were briskly replied to by our cannon. At nine, A. M., they made a determined assault on the First Brigade, which it easily repulsed. Shortly after this General Sherman's whole corps, in solid columns, six lines deep, advanced against our left wing. The veteran troops of Green's brigade received them firmly, with a withering fire and deadly aim, producing great gaps in their array, and for a time staggering the assault. At this moment Vaughan's brigade* became panic stricken, and broke and fled in confusion, without firing a gun or striking a blow. On perceiving this the Federals rallied, and, at double-quick, dashed past Green's men and occupied the place made vacant by the flying Mississippians. The Yankees now occupied our centre. Bowen's division was cut entirely in two, and Green's brigade was nearly surrounded and more than half of it captured. Among the prisoners were the dauntless Colonel Gates, and the most of his brave and gallant regiment. The rest of this brigade threw their arms in the river, and swam across—the only means of escape left to them.

Although the enemy immediately opened an enfilading fire on the First Brigade, it did not move from its rifle-pits until ordered by Colonel Cockrell, and then they started with reluctance. But when they found a whole corps of the enemy were making a race with them for the bridge, in an endeavor to cut them off, they "let out," and soon showed

*Covell's Diary, p. 215.

that they were as fleet-footed and expert in running as they were obstinate, stubborn and courageous in the fight. Some of them, however, were overtaken and compelled to surrender, among whom were Captain T. B. Wilson, the gallant skirmisher and scout of the Second infantry, and some of his men. A few of the artilleryists, whose names I have unfortunately been unable to procure, remained at their pieces, loading and firing until they were captured.

But few men were killed in this retreat, the foot race leaving no time for shooting, and the Confederates being also protected by the guns of Landis' battery, which opened on the foe from the bluffs.

While the *sauve qui peut* was going on, Major General G. A. Smith's division came up from Vicksburg, formed on the brow of the hill, closed the engagement, and checked the Federals by destroying the bridges. By nightfall the fugitive and disordered troops were pouring into the streets of Vicksburg, and the citizens beheld with dismay the army that had gone out to fight for their safety, returning to them under the shame of defeat and in the character of a wild, tumultuous and mutinous mob.

According to H. C. Clark's Confederate Diary, the losses of the Confederates in the affair at Big Black bridge were two hundred and sixty-three killed and wounded and three thousand prisoners. The Federal loss was three hundred killed and wounded: I am quite certain, however, that the Yankees did not take as many prisoners as he states.

The exact losses of the Missourians at Baker's Creek and Big Black it is impossible to ascertain, owing to the confusion ensuing and the fact that before the rosters could be corrected many additional casualties had occurred in the siege. Green's brigade, on the entrance to Vicksburg, was reduced to about twelve hundred men; and Cockrell's to about sixteen hundred—less than half. Wilson's company of the Third infantry lost its captain and twenty-nine men out of sixty-two during the two days. Fagan's company of the First infantry went into the battle of Baker's Creek with forty muskets and reached Vicksburg with seventeen men, under command of a sergeant, no commissioned officer

being left. The Second Missouri cavalry lost its colonel and more than half its men, and every regiment and company had suffered severely, although the prisoners were exchanged and rejoined us at Demopolis.

In addition, they had lost most of their wagon train and horses, their mess kits and personal property, nearly all their artillery, "everything," as Cockrell exclaimed, like Francis I. of France on a similar occasion, "everything but honor."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, MAY 17TH TO JULY 4TH, 1863.

VICKSBURG was regarded as the most important point in the Western campaign. The fierceness of the fighting and the protracted struggle which had preceded its occupation and investment, had centered upon it the attention of the country and the interest of both sections. It was looked upon for a considerable period as the point around which clustered the hopes and fortunes of the Confederate cause. Its fall would involve the loss of the whole line of the Mississippi, the isolation of the States of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, and, while opening to the Federal armies the richest portion of the Confederacy, would also give them an outlet to the vast country situated upon its waters.

In proportion to the greatness of the Mississippi and the vastness of the extent and resources of the country upon its waters, were the preparations for the capture of Vicksburg, whose frowning battlements forbade and arrested navigation and commerce.

The city of Vicksburg was neither large nor populous, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the Mississippi, extending about a mile and a half along its

eastern bank and stretching back a mile or perhaps somewhat farther. It stands upon elevated ground which approaches the river between the mouth of the Yazoo, a few miles to the north, and Black river, a greater distance on the south. Immediately on the river is a bluff, rather gradual in its rise, and as the ascent advances into the town art has leveled the surface and adapted it to the sites of buildings and the passage of streets. The pervading features, however, present hills irregular both in size and conformation. On the lower side of the town a creek empties into the river, winding as it approaches through extensive swamps and bottoms, and rendering entrance from that direction difficult or impracticable. Through the upper portion a small branch runs diagonally, coming from a northeast course, and has considerable bottoms on its margins; while beyond, to the west and northwest, are high hills which extend on the river for a mile above. In the interior and back of the city the ground is generally broken, but exhibits here and there some level spots of no considerable extent.

The native forest consisted chiefly of a vigorous growth of poplar, walnut, and honey-locust, and cane covered most of the slopes and hills, which sometimes reached the height of twelve or fifteen feet, presenting indications of a soil strong and productive.

The Mississippi at this point makes a bend, and forms a peninsula immediately opposite to Vicksburg; and the isthmus connecting this peninsula with the main land, below and to the south of the city, was the point at which the canal was cut through to turn the waters of the river; though they had at different periods and at several points by the force of their own current swept away formidable obstructions and changed their bed, yet human labor and skill were employed in vain to accomplish a similar result. From a point on the river two miles above the city the entrenchments extended in a semi-circular form around the town to the river a mile below, enclosing an area of about six miles in length by two and a half in breadth at the widest part. There were four principal roads running out

of the town and crossing the ramparts at as many points namely, the Snyder's bluff, Jackson, Baldwin's ferry and Warrenton roads. Near the river north of the town, where the Snyder's bluff road crossed, was a fort mounting sixty-three two pounders and several small pieces. Next to this situated at convenient distances, were four *redans* furnished with guns of twelve and twenty-four pound calibre; the first was the stockade fort, the half-way point between the Snyder's bluff and Jackson roads, equipped with three pieces of field artillery; three redoubts followed in close succession, each armed with a single gun, including a formidable thirty-two pounder rifle, slyly christened "Crazy Jane" by the men on account of the insane noise its projectile made. At the crossing of the Jackson road, near the centre, on a high hill stood a fort containing four effective guns. Six hundred yards to the right of this, on the highest elevation along the line, was a large redoubt with three heavy guns, and between that and the Baldwin ferry road, two more, mounting six pieces, with a strongly built *redan* nearly one hundred yards in advance and in an exposed condition, containing two large guns—which three last mentioned forts were manned and defended by the Second Texas infantry. One hundred and fifty yards farther on was another three gun redoubt, and close to the railroad a regular fort mounting both light and heavy artillery. At the crossing of the Warrenton road was another three-gun defense, and between this and the river a strong work on a high mound armed with a large mortar and a one-hundred and twenty eight pound rifled piece. Extending along the river front were twenty-four heavy ordnance guns, planted in commanding positions, including in the upper battery a heavy Brooks gun known as "Whistling Dick," and which became nearly as famous as Gilmore's "Swamp Angel."

All these forts, *redans*, redoubts and batteries were situated on a lofty semi-circular ridge, and its spurs, which looked as if constructed by the Titans, who formed the frame-work of the earth—especially for defensive purposes. Connecting the entire line was a lengthened rifle-pit, run

*Covell's Diary, p. 223.

ning in zigzag courses and forming angles of all shapes and sizes, so that when filled with troops, every foot of ground in front of them could be raked and enfiladed by a fire from two or three different directions.

Parallel with this main ridge and in front of it were others swelling up, like the waves of an angry ocean stilled into everlasting hills in the midst of a storm, upon which the enemy commenced digging their approaches. Beneath the surface their sappers and miners delved and bored to undermine our fortifications; every new trench that was opened was filled with additional sharpshooters, who kept up an unceasing fusilade with the deadly Sharpe's and Enfield rifles; every summit and elevation was crowded with redoubts in which were planted siege guns of long range and heavy calibre, that were kept in almost incessant activity during both day and night. In the deep ravines in the rear of both armies burrowed the reserves, patiently waiting, although exposed to constant danger, for the supreme moment of the assault, the defence and the bloody contest.

In this beleaguered city of many hills the weary and war-worn, but brave and undismayed Missourians, of Bowen's division, came to a halt after their protracted and toilsome marches and battles, faced to the front and dressed their lines, sadly thinned out, and many a brave fellow missing forever, but still as correct, prompt and soldierly in formation as the most exacting martinet could require. It was four o'clock on Sunday evening of May 17th, 1863, when they broke ranks and bivouaced near the cemetery, about a mile northeast of the city, with orders to cook one day's rations and be ready to move again at ten o'clock at night.

Before morning the army was posted, with Stevenson's division on the right, a portion of Bowen's in the centre, the rest in reserve, and Smith's on the left. General Forney, with his command, held Snyder's bluffs, and to him orders were dispatched to evacuate that position immediately, and move into the city, destroying all the artillery and munitions he could not transport.

An uneasy and ominous feeling of distrust imbued the

minds of both men and officers, combining a fear of those troops who fled so readily at Baker's Creek and Big Black, and a suspicion of the motives and patriotism of General Pemberton. Many expressed the belief that he had betrayed the army, and that his movements since assuming active command all tended to that result. So firm was this conviction that numbers doffed their dust-begrimed garments and donned their holiday apparel in anticipation of speedy capture, whilst gloomy visions of Northern prisons flitted through their imaginations. But they judged their General wrongly—he was incapable of harboring a thought of treason; he may not have been an able commander, but he was brave and true, and they soon found that he would surrender to nothing but starvation.

The morning of the 18th passed in quiet; about noon General Forney's division arrived and occupied our centre, from which the Second Missouri Brigade was withdrawn, to act as reserve on the right, while the First discharged the the same duty on the left. The position of the Missourians will be appreciated when it is understood that the steadiest and most reliable troops in the army were held as the reserve, and to them was entrusted the safety of every weak point in the defenses. Wherever the danger was most imminent, the charge of the enemy most determined, or the fighting waxed the warmest, there the reserves were rushed at double-quick, to fill the breach and restore the alignment.

Everything remained quiet until three o'clock in the evening, when the enemy made his appearance outside of our fortifications, upon the Jackson road. Our skirmishers had been thrown out at that point beyond the works, and, after making a brief stand, were driven to their shelter. The enemy kept at a respectful distance, but began now to throw his forces around to our left, and in front of the upper portion of our lines where there were considerable gaps and spaces partially open, at which but slight fortifications had been constructed, and here the demonstration assumed a threatening character. At five o'clock in the evening the fire became quite heavy at this point, and the First Brigade was ordered to the lines there. Upon arriving

they found several of the regiments formed behind the brow of a hill about two hundred yards outside the works, and the enemy's sharpshooters, aided by one of their batteries, endeavoring to dislodge them. Several of the shells from the battery burst near our column, killing and wounding six men of the First Brigade—the first blood of the siege—and a fragment of one struck Colonel Cockrell, who was at the head of the regiment, without, however, inflicting serious injury, and did not disable him from keeping the field. The brigade was formed and took position in supporting distance of the men engaged, who continued to hold their ground until sunset, when they were withdrawn into the fortifications.

The fighting ceased at dark and the work of strengthening our position and rendering the defenses more secure and available, began and continued afterwards from night to night during the siege; even when the line was filled up with continuous entrenchments something always needed repairing.

Our brigade lay in reserve that night a little distance inside the breastworks, and General Green was held in reserve to our right.

The night passed quietly, and early in the morning a rocket sent up from our lines aroused the men to duty. The Federal sharpshooters, concealing themselves in the cane and hollows in front, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, opened a brisk fire with some effect and caused our men to be cautious about exposing themselves. The smoke of their rifles was all that was visible to the boys, and directed by this they fired a good deal, until ordered to discharge their guns only when they could see an enemy, which was not often, as they remained close in their hiding-places. All needless waste of ammunition was strictly prohibited.

The enemy's batteries were brought up and opened. The artillery in the works was manned principally by Missourians from the batteries of Walsh, Landis, and Lowe, whose guns had been lost at Black River, and it is singular that they had orders not to fire until the enemy's infantry

charged; if such orders were given, because ammunition for this service was scarce, it will not be improper to state here that a large quantity was surrendered after the siege. General Pemberton, however, may have expected to hold the place longer than he did, yet it would have required a long siege, not indeed unlike that of Troy, to have exhausted the supply.*

The Missouri Brigades, on the nineteenth, to their great pleasure, were armed with fine Enfield rifles, and the First, under Colonel Cockrell, was placed in rear of Smith's division, the Second, under General Green, behind Forney's. At two o'clock P. M. they were startled by a fierce and rapid fire of musketry near the Stockade Fort, which was defended by Colonel Marks' Louisiana regiment, who gallantly held their ground against an assault of eight Federal regiments that had taken position behind a house only fifty paces in front, and began to win some advantage, for the brave creoles had exhausted their ammunition, and were standing grimly and unflinchingly behind the parapet with their bayonets fixed, when the First and Fifth Missouri infantry regiments came in on the run, with rifles trailing, and a rousing Missouri yell, and after a sharp conflict drove back the foe with dreadful slaughter. Out of eight stand of colors with which they had advanced, only one went with them in their retreat. The Confederate First Missouri infantry captured the battle-flag of the Federal Eighth Missouri. After dark several men went outside and burnt the house. Behind and around it were dead and wounded Federals, including several officers. The former were removed beyond the reach of the flames, the latter brought into our hospitals and kindly cared for. A fine lorgnette field-glass was picked up and at the time presented to the editor hereof, who treasures it as his most prized *souvenir*.

In this engagement our loss was very slight. One regiment of the enemy lost one hundred and sixty-eight; not one of the entire eight lost less than one hundred each.

The siege had now fairly commenced. At times, "from the centre all around the circumference," the firing was

*Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 323.

incessant. Upon reaching the place, General Pemberton had issued an order, or rather a request, to the people, especially the women, who were not inclined to incur the danger and inconvenience of a siege, to remove from the town, and he would ask of General Grant to pass them through his lines—a request which he had no doubt would be acceded to; but very few, if any, seemed inclined to leave, and they remained to share the fate of the army and abide the fortunes of their beloved city.

From across the opposite side of the peninsula Porter's bomb-fleet maintained an active warfare, and forced upon the non-combatants unique methods of protection. The streets were filled with excavations made by the falling and explosion of his huge missiles, and the people of the town had provided themselves with holes in the neighboring sandy hills, amid which they sought refuge during the enemy's heaviest bombardments. These holes, or underground houses, were of considerable extent, and frequently had several rooms in them, which were provided with beds and furniture—frequently carpeted—and were, for the time, the principal abodes of many of the inhabitants. They had already been bombarded at different periods, for some months by the fleet, now lying in sight, both on the opposite side of the peninsula and below, at the mouth of the canal, and had also been attacked by forces from the land. They had become familiar with the deafening thunder of the mortar boats, and accustomed to the loud and terrific explosions of their massive shells, many of which ornamented the gate-posts of the citizens. The weight of these shells varied from a hundred and twenty-eight to two hundred and forty pounds; they were thrown high in the air from the distance of four miles, describing nearly a half-circle in their flight, and either bursted in large fragments hundreds of feet above the earth, or, failing to explode, buried themselves deep in its surface, where they frequently blew up and tore immense holes in the ground, or, the fuse having been extinguished, remained whole and self-deposited in these silent and undisturbed recesses.

The next two days passed without unusual incident, but

at four, A. M., of the 22d, a furious cannonade was opened by the enemy. This continued against the stockade until eleven o'clock, tearing off great splinters and doing much damage among the men, when a heavy force made a charge upon it. About fifty men, carrying scaling ladders, advanced to the ditch, planted their colors on the outer edge of the parapet, but finding the fire insupportable, and unable to retreat, they took refuge in the bottom of the trench. Here they were out of range, but Lieutenant K. H. Faulkner performed the perilous feat of lighting the fuses of bombshells and throwing them over, killing and wounding twenty-one of them. The rest escaped at night, carrying their daring flag with them. It was ascertained afterwards that these brave fellows were also Missourians from General Frank Blair's division.

The remainder of the assaulting column was disastrously driven back by the terrible fire of the First Brigade, with heavy loss. Three separate charges, with fresh troops, did the enemy make on Cockrell's men, each time with the same bloody result. The fierceness of the fight may be judged when it is known that the Third Missouri infantry, although protected by breastworks, lost fifty-six men in killed and wounded, and each other regiment in proportion.*

The conflict was continued for nearly five hours, and the shades of the forest were lengthened by the setting sun, when the dispirited and discomfited enemy abandoned the attempt at storming the works, the last general attack they ventured on during the siege. Their charge was made by their whole army along our entire line, while the bombardment from over the river was kept up with spasmodic vigor. At only one point, which was Baldwin's Ferry road, did the Yankees succeed in effecting a lodgment in our works, a section of which they took, with many lusty "regulation" cheers, but, alas for them, Green's men were coming. It was the point behind which the Second Brigade was lying, and its grey line dashed up the hill, without a shot, with bayonets fixed, and literally *pitched* the Federals over the parapet

*Covell's Diary, p. 229.

into the trench, and then leisurely shot them as they ran. The loss of the Second Brigade on this day was very small.

The uniformity of incidents now became almost monotonous, as the siege drew its slow length along, and its further history is resolved into a detail of casualties and an account of resources hourly narrowing. Each day presented a succession of fighting; the ringing of rifles, the thunder of artillery, the incessant explosion of shells, saluted the ear as a morning reveille, and lulled it in the hours of sleep. The enemy, from his endless hosts, was enabled to maintain constant reliefs, nor night nor day knew any change or interruption in his ceaseless fire.

The Federals continued to prosecute the siege vigorously. From night to night, and from day to day, a series of works was presented; secure and strong lines of fortifications appeared; redoubts, manned by well-practiced sharpshooters, were thrown out to the front; parapets, blazing with artillery, crowned every knoll and practicable elevation around, and oblique lines of intrenchments, finally running into parallels, enabled the untiring foe to push his way slowly but steadily forward. The work of strengthening the fortifications on both sides was hourly going on; and whenever the heavy batteries of the besiegers tumbled the earth from the crest of our works they were immediately repaired and made stronger.

As the siege rolled on the enemy's efforts to reduce the city redoubled; the thunder and roar of artillery, both night and day, were incessant, and the rattle of musketry was unremitting. No more beautiful pyrotechnics could be seen than Porter's bombs as they came hissing from beyond the peninsula. At night the shelling of these mortars presented a grand display—luminous and brilliant as tropical stars—shooting the sky in lofty parabolas and exploding to scatter their fragments over the city with vicious shrieks. Thrown from four miles away, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the fuses trailed in bright lines behind the iron monsters as they rose higher and higher in their aerial flights, like vast October meteors, until finally, bursting among the very stars, their dazzling coruscations of brilliancy and splendor were fol-

lowed by sombre gloom and the hateful whirr of the jagged iron, as it hurtled to the earth—perhaps finding a harmless grave—possibly hurrying a human being into his last resting place.

The hostile lines gradually approached ours, and the fire of their sharpshooters became more and more effective. We were losing daily many of our men who were becoming reckless and exposed themselves constantly; indeed, there were few positions near the lines that could be considered at all secure, and the ditches were about as safe as any other place. The Missourians were losing men daily and almost hourly. The sick and wounded had become crowded in the hospitals; and in them were seen the forms of women, clad in simple, dark attire, with quiet steps and pale faces, gliding about and hovering around the beds of the sick and wounded: they seemed to know no cessations in their days and nights of watchfulness and care. Without noise, without display, meekly and faithfully they went forth upon their pious and holy mission, like ministering angels, carrying balm and healing to the poor soldier, cheering his hope of recovery, or soothing the last moments of expiring life. Their noble and Christian devotion to the cause of suffering humanity throughout the South, during the war, can never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, CONTINUED—MAY 17TH TO JULY 4TH, 1863.

ON the twenty-fifth of May a short truce was agreed upon to bury the dead, when those of the two hostile armies who were at the front at the time mingled for a few minutes in friendly intercourse, the Missourians finding many acquaintances and some relatives among Blair's men.

On the twenty-sixth General Pemberton issued an address to the soldiers, in which he complimented General Bowen's division very highly for the gallantry displayed by its officers and men since the commencement of the siege.

On the morning of the 27th an unusual activity of shooting from the distant bomb-boats betokened something in the wind. Soon five vessels came steaming down the river, headed by Commodore Porter's flag-ship, the *Cincinnati*, and simultaneously four others appeared from below and commenced a vigorous shelling of our upper and lower batteries. Four well-directed shots from "Whistling Dick" pierced the *Cincinnati*, and sent her hurrying up stream again, but she sank near the Mississippi shore, settling to her hurricane deck, the Commodore, it is said, escaping by good swimming. One of her marines floated down the river on a bale of hay, and was hauled in by one of our sentinels. As the man shook himself he exclaimed, "Wall, I started for Vicksburg, and, I swow, I've got here at last."

Four days thereafter the Yankees made some demonstrations towards removing the armament of the *Cincinnati*, when a volunteer expedition from the First Missouri cavalry, led by Captain Barclay, reached it in yawls, under cover of the night, and burned it to the water's edge. The Federals sent a regiment to the peninsula, and opened a heavy canonnade on them, but the brave little party succeeded in returning without the loss of a man. General Pemberton issued an order, which was read to the army, complimenting them in unmeasured terms for their gallant achievement, fully equal to that of Decatur in the harbor of Tripoli.

Not long after this Lieutenant Stockton, of the Third infantry, while stationing the night guard outside the works, was captured. Lieutenant Alford, of the same regiment, was then ordered out with ten men. With a revolver in each hand and his squad behind him, he proceeded to execute the order. When within six steps of the picket post he was ordered to halt and surrender, which he obeyed by firing into the ambuscade. The surprised enemy returned the fire at random, while Alford poured into them double

shots in rapid succession, until he routed them and cleared the post. Upon turning to his men he found that all had left but one—the two had put to flight six times their number, and for their soldierly bearing received the applause of the brigade and the thanks of Colonel Cockrell.

As early as the middle of June the commissariat began to run low. On the 9th of that month Captain Albert C. Danner, Assistant Quartermaster, makes minute that “the last of our beef has been issued, bread is made only of corn, rice and beans ground and mixed into a meal; we cannot possibly hold out over twenty days even on half rations.” One private barrel of wheat-flour was sold for four hundred dollars. As a soup for the sick, lean mules were slaughtered and stewed, and for famished men made a most savory pottage. When the siege commenced it had been announced that there were provisions enough stored away to subsist the army for six months, and in less than one month the sudden reduction and miserable quality of rations issued did not serve to inspire confidence among the men. All the critics of this siege insist that the town could have been amply provisioned; the failure in this respect involved the loss of the city, as well as the loss of health to many a gallant soldier. Anderson details his mournful experience on this subject:

“After receiving rather short rations of corn-bread and indifferent beef for a few days, we were somewhat surprised one day to see among the provisions sent up, that the only supply in the way of bread was made of peas. There is no question in regard to this pea bread. It is rather a hard edible, and was made of a well-known product of several of the Southern States, called cow peas, which is rather a small bean cultivated quite extensively as provender for animals. When properly and well prepared it makes a very poor vegetable for the table, though some persons profess to be fond of it. Being introduced as a ration into the army it was always our principal and regular vegetable; occasionally we received rice and sweet potatoes. There was a good supply of this pea in the commissariat at Vicksburg, and the idea grew out of the fertile brain of some official that, if reduced to the form of meal, it would make an admirable substitute for bread. Sagacious and prolific

genius! whether general or commissary—originator of this glorious conception! this altogether novel species of the hardest of 'hard tack!' perhaps he never swallowed a particle of it! If he did, the truth and force of these comments will be appreciated. The process of getting the pea into the form of bread was the same as that to which corn is subjected: the meal was ground at a large mill in the city, and sent to the cooks in camp to be prepared. It was accordingly mixed with cold water and put through the form of baking; but the nature of it was such, that it never got done, and the longer it was cooked the harder it became on the outside, which was natural, but, at the same time, it grew relatively softer on the inside, and upon breaking it you were sure to find raw pea-meal in the centre. The cooks protested that it had been on the fire two good hours, but it was all to no purpose; yet on the outside it was so hard, that one might have knocked down a full-grown steer with a chunk of it."*

The great question of edible food occupied almost as much of the attention of the besieged as did the shrieking schrapnel and the thundering shell. In the *Daily Citizen*, of June 30th, 1853, published in the city by J. M. Swords, on the back of figured wall-paper, the editor says:

"General Pemberton has stated he would not surrender as long as a mule or dog was left to subsist on. This possible contingency caused some of our officers yesterday to try mule meat. A couple of the long-eared animals were slaughtered, dressed and cooked, and bountifully partaken of by a large company. We learn the flesh was palatable and decidedly preferable to the stringy beef of a month past, and those who tried the mule meat prefer it for regular rations.

"The editor of the *Citizen* wishes to be understood as insinuating that the above officers omitted to extend the customary courtesies to the Press, and therefore broadly assert that mule meat would not 'go bad.'"

As a fair compensation to the poverty of the mess pot and the skillet, came the many rose-colored rumors that seemed to float in the very atmosphere, freighted with that—

"Hope which springs eternal in the human breast,
And relieves from war the surcharged heart,"

* "Memoirs," page 337.

A system of communications with the outer world was established through the medium of bold and daring couriers, who floated on planks down the river, or glided through the jungles of malarious swamps. By this imperfect mail line Bowen received his commission as major-general. Pemberton got despatches from Johnston, and a myriad of reports followed the arrival of each messenger. On the twenty-eighth of May General Pemberton issued a circular in which he informed the soldiers that General Joseph E. Johnston was at Canton with a large force—Loring at Jackson with ten thousand men, and that the major portion of General Bragg's army was on the move from Tennessee to reinforce Johnston, and ere long relief would be at hand. That it was also reported from the East that General Lee had whipped and driven Hooker over the Potomac, the Federals losing eighty thousand men—that Long Bridge was burned and Arlington Heights in possession of the Virginians.

These rumors inspired the army with new feelings, and hope again flamed high. This was supplemented on the eleventh of June by the cheering information, received over the "grapevine telegraph," that Price was certainly in possession of Helena, Arkansas, and held control of the Mississippi; that Bragg was occupying Memphis, and thus had closed Grant's communications with the North; that Lee was undoubtedly shelling Washington City from Arlington Heights; that Kirby Smith was positively known to be at New Carthage, Louisiana; that there was no question of the fact that Semmes, with a formidable fleet of iron-clad vessels, had demolished Farragut, recaptured New Orleans and was moving up the river in concert with Magruder and Dick Taylor, expecting soon to capture Banks and his army, preparatory to finishing Grant and Porter; and finally, that the Lincoln government was suing for peace.

But the reports which most persistently kept possession of the mess-talk were of Johnston's immediate advance—toward the last, daily reported more reliably—he had crossed Big Black—demolished Grant's wagon-train—defeated Sherman and McClelland—was closely pressing the

enemy—would soon be with us, and might hourly be expected to raise the siege. The desire to hear from General Johnston reached a feverish intensity. From a thousand hearts the wish for his appearance was often expressed as fervently as was Wellington's aspiration, "Oh, that night would come—or Blucher!"

In the mean time the siege was closely pressed, the parallels approaching in places within a few feet of each other, so the men could converse across the parapets. I know of very few instances where this mutual confidence was abused, the men in many instances mounting the works and exchanging the news, giving due notice when orders were received to fire, with, "Lie down, Rebs, we're going to shoot," or, "Squat, Yanks, we must commence firing again."

A part of the warfare resolved itself into throwing over hard clods, rocks and hand-grenades. The latter were small shells about the size of a goose egg, filled with little bullets, probably larger than a buck-shot; they never exploded before striking the ground, and only then when hitting a hard place, as they were fired by friction, and not by fuses. They wounded several of the Missourians, generally slightly, but killed only a few, mostly bursting too low to strike a vital part. In return for the hand-grenades we threw shells, varying from six to ninety pounds, into their works, many of which did great execution; but we did not know it at the time, and this sort of shelling was not kept up: it was only after the siege that we learned that if it had been sustained, especially with the heavy shells, their nearer works would have been untenable. Several of their men were killed and many others wounded, and General Logan himself had a narrow escape from one. Every shell that we rolled went directly into their ditches. Considerable execution was done by small bombs propelled by mortars made out of tree stumps, with only sufficient force to lift them over the parapets.

In the last days of June the main interest centered in the delving operations beneath the surface of the earth—mining and countermining commanded the energies of the opposing armies. Considerable engineering skill was exhib-

ited on both sides, although with the most meagre results. The Confederate fort on the Jackson road was blown up by the explosion of a mine by the enemy on the twenty-fifth. It was situated just to the left of that road, and in its destruction we lost a number of men. The Federals charged immediately and attempted to pass through the opening, and a severe and bloody contest occurred between the hostile force and the Third Louisiana and Sixth Missouri. Colonel Erwin, commanding the latter, was killed while gallantly defending the breach with his regiment. He was a brave officer, and a gentleman of talent and genius. The enemy was repulsed and forced back to the shelter of his fortifications, not far distant, and the design to rush in and get possession of that part of the works, under the excitement of the explosion, was completely foiled.

Colonel Eugene Erwin was shot dead while leading the charge. He had been unwell for some time, but was at his post again before he was fairly fit for duty. His loss caused universal lamentation among the Missouri forces; he was greatly beloved by his command, and esteemed and honored by all who knew him. He left his home in Missouri, his wife and three little girls, to endure the hardships and privations of the campaigns under Price in Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi. In many battles, and more particularly at Elkhorn, Corinth and Port Gibson, he behaved with daring and distinguished bravery, winning the encomiums of the entire army. He died amidst the roar of battle, like he had lived, in the honest discharge of his duty—and after the nightfall, was laid lovingly in a grave that was watered by the tears of his comrades.

General Martin E. Green, commanding the Second Missouri Brigade, which had been in the intrenchments nearly all the time, and where he had almost exclusively remained, rarely ever leaving the ditches, was killed on the twenty-seventh of June, while reconnoitering one of the enemy's batteries. He was struck in the head by a musket ball and died instantly; and thus the life of this gray-haired patriot and brave chieftain was given to his country and to

a cause for which he had long and devotedly struggled. He was one of the most popular men in the army. In the number of his adherents and admirers, as well as in the strength of their personal affection, he was only second to General Price. From the *Canton Press*, published at his home and issued July thirtieth, 1863, when all North Missouri was held by the Federal power as a conquered province, I gather this sketch of his life :

“General M. E. Green, of the Confederate army, who fell at the siege of Vicksburg, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, June 3d, 1815. He moved to Missouri in the spring of 1836, and settled in Lewis county in the fall of that year. He served for many years as justice of the peace, was twice elected judge of the county court, and served one term as member of the legislature.

“He had served for a time as captain of the State militia, under the old militia law, but his military career properly commenced with the troubles of 1861. He began the organization of a single company raised for home defence, but amid the excitement that attended the introduction of United States troops into this region became fully identified in feeling and action with the Southern cause.

“On the morning of July 5th, 1861, he had started for town, bringing along a basket of cherries for some friends, when he met an acquaintance who informed him of the arrival of Colonel Palmer's regiment and the pursuit of his brother, ex-Senator Green; when, taking the alarm from these movements, he turned and fled. He soon found a considerable force of half-armed, undisciplined recruits gathered around him, who elected him colonel, and with these he began a hasty preparation for active operations in the field. A cannon was extemporized by boring out and banding a log; gathered fragments of old iron served in the line of canister and ball, and soon Northeast Missouri witnessed some of the ‘pomp’ and considerable of the ‘circumstance’ of ‘glorious war.’ From various directions the gathering legions came to hunt down the ‘notorious marauder.’ Time and again it was announced that he was entrapped and would be compelled to surrender; yet as often he eluded his pursuers, still gathering strength at each retreat, till finally, after two months of skillful maneuvering, he led a force three thousand strong, well mounted and equipped, across the Missouri at Glasgow and hastened on

to Lexington, where his command is credited with bearing the brunt of the battle that necessitated the surrender of the gallant Mulligan and his brave Irish brigade.

"Of his subsequent career we know but little, save that he followed General Price in his various movements, maintained the confidence of his command as well as of his superiors, and was soon after commissioned brigadier-general of the Confederate army, and in the recent operations at Vicksburg and vicinity, was entrusted with an important and responsible position.

"While examining the works under his immediate command, on the 27th of June, he was singled out by a sharpshooter, who sent a leaden messenger from his unerring rifle, summoning him to his first and last surrender, and he fell at the same instant with William Donalson, one of his earliest, most faithful and valiant adherents. Peace to his manes—let his ashes rest in peace. Martin E. Green, as a citizen, was esteemed in all the relations of life, a man of tried integrity, generous sympathy and true devotion.

"Many years ago, when engaged in the lumber business, his mill was swept away by a flood, thus reducing him to poverty while several debts were still hanging over him. At this juncture he availed himself of the benefits of the general bankrupt law, but with returning prosperity, though relieved from all legal obligations, he sought out and satisfied every dollar of the old indebtedness.

"Having joined the M. E. Church before leaving Virginia, he was honored with various official trusts and continued in its membership until his death, and in the camp as at the fireside he strove to maintain his Christian character and perform his religious duties."

Such the character given him by his enemies, even in the midst of war; such the man whose loss the little band of Missourians in Vicksburg so severely felt.

The Federal forces continued their subterranean excavations under the fateful fort on the Jackson road. With a mine of greater depth and extent than the first, heavily charged with an immense load of gunpowder, they produced another fearful explosion, a very Vesuvius of internal upheaving energies. I prefer quoting entire from Anderson's excellent book,* his graphic account. He was a partici-

*"Memoirs," p. 352.

pant, and a member of the Second Missouri infantry, and is a graceful and powerful writer :

“At twelve o'clock on the 1st of July our regiment retired to its position when off duty, a little over a hundred yards back in the hollow ; the Sixth Missouri was placed on duty in our stead. We had just stacked arms and entered the holes, some had taken their boots off, others their pants, as it was very warm, and were arranging to be comfortable for the time, when the ground heaved as if by an earthquake. Had the mine under the parapet been sprung? No sound immediately accompanied this motion. Was it 'Old Enceladus, the son of Earth,' stirred in his mighty caverns?

“But in an instant more the terrific thunder of the explosion reached us. The elements shook at the appalling sound. The earth trembled as beneath the giant tread of Titans hurling their huge missiles against the arc of heaven. Immense columns of earth and shattered fragments ascended into the air and darkened the heavens. We seemed to stand upon the brink of a volcanic crater, ready to engulf us in its fiery flood.

“Simultaneously the concentrated fire of more than fifty pieces of artillery opened upon this devoted position. The furies rode in triumph around the wild chaos, and the god of war waved his gleaming sword above the raging battle. Rushing to get my gun, the first man I observed was Alford, waving his sword and commanding the men to fall into line. The regiment was quickly formed and rapidly hastened to the scene. We were met by Cockrell, who was not very far from the parapet when the explosion occurred, and with many others was blown up. He fell some distance down the hill, and miraculously escaped without any fatal injury. Though still suffering, he was very much excited, and greeted the head of the regiment in a loud and animated tone: 'Forward, my brave old Second Missouri, and prepare to die.'

“Before reaching the lines we encountered many fearful evidences of the frightful and terrible character of the affair, men being borne back by the infirmiry corps, whose faces and hands presented a charred, blackened and swollen appearance, truly shocking and most horrible.

“Upon arriving at the ruins the sight presented to our view was frightful. Men were lying round in every direction, of whom some had been maimed and mangled, and

were still living, while others were dead or lifeless—most of them dead. Those that were blown beyond the immediate circle of the explosion, which occupied a large space, were being gathered up where they were in sight. Many were covered and buried beneath the falling earth and wreck, and men were already engaged in digging for the bodies, to save, if possible, those in whom life might not yet be extinct. This labor was performed under a heavy fire, and was rewarded by finding a few living, who were immediately borne off on litters, while as rapidly as they were exhumed the most of them unfortunately were laid aside—deposited with the dead. As each body was brought forth from this living tomb it underwent its brief examination—the speedy search for life or death.

“Above, around and amidst this scene of woe and death, the enemy’s balls and shells whizzed and flashed in wild riot and with fatal destruction. Our position was immediately in rear of the ruins. The shelling was severe—fearful! Under any ordinary circumstances the post would have been considered untenable, but now it must be maintained, for every moment it was thought the artillery would cease and a charge be made.

“From the hostile works immediately upon the outside of our lines a small mortar had opened, throwing a twelve-pound shell, and every one lighted and exploded in our midst, rarely failing to kill or wound one, probably several of the men. Our situation was the most trying to which troops can be exposed—subjected to a deadly fire without the chance of returning it or striking the foe; for our artillery at this part of the line, confronted by vastly superior metal both in weight and number, had been dismounted or crippled, and not a single piece responded to the incessant roar of the enemy’s guns. The bearing of the men never attracted my admiration more than under the circumstances in which they were now placed. The large shells from the heavy batteries, striking the top of the blown-up fortifications, burst immediately in our faces, killing and disabling the men and almost covering us with earth; but, shaking themselves and closing up the ranks, they stood devotedly to their places, and through the smoke of battle, upon every countenance was depicted the determination to hold the parapet or die in its defense. We were kept in position here for two hours, holding ourselves in readiness to receive a charge.

"The artillery at last ceased firing for a while, but the destructive little mortar still continued to play upon us with serious effect; about forty men of the regiment were struck by it, and more of them were killed than wounded.

"It was understood that the Federals had been ordered to charge when the fire of the artillery abated, but had refused or exhibited such reluctance to do so that the order was not enforced."

Among the last casualties of the day was Lieutenant-Colonel Senteney of the Second, who was looking over the works and making some observations, when he was shot through the head by a Minie ball and killed instantly. With bitter tears of grief and sorrow the regiment beheld the body of this gallant officer, who had led them through many trying scenes and fiery ordeals, now borne back a corpse. No more would we hear his calm and deliberate, though firm and quiet commands, and be reassured and stimulated in the hour of danger by his self-possessed and determined bearing. The men loved him as their friend, and honored and esteemed him as their commander. He was a brave soldier and an accomplished gentleman.

On the second of July Captain Covell writes: * "Our last rations are in our haversacks, 'mule meat' at that. All hope of outside relief has been abandoned. It is said that Colonel Cockrell proposed to 'cut out,' offering to lead the charging column with the Missourians, but the coils were drawn too closely, and nothing was left but surrender."

The preliminary note for terms was dispatched on the third of July. Correspondence on the subject continued during the day, and was not concluded until nine o'clock the next morning. General Pemberton afterwards came out and had a personal interview with Grant in front of the Federal line, the two sitting for an hour and a half in close communion. A spectator says, "Grant was silent and smoking, while Pemberton, equally cool and careless in manner, was plucking straws and biting them as if in merest chit-chat."

It was a terrible day's work for such display of *sang froid*. It was the loss of one of the largest armies which

* Diary, p. 257.

the Confederates had in the field; the decisive event of the Mississippi Valley; the virtual surrender of the great river, and the severance of the Southern Confederacy. The numbers surrendered at the capitulation of Vicksburg were twenty-three thousand men, with three major-generals and nine brigadiers, and upwards of ninety pieces of artillery and about forty thousand small-arms.

Weakness from fatigue, short rations, and heat, had left thousands of the troops decrepid—six thousand of them were in the hospitals, and many of them were crawling about in what should have been convalescent camps. Four thousand citizens and negroes, besides Pemberton's army, included all the souls within the walls of Vicksburg. When we consider that these people had for a month and a half been in daily terror of their lives, never being able to sleep a night in their homes, but crawling into caves, unable to move except in the few peaceful intervals in the heat of the day, we may appreciate what a life of horror was theirs.

The first result of the surrender of Vicksburg, was the fall of Port Hudson, and the consequent supremacy of the Federal arms along the entire length of the Mississippi. General Banks had invested this place; he had made two assaults on the twenty-seventh of May and fourteenth of June. He had been repulsed by General Gardner, who held the place with about five thousand men. When the news was communicated to Gardner that Vicksburg had surrendered, knowing that all hope of relief was at an end, he determined that it was useless to prolong resistance, and on the ninth of July surrendered himself and the garrison as prisoners of war.*

The estimate of losses during the long and laborious siege of Vicksburg, given above by Mr. Pollard, differs somewhat from that recorded by H. C. Clark, in his "Diary of the War." He places the Confederate loss at four thousand seven hundred killed and wounded, and twenty-seven thousand prisoners captured at its close; the Federal loss at seven thousand and fifty killed and wounded, saying nothing of those who were disabled by disease in the

*Lost Cause, p. 395.

malarious swamps where they were confined in terribly hot weather. From Grand Gulf to the Fourth of July the Federal loss has, upon reliable authority, been placed at thirty thousand men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRICE IN ARKANSAS—BATTLE OF HELENA, JULY 4TH, 1863—
DEATH OF BOWEN—IN WINTER QUARTERS AT DEMOPOLIS
AND MERIDIEN.

WHILE Pemberton's surrendered army are being paroled and are marching to Demopolis, Alabama; at which point and in the vicinity the Missourians were to remain encamped and reorganizing until January, 1864; we will give a glance at General Price's operations in Arkansas.

The wisdom of the Confederate government insisted on retaining him in subordinate positions. Under McCulloch, Van Dorn, Pemberton, Holmes and Kirby Smith, he and his men performed prodigies of valor—most often unavailing. He was one of the oldest and most distinguished generals in the armies of the South, although yet in the vigor of his manhood—superior in ability to any of those named—unequaled in the devotion of his followers—with a well spent life of success behind him and great personal popularity in his State, which continued to increase during the entire war—he presented the only instance in the history of the Confederacy where a leader, the chosen representative of a State—and the most powerful of the whole sisterhood—was steadily and persistently repressed and denied the recognition from the central power which was fairly his due. Like the true man he was, however, no complaint ever passed his lips which could injure the public service, but in whatever command he was placed, and to

whatever task he was assigned, his whole duty was faithfully and thoroughly discharged.

In the month of May, General E. Kirby Smith, who was in chief command west of the Mississippi, determined to make a demonstration to save Vicksburg, draw away a portion of Grant's forces and annoy his communications. As a part of his plan he sent General Holmes to make an attack upon, and, if possible, capture Helena, a town on the west bank of the river, eighty miles south of Memphis and three hundred north of Vicksburg, and the garrison of which consisted of four thousand Federals, with one gunboat lying in front.

On the thirty-first of May, General Holmes put his troops, composed of Missourians and Arkansians, in motion for an advance. The weather was very wet, the creeks all full, and the ground covered with water. For the expedition General Holmes had Price's division of infantry, consisting of Parsons' Missouri brigade, numbering one thousand, and McRae's Arkansas brigade, of four hundred, Fagan's brigade of Arkansas infantry, numbering one thousand and five hundred; and Marmaduke's division of Arkansas and Missouri cavalry, numbering two thousand, making a total of four thousand and nine hundred.

These several commands formed a junction at Jacksonport, and, on the morning of the twenty-second of June, commenced their march in the direction of Helena. It was a toilsome and dangerous march—one of the most extraordinary recorded in the history of the war. The infantry were in water to their waists on two-thirds of the road. Heavy details of worn-out men were employed in dragging the wagons through difficult places. The mules would be unhitched, a long rope fastened to the wagon, and a hundred men pull it through. There was no pontoon train, and over the swollen streams bridges of floating logs would be constructed which a loaded wagon would sink several feet under water. In making this terrible march twelve days were consumed, and on the evening of the third of July the jaded men had reached within four miles of Helena. Precious time had been lost.

A council of war was called, in which occurred a remarkable scene. General Holmes explained the strength of the position to be attacked. Helena was surrounded by a range of rough wooded hills, which shut it into the river, except a narrow bottom next the river both above and below. The place was defended by three prominent forts, one protecting the approach by the north, one at the south, and the "Graveyard" fort, in the rear of the centre of the city. General Price was not in favor of an attack. He argued that the enemy was doubtless expecting them, and had concentrated as many troops as he deemed sufficient to defend the place; that, if it had been necessary to call troops from Vicksburg for this purpose, the object of the expedition had already been accomplished, and the only action of the troops should be to operate so as to detain such reinforcements at Helena. He thought this might be done most effectually by surrounding the place, cutting off the enemy's supplies both from the country and the river, and harassing him by picket fighting. Even if Helena were taken he thought it would be a dearly-bought victory. It was untenable; if any of the garrison escaped, and doubtless they had transports in waiting, their expulsion would but strengthen the enemy at Vicksburg, thereby defeating the very object of the expedition.

General Holmes wanted the *eclat* of victory. He replied with warmth: "General Price, I intend to attack Helena immediately and capture the place if possible. This is my fight. If I succeed, I want the glory, and if I fail I am willing to bear the odium." Then turning to the other officers he said: "At twelve o'clock to-night we move towards Helena."

General Marmaduke with his command was ordered to attack the northern fort; General Fagan was to attack the southern fort; and General Price was to assault and capture the centre fort—the attack to commence simultaneously at daylight.

About daybreak the first gun fired was by the battalion of sharpshooters belonging to Parsons' brigade, who encountered an outpost of the enemy. Price moved in

column of divisions, the Ninth Missouri infantry in advance. The hills were high, the ravines deep; but they pressed forward in good order, the enemy shelling them at every step of the march. When the last ridge was reached the command was halted, and the men rested and closed up ready for the assault. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the fort. By this time the firing had commenced on the right and left, and it was known that Marmaduke and Fagan were at work.

The command was given by General Price to charge with fixed bayonets. The troops moved in gallant style, at the run, over and through fallen timber and roughly constructed *abattis*, up hills and into gullies. They were never checked once and were soon in possession of the fort.

Price's division had done the work assigned it!

Heavy guns from the gunboat in the river now commenced playing upon the captured fort. The men sheltered themselves as well as they could and awaited further orders. Meanwhile Fagan had moved against the southern fort, and when within two hundred yards of it, had commenced a fire of small-arms, which provoked such a heavy response of artillery that his men were compelled to fall back. Twice was the assault repeated and with the same result. Marmaduke met with no better success. General Holmes, seeing the failure of Fagan and Marmaduke, ordered two regiments of Parsons' brigade to attack the southern fort in the rear. The movement was attempted, but under the fire of the gunboat and the cross-fire of the two forts and of the whole infantry force of the enemy it was impossible to advance.

Fagan and Marmaduke having withdrawn their forces, it became necessary to attempt the withdrawal of Price's division. With the whole force of the enemy concentrated upon this division, and separated as it was from any support, its retreat was one of mortal peril at every step. It was accomplished with heavy loss. The battle was lost; six hundred Confederates had been disabled, and about four hundred taken prisoners.

General Holmes the next morning commenced his march

back to Little Rock. The white flag had been run up at Vicksburg; all hope of the connection of the Trans-Mississippi with the eastern portion of the Confederacy was at an end; and General Holmes had made the first step of the retreat which, at last, abandoning Little Rock, was to surrender to the enemy the most valuable portion of Arkansas.*

* * * * *

Turning again to the Missouri Brigades, east of the river, we find them, early in September, settling themselves for winter quarters at Demopolis, a most pleasant and enjoyable town on the Tombigbee river, and where they were treated with the same generous and unstinted hospitality as at Port Gibson.

President Davis, by telegram to General Pemberton, tendered his thanks to Bowen's division of Missourians for their gallantry and the discipline manifested by them in the campaign just closed, and especially for the prompt succor they rendered, as reserves, to every weak point and to every doubtful position.

Lieutenant-General Hardee superseded General Pemberton, who was ordered to Richmond on other duty.

After the death of General Green the Second Brigade was under command of Colonel T. P. Dockery, until July fifteenth, when Colonel Gates, who had made his escape two days after his capture at Big Black, but could not reach them before, arrived and was placed in charge. During the early part of September, 1863, the Missourians were united into one brigade, thereafter known as the Missouri Brigade. The gallant commander who so prided in its discipline and efficiency was no more—he had been laid in his Southern grave—another martyr to the cause and another hero for Missouri to mourn. General Bowen was taken sick at Vicksburg after the surrender, and was conveyed in an ambulance with the army as far as Raymond, when his illness assumed an aggravated form and he stopped there for treatment; he became worse, however, and died, after a brief illness, at that place, on the 13th of July.

* "Lost Cause," p. 397.

John S. Bowen had attained the rank of Major General, and his standing with the whole army was very high, second to no other officer in it. From the prominent part assigned him in negotiating the surrender, it is evident that General Pemberton had the utmost confidence in his ability; his name may be properly associated with the best soldiers of his day. He was complimented by Beauregard at Shiloh, and by Breckenridge at Baton Rouge, and distinguished himself in bringing up the rear of Van Dorn's army from Corinth. The skill he displayed with the small command under him in the battle of Port Gibson, and the address with which he conducted the retreat to Black river, in the face of an active and immensely superior force, will ever rank, in the art of war, as masterly exhibitions of military genius. His generalship was admired and applauded throughout the army, and he was held in the very highest personal esteem by the soldiers of his division, and by all who knew anything of his character.

Only a few days before the battle of Port Gibson, Mrs. General Bowen, Mrs. Colonel Senteney and Mrs. Colonel Erwin, had come from Missouri, passed through the lines, and joined their husbands at the command.

The day before the battle all three were at General Bowen's headquarters, chatting gayly with one another and a group of officers around; their faces were bright and cheerful, and, in a reunion with their husbands and friends, they seemed perfectly satisfied and happy. But, alas! so soon by the reckless hand of war was this to be turned into grief and woe and bitter wailing! These ladies were left outside of Vicksburg, separated from their husbands by the siege; and, when it was over, Colonels Senteney and Erwin had gone to their long, last home, and the happy wives of a few weeks before were now grief-stricken widows.

Mrs. Bowen had the sad satisfaction of again seeing her husband, but it was after the fatal disease was upon him, from which he soon sank insensible in death. Thus she was alone with the rest, and called upon to mourn the loss of the gallant spirit, dear to his country, dear to us, but dearer still to a loving and trusted wife.*

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 365.

Colonel F. M. Cockrell was promoted to Brigadier-General, and the six regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry (dismounted) were consolidated into four regiments and composed his brigade.

The First and Third cavalry made a regiment, with Gates, Colonel; Samuels, Lieutenant-Colonel; Parker, Major. Lieutenant-Colonel Lawes, of First cavalry, retired on account of constant neuralgia in the stump of his arm, lost in battle. The First and Fourth infantry, it will be remembered, had been consolidated by General Bowen, in 1862, with Riley and McFarlane, Colonels; Garland, Lieutenant-Colonel; Fagan and Burke, Majors, with Colonel McFarlane, disabled by wounds, still on post duty.

The Second and Sixth infantry were united, with Flournoy, Colonel; L. Cooper and T. M. Carter, Lieutenant-Colonels; W. F. Carter and Duncan, Majors. Hudspeth, Colonel of the Sixth, retired because of wounds.

A rather unusual occurrence took place here in the Second regiment, in regard to the promotion and advancement of Captain Flournoy to its command. Major Tom Carter, by right of seniority, after the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Senteney and the promotion of Cockrell, was entitled to the command. He and other officers of the regiment, who were seniors of Captain Flournoy, waived rank and requested him to take the position of Colonel, which he was well qualified to fill.

Another incident, occurring at this reorganization, is worthy of notice. C. T. Thurmond, the junior Lieutenant of Captain Wm. Carter's company, a beardless, handsome boy, who had reached the army through many dangers and "hair-breadth 'scapes," had originally been elected an officer in his absence, without his knowledge, and against his protest when informed of it. In the re-elections at Demopolis two senior Lieutenants gave way, and the young junior was chosen Captain by unanimous vote. Like all his gallant comrades, he was cool, daring and absolutely reckless in his bravery. At Baker's Creek, not hearing the order to retreat, he was loading and firing rapidly and skillfully, and confident the day was ours,

when he heard a shout behind, and, looking around, discovered, to his infinite disgust, that he and Sergeant McBest were standing alone; the Brigade having been withdrawn, and they two remaining as the centre of a circle of Yankee fire. Captain Thurmond was severely wounded at Franklin, captured on the breastworks, and transported to Fort Delaware, but, to the astonishment of everybody, he lived to get home and marry a most charming woman. His manly modesty compelled her to learn of all his gallant deeds from *other* lips than his, and she wrote them to me. They form a record of chivalrous daring of which she may well be proud. If the individual romances of all our gallant Missourians could thus be written, the stories would read like the "Tales of the Crusaders."

"These were remarkable instances of modesty in the army, where the greatest ambition of men and officers is promotion or another grade; but the Missourians were fighting for objects far dearer to them than self-advancement, and they wanted men to direct and lead them who were most capable of command and could sustain the honor and fortunes of the cause."*

The Third and Fifth infantry consolidated, with Gause and McCown Colonels; Bevier and McDowell, Lieutenant-Colonels; Waddell and Williams, Majors. Upon request of the brigade officers Colonel Gause was sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department for recruiting purposes, and Lieutenant-Colonels Bevier and Garland were ordered to Richmond to take charge of all Missouri prisoners received at various points in the East on exchange.

The batteries of Wade, Guibor and Landis made one company, strong enough to man four guns, under command of Captain Guibor. †

On the 13th of September notice of exchange was received and General Cockrell's Brigade was placed in French's division, composed of General Quarles' Tennessee and General McNair's Mississippi, afterwards General D. H.

* Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 368.

† I am indebted to the kindness of the gallant Flournoy for a memorandum of the reorganization.

Reynold's brigade, Ector's Texas and Baldwin's, afterwards Sears' brigade, and in the army now commanded by General J. E. Johnston, who had replaced Hardee, and who in turn, on being ordered to the command of the army of Tennessee, was replaced by the bishop-General L. Polk.

While in this camp General Cockrell was diligently engaged in perfecting the discipline of the Brigade; it was now but little more than two thousand strong, and contained all the Missourians that were left of eight thousand that had crossed the river under Price, and remained on the east side. It was often said, and even by officers of the old regular service, that it was the finest brigade of soldiers they had ever seen. On the 16th of October General Johnston held a grand division drill, in which a fine flag was won by this Brigade as a premium for greatest perfection in the tactics. A few days after that President Davis, passing on his way to the upper Mississippi, stopped long enough to review the troops who had received arms here. They were formed in line up and down the wide main street of the place, which was perfectly level, and the review took place in the town. The President was well satisfied with the appearance presented; he stopped in front of the Missouri Brigade and complimented it very highly; it was a small but decidedly military looking command, and drew his attention forcibly, especially by its style of cheering; all the regiments showed to advantage and the polished bayonets of the grey line made a brilliant display.

On the 19th of October General French's division, Cockrell's Brigade having been presented with the finest guns and best equipments that could be furnished in that army, removed camp to Meridian, Mississippi, where permanent winter quarters were established. From this time on I will quote extensively from the diary of George W. Warren, Lieutenant of Company "A" Third and Fifth Missouri infantry, which has been kindly placed at my disposal. Lieutenant Warren, now an esteemed resident of Richmond, Virginia, was with the army from first to last, and during the final months of the terrific struggle was in the fore-front of

every combat as one of the trusted officers of the skirmish line, and from the surface of Mobile Bay, with the waters around him lashed by falling bullets, witnessed the little white handkerchief, flapping from a broken ramrod, which proclaimed the end and closed the glorious career of the First Missouri Brigade.

On the 10th of November he thus gives us an insight into "Camp Life in the South:"

"We have been hard at work two days on our 'kitchen,' as we call it. It only requires to be daubed, when the job will be finished, and right comfortable quarters we will have. It is built against the rear wall of one tent and by ripping up the middle seam both rooms are thrown into one. We have a large fireplace in the farther end which draws beautifully.

"The different regiments have clubbed together and constructed a large log meeting house in the rear of regimental headquarters; all the timber and shingles were gotten out by the men and the building put up without the use of nails, like Solomon's Temple, except the hammering. Dr. Wolfe, of our company, has organized a chess-club, which meets over there every night the building is not engaged with religious exercises. The doctor plays a fine game, I understand. There is also some talk of debating societies and theatricals in the church to help make the long winter nights pass agreeably."

On the 20th he adds:

"It is well for us that we built the log addition to our quarters, the constant rains we have been having would have cut us off from many a square meal. Plenty of 'Marion's sweet potatoes,' which *we* think good living, are issued to us, and these baked, with beef, make a dish on which we are thriving wondrously.

"Every day, when it is not raining, we are drilled by General Cockrell, from three to four hours, in the most difficult tactics, and as this is our longest resting spell, we are more perfect than ever before. Our route to the drill ground is past General Johnston's headquarters, who greets us kindly every morning, and sometimes as we pass he is on his front porch with musket in hand, going through the manual of arms, and coolly informs us that he is trying to 'keep up' with our Brigade—all of which pleases the boys immensely and makes the old hero a prime favorite with them."

On the 8th of January, 1864, the Brigade was moved to Mobile, Alabama, because of a mutiny supposed to be extensive,* but which proved to be slight. At this point, in a competitive drill of a regiment each from the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, and Missouri, with Generals Hardee and Maury as judges, the First and Fifth Missouri carried off the prize, which was a silk flag presented by the ladies of the city.

On the 5th of February, the Brigade left Mobile for the front, to meet Sherman's advance from Vicksburg. Lieutenant Warren says :

"We arrived at Morton, Mississippi, early on the morning of the 9th, after a very disagreeable trip by rail. The men on the flat-cars suffered considerably from cold, the night air when the train was in motion cutting like a knife.

"Moved out about two miles and formed a line of battle. The position is a good one, our line being formed in crescent shape on a range of hills. Our Brigade on the left of the line, Third and Fifth regiments supporting battery on the extreme left. Company 'A' thrown out as skirmishers, half deployed by Captain Caniff and Lieutenant Marnell, the other half in reserve under myself and Lieutenant St. Mary.

"About five o'clock in the evening the enemy's cavalry made a bold dash on the centre of our line, but they were met with such a warm fire that they retired as rapidly as they had advanced. We could plainly see the whole affair from our elevated position, and enjoyed thoroughly the handsome style in which our foes were repulsed. Their infantry next came to the front, but after deploying skirmishers made no farther advance.

"Just before dark I was ordered with the reserve under my charge to take a position on our flank. I found a good place where, behind a short stone wall, we remained until after midnight, ready to meet the enemy and show them how firmly a stone-fence could stand. Fires were built in the rear of our lines to deceive the Federals, and were kept burning until our forces had withdrawn. The movement commenced about 11 o'clock, but we were left in position until about 2 o'clock in the morning.

"We passed along the whole front of our line, our army

* Colonel Flournoy's Memorandum.

having moved off by the right flank. We picked up quite a number of stragglers who were sleeping around the fires; by this means our little force was considerably increased before we reached the end of the line."

The retreat was continued next day, when they bivouacked at Forrest Station, making comfortable beds out of dry leaves. Warren adds:

"Last night we had an infernal time of it fighting the fire which had gotten into the dry leaves. The first intimation we had of the spread of the flames was the explosion of private Burch's cartridge box, which he had placed at his head. The report of the explosion brought us all to our feet, when, instead of seeing our camp swarming with blue-coats, we found ourselves surrounded with a circle of fire. The first thing to be done was to save our plunder the next was to put out our bed of leaves which was burning on three sides. This accomplished, we turned our attention to summing up casualties. Caniff's bran new grey overcoat was minus one-half the cape and a third of the skirt. St. Mary's losses were one shoe burnt to a crisp and a large hole in his blanket. As I was sleeping in the middle I came off better than the rest, having only the upper part of my cap burnt off. There has been high old damning of the dry leaves that we thought only last night were such a God-send to us. Captain Caniff's overcoat presented a comical appearance, one side of it missing, and from behind presenting the appearance of only half a man."

On the 20th the Brigade reached its old camp at Demopolis, where it remained over a month.

General Sherman only advanced as far as Meridian and stopped for a few days, waiting for a mounted column, about ten thousand strong, that was to come down the Mobile and Ohio railroad, under Generals Smith and Grierson, and which was to join him with supplies at that point. This column was met above Columbus by General Forrest, with a force not over half its strength, and badly whipped, cut to pieces and driven in confusion back to Corinth or Memphis. Sherman was forced to retreat to Vicksburg. He placed no restraint upon his army on his route back, and the country on its path was entirely devastated. Having been foiled in his undertaking of going to Mobile by land, he savagely turned loose a lawless and unrestrained soldiery

upon the people, and the foul deeds of that unbridled army rest upon him. His record is dark, blackened with heartless cruelty to Southerners, and marked by the bitterest invectives against them.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAUDERDALE SPRINGS — HEAVY MARCHING — FROM ROME TO ATLANTA—BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1864—PEACH TREE CREEK—FIGHTING AROUND ATLANTA.

AT Demopolis the Missouri Brigade remained over a month, during the time re-enlisting for the war.

On the third of April, 1864, they went into camp at Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi, which place was made memorable by numerous friendly contests with the Texans of Ector's brigade, who were camped near them, and who became very fond of the Missourians. The two commands would prepare themselves with huge piles of pine burrs; and, when night came, with these on fire, flying through the air, charge and counter-charge, flank movements and skillful skirmishing, accompanied by every yell and war-whoop known in battle, gave fine representations of real fights. The objective points were the mess kits of the opposing forces, and, when a company happened to lose their cooking "turn out," they were compelled to do without eating or become objects of charity, until they could succeed in recapturing them on some ensuing night's contest.

General Cockrell was temporarily in command of the division, and Colonel Gates of the Brigade. The latter thought the fun was running too high, and tried to repress it; the men retaliated by invading his mess and spiriting

*Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 383.

away his pots and kettles. The old war horse stormed in vain, then bit his moustache, laughed, and finally went to the "boys" and coaxed his things back from them.

These little incidents in a brigade so thoroughly disciplined, so obedient to every command of its officers when on duty, speak more than volumes of the kindly feeling which existed between the officers and men.

"You rascals, you!" growled Gates, while his eyes twinkled pleasantly at them, "there is no doing anything with you except when you are marching or fighting."

On the twentieth of April they took up line of march and went into camp at Tuscaloosa, on the twenty-sixth, where they remained over a week. From this place until their junction with Johnston's army they marched, on an average, twenty miles a day, some of the time with two of the regiments deployed as skirmishers, with centre resting on the road, for the purpose of arresting the many thousands of conscripts who were hiding in the hills of northern Alabama—a duty which was not only dangerous and disagreeable, but excessively wearisome: They accomplished this extraordinary march with comparative impunity, by moving at quick step and halting five minutes every hour for rest.

On the seventeenth of May, about two P. M., a courier dashed up to Colonel Gates, with orders to move rapidly; but he kept on at the same pace. A second, and finally a third came up with positive orders for him to double-quick his men, or he would be cut off. This he absolutely declined to do, informing the officer that his men were broken down with much marching, could go no faster, and, if they were cut off, would cut their way through the enemy or go around.

The artillery firing had been heard some time; this was soon added to by the muttering roll of musketry—they filed in behind the Confederate forces that were engaged, with the bullets whistling over their heads, marched into Rome with colors flying and drums beating—embarked on the cars, and, by midnight, were at Kingston; having made a march that day of thirty-two miles over slippery, red-clay

roads, besides the nineteen miles by rail. The next day the Brigade took its allotted place in the lines of the Army of Tennessee, under General Johnston.

General S. G. French's division was at this time composed of Cockrell's Missouri, Ector's Texas and Sears' Mississippi brigades, and was incorporated into General Polk's army corps, which included the divisions of Loring, Walthall, French, and Jackson's cavalry. After the death of General Polk, who was killed on Pine Mountain, June fourteenth, General Loring was in command until in July, when Major General A. P. Stewart was promoted to Lieutenant-General, placed in charge of it, and it was ever after known as Stewart's corps of the Army of Tennessee.

The Missouri Brigade formed its first line as an integral portion of General Johnston's forces at Cassville, Georgia. At this point he had proposed to deliver a decisive battle, taking position on a bold ridge with an open valley before it. Two of his corps commanders, however, Polk and Hood, questioned the value of the position against the enemy's artillery, flatly declared their distrust, and were for abandoning the ground immediately.

"So unwilling were they," writes General Johnston, "to depend on the ability of their corps to defend the ground, that I yielded, and the army crossed the Etowah on the 20th of May, *a step which I have regretted ever since.*"

He had reason to regret it.*

On the 20th of May, the army fell back across Etowah river and continued retreating slowly and fighting hourly until the 25th, when the battle array was formed on the line of New Hope Church. At this point General Stewart's division became engaged with overwhelming numbers against them and lost heavily, when Cockrell's brigade was ordered to relieve Stewart. It reached there about sunset, threw its skirmishers beyond the battle line and enabled the Tennesseans to remove their dead and wounded.

Here the opposing forces commenced digging like Roman legions and sharpshooting like Indian hunters. It is

* Lost Cause, page 541.

not within the scope of this book to give the history of Johnston's campaign or an account of the strategic movements of the armies, except only so far as they concern the First Missouri Brigade. My desire is rather to recount the story of its deeds and sufferings and losses, as they are remembered by eye-witnesses, and the faithful discharge of the various duties assigned it to perform. Therefore, I do not even refer to the battles fought by other portions of the army, nor to the maneuvering of Hood's and Hardee's corps. Our business is with Polk's.

An incident occurring on the 28th of May, and recorded by Lieutenant Warren, is worth preserving. He had been on the skirmish line, and says:

"Just after dark firing ceased on the line. A Yankee vidette called out to our vidette to come over and get a cup of coffee. Private Dan Monahan answered and said he would go if they would promise to let him come back. The promise was made and Monahan went over to their pits and shared their hard-tack and coffee. He made an exchange of some tobacco for Northern papers, and was just preparing to start back when an officer came up. Monahan's presence being explained to him, he told the venturesome Irishman to go back and ask the officer in charge of our skirmishers to meet him half-way between the lines, as he wished to arrange for the removal of two of our dead that were lying very close to his skirmish pits. Monahan returned with his message, and when the signal was given, Captain Caniff went out and met the officer. They had arranged that matter and were just commencing to talk on other topics, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened by the Mississippians on our left. They thought the enemy were advancing, their skirmishers ran in and volley after volley was fired from the main works. This idea seemed to take possession of the armies, for the fire was opened on both sides with musketry and artillery and extended along the whole front for miles. Our Brigade was the only one, I do believe, that was not affected by the general scare; they did not fire a shot, for they knew where the enemy were before them. The Yankees in our front, however, were affected like the rest.

"Caniff and the Yankee officer had to shelter themselves behind a tree until the heaviest volleys were over. They

then separated. Caniff got safely in; we don't know how the other fared in getting back to his line. The regiment opposing us was the Seventh Illinois, and Monahan says they are 'devilish good fellows.' Both armies were on the alert the balance of the night, each thinking the other meant a night attack."

During the time the army occupied the "New Hope Church" line, Col. A. C. Riley, the gallant leader of the First Missouri infantry, was killed while lying asleep on a stretcher in rear of the works. He possessed high and sterling qualities, and the stubbornness with which he fought, the dash and impetuosity that characterized his every movement, his strict discipline, his kindness to his men and their affection for him, rendered him a model soldier, and had given him an extended reputation.

Lieutenant-Colonel Garland, a most brave and chivalrous spirit, who was at the time on duty in Richmond, immediately came on and assumed command of the regiment.

On the 5th of June this line was abandoned for a new position on Pine Mountain, where their corps commander, General Leonidas Polk, was killed while reconnoitering in front of the trenches.

They were finally placed in line, June 19th, on the crest of Little Kinnesaw Mountain, the strongest and most easily defended works to which the Brigade had ever been assigned. All the space between the times these different positions were assumed, had been filled in with forming lines and fighting all day, most of the night being occupied with marching—withdrawing from their works sometimes with muffled cannon wheels and taking new positions before the day break. This retreat of Johnston's was a marvel of strategic skill and military ability, so scientifically exact even in details, that most of the time the Missouri Brigade, where the ground would admit of it, marched in column of companies, and when they were halted were almost always within a few feet of their proper place in the defensive line.

From their perch on Kennesaw they had a splendid view of the surrounding country, and the long, dark lines of the Federal infantry and artillery moving into battle array.

Whole regiments formed our skirmish line and were soon sharply engaged.

Warren notices a gallant achievement of Captain Caniff, of the Fifth infantry, who, when another portion of his regiment was being pressed back by main force, left his own company and rushed to rally them. Warren remarks that he was struck with the thorough confidence which the whole command reposed in Caniff. Many instances of great bravery are remembered of this gallant and unequalled Irishman, who was a favorite with all—never away from his post—always ready for duty—finished and complete in the study of the tactics, and considered by the Brigade as the best officer of his rank in the army. I will let Lieutenant Warren describe, in his graphic style, the battle of Kennesaw Mountain as seen and participated in by the Missouri Brigade, on the 27th of June, 1864:

“Those of us that were sleeping late this morning (having been on picket three consecutive days) were aroused by the most terrific outburst of artillery that the enemy has yet treated us to. Every gun that could reach us was brought to bear on Little Kennesaw. We knew what the shelling foreboded—every man sprang to his arms—Caniff shouted for each to take his place in the trenches, and in a moment all was ready. I shall always wonder how I got safely across the bald mountain top, through the flying mass of shells and fragments of rock.

“The artillery soon slackened its fire and we could hear the volleys delivered by our skirmishers as they met the first line of the enemy. Poor fellows!—few of them could get back up that rugged mountain side in time to save themselves.

“In a few minutes the enemy made their appearance, a solid line of blue emerging from the woods, a hundred yards below us. We gave them a volley that checked them where they stood. As this line was melting away under our steady fire, another pressed forward and reached the foot of the mountain. Behind this came yet another line, but our fire was so steady and accurate that they could not be induced to advance, though their officers could be plainly seen trying to urge them up the hill.

“Then came another column, the heaviest that had yet appeared, which made the final, as well as the most deter-

mined assault, and which stood their ground longer than the others. Some of these men came twenty or thirty yards up the side of the mountain, but they were nearly all shot down, which deterred the others from following. Our men shot with unusual accuracy, because they had the low stone breastworks, which we had constructed with so much labor, on which to rest their guns.

“In three-fourths of an hour the attack was over and the Federals were gone, leaving large numbers of their dead lying at the bottom of the hill. I never saw our boys behave with greater coolness and courage. The enemy renewed and kept up their shelling until night, which was most efficiently and gallantly replied to by the batteries of Bledsoe and Guibor.”

While the blue lines of the Federals are moving forward in serried array, with glittering bayonets and pennons pointing to the front, and, as with tuneful step they sweep boldly and gracefully up the steep hillside, they are met by the murderous fire which blazes along our lines, and the withering volleys of grape and canister, that deal death and destruction in their ranks. They waver and hesitate, when a Colonel seizes the colors of his regiment and rushes forward—a few follow him—he falls—and the flag is trailed in the dust, and is raised only to go down again—the brave fellows falter—the front line is shaken—the rear ranks give way and a disorderly retreat ensues, leaving the stricken Colonel on the ground.

That night Warren was out in charge of the pickets—through the dense darkness, over the fallen logs and boulders, and adown the precipice of the mountain side, he and his men picked their way—arrived at the slaughtered heaps of the Federals, stumbling over a dead body at every step, and took their station. Hardly were they quiet before they heard soft footsteps approaching—then receding—then coming back and moving all around. In the solemn silence they stood breathless until morning, awaiting attack, and prepared for defense.

With the first gray light they ascertained that it was faithful friends of the brave Colonel, searching for his body. Hardly stopping to pass a word, the two hostile squads

laid down their arms and united in the search, the Confederates, when the dead officer was found, allowing him to be removed quietly to the rear.

General Johnston remained at Kennesaw until the third of July, when he fell back through Marietta to Chattahoochee river, where the army was allowed comparative quiet by the enemy for some days, and the men were permitted to rest and recruit their wearied energies. During this time the Peach Tree creek and the river below its mouth were taken as the new line of defense, and the forces gradually massed and entrenched at that point. The immediate fortifications of Atlanta were strengthened; and the two armies now confronted each other in what was unmistakably the crisis of the Georgia campaign. To this point the incidents of the campaign had all been in favor of the Confederates. The engagements at Resaca, New Hope Church, and Kennesaw Mountain, had been all Confederate victories.

In connection, too, with the campaign, General Forrest had achieved a brilliant success in Northern Mississippi, intercepting at Guntown, on the 10th of June, an expedition under Sturgis on its way from Memphis to protect and operate in Sherman's rear, had driven it back in utter rout and confusion, and hotly pursued it a distance of a hundred miles, taking two thousand prisoners, and killing and wounding an equal number. This stroke uncovered Sherman's rear and left him a hundred and thirty-five miles in the interior of Georgia, in constant dread that cavalry might get upon his line and destroy it beyond the possibility of further use.

The situation was all that General Johnston had anticipated; all that he wished for. He had performed all the conditions of the campaign he had proposed to himself; he had now "got the chances of the battle in his favor;" he had "reduced the odds against him by partial engagements;" he had brought his army to Atlanta after inflicting a loss upon the enemy five times as great as his own; and he had performed the almost marvelous feat of conducting a retreat through a difficult and mountainous coun-

try, more than a hundred miles in extent, without the loss of *material* or of a single gun.

General Johnston held Atlanta more firmly than Lee held Richmond. Sherman was unable to invest the city; and, to withdraw, he would have to pass over a single road one hundred and thirty-five miles long, traversing a wild and broken country. Johnston held him, as it were, suspended for destruction. The situation was brilliant for the Confederates.

A pause had now been given to the parallel operations of the enemy in Virginia and Georgia, the one aimed at Richmond, the other at Atlanta; both movements were now unmistakably in check; and intelligent men among the ranks of the enemy, did not hesitate to declare that it was only necessary for the Confederates to maintain the situation at each point, to put Northern patience to the last proof, and compel a peace.*

Perhaps Pollard goes too far, who can say? But here is what one of the actors writes, who stood in the ranks and expresses the feelings of the army:

"To-day," July 18th, 1864, "about noon, we had orders to fall into line behind the muskets, which were stacked, when a general order was read to each regiment, informing them of the removal of General Joseph E. Johnston and the appointment of General J. B. Hood to command the army of Tennessee, by order of the President.

"I, for one, was astonished at this piece of news, and was made very gloomy over it. I had rather serve under our brave, skillful and accomplished old general, than any other in the Confederacy. The Brigade was indignant and almost mutinous. The news of this change of commanders, I am sure, will be welcome news to the enemy."

Indeed, it is said that when Sherman heard that Hood was to be his future antagonist, he jumped to his feet, made a significant motion with his forefinger, and exclaimed:

"I know that fellow!"

When General Hood took command he had an effective force of forty-one thousand infantry and artillery, and ten thousand cavalry, better clothed and equipped and with

better *morale* by far, than when Johnston assumed charge at Dalton ten days less than seven months before.

About noon of the 20th of July General Hood made an attack with a portion of Hardee's corps on Thomas' advancing column, and a bloody engagement ensued, resulting in forcing the Confederates back. The Missourians were formed for a charge and moved forward, but were stopped by a deep mill-pond on Peach Tree creek, and ordered back to the cover of some woods, by General French, where they lay for five hours under a heavy artillery fire, losing sixty-one men killed and wounded, without being able to strike a blow in retaliation.

The next day General Hood withdrew French's division to the inner works around Atlanta, but made a fierce attack with Hardee's corps on the enemy's left. Hardee's men were at first successful, repulsing the enemy and capturing the most of his artillery, but eventually exhausted and wasted with terrible slaughter, giving way and losing the most of the captured guns. "Like the assault of the 20th, this was one of the most reckless, massive and headlong charges of the war, where immense prices were paid for momentary successes, and the terrible recoil of numbers gave a lesson to the temerity of the new commander."

Happily, the Missouri Brigade were but little more than spectators; would that it had been so at Franklin! From this time until the first of September, the scenes of Vicksburg were re-enacted, constant fighting, heavy duty on the skirmish line, daily loss of some good men, but no pitched battles participated in by the Brigade.

On the 20th of August Lieutenant-Colonel Samuels, a good and true officer of Gates' regiment, was killed.

On the 29th of August Stewart's corps alone held Atlanta, the balance of the army having passed to the left, and on the 31st fought the bloody battle of Jonesboro, which resulted in the main body of Sherman's army obtaining position between Hardee's and Lee's corps and Stewart's, and establishing themselves on the battle-ground, twenty miles southeast of Atlanta. This compelled the evacuation of that city—"the gate to the South," the key to its net-work

of railroads, its most important depot of supplies and the emporium of its richest granaries. The magazines were blown up, large amounts of stores destroyed, and Stewart's corps moved out, marching all night and joining Hardee's in the morning at Lovejoy's.

The next four days were occupied in trenches and were signalized by several losses in the Missouri Brigade, among whom was the gallant Kennerly, Captain in the First infantry and the lamented McDowell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third infantry, who had been styled in the army the "young Napoleon." James Kelsey McDowell was only twenty-three when he enlisted in the M. S. G. under Col. Rives. By merit alone he acquired the utmost confidence of his superior officers, was made the first Captain of Company C in the Third, in '62 was promoted Major, and on the death of Colonel Hubbell, succeeded him as Lieutenant-Colonel. A stranger at first, he soon commanded confidence; a strict disciplinarian, he ever received the meed of personal popularity with his men; modest and retiring in his manners, his rapid promotion was due alone to genuine merit and dauntless bravery. By his own regiment he was loved and mourned as a brother lost.

On the 7th of September, the Missouri Brigade performed a dashing feat. It was ordered down the railroad alone, to reconnoitre and ascertain the strength of the enemy in front and annoy Sherman's rear, who was retiring on Atlanta. They soon encountered several Federal regiments who were picketing that line. General Cockrell drove them two miles and over, recapturing Jonesboro, where Hardee had sustained his defeat, and throwing Sherman's whole army into a fright. The Brigade then deliberately marched back to the lines, leaving its skirmish force in the village, who held it until night and as coolly fell back to their regiments.

On the 12th of September, a truce of ten days was entered into and the campaign "from Rome to Atlanta" was ended. Says Warren:

"I feel proud of the part we have played in its stirring events. We deem it a special honor that the Missourians

alone were sent to harass the rear of the enemy's retreating column, and did it with pronounced success, and we o the skirmishers plume our feathers prodigiously that from our hands came the last blows of this campaign."

Thus writes Pollard in his *Lost Cause*, page 580:

"But this period of military inaction was to be employec in launching measures of the most extraordinary cruelty against the non-combatant people of Atlanta. Genera Sherman was the author of the sentiment, 'War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it,' which was caught up in the Northern newspapers as a bit of very sententious and elegant philosophy, when, in fact, denying, as it did, that war had any law of order or amelioration, it was a mere plagiarism from the bloody and detestable code of the savage.

"This extraordinary doctrine Sherman at once proceeded to put in practice by depopulating Atlanta, and driving from their homes thousands of helpless women and children. It was the most cruel and savage act of the war. Butler, the tyrant of New Orleans, had only banished registered enemies. Sherman issued a sweeping edict covering all of the inhabitants of a city, and driving them from their homes to wander as strangers, outcasts and exiles, and to subsist on charity.

"General Hood, while he received the exiles within his lines, took occasion to protest, writing to General Sherman himself of the measure his sinister mind had devised, 'It transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war.'

"But all protests were unavailing. In vain the Mayor of Atlanta had pointed out to General Sherman that the country south of the city was crowded already with refugees, and without houses to accommodate the people, and that many had no other shelter but what they might find in churches and out-buildings; that among the exiles were many poor women in an advanced state of pregnancy; that the consequences would be woe, horror, and suffering, which could not be described by words."

Sherman was inexorable. He affected the belief that Atlanta might again be rendered formidable in the hands of the Confederates, and resolved, in his own words, "to wipe it out."

The old and decrepit were hunted from their homes; they were packed in railroad cars; tottering old age and

helpless youth were crowded together; wagons were filled with wrecks of household goods, and the trains having deposited their medley freight at Rough-and-Ready, the exiles were then left to shift for themselves.

All the wagons and ambulances of Hood's army were sent to that point to meet and assist the unfortunate exiles. On the 17th of September, the Missouri Brigade fasted for twenty-four hours; by an unanimous vote having instructed their commissary to devote that day's rations to the starving sufferers, being the first brigade of the forces to make that generous sacrifice.

What a contrast to Sherman!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STORMING OF ALLATOONA, OCTOBER 5TH, 1864 — HOOD'S MARCH TO TENNESSEE—PRICE'S "INVASION OF MISSOURI."

ON the twenty-first of September, 1864, the Army of Tennessee was moved from Lovejoy Station north to Palmetto, on the West Point and Atlanta railroad, and the inauguration of the new campaign was signalized by a review and a speech from President Davis. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, "in giving you a new commander I have chosen one who has struck in the cause of the Confederacy an *honest* if not a successful blow."

This was very unfavorably received by the army and the people. It would not do to impugn the honor, fidelity or honesty of General Joe Johnston—they were above suspicion or taint—his escutcheon was unsullied—the remark, to say the least of it, was very unfortunate as well as uncalled for.

Hood's divided army gradually gathered together and moved northward upon converging roads, but nothing of special interest occurred until they approached the

region of the Allatoona mountains, when French's division was detached to attack and capture the town of that name. The place was strongly fortified and held by the enemy in considerable force. On the summit of the mountain he had perched himself in three forts, with a formidable line of intrenchments around each. The fortifications extended along the crest, at a distance from each other of a hundred yards or more, with slight undulations of the ground between, and were constructed in a regular line. The country was rough and broken, covered with a growth chiefly of stunted timber, interspersed with pine, which grew large and towering. Within three hundred yards of the works the trees had been felled but not cleared up, and a very brushy and tangled space was left for some distance near the intrenchments. Lieutenant Warren gives the following account of "the storming of Allatoona's bloody heights," on the fifth day of October, 1864:

"After marching all night for over twelve miles, and at a rapid pace, the head of our column emerged from a sheltering ravine just as the first faint gleams of daylight appeared, displaying to our eyes, as we deployed along the ridge, the 'work' that was before us. Three forts, guarding Allatoona pass, stood out in bold relief on the opposite hill, within musket shot.

"Our line was quickly formed. As I looked across the intervening space to the bristling forts, and viewed the rugged mountain side, with the interminable *abattis* that lay between, and then cast my eye along our slender line, I thought to myself, 'there will be hot work here if those regiments are made up of resolute men.'

"Everything being ready, a messenger was sent in to demand a surrender. The officer passed down our front, and we watched the point where he disappeared over the hill with peculiar interest. We had not long to wait; as he passed us in returning, one of the boys asked:

"'Is it surrender or fight, Major?'

"'Fight,' was the laconic reply.

"Caniff ordered the company to throw off everything but accoutrements. Our example was imitated by the rest of the regiment. A command to 'load at will' was followed in a few minutes by the bugle call to 'forward.'

"Our skirmishers, under Lieutenant Lamb, charged and

drove in the enemy's skirmish line. As we advanced we could see the gallant Lieutenant and his little band sheltering themselves as best they could just below the fort. The brave fellow was killed before we came up. When we reached the *abattis* our advance was momentarily checked. By the time our line had made its way through the network of fallen timber all our organization was gone. Companies and regiments were thoroughly mixed up. The first works we reached were carried with a rush. Some prisoners were captured, but most of the garrison fled to the next fort, where the fighting was much more desperate."

Our men were met with a murderous fire of all arms, but pressed on to the fortifications; the color-bearer, Harry DeJarnette, of the Second regiment, was shot down—fortunately only wounded, and living yet to be an editor in Little Rock—but the fallen colors were raised immediately and planted upon the works. The battle now raged fiercely and, considering the number of combatants, was one of the bloodiest and most desperate of the war. The Federals stood their ground, and with fiery impetuosity our boys rushed upon them with the bayonet. The furious strife lasted for twenty minutes, during which the bayonet was the chief weapon used, and at the expiration of that time the fort was in our possession.

Sergeant John M. Ragland, of the First and Fourth infantry, captured the flag of an Iowa regiment on the breastworks, waved it in defiance at the enemy and carried it safely away. For this heroic act he was appointed to convey the captured banners to Richmond and was duly promoted. Lieutenant Gillispie, of the Third and Fifth, broke his sword in a cut at a Federal soldier, whom he forced to surrender, and a number of prisoners were captured.

While this fighting occurred, Sears was charging the other fort, but had not succeeded in taking it. A general attack was now made upon that point; this, however, proved to be much the strongest fortification of the three—in fact, it was almost impregnable and was well and stubbornly defended. The "boys" advanced bravely and held their ground for sometime at the very mouths of the cannon, but the resistance was such that they could not carry the works,

and, after a desperate, fierce and deadly encounter, they were compelled to retire. The men of French's division had now become so much scattered that it was impossible to gather a sufficient number to give any hope of a successful assault on the main fort, although Captain Caniff, commanding Third and Fifth in place of Major Waddell, wounded, and Colonel Garland of the First and Fourth, were very eager to charge, and would have done so but for peremptory orders from General French to withdraw.

The loss of the Missouri Brigade in this engagement was heavy, of French's division six hundred and forty. Major Waddell, who commanded the Third and Fifth infantry (Col. McCown absent on leave) was killed on the summit of the inner parapet. He was universally beloved, chivalrous, high-toned, gentle in his demeanor, and as brave as a lion. Says Warren:

"In the hurry of the retreat I stopped at the field hospital to see our kind and genial Major Waddell. He was mortally wounded by a shot in the abdomen. Dr. Dysart told me there was not a ray of hope for him. I wanted to speak to him the parting word, but he was in a comatose condition, perfectly still. I could only look at him through blinding tears, press his lifeless hand and leave him."

While the assault on Allatoona was in progress the Federal commander, from the summit of Kennesaw, through the medium of his signal corps, personally directed the defence.

The enemy did not pursue, but left the assailants to retire in peace, capturing a block-house and ninety prisoners on their return, and rejoining Hood at New Hope Church. From this point the armies of Hood and Sherman separated as if by mutual consent.

General Hood started upon his fatal and disastrous expedition to Nashville, and Sherman commenced his pillaging and destructive "march to the sea." The Confederate army attacked and captured Dalton on the 12th, passed through the gap of Pigeon Mountain and entered Lafayette on the 15th, from whence they moved to Gadsden, rejoined their wagon train and started northward in the direction of Florence, Alabama. From Allatoona to Franklin was nothing

but hard marching over the muddy roads and through the interminable rains of a Tennessee winter; short rations, no tobacco, worn-out shoes and blistered and bleeding feet. Fifty-six days! the larger portion of which was spent tramping through the sloughs of muddy roads, in weather sometimes freezing cold and sometimes too warm, with an occasional skirmish, and a halt for rest and "washing," with frequent digging in trenches and building pontoon bridges, and two reviews by General Beauregard. They crossed the Tennessee river at Florence on the 20th of November, passed through Columbia on the 28th, and struck the fatal field of Franklin on the 30th.

That which most distinguishes the effective soldier—his good conduct on the long and wearisome march—is least recorded by history and least celebrated in verse. But it is that kind of endurance which constitutes the victorious army. Had Hood's forces all kept closed up like the Missourians, with discipline as unaffected by fatigue, hopes as high and spirits as buoyant, their career would have been triumphant and victorious, instead of being crowned with the gloomiest disaster of the war.

The history we are engaged in does not require us to enter into the details of the unfortunate quarrel between Hood and his generals, Stewart and Cheatham, as to where the blame rested for allowing Schofield's disordered and demoralized corps to escape from Columbia, and in confusion, without order, a mere fleeing and frightened mob of artillery, wagons and soldiers intermixed, to pass within sight and hearing of Cheatham's splendid division, which could so easily have headed off and caused the capture of Schofield and all his army. It was done; they were allowed to escape; the Missouri Brigade was not concerned, and that is all we have to do with it. This, the greatest opportunity of the campaign, was lost, and all Hood could then do was to follow at daylight as fast as he could; pressing the enemy so closely as to compel him to burn a part of his wagon train, and bringing him to bay at Franklin, before he could reach the stronger and more perfect fortifications around Nashville.

Whilst the hostile armies are being hurriedly arrayed for battle on the plains of Franklin, we will turn for a moment to General Price's campaign in Missouri, just then closed. Indeed, if we may believe the Federal General Pleasanton, the accident which forced upon Price the necessity of falling back into Arkansas, involved the defeat of Hood at Nashville and the ruin of the army of Tennessee. Says the Milwaukee Major General, in his report to the "committee on the conduct of the war:"

"The discomfiture of General Price in this campaign also released from service in Missouri a large force of our troops that were sent immediately to General Thomas, at Nashville, and they arrived in time to assist in the battles before that place against General Hood; and it is not too much to assert, that this addition General Thomas received to his forces in General A. J. Smith's corps, rendered him victorious in one of the crowning achievements of the war."

The history of this campaign is briefly told—the same old story of dash and brilliant daring and superior generalship against overwhelming numbers. About the middle of September General Price entered Missouri, crossing the State line from Arkansas by the way of Pocahtonias and Poplar Bluff. He had about ten thousand men, under command of Generals Shelby, Marmaduke, Cabell and Fagan. From Poplar Bluff, Price advanced, by the way of Bloomfield, to Pilot Knob, driving before him the various outpost garrisons, and threatening Cape Girardeau. Pilot Knob was evacuated and Price thus obtained a strongly fortified position, eighty-six miles south of St. Louis, the terminus of the railroad, and the depot for supply of the lower outposts.

General Rosecranz, the Federal commander in the Department of Missouri, was largely superior in force to Price; but he appears to have been unable to concentrate or handle his troops, and the country was surprised to find General Price moving almost without molestation through the large State of Missouri, and kindling the hopes of the Confederates with another campaign of wonders in this remote region of the war.

From Pilot Knob, General Price moved north to the Missouri river, and continued up that river towards Kansas. General Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, immediately collected such forces as he could to repel the invasion. Here is the way the Wisconsin General tells the story:*

“I arrived at Jefferson City in time to see Price move off, and immediately organized a cavalry force of about four thousand men, with a battery, which was sent in pursuit, and which did good service in compelling Price to keep his command together, and so save the country from being badly pillaged.” (Selah!)

“All other troops that could possibly take the field were prepared to do so, and by the eighteenth of October a cavalry force of *seven* thousand men and eight pieces of artillery, including the force that was sent in pursuit of Price, was organized and on the march. I assumed the command of this army, and, by forced marches, came to Lexington on the twenty-first, out of which place Price had driven General Curtis' troops, under General Blunt, that morning. I pushed on the next day to the Little Blue, engaged Price's troops, captured two pieces of cannon and drove them back to the Big Blue, through Independence.

“While this was going on, General Price, with part of his force, attacked Major General Curtis, who had a force of *twenty thousand* mounted men and thirty-two pieces of artillery, and drove him to Westport, in Kansas, Curtis losing one of his guns. On the twenty-third of October, I attacked Price in position on the Big Blue, drove him from his position towards the south, and took a number of prisoners. Price then moved rapidly in retreat.

“At this time Major General S. R. Curtis, commanding department of Kansas, joined me, and proposed, as my command had done so much hard fighting, that he should take the advance. To this I assented, when Curtis, after marching for a day in front, on finding that Price had halted on the Osage river in position to give battle, requested me to take the advance and attack Price. I therefore moved immediately with my command to the front and continued my march all night of the 24th of October, and at daylight on the morning of the 25th I surprised Price in his camp and drove him from it, and by a series of heavy engagements throughout the day captured eight pieces of

* General A. Pleasonton's Report, page 12.

artillery, several standards, one major-general, one brigadier-general, four colonels, many subordinate officers, and fifteen hundred men, besides a large number of wagons, beef cattle, sheep, etc., Price's forces becoming demoralized and retreating rapidly, throwing away their arms and other property that encumbered them.

"I regret to add that Major General Curtis gave me no support whatever, this day, but, to the benefit of the rebels, his troops were kept back and did not participate in any of the engagements; otherwise, I should have captured Price's whole force. After the fighting was over General Curtis moved his forces up and with the most exemplary modesty laid claims to the prisoners, guns, etc., that had been captured, but which I could not recognize, since he had waived his right to command at the time it was necessary to take them from the enemy."

It is interesting to notice the want of harmony and the jealousy existing between Federal officers, whenever we have occasion to notice their reports. It is only equaled by their untruthfulness. According to his own showing, it required thirty-five thousand men and forty-four pieces of artillery to drive Price out of the State; whose army, at its best, consisted of only ten thousand men and fifteen guns. He out-maneuvered and out-fought them—while a part of his forces were engaged with Pleasonton, the balance whipped and drove out of the State Curtis with his twenty thousand cavalry and thirty-two cannon!

The only defect of this "invasion of Missouri," was the same as that which nearly ruined the old general three years before at Springfield. His men were brought into the vicinity of their homes from which they had been exiles for years, and the temptation to revisit them, to some, was irresistible. Instead of being reinforced by recruits, his command was diminished by desertions at every step of the march, and almost ran through his fingers before he left the State.

General Pleasonton, in his roll of prisoners captured, like Pope at Corinth, included all these runaways, and even then multiplied the number by some unknown quantity.

General Price went into winter quarters in Arkansas, where we must leave him and return to the sad closing days of the First Brigade.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1864 — THE
ROUT AT NASHVILLE, DECEMBER 14TH, 1864 — THE RE-
TREAT.

CAPTAIN John M. Hickey, of Company "B," Second and Sixth infantry, who was one of the old State "Guarders," and had been with the Missourians from Lexington on, in his account of the battle of Franklin, says:

"On the twenty-eighth we moved out from Columbia, crossed Duck river, and at nine o'clock at night, reached Spring Hill, a point on the Nashville and Decatur railroad, twelve miles south of Franklin. Here we met the enemy in force, commanded by General Schofield, who were in full retreat and marching in confusion—soldiers, artillery and baggage trains all in one general jam. Here we ought to have made the fight, and here we could have routed and captured the enemy. But instead, we followed up the retreating force, and the old veteran First Missouri Brigade, being the advance of the infantry, captured a number of wagons—in many instances the mules and horses were shot by the Federals, and our road blockaded with their bodies. We pressed them heavily until they reached Franklin, on the thirtieth of November. Here we found the foe strongly reinforced and well fortified. From the heights south of Franklin we could see him in position, and could observe the bristling of his artillery and the strength of his defences. Our lines of battle were readily formed, and, under the soul-stirring strains of music from our brigade band—'Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'Dixie'—we were ordered to the assault."

At this time Stewart's corps was in position on the right, Cheatham's on the left, and the cavalry on either flank, the main body on the right, under Forrest. Johnson's division of Lee's corps also became engaged on the left about dark. The line advanced at four P. M., with orders to drive the enemy, at the point of the bayonet, into or across the Big Harpeth river, while General Forrest, if the general result

should be successful, was to cross the river and attack and destroy the enemy's trains and broken columns.

The troops marched forward most gallantly to the attack. They carried the enemy's line of hastily constructed works handsomely. They then advanced against his interior line, and succeeded in carrying it also in some places. "Here the engagement was of the fiercest possible character. The Confederates came on with a desperation and disregard of death, such as had been shown on few battlefields of the war."* A Northern writer says: "More heroic valor was never exhibited by any troops than was shown here by the rebels. The devoted columns were mowed down by grape and canister. Many of their men were killed entirely inside of the works."

The brave soldiers captured were taken inside the enemy's works on the edge of the town. I cannot refrain from inserting, also, the graphic account of another eye-witness, the gallant Anderson, who passed through the fiery ordeal: †

"The order to advance was general, and the line moved forward with banners streaming and the band of our Brigade playing; the movement was executed with perfect order, and the line, in solid and unbroken ranks, charged on.

"Lieutenant Gillespie, since breaking his sword at Allatoona, carried an axe in its stead, and now advanced upon the works with this implement of peaceful avocation converted into a formidable weapon of war.

"A heavy battery from a fort some distance in the enemy's rear, poured a destructive fire upon our lines as they moved up. Their infantry did not open upon the Brigade until it was within thirty steps of the works, when it was met by a deadly and terrific fire from troops armed with the seven-shooting Spencer rifle; and here the slaughter of the remainder of that gallant band of Missourians was almost consummated; in less than half a minute most of them went down. One of the survivors says, when he looked around after the first shock, there were only seven or eight men of his company standing; and the ranks of the Brigade were proportionately thinned.

"Our lines were now too weak to carry the works in their

* "Lost Cause," p. 586.

† "Memoirs," page 396.

front, and the order was given to fall back; some, however, rushed forward and gained the fortifications but were there, with few exceptions, killed or made prisoners."

In manner and style it was the most gallant charge ever made by the Missouri Brigade. The band discoursed its music with hardly a tremor in the notes; the men kept their step unbroken and their alignment, until thinned out by the enemy's bullets, as perfect as on the parade ground. Even when disorganized by the slaughter they rushed on into the fortifications of the foe, where some died fighting, others were captured, and of the rest, many were compelled to take refuge on the obverse side of the parapet, where they remained until they could escape under the protection of night.

The struggle along the whole line continued until near midnight, when the enemy broke in confusion, abandoned his works, left his dead and wounded, of whom there must have been near four thousand, and succeeded in crossing the river and escaping to Nashville. The total loss in killed, wounded and prisoners to the army of Tennessee was four thousand and five hundred. Generals Cleburn, Adams, Strahl and Granbury were killed, Generals Brown, Carter, Quarles, Manigault and Cockrell wounded, and Generals Scott, Gordon and Johnson captured.

The Missouri Brigade suffered fearfully, four hundred and forty-seven out of six hundred and eighty-seven killed, wounded and captured. A correspondent writes: "General Cockrell went into the fight with all the vigor and vim of a Marshal Ney. In a few minutes he returned, riding his wearied horse, severely wounded in both arms and in his leg, and unable to dismount until help came. The horse of Colonel Gates, which had so often followed Cockrell's over many a weary mile—all along the tottering line of the Confederacy, wherever the carnage was the deadliest—as if by instinct, turned and followed him now. His rider was powerless to guide him, both arms shot through and hanging limp by his side. I shall never forget the steady, calm gaze of this old hero of many a battlefield, as he sat upon his horse, erect as a statue, until I assisted him down and he

and the General were borne from the battlefield through a shower of bullets and balls."

The gallant and noble Garland, Colonel of the First and Fourth, Major W. C. Parker, of the First and Third cavalry, and Major Caniff, commanding the Third and Fifth infantry, were all killed in the very front of the fray. Nineteen other commissioned officers were killed on the field, and a much larger number wounded and missing.

Colonel Flournoy, of the Second and Sixth, was the only field officer left, except Lieut.-Colonel Carter, Colonel McCown of the Third and Fifth, being absent on leave, and therefore, Flournoy, as senior officer, assumed command of the Brigade.

Before the battle, the regiments were commanded as follows: The First and Third cavalry, by Colonel Gates; the First and Fourth infantry, by Colonel Garland; the Second and Sixth infantry, by Colonel Flournoy; the Third and Fifth infantry, by Major Caniff. After that they were commanded, the First and Third cavalry, by Lieutenant Guthrie; the First and Fourth infantry, by Captain Wickersham; the Third and Fifth infantry, by Captain Ben Eli Guthrie; the Second and Sixth infantry, by Lieut.-Colonel S. Cooper.

When the Brigade left Lauderdale Springs to join Johnston's army, it numbered sixteen hundred, officers and soldiers, rank and file, distributed as follows: Gates' regiment, 350; Riley's regiment, 240, McCown's regiment, 340; Flournoy's regiment, 560; Guibor's battery, 110. Adding the staff, which was mustered separately, about thirty, made some sixteen hundred and thirty strong.

When the Brigade formed line in front of Franklin, a field report showed present six hundred and eighty-seven. After the charge, on duty, two hundred and forty, being a loss of nearly two-thirds, almost equal to that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The loss in the officers was proportionally larger, being about seventy-seven per cent.

The Confederate artillery was not used at all in this battle.

The unfortunate wounded suffered untold horrors, many

of them remaining on the field for ten or twelve hours without food or water, in the freezing mud and amid the cries and groans of three thousand suffering and dying fellow mortals, and half that time exposed to the plunging shot of both friend and foe. A glimpse of the terrible scene is presented by Lieutenant Warren, who was on the ground searching for his friends early next morning, December 1st.

"When daybreak did come, and the fog and smoke of battle was lifted like a curtain, such a spectacle as this field of death presented to our eyes, I hope I may never witness again. Here, indeed, was a Carnival of Death. There must have been three thousand stiffened corpses lying in this little space, in full view. There may have been many more, I am sure there were no less. In many places they were in heaps, the ditch around the works, in some places, was filled with the dead. Numbers lay where they fell, on top and on the sides of the embankment, and a few were found inside the works, shot and bayoneted.

"I found poor Caniff and Wat Marnell; the former lying close up to the breastworks, the dead body of his horse being near by. Marnell had fallen midway between the lines and must have been killed instantly, for the flush of excitement was still on his face, and he looked as natural as he did in life. He had received many wounds, there being eleven holes in his blanket, which I took off to put around his body. But I imagine the wound in the left breast was the first received, and the others were made by those terrible volleys that swept over the field after our lines were forced to retire to the outer works. Captain Caniff was knocked from his horse by a shot in the right shoulder, and it must have been while lying on the ground, that he was struck in the top of the head, the ball coming out under the chin.

"My heart bled when I first stood over the rigid form of Lieutenant Crow; he was a kind, true friend and a perfect gentleman, as gentle and modest as a woman, and yet as brave as the bravest."

The citizens of Franklin, when they could approach the battlefield, were untiring in their services to the fallen heroes, burying the dead and caring for the living.

The next evening General Hood advanced upon Nashville, where Schofield had retreated and Thomas lay with his

main army. The opinion is general that he had made another great mistake by pausing to carry on a siege of a fortnight, instead of striking boldly across the Cumberland and obtaining control of the Federal line of communication. Grant was alarmed at this prospect, and started from Virginia to take command in person, when he was halted by the news of the disaster to Hood at Nashville, on the 14th of December.

On the 3rd of December, the Brigade assumed its place in the lines around that city, drove in the enemy's advance and fortified the Montgomery House. Very little skirmishing was engaged in, but the weather was winter, the snow on the ground—the roads muddy—the long range artillery of the Federals picking them off one by one, their comrades and companions of many months, through stirring events, lying dead and wounded behind them, it is little wonder that the Missourians were supremely miserable.

On the 5th of December, the Brigade was moved to the extreme left to guard the flank, and from thence, on the 10th, with a battery of four guns under Captain Kolb, of Alabama (Guibor being away with Forrest), and a squadron of Tennessee cavalry, took up the line of march for the mouth of Duck river, for the purpose of constructing a fort to obstruct the passage of the enemy's gunboats to Nashville. After a march of ten days through an incessant rain and over bottomless roads, and just as they were approaching Johnsonville, through the water waist deep in the Buffalo creek bottoms, a courier came with news of General Hood's inglorious defeat in front of Nashville, that his army was in full and disorderly retreat, and bringing orders to Colonel Flournoy to move at once to Bainbridge and join the army at that point. On the 14th day of December, 1864, the battle of Nashville was fought. I will only pause to quote Pollard's account of it: *

“Thomas' overwhelming numbers enabled him to throw heavy columns against Hood's left and centre. But every attack of the enemy was repulsed. It was four o'clock in the evening, and the day was thought to be decided for the

* Lost Cause, page 588.

Confederates, when there occurred one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war. It is said that General Hood was about to publish a victory along his line, when Finney's Florida brigade in Bates' division, which was to the left of the Confederate centre, gave way before the skirmish line of the enemy; instantly Bates' whole division took the panic, and broke in disorder. The moment a small breach was thus made in the Confederate lines, the whole of two corps unaccountably and instantly fled from their ditches, almost without firing a gun. It was a disgraceful panic, muskets were abandoned where they rested between the logs of the breastworks, and everything that could impede flight was thrown away as the fugitives passed down the Granny White and Franklin pikes, or fled wildly from the battlefield.

"Such an instance of sudden, unlooked-for, wild retreat, the abandonment of a victory almost won, could only have happened in an army where, through demoralization, the consequences of long, heavy, weary work, and of tremendous efforts without result—in short, the reaction of great endeavors where success is not decided, already lurked in the minds of the troops, and was likely to be developed at any time by the slightest and most unimportant circumstance.

"Fifty pieces of artillery and nearly all of Hood's ordnance wagons were left to the enemy. His loss in killed and wounded was disgracefully small, and it was only through want of vigor in Thomas' pursuit that Hood's shattered and demoralized army effected its retreat. Forrest's command and Walthall, with seven picked brigades, covered the retreat.

"The situation on the Tennessee river was desperate: Hood had no pontoon train, and, if he had been pressed, would have been compelled to surrender; but as it was, Thomas' great error in resting upon his victory at Nashville, enabled a defeated Confederate army to construct bridges of timber over the Tennessee river, while the Federal gunboats in the stream were actually kept at bay by batteries of thirty-two pounders. Hood succeeded in escaping across the Tennessee, but only with a remnant of the brilliant force he had conducted across the river a few weeks before, having lost from various causes more than ten thousand men, half of his generals, and nearly all of his artillery.

“Such was the disastrous issue of the Tennessee campaign, which put out of existence, as it were, the splendid army that Johnston had given up at Atlanta, and terminated forever the whole scheme of Confederate defence west of the Alleghanies.”

The Missouri Brigade was placed in Walthall's division and was one of the “seven picked” that Pollard mentions—it was the last to cross the pontoon bridge over the Tennessee river, at Bainbridge. A gentleman who saw the retreating army writes me :

“The men marched like a mob—half of them were unarmed, whole regiments passed by with not ten muskets to an hundred men. One shining exception I noticed. The Missouri Brigade was the only organization I saw, except some of the artillery, which was perfectly intact. There may have been others; if so, they did not come under my observation.

“The Missourians I *did* see, moving erect, soldierly, shoulder to shoulder, with apparently not a single article of equipment lost, with a style and bearing as if *they* had never known defeat.”

Another Missouri officer and his company, Bledsoe and his battery, already distinguished, now became immortal in the annals of war. With unflinching courage and a spirit the most determined and intrepid, he stubbornly and defiantly opposed the advancing squadrons, and day and night the thunder of his guns was never silent. Repeated attempts were made to capture his pieces, but all proved fruitless: like an impenetrable barrier they stood between Hood's broken down and shattered ranks and the pursuing columns of the enemy, who, flushed with success, came pressing on. Fighting his guns with heroic nerve and courage, and with the experience of an hundred actions, on every hill he confronted and hurled back the advancing foe. Among the several incidents connected with this battery, worthy of record, one will be given here, as it is an isolated and remarkable occurrence.

While upon the retreat, one morning just before daylight, Bledsoe had taken a position upon the turnpike behind the brow of a hill, with a deep cut in the road extending some distance in his front; by the character of the ground the

pieces were concealed from view, and at daylight a dense fog lay so heavy around that everything was invisible at the distance of a few rods. Immediately after day-break a regiment of Federal cavalry, in the advance, entered this cut and came up four abreast until it was within twenty steps of the battery. By an instantaneous and rapid movement a couple of twelve pounders, double shotted, were advanced to the right and left centre of the road, and, with every appliance at hand to fire in an instant, Bledsoe called upon them in his stentorian voice to surrender or he would fire. The Federal Colonel, taken by surprise and aware of his peril, at once surrendered, and three hundred prisoners with their horses, arms and equipments, were captured in less than ten minutes, without firing a shot. The whole were brought off safely before any additional force of the enemy came up.

A capture of a similar character, in field maneuvering or fighting, is not, I believe, on record, and it was certainly one of the most ingenious, bold and successful strategies of the war.

The bearing of the men of this company, during the retreat and throughout the struggle, was characterized by the greatest determination, firmness and bravery.* Captain Hiram M. Bledsoe, affectionately called "Old Hi" by the army, was an old soldier, having served in the Mexican war under General Doniphan, and was commander of a company in the Kansas troubles of 1855, known as the "Wakarusa War," to which company the writer hereof was attached. The battery which elected Captain Bledsoe to its command was organized at the beginning of the war, and fired its first shot at the engagement of Little Blue, in Jackson Co., Mo., where the lamented Colonel Holloway was killed, afterward joining Price and with him crossing the Mississippi. The career of the battery in connection with the Missouri Brigades, has been detailed, but it was the rest of the war mostly engaged in other fields of action. Bledsoe and his battery were at Port Hudson, at Vicksburg, participated in the battle of Raymond, were then sent to General

*Anderson's "Memoirs," p. 397.

Bragg, and at Chickamauga, where, when their own ammunition was exhausted, they captured four fine Rodman guns from the Yankees, with caissons well filled, and made them tell with better effect than their former owners had been able to do.

From Look Out Mountain they shelled Chattanooga. At Missionary Ridge they were on the extreme right and were cut off from the main army, only effecting a junction after extreme peril and a desperate fight. They participated in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta. At Resaca they suffered fearfully, meeting a charge, that was being made before they could get into position, and repulsing it, and sustaining a fire from fifty guns. Here they lost twenty-four men, and seven cannoniers out of nine were wounded.

General Cleburn, who witnessed their fight at Atlanta, characterized Bledsoe's as the best battery in the world, and rested not until he succeeded in having it attached to his division. Under this peerless Irishman it fought at Jonesboro, led the advance into Tennessee, and was the only battery engaged at Franklin.

On the retreat from Nashville the battery performed prodigies of valor, besides those heretofore detailed. At one time it maintained its position in rear of the retreating army until the enemy charged and tried to capture them. The men limbered up in a twinkling and went thundering down the road, side by side with the Federal cavalry, who repeatedly ordered them to halt, and were informed by the Missourians that they could not stop their horses. This strange race continued until the latter were covered by our guns, when the Yankees withdrew, with some parting shots, which they could not deliver before, as friend and foe were too inextricably mixed for any contest but with the sabre and the tongue. But the gallant battery was nearly annihilated at the end of this campaign.

Hood's army passed as rapidly as possible on through Eastport, Iuka and Jacinto to Verona, going into permanent camp at the latter place, January 4th, 1865, where it remained near a month. At his own request, General Hood was relieved from command, and the unfortunate Army of Tennessee ceased to exist.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FORT BLAKELY — IN THE SWAMPS ON THE GULF — THE LAST
DITCH—THE WHITE FLAG—THE END, APRIL 9TH, 1865.

AT Tupelo and Verona the Missouri Brigade was once more on familiar soil. Nearly two years had passed since they had left there. During this time they had marched around a bloody circle, and all along its tortuous, hard fought way, the unmarked graves of Missouri's noblest sons were thickly scattered. The highest words of praise that can be said of the survivors is that their conduct was such as might be looked for among the remnants of that heroic band. Some of the bravest had fallen — all the wavering, fickle-minded and weak-kneed had been eliminated by the effective Darwinian process of wonderful marching and the reputation of always being in the hottest of every fight. They had been purified and refined in the crucible and the alembic, and all that was left was of the virgin gold. General Maury, in a letter to the Brigade, written about this time, thus greets its members:

“As for you, you have deserved well of your country. You have been such soldiers as the world has never seen. Three years have passed since first we met in the Boston Mountains, and marched through the driving snow to attack the enemy's army. From that hour to this you have been voluntary exiles from the land of your birth and the homes of all you love. You were then a mighty host—you are now a remnant of battle-scarred, toil-worn veterans. But your hearts are brave and true, your eyes are bright, and your noble purposes are unshaken.”

And surely he had a right to know them, for he was with them in their first battle and commanded them in their last.

Before they left Verona, Colonel McCown arrived and took command of the Brigade, and about the 1st of February, 1865, it was ordered to Mobile. On the journey

thitherward the Missourians were rejoined by General Cockrell, still suffering from his wounds, and by Colonel Gates, who had left one arm behind. The old French's division was placed under command of General Cockrell, and Colonel Gates was at the head of the Brigade in its final struggle. Some exchanged prisoners were received and a few of the slightly wounded returned, until the Brigade numbered about four hundred men.

On the 3rd of February they reached camp on the shell road, five miles from the city, where they remained until March the 24th, when they were ordered across the bay, landed at Fort Blakely, and were sent out to picket the Pensacola road upon which General Steele with a full army corps was advancing. Lieutenant Warren records the following episode as occurring on the skirmish line:

"On the 5th of April the Second New York cavalry attempted to charge our little line as we were retiring from this road to Fort Blakely, but we put on such a bold front that they were brought to a halt. We in turn charged and put them ingloriously to flight. It was said to be a 'crack regiment.' Certainly they were splendidly equipped, but it must have been a downfall to their pride to know that they had been whipped and routed by less than an hundred ragged Missouri infantry."

I cannot do better in closing this history than to quote *in extenso* from General D. H. Maury, as I did in its beginning, his report of the operations in which the Missouri Brigade was engaged:

"Immediately after the battle of Nashville, preparations were commenced by the Federals for the reduction of Mobile. Two corps, which had been sent to reinforce Thomas at Nashville, were promptly returned to Canby in New Orleans, and the collection of material and transportation for a regular siege of Mobile commenced. General 'Dick' Taylor agreed with me in the opinion that ten thousand men in Mobile would compel a siege by regular approaches, would occupy the Federal troops in the Southwest for a long time, and would be as much as the Confederacy could spare for such objects. He thought he could send me such a force; and believed that the cavalry under Forrest would be able to defeat Wilson and succor me, and

prevent the successful siege of the place if I could hold out for seven days.

“The orders given me by General Beauregard and General Taylor were to save my garrison, after having defended my position as long as was consistent with the ultimate safety of my troops, and to burn all the cotton in the city, except that which had been guaranteed protection against such burning by the Confederate authorities. Canby organized his forces in Mobile bay and at Pensacola. Two army corps rendezvoused on Fish river under the immediate command of Canby; another army corps assembled at Pensacola under General Steele. The whole expeditionary force against Mobile consisted of fifty thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, a very large train of field and siege artillery, a fleet of more than twenty men of war, and about fifty transports, mostly steamers. The preparation having commenced in December, the attack began on the 25th of March.

“My total effective force was seven thousand seven hundred excellent infantry and artillery, fifteen hundred cavalry and about three hundred field and siege guns. A naval force of four small gunboats co-operated with my troops.

“The column under Canby marched from Fish river against the position of Spanish Fort. On March the 25th information received through the advanced cavalry induced me to believe that the column from Fish river was not more than twelve thousand strong; and, expecting it would march by the river road with its left covered by the fleet, I organized a force of four thousand five hundred infantry and ten guns, and resolved to give battle to Canby at the crossing of D'Olive creek, about two miles distant from the works of Spanish Fort. The troops ordered for this service were the Missouri Brigade of Cockrell, Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, Ector's Texas and North Carolina Brigade, and Thomas' Brigade of Alabama boy reserves, the Third Missouri battery and Culpeper's battery.

“I felt confident then, and the light of experience justifies the confidence, that had Canby marched upon us with only twelve thousand troops, we should have beaten him in the field; but he moved by a road which turned our position far to the left, and his force was near forty thousand men. I therefore moved the troops into Spanish Fort and Blakely, and awaited his attack in them. I assigned General St. John Liddell to the immediate command of

Blakely, and General Randall Gibson to the immediate command of Spanish Fort."

On the 26th of March, Canby invested the latter position with a force of one corps, two divisions of infantry and a large siege train. Another division of infantry invested Blakely at the same time. The siege of Spanish Fort was prosecuted with the utmost energy and with every appliance of attack, but the eighteen hundred bold and defiant defenders held Canby's forty thousand men in check for fourteen days, evacuating the place and crossing over to Mobile on the 8th of April, at ten P. M.

General Maury adds:

"Blakely was attacked by regular siege on the 1st of April. Steele's corps came down from the direction of Pollard, and with the divisions that had been lying before Blakely since the 26th, broke ground very cautiously against the place. The position of Blakely was better for defence than that of Spanish Fort. The works consisted of nine *lunettes* connected by good rifle-pits and covered in front by a double line of *abattis* and of an advanced line of rifle-pits. The crest was about three thousand yards long. The flanks rested on Apalachie river and on the marsh. No part of the line was exposed to infilade fire. The garrison was the noble Brigade of Missourians, Elijah Gates commanding, the survivors of more than twenty battles, and the finest troops I have ever seen; the Alabama boy-reserve brigade under General Thomas, part of Holtzclaw's brigade, Barry's Mississippi brigade, the First Mississippi light artillery, armed as infantry, several light batteries, with about thirty pieces of field and siege artillery, besides Cohorn and siege mortars. The whole effective force was about two thousand and seven hundred men under General St. John Liddell. The gallant General Cockrell, of Missouri, was next in command.

"During Sunday, the day after the evacuation of Spanish Fort, the enemy was continually moving troops from below towards Blakely, and on Sunday evening, about five o'clock, he assaulted the centre of the line with a heavy column of eleven brigades (about twenty-two thousand men in three lines of battle), and carried the position, capturing all of the material and the troops, except about one hundred and fifty men, who escaped over the marshes and river by swimming."

When a boy, I read Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, and remember having been forcibly impressed with the fact that after he had waded through piles of dusty manuscript and tomes of printed learning to illustrate the career of his hero, he paused with evident delight to record some personal observations which had been transmitted from father to son—history invading the domain of tradition—giving the personal appearance of the great king; how he looked and acted and some trivial words he said. And Carlyle was right; the dry details of battles, the way the lines were formed, the orders that were issued and how they were executed, the strength of the contestants and the results of the combat, as set forth in official reports, are all necessary to make up history. But a more vivid insight is frequently given by a subordinate—he only tells what he saw and how he felt; he gives us a touch of nature; and of such is Lieutenant Warren's account:

“Spanish Fort was abandoned last night, the garrison reaching this place by wading through the swamps from waist to neck deep. They took boats at the wharf this morning and went over to Mobile.

“The whole force of the enemy is now in front of us. About noon they commenced making assaults on our line. At first on the extreme left, with negro troops, when our regiment was hastened to help repulse them. This movement left a long space unoccupied by a single man. The Missouri Brigade had a large part of the works to defend, and to cover the ground it was necessary to stretch the line out until the men were deployed ten paces apart.

“As soon as the first assault of the negroes was repulsed, we took the doublequick back to our position in the centre, to meet an anticipated attack there. But hardly had we taken our proper places when we were again ordered to the extreme left to assist in resisting another charge of the negroes. This attack being also repulsed, we were again hurrying to our places, when about half-way back we were met by volleys fired down inside the intrenchments. We could see heavy masses of the enemy crossing the works on the right, where the Alabama ‘boy-reserves’ were stationed, and wheeling to the right and left, firing down our line as they advanced.

“We saw in a moment ‘the jig was up.’ A few hundred

men in an open fight could do nothing with the twenty-two thousand who had made that charge. Our first thought was 'escape.' All of us instinctively rushed to the wharf, a half-mile distant, hoping that when we reached the river some means of escaping capture would be found there. When I got to the wharf I sprang immediately on board a flatboat lying there, which was heavily loaded with some sort of freight. Captain Young, General Cockrell's aide-de-camp, and thirty or forty men followed. We shouted to those on the bank to 'cut loose,' but not a man would lend a hand. I sprang into the water up to my waist, and with a very dull knife cut a hawser as large as my wrist—in just half the time it would take me to do it again. I was dragged aboard by one of the men, wet up to my neck. After we started to move off on the flowing tide and current, some one on shore shouted, 'The boat is loaded with powder, and the enemy will fire into you and blow you up.' This created a little panic and half a dozen jumped overboard, thinking to swim to the shore. One I know, probably more, was drowned. We instantly threw off the tarpaulin and in a few minutes had relieved our boat of a hundred cases of artillery powder.

"Just as we were leaving the shore, Captain Maupin and five or six other officers pushed out in a small skiff, but they had proceeded but a few yards, when their boat sank with them and left the whole party floundering in the water. I learned afterwards that none of them were drowned. Numbers of men took planks that were lying on the wharf, and throwing them into the water, stretched themselves on one end and struck out for—where? Certainly they didn't know, when they started, for it is fifteen miles across the Bay to Mobile, and they could not expect to reach that point by such slow locomotion. Many of them paddled out to the sand-bars, where there was a growth of cane to hide in, but the returning tide brought several additional feet of water, which drove them out from that retreat.

"Far into the night—in fact, up to the time we were picked up, eleven o'clock—we could hear the plaintive cries of these poor fellows calling for help. Most of them who undertook this mode of escaping were the heavy artillery men brought over from Mobile.

"'Our Flat' had floated several hundred yards from shore, and tide and current were bearing us rapidly away,

when the enemy first came in sight. For a while they were so engaged in receiving the surrender of our friends on shore they did not notice us. This gave us an opportunity of witnessing that humiliating scene. We saw Colonel McCown put his white linen pocket handkerchief on the end of a ram-rod, step in front of his little squad of men, and waving this emblem of submission, surrender the Third and Fifth regiments of infantry. Other officers did the same.

“When this little pantomime was finished the wrath of the victors was turned against us. But they could do us no harm with musketry. The gunwale of our boat was oak, and by lying flat on the bottom we were safe. The bullets splashed in the water around us. Our craft was struck often, but none of its occupants were touched. They shot at us as long as we were in range, and even after we had passed beyond it. One enterprising Yankee, I am sure, must have strained his gun in his effort to reach us. His balls came skimming along the water and sunk of their own weight a few yards off. We at last passed beyond their reach, even with artillery, and as the current was carrying us into the channel that led around under the guns of Spanish Fort, we concluded to cast anchor and trust to the chances of being picked up by friendly boats.”

During the night they were “relieved” and carried to Mobile, and from thence established in camp at Meridian, until the 4th of May, 1865, when they were paroled and returned to their homes in Missouri.

Those of the Brigade whose colors were lowered and who were surrendered prisoners of war, as well as the few who were so fortunate as to escape, had fought their last battle well; they had justified their historic renown; they had been successful in their own front; had only yielded when flanked, surrounded, and crushed by overwhelming numbers—four hundred to twenty thousand!

They were the last brigade to stand erect, still bold and defiant, until all others had succumbed, and even in defeat they commanded the respect of their foes. Upon the authority of Anderson’s “Memoirs”* I reproduce this most interesting incident:

“The Federal general who commanded the brigade that

* p. 400.

charged in front of ours was accused by his superior in command of the army of cowardice, both on the part of himself and his men, and was called upon to give an explanation of his conduct and why he did not advance and carry the works in his front as the other forces had done. His reply was that his failure to carry the line in his front was not on account of any cowardice upon his part or upon that of his men, for they advanced bravely to the charge and fought well, but they had different kind of material to contend with in the works; and further, the general stated, that the valor of his brigade was substantiated by its loss, which spoke for itself, and was heavier than the combined losses of all the rest of the army.

“This statement is given a place here because it has a direct bearing upon the part taken in the battle by that handful of Missourians; and all who read the Mobile papers of that date are familiar with the facts, as they were published in their columns.”

The command were sent to Greenwood, from whence they were conveyed to Ship Island, where they remained for twenty days on a bleak sand-bar, beneath a broiling sun. From thence to New Orleans, where they spent two weeks in a cotton-press prison. They reached Vicksburg on the 5th of May and were immediately conducted to Jackson, Mississippi, where, on the 12th, they were paroled and disbanded.

Thus ended the career of the Confederate Missouri Brigade—the remains of the eight thousand gallant soldiers who followed General Price across the great river—all that were left living on its rolls, the sick, the wounded, and the well scarcely exceeding eight hundred men.

Their rugged pathway had been strewn with thorns and crowned with glory.

Had the cause for which they fought been successful, their homeward journey would have been one continued ovation. As it was, they went back broken-hearted, to stricken homes, to be received in silence and dejection, but in love and reverence, and to be enshrined in the great heart of Missouri as among her brightest jewels—her grandest recollections.

They went out in the line of duty—they followed the

dictates of honest consciences—they fought the first battles in their own State—they fought the last battle of the war—they could not be conquered by equal numbers—and when they had finished the final combat in a blaze of glory, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist—they yielded like heroes yield, and from the farthest swamps of the South, on the very borders of the tropical Gulf, turned their faces homeward to accept the fortunes of war and submit to its reverses, as fearlessly, frankly and honestly as they had encountered its privations, toils, dangers and disasters.

In conclusion, I desire to reproduce Martin Farquhar Tupper's tribute to the Confederates, dated at Charleston, South Carolina, February 8th, 1877 :

TO THE SOUTH.

- “ The world has misjudged, mistrusted, malign'd you,
 And should be quick to make honest amends;
 Let us, then, speak of you just as we find you,
 Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends!
 Let us remember your wrongs and your trials,
 Slandered and plundered and crushed to the dust,
 Draining adversity's bitterest vials,
 Patient in courage and strong in good trust.
- “ You fought for Liberty—rather than Slavery!
 Well might you wish to be quit of that ill,
 But you were sold to political knavery,
 Mesh'd by diplomacy's spider-like skill;
 And you rejoice to see slavery banished,
 While the free servant works well as before,
 Confident, though many fortunes have vanished,
 Soon to recover all—rich as of yore!
- “ Doubtless there had been some hardships and cruelties,
 Cases exceptional, evil and rare,
 But to tell the truth—and truly *the* jewel 'tis—
 Kindliness ruled—as a rule—ev'rywhere!
 Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance,
 Born with your children and grown on your ground,
 And it was quite as much int'rest as merit hence
 Still to make friends of dependents all round.
- “ Yes, it is slander to say you oppress'd them,
 Does a man squander the prize of his pelf?
 Was it not often that he who possess'd them
 Rather was owned by his servants himself?
 Caring for all, as in health, so in sickness,
 He was their father, their patriarch, chief,
 Age's infirmities, infancy's weaknesses,
 Leaning on him for repose and relief.

“ When you went forth in your pluck and your bravery,
 Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives,
 Where was that prophesied outburst of slavery,
 Wreaking revenge on your children and wives ?
 Nowhere ! You left all to servile sale-keeping,
 And this was faithful and true to your trust ;
 Master and servant thus mutually reaping
 Double reward of the good and the just !

“ Generous Southerners ! I who address you
 Shared with too many belief in your sins
 But I recant it—thus—let me confess you—
 Knowledge is victor and everywhere wins ;
 For I have seen, I have heard, and am sure of it,
 You have been slandered and suffering long,
 Paying all slavery’s cost and the cure of it,
 And the great world shall repent of its wrong ! ”



Your Friend
R S Jones

PART II.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

“FROM WAKARUSA TO APPOMATTOX.”

AN ANAGRAPH FROM MY DIARY OF THE WAR.

BY R. S. BEVIER.

CHAPTER I.

IMPRIMIS.

The classic days, those mothers of romance,
 That roused a nation for a woman's glance,
 Have pass'd and faded like a dream of youth,
 And riper eras ask for history's truth;
 But alas, he that writes
 Or makes a feast, must certainly invite
 His judges with his friends, and there's many a guest
 Will find much wanting—or ill drest.
[*Sir R. Howard.*]

THAT wonderful dramatic prologue contained in the first chapter of Job, is but a vivid condensation of the sorrows that occasionally fall with blighting effect upon men and nations. Job's black day is like the dark lustrum of the poetic prophets—or the *sacri vates* of the ancient world—it is a type of a bitter human year.

With terrible celerity does, sometimes, a national as well as a human landscape, all gilded meadow, silver river and blue sky, suddenly cloud and darken and become overcast with an ominous and threatening aspect.

A great nation, prosperous and powerful beyond the wildest dreams of fifty years ago, obeyed that mysterious impulse of the human heart which never suffers us to be at rest, which urges us onward, as by an unseen, yet irresistible law—human planets in a petty orbit—hurried for ever and for ever through the circle of a dark and impenetrable destiny, until our course is run and our light is quenched—obeyed, as if Satan had been engaged in re-enacting the pathetic story of the upright man of Uz, and “going to and fro in the Earth and walking up and down in it,” had inspired with his baleful counsels the arch-agitators of the opposing sections—obeyed, by rearing on high the red ensign of civil strife, and plunging a happy and contented people into the seething flood of fratricidal war.

As an humble and obscure participant therein, I propose to revive not a single one of the political issues involved, but confine myself to a record of those incidents of the moving drama that occurred to the forces with which my name was enrolled; and, like the flying Parthian of Mithridates' defeated army, I shoot my keenest arrow after the battles are over—by inflicting a book.

I was not compelled to write it, nor do I think that the *cacoethes scribendi* possesseth me overmuch; but history is made up of individual experiences, and some of mine may possibly have been worth the trouble of the writing, while the innocent humors and diversions of camp-life, the silver-setting of grim-visaged war, can never be too often told.

Saving a slight taste of the Squatter Sovereignty imbroglio, I commenced my limited military career in the Army of Missouri, under General Price, with the first troubles that disturbed the serenity of that magnificent commonwealth, and wound it up at the siege of Richmond.

It is, I must confess, with lively interest that I recall the memories of those stormy scenes; extending from the partisan conflicts that transpired amid the solitudes of the Kansas prairies to the distant rumble of the last gun at Appomattox; and if that feeling is, to even a small extent, participated in by the reader, I am amply repaid.

Could I be as successful a "Parallelist" as Plutarch, what startling contrasts might I not present!

I can conjure up a winter scene in the Territory I have mentioned—a thick coating of glistening snow on the ground; a cold, ungenial sun shining over all the white, Polar-looking region and adding to its gloom; a meager log-hut, through the open chinks of which the wind whistled pitilessly. United States dragoons standing around it, chaffering with the curious crowd and beating a tattoo dance to keep their feet from freezing—inside a primitive court was huddled around the dying embers of a miserable fire, examining the cumulated proof of a quadruple murder; and in one corner crouched an old man, silent but observant, eyes glittering fiercely as he glanced sideways at the untutored magistrates, beard stiff and profuse, hair long, grizzly and unkempt, and a forehead, broad at the base, heavy in the perceptives, but narrowing towards the top. It was "Old John Brown whose soul is marching on," under trial for the Ossawatimie assassinations.

And anon could transport myself to a revival of our Arcadian dreams. A soldier's tent in the loveliest vale of Alabama, pitched upon a green sod as soft as a palace carpet, by the side of a murmuring rill with a rippling laugh like that of a fairy in her leafy haunts, beneath the shade of a glossy chestnut tree, which glows with mellow hues in the soft blush of an autumn sunset. A visitor approaches and introduces himself. A man still young, slightly bent, with white and woman-like skin, flaxen hair, reddish whiskers,

mild, blue eyes and a voice as low and gentle as a school girl's. As I gazed at him I was lost in amazement—it was Quantrell, the blood-thirsty guerrilla, the *bete noir* of the Southern cause, and who was on his road to Richmond vainly seeking a pardon for his murderous misdeeds.

Jostled along by a noisy collection of Hoosiers, who clattered over the wooden sidewalk of an Illinois town, in the stifling dust and hot sun of an August day, I was forcibly injected into a lot inclosing some stunted trees, in the center of which, upon a rough platform, stood a tall, awkward, angular man, whose very beard would seem to bristle as he jerked out his nervous utterances at the fat little fellow by his side, who was vigorously fanning himself with a big bandanna handkerchief, whilst at times, he of the hirsute face, would smooth down his angular features into good-humored smiles, as he told his jokes, sharp, caustic and pointed, but many of them unfit for ears refined. It was Abraham Lincoln, the future President, who so strangely united the character of the second Joe Miller, with that of a great and good man, commending himself to the respect of both friends and foes.

In a stately edifice, consecrated to the worship of that unknown God whom Paul preached in the Athenian Areopagus, densely crowded with the fashion, the loveliest beauties and the gallant men of Richmond, all heads are eagerly turned and all eyes respectfully bent towards a spare, slender, white whiskered, imposing-foreheaded man, who walks swiftly and quietly to his seat, and engages in his devotions with Christian earnestness, apparently oblivious of all surroundings, and as if standing reverently in the awful presence of his Maker. It is Jefferson Davis, the chosen chief of the other half of the nation, whose splendid genius, towering intellect and administrative abilities, as well as his firm devotion to his people and his personal sufferings for their cause, will send his name sounding down the ages as one of the great ones of earth.

Lounging in the classic shades of Lexington, a student casually pointed out to me an ungainly figure, who was shambling along the pavement, with his head down, his hair-covered face almost resting on his bosom, and buried in profoundest thought. "Jackson—good man—unpopular," was my informant's laconic comment.

I thought no more of this unpopular, good man, until his fame blazed out like a meteor over the swelling tide of battle, and he was developed into the gallant hero and the

Christian soldier, that all men now delight to honor, as with pride they point to the noble achievements of Stonewall Jackson.

Although not a warrior, best of all Northern men will Horace Greeley compare with the martyr of Chancellorsville.

It was in the city of New York. Through every avenue entering Printing House Square came the crowd, surging like the waves of old ocean; flags and streamers ran up to peak and pinnacle; windows, roofs and streets were filled with bearded faces, rosy cheeks and fluttering ribbons, and the brass bands struck up their noisiest music. The veil was drawn aside, the copper-colored effigy of Benjamin Franklin stood boldly forth facing the bitter winds of winter, and the venerable brow of the bald-headed patriot was exposed to the admiration of his loving countrymen and the storms of the seasons.

Upon the stand sat Professor Morse, who had matured the science of the Colonial sage, and now lived (his last appearance in public) to see his linked lightning embracing the entire circuit of the world; and at the foot of the statue stood the Farmer of Chappaqua, looking as much like Franklin as his own brother could have done, and almost convincing the looker-on that the Boston candle-maker's son was pronouncing an eulogy on himself; but it was most properly the brave and the fearless, the honest and the gallant newspaper chieftain who struggled so strenuously for universal amnesty.

He and a million others who were engaged on either side of the "Great Rebellion," have left the home of carnal conflict to meet the recompense of their eternal reward; let them rest in peace—their faults forgiven, their virtues only to be recalled. We will no more unfold the bloody ceremonies which enwrap the mournful memories of the "Lost Cause," but recollect only the more pleasant amenities of civilized contest, and treasure, for the wisdom of the Future, the stern lessons learned in the remorseless school of the Past.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAKARUSA WAR.

My ear was startled by a din
 That made me tremble in my skin;
 Voices loud and voices high,
 With now and then a party cry,
 Such as used in times gone by
 To scare the British border,
 When neighbors, men of Christian creed,
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,
 Upsetting social order.

—[Hood.]

A GLOOMY night it was, the 3d of January, 1863—the commencement of a new year fraught with danger and fatigue, and pregnant with many an event of vast importance in the history of our nation—that I sat in my tent in the Confederate camp near Grenada, Mississippi, many, many weary miles away from my “loved ones at home,” and thought of what was past and what the future might bring forth. The incessant rain beat a solemn tattoo on my little canvas roof, as if by contrast to invoke in my mind the bright sunshine of other days; when my reverie was interrupted by a sentinel’s sharp—

“Halt! Who comes there?”

“A friend, with the countersign,” was the answer of a voice that evidently had an injury to complain of. Its owner soon appeared, lithe, sinewy, ragged, and bronzed—the very type of our Missouri rebels; but instead of the usual careless, almost joyous look worn by him, even in the midst of battle, his countenance had assumed a decidedly mournful cast, as if he was just on his way from the funeral of his last friend.

“Well, Brown, what is it?” I asked. I was commanding a Missouri regiment under General Price, and knew that some complaint was coming.

“Your cook boy, John,” was the brief response.

“What has he done?”

“Not much, sir. He only cheated Bill Whiting and me at cards. I didn’t want to tell, but Bill made me.”

“How much money have you left?”

“Not a cent, sir.”

“Well, I shan’t interfere. If you fellows *will* play cards with niggers you must take your chances.”

"All right, sir," said Brown, with military salute, and he left me again alone, perfectly satisfied that he had done his duty.

It was pay-day, and the two white men, with their pockets full of Confederate notes, meeting John, and finding he also had some money, concluded they would relieve him of it at a friendly game of poker. John was a bright mulatto, sharp as a razor, and the result was that the wrong parties got relieved.

* * * * *

The rain still pattered; the sentinel still pursued his solitary tramp, no other noises disturbed the darkness of the gloomy night or my reveries of the past, and the latter were finally resolved into a practical shape by then and there beginning to write up a diary to that date, and a determination to keep it through "the cruel war."

The result I propose to condense in these pages; no history, no philosophizing, and above all nothing that can arouse any of the slumbering animosity or hate engendered by the strife. As an old soldier would, by the peaceful fireside, "fight his battles o'er again" with a former enemy and quaff a beaker to future friendship, so only will I. I can promise that every incident and circumstance herein to be detailed actually occurred as related. I will merely give my own observations of the battles in which I participated, without attempting to go into the dry, technical details, and in some few instances, where personal feelings might be outraged, I have used fictitious names. The actors themselves, of course, if they ever see the narrative, will know who is meant; but before the public at large it would be useless and cruel at this late day to parade any one's shortcomings or defects.

My retrospection carried me back through many bright oases—some of them, I must confess, rather verdant. While one warlike scene was mingled with the shifting panorama, I gazed placidly at my innocent sword, which was dangling from the ridge-pole, and congratulated myself that I was a veteran. I had fought through a previous campaign. I had bivouaced on the frosty ground and formed my plan of an approaching battle as I questioned the mildly-shining stars to tell me of my own fate. Yes, I had been a soldier in the Wakarusa war!

Did you ever hear of it, gentle reader? It was preliminary to the great contest embalmed in history as the "Lost Cause," and therefore I will tell you of it:

From Polk county, Missouri, where I was then living, I was transplanted by an official appointment to Paoli, in Kansas Territory. Hardly arrived in my new location, when Sheriff Jones called out his *posse comitatus* to enable him to enforce some writs in Lawrence, and I, with other border ruffians, as our Northern friends complimentarily styled us, turned out to help enforce the law. On a pleasant October morning (1855) I mounted my bob-tailed Indian pony and started for the seat of war. The vast prairies, blackened and scarred by recent fires, to the vision seemed boundless, save as they were circumscribed by the arching skies which bended lovingly toward them. With nature only to witness my communings, I was indulging in glowing visions of the martial glory that awaited me, when my beast, alarmed by the commonest kind of a weed, gave a lurch to one side, and I to the other, carrying the saddle with me. The villainous animal looked at me a moment, and then started back home in the most leisurely manner. I tried in vain to catch him. The only alternative was to take the saddle on my own back and to follow him ten miles to Paoli. He kept a short distance ahead of me, apparently enjoying my discomfiture, and when we brought up at our starting point my martial ardor was considerably cooled, and I had long since arrived at the conclusion that this pony had more pure cussedness in him than any other on the Plains.

Mounted again, I was unable to reach the camp, some seven miles from Lawrence, until after dark.

It was the first bivouac I had ever seen, and the long lines of fires twinkling through the bushes and glimmering over the waters of the little Wakarusa creek, on which they were situated, reminded me that I was exceedingly hungry, and that the first duty of a soldier was to provide for his supper. I soon learned that the only way I could appease my hunger was to join some company and draw my rations. This was more than I had bargained for, but necessity knowing no law, I enrolled my name as a member of Captain Bledsoe's company.*

While eating my supper I heard the situation discussed. We were armed with shot-guns and old-fashioned muskets—the Lawrence folks with Sharpe's rifles. We would have to charge them over an open prairie, and they could pick us off for half a mile before we could get in range

* The same gallant "Old Hi" whose formidable guns afterwards thundered in my ears during all the war.

with our guns ; we were eleven, they thirteen hundred men ; and this cheerful information was crowned with the assertion that we would fight to-morrow *certain*. The outlook did not suit me ; I was anxious enough for the glory, but I did not like the idea of running so many risks to get it, so I adopted the plan that I have often seen successful since. I got Governor Shannon to accept me as a *volunteer* aid-de-camp, in which position I was out of danger, and therefore felt myself superior to the situation.

My first duty was a pleasant one. "Old Pomeroy," as the boys call him, who has since become so famous, or infamous, if you please (depends on which party you are a member of,) as Senator from Kansas, had been captured the day previous, in endeavoring to make his way into Lawrence. As soon as the Governor heard of it he dispatched me to ascertain the cause of his detention and have him released. The only tent in the camp was appropriated to the prisoner, before which a sturdy Missourian, with a dilapidated double-barreled shot-gun was pacing slowly, apparently impressed with his great responsibility as much as was he that guarded Francis I. on the night of Pavia,

"Who his sleepless vigils kept
While lords and ladies wailed and wept."

He informed me that he belonged to Captain Denson's company, and him I found closely engaged at seven-up.

"Captain, who is your prisoner?" I asked.

"Old Pomeroy," he replied, without looking up.

"When did you capture him?"

"Yesterday ; high, jack and the game."

"Why did you arrest Pomeroy?"

"He's contraband—my deal."

"Governor Shannon directed me to tell you to release Mr. Pomeroy."

"Tell old Shan to go to h—l—shan't do it—turn up jack."

"Very well, sir," I answered ; "I will deliver your reply," and started away indignantly.

"I say, Cap," shouted Denson after me ; "don't make a d—n fool of yourself ; come back here and take a hand."

"No, thank you."

"Oh, well, if old Shan says so, I 'spose it's all right."

"Bill!" yelled the captain at the top of his voice, "let old Pom go ; Guv'nor says so—whose deal is it?"

The embryo Senator heard it all, and as I escorted him

out of the camp and saw him safely on his road to Lawrence, he seemed disposed to ridicule our discipline.

On the next day, which was by common consent fixed for the battle, instead of the field of blood and carnage which I expected to witness (from a safe distance,) we went into Lawrence and met the enemy in council; we took a drink all around and made a treaty. Jim Lane agreed to allow the service of the writs, and the bloodless Wakarusa war was ended.

CHAPTER III.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

But who that chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.
Lone, wild and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt.
His name could sadden and his acts surprise,
But they that feared him dared not despise.

—[*Corsair*.]

THE bald and treeless plains of "Bleeding Kansas" witnessed the inception of our civil war; here transpired the first part of the mighty drama, and Old John Brown was the leading actor. Beecher's stirring words and sounding periods thrilled to the fingers' ends of many a bold and lawless man, and sped on fatal errand many a leaden messenger from the muzzle of the Sharpe rifle.

The polished rhetoric of Rhett's and Yancey's eloquence fired the heart of many a reckless pioneer, whose old shotgun or musket was rapidly rubbed up for sterner work than lying idle in the garret.

Hence I conceive these reminiscences of the doubtful hero of Ossawatimie and Harper's Ferry to be german to my subject.

A tall, spare-made, athletic man, with sunken, restless eyes, and a prickly, iron-gray beard, with manners curt and crisp, and a cold metallic voice. A correct picture of Brown would bear a harsh and hard-featured resemblance to Bramanti's portrait of Michael Angelo. He was famous

before I saw him; his name had become a talisman with which the humble settlers' wives frightened their crying babies, and men spoke with bated breath of the almost nightly outrages committed by his gang.

The winter of 1855 is noted in the annals of the Territory; for months the snow lay deep on the ground and was drifted by the fierce winds that swept over the broad prairies, until the inequalities were filled up and the country assumed the appearance of a dead level. Occasionally the sun would shine with a frigid glare, the snowy surface would give back a thousand rays of resplendent beauty, and in front of my door a solitary tree whose pendant icicles flashed in the morning light with every color of the rainbow, seemed as if loaded with jewels and glittering with costly diamonds.

As the warmer breezes of spring tokened the approach of summer, the carnival of crime commenced. Dutch Henry, a good citizen, was murdered in cold blood; Stanford assassinated; Dr. James compelled to leave the country, and many other occurrences of the kind, the perpetrators of which wrapped themselves in impenetrable mystery and practical outlawry. Their crimes were generally laid to the door of "John Brown's gang," and some attempts were made to capture them.

I remember Colonel H. Clay Pate, at the head of a gallant band, started out from Westport with the express object of bringing back the dreaded freebooter, dead or alive. The expedition was a perfect success, with the little variation that the wrong party was captured—at least it was the current rumor that Brown took Pate and released him on parole.

At last the climax was reached in the Ossawatomie murders. In the still silence of a cold night Wilkinson and Doyle were taken from the bosom of their families, and hardly had the sounds of their footsteps on the frozen snow, or their cries for mercy ceased to be heard by their terror-stricken wives, when the sharp, cruel volley proclaimed that they were dead. Brown and his son were arrested. I was employed for the prosecution in the examining court. The evidence seemed to me conclusive, but the court in their superior wisdom acquitted the old man and held the young one over for further trial. The latter was immediately bound with a rope, the other end of which was held by a mounted United States dragoon, and marched off on foot to jail.

The spectacle was not a pleasing one, nor was the pleasure heightened by old Brown coming to me with a quick step,

"You shall hear from me again, young man," he said.

"Don't trouble yourself to hunt me up," I replied. He gave an expressive "Humph," and that was the last time I ever spoke to him.

I was boarding at the time with Esquire Evans, one of the magistrates that tried the case, who lived in the best house in Paoli, made of substantial logs, with but one room, which served as kitchen, dining-room, and bedroom for us all. Our troubles heretofore had been but few; we managed to keep warm; we organized a mock court, in which we found much amusement, and altogether had a pleasant winter, barrin' the snow, which would find its way through the rain-proof roof.

Once in a while we would wake up in the morning to find everything in the room covered with half an inch or more—or rather Evans would, for I found it impossible to wake until he had swept the intruder out. A pesky little animal, too, bearing the elegant title of skunk, in spite of all our efforts, found his way at night into the house, and would help himself to whatever he could find, we being deterred by some *strong* s(c)ent-iments of selfishness from interfering with his predatory proceedings.

But a danger of a greater kind now impended—numerous threats of those terrible midnight visits of the mysterious jayhawkers came to our ears. A few nights after the trial we heard the crackling of the earth's frozen surface beneath horses' feet. The moon was faintly shining, but enough to enable us to see a body of some eight or ten horsemen gathered at a little distance apparently for consultation. We had no time to run, and but little for reflection. There were four of us, including two ladies, and but one pistol. Our tactics were soon determined upon. The single door was barricaded by all the furniture we could get against it. The smoldering fire was stirred up, and, while one lady watched to warn us if they made any signs of shooting, the others passed frequently between the fire and window, which was opposite, and thus created the impression with our would-be visitors that the house was full of people, and was prepared for defense. After a while they rode away, and we waited anxiously for, and slept not until the coming of the dawn. During the time our entire force held a council of war, and it was unanimously resolved that

“discretion was the better part of valor,” and we would run for it.

By the rising of the sun Evans and myself were in our saddles on our way to the Missouri line to seek a safer habitation. We had to cross the Marais Des Cygnes, a small stream with but one fordable place in it for miles. As we neared it toward the middle of the day, we saw three men making for it on a converging road. It was a momentous question whether they were friends or foes. There were two more of them than we wanted to fight (our lone pistol we had left with the ladies), so we increased our gait to reach the ford first, where we could defend ourselves. The doubtful three did the same. We broke into a gallop; they followed suit. We spurred into a keen run; so did they; and thus we had it nip and tuck, first one party ahead, then the other, until we got near enough to see that they were old friends of ours bound on a similar mission. We had a laugh over it, but occupied the rest of the day in recruiting our jaded horses.

Our arrangements completed we took our final departure from the town, which was named after, but has added so little to the fame of the hero of Corsica.

Evans and his wife, in a wagon containing their *lares et penates*, and the other lady in a buggy with me, drawn by one of those infernal Indian ponies hired from Baptiste, the chief of the Pottawattomies, with the assurance that he was “heap good,” and carrying with us a juvenile Aborigine to take him back.

The skies were bright and pleasant at first, but soon became overcast with clouds. It began to turn cold, then snow, and finally a heavy sleet was driven in our faces by a furious wind. To add to our misfortunes, one side of the shaft came down; the bolt had dropped out and we could not find it, there was nothing about the buggy that could replace it, and not a stick or piece of wood for miles. As a last resort I was compelled to cut up the whip and make it supply the place of the missing iron.

The rascally pony took in the situation at a glance, and refused to move faster than a very slow walk—whipping with the lines, jerking on the bits, pleading, coaxing, objugating, all were received by him with the characteristic stoicism of the Indian. The cold continued to increase. My fair companion took off her bonnet, seated herself in the bottom of the buggy; I covered her up snugly with the buffalo robe, and my wrath at the obstinate brute alone kept me from freezing.

We lost both our company and our road, and long after dark drew up at a miserable Indian shanty. The sleepy-eyed squaw refused us a shelter, but I claimed the right of the Conquistadores and took forcible possession.

Without any supper we prepared for the night. The serviceable robe furnished the only bed I could get for the lady, while I sat up to watch the slow hours as they moved along, and listen to the sonorous snoring of the little Indian who soon forgot all our troubles and no doubt was dreaming of the happy hunting grounds. Early in the morning we got under way again and soon reached our destination, where we found our friends in the utmost alarm organizing a search expedition for us.

It was my last of Kansas. There was but little real danger, although a state of constant excitement prevailed, and many amusing as well as pathetic incidents came under my observation which I have not space here to relate. Friends I met there whose acquaintance was renewed amid the dark scenes of the civil war; and many of us who had witnessed the commencement of old John Brown's bold and bloody career on the plains of the distant West, watched with almost painful interest the tragic close of his dramatic life amid the lovely valleys of Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

POLITICS.

All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
 To rule in politics, as well as wit;
 The grave, the gay, the fopling and the dunce,
 Start up (God bless them) statesmen all at once.
 —[*Churchill.*]

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
 And he, who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
 —[*Congreve.*]

PERHAPS more from feelings of personal gratification than otherwise, but as well to convey an idea of our feelings and impressions in those days just preceding the war, I insert my address as a candidate for the convention, which was published at that date and was most favorably received:

To the Voters of the—Senatorial District of Missouri:

“I have been solicited to become a candidate for one of the three delegates to represent this district, composed of the counties of Knox, Macon, Shelby, Adair and Schuyler, in the State Convention, to meet February 28th, by numerous friends in three of the counties named, notwithstanding the very short notice we have had of the election which is to be held February 18.

“But it interfering with my private affairs, I refused to allow myself to be announced, hoping that a prominent gentleman of this county, of known conservatism and political integrity, would consent to become a candidate. He having finally declined, my friends urged me to accept, and I have done so, desiring that my views in regard to our federal relations will meet the approval of my fellow-citizens.

“The Convention bill requires the Convention to meet and ‘proceed to consider the then existing relations between the Government of the United States, the people and governments of the different States, the government and people of the State of Missouri, and to adopt such measures for vindicating the sovereignty and the protection of its institutions, as shall appear to them to be demanded.’

“At this time of great danger for the future of our country, it is impossible to tell just how our federal relations may be affected by the Ides of March. We can only say what position we occupy *now*, and how we will act in the event of the happening of certain contingencies. In as few words as possible I will frankly state my position, and stand or fall by it.

“I am emphatically a Union candidate.

“The prosperity of our great country—the blessings it has conferred upon us—the security to individual rights and property it insures—its almost unparalleled growth from feeble colonies to a powerful republic—the glorious memories of the past, and the hopes of the future with which it is freighted, all conjure me and my State not to abandon the confederacy so long as we can stay in it with honor and security. A confederacy which was ‘baptized in fire and blood,’ a compact entered into amid the dangers of a revolution, a Constitution framed by the wisest and purest men of that time, preserved by their bravery, sanctified by their wisdom and transmitted to us by their patriotism, should surely not be dismembered, nullified and violated for any cause that could be otherwise removed. With all our fancied insecurity, we are still prosperous; with all

the wrongs we complain of (many of them justly), we have but few if any of us felt the effect of them personally.

“I deplore most sincerely the elevation of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency and the other evils that have been brought on the nation by the reckless fanaticism of the Black Republican party, but I think we can meet these evils better *in* the Union than out of it; that it is a poor way to *save* the Government by breaking it into fragments.

“When we remember that he was elected with a majority of votes against him in both houses of Congress, nearly 2,000,000 against him with the people, we see how utterly powerless he is save for the rash action of some of the Southern States. Some of the seceding States have treated the border States with positive insult, threatening to *force* us into their measures, while now they are unable to stand alone, not even to carry their mails, and financial ruin and bankruptcy stare them in the face.

“Hence if Missouri with the other border slave States should take her stand calmly, considerately, and firmly demand a redress for the aggressions of sectional parties—the passage of the Crittenden compromise or similar measures, and if that redress is not granted go out of the Union only after a full understanding with the other border States, and when they go with us. And these border States, or rather the central States, by assuming such a position, would command the respect of the extremists of both sections, and do more to save the Union and cement together its discordant elements than all the politicians have. Coercion is not for a moment to be thought of. The nation is now standing on a volcano; one untimely shot, one unguarded precipitate action might light the lurid flames of civil war over the whole country, to be quenched only as the last hopes of American liberty expired. It is folly to talk of coercing—wherever you will find an American you will find a brave man, who will meet force with force, and never could one section of our country conquer another save by ‘devastating it and calling *that peace.*’

“A moment’s reflection will convince you that *coercion* means *disunion*; that *force* will impel the South to make a common cause, and that our difficulties can only be settled by amicable arrangements.

“Disunion, if it ever comes, will come to Missouri with unnumbered evils following in its train—financial panic—oppressive taxation—a large standing army—insecurity to person and property unknown to our history—border raids

with no means of redress—and perhaps all the horrors of internecine war. We should then resort to disunion only as a last remedy, when every lingering hope has faded away—star after star disappeared from the azure folds of our flag—the Central States unable to effect a reconciliation, and our great government finally dismembered. And then if in spite of all our efforts, hopes and struggles, a complete dismemberment of the confederacy does become a fact, and North and South shall finally separate, Missouri will of course unite her destinies with the Union that may be formed beneath the glittering crescent of the Southern States. If we finally have to make a choice between North and South, not a moment's hesitation can we feel—the graves of our fathers and our future destiny, our education, our interests and our inclinations all lead us to cast our fortunes with the South, and when that is done Missouri will never be found wanting in her duty. Her brave and chivalrous people will ever be found gallantly defending her rights, will fearlessly meet the dangers that may then assail them, and will never despair in the dark and troublous times that may ensue. But God grant that disunion may never come—may this Union remain one and inseparable in interest and equal rights; may the stars and stripes that have thrilled the American heart for eighty years, and floated in triumph on an hundred battle-fields, still continue to wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, for years yet unnumbered, and may this nation continue to advance, 'united, harmonious and glorious,' to the manifest destiny of the greatest Republic in the world.

"But it is impossible for me, in a mere card, to state fully my positions on all the questions now affecting our Federal relations. I merely wish to say enough here that you may know how I stand, and I will endeavor to visit all the counties in this district with my brother candidates, calmly discuss the great questions that are upon us, so that by my principles my fellow-citizens can judge me.

"Respectfully,

"R. S. B.

"BLOOMINGTON, Mo., January 23, 1861."

I was very young and inexperienced in politics, and only saw *afterwards* the full strength of my position as indicated in the foregoing card, and the great popularity with which it was received by the people. I had two wary old fellows

to contend with, Gilstrap and Foster, who were indurated in political maneuvering.

One cold, drizzly day in February, an extraordinary pressure culminated. I had begun to believe that the safety of the country, the success of the party and the perpetuity of the Union depended on two of us "getting off," and was induced to take a seat around a square, rickety deal table, with my two aspiring brother candidates, in the hotel at Kirksville, and decide the all-momentous question.

In Gilstrap's dilapidated "plug," three pieces of paper were cautiously deposited and thoroughly shaken up—the delighted Foster drew the prize, and we other two the unlucky blanks. I went home, wet and weary, trying to believe I had been patriotic, but with a faint impression that I had made a precious fool of myself; and was received by all my friends with the pleasant assurance that I was a little upwards of the d—dst fool that ever attempted to run for office.

CHAPTER V

CAMP JACKSON.

So were they roused—th' invading step had pass'd
 Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door
 Which well had stood against the Frohn-wind's blast,
 Could bar oppression from their homes no more.
 —[Mrs. Hemans.

“GOTT in himmel!” exclaimed the Dutchman, most wrathfully.

I had been amused at him for an hour. We were in a stage, at midnight, in October, 1856, approaching Bloomington, Missouri. He was on the center seat, swaying backward and forward, sound asleep until, with a lurch too far, his head hit the glass and shivered it. His hat, crushed over his eyes, caused the above elegant exclamation, and the malediction of the driver informed us that he did not sympathize with “Dutchy.”

Bloomington was to be my home for the next four years—a rickety, old-fashioned, one-horse town, with the best people and the least enterprise at that time of any place in

the world. Now, alas! there is but little of it left. Macon City, seven miles distant, has become the shire town and absorbed its population. Some time before the war broke out I saw the coming change and became a resident of the latter town. But at the time of which I speak Macon City did not even exist in imagination; its site was a prairie until the 4th of July, 1858, when the first sale of lots took place, and now it is the junction of two great railroads, and claims its 8,000 population.

When I threw out my legal shingle in Bloomington I had but a single quarter of a dollar left. My first case came from a colored citizen.

"Massa B——," says he, "I wants yo' advice. Dat niggah Bill Kincheloe borried half a dollar of me two months ago, and when I axed him for it he kep' two bits for interest. Is dat right?"

I assured him it was not, explained to him all the intricacies of the interest law, and—charged him the rest of his half a dollar for the advice, thus doubling my capital in my first fee. He thought it must be all right, although he seemed to have but little better opinion of the law than the plaintiff in the celebrated Jarndyce case—until I made it square with him and got his interest besides.

Those four years, closed so abruptly by the war, were exceedingly pleasant, and I presume that many have felt that they were the golden calm preceding the storm. My business prospered well; I became an attorney for the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad Company. Through General Price's influence I was appointed Douglas elector and made the canvass. General Thomas A. Harris, who can now be occasionally seen at the Galt House, although living in New Orleans, a portly, fine-looking and strong-brained man, represented Bell and Everett, and we had a very lively and interesting canvass. The Breckinridge party were represented by Colonel Halliburton, against whom we both waged a savage warfare.

What strange reminiscences will be occasionally brought into unpleasant prominence. In Frankfort, last winter,* in front of a cozy fire, while engaged in conversation with General Breckinridge, I recalled the charges I had made against him and his party—how they had split us up, insured the election of Lincoln, and unlocked upon the country a Pandora's box of evils; and there he was before me, the finest-looking gentleman in America, the most con-

* This was written in 1875.

servative and cautious of politicians, with a bright future still awaiting him and a wondrous past behind; Senator, Vice-President, General, Secretary of War, statesman and warrior in one, every position well filled, and not a single mistake made in his entire career.

The election of Lincoln sounded the alarm of the coming cyclone. There was first a hush in the elements, and then the discord began—in Missouri by the calling of the Constitutional Convention, of which General Price was the first president. I engaged warmly in the canvass, taking the conservative position that the border States should not secede, but become the mediators and peace-makers; although, if compelled to fight, they, by every tie of interest and relationship, must draw their swords on the side of the South. I pointed out how much interest Missouri had in the perpetuity of the Union, how hopeless it would be for her to exist as a separate sovereignty, surrounded as she would be on three sides by a hostile power, and I urged how infinitely better it would be to settle the principles for which the South contended *in* that Union where she and her friends had heretofore been so uniformly successful, and in the pending campaign had been defeated only by internal dissensions. If united as of yore, her friends would be again victorious.

The “secessionists *per se*,” who were in favor of going out anyhow, charged me with abolitionism and Yankeeism; but, strange to say, when the crisis came I got into the first fight in the county, and the most of my *per se* friends failed to make up their minds in time to get into the last one. They refused to engage in the war until it was over, but, being patriotic, and feeling that they *must* fight, they are holding out longer than we did, and waged a bitter strife against Greeley and Brown in the campaign of 1872.

They, however, were in a hopeless minority, and we, on that occasion, easily defeated them, and elected conservative men to the convention.

As Division Inspector of that Congressional district, to which position I had lately been appointed by Governor Jackson, I was busily engaged in organizing the militia, when I received notice to attend the annual muster required by law, which that year was called for Camp Jackson, near St. Louis, under command of General Frost.

I went, and, in mess with Ed. and Tom. Price, son and nephew of the General, was having a good time, when one day, May 10, 1861, the old gentleman came out to camp in

great hurry, and told us to get away from there and out of the city at doublequick; that trouble was brewing which he had tried to prevent, and found himself powerless, and now we must stand from under. In hot haste were our uniforms doffed—those of my friends consisting of blue and gold stripes stitched to their breeches' legs, which were ripped away in a twinkling; mine of a brand-new blue coat with shiny brass buttons, which I had just that morning received from the tailor under contract to pay for it in twenty days, was delivered to General Price, who returned it to me four months after when I reached him near Fort Scott. It has been a matter of wonder to me ever since how that tailor got his pay for this coat; but then, you know, as Lord Dundreary would say, "That's one of those things that no fellow can find out."

We made our escape safely from the camp and the city by climbing a high fence and traversing alleys, and in the distance heard the faint report of the brutal volley that was poured into an unresisting assemblage of men, women and children. Our comrades in the camp were captured, lodged in filthy barracks, some of them detained for weeks, and all of them required to give a parole.

This outrageous affair was a great mistake on the part of the Federal authorities. It thrilled the State from centre to circumference, and aroused every sentiment of opposition. On the ensuing Sunday over two thousand armed men, citizens of the county, assembled in Macon City to resist an invasion of Illinois and Iowa troops which rumor threatened, and was only delayed three weeks.

A treaty was subsequently arranged between Generals Harney and Price, who, had they been "left alone," would have saved the unfortunate State from many of its impending evils.

The former was removed. The troubles precipitated. Our State government called out its militia, of which I was a commissioned officer, and a terrible alternative was squarely presented to me, as to all of my fellow-citizens. We must either disobey the orders of our superior officers, desert the service, flee the State, and incur, if arrested, the death penalty at the hands of a court-martial, or we must forsake the old flag of our fathers and render ourselves liable to be hung for treason.

I preferred the hanging to the shooting, and stuck to my State. Our leaders had entitled themselves to the utmost confidence of the people. Claiborne F. Jackson had ac-

ceptably filled almost every office in their gift. He had made an able and impartial Governor; he was a man of sound judgment and comprehensive intellect, and an unvarying devotion to truth and principle had characterized his entire life.

Sterling Price won his spurs in the Mexican war, had been Governor, one of the most efficient and capable chief magistrates we ever had, and was personally the most popular and best-loved man in Missouri. To the day of his death he remained so. His troops idolized him. Many a story was told around the camp-fires of his kindness of heart, his benevolence and his undoubted courage. None of his men claimed for him any great strategic ability, but they knew he was cautious and brave, and "Old Pap" could at any time evoke all the reckless belligerency of the Missourians.

CHAPTER VI.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
 From winding glen, from upland brown,
 They pour'd each hardy tenant down:
 And every son of Alpine rushed to arms,
 Prompt at the signal of alarms.

—[*Scott.*]

SEATED in the cars from Macon City, and at a rapid rate of speed skimming away over the valley and the plains; gazing with delight at the vast expanse of the grand prairies; admiring the beauty of the green-carpeted earth; the well-filled fields of waving wheat; the sloping hills crowned with modest shrubbery and adorned with gem-like flowers which danced gaily past as we swept through one of the best parts of Missouri, I yet could not repress a feeling of sadness as I contemplated the dread war-cloud that was lowering over the Sunny South,

“Land of poetry and song,
 Of sunshine and of shadow,

charged as I knew it to be with every evil, and freighted with an “Iliad of woes.”

It was the last day of May, 1861. I was on my way to the South, by order of Governor Jackson, to procure arms for our State Guard, and had unconsciously taken my last farewell of my home in Macon City. I was hungry, too, had missed my breakfast, and it was a hot day. As I wiped the perspiration from my face and wrung my handkerchief, I reflected what an exceedingly thin diet it would make if I had to live on it. I have always sympathized with Mrs. Adam and her infant family for the poor living they had to put up with after the old gentleman was turned out of the garden and compelled to support them by the sweat of his brow.

In St. Louis the note of preparation was loudly sounding, and the blue coat and French *kepi* were met at every corner, worn principally by Dutchmen, who seemed almost as innumerable as those rough-clad ancestors of theirs that poured through the defiles of the Alps to administer the *coup-de-grace* to the effete Empire of the West. I tried to gain admission to some of my comrades of Camp Jackson, who were still in durance vile, and was gruffly refused by a Dutchman. I took the omnibus back to the city, and had to stand up all the way—it was filled with Dutchmen. I went to a restaurant to get some oysters and had to wait, for the servant was attending to a Dutchman. I looked out into the street for some relief, but my eyes were inflamed by the constant crowd of moving Dutchmen. In despair I rushed frantically to my room, where I found the chamber-maid arranging it, and demanded peremptorily to know if she too was a Dutchman. She smiled a smile that was child-like and bland, and answered:

“Nein, nein, ich Deutsch.”

Across the “father of waters,” I was soon speeding over the fields and flats of Southern Illinois. Every train and every car was crowded with the everlasting German and a “right smart sprinkling” of Northern men from every section. Cairo was the western point of rendezvous, and thither all were hastening. Many and unequivocal were the dire threats uttered against the “Secesh;” they had not yet adopted the “Rebel;” and so high did I find the feeling that I seriously apprehended they would not let me go beyond Cairo. We reached there at midnight, and as the train slowly passed long rows of tents and seemed to open for itself a way through crowds of soldiers and camp retainers, as the busy hum of a large army came to my ears, and the thousand twinkling lights of camp-fires dazzled

my vision, I could not help but recall my first visit to the place.

At about the same hour of the night, in the winter of 1853, a furious storm was sweeping over the vast expanse of waters formed by the junction of the two great rivers. The Alex. Scott could not land, and dumping us, a German Jew and myself, into a leaky skiff, shivering with cold and fear, we were landed on the slimy levee. Through the mud and rain we struggled to a rickety hotel kept by a villainous-looking landlord, and such were the signs we saw and things we heard that we found it the wisest plan to sit up the rest of the night, with one hand on our watches and the other on our money.

I was not detained, however. I walked from the cars to the steamboat through two lines of soldiers, was closely questioned by the officers in charge, but finally allowed to pass.

From Columbus, Ky., to Union City I swept through the encampments of the opposing forces. The fires just being kindled to prepare the soldiers' early meal, illuminated the tree-tops and gleamed upon the dusky forms of the untaught but chivalric warriors moving before them, and just as the charming reveille was ringing out sharp and clear on the morning air, wearied nature gave way and I dropped into a troubled sleep.

At Jackson, Tenn., I had my first opportunity to study the Confederate soldiery. The volunteers were quartered in the fair ground, which was assimilated to a brilliant *par-terre* of flowers by the gay toilettes of beautiful ladies who constantly thronged the amphitheater, to witness the evolutions, listen to the soul-stirring music of fife and drum, and admire the soldierly bearing of their loved ones. The men were sturdy, brave and gallant, and gave every evidence of their future chivalrous renown. My observation during the war was that that body of men who first gathered around the "banner of the bars" for courage and fighting qualities had no superiors. It was the later regiments, raised under the conscript law, that did the running. The old volunteers did the dying. Instead of being, as Andy Johnson said, "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight," the better class of the South suffered and endured out of all proportion.

Corinth, Mississippi, was my next stopping place, where a large camp was located. I trod over the ground on which, in after-years, I witnessed the most terrific hail of lead and iron I ever saw, and the bloodiest and most des-

perate battle. Monkish legends tell us that when a person steps upon his future grave a hot breath of wind will fan his cheek. I found it extremely warm all the way from Columbus to Mobile.

The latter beautiful city wore her holiday garments when I was there. The whole population were out to shout themselves hoarse in peans of praise over the best drilled regiment in the world, which was embarking for Virginia.

By invitation I joined an excursion party for Fort Morgan, in a little wheezy steamboat which towed a barge to better accommodate its passengers. The ladies were beautiful, as they all are, but one especially attracted my admiration by the classic contour of her features, the dignity of her carriage and her womanly grace. She was standing close to the end of the barge with a crowd of lovers before her, when the boat made a landing with an unexpected thump, and overboard went the queenly creature backward and head first. Amid a babel of noise and confusion she was fished up and hauled on board in rather a dilapidated and forlorn condition. She was, however, soon put in proper repair again and proved the life and leader of the entire party. Colonel Hardee was in command of the fort, a fine, soldierly-looking man, and when I first saw him was fairly surrounded by a bevy of ladies, trying in vain to hide his modest blushes. I was introduced to him, and, as we shook hands, little thought that on a future day, amid the lurid lights of a battlefield, I would scrutinize his impassive features to gather from them how the fight was going.

On my return I did an act of charity which was so noteworthy for me that I make a minute of it. At Baldwin a nice-looking girl took the cars for Corinth, to attend her sick brother. She said she was called hurriedly away, and her widowed mother had given her all the money she could raise. It was not quite enough to pay her passage, and the conductor roughly threatened to put her off. I paid the difference and was thanked by her tears. Three years after, when I had forgotten all about it, on our retreat from Corinth, dispirited, weary, and sick, she accidentally discovered me, and with her mother's assistance, I firmly believe saved my life.

“Ah woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please:
But when pain and anguish wring the brow
A minist'ring angel then art thou.”

On wings of steam I flew by Camp Cheatham, Tennessee, and Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky, through Louisville to Lafayette and Chicago. In both sections the railroads were crowded with enthusiastic embryo veterans, each side abusing the other most soundly, and to me effectually silencing forever the maxim that "barking dogs never bite." There is a good deal of gasconade and brag in our people, both North and South, and at the same time an immense amount of fight. My trip furnished a fund of reflection in the sterner and darker days. I had witnessed the "gathering of the clans," the sectional champions preparing for the bloody tournament, the gala day of strife and all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," so different from the mournful end beneath the historic apple-tree of Appomattox, where all these half-joyous preparations were to be buried forever in the "bloody chasm."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING.

A home and a country remain not to me;
 Never again in the green sunny bowers
 Shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers.
 —[*Campbell.*]

Then civil fury grew most high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why,
 And got together by the ears.
 —[*Butler.*]

THE lovely flowers in all their vernal beauties decked the green prairies, and zephyrs as balmy as those that are wafted from the spice-laden shores of "Araby the Blest" fanned the cheek, on the 16th of June, 1861, as we rattled along toward my home.

In Chicago I had heard that Missouri was being invested, and in Hannibal my Yankee friends had looked at me with sympathy in their eyes, which was such an unusual thing as to cause me to apprehend trouble. Sure enough, when I stepped on the platform at Macon City, an officer in Federal colonel's uniform, backed by a dozen soldiers, accosted me:

“Are you General B——?”

“Not as much as that.”

“Excuse me—Colonel B——, I should say.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I am ordered to arrest you.”

“Whom by and what for?”

“By Colonel Curtis; what for, I do not know.”

“And who are you?”

“Colonel Bates, First Iowa infantry. Will you please walk this way?”

It did please me to walk that way with a dozen bayonets behind me, although the thing was very politely done. I had been too cautious to have any contraband papers, and of course a search availed nothing. I was for two days guarded in the depot, where many came to visit me from sympathy, some from curiosity. By all the officers, except Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt, a coarse and vulgar man, I was well treated; especially the Adjutant, Herron, was untiring in his attentions, and mainly instrumental in getting me released on parole, to appear at Hannibal. We formed a close friendship for each other, which I was afterward able to evince.

At the battle of Elkhorn, in March, 1862, my regiment charged on a battery, and took, with the guns, several prisoners. At night I was told that one of them desired to see me. I was met by him as an old friend; it was Herron, made a colonel in the meantime and then a captive. I took him to my quarters, treated him as well as my means would allow, and obtained his immediate parole. He it is, I understand, who has been Marshal of New Orleans and is one of the best men among all the carpet-baggers.

In Hannibal I located at an aristocratic boarding-house, and found myself quite a lion, which, I assure you, is exceedingly pleasant. In the house, however, boarded a Vermont lady, who indignantly demanded that the “Secesh” should not be allowed to remain. The good landlady told her she might get out herself; her husband insisted on their staying, but the other ladies declining further intercourse with her they were compelled to seek other quarters.

It is almost impossible now to fully comprehend the intense excitement then prevailing in Missouri. When the sections got fairly to work and almost daily battles were fought, the mental strain was not half so great, and it does seem that had this apprehensive expectancy continued long

it would have driven half the people crazy. My old friend Forbush was never an absent-minded man until these troubles came, and his wife tells the story on him that late one rainy night he came home after she had retired, carefully folded his dripping umbrella, laid it in bed by her and stood himself up in the corner to dry.

Feeling ran high, disputes occurred and many life-long friendships were severed. One ludicrous instance I remember:

Ritner was the smallest of men; Mordant almost a giant, and they had been inseparable until they quarreled about politics. One morning the latter, in a cigar store, was lighting his fragrant Havana when Ritner, in passing, saw him.

"Hah!" he exclaimed in his shrill, piping voice, "you are there, are you, confound you?" and with a skip, hop and jump, he was at his back, and commenced pounding and kicking Mordant vigorously. The latter, without moving his body, looked over his shoulder, "Hallo, Ritner, is that you; what are you doing?"

"Fighting you, by thunder!"

"Oh, is that all?" and he paid no further attention to Ritner, who left in disgust.

Refusing to take the oath of allegiance, or give my parole, on the ground that I was neither a foreigner nor an enemy to the Government, I was finally released unconditionally, and on the 22nd was again speeding toward my county. Unwilling to trust myself again in Macon City, I kept on to Bloomington, seven miles distant, and it was well I did, for the papers soon after falsely reported my appointment to office, and Colonel Bates was again ordered to arrest me.

When I reached my old home, many of the citizens were out to meet and warmly greeted me. One good lady, who had formerly been inimical to me, threw her plump arms around my neck and kissed me, to all which I meekly submitted. The countrymen took immediate steps to organize a regiment for Price's army, under orders from Governor Jackson, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we kept the Iowans in constant fear of an attack, and two stormy nights in succession under arms, which of course was not contemplated, as our saddle-bags were packed and horses kept saddled ready for instant flight. For additional safety I slept at different places, and one night, by invitation, at Mr. Tobin's, a tall, slim old man, while his wife

was fat and jolly. I heard a terrible racket in their room during the night, and thought my time was come. I was trying to get out at the window, when I heard the old lady laughing vociferously. Thinking she heard a noise, she had gone to the door to see what it was. Stumbling over a chair, she awakened the old gentleman, who sprang up shouting—

“What’s that? who’s there?”

This took Mrs. Tobin by surprise, frightened her, and she made a rush for the bed, tumbling promiscuously on the old man, who thought the whole Federal army was on him, and kicked and halloed most lustily.

On the 4th of July I delivered an oration somewhat different from the old style, for pickets were kept out to watch for the troops, while the patriotic duties of our meeting consisted in enrolling the names of the volunteers, and our organization went bravely on. We had to do our work at night, as our lives would have been the forfeit if caught. I recall almost with a shudder the inexpressible weariness and overwhelming sleepiness with which I greeted many a dawn after riding all night, and with what relish I sought the bed of some trusty friend. One bright sunrise I called at old Mr. Reno’s.

“Certainly,” says he, “I can hide you to-day, although yesterday the Home Guards were hunting for you, and said they intended to take you dead or alive.”

For additional safety the old lady took me into a room where there were two beds, with a lovely young lady sound asleep in one of them. I was soon ensconced snugly in the *other* one, and the elder lady left. Here *was* a fix for a modest young man when the fair sleeper awoke and expressed her confusion; I hid my blushes under the counterpane and was soon asleep.

The next day Rev. Mr. Riggins went to guide me over the hills to a distant part of the county, and we got lost. It was near night when we rode close up to a party of the soldiers. They recognized and started for us, making the villainous bullets whiz around our ears. At breakneck speed we dashed through the bushes and trees, but their horses were fresh and they gained on us. We came to a favorable place, took a sharp turn to the right, and they passed without seeing us. We kept on in our changed course at full gallop until we reached Esquire White’s. He took our horses to a deep ravine near his house, and us to a stack of straw, into which we tumbled feet foremost and slept

soundly through a night of drizzling rain. Three times next day our pursuers passed our hiding place, and we were admonished by that adventure to confine our traveling to hours of darkness.

In spite of all our caution we got into one fight—twenty-two of us against eighty—raw volunteers against a disciplined company; but we punished them severely, and got away without a scratch. One of our men, however, was captured during the day, and shot in cold blood after he surrendered.

Our preparations were now about completed, and on the 6th of August I bid a last adieu to Macon county, in the best of health and highest of spirits. I had no thought that it was a final farewell, not an idea but that Price and his invincible army would sweep in triumph from one end of the State to the other. I have been there but once since. In the spring of 1870 I was passing down the Mississippi river, and from Hannibal ran up to see how Macon City looked after all those years. I registered my name at the hotel, and the landlord looked intently at the signature.

“Are you the B—— that used to live here?”

“I once lived here.”

“Commanded the rebel regiment?”

“Yes.”

“Jesus!” he said, as he sprang over the counter and out of the door. His expression surprised me; I was almost alarmed; visions of arrest and prison flitted before me.

When he came back, and with him my old friends and fellow-citizens, it was an ovation instead of a jail.

“I am glad to see you, old fellow,” said Colonel Peters, warmly grasping my hand. “If I could have caught you nine years ago I would have shot you; glad now we didn’t find you.”

Which sentiment I assured him I fully reciprocated.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLES OF SPRINGFIELD AND DRY WOOD.

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And *Kansas!* was the cry.—[*Scott.*]

BRUNSWICK was an ancient-looking place, situated on the rich bottom lands of the Missouri, whose swiftly rolling and turbid waters were fast washing it away, and the whole town looked as if ready to tumble on demand. On Saturday we had rendezvoused near there, and Sunday, the 18th, a bright, pleasant, and lovely August morning, I was ready to cross with 275 men.

A Dutchman, who had started out into the country and saw us, hastened back to town and informed two steamboat-loads of Federals, who were on their way to Lexington, and touched at that landing. They at once determined to capture us, but instead of disembarking in the town they moved down the river around a big bend to intercept us at the ferry. I was kept duly informed of their movements, and detached one company at doublequick to the river side, while the others were put in trim for a hasty retreat. Captain Lovern was a born strategist, and, spreading his eighty men out for a mile up and down, when the boat came in range opened a dropping fire; he had also had time to send a few over the river in a rotten canoe, who opened on their side, and the Federals, fancying the woods were full of Secesh, and that the Dutchman had decoyed them into a trap, hastily turned their prows up stream, and under full headway, were soon out of sight, not even stopping at Brunswick.

With two canoes and a coal-barge, we effected a crossing without further interruption, except from the ladies. The beauty and bright eyes of the quaint old town came out to see us over and speed us with their benedictions. Discipline was almost destroyed; we were delayed for hours; every young man in the command petitioned for permission to pass over in the last canoe, until finally I sternly ordered them away, and, like the faithful captain on the burning deck, was myself the last to embark.

The next day, by an easy march, during which we stop-

ped and cooked our dinner, we reached the general meeting-point, near Marshall, where we found some 2,000 men under command of Col. Ed. Price and Col. Congreve Jackson, who had been Lieutenant-Colonel of Doniphan's regiment in his celebrated march to Taos. I looked over this assemblage of veterans, who were bronzed by the winds and suns of two weeks and a half, and thought to myself that surely they could easily whip 10,000 Yankees. The battle of Bull Run exhilarated us immensely, and at Camp Marshall we received news of Lyon's defeat and death at Springfield.

The story was soon thrice told to eager listeners how the Federals had, in the night, completely surrounded the Missourians, and had given the first notice of their presence by plumping a cannon-ball into Gen. Price's coffee-pot, and how the old General, in his white linen duster, was ever in the thickest of the fight, leading his men to the charge, even as did Henry IV., with his tall white plume, at Ivry

Waddell, who was afterward Major of my regiment, was another hero of the occasion. He and four others were captured before sunrise, at a spring where they had gone for water, and placed for safe-keeping in a Dutch regiment, under full fire from their friends. In the fortunes of the contest they were forced near a battery on the summit of a sharp hill which ran down into our camp. Watching their opportunity they seized one of the cannons, a six-pounder, and away they went down the declivity at a rattling rate, under heavy fire from both armies, Waddell mounted on the piece, and all of them yelling like wild Indians. They came triumphantly into our lines, with but one of them slightly wounded, and their trophy was always afterwards a pride to our troops.

We now pursued our course by easy marches towards Price's army—too slowly, as it proved, for a large body of the enemy got after us, and we were compelled to travel two entire nights to keep ahead of them, much to our personal discomfort. About six o'clock on the morning of September 2, we made our grand *entree* into Gen. Price's camp near Nevada. I had the pleasure of taking breakfast with him, and for the first time burned my mouth in drinking hot coffee out of a tin cup. I was rapidly gaining in military experience.

The army moved about 11 o'clock in the direction of Fort Scott. My little battalion were mounted, and we

were riding leisurely along, when we saw an agitation in the line ahead, and the speed was increased to a gallop. We kept closed up, while rumors flew thick and fast, and I took a military view of the country. We were on the summit of a lofty prairie plateau, which descended gradually to a stream bordered with a heavy growth of timber; beyond was a similar prairie, where the fighting took place. We soon heard, about two minutes apart, the reports of a single cannon, and the scattering fire of the skirmishers.

“Good God!” said my Adjutant, a counter-jumper from a St. Louis retail store, “just hear how they are fighting over there; they’ll all be killed.”

I nodded my head gravely, and some times, in future battles, where the musketry for hours rang out in one continuous roll, I have found myself amused at the recollection of my first battle. Upon entering the strip of woods the idea occurred to me that my men, being raw recruits, would not fight well on horseback, and hence I ordered them to dismount. This of course stopped the whole body of the army behind us. While they were leisurely tying their horses, an aid came up at a furious gait and asked peremptorily:

“What the h—ll have you stopped here for, and blocked up the whole road?”

“You go to thunder,” said the Adjutant; “our Colonel knows what he’s about.”

I saw the point in a moment, and had them move out in the woods. In the mean time my scabbard got itself hitched in a tangled bush, and

“The more I tried to get it loose,
The more it stuck the faster.”

So I told the battalion to form at the edge of the timber and wait for me. Even as Alexander could not untie the Gordian knot, but cut it with his sword, so I cut the straps and left my broken scabbard in the bush, while, with naked blade flashing in my hand, I rushed to the front. Not a man could I find. They were anxious to see the fun, and ran over the brow of the hill, where I found them scattered the whole length of the line. With infinite difficulty I got them together, leaving wide gaps in the battle array and many curses, not loud but deep, behind me. Barely in position, I heard a distant cannon, and at the same instant saw the ball high up in the air. As near as I could calculate it was going to strike about where I stood, and I dis-

mounted with remarkable agility, only to see the missile of war pass sixty feet over-head. I felt rather foolish as I looked at my men, but a good deal relieved when I saw they, too, had all squatted to the ground and none of them saw me. I quickly mounted and directed them to "stand up."

We were soon ordered to charge, and, in a run through the tall prairie grass, we drove the enemy until they came to the little creek, Dry Wood, over the narrow crossing of which they defiled faster than we could, and escaped. We passed some of the dead and wounded, the first sad results of real war I had seen, and the solemnity attending the awful mystery of mortal dissolution crept over my soul, to be often renewed, until familiarity had made me almost callous in presence of the grim skeleton. Nearly in sight of Fort Scott, within gun-shot of the Kansas line, after dark, in a drenching rain, without wagons and without supper, we bivouacked on the Dry Wood. The heavens had opened wide, the rain fell in torrents, not even a camp-fire could be kept to light up the impenetrable gloom, and I sought a friendly mud-hole and "laid me in my little bed" to sleep as best I could. The pale, rigid faces that I saw turned up to the evening sun appeared before me, as I tried in vain to shield my own from the driving rain, and as the big foot of a comrade, blundering around in the darkness, splashed my eyes full of mud, I closed them to sleep, muttering to myself, "and this is war."

"I've met those men, I've fought our foes,
I throb and ache all over;
And I'm quite convinced the field of Mars
Is not a field of clover."

CHAPTER IX.

SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

The walls grew weak : and fast and hot
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement.
And, thunder-like, the pealing din
Rose from each heated culverin.—[Byron.

TWO days we lay at Dry Wood, dreaming and talking of the conquest of Kansas. The terrible jayhawkers had nearly depopulated this part of Missouri, and those of our men who lived in that section thirsted for

revenge. Even before the war broke out the contest here had been open and bloody. Outrage on one side begat a double wrong on the other, until lawlessness reigned supreme.

One instance illustrating this contained the fate of a good man, the Rev. Mr. Stemmons, who formerly lived in Logan county, Ky., and at that time on a farm near Sarcoxie, Mo.

A band of these Kansas outlaws sought refuge in his house, and, with the hospitable example of Lot before him, he barred his doors and refused to give them up. His courage and generosity failed to save him, or them. The assailants made a vigorous and determined assault, and Stemmons, unable to defend his guests, died with them, and they were buried in a common grave. They perhaps deserved their fate, but memory of the host will command and

"Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen,
And let the laurel's immortal meed
Be the guerdon of a noble deed."

Gen. Price, not taking the trouble to consult us as to his movements, instead of continuing in the direction of Fort Scott and Kansas, moved northward. The roads were execrable; but the sun shone brightly on us, and the birds warbled their sweetest carols as, by easy marches, we approached Warrensburg. From this place, early on the morning of September 10, 1861, we started, the whole mounted part of the army, almost in a gallop, in close pursuit of a body of Federal cavalry under command of my old friend Peabody, whom we drove on the run into Lexington. Our lines were soon drawn around the place, and by the 12th we had it completely invested. The nights were spent in ceaseless watching, and the day made interesting by the shrill whistle of the minie bullet, the whirr of shrapnel and the hurtling of cannon shot through the tree tops and the roofs of the houses.

The city is situated on the south bank of the Missouri river, that here rises precipitous and rugged, on the very summit of which, and overlooking the whole town and the river for miles, stands the college building, solid and stately, converted by our enemies into their citadel. They threw up around it admirably constructed embankments and breastworks, within which we soon confined them. Lying around on the pavement, in the shade, dodging the flying brick when struck from some corner wall by a passing shot, and listening to the shrieks of some nervous women, constituted the occupation of my command for the next four

days. It was a regular siege; for behind their breastworks they had all the advantage of us, more particularly as they had destroyed all houses within range of our shot-guns and old muskets, while they were armed with the terrible Enfield rifle.

Gen. Price was not disposed to hazard the lives of his men in assaults when the same objects could be obtained by starvation; and, indeed, no charges were made by our forces until Fremont's advance from St. Louis forced us to compel the surrender. In the latter days of the siege the Federals took a little advantage of us by sending a woman to the spring, which was outside the breastworks and within easy range of a thousand muskets. She came and went repeatedly, and our noble Missourians, rough and uncouth as some of them were, although they indulged in a good deal of profane language at her expense, fired not a single shot. A couple of soldiers once tried it on the run, and were riddled with bullets before they were ten feet from the parapet.

On the 13th Gen. Thomas A. Harris joined us with large reinforcements, including Col. Martin Green and his brave men, who had been the terror of Northeast Missouri, and bringing with him enough men from Macon to raise my battalion to an infantry regiment of full strength. A captured steamboat, loaded with supplies for the enemy, was placed in my charge, and that night Harris and myself explored the pantry and with some difficulty and burned fingers cooked a royal supper, which we enjoyed hugely while we discussed over again our old political differences.

The end was now rapidly approaching. Our superior officers determined to make the final assault; but it was certain to be a bloody one, as the foe could for hundreds of yards sweep the declivity in every direction. With a stubborn contest we had taken the "Anderson House," which enabled us to command a part of the outlying defences. After much consultation, General Harris hit upon a happy plan.

General Jackson received great glory for his cotton bales at New Orleans, and the Kearsarge has been rendered immortal by its bulwark of netted chains, but these were stationary. None had ever before suggested or used a moveable palisade since the time of the feudal knight and his heavy shield.

A large quantity of hemp bales were lying at the wharf. These were lifted up the steep hill, and when within range

of fire from the college people, three men to each bale, and the bales forming a continuous line, rolled them nearer and nearer, keeping up at the same time an incessant fire. The Federals had no adequate means of resisting this kind of a charge. They helplessly gazed at this novel mode of warfare with as much amazement as Macbeth did upon the moving of Birnam wood to Dunisnane, and saw that their time had come.

On the evening of the 19th, while the cannon were booming and the musketry rattling around the entire circle, and an occasional red-hot shot would leave its fiery streak in the murky atmosphere, a little white flag was seen to flutter on the college roof. In an instant silence ensued, only interrupted by the shouts of our army when it was known that it was an unconditional surrender.

They were a gallant set of fellows, those men of Mulligan's; they had fought bravely and well, and as they marched through our long lines with a buoyant step and gay, they exchanged many a jibe and joke with our men, who did not utter one exultant shout that might rasp their feelings.

I was placed for a while in command of the college, where I acted as the delighted cicerone of many beautiful ladies whose traditional curiosity brought them to see the battlefield, but was soon permitted to go to the camp to perfect the organization of my regiment.

It was a large one, and I was a perfect novice in all things pertaining to the military. There was but one drilled company in the army, which had in former times constituted one of the regular city companies of St. Louis, and performed all the evolutions and maneuvers. One day I was watching this drill, and I noticed that at "front face" they stood in two lines; at "right face," with two steps, they were in marching order, four abreast.

"Captain, won't you do that again?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered; and kept on doing it until I got it fully into my head, when I hastened to my camp, called out my entire regiment, and put them through until I got it into their heads also.

This was the commencement of my discipline, but I kept on at it; got an accomplished officer to act as drill-master; obtained, with infinite trouble, "Gilham's Manual," upon which I did as hard studying as ever before in my life, even when in schooldays I had pored over algebra or vulgar fractions, and by Christmas had one of the best-drilled regiments in our brigade.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETREAT.

“And fast before the foeman’s men
 Six days we marched together:
 For should they find us in the glen,
 Our blood would stain the heather.”
 Then the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking:
 And in the scowl of Heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.
 —[*Campbell.*]

“THE entire army will move at daybreak,” was the brief but expressive order from headquarters that interrupted our Elysian enjoyments at Lexington.

In the very “spring-time” of the war, and the mellowest season of the year, flushed with victory, flattered with the adulations of a delighted people who were with us in sentiment, and crowned with the rosiest smiles of the fairest of the softer sex, “the horrid front of grim-visaged war” was as yet smooth and unwrinkled, and we began to apprehend that all the real fighting would be carried on around Washington and Richmond, while our martial ardor would rust out in inglorious inactivity.

We confidently expected soon to sweep triumphantly through Northern Missouri, capture the Federal forces there, and resume our peaceful occupations. I promised myself that when I captured Bates and Herron, of the Iowa regiment that “gobbled” me up, they should be treated well and fed upon the best my larder afforded.

“But the plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee,” and so did ours, for on the morning of the 30th of September, 1861, we commenced moving rapidly southward on one of the most extraordinary forced marches of the war. Fremont had left St. Louis with a well-equipped army, more than trebling us in numbers, and with rail transportation to Rolla, which gave him the short line of the triangle, while we pursued the hypotenuse.

It soon began almost incessant rain, as it always does when it will be especially troublesome, and as we toiled along day and night, only resting occasionally an hour or two at a time, our commissary supplies seldom got up with

us in time to give us supper until sometime next day, and our quartermaster's department committed an immense amount of wickedness in the shape of good, hard swearing at deep ruts, bottomless mud, broken wagons and balky mules. Our first objective point was the Osage river, near Papinsville, once over which we were in no danger of being bagged in a *cul de sac*.

Late one moonless night we reached the broad and marshy bottom-lands through which the turbid and swollen current sought its sinuous way, and found the whole country overflowed with

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,"

as one of the men sang out. The latter line, he explained, referred to a stronger beverage, and that he had rather have his straight, anyhow. Although retreating, fatigued, and hungry, the brave fellows retained their elasticity of spirits, which I was forcibly impressed with that night.

It was dark as Erebus, with an occasional fire on a knoll kindled by some stragglers, that made the gloom more palpable. The men were slowly making their way in a drizzling rain through the eighteen inches of water that mostly covered the treacherous and swampy ground, my wearied horse was stumbling through the mud bearing me and a sick boy, and I was indulging in no very cheerful reflections, when the stentorian voice of Billy Cunningham was heard singing,

"I want to get out o' the wilderness,
Out o' the wilderness,
And go home to Sary Jane;"

the chorus was taken up by a thousand voices, until the woods rang again.

Larman, the drummer, carried on his drum, which was slung over his shoulder, a juvenile dog which he had abstracted from some unfortunate family circle in Lexington. Everybody knew and petted the saucy little fellow; and when, one morning, the rich melodious voice of Jerry Hickman was heard, to the tune of "The Beautiful Star"—

"Oh see the pup, the beautiful pup,
Drinking his milk from a pewter cup,
Gamboling around so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea,
Running,
Jumping,
Barking,

After the pony;
O, beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

shouts of laughter were echoed through the entire command.

On two or three rickety flat-boats, with infinite labor, we effected a crossing under the immediate supervision of Gen. Price, who, from a neighboring knoll, like Xerxes on the Hellespont, viewed his army. We continued our southward journey more leisurely, but did not tarry long at any point until we drew up and pitched our tents amid the hills of the extreme southwest county of Missouri. We had been reinforced by the troops of McIntosh and McCulloch, the brave Texan rangers, and felt that we could defend ourselves against almost any invading host.

The country was rigid and rough, the elevations lofty and interminable, and it seemed as if the surface of the earth here had been cradled in the fiercest storms of the primeval ocean, and the rocky ribs left to dry and harden without a decent covering of dirt. Line after line of defence presented itself, with many a narrow defile between, where many another Thermopylæ or Thrasymene would have been enacted had Fremont followed us there. He stopped at Springfield. His pursuit was rather close for comfort, but he failed to overtake us.

A few stragglers fell into his hands, and I came near being one of them. I made a detour to visit my old residence, Bolivar, and late at night was seated in a cosy parlor renewing youthful scenes with some young ladies, when Dr. Barnes rushed in, reporting the enemy entering town. In hot haste we mounted and galloped out into the darkness through the falling snow, and for fifteen miles kept our speed, our pursuers in hearing and gun-shot, but unable to see us.

Our men had been in the army long enough to play "old soldier." We entered a permanent camp near Pineville on the 7th of November, where we had plenty of rest, although the outpost and sentinel duty was very heavy, the enemy hovering near the hills and threatening a daily attack, and it became exceedingly irksome to the men, who, never shirking a fight, adopted every subterfuge to avoid standing guard.

One day the surgeon said to me:

"Colonel, I have 175 men on the sick list."

"What is the matter with them?" I asked.

"They have a thousand different complaints."

"Do you think they are really sick—you can tell, can you not?"

"Not always. Some of them are sick, no doubt; others are shamming, and in nervous cases it is frequently impossible to decide from outward symptoms."

"What do you suggest?" I asked him.

"Castor oil," he replied. "It will do them no harm, and I believe that a dose each will cure a hundred cases."

I had a lively recollection of the mingled castor oil and coffee that had been poured down my youthful throat, and I knew that I would stand guard a week rather than try it again. Next morning at roll-call I had the sergeant-major form all the sick, that could walk, in double file and march them to the doctor's quarters, who stood ready with a patent bucket full of castor oil, a tablespoon in his hand, and his sleeves rolled up. One hundred and eighty-two sturdy invalids, in open ranks, were before him, and the solemn preparations had attracted so much attention that half the brigade were present to see the fun, and fully prepared to appreciate it.

The doctor gravely approached the head of the line.

"Well, Brown, what ails you this morning?"

"Oh, doctor, I have *such* a nervous headache."

"I think a dose of castor oil will help you." And with a wry face, amid the shouts of his comrades, he took it.

"Mullins, are you sick?"

"Yes, doctor, I have the plumbago."

"Castor oil is the very thing for that," said the doctor, with an audible smile, and Mullins' "plumbago" was greased with a heavy dose.

"Halloo, Melton, what's the matter with you?"

"Colic," said Melton, feebly.

"Bad?" asked the doctor.

"Not very; I don't need any oil."

"You must take this," says the doctor, holding out the spoon, "unless you are well enough to go back to duty."

"I'll go back, then," murmured Melton, looking around apprehensively.

"Adjutant," I said, "put him on double-guard for shamming."

Thus the issue was clearly defined, castor oil or double duty, and quite a number of them accepted the latter. The fun among the outsiders was uproarious; bad jokes flew fast and thick at the expense of the unfortunate "invalids," but the effect was startling. The curative properties of castor oil bordered on the marvelous, for next morning not over fifty men were reported on the sick list.

CHAPTER XI.

CANE CREEK AND SUGAR.

Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 Like bold chief he faced about;
 Retiring till he found
 He'd got the 'vantage of the ground,
 Where he valiantly held out;
 Leaving no art untried, nor trick
 Of warrior brave and politic
 To stop the raging rout.

—[*Bulwer.*]

IT has been said that a genuine Missourian can smell whisky a mile and a half, which I verily believe to be true. From Pineville we moved through Rutledge to Cassville, thence to Osceola, where we remained some six weeks; and in our various marchings and countermarchings, it required all the influence of "general orders" and provost marshals to prevent the canteens from being replenished with "double-distilled damnation," as Gough called it, at every town and crossroads we passed. Obeying the great laws of commerce, this extraordinary demand caused a proportionate increase in the supply. Our army was besieged by retail dealers in rotgut.

"Whisky to the front of us,
 Whisky to the rear of us,
 Whisky all around."

to quote from Tennyson, and it was almost impossible to stop it, as the witnesses were generally unable, and always unwilling, to testify.

One night, while we were in camp at Springfield—it was the Christmas week of 1861—the provost guard brought to my quarters a wild-looking, shaggy, unkempt backwoodsman, who had been annoying us for some time with his operations in ardent spirits. He was sole proprietor of a lean, spavined horse, a rickety cart and a plump keg of whisky, which had been captured with him in the bushes near the camp. After grave deliberation it was concluded that the articles of war required the confiscation of the whisky and the release on parole of the backwoodsman, the horse and the cart. But here the most momentous question arose. The surgeon and hospital stewards were all absent, attending a party in town, and there was no one

else present that could be accepted as a reliable guardian of an intoxicating beverage except myself; and as a matter of necessity, I rolled it into my tent, squeezed it away under my little iron bedstead and went to sleep, "sweetly dreaming."

In the morning I called the surgeon.

"Doctor, here's a keg of whisky which was confiscated last night; I wish to turn it over to your department, and for you to know that it is all right."

"Very glad of it, if it's good," said the doctor; "I've been needing some sorely." And with a smile on his handsome face, he carefully lifted the bed away and bent down to roll the keg out. He turned it over once; then oscillated it sharply two or three times; finally lifted it up and shook it, but no sound indicating a fluid interior could be heard. He straightened up with a jerk like a jack-knife, and turned to me gruffly.

"Perhaps, sir, you think this a good joke; I don't!"

I scratched my head; the keg was evidently empty; it was full when placed there—and I was sober. There was a mystery about it, which was solved when we discovered a cut in the side of the tent close to where my head lay, a gimlet-hole in the keg, a long straw on the ground, and nearly every member of two Irish companies as drunk as Bacchus; and the joke, after all, was at my expense.

The last night in the year was celebrated by an egg-nog party given by Captain Wade, at which many patriotic and amusing speeches were made, the two getting considerably mixed toward the last, and in the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal" I found my way to the tent, and before retiring closed my diary for the year in these words:

"Thus ends 1861. It was ushered in in profound peace; it goes out with the dread alarum of war sounding from one end of the land to the other; but I confidently feel that the end of 1862 will find the South triumphant and free, and me happy unless killed in battle."

A year or two after that I came to the conclusion that I was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet.

I commenced the new year by resigning my position as Colonel in the Missouri State Guard and being elected Major of a battalion in the regular Confederate service, which cost me a month's pay invested in a banquet to commemorate my "promotion."

We were comfortably ensconced in winter quarters, composed principally of log huts, when at 4 o'clock in the

evening of February 12th, on a half-hour's notice, we were in full retreat, with the enemy thundering at our rear. Day and night we continued our march, frequently countermarching to meet an assault, and never resting more than two or three hours at a time. On the 14th, after dark, we drew up by the side of Crane creek and pitched our tents with the promise of a day's repose. Our wagon department, contrary to their usual custom, kept up promptly, for if they fell behind they were sure to be speedily captured.

My boy John had gathered together a huge pile of brush, and we were luxuriating in front of a magnificent fire, when the muffled sound of a single cannon shot was wafted lazily to our ears by the southing breezes. While listening and waiting for the meaning, my old friend Hult came dashing up furiously on horseback. It was the first time any one had ever seen him on a horse, and he nervously grasped the mane to enable him to keep his seat as he brought up suddenly, nearly pitching him into the fire as he did so. Hult was one of our characters; he was a little fellow, as voluble as the "young man of the name of Guppy," with a shock of bristly hair so flaming red that his mess declared, to his intense disgust, that whenever Hult was along they needed no matches to light their pipes with; and the little man would promptly square off to fight the biggest man in the brigade that he might detect in the pantomime of warming his hands over his head. Jerking himself, with some difficulty and loss of dignity, back into his saddle, he made me a military salute with the wrong hand.

"Major! Gen. Slack directs that you form your command instantly in line of battle on yonder hill, facing the enemy."

"Which way is the enemy?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir; them's my orders."

"You evidently don't know much about it, anyhow," I added.

"Yes, sir, I do," said Hult, drawing himself up proudly, "and General Slack has *appointed* me his volunteer aid-de-camp."

This was greeted with a shout of laughter, at which Hult frowned angrily, and galloped rapidly away.

The cannonade soon opened briskly, and the men fell promptly into position. The clouds were thick overhead, the night was intensely dark, men and horses rushing around apparently in hopeless confusion, and the lurid glare of the blazing fires, just lifting a corner of the sable mantle, served only to show more distinctly the weird and

ghostly scene. We were soon in motion, with our train moving ahead of us at a reckless speed, followed by the wearied, exhausted, staggering lines of soldiers.

All that long night we kept up that weary march; men sinking down asleep by the side of the road, and some going sound asleep as they walked along. Towards morning I saw a fire at a little distance out in the woods, by the side of which lay an Arkansan stretched on his blanket at full length. I deposited myself, utterly exhausted, on the opposite side of the fire, and was awakened from a doze by the tramp of a Missourian's horse; the rider dismounted, eyed the sleeper, and gravely proceeded to steal his blanket by gradually twitching it from under him, during which process the owner grunted and rolled uneasily, but did not awaken. With equal gravity, the thief folded it carefully on his saddle and rode slowly away. It was so neatly done that I could not find it in my heart to interfere, but hastily decamped, for fear the loss might be laid to me.

By forced marches we continued our retreat, never halting more than an hour or two to cook a hasty meal and to snatch a hasty rest, with the ominous booming of the spiteful cannon to spur us onward constantly sounding in our ears, occasionally a wounded man carried tenderly to the front and the jaded condition of the cavalry and artillery to tell us of the warm work in the rear.

Finally, on the 17th of February, soon after passing Elkhorn tavern, just across the Arkansas line, where soon after our hardest battle was fought, having descended from a long, gloomy ravine on a broad level plateau, we were rapidly countermarched in some confusion and formed on the crest of the hill overlooking the placid waters of Sugar creek. The men were wearied, tired and mad, and anxious for the fight. A private by the name of Kepler loudly proclaimed his delight that we would have a combat; had rather fight than eat his dinner, anyhow, and in short had not a doubt of his ability to whip his weight in wild-cats. Unfortunately, just at this time a runaway horse came clattering over the hill; somebody shouted:

"Here they are!" Every one sprang to his arms except Kepler, who most precipitately broke for the rear. Soon the enemy were on us, sure enough, coming up the hill at a run. With a fierce shout, that made the welkin ring, our brave fellows sprang to meet them, bore them rapidly back, and drove them down the narrow ravine at a headlong

speed, and with dreadful slaughter. A few parting shots from their retreating howitzers, and we had no more of them. It was after ten o'clock at night when our now thoroughly exhausted troops camped at "Cross Hollows," on the summit of a bald hill, with no tents or supper, our wagons not having countermarched any, and the bleak wind howling as if it came direct from the North Pole.

On the 21st of February we went into permanent camp at Cove creek, Arkansas, to recruit our shattered energies, gather up our stragglers, and await the arrival of Generals Van Dorn, McCulloch and McIntosh, who were hastening to join us.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

"It was a deep untrodden grot;
 Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
 Rocks sublime
 To human art a sportive semblance bore,
 Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by time.
 And over this, to heaven's verge extreme,
 Reverberates the bomb's descending star,
 And sounds that mingled shout and scream
 To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,
 Rang to the pealing thunderbolts of war."

—[Campbell.]

A SMALL, erect, nervous, strikingly handsome man was Van Dorn, with hair, moustache and imperial carefully trimmed, with big top boots, *kepi* a little on one side of his head, and a general jaunty air of superiority as he rode through our encampment with General Price, on assuming command. A very great contrast they were, too; the one portly and ponderous, the other small and nervous. The latter came to us with quite a brilliant *prestige*, but did not prove an eminent success as an infantry commander; as good, however, as General Price. And still the one was loved, while the other could never succeed in removing the feeling of distrust which prejudiced the army against him.

"Van" was unquestionably a brilliant cavalry leader; he had dash and *elan* and in private life was one of the best conversationalists and most fascinating men I ever saw.

From the first McCulloch was popular. The slightly bent, spare form, sallow face and old slouch hat of the famous Texan Ranger were always greeted with shouts, while his kindly gray eye had a friendly gleam for all; and all the army seemed to feel a kind of fatherly pride in the gallant McIntosh, sitting his horse as erect as a Comanche Indian and "bearded like a pard."

On the 5th of March, 1862, we moved rapidly on Bentonville, Arkansas, making the last ten miles at double-quick, for the purpose of catching "the men that fought mit Sigel." Some of them we did "take in," and got close enough to see the little spectacled German himself looking at us nervously through glasses, and then making a clean run for it, distancing, in time, any racing I ever saw a Dutchman undertake. That night my battalion and two pieces of artillery constituted the advance guard, and, expecting an attack, were on arms all night. McCulloch and McIntosh supped with me; and in discussing the situation anticipated a hard fight and a complete victory; which would have been the case had either of them lived to see the end of it.

At an early hour we moved; Price's division making a detour clear around the Federals so as to strike them from the north, while McCulloch's division was to attack them from the south. The enemy were stationed in the vicinity of Elkhorn Tavern.

The battlefield of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, as the Federals call it, consists of a long, deep and narrow ravine or *canyon*, running north and south—large, abrupt hills on each side, covered with stones and stunted, bushy trees, now approaching, now receding, so as to form at places extensive fields and bearing a general resemblance to the vale of some mighty river of a former era, with its guardian bluffs overhanging it.

Over the sharp ridges and through the gloomy hollows, Price's command dragged its slow length quietly along, and shortly after sunrise we reached the Springfield road and debouched into it to the infinite astonishment of the Yankees, who were only looking for danger from the south. With my usual judgment and discretion, I came near getting myself into trouble. My men being still in the advance, I had ridden on ahead alone, and just as I struck the road a couple of sutler's wagons came dashing on with a guard of three soldiers. I turned with the intention of "getting farther" as fast as my horse would carry me, when I happened to look back to see if they were preparing to shoot

at me and saw that they had turned their course and were doing just what I intended to do. Thereupon I galloped after them and called on them peremptorily to surrender or I would have them riddled with bullets. The sight of our cavalry coming over the hill made my demand conclusive, and they stopped. The cheese, oysters, cigars and other good things we got from those two wagons were highly appreciated.

General Slack's brigade formed the extreme right of the army, and I was on the right of his brigade, and for three hours we were toiling up and down the rugged spurs on the west of the canyon, until we were finally placed on what might be called the second plateau of Trott's Hill, the Mont Blanc of that wild region, which projected into the battlefield, a high and almost perpendicular bluff. Here we lay some time, listening to an occasional shot, the premonition of the coming storm.

At no time does the soldier so feel the danger and solemnity of his calling as when he is silently, slowly and thoughtfully moving up to take his position on the field of desperate carnage—the sun now so brightly and beautifully shining upon him, soon to be obscured by the sulphurous canopy of war; the earth, now sleeping so quietly and peacefully under his feet, soon to be shaken by the tread of armed legions and ensanguined with gore, his own perhaps to mingle with that of others, and the blue hills in the distance, now shimmering so softly in the sunshine, concealing his martial foe with whom he is soon to engage all the appliances of war in deadly and ferocious combat.

The battle ere long opened with a heavy roll of musketry and the sudden crash of artillery in another part of the field, while my men lay on the ground under the brow of the hill, patiently waiting their turn and screening themselves as much as possible from the enemy's sharpshooters, who were doing us some damage.

A single shot, followed by a loud shriek, told us that one of our best men, Bradley, was wounded. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back, and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting in reach of him.

"Poor fellow," said the doctor, as he saw a whitish liquid oozing out; "shot in the bladder; I am afraid it's fatal," and he commenced opening his coat.

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley; "I'm a dead man; I'll never get over it."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier feebly, "will you write to my mother and tell her that I died bravely doing my duty, with my face to the foe, and that I thought of her when I was dying?"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and a husky voice, "I will write to her and tell her too," but suddenly springing to his feet, with an indignant and angry voice, added—

"Why, confound it, man, you are not hurt a bit; it's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it; *get up*, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and, with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment. For months after that, on the march or in the camp and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in one direction demanding, "what shall I tell your mother," and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard, "tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then "Canteen Bradley" would come out and angrily hunt for the man that said it. He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

The battle by this time was fiercely raging to the left of us, and while the men were still consoling their wounded comrade, and promising to tell his mother a good many things, to which he listened in dogged silence, a section of the enemy's artillery came swiftly up the hill from the south to take a position within a hundred feet of us, and open on our men in the vale below. They were utterly surprised to see us there, and before they could unlimber a gun or draw a pistol our men were on them with a yell, and Bradley was mounted on a cannon shouting as if he had never thought of dying. The officer in charge, and whom we captured, turned out to be my old friend, the adjutant of the Iowa regiment that held me prisoner in Macon City, and I was glad to see him—to tell the truth, much more delighted to see him than he was to see me. A scout came rushing back with information that caused us to reform and move hurriedly up the hill to the right. Hardly had two regiments, mine and Colonel Hughes', formed a half square, facing to the south, when a body of some fifteen hundred Federal cavalry came at us on a run. A single well directed fire from both ranks dissolved the gallant cavalcade like a morning mist.

A charge or two and an occasional skirmish ended the day's fighting, and we bivouacked on the bleak summit of Trott's Hill for the night. General Slack had been killed during the day, as brave and gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword, and before the war an able and brilliant lawyer. I had lost several good men, while our brigade, had suffered severely. My adjutant had mysteriously disappeared at an early hour, and we mourned for him as dead, until we reached camp some days after and found him safe and sound. He had got lost in a deep ravine, cut off, as the boys said, by a watermelon vine, and, concluding that the wagons were in great danger, went back to the rear to protect them.

The first rosy blush of the ensuing dawn was heralded by the distant, deep-mouthed cannon of McCulloch, and soon the "Sun of Austerlitz" came up on a furious fire of twenty guns directed on the hill where we lay. The incessant crash of bursting shells, the sharp shriek of the schrapnel, the breaking of the trees and the splintering of rock, made a scene of awful sublimity but of little real danger, for they overshot us. After a couple of hours we were ordered to fall back slowly, and, by the time we were at the foot of the hill, it seemed as if some kindly spirit had said, "Peace, be still," so quiet had all around become. Not a noise to reach the ears save the order of the officers and the steady tramp of the infantry. We supposed we were changing position; none imagined that we were *retreating*, for upon our side of the battlefield we had steadily driven the enemy back. Our hospitals occupied their camp of the previous morning, and not until afterward did we learn that the brave McCulloch and the gallant McIntosh had both been killed and their troops defeated in the very hour of victory. Dispirited and disheartened, without rations or blankets, and in a pouring rain, our army pursued its slow and weary march of five days to Van Buren, Arkansas.

A ludicrous incident restored their good humor. The second night we encamped on a hill-side in the midst of innumerable flat rocks. Our foragers had procured a ration of meal, which was all we had for supper, as our commissary department had not even yet heard where we were. The men commenced cooking their "pones" of corn bread on the flat rocks inclined towards the fire. These villainous rocks concealed the most wonderful explosive powers, and every few minutes the loud report of one bursting, with a noise like a young cannon, would be heard informing us that another poor fellow's supper had "gone up the spout."

The men shouted themselves hoarse, dubbed them "Van Dorn Skillets," and I laughed until my head ached, and my own supper blew up, when I went to bed hungry, supperless and disgusted.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

"On the 'Father of Waters' we thought o'er the day
 When the host of the stranger made them his prey;
 And our heads on our bosoms all musingly lay,
 For our hearts were so full of the land far away."—*Byron.*

OVER the rugged hills and through the stony valleys of the hardest part of Arkansas our army moved towards Des Arc, just a month after the battle of Elkhorn. The natives gathered in crowds on the roadside to see us, and furnished the men much amusement. They were an uncouth race—the men awkward, slovenly and bearish, while the women were, if possible, more rough hewn. Both sexes appeared to use tobacco and whisky with equal relish, and many a backwoods beauty would you see screwing up her mouth as if she was trying to place it in the "Prunes and Prisms" shape that the stately Mrs. General advised to "Little Dorrit," but, instead of pronouncing those words, would send a clean-cut squirt of tobacco juice clear across the road.

One night a ball was given in the vicinity of our camp, and everybody was told to come. No introductions were necessary. The stout puncheon floor was beat to the tune of "Champagne Charley" by feet that had never known each other before. I noticed a rustic darling, clothed in spotless white, looking bashful and interesting, but who had for some time been performing the ornamental duties of a wall flower. I desired to bring her out, and, not dancing myself, I suggested to Major Waddell, the Chevalier Bayard of our regiment, that he lead her through the intricate mazes of the Virginia reel. The Major was the politest of men, and, judging from her looks that she was a stranger to the rough crowd around her, tendered his profoundest bow.

"Madam, may I have the pleasure of dancing the next set with you?"

She deliberately surveyed him from head to foot.

"Wall, stranger," she finally said, reflectively, "your legs is mighty little to dance much with, but I guess I will, for I swow I do believe I'd a tuk root ef I'd sot here much longer."

The Major looked at me wrathfully, for he knew that it was too good to be lost, and the mess would laugh at him for a month—but he soon had his revenge.

A day or two after that, our army having just gone into camp, I rode out partly for recreation and partly to see if I could buy some butter. I was returning a little before sundown when I passed a regular Arkansas cabin, in front of which, leaning against a stump, was a buxom, fat and portly young woman of twenty-five or upwards, with frowsy hair, bare feet, and a short linsey gown, scarcely reaching to her knees. She eyed me critically while she comfortably munched her "chaw er terbacker," and as I was about to pass she called out:

"I say, stranger, whar you gwan?"

"To camp," I replied.

"Whar's that?"

"About two miles ahead."

"Wall, now, ef you insist on't," she said, "I don't mind ef I ride with you a mile down that way; I want to go to sister Sal's."

The thing amused me; and as my gallantry forbid a refusal, I told the lady to mount.

She got on the stump; I drew my horse alongside, and she made a spring, but went a little too far, and tumbled clear over the horse, nearly pulling me with her. I was afraid she might be hurt, but she picked herself up sprily.

"Wall, I swow," says she, as she mounted the stump again, "ef that ain't the consarnedest hoss I ever seed. A little closer. Thar, now." And she came like a thousand of brick, staggering the horse with her weight and momentum.

She clasped both plump arms tightly around my waist, and her big, bare feet commenced swinging in and out, like two mighty pendulums, as we ambled along, and she talked as only a woman can talk. Suddenly I was made miserable and my happiness rudely dissipated by the mere thought of the possibility of meeting some of our fellows. Hardly had this passed my mind when I saw Major Waddell and Colonel Law coming.

"Confound them, anyhow," I muttered, with more genuine vexation than I had felt since the beginning of the war; but there was no escape for it. They drew up on opposite sides of the road, and took off their hats as we passed. I wished the devil would fly away with them. My fair companion said she thought "them fellers was mighty nice chaps;" and, as soon as I could, I got rid of her and galloped back to overtake them.

They received me with very unseemly levity, considering that I was senior officer.

"Now, look here," says I, a little out of temper, "what do you want—to shut up about this?"

Waddell remarked gravely:

"I am sorry we cannot accommodate you, considering that your gallantry on this occasion is fully equal to my dancing with the wall-flower, and what a secret you have made of that."

"Major, you always was a blamed fool," I insisted.

"No doubt," he added, "but I see that I have plenty of company."

After some further negotiation, it was agreed that if I would furnish a gallon of whisky for the egg-nog they would keep the secret; but the rascals violated their promise, for no sooner was the beverage consumed than they told the whole thing, with many embellishments, and a good deal of fun was made at my expense.

Des Arc was finally reached, and on a rickety stern-wheel boat our six hundred men were embarked for Memphis. The interminable rains had made White river an Amazon in size, the water covering the country as far as the eye could reach. We labored slowly down the turbid current, with insufficient rations and the satisfaction of seeing the entire army pass us and every regiment in a better craft.

Our pilot evidently was not acquainted with the river, for he twice wound his vessel around among the tall trees, carefully sounded his way over rail fences and submerged corn-fields, sidled up to a rusty little cabin perched on stilts amid the waste of waters and inquired which was the river. Quick to seize a ludicrous idea, it became a by-word with the men for months after; seeking "the road to Memphis" was a synonym for everything that was mysterious or unknown.

With nothing to read, the tedious days were whiled away by cards. No money was staked in the game I refer to, and the cheating only added to the fun. Captain Caniff,

an excitable Irishman, was engaged in a close game of poker, and, watching his opportunity, slipped out an ace and placed it on his knee to be used as occasion might require. Adjutant Greenwood saw it, and stole the ace. When Caniff got such a hand that his ace would have made it invincible, he felt cautiously on his knee, but it was not there. He shoved back from the table and scrutinized the floor, but "nary ace" could he see. This was too much for human nature to bear; throwing his cards down, he sprang to his feet, vehemently exclaiming:

"I won't play with this infernal crowd any more; some one's been swindling around this table."

"What's the matter, captain?" said Salmon.

"Matter? Ye spalpeen, ye stole me ace. Ain't that enough?"

He soon joined in the laugh, however, and resumed the game.

When we struck the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters" the wind was blowing a gale over the grand expanse, and several times our boat came near being swamped.

We disembarked at length safely, and passing through Memphis reached our camp at Rienzi, twelve miles south of Corinth, on the 14th of May, 1862.

The battle of Shiloh was over; the brave, gallant and noble Sidney Johnson had just been buried in the soil of the section he loved so well, and his modest grave was watered by the tears of a people in whose hearts his memory and well-won fame will ever be treasured as a sacred legacy.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

“As the spring-tides with heavy dash,
 From the cliff’s invading clash
 Huge fragments sapped by ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,
 Like the avalanche’s snow
 On the Alpine vales below:
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
 Corinth’s sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft-renewed
 Charge of the Yankee multitude.”

—[Byron—*Siege of Corinth*.]

THE city of Corinth, where we sustained a siege and afterwards fought one of our bloodiest battles, was hardly as prepossessing in appearance as that one of the lofty pillars and beautiful statues which faced the Ægina and braved Philip the Macedonian; nor was Rienzi a place of such attractions as to reflect additional lustre on the name of the great Tribune of Rome; nor was there much about Jacinto which would serve to justify a recollection of the field where Houston won his fame; and yet all these were towns and the centers of the population of Tishomingo county, Mississippi, which was in every respect worthy of *its* name. From the 10th of May until the 5th of October, 1862, we were almost continually marching, battling and fighting, and never once got beyond the limits of Tishomingo county. I saw it, of course, under every disadvantage, swept by the contending armies, and in the heat of summer, but it seemed to me to be the driest and dreariest of counties, barren, hilly and sandy, with crawfish soil where it was not covered with sand, and water of a milkish color, a sickly taste and demoralizing tendency, which, however, could be readily obtained anywhere by digging a hole. But the worst of it was that every one of the many regiments that had encamped around there had left their hundreds of wells, four or five feet deep, honey-combing the country, and if a reckless officer rode out of camp, his horse was sure to fall in one; if he walked out he would fall in one himself, spoil his new uniform and lose his kepi; and if in desperation he remained in his tent, some unsuspected evacuation would cave in and precipitate his bed-clothes into the slime at the bottom.

After Shiloh the Federals found it advisable to "go slow," and they approached Corinth by parallels, and in the manner of a regular siege. It was a toilsome operation on both sides; for weeks we slept on our arms, with three days' rations in our haversacks, ready to march on a minute's notice, and those notices were frequently coming, so that we were almost continually racing from one side of the town to the other, while the constant booming of the big guns formed the lullaby that rocked us to sleep on our "little sand hills."

On the 14th I was placed in command of two regiments and a section of artillery, and ordered to proceed to Jacinto to protect some militia who were organizing. By 10 o'clock we had marched the twelve miles and were posted, ready for an attack. A lively interchange of shots between the pickets who faced each other comprised the extent of our fighting, but we captured three women going to "Pittsburg Landing" on horseback and a colored individual who was leading two fine horses belonging to an officer of one of the Missouri Federal regiments. The women were turned over to a couple of blushing ladies of Jacinto for search and important dispatches were found in their possession, and the horses and darkey were confiscated.

On our return, Frank Starr, the poet of our command, recited a verse of an old song—

"Hurrah for our lads of the sabre and trigger,
No heroes on record were braver or bigger;
In history's pages they'll make a grand figure—
They've captured two horses, three women and a nigger."

"Hold your tongue, ye dirty spalpeen," yelled Sergeant Monohan, in a great rage.

"All right," said Starr; "but can't a fellow get off a little poetry now and then?"

"Poetry, bedad," said Monohan; "do you call that stuff poetry? Ye'd better kape silence; we'd whipped the whole Yankee army if they'd come at us, and ye know it."

We got some credit for our expedition, nevertheless.

On the 20th of May we were moved at double-quick to a position near Farmington, four miles east of Corinth, where we bivouacked on our arms to be startled early in the morning by the continuous roll of musketry close to us, and in our rear. We speedily changed front, when we found that it was a Tennessee regiment quietly marching into its position fired into by some scared Mississippians, and before the mistake could be rectified thirty or forty men had been killed and wounded.

At ten o'clock we were formed in line of battle facing a swamp, and were soon ordered to charge through it.

It was the most interminable jungle I ever saw.

The men got tangled in the thick underbrush and widely separated; all semblance of a line was lost. By immense exertions I managed to cross a little creek about fourteen times, occasionally dismounted or thrown in the water, splashed all over with mud in lifting my horse out, and at length with much difficulty attaining a dry spot, found myself alone.

The distant noise of the battle reached my ears, but not a sound near me save the splashing of the water and the heavy breathing of my horse. Guided by the musketry, I pushed ahead, when I heard to the right of me some most ferocious swearing. On nearing him, I found our new adjutant, Greenwood, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, and his horse quietly grazing close to him. In crossing a "wash" he had lifted his leg to pass it over a vine, when another vine caught him under the right arm and his horse moved on, leaving him there perfectly helpless. I assisted him down and we rode forward, suddenly coming into the road abreast of a line of Federal infantry, which astonished all of us and caused Greenwood and me to get back more suddenly than we came. We thought our men were all ahead of us when they were yet to come up. We soon, however, formed our lines again and drove the enemy rapidly before us with but little loss. Had it not been for the obstructions of the swamp we would have cut off a large detachment. General D. H. Maury was our division commander; a diminutive, sandy-whiskered man, but an able officer and as brave as a lion. With but little result and after a day of immense fatigue, our wearied men dragged themselves back to our camp.

We were soon placed in charge of a heavy breastwork, and had a couple of days of "good times" until orders came to move southward silently at midnight of the 31st. At the appointed hour the men were under way, but we were much concerned at losing our two surgeons. We could find them nowhere, and left a couple of men to hunt them up. They searched in vain until daylight, and were about to leave when they saw them mounted some distance ahead of them. The doctors had gone to sleep in a snug place, and waking at daylight were somewhat alarmed to find themselves alone, and had barely mounted when they espied, as they supposed, a couple of Yankee horsemen.

Not stopping to take much note of them, they broke in the direction of our army at a headlong speed. The searchers supposed from their conduct that they must have seen a body of the enemy invisible to them, and followed at the same rate. It was an exciting race, but when the doctors found out "how it was," and their favorite horses nearly ruined, their tempers were worse lost than they had been themselves.

Some unfortunate hitch in the removal of the hospital caused much suffering to our poor wounded; and as we passed the railroad, General Beauregard was endeavoring to rectify it by abusing the officer in his excitable manner, and one of his staff, a Frenchman, by his energetic *sacri-r-r-e-dam*, furnished a long-used by-word for our men, and the name of our next camp, near Boonville, where we remained for a month.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP IN TISHOMINGO.

When the sunset gave
 Its last warm purple to the wave,
 No sound of war, no voice of fear,
 Was heard, announcing danger near;
 Though deadliest foes were there, whose hate
 But slumbered till its hour of fate,
 Yet calmly, at the twilight close,
 They sunk into a sweet repose.

—[*Mrs. Hemans.*]

THE first gray tints of early dawn were creeping up the eastern sky and adding to the sombre gloom that hung over the pipe-clay hills of Tishomingo. Our wearied men were wearily arousing from a troubled rest of an hour or so to resume their southward march, leaving Shiloh and Corinth behind, when a sudden and wonderful alacrity seized everything and everybody.

The commissaries and quartermasters rushed around frantically, the cooks tumbled their utensils together in reckless haste, and the men promptly took their places, and with loaded guns and fixed bayonets calmly awaited orders. The long roll of the drums, that at any time will stir the

very marrow in a soldier's bones, rose and fell on the sighing breeze like the fierce defiance of some angry "Frankenstein," or the ominous rattle of a huge snake that gives warning as it strikes. A battle appeared to be impending. To the south of us the booming of cannon could be heard, although it seemed impossible that any of the enemy or our own troops could be in that direction. And yet the warlike sounds "came through the gloaming" with startling distinctness; volley after volley of musketry, and whole batteries of artillery, apparently discharged at once, now advancing—now receding—it appeared to us that the most furious of fights was progressing with fluctuating fortunes.

General Beauregard was excited; he was in a great hurry to know what it was and what it meant; his aids and couriers were soon exhausted—his entire body-guard melted away as messengers, and after all the dire confusion it was only a false alarm, and our men were naturally very indignant.

A freight train loaded with ammunition had taken fire at Baldwin, and as the raging element sprang from one car to another, from shell, shrapnel and bomb, to musket cartridges and Minie bullets, every sound and sight of a great battle, except the mangled men, was vividly reproduced; and as it was a dangerous kind of a fire to exterminate it was left alone and the little town speedily evacuated.

The day was half gone when we resumed our march; it was hot and sultry, the 2d of June, 1862, and we suffered severely for water. I was appealed to for assistance by some thirsty soldiers. A lank, lantern-jawed Mississippian, who had a well near the road, had been driving a thriving business in selling water at twenty-five cents for a canteen full. This the men had submitted to until one of them refused to pay the demand, and the man swore none of them should have any more, and took off the handle of his chain-pump. I found that he had a small spring near, inaccessible to the men but amply sufficient for his family use, and, upon his persisting in his refusal, some of the men tore away the pump, took the rope that corded his best bed and thus obtained a full supply of the coveted fluid. It was about the only invasion of private rights I witnessed during the war.

Our camp was established near Boonville, where I was made president of a court-martial for the trial of minor offenses. In the parlor of a fine house, with the ladies of the town as auditors, and watermelons every evening when

the train arrived from Mobile, our onerous duties were discharged to the satisfaction—of ourselves.

One morning Lieutenant Salmon, a member of the court, came up with his face swollen and bandaged; he had a raging toothache, and we advised him to apply at once to the doctor to have the offending member extracted. He left us, but in about an hour returned in a towering rage, the Irish element predominant.

“What is it now, Salmon?” queried Captain Fair; “didn’t you get your tooth out?”

“Git it out? Oh, my God!” groaned Salmon, dancing around, first on one leg then on the other; “that murther-in’ doctor, he pulled the wrong one; begorra, if I don’t whale him like the divil when I get over it.”

And sure enough, it seems that the doctor was in a hurry, and, Salmon merely telling him to “pull her out,” he had neatly extracted the one most convenient, and considered the job well done.

I had two Irish regiments in my command; the best soldiers on duty and the worst off, the best fighters and the most troublesome men in the army. We were camped in a thick woods where the saplings had to be cleared away to form spaces for the tents, around each one of which the firewood was piled in abundance. At the supper hour one evening I heard a rumpus in the camp, and on going to it found a couple of Irishmen engaged in a pugilistic encounter over a stick of wood, having to kick three or four better pieces out of the way to get standing room. Just as I came up, and while the blows were being put in thick and heavy, one of them exclaimed:

“Shtop a minit till I fasten up my breeches; they’re comin’ loose!”

The other desisted coolly until he was notified to “pitch in agin,” and at it they went with a will, until I put them both under arrest, tolerably certain that as soon as released they would finish the “mill.”

The rules of evidence in our army were a little different from those which prevail in a court of justice, it being the duty of the members of each regiment or company to swear to the best advantage of their own comrades. A beautiful meerschaum pipe was presented to me by one of our best men, accompanied with a neat little speech, and so well was I pleased with it that I smoked nothing else. A week or so after a private in an Arkansas regiment, camped near us, claimed it as his pipe, purchased at Mem-

phis, and having been in his possession for over six months. I sent for the donor.

"Peck, this man says this is his pipe."

The Arkansian repeated his story, and said he had four men with him to prove what he said.

Peck opened his eyes in blank amazement—his innocence was most apparent.

"Why, Colonel," said he, "I bought that pipe myself, a year before the war, in St. Louis. This gentleman is simply mistaken. I think I can find proof of what I say."

Soon Peck returned with *six* witnesses, who detailed circumstantially the purchase of the pipe by Peck, and his constant use of it ever since he joined the army, more than six months prior to the time the claimant had gotten *his* pipe. He, however, was not discouraged, but reinforced his evidence by four more witnesses; when Peck came up with half his company at his back, all of whom testified to the minute particulars, until I was completely mystified. As the claimant departed disconsolate, Peck rubbed his hands and I heard him say to one of his witnesses:

"The fool Stringheel! he didn't put it back far enough. Bully, wan't it?"

I saw "how it was myself," and, unknown to Peck, satisfied the member of the "Stringheel Infantry," who claimed the pipe, with a ten-dollar bill.

The "hard-tack" and corn-dodger rations, united with "mule" meat, hot weather and watermelons, proved too much for me, and, as the boys said to each other, I was about to "hand in my checks." But not quite, for I was removed to the country, and a soft feather-bed, an egg-nog every morning, and more than all, the kind and gentle ministrations of sweet Harriet Mabry, brought me through all right, and my "checks" were reserved for another day.

'T was a double log-house, with lordly trees all around, and a wide passage-way between, where I lay many a long summer day, fanned by the gentle zephyrs that rustled the faded leaves, and listening to the soft melody of Miss Harriet's voice as it hummed a lullaby for an infant's slumbers, while my fevered imagination wandered far away to my distant home in Missouri, or to the loved ones on the "old Kentucky soil." I would then start away on a wild revel of oriental dreams, after the style of De Quincy's opium fancies, perhaps to be startled by the crash of barbaric music in the army of the great Sesostris, and endeavor with a shudder to avoid a pyramid that appeared about to topple

over on me, and in looking up to see where the summit was, my eyes would rest on Miss Harriet's smiling face and a glass of egg-nog, and the barbaric music would change into a gentle command to "take it, 't will do you good."
And I took it.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
* * * "Rest thus, thou weary and worn,
For sorrow shall return with the dawning of morn."
—[*Campbell.*]

THE oriental dreams that had floated like an aroma of the imagination over the couch of my pleasant sickness were rudely dispelled on the morning of the 10th of September, 1862, by a courier, who came to tell me that Generals Bragg and Beauregard had gone to Chattanooga, leaving General Price in command, who had just ordered a movement on Iuka, a little place twenty-two miles east of Corinth, which was a depository of a large amount of Federal stores and munitions, and was heavily garrisoned. I mounted my horse, and with affectionate adieux was on my way in the footsteps of the army. By slow stages and frequent rests, and an occasional noon-day nap under a scrubby oak, I overtook them in two days.

After an all-night march, under a moonless sky and beneath the twinkling stars, with just enough skirmishing with the enemy's videttes to keep us lively, we halted for a cold breakfast three miles from Iuka. About ten o'clock in the morning we entered the place with a rush, capturing quite a number of belated stragglers, and what to us was a perfect Eldorado of supplies. I was ordered to place a guard over one depot, which had formerly been a large hotel and watering-place resort, but now "with its banquet halls deserted;" every room was filled with cheese and crackers, hams and hominy and molasses and whisky. I found infinite difficulty in protecting my treasure. True to

the "old soldier's" motto, every guard would provide for his own mess and jealously protect from all others; my feelings, however, were somewhat mollified when I found that my cook, John, had amply provided for my own larder, and, as a sick man should, I ate in silence and asked no questions.

The Federals hastened their troops towards us from every direction, and we were kept in a constant state of alarm and activity, moving night and day, more exhaustingly than if we had been on a regular march. At last, on the 19th, just as the sable mantle of night was settling down, my command was moved through the town towards the east, with the sharp rattle of musketry awakening the echoes, and soon we met all the concomitants of the "bloody battle-field," men staggering to the rear pierced with every conceivable kind of missile, ambulances carrying off the dead and wounded, and breathless staff officers hurrying to and fro.

The mortal remains of Brigadier-General Henry Little were sadly borne to the rear. He had been with us in the Missouri State Guard, and was our immediate commander in the Confederate service. A quiet, unassuming, affable man, a thorough soldier and an excellent disciplinarian; to him alone the First Missouri Brigade owed its efficiency and unequalled discipline.

Bravely and nobly fighting at the head of his men, his short but glorious career was ended on the field of Iuka. In him we lost an able leader and a true friend, and Missouri one of her best generals. Price wept over him as he would for a son; the whole army mourned him as a father lost, and we buried him at midnight in solemn silence and beneath the pitying stars, "with his martial cloak around him." Many a heartfelt prayer went up for his wife and little one in a distant State, and we murmured, with bated breath, our *requiescat in pace* as we left him "alone in his glory." * * * * *

The terrible crash of musketry broke more and more fiercely on our ears, but by the time we got near enough for the bullets to whistle through our ranks it was dark as pitch. I was directed to move my command in a certain direction until ordered to halt. I did so, and soon our men stepped carefully over the dead and wounded of the Fortieth Mississippi infantry, whose former position we crossed, and a little beyond that we could hear the commands of the enemy's officers in forming their lines. I thought this

was getting close enough in the dark; and as no one sent me orders to halt, I halted and waited instructions, which soon came, informing me that I was right in thus doing wrong.

We were occupying the position of Hebert's brigade, whom we relieved, and whose poor fellows were lying all around us. We were getting into place rapidly, when the Federals opened fire, to my great personal inconvenience; for I happened to be between the two lines, and my men, in their eagerness, shot under my horse and over him, and made a rest of both ends of him, and I must say that we—my horse and I—made a pretty good bulwark. Throwing out our skirmishers, our line pushed through a swamp, literally feeling our way, it being too dark to see anything, until we arrived at what seemed an open glade, not one hundred yards wide, on the edge of which we bivouacked, the enemy occupying the opposite woods.

Here we passed one of the most *thrilling* nights of my experience. The heavy dew fell cold and cheerless,—not a soul was allowed to stir, as the breaking of a twig might cause a fire. The bayonets of our foes we could once in a while see gleaming by the starlight in the opposite thicket, and occasionally some luckless skirmisher, by the rattling of his canteen or sabre, would draw a heavy fire, every bullet of which, so correct was their range, would fall into our ranks, and the base of the opposite woods on the borders of the glade would be illuminated with fitful flashes running along the ground for a mile or so to the right and left, like the lightning in a summer sky playing on the western horizon.

We needed water sorely, and our only chance for a supply was in the little brook half-way between the two lines. Lieutenant Lippincott concluded he could obtain the desired fluid, and, gathering up fifteen or twenty canteens, he cautiously moved out. He had nearly reached the creek when he stumbled into an unlucky hole, which drew a scattering shot or two that would have amounted to nothing if he had kept still, but he precipitately commenced a disorderly retreat, causing his canteens to make the most infernal clatter ever made by canteens before or since. The enemy supposed our whole army was charging upon them, and opened a most terrific discharge. Lippincott, with his usual judgment, made for the headquarters of the regiment, tumbled over three or four of his superior officers and landed full length on me, nearly knocking the breath out of me,

and centering all the fire on our devoted heads. We escaped with a few scratches; and, with such pleasant interludes as this, "wore the uneasy night away," anxiously looking for the dawn, although we expected it would be the signal for another desperate fight, such as the evening had witnessed with Hebert's brigade.

The wounded of both armies were still lying on the ground, and by their low moans and louder shrieks, which we were compelled to hear without being able to assist them, rendered the night more dismal still, and us more melancholy to see our poor comrades suffering while powerless to relieve.

About three o'clock we received orders, and by the left flank moved away silently, leaving the groans of the wounded behind us, and marching towards the bright sunrise. Our wagons detained us some time, but were finally straightened out. In the council of war it had been warmly urged on General Price to burn our train, but he stoutly resisted, and sure enough the "Old Tycoon" brought everything away safe.

I was in charge of the rear guard; and about sunrise was sitting on my horse in rear of our skirmishing line waiting for Lieutenant Salmon, "of the wrong tooth," who was watching for the advance of the enemy, when I heard him say in a low but emphatic tone:

"Come here, ye devil."

And the click of his pistol enforced the command. A man, covered with a military cloak, came to him unwillingly, evidently surprised at not having seen him in time to defend himself.

"What are ye, and what are ye doing here?" said Salmon, peremptorily.

"Major Cornline, of the —st Illinois infantry, commanding the scouts," was the answer.

The Major had gotten too far ahead of his men; he looked back for help; none appearing, and Salmon's fingers looking rather nervous on the trigger, he had nothing to do but obey his order to "come along and be quick about it." He was a very gentlemanly fellow, and in one of our best ambulances followed our army much more comfortably than he could have done on foot.

As we passed through the town the Yankee howitzers opened furiously on us, and the shrill screaming of women, the rattling of wagons and the rush of an army presented a scene of apparent confusion which, however, shortly sub-

sided into an orderly march. We soon decoyed our pursuers into a long lane, where we enfiladed them with a well-directed fire of grape and canister, after which they left us to pursue our journey in peace.

A light-haired, blue-eyed, handsome young fellow I had often noticed in the ranks as being the lightest-hearted and gayest among the gay. On the order to march, after a short rest at noon, word was brought to me that one of the men was dead. The fatigues of the last few days had overwhelmed him, and there he lay, pale and rigid, but beautiful in death. His spirit had passed away so quietly that none had noticed it, and his white face, with a smile still resting upon it, was turned towards heaven. Many a sincere tear was dropped on his obscure grave. As we laid him tenderly to rest, I thought of the distant mother, whose prayers for her absent darling would meet his soul above.

"No kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy humble bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy modest grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs, conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;
Their deep-mouthed, dreadful trumpets sound,
Their hurrying charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

—[*l'ope.*]

MORE than double our numbers, and in almost impregnable fortifications we fought them at Corinth. From their secure position behind their big guns, they beheld our approach with contempt; with their breastworks knocked down about their ears, several of their cannons spiked, half their men disabled and some of their quarters in flames, they drew a long breath and sang the Yankee *Te Deum* when we left.

We occupied only four days for rest after Iuka, and at Ripley were joined by our jaunty general, the valiant Van Dorn, who led us, illy prepared, to a far more desperate encounter. Shortly after passing Pocahontas, on the morning of the 3rd of October, 1862, we were admonished that more fighting was to be done by a lively fring on the skirmish line and an exciting artillery duel. As the troops were hurried into position, with a frequent schrapnel or Minie bullet whistling through the bushes, one would see numerous packs of playing-cards fluttering from pockets and haversacks as they were furtively thrown away by the men, while their Bibles were carefully placed in the breast-pocket just over the region of the heart. The little pieces of paste-board were sure signs of an approaching battle, which was no sooner over than you would hear "high, low, Jack," "ante up," "deal," "cut," and other similar mysterious words under the canvas roof of almost every tent, the import of which was a sealed book to me!

At length we were formed in line in front of some formidable breastworks, whose guns opened furiously on us, doing no damage except the death of one of our best and most gallant officers, Lieutenant Farrington. A slight hillock before us, a deep hollow filled with a *cheval de frise* of fallen trees and an opposite elevation surmounted with endless batteries, describes our battlefield. As soon as our men showed their heads above the slight hillock, the sharp-shrieking Minie bullets and schrapnel began to rattle in the timber cheerily around us, rather too high to hit the footmen, but just right to make it very uncomfortable on a horse. The intervening space of say 600 yards was filled with fallen trees and treacherous sand pits, so that it would have been a difficult place to pass over even without a deadly fire in front to thin our ranks the while.

The order to charge was soon given, and away our brave fellows went, running helter skelter, over, under and through the trees, yelling like so many devils incarnate, and of course they drove the enemy from their breastworks and turned their own guns upon them to assist them in their precipitate retreat.

Re-forming here, we moved rapidly forward to support Green's brigade, which was hotly engaged a little to the right of us. Under shelter of a low swell in the ground we lay beneath the rays of a burning sun until near sundown, when we were moved by the left flank across a little creek, over a little bridge, through a little wood and into a little

grassy field, where we remained upon our arms until the carnage of the ensuing day commenced.

And on that Friday night of October 3rd our entire army bivouacked within the outer line of the defenses of Corinth, and the news of his great victory was flashed by Van Dorn upon the wings of the lightning to Richmond, as being finished and complete. Alas, the end was not yet! We had evidently taken our foes by surprise, and all night could hear the constant roar of wheeled vehicles like the rolling of distant breakers on some rocky shore, and it was evident that the Federals were either evacuating or heavily reinforcing.

The moon, at its full, "rode cloudless through the azure sky," bathing everything around us in a silvery sheen of soft and beautiful light, glancing gently from tree top to grass plat, lingering lovingly on the glistening steel of gun barrel and bayonet, and illumining the upturned face of the heavily sleeping soldier, as he lay dreaming of golden-haired Mary or dark-eyed Susan, or more likely of the preserves and pickles and pumpkin pies of Sary Jane.

That bright moon, it seemed to us, ought to have looked down upon a less quiet scene than recumbent guns and sleeping men, for if the enemy were evacuating we could have materially assisted them and relieved them of the necessity of taking all their plunder with them, and if, on the contrary, they were reinforcing, we could have met them before they were united with their men in line, batteries planted and palisades erected.*

It was a most anxious night, and no doubt one must feel under such circumstances somewhat like the condemned "emigrant," in his Paris prison during the Reign of Terror, on the night before he is to be embraced by Madame La Guillotine.

Our *reville* of the morning, however, was sounded before the break of day in the hoarse scream of the projectiles from the enemy's big guns hurtling over our heads and crashing amid the tree-tops; and enough damage they did, too, by causing me the loss of a cook, a horse, and a breakfast.

The unlucky John, with a reference to whose skill in poker-playing this history commenced, entertained a singular and unaccountable dislike for those huge iron balls that occasionally dumped down and exploded among us. Mounted on my best horse, he was bringing me an early

* See p. 141, Maury's Rep.

breakfast and some steaming coffee, when a shell exploded on the hither side of him, having passed a hundred feet above him. He supposed the enemy were on the side the noise came from, and in hot haste spurred in the opposite direction, and rode right into the Yankee lines. Four days after he joined me again, but the horse and breakfast were gone from me forever. The former was soon replaced, but the latter, alas! could not be, and my enforced fast was not broken until the day's fierce battle had been fought and the late hours of the ensuing night had come.

The ditch by the side of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, just north of the city, furnished us with very fair breast-works with which to shield ourselves from the galling fire of their sharpshooters. General Price's division was on the extreme left wing of Van Dorn's army, and where we had to watch both ways, as the enemy depended for all their reinforcements from the direction whence we were; and, when the sun rose brilliant and undimmed into a cloudless sky, it found our men weary with ceaseless watching and from broken slumbers. Some of our commanders were very confident that the foe had fled and that Corinth would be ours with hardly a struggle; but others knew Rosecranz better, and anticipated a long-contested and bloody battle before we could claim that triumph. How well our brave men fought, and how many of them died in vain in striving to prevent our previous day's great victory from being turned into defeat and disaster, must be detailed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SLAUGHTER OF CORINTH—CONTINUED.

In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heaped by the host of the Infidel;
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
 Nothing there, save death, was mute;
 Stroke and thrust, and flash and cry,
 For quarter or for victory,
 Mingle with the volleying thunder,
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battle goes.

—[Byron—*Siege of Corinth.*]

“STEADY, there; come up a little on the left. All right. Forward, double quick—*march!*” uttered in a quiet tone, as it ran from company to company along our line was the substance of the words that ordered one of the bloodiest charges and fiercest fights of the war.

Since the first gray streak of the dawn we had been lying in the railroad ditch just north of Corinth, terribly galled by the enemy’s sharpshooters, and every few minutes a faithful soldier wounded, perhaps dying, was carried to the rear.

Our division commander, General Hebert, could not be found, and our brigade commander, General Green, upon whom the authority then fell, was hopelessly bewildered, as well as ignorant of what ought to be done. In this condition, which would have demoralized any other troops, we remained for half a day and lost a score of our most worthy comrades. Captain Fair, as true an Englishman as ever boasted his love for the “merrie old countrie,” when he went back to the doctor we supposed to be only slightly wounded; but alas! we never saw him again.

He was reared amid the beautiful lakes that Wordsworth and Wilson have immortalized; emigrated early in life to the “land of the free,” and when the war broke out determined to follow the wavering fortunes of the glittering crescent of the South, and was true as steel in the discharge of every duty he had assumed, until it led him into a premature and lamented grave.

A bullet, sped surely by no Providential hand, pierced another brave and gallant heart when it struck the life of Lieut. Hendricks. At home he was a professor in a college, and

had left a bride blooming with youth and beauty; in the army a true gentleman, and a brave and knightly soldier. As we were slowly and sullenly falling back, after the victory had been lost, I turned aside to drop a farewell tear over the last struggle of a dear friend. He thought no more of the "Cause," or of himself, or hardly even of the future, but only of that young wife in her distant home beneath the scholastic shades of McGee College, was his mind busy, and her prayers wafted his soul away to its Creator. Well has the poet said :

"There is more virtue in that petition
Which ascends from the trembling wife and mother's lips,
Than in a thousand plaints of mere ambition."

* * * * Finally, about 10 A. M., somebody concluded we had better charge, and the order was given as above. Grasping firmly their bayonets and loaded rifles, the Missouri Brigade sprang rapidly across the railroad, and, with perfect alignment, knitted brows and stern resolve, rushed through the intervening woods and soon stood upon the barren *glacis*, with not even a shrub between them and a frowning parapet, from whence sixty cannon were immediately pointed towards them. Our supports to the left of us not charging when we did, the entire fire of the Federal batteries was poured into our devoted ranks.

It appears that the two brigades on our right were to move when we did, changing their front to the right oblique. They failing to execute this movement promptly, our lines lapped over each other, rendering their assistance nugatory. But the great blunder was, that either we attacked too soon or our reinforcements not soon enough, for Cabell's brigade only came up after we were forced to fall back, shattered and defeated.

Stopping but a moment in the edge of the woods, to reform our companies, slightly disarranged by the fallen timber, our brave brigade pushed right ahead. The shot and shell from more than half a hundred guns crashed and whistled around us incessantly and deafeningly. No orders could be heard; but as wide gaps were made in our ranks, the men closed up and pushed steadily forward until we reached the trenches, clambered over the parapets, drove the artillerists away from their pieces, and captured over thirty of their cannon. Unfortunately, we had nothing to spike them with.

The battle all around us was furiously raging, a fatal cross-fire was enflaming us, and more than half our men

were killed or wounded. Still, we are inside the breast-works of the foe, and hold a portion of their guns; and if Cabell only *would* come! Why *don't* they help us on the right? A division hurled in that direction would attract that terrible cross-fire which is turned upon us because it has nothing to do in front of it. But we expect in vain. Imploring eyes are cast around to see if no help is at hand. Yes, there *is* help; but, God bless me! it is not for us. Long, dark lines of Federal infantry we perceive, beneath the dim cloud of powder smoke that lowers over the field, moving up swiftly against us. While looking at them in dismay, and fruitlessly trying to pierce the misty atmosphere in the rear for some sight of more "bold boys in gray," my horse was shot through, and the ball flattened against my ankle. As he fell heavily and rolled in the dust, I was sure three-fourths of my leg was gone; but on arising, found it all safe and sound, though somewhat bruised. I was engaged in feeling of and shaking it, a good deal like the clown does in the circus just before he makes his terrific leap, when the order came to fall back—and it was time.

Half our men were missing, many of our officers were *hors du combat*, two of our flag-bearers had been shot down, and Lieutenant W. B. McCarty had seized the precious bunting from off the parapet, and within ten feet of the enemy's line, and when we went bore it safely away. No assistance was near enough to do us any good. We could hear nothing of Lovell's corps; some of the Mississippians were in our rear, and the charge having failed at other points, the whole force of the Yankee army confronted us.

For the first time our Missouri Brigade was compelled to retire in presence of the foe. We had been flanked; we had retreated before superior numbers; but had never yet failed in a charge. First the left gave way; then the right broke in confusion; but the centre remained as firm as Jackson's stone wall until the order was given, when, with sad hearts and weary, it receded—to rally in the wood.

The captured guns we left, many of them unspiked, and some of them loaded and ready for use.

A comparative silence for a time prevailed; but as soon as our men were fairly out of the trenches, these captured cannons opened upon us, their hoarse bellowing mingled with the shaper volleying roll of ten thousand muskets—

"And the battle that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thund'ring, swelled the gale,"

until we were out of reach of their villainous bombs and shells.

In the edge of the forest, in front of our own field batteries and under the enemy's fire, we reformed our broken lines and gathered together our scattered companies.

We were soon put in motion, and slowly and sadly pursued our backward march by the road we had come two days before. We proudly refused to be hurried in the least by the spiteful farewell shots from the barricades, and were no further disturbed by the Yankees, who failed to follow us. In peace we were left to bivouac some ten miles west; and quietly went to sleep, while in our troubled dreams we again fought over the scenes of the day, or mourned for the many brave comrades we had lost in the bloody battle of Corinth.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE ON THE HATCHIE.

Then hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play;
 For how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?

—[*Lays of Ancient Rome.*]

IT WAS the morning after the battle of Corinth, and our dead comrades that we had left behind us were lying unburied on the trodden turf, while many others, wounded and mangled, were groaning their pains and lives away beneath the scrubby oaks or in the rough hospitals of the Federal surgeons. The dull booming cannon in front of us answered the echoing artillery that was roaring in our rear. It seemed as if the gods and the fates were against us. The incessant rain poured down in dismal torrents; we had a large baggage train to protect and a defeated and dispirited army, weary, hungry and decimated, to do it with, while the bridge across the Hatchie, over which we were trying to retreat, was held by an overwhelming force under Hurlbut, and still our brave men moved sturdily on through the unending mud, determined

that the flats and bottoms which bordered that quiet river should be the scene of an encounter as desperate as that witnessed by the slopes around Corinth the day before.

About noon (October 5, 1862,) we passed our wagons *corraled* at the foot of a high hill, over which the enemy's shells were coming fast and furious, and our quartermasters, commissaries and teamsters were in consequence in an advanced state of demoralization. Indeed, things did begin to look rather serious, for we had every reason to believe that we were completely surrounded and all retreat cut off, and for the first time our troops exhibited some nervousness.

At double quick we rushed over the bald brow of the hill into a deep ravine, where we found General Price, who was heartily laughed at by the men for an involuntary dodge of a big, whistling schrapnel that came spinning overhead and struck with a loud explosion into the side of the hill. We soon reached our position on the grassy side of a gentle declivity, with its broad, open bottom field in front bordered in the far distance by the meandering stream, among the trees on the farther shore of which we could discern the gleaming of steel and brass and the flutterings of the Yankee banners; and over all hung, like some dewy cloud, a white canopy of sulphurous smoke which arose and drifted slowly away from the fire of a dozen guns that they kept industriously playing on us.

On our right, and just within the range of vision, the cloud gathered dunnest over the bridge where, three hours before, Moore's and Phiffer's brigades had separately effected a crossing, were attacked by overwhelming numbers, cut off from the bridge, hemmed in, quite a number killed and wounded, and the rest utterly dispersed and driven into the river.

But a little while were we allowed to gaze breathlessly on the weird beauties of this landscape, when we were faced to the rear, ordered to swing around and charge upon the noisy batteries that protected the fatal bridge. Our alignment being complete, in another moment we would have been at them, and the cloud would have rested on the bloodiest charge of the war, for our men were desperate and determined, and theirs, in larger force, were flushed with recent victory. But we were saved by the hot haste of a jaunty aid, who came rushing frantically from the jaunty Van Dorn, with orders to move by the left flank, which meant, as I heard one of the men explain, "git out o' thar tail-end first."

Hardly were we stretched out on the road when the firing opened fiercely in front of us, which was just before our rear, and thus we could hear, sure enough, the Federal guns on every side; we were completely surrounded; our retreat was stopped, our rear blocked up, and it appeared as if the stars of Van Dorn and Price were to go down in blood, and the flags of their armies to be furled in the forks of the Hatchie and the Tuscumbia. But the end was not yet. We were saved by a brilliant maneuver of General Bowen, who commanded the rear guard (in the direction of Corinth) and was contesting, step by step, the advance of Rosecranz's victorious troops.

Under the brow of a gentle hill the Missourians lay prone upon the ground like Wellington's guards at Waterloo, while half a mile behind them the artillery and horses were stationed. The skirmishers, far ahead, fell slowly back, stepping over the concealed line of infantry, while the enemy pushed rapidly on to charge the batteries.

When our men, hitherto unsuspected, arose as one man and flashed the volleying fire in their very faces, a fierce charge, a clashing of bayonets and sabres, and our road of retreat was open no more to be closed, for that portion of our pursuers retired to their shattered breastworks at Corinth. All the long night our staggering lines pushed on as fast as we could, crossing in the darkness, by the light of blazing flambeaux, the stream that had so nearly been fatal to us, and still hurried on to the intersection of the Ripley and Corinth roads, where we expected to meet another opposing army, but were fortunate enough to reach it first.

There was no time, however, for any rest, for flying columns had been sent from every direction to center upon us, if they could obstruct our retreat. They were unable to do so, and after a most wearisome march we, for the first time since we moved against Corinth, at Ripley went into camp on the morning of the 9th. Alas, our hopes of rest were delusive. Our tents were not all pitched yet, when we were ordered to move again.

That night my regiment formed the rear guard—my instructions were positive that none of our army were behind us, and that I must fire on or capture any one coming up. My men marched in close order. About three hundred yards in the rear of them was a heavy skirmish line, and the same distance behind them, three mounted videttes. And it was a glorious night; the heavy clouds had rolled away, and the full moon softened the rugged

landscape and threw a silvery sheen over every hill and vale.

Major Waddell and myself had allowed the videttes to pass us, and were riding slowly along enjoying the quiet and peaceful scene, when we were suddenly startled by the tramping of many horses feet, and looking back saw a dark body of cavalry moving swiftly down a distant hill.

In a few minutes the regiment was deployed so as to cover the approach, and not a man could have escaped. Although our orders were unmistakable, we felt the awful responsibility of thus annihilating an unknown body of men, not knowing who they were. I inquired, in a low voice, if any one would ride back and learn their status.

The gallant Waddell promptly volunteered. If it were an enemy, they would capture or kill him, and we anxiously awaited the result. Soon he came galloping furiously toward us shouting something we could not hear. The click of six hundred Enfield rifles answered him and the men prepared to fire, when we learned that it was Van Dorn and his body-guard. As the General came up and saw our men file out of the bushes into the road, his ruddy cheek paled as it had never done in battle, and he stopped to tell us that it was the narrowest escape he had ever made and was the fault of some blundering adjutant.

At last we found a resting place near Holly Springs, where our exhausted army enjoyed a refreshing repose of nearly a month.

The second night in our new camp was made memorable by a hurricane that nearly blew us all away. In the middle of the night I was awakened from a sound sleep by the roaring of a mighty wind and the swaying of our tent, occupied by Major Waddell, Dr. Dysart and myself. They hastily sprang to the two end poles and caught them just in time to save the whole concern from being blown away; by main strength alone they upheld it and called to me lustily for assistance. Like two athletes they braced themselves against the yielding poles, while the wind roughly flapped their shirts around their legs and the rain, now falling in torrents, splashed the mud over their nether extremities. The situation was exquisitely ludicrous. I hugged myself under my warm bed-clothes and shouted with laughter, coolly informing them that I was comfortable and felt perfectly satisfied that they could hold up the tent till the storm was over. They soon began to indulge in stronger language toward me than the army regulations allowed to

a superior officer. Finally I reluctantly crawled out and helped them, but they appeared to have no gratitude, for as soon as we had everything tight and strong they both seized me unawares and pitched me out head first into the rain, and for some time they kept me dancing around that tent, every entrance barred by the point of the Major's sabre or the wrong end of the Doctor's camp stool; and when at last they let me in, thoroughly drenched, I went to bed with a very bad opinion of practical jokes.

CHAPTER XX.

JEFF. DAVIS.

Ye fond adorer's of departed fame,
 Who warm at Scipio's worth or Tully's name,
 The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre;
 Say, ye zealots to the worth of yore,
 Hath valor left the world to live no more?
 No; for that generous cause eternally strong,
 (The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,)
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay,
 And fill prophetic hearts ordained to fire
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth.

—[*Campbell.*]

THE light of future days, when it illumines the mystic recesses of the past, frequently reverses our judgment of events and destroys some idol of the hero worshippers. And yet, to form a correct opinion of the men who have engaged in those transactions called "history," we must reproduce the scenes through which they passed, and recall the temptations and trials which they withstood. From either standpoint, the character and services of Jefferson Davis will court and sustain the closest and most rigid scrutiny. He played a leading part in the history of his country; he has stood forth prominently as one of its representative men; he led a great people through a mighty war, under such unheard-of difficulties as were never encountered in equal magnitude by any people before; his leadership has been implicitly followed in adversity as well as in prosperity, by men to whom the world has granted the guerdon of undoubted ability, and both friend and foe

have been forced to concede to him that honesty of purpose and integrity of principle that have characterized all men whose names have been engraved in golden letters upon the sacred tablets of patriotism.

The first time that I saw him was on the 24th of December, 1862, at Grenada, Miss., amid rolling clouds of densest dust, seated on his horse by the side of the portly Price. A thin, spare, white-whiskered man, dressed in grey, with a drab slouch hat, a kindly eye and a courteous demeanor to every one, as he galloped slowly down the long lines of veterans, thirty thousand lusty voices made the very welkin ring with welcome for the chief. In expressing my views, formed as well from the history of the past as the lights of the present, I turn to the jottings in my journal made on the commencement of 1863, and note the surroundings at that time, as they appeared to me, of the people struggling for nationality, whose chosen and most popular leader he was. And here is what I wrote:

“We are ready and willing to meet the enemy in Virginia, where their army is a defeated—ours a victorious—one. They have accomplished nothing at Charleston or in North Carolina; have not even attacked Mobile; have utterly failed before Vicksburg, and Bragg is holding them in check at Tullahoma. The Northwest is becoming dissatisfied; the Greeley faction are talking of peace; France is muttering threats of intervention, and all these things tend to demoralize their armies and embarrass their movements. For the last time I will indulge in another prophecy. Ere the end of 1863, the sulphurous canopy of civil war and internecine strife, which now hangs over our land, will have rolled away, and the mild-eyed spirit of peace will move her gentle wand over the bright homesteads, the pleasant fields and sunny savannahs of our Southern land. It may not be soon, but until it does we will continue our every exertion, ‘and fight and suffer and do and dare,’

‘And swear by God’s burning eye
To break our country’s chains or die.’”

As I look over this now I smile “a smile that is childlike and bland,” when I remember that only ten years later I was shouting myself hoarse for Greeley and Brown, and keeping the very best company in doing so.

Such we were, and such our hopes and aspirations as President Davis, with modest dignity, returned the salutations of his soldiery on that December morning. Since that time, ridicule and abuse and slander have been leveled

at him; he has been imprisoned and disfranchised, branded as a traitor, and still the memory of his honorable deeds and great services lie treasured in the Southern heart.

The war is long since over, all its issues have been forever settled by the dread arbitrament of arms, and I only desire to point out where rested the deserved popularity of Mr. Davis with the Southern people, and not even refer to the atrocious stories told in the North just after the war. There was something so unchristian and cowardly in their treatment of him that it were better forever buried beneath the Lethean river. Like all representative men, he had enough enemies to misrepresent him at home. The open warfare of the turbulent Toombs; the mock heroic gravity of the saintly Stephens, who can since find no ground of compromise to stand upon, and is now valiantly waging his war, not having commenced until everybody else had finished; the fierce and fiery Foote who could not forget the two young men who, years before, were honored by Mississippi, and that he was infinitely the lesser of the two, and his bottled wrath and envy made itself heard by discordant croakings in the Confederate Congress, like Poe's "Bird of evil omen, ever sitting, never flitting, on the bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door," during the progress of the war, and until near its close. But at the time that the stately fabric was fast falling to pieces he changed his croakings into the shrill notes of defeat, and endeavored to escape to the enemy, when he was captured by an officious provost marshal on the Rappahannock, to the infinite annoyance of the President and his Cabinet. Perhaps the most malignant and mendacious attack ever made on him was by Jordan, whose ill-timed and truculent articles appeared in the Harpers' publications, from whence had come the most sanguinary shouts for *vae victis*, and at a time when Davis was confined in a felon's dungeon, halting between life and death, and recalling to the horrified world the scenes of the Medieval Bastile.

With a firmness of execution, indicating an honesty of purpose, he discharged his high duties, and the people appreciated him for it. Foote charges favoritism and obstinacy on him with more truth than most assertions he makes. Several instances of that were shown during the war.

In the first days thereof when it was our proud boast that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, and after the ill-omened victory at Manassas had inspired us with over-confidence and nerved our adversaries to fresh effort, Albert

Sidney Johnson was assailed with the most outrageous and abusive clamor by the Southern press because he fell back before the advancing foe, and the demand that he be removed was ten thousand times repeated. This the President obstinately refused to do; and when the news of Shiloh was flashed throughout the land, it was met with a wail of woe from an entire people for the loss of a great general and a good man.

When Gen. Lee commenced his career as a Confederate officer, by retreating across Virginia before Rosecranz, the same tumultuous clamor for his being removed or superseded was raised by the valorous stay-at-homes, and again the obstinacy of Mr. Davis saved the country a general that all the world now delights to honor. The patient spirit of the indomitable Stonewall Jackson, ere he was known to fame, gave away before the rough assaults of chimney-corner generals, and he demanded peremptorily that he might resign and be saved those humiliations; and once more the peculiar obstinacy and favoritism of the President saved the country its greatest military genius. Out of sixty thousand appointees how few mistakes did he commit!

Faults he had, this President, but none to obscure his virtues; mistakes he did make, no doubt, but, take him all in all, a most noble and gallant fight did he and his people wage against fearful odds, and failed to make the "Lost Cause" a success only because of circumstances which no mortal hand could have controlled.

Lincoln, disguised in his tartan plaid, smuggled himself into the capital of his country. Davis made his progress from his home to Montgomery amidst one prolonged ovation. He was not the man the public mind pointed to as the leader in a contest he had done so little to inaugurate, but he was cheerfully accepted because of his unquestioned ability and previous services. Lincoln, in the hour of success, died by the hand of the assassin, and is enrolled among the white-robed army of martyrs. Davis was conquered by overwhelming power, and lives to be appreciated hereafter. The posterity to which Swift appealed will do him justice. In the long list of heroes that march down the dim corridors of time, he will occupy a prominent position, and his name will grace the company of such as Hannibal and Zenobia, of Mithridates and Marco Bozarris, of Kosciusko and Mazzini.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHADRACH, MESHACH AND ABEDNEGO.

“Yes, it’s true, I am indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
And although I’m run to seed,
I’m only five feet high.

“I never gets a cold in the ’ed,
So my army life is sweet;
I owes much of my ’elth
To being used to wet feet.

“And my knowledge is not far behind
My master’s, but of another kind.”

—[Hood.

MRS. Andrew Jackson Martin was one of the most charming and accomplished ladies I ever had the good fortune to meet. She lived near Grenada, Mississippi, and her kind heart was full of sympathy for the gallant “boys in gray.” On the merry Christmas of ’62 she gave our officers a magnificent dinner, to which we did more than ample justice. She entertained with all the fascinating grace of Josephine or Madame Roland. She had been a reigning belle of St. Louis and New Orleans, and was still in the happiest prime of her beauty and life. Her father was a Warfield, through whom she was connected by close ties of kinship to Kentucky’s sweetest poetess and to Virginia’s greatest authoress. In her company, the wrinkled front of stern and wintery war was smoothed or forgotten, and, as far as good manners would allow, our officers availed themselves of her delicately tendered and generous hospitality. On one occasion the brigade commander suggested that my absence had been a little too long. I told him the river was so high that I could not cross it to reach camp without swimming my horse. It was deemed a good excuse, although I did not tell him that I had to swim my horse half a mile to get over there. One day a basket was brought me, and, on inspecting its contents, I found it to contain a juvenile pig, nicely roasted and stuffed, a perfect triumph of the culinary art, and a most splendid feast for a mess of half-starved soldiers. It was a present from our fair Christmas hostess. The bearer of it was the scion of some African prince, as black as the tadpoles of his native jungles, but

with a sharp, intelligent eye and the poise and precision of perfect self-confidence.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," he answered with all the gravity of a county judge; "but missus calls me Shad."

"Well, Shad, don't you want to go with me, wait on me and fight once in a while?"

"I would like to go wid you mightily, and I ain't afraid of nuthin. I'd fight h—I, but missus can't spare me. I'm her main 'pendence. Eberything would go to de debbil if I should leave."

This was pretty cool, considering that he was only fifteen years old and his mistress had a score or two of servants besides.

However, I succeeded in securing his valuable services and he proved a great acquisition to our mess. Shad's abilities and adventures entitle him to a special digression, and I make it. Like the veracious historian of Pendennis, whenever I make a digression I want my readers to know it, so they will not mistake it for a part of the history as included in the original plot. My dusky hero, as befitted his lofty lineage, had a decided tendency towards the spiritual, and his undoubted honesty entitled him to the motto that closes the part of a verse at the head of this chapter:

"I sometimes liquidates mor'n I oughter,
And by not paying what I owes, keeps my head above water."

On one occasion the entire command was ordered out on a march at daybreak, and did not return until next day. During that night the "hospital rats" made a charge on the commissary department and carried away two barrels of whisky. Neither John, my cook, nor Shad were concerned in this, but by some hook or crook they got hold of half a barrel of it, buried it under the floor of my cooking-tent, and drove a lively business in selling it out at twenty-five cents a drink. Much conduct scandalous to good discipline ensued. I investigated in vain, I was driven to my wits' ends to find where the whisky came from; and narrowly escaped a court-martial myself when it was ascertained finally that my own quarters were the basis for the whole devilment. Shad was sharp enough to get out of it entirely. His profits in the concern were carefully concealed, and with supreme indifference he beheld John's disgrace while his own escutcheon remained untarnished.

Shad's thirst for martial glory was as pronounced as if

he had been gifted with the whitest of skins. We never went into battle that it did not require a peremptory command to keep him out; he panted for the blood of the foe. He declared that he delighted to hear the whistle of the Minie bullet and listen to the shriek of the schrapnel. Finally he obtained consent to keep with the regiment in the terrific and disastrous charge we made at Port Gibson. We were being played upon by a battery of eight guns, and we were under a heavy fire from three brigades. Men were falling by the dozen, and the very trees and underbrush were cut away by the incessant fire. A heavy blow struck my horse that staggered him and made him groan.

"Poor fellow!" thinks I, "a cannon ball has gone clear through you," and I was preparing to take it on foot, when looking down I saw Shad stretched out on his back, with an expression of intense disgust and terror on his face. The firing had opened so suddenly and fiercely that it had taken him by surprise, and he concluded, with his bullet head bending low and his eyes shut, that he would go back at something more than double quick to see about the wagon train. It was the former that hit my horse, but soon recovering himself he took his woolly battering ram away from the danger.

Shad's small vices by no means eclipsed his shining virtues. There was more of good in him than bad.

Ormuzd exercised a greater influence over his destinies than did Arhiman. In short, he was a confirmed devotee at the shrine of female beauty. Many were the scrapes he got into in his searches for "The True, the Good and the Beautiful," and sometimes he was ungallant enough to ascribe his misfortunes to the ladies. One night, during the siege of Vicksburg, I had occasion to leave my horse in an exposed and dangerous position, with strict orders for Shad to take him to camp at sundown. Hours passed swiftly away and the horse still remained, until finally I had to go with him to the camp. By the time I reached there I was in a towering rage, and that was not mollified to find Shad toying with a couple of dusky damsels and giving them a banquet from the best my limited larder afforded. I sprang from my horse, seized a whip, and called him to me; he came promptly with an aspect as innocent as a Quaker preacher. Two or three stripes he received with perfect composure, when, noticing my horse turn away, "Hold on a minit, Colonel," said he coolly, "let me hitch the horse first, or he'll go off."

And he quickly removed the bridle and saddle, fastened and fed him, and came back to me with—

“Now I’m ready.”

His object was accomplished; he had gotten me to laughing and he was safe.

At a point near Vicksburg the enemy occasionally kept a vidette. It was at the crossing of a railroad over which a scouting party desired to pass; as a matter of precaution Shad was sent forward with instructions that if he saw any “blue-coats” he must raise his hand to his head and keep straight on. He rode boldly forward, and, when he reached the point, raised his hand. The scouting officer ordered a retreat; Shad commenced making all sorts of vigorous motions conveying, as the scout supposed, the information that they were being surrounded, and the retreat degenerated into a precipitate flight. This demoralized Shad; he smelled danger in the air, and fear adding to his speed soon overtook them.

“How many of them did you see, Shad?” asked the Captain.

“Nary a one.”

“What in thunder did you raise your hand for?”

“’Fore God,” said Shad, showing all the whites of his eyes, “I forgot; I only went to scratch my head; suthin’ bit it.”

After the surrender, one General O’Sullivan, who was placed in command of Vicksburg, refused to allow Shad to leave with me and held him as a contraband of war. The faithful little fellow nearly cried his eyes out and swore he would join me again. Sure enough he did. He refused to wait on any of the Federal officers. He seized a fine horse and following in an officers’ train came very near escaping, but having been detected, and finding him incorrigible they shipped him on a boat for New Orleans, from whence he worked his passage by way of Mobile to Selma and rejoined me at Demopolis. I have not seen him since the war. He is by this time among the adult sovereigns of his country; but I will always vouch for him that, although his skin is black,

“He is a man for a’ that, for a’ that.”

CHAPTER XXII.

ON FURLOUGH.

This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves on the deep;
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep;
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried.

—[Moore.

WAR is said by Dick to be the chronic condition of mankind, and Herodotus intimates that it constitutes history. This is most probably true; but if so, the events of history are limited to hours. Days, months and years of peace or inactivity are passed by as unworthy of notice or comment.

When the Temple of Janus is closed, the pen of the historian is paralyzed. Anna Comnena, the fair daughter of the Grecian Emperor Alexius, and the chronicler of his reign, is perhaps the only disciple of Clio whose hero's greatest deeds are performed in times of peace, and who strikes fear into the hearts of his barbarian foes whilst running from them.

But as I am not a female, "born in the purple," I am compelled to adhere to the rigid truths of prosaic fact, and enter it on the record that, after the lively days spent at Corinth and on the Hatchie, we became very dull.

On the 7th of November, 1862, we were encamped seven miles south of Holly Springs, Mississippi, amidst the most annoying, impalpable and persistent dust that ever filled a man's nose or sanded his eyes.

A memorable occurrence in my military life was the acquisition, about this time, of a new coat, made out of gray jeans and resplendent with gold lace and plated stars. A brother officer borrowed it in which to attend a ball in the town, and when it was returned the lace and stars were gone, and the dust was grained in it as if the road had been his bed. He was very sorry, and his excuse was ample. He had, unfortunately, "mixed his drinks," and, having lost all his money, was induced, by some thoughtful friend, to pawn the lace and stars for "one straight," to straighten up on.

About the middle of November, we moved to our winter

quarters near Tuscoloma, fifteen miles west of Granada, and both armies being laid up in the mud, all active operations were perfunctorily suspended, and idleness prevailed during the rainy season of that humid climate.

One of the most important duties devolving on a good soldier is to lay in provisions for the future—a lesson which is taught him not only by Cæsar, Vauban and Jomini, but is instilled by the meritorious example of the bee, the beaver, the bear and the dormouse. Obeying the precepts of these illustrious instructors, Major Waddell forwarded to the corps commander an application for a ten-days' furlough, allowing him and myself to repair to Mobile for the purpose of obtaining provisions for the officers of the First Missouri Brigade, which was promptly refused. In a state of virtuous indignation, he called on General Price.

"Oh, well," said the kind old man, laughing, "I suppose you must go—you have been good boys; but I have not the slightest doubt that you will yourselves consume all the provisions you get hold of."

We certainly should have returned with a plentiful supply of eatables, had not our money most unfortunately given out just as our furlough expired, and we were unable to supply the deficiency, as our credit was nothing to brag of.

The city was alive with gaiety. It is almost as French as New Orleans. The ladies were largely brunette; all were charming, and our time slipped away with wonderful speed. Upon the tropical fruits, imported through the blockade from a still warmer climate, we reveled, as doubtless did the followers of Genseric upon the dates and grapes of Africa.

We were on our first saunter when some ireful exclamations from the Major attracted my attention to a grinning little Dago, ensconced at a safe distance, who had sold him at double price some splendid looking oranges, but which, to the taste, were as bitter as unripe persimmons. Better luck, however, attended our future purchases. Watermelons were our weakness, but on one occasion plunged us into municipal difficulty.

We were in an upper story of the Battle House. Waddell discovered a new plug hat sitting on its owner's head, jauntily inclined towards the front, and, somewhat like Count Robert of Paris in presence of the Emperor's artificial lion, not fully understanding, determined to investigate it. A thick piece of rind, shied scientifically from the window, settled the hat firmly on the head. The said head

emitted some most emphatic but very impolite objurgations, while two hands nervously worked at raising the beaver so he could see who did it. When the man in the street discovered the offender in the window, he retaliated spiritedly with paving stones, to the infinite damage of the glass, while the Major bravely defended his position with his heaviest artillery (uncut watermelons) which certainly proved very effective.

The police interfered, and it was as much as I could do to prevent our party from arming themselves with bed-rails and charging down stairs on them; but eventually a new hat and a small fine satisfied the outraged dignity of the city.

By mediation of a fair brunette—if the paradox is allowable—(and her I called “Gazelle,” on account of the lustrous beauty of her black eyes,) I became acquainted with Lieutenant Dickson, a fine-looking, ambitious, generous gentleman. One morning he called by to take me to a submarine monster which he had invented, was building, and with which he proposed to blow up the enemy’s iron-clads. A short row across Mobile Bay brought us to it—a long, black, cigar-shaped concern, lying low in the water, so as to show only the part of a back like that of a huge alligator. Through a little trap-door I squeezed after him; an air pump was vigorously worked for a few minutes, then the small hatchway closed and battened, a plug pulled out of the bottom, the water rushed in, and we were soon resting on the mud forty feet beneath the surface! By means of an ingenious water-pump, we were raised, lowered, and left suspended, at pleasure, and a small screw, to be turned by two men, supplied the motive apparatus and propelled it in either direction. A severe headache, caused by the compressed air, soon induced me to declare myself amply satisfied, and we returned to the upper atmosphere.

The gallant, talented, but fated Dickson perfected his wonderful boat, had it transported to Charleston harbor, and for awhile it was the terror of the whole Federal navy there assembled. A torpedo that he exploded from it shook every rivet in the gigantic Housatonic; but he was never heard of more—his body and his little vessel both lie mouldering at the bottom of the bay, almost beneath the ruins of Fort Sumter.

Since the above was written an eminent writer has thus spoken of this achievement:

“But of all the boats in all the tide of time and of all the

daring deeds of all mankind in the history of wars, that of Lieutenant Dickson, Twenty-first Alabama volunteers, in the submarine torpedo-boat in Charleston harbor, in 1864, stands unparalleled. This boat operated under water. She could take the bearing of her enemy more than a mile away, then settle down under the surface of the water, head for the hostile ship and strike her at any depth below the water-line. She required a crew of nine men, all told—a captain, or pilot, and eight men to propel her. She was built in Mobile by Hundley & McClintock, who took her by rail to Beauregard at Charleston. He called for volunteers from the fleet to man her and use her against the Ironsides. Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate navy (a Virginian) and eight seamen, volunteered to take her out. She was ready, one evening, and lying alongside a steamer. The crew were all at their posts inside the boat, Payne was standing in the round hatchway just about to stoop down into his place and fasten the hatch down, when the wave of a passing steamboat swept over and into her, sinking her instantly. Payne caught by the guards of the steamer and sprang out; the other eight men went down with the boat and perished.

“In a few days she was raised and again made ready. Payne again volunteered, and eight sailors with him. This time they are lying by the wharf of Fort Sumter, Payne standing as before in the hatch to give his final orders, when the boat careened, filled and sunk. Payne and two men sprang out, the other six went down in her and perished. In a few days she was again raised, and Hundley and a crew took her into Stone river, where she dived and swam on the water and under it, showing all her powers, until presently she dived and carried her hapless owner and crew with her to the bottom. When they were found a week after, her nozzle was down deep into the mud of the bottom, and the boat was inclined forty-five degrees to the surface. Her ballast had shifted and her crew had been unable to relieve her, and they all perished. Again she was made ready for action, and though they had seen the fate of these three crews, a fourth, led by Lieutenant Dickson, of the Twenty-first Alabama infantry, volunteered to take her out and attack the Housatonic, a new corvette, which had just arrived on the station, and was lying outside a few miles off Charleston harbor. Brave Dickson steered his boat with the certainty of fate, struck the Housatonic fairly, and blew her whole stern off. The ship sunk in two minutes

and a half, and the torpedo boat disappeared forever. Six years afterward men in submarine armor went down to wreck the Housatonic, and they reported the Torpedan lying on the bottom one hundred feet from where her great victim lies. Undoubtedly the concussion produced by the explosion of the torpedo destroyed instantly the lives of Dickson and his crew."

On the 24th of December we were again at camp, and, in the darkness of four o'clock A. M., on our way to Grenada, to be reviewed by President Davis. Thirty thousand men, drawn up in military array, with fluttering flags, beating drums, and in high spirits, is a scene not often witnessed. The "Iron Gray" representative man of the young Confederacy, as he sat carelessly on his horse, and with his one sharp eye, passed the army in review, presented hardly so stately a figure as the portly Price, the gallant Van Dorn, or the stiff and upright form of Joe Johnston; but the repeated, long-continued and enthusiastic shouts of the citizen soldiery showed how deep a hold he had on the hearts of the people. By the narrowest of mischances only has he failed to pass into history as an Ajax-Telemon among the successful men of his age.

The last days of the old year were crowned with egg-nog, dancing, jollity, and, in some instances, with such abandon as would have done credit to the stoutest votary of medieval wassail. On Christmas night, however, I was sober enough (I use the word *sober* to express merely a modification of gaiety) to make my annual resume of the cycle that was drawing so near its close.

The hopes, wishes and prophetic instincts of the Past, as indulged in when that Past was Present, are always interesting and oftentimes instructive.

"It has been a year of stirring events and stern realities. Its beginning found me quietly domiciled in Springfield, Missouri; its ending reaches me a thousand miles away. Looming up, as landmarks in its troubled records, are Sugar Creek, Elkhorn, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, and the Hatchie, while the *chinks* are principally filled in with long, weary, disheartening retreats—an almost continuous *countermarch*. The never-lagging wheels of Time will soon roll another year on the stage of Life. Can it be possible that this, too, will be a luckless one?"

Deeply and in silence did I ponder and brood over the dark shapes which were engendered by thoughts inspired by a mixture of egg-nog and the fables of ancient philoso-

phers. The *circle* is the one certain figure that pervades all Nature, human and universal. Round, in one vast monotony, in one eternal gyration, whirl the orbs of space. Thus moves the spirit of creative life—kindling, maturing, perishing, reviving and whirling on again forever through the same course; and even thus would seem to revolve the mysterious mechanism of human events and actions. From the solemn realms that have gone before, I could conjure up many memories of struggling nations and defeated peoples. Did the vain bravery of the old Batavians, or the cruel war that shrouded the Netherlands in an eighty years' gloom, prefigure our destiny? Were the glorious achievements of the ancient Britons, or the stubborn defenses of the obstinate Jews when they were striving against the irresistible march of Roman conquest, types to be circled around the lapse of years into a parallel of our war? And are our leaders to repeat the fortunes of Zenobia and Hannibal, and be dragged as victims behind triumphal cars, or driven to suicide as exiles in foreign lands?

Unable to answer these questions satisfactorily to myself, I—went to sleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

The skiff boat near'd; I heard them talk;
 Why, this is strange, I trow—
 "Strange, by my faith," the Hermit said:
 "The planks look warped, and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere;
 I ne'er saw aught alike to them,
 Save brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 By forest brook along.
 When the ivy tree is heavy with snow,
 And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young."
 —[*Ancient Mariner.*

ON the 2nd of January, 1863, an aid came galloping up to my tent, as aids always do, in a noisy, pretentious, Bobadil sort of style, and which of itself always creates a sort of natural antagonism between line and staff officers.

“The General’s compliments, and desires to see you immediately.”

I repaired to headquarters in some trepidation—for, during our absence at the review by President Davis, some of my men who, from confirmed sickness had become regular “hospital rats,” were charged with having made a raid on the commissary stores and captured a quantity of whisky. In a previous chapter has been mentioned how Shad made a good thing out of it and I was apprehensive of a court-martial, which would have been extremely annoying to me, although I was in no manner to blame.

But to my delight the business was of a graver and more important character. I was temporarily detached from the service and placed upon duty to discharge which it would be necessary for me to run the blockade.

A soldier can soon get ready to move. From a variety of reasons, New Orleans was my best *point d’apui*; and within two days after receiving the order I was at Port Hudson arranging for an aquatic voyage. A canoe, rounded at the top so as to resemble a floating log should we be compelled to assume the disguise; a guide, a pair of pistols, some provisions and blankets, a compass, and a sail-cloth comprised my outfit.

Just as the sun was peering above the hills, Jan. 5th, we pushed out from an obscure landing below Port Hudson, and commenced our strange voyage upon the bosom of the “Father of Waters,” floating with the current, through a solitude as profound as when the silence was only disturbed by the growl of bear, the scream of the eagle, or the war-whoop from an Indian canoe.

At this time, that portion of the river was untraversed upon by the war vessels of either navy, and the merchant marine avoided the uncertain tenure of a flood where danger lurked behind every islet. We therefore had no need for caution or night travel until we should approach the vicinity of the Federal gun-boats.

I could but notice the difference between the country I was leaving and that which I was approaching. The former was a dark-red clay soil, overflowed by the resistless torrents of some former age, and washed into unsightly furrows long and deep enough to furnish graves for all the sons of Anak; in many places entirely bare of vegetation, and looking like relics of some post pliocene era. The latter was low and flat, presenting the appearance of a marsh, were it not for the patches of solid ground and the

tall pine trees, through whose tops the wild winds sigh and wail out a weird music of their own, in a sort of rude Runic rhyme. It was always as fascinating a land to me as ever to De Soto or Ponce De Leon.

The silent rivers and deep dark bayous that permeate the country in every direction, whose still waters are occasionally cut by the sharp fin of the ferocious shark, and are filled with teeming millions of lesser fish, the summer nights, resounding with the hoarse bellowing of the alligator, the scream of the panther, the angry snarl of the bear, and perhaps enlivened by the deadlier hiss and rattle of the snake, while over all, and sounding through the swamps and bayous so as to alarm the original monarchs of these solitudes, is heard the rush and noise of the *genie*, Steam, as he hurries man on to his highest civilization.

We soon reached the region of the levees, where the mighty artificial banks confine the great river in its bed. The distant whistle of a locomotive, or the far-off shot of a morning gun, admonished us to beware of marine scouts, and compelled us to confine our journeyings to the hours of darkness. Even at night we deemed it prudent to skirt the shores, seek the protection of the bushes, and lurk behind every pile of drift-wood. This was abruptly terminated, on the morning of the second night, by a gun-boat which nearly ran us down in a dense fog. They made signs and shouted loudly. We strained every nerve to increase the distance, wisely determining not to fight her, but to run—or, rather, paddle for it to the bushes. The enemy had literally “treed” us; for, just as we struck the levee, a thundering noise, accompanied by a huge shot that *ricocheted* over us, left us no option but to make use of a drift-log, slide our canoe up it to the summit, balance over, and, with much labor, launch it in a ditch filled with brackish water, on the opposite side. We were not a moment too soon, and it needed all the friendly shelter of the sage-grass and brush to hide us from the searchers, who soon landed and beat the ground in all directions.

My guide was first at a loss, but soon found himself. The sinuous windings of a deep, black bayou formed our pathway—now floating through the grass of a yellowish color, doubtless much like that which Moses was concealed in, and anon diving into a tangled underbrush of the thickest of forests, and my guide frequently stopping to climb a tree and take his bearings. This was difficult to do when we reached the “swamp.” Here the water cov-

ered almost the entire ground, and was surmounted by a rank tropical vegetation that amazes one with its wonderful luxuriance. Our old-fashioned fans are seen in immense quantities—enough in number to keep the Yankee nation forever cool. Green in color, with pointed tips to the leaves, they only require to be faded, pressed and trimmed to be ready for use. Every shrub and flag and trellis and creeping vine you can think of is mingled in inextricable confusion while, towering high above all, rise in conscious majesty the gnarled and knotted cypress, and that other tree of which our soldiers were even then singing to the echoes of on the Yallahusha—

“In my gum-tree canoe,
With my rosy-cheeked girl,
I'll float down the Bigbee river;”

both densely crowded with a sombre foliage of long dark-brown moss that looks more mournful than the drooping branches of the weeping willow or the down-tending tendrils of the trailing arbutus.

Uniting gradually with and merging into it, the “swamp” becomes the genuine salt “sea-marsh,” thickly covered with a tall yellow reed and, except for the water glistening through it, looking for all the world like a vast level Western prairie in an Indian summer.

A solitary grave, neatly paled, we passed where some old fellow had been salted down for eternity; and I could not resist the reflection that if there is any virtue in salt, his salvation is certain and he will be ready at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet.

Finally we glide upon a corner of Lake Pontchartrain, the waters of which glimmer and shine in the morning sun, whilst to my surprise a myriad of fishing smacks dot and deck its calm surface, as though there were no war in all the land, and looking like white-winged birds hovering over their scaly prey

They prove to be our safety, for we pass among them as fishermen, through a narrow strait, under the railroad, into the edge of Lake Maurepas, which lies in its beauty before us stretching farther than the eye can reach and bounding our vision by a silver streak that marks the meeting of the waters and the clouds. The name of this lake reminds me of what a bold and reckless people the Louisianians are in the line of pronunciation. My guide was a native of the State. He pointed to it and said:

“That is Lake Maury paw.”

I examined my map, but could not find it; attached the blame to the man that made it, and for the purpose of ascertaining its geographical position, asked:

"How far are we from Atakapas?"

"Never heard of that place," he politely replied, scratching his head.

I scratched my head. Somebody was wrong.

"Oh *Cary-ho!*" presently he shouted at the top of his voice. "You mean Tuckapaw, don't you?"

I was disgusted. I did not say what I meant. But just think of it—Maury paw, Tash, Tuckapaw, Boorn, Shoppitool, Shaffalyar—for Maurepas, Teche, Atakapas, Borgne, Tehou-pitoulas and Atchafalaya.

After first leaving the Mississippi our voyage was a laborious one, alternating between the river and the lagoons; sometimes hiring a wagon and transporting our vessel from one water course to another, and occasionally getting lost, to retrace or alter our course. Finally, after many narrow "scapes by land and flood"—for, unlike Othello's experience, in our case the two elements were so commingled that *any* escape was akin to both—we landed among a cluster of limbs and drooping moss, disembarked our luggage, such as we could carry, filled the faithful little vessel with a black loamy soil, (rocks were not to be found,) and sank it beneath the unsuspecting waters of Lake Pontchartrain.

We were now fairly inside the enemy's lines, liable to strangulation or a dozen bullets as spies if caught; but, with our black carpet-bags in our hands we boldly took our position on the station platform at Frenier and awaited the first train for New Orleans.

With a Federal Captain by whose side I took my seat in the crowded cars, I engaged in a discussion of the varying events of the war, and was fortunate in convincing him that I was a better Union man than he, and my association with him enabled me to pass unquestioned.

I have approached New Orleans from three different directions, and from every point it presents the contour of a grand crescent—hence is entitled to the euphonious appellation of the "Crescent City," and no thanks to the followers of Mahomet.

My thoughts thereof, and my conversation with my "friend," the Captain, were rudely interrupted at the depot by the violent assaults made on my black carpet-bag by a yellow-skinned, black-haired, vociferous race, who were intent upon making a dime or two. I found this genera-

tion all over the city. One of them charged me fifteen cents for an orange, his brother sold me one for ten, and then I learned that I could get two better, at the next stall, for five. They are the typical Jew of Louisiana, and are called "Dagoes"—if you know what that is; I do not. I was informed, however, that it means a human being who is part French, part Indian, part nigger, part dog, and all rascal. I have never hinted their pedigree to any of them, for they are a dark and sinister set that one would not like to meet at midnight in a gypsy glen. But, meet them when or where you will, they soon let you know their desire to "turn an honest penny" at your expense.

The beautiful city, the home of pleasure and light-heartedness, looked as if it was the only mourner at a funeral, or a forlorn widow in her first weeds. It was under the hideous rule of Ben Butler. Men met and spoke with bated breath, and the terrified women never stirred upon the streets nor looked from open windows.

By my guide I was conducted to a *very* quiet hotel, where I bid him good-bye, and where I *kept* quiet until, through the agency of an "underground telegraph," I was duly equipped with a pass as a trader in Cuba cigars and tobacco, and a ticket on the steamer "Stormy Petrel," Captain Keelson commanding, bound for Havana.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE RIVER AND THE GULF.

Gather Europe's royal rivers all—
 The snow-swelled Neva, with its cloudy pall;
 Dark Danube, glancing by forest or by palace wall;
 The castled Rhine, whose vine-crown'd waters flow,
 Like rushing Rhone, from near the sweet Bellow;
 The Seine, where Fashion's forms in beauty glow;
 The yellow Tiber, that over Roman ruins pass,
 And Thames, which the riches of the world can glass—
 Gather their waters in one ocean mass,
 Our Mississippi, rolling proudly 'long,
 Would swallow all these boasted streams of fame and song.
 —[Mrs. Hale.]

THE sable mantle of a dark and cloudy night was slowly settling on the tenth day of the year, and over the brilliant Crescent City, as the good ship Stormy Petrel swung lazily from her moorings, pointed her sharp

prow down the current of the great river, and commenced her journey towards the land of the cocoa and the palm and the spice-laden isles of the Carib. The smooth, gliding motion of my slow canoe, and the nervous dip of my Creole's paddle, had given way to the sullen whirr of the huge screw, the puffing and groaning of the mighty monster down in the hold beneath me, and the eddying ripples that cut apart the calm surface of the water.

Bending, like the curve of a Turkish scimeter, flashed the myriad lights, on a level with the tide, of New Orleans, seen by gaslight. High over all, a single red eye looked threateningly through the deepening gloom, as if old Polyphemus were glaring at us from his cave, like he did after Ulysses' companions, waiting for an opportunity to devour us. It was the danger signal of the weather-watchers and betokened a storm on the Gulf.

Soon we left the great city in the darkness behind and plunged into the darkness in front, which shortly settled into such a Serbonian fog that we had to anchor for the night—and I tumbled into "my little bed" to sleep off the fatigue of an anxious day and, while locked in the arms of Morpheus, will sketch my surroundings.

A stauncher craft than the Stormy Petrel never floated. She rode the bounding waves like a thing of life and neither "yawed nor shipped a sea." Her officers were accomplished gentlemen and, I am satisfied, secretly set me down as being much more a "rebel" than my papers called for, and accordingly they at once established me in high favor on shipboard as I pleasantly and abundantly experienced.

Captain Keelson is every inch a sailor, fond of nautical adventures and nowadays slow in telling them. He had been shipwrecked in the typhoons of the Indian Ocean and cast away on coral reefs in the Pacific. When the war broke out he took command of a tug on the Chesapeake, which furnished supplies to Magruder, who was holding the Peninsula. One morning a heavily-armed Federal cutter got after him. He essayed to escape by seeking shoal-water, but the cutter boldly followed him, and, finding himself in a tight place, the gallant Keelson turned his little tug towards the foe, put on full steam, and butted a big hole in his side. Before the Yankee could recover from his astonishment the Captain and his crew were safe on shore, leaving the first "ram" of the war—hardly large enough to fill the breach it had made—a prize to the disabled cutter.

Finding the naval service of the Confederacy more than supplied with officers, he accepted command of the Stormy Petrel, trading from New York and New Orleans to the West Indies.

Ratlines and Tiller, two other officers, were gentlemen and sailors of experience, who had many a stirring adventure of jollity and danger to relate, to while away the hours as the time and the ship sped on.

A Royal Japanese Troupe we had, bound for Havana, to eke out the losses they had sustained in the war-girt cities of the United States. The original little "Allright" was with them, as ugly a little cuss as one ever saw, and his natural appearance in that direction increased by a large scar on his forehead caused by a fall in his profession. Yokahomo, the female tight-rope and slack-wire performer, was just about as good-looking as Allright, if not a little more so. The two were the greatest nuisances ever seen on board a ship—smart and sharp, inquisitive and spoiled, and sources of infinite amusement. Their tricks and antics were diverting and of monkey-like agility. Allright, partly by accident, kicked the Chief Engineer, Mr. Ratlines, in the eye, and was tried for it by a court-martial, over which I presided. His defense was, that if Ratlines' eye had been in its proper place he could not have reached up high enough to kick it. This being insufficient, he was adjudged as a punishment to perform his best trick.

"E'v dune it!" shouted Allright.

"When—what is it?" I demanded.

"Beest tick e kin do," he replied, gleefully, triumphantly holding up my gloves and handkerchief, which the little rascal had stolen from me after hearing the verdict.

Spreading the handkerchief on the deck before his feet, he bent slowly backwards, coiling himself up or down until he lost all semblance to humanity, stuck his head between his legs, looked at us for a moment through his twinkling almond-shaped eyes, picked the linen up with his teeth, resumed his perpendicular position, and, with a shrill, "All Right!" gave it to me.

Satsuma, the leader of the troupe, is a quiet, gentlemanly fellow—in his own country held as of royal blood, being a Prince by birth. His father, at one time, was a powerful Daimio of Japan, but, from State reasons, was compelled to commit *hari-kari*, and his large estates were all confiscated. His heir, reduced to poverty, like a common plebeian, organized a show company, with which he is endeavoring to repair his royal fortunes.

As the day began to break, the dense fog lifted from the river, and we got under way. When I went on deck, the sun, a huge blood-red ball, was slowly surmounting the distant plain, and revealed to view all the beauties of the enchanting scene which surrounded us.

A mighty river—"the father of all waters," as Osseo termed it—confined in a deep channel that it had for countless ages been plowing through, flowing silently, and with unruffled surface, toward the sea, bearing upon its broad bosom, in times of peace, a golden tide of commerce under every flag in Christendom, and now freighted with the heavy burdens of cumbrous iron-clads and unwieldy monitors, while on either shore a slender embankment, barely raised above the outside country, confined the flood, when swelled by Northern snows, within its native bed. The low-lands, that stretched beyond the reach of mortal ken, were relieved here and there by the tall smoke-stack of the sugar works, and the palatial residence of the owner, both looking as if they were built upon the water, and the latter invariably adorned with groves of orange, banana and lemon trees, from the green foliage of which the golden fruit looked forth lusciously.

About noon a pilot boarded us; we entered the "Pass," slowly felt our way over the treacherous sand-bars, under the guns of formidable war-vessels that were lying there waiting for the tide, while on every side, in large numbers, were supply ships, tenders, and a few peaceful barks from foreign ports, all apparently dancing attendance on the haughty men-of-war. Over beyond them, and contributing a splendid back-ground to the picture, could we see the deep blue of the great Gulf, covered with the white caps of the angry waves, and overhung with scurrying clouds of wind and mist, reminding us of the red signal looking after us through the night, and betokening danger ahead.

The last of the tide-waiting boats had been passed, the low points of sand athwart our bows were merging into the watery waste, when we slowed up, bid good-bye to our pilot, and were hardly at speed again ere boisterous waves, all the way, doubtless, from Yucatan, began to buffet the wooden sides of our ship, and she rolled and pitched in a sickening, sailor-like style.

CHAPTER XXV.

SCIENCE AND SEA-SICKNESS.

“The sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runs earth’s wide regions round;
 It plays with clouds; it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies
 In calm repose.”
 —[Proctor.

WE were pleasantly engaged in discussing a most sumptuous dinner, when the Stormy Petrel quit the peaceful precincts of the great river and its muddy waters and launched her wings fearlessly over the dark waves of the turbulent Gulf. We grasped the dishes before us and held tight to the table, at which a pretty little French lady, by whose side I was sitting, rippled out a silvery laugh, but suddenly changing her tone, exclaimed piteously:

“Oh! how sick I am.”

As she hurried away, I protested it was all the results of imagination. She barely attained the door of the cabin when she commenced casting up her accounts. A dizzy qualm seized me, and I rushed frantically past her, gained the gangway, and followed suit. Mr. Williams, another passenger, was mightily amused.

“I *know* I shall not be seasick,” said he, “for I *brace* myself against it.”

Even while he spoke I saw his countenance change. He leaned over the railing, opened his mouth, and I shouted, “Heave yo!”

And overboard his dinner went—he looked at me viciously, as if he thought it a very untimely joke and hoped to live long enough to send me over also.

I was sick sure enough—sick nigh unto death. I went up on deck and laid down on a seat to watch the tall masts swaying almost among the clouds and cutting fantastic figures. I thought of the loved ones at home, “the friends I left behind me,” and wondered if I ever would get back, if they would miss me if I did not, and muttered to myself what a confounded fool I was anyhow to accept a mission

to cross the briny deep when I could have fought it out on dry land.

I reviewed my whole life, indulged a faint hope of getting through my journey and the war safely—they both seemed of equal magnitude at that time—and swore that if I did I would never leave home again. I thought of my books and my dog, of my parrot and my sweetheart, of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle and Owens' Toodles, and finally fell asleep to dream that I was floating on the Gulf Stream, guided by a porpoise into the open Polar Sea. I waked with a start, as I was trying to avoid an iceberg that assumed the shape of the old Bloomington Court-house in Missouri, where my maiden efforts (if anything pertaining to a lawyer can be called maiden) at the bar were put forth, and saw the ugly, smart little Jap stretched out near me.

"Well, Allright, how do you feel?"

"Oh!" he groaned, "E'm all rung."

I was glad of it but was myself in no condition to improve the opportunity.

Around us naught could be seen but a "wild waste of rolling waters" and a single sail in the far distance. The god of day was sinking bright and clear in the western sky, bathing all nature within reach of our vision in the golden glories of a sunset at sea.

"A shark! a shark!" echoed several voices.

I had hardly energy enough to drag myself to the railing and look at a huge, ferocious monster near twenty feet long, sporting fiercely around the bow of the ship, and speculated upon the probabilities of his getting seasick, and I staggered down to my miniature bedroom, to sleep away, if I could, those mysteries never dreamed of by poets, which are engendered by sea-sickness and bilge water.

In a day or two it was all over for good. I was ready and ravenous for my rations and began to take an interest in my novel surroundings.

To a landsman, who has never been on the ocean, or merely coasted its bays and inlets as I had, everything was strange and full of interest, and for hours would I sit and listen with an indefinable pleasure to the swash of the rolling waves and watch the vivid sparkling of the waters as they danced in the sunlight. But while you recall the "rolling" of Byron's "deep and dark-blue ocean," or the illimitable expanse of leaden calms, upon which the Ancient Mariner's vessel sat

"Like a painted ship upon a painted ocean,"

you feel mortified and humbled that you cannot make your tame soul swell out like those of the "modern bards."

When the ocean "rolls" it is a tumultuous jumbling together of the waters, and in a calm you seem, while standing on deck, to be in the center of a basin with a limited horizon bending down to meet the rim; and if you can reach that rim and pierce that horizon, you will have no difficulty in sliding down on the other side, and, as the Monks prophesied of Columbus, never be able to return.

It is only when you see a small speck rising far away, and watch it through all the long hours of the day, until it gradually enlarges into a magnificent ship under a full spread of sail, coming towards you at high speed, that you can appreciate the grand extent of your view. A cloudless sky and a sun blazing down upon us with torrid beams, is reflected in water of almost inky blackness, in the depths of which we discern the silver glitter from the shiny scales of many a fish, as it shoots and gambols athwart our bows.

For hours at a time the gull and the stormy petrel would hover around us on snowy wings; and their flights were emulated by the beautiful little flying-fish which, in shoals of thousands, fly from wave to wave, a hundred yards or more. A tiny one, boldly attempting to "ante-over" our ship, miscalculated the distance, fell short, and was captured. He was a charming little fellow, long and slender, with bright scales of changeable hue, and a delicate but powerful fin that served as propeller in either air or water. For the benefit of my scientific readers, I will add that the flying-fish is a genus of the order of *Pharyngognathi*, of the family *Scomberesoidæ*, and containing, according to Valenciennes, thirty-three species, although Agassiz somewhat enlarged that number. Their aerial flights are not balloon excursions of pleasure; they are vain efforts of the unfortunate martyrs to escape the certain death that awaits them from the rapacious jaws of the porpoise or the "lawyer." Their spring from the watery element into the upper air only alters the manner of their fate—they avoid the maws of fish to become a meal for birds; and if, by chance, their flight is made in safety, and the pelican and the gull fail to get them, their finny foe is ready for them at the end of their atmospheric journey. A cynic might observe some similarity in the brilliant effort of the South to prevent the expulsion of slavery from the Territories.

Ensconcing myself in the shadow of the pilot-house, and

looking over all the vast Mexican Gulf I could, I mused upon a few things that had been said about it, and the theories concerning it indulged in by the *savans*.

Over the very waters on which I rode had floated the argosies of Sir Henry Morgan, a wholesale buccaneer, and the first who bore the name. Here culminated the mysterious life of Jean Lafitte—

“The mildest manner’d man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat”—

who, pirate as he was, refused to betray our country for \$30,000 and a commission in the British navy, served under Jackson at New Orleans for nothing, afterwards founded Galveston, and died in a piratical foray.

Here has been laid the scene of many a thrilling novel of the Buntline and Ingraham style, stirring the warm blood of the young; while the circulation has been quickened in the veins of Age and Wisdom by profound and conflicting theories, mingled with dreams of old DeLeon’s Fountain of Life and an Eternal Spring. A great cauldron, throwing out the vast stream of heated water upon which we were sailing, and which refreshes and revivifies the distant lands of Europe, nourishes the humble lichen that clings to “Eniskillen’s Rock,” and throws a foggy mantle of generous warmth over the streets and steeples of London. Surrounded by a torrid country, which has been aptly called the *Tierra Caliente*—where the stately palmetto waves a genial welcome to the stranger, and the fragrant magnolia scatters its perfume over fertile savannas—and in its centre comprising a sargossa sea of floating weeds, while round its circumference flows the everlasting current of the Gulf Stream. An air-tight bottle, with a Ben Butler corked up in it, starting from the Caribbean, will coast the edge of the Gulf, passing by Vera Cruz, the multiple mouths of the Mississippi, and the southern point of Florida, to emerge into the Atlantic, skirt the points of Hatteras and Massachusetts, and be dashed upon the rock-bound isles of England and Norway, thousands of miles from its starting point.

I recalled Franklin’s theory that the Gulf Stream was generated by the great accumulation of water on the eastern shore of the American Continent between the Tropics, caused by the constant action of the trade winds; and M. F. Maury’s, and Bach’s (borrowed from Maury), that the heat of the tropical sun disturbs the equilibrium of the water and sets in motion a mighty current which eternally flows around the world in a direction opposite to that

in which it revolves on its axis—sometimes changed and altered in its drift by the shape of continents and the course of the winds; and T. B. Maury's startling speculations that in some places of the bottom of the Gulf there is a rift of submerged, incipient volcanoes so near the great internal fires as to impart all this extra heat to the vast body of water above it; and concluded my lucubrations on the subject by devoutly hoping that the troublesome object of so many theories would not blow up until I got safely on land again.

Day by day we sped farther south, and I could see that the Polar star was sinking below the horizon, while constellations new and strange to me were peering above the opposite surface. In the clear atmosphere the stars looked brighter and more vivid than they do in our more cloudy sphere. The variety in their colors could be more easily distinguished. The glittering white, the orange, the purple, the pale-blue of Aldebaran, the silver sheen of Sirius, the modest hue of Venus, and the ruddy face of "Moonless Mars," all shine gloriously in the splendid azure of the tropical sky.

In the evening of the third day after leaving New Orleans a low, bluish cloud, dipping daintily into the water, was pointed out as a part of Cuba, the "Gem of the Antilles," more than sixty miles away.

As we rapidly neared the land a beautiful view was unfolded in the long sweep of the undulating mist-covered isle before us; but alas! we soon received the information that we could enter no Cuban port that night. All their harbors are closed from sunset to sunrise, and no matter what the stress of the weather may be, the luckless vessel that comes after sundown must stem the storm and "lay off" till the morning comes and the grim forts let them in.

I never passed a more disagreeable night—our ship lying in the trough of the sea and rolling with lazy jerks from side to side, the most provoking of all maritime movements and more effectual in producing sleeplessness than all the tea in China.

Through the little round hole that constituted my window I could see naught but the steady glare of the light that flamed on Moro Castle, until near the morning the crimson points of the crescent moon slowly rose above the waters, for a moment poised on them like a big red Indian canoe, and then gradually ascended into the blue vault.

To keep my temper up and my stomach down, I recalled

its names and a few of the wrongs that have repaid the "loyalty" of the "Ever-faithful Isle," which was dancing in the distance and flashing over the sea in front of me.

Columbus, on the 28th of October, 1492, found it peopled with a dense and happy population of innocent aborigines, who called it Cuba. The haughty Spaniards who succeeded him gave it a female name, in honor of a man—dubbed it Juana, after King Ferdinand's son, "Juan," who was said by Prescott to have been "as mean as a Jew."

The proud discoverer's appellation has sunk into merited oblivion, while the euphonious title conferred by the barbaric Indian is recognized in all the coming years.

It was subsequently called Fernandina, Santiago, and Ave Marie, after a king, a patron saint, and the gentle mother of Jesus; but, through all, the beautiful name it was called by its loving children is the only one that has been remembered.

It was first settled by the Conquistadores, under Diego Velasquez, in 1511; but in 1553, Gomara, the historian, reports that not one Indian was left—an innocent people had been exterminated by the bloodthirsty policy of the cruel Spaniard in less than half a century.

President Polk offered one hundred millions of dollars for the island; and Lopez and Crittenden, with their gallant commands, laid down their lives for its freedom; and still, this most glorious of all the Indies languishes and gasps under an odious and hateful despotism—whether it be under King, Queen, or President—under Isabella, Amadeo, Alfonso, or Castellar and Serrano—is the home of a tyranny and the victim of an anarchy, each of the most relentless and merciless kind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVANA.

Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,
 And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
 Havana's holy towers and spires arise,
 As from a trembling lake of silver white.

Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
 Of pleasure-ground outstretched below,
 And naught disturbs the silence of the night;
 All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow,
 All save the heavy swell of Ocean's ceaseless flow.

—[*Scott.*]

AS the warm sun rose upon a scene of enchantment, we slowly steamed under the frowning battlements of Moro Castle, through the narrow strait, and into the magnificent Bay of Havana.

We passed numerous merchantmen from almost every nation, lying harmlessly under the huge guns of several men-of-war, including three Federal cruisers, on the sharp look-out for blockade-runners and men engaged in just such business as I was, but now swinging lazily with the tide and peacefully fluttering the "old flag" side by side with the bunting of other governments. I breathed freer when we passed them and finally anchored on the very spot (I fancied) where Sebastián De Ocampo, the discoverer of the bay, *careened* his vessels, in 1508, and called the place Carenas.

A quiet old city is Havana, and the seeing of it well worth a trip across the ocean. From where our ship lay, looking toward the north, was the light-house and the Spanish flag on the castle; swelling back and around to the east, a range of hills circling the harbor, dotted with forts, houses and palaces; while near and south of us, was the solid sea-wall or quay of the city, and the smooth-looking, strangely-painted, prison-like houses, with occasionally a narrow alley which they called a street; and, towering over all, the many round, dome-topped summits of cathedral, church, or palace.

The harbor itself was full of life—ferry boats hurrying hither and thither; lighters and skiffs, each on business of their own; men-of-war's cutters, with a jaunty officer in the stern; vessels coming and going from the outer sea—and,

among them, an astonished Norwegian, from his frozen home; in short, vessels, skiffs, lighters and boats of every sort, and men of every kind and description, and everything wearing linen breeches, or covered with an awning.

Before we let loose our anchor, we were surrounded by boats, mostly peddling concerns; but among them was the quarantine doctor, who seemed to be anxious about the state of our health; the custom-house officer, to examine the baggage of those who landed; and the police, three of whom remained on board to watch the "transit" passengers, and see that none landed except as the law allowed. And a noisy set of fellows these boatmen were, to be sure, chattering and jabbering incessantly as if any one knew what they were saying. At last I heard a shrill voice in rather a musical monotone distinctly repeating:

"Co-sheet! co-sheet! come pour your wheat!"

Thinks I to myself, that fellow can talk a little if there *is* no sense in what he says. I went over to see where he wanted the wheat poured, and found that he was a swarthy little Spaniard with oranges for sale, and not knowing a word of English, or United States language, as Purser Bombyx expressed it. I mutely offered him a nickel. He shook his head energetically. I substituted for it a silver five-cents and he gave me eighteen nice oranges.

"Tabbyak! tabbyak!" I heard shouted in stentorian tones in another direction, and rushed at once to see what *he* wanted. It was a descendant of the Cid engaged in selling cigars at five cents apiece, and better ones than I could have obtained in New Orleans for a quarter.

With all the elation of one who has been on ship and sea-sick for four or five days I stepped upon the solid landing, pushed through a crowd of Dagoes and swarthy Catalans and made for the Hotel Santa Ysabel. Before reaching there I stopped the gentlemen with me to view a large monument, antique in style, quaint in appearance, facing the Plaza de Armas, fronting the Captain-General's palace, and with a venerable tree bending over it.

None can pass it the first time without pausing to wonder and admire. It marked the place where Columbus landed to take possession of the Island in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, and legend says that the illustrious Discoverer himself planted the tree that shades his monument. This all sounded very well and I would not have doubted the truth of it except from the little circumstance that Columbus died three years before the Bay of Havana was discovered by De Ocampo.

Every object surrounding me was full of interest and of age. Even the hotel itself furnished a fund for reflection. It was a large, substantial, heavily-built building, covering plenty of ground, with the outside plastered smooth and painted in fancy colors. A row of large stone pillars formed a portico almost as grand as the front of a Grecian temple, with courts and galleries and fountains inside; the stairways of granite and the floors of polished stone while that of the parlor was inlaid with gorgeous mosaic. The broad roof was perfectly flat and surrounded with a battlement filled with port-holes! but instead of presenting a warlike appearance it was converted into the peaceful uses of the laundry and the kitchen, which in this country are elevated from the cellar to the house-top. The building had once been the palace of a Spanish hidalgo, who had been compelled to flee the island for some political conspiracy, and left his lordly halls—that had so often echoed the merry music of the minuet or the soft wail of the light guitar when swept by the delicate fingers of the dark-eyed *senoritas*—to be turned into a tavern.

With my hands behind me and my mouth wide open, as like an inquisitive Yankee and as unlike a rebel as possible, I had just reached this reflection when from one of the party came a prosaic—

“Let’s take a drink.”

“I second the motion.”

I did not second the motion, but I went with them to the bar, which I could not well refuse, as I practiced at the “bar” when at home. They called for gin and sugar, the universal beverage in that hot climate, but a mixture of turpentine and saccharum that I never could tolerate; so I called for a lemonade.

“Don’t you like *penallus*?”

“Certainly I do; I am very fond of it.”

Among those gentlemen, English and American officers, desiring to conceal my ignorance, I turned to the man on the other side of the counter with an appearance of immense wisdom, as if I was familiar with every drink that had ever been concocted by the “imps of the bottle.”

“Give me some—some—what the d—l do you call it?”

I had forgotten the name; the laugh was at my expense, and the treat, too. Neither did I remember the name until I wrote it down—the finest beverage of which I ever partook, always excepting ice-water, in summer, and a curiosity to me, as it will be to my readers. “*Pinelas*,” pro-

nounced as above, is brought to you in the shape of a large tumbler of iced-water, with two good-sized rolls lying across it, about the shape and magnitude of an "omelet with cheese *a la maitre d'hotel*." These you dissolve in the crystal fluid, squeeze the half of a little lemon into it, and you have a drink fully equal to the nectar that Jupiter sipped; and nothing after all but the white of eggs, water, lemon, limes and sugar.

As the gaslights began to twinkle in long lines all over the ancient city, we took another drink (mine was pinelas), and started out. It required four vehicles to convey us. The *volante* proper has but two wheels, and is drawn by one horse, the driver riding another; but the name has been conferred on all the class with four wheels, a seat for two, and a narrow one for the driver; one horse, or often a diminutive pony and twenty cents a ride to any portion of the city.

The Spaniard shows his characteristic, cruel, cold-blooded, cowardly ferocity, more like a hyena than a human, in everything he does. They are the most merciless Jehues I ever saw, rushing their skeleton steeds at full gallop, under whip and spur, over rocky streets; none but a *Dagoe* horse could stand it. The more you protested, the faster they went. Bergh would have been made crazy. At a break-neck speed we rattled through streets so narrow that two volantes could hardly pass, with sidewalks on an average only eighteen inches wide; and you could almost reach into stores crammed with the most costly fabrics from every clime.

The doors and windows are very large, the latter invariably, whether in business house or dwelling, provided with solid shutters and iron bars, and, when all were closed, conferring the suspicion of interminable rows of prisons and insane asylums. The smooth *adobe* fronts, glaring paints, and barred windows, present a uniform and monotonous appearance. As we roll by, however, the sameness is relieved by visions flashing upon us through open doors—here a picture of squalidness and poverty; the next, perhaps, revealing a vista of wealth and oriental magnificence—stately courts and promenades, fountains and statuary, silken curtains, mosaic splendors and beautiful women. Occasionally the attractions of the windows would be increased by the cautious opening of a shutter, and through the bars the black eyes of a fair Andalusian looking at us curiously, or the finely-chiseled lips of some lovely Senora sweetly smiling a welcome to *Los Ynglese*.

We seemed to be driving through private alleys, had it not been for the glitter of lights, the crowds of people, the tasty stores, the gorgeous fabrics, almost reproducing the visions of Ali Babi's Bagdad. The illusion was strengthened by numerous awnings stretched across the streets, and solid Gothic archways, through which we would dash as if ruthlessly invading a private dwelling.

Suddenly we emerged from the cramped and confined thoroughfares upon a glorious scene—a broad carriage-way, with seats and shaded-walks on each side, intermingled with rippling fountains and marble statues. Near us was the Grand Royal Theatre, in a blaze of light; beyond us, stately rows of splendid columns, surmounted by the universal battlement.

Among the profusion of strange tropical trees gleamed and glimmered a myriad twinkling lights, throwing a soft radiance over the vast crowd of gay and joyous people who laughed and buzzed in an outlandish lingo.

It was the Paseo de Isabel Segunda, the best street in Havana, which marks the walls of the old city and now runs through the heart of the new.

Through the noisy throng of pleasure-seekers we slowly made our way to the Louvre, a palatial resort, where five hundred people meet every night to talk about everything but politics and perform certain important social rites around little mahogany tables; and here we took a drink, it being distinctly understood that mine was pinelas.

Two tables were required to accommodate our party, and about a dozen waiters, all of whom perversely persisted in not being able to understand us, but continued bringing every imaginable thing to us until our orders were filled.

One of our number called for *whiskey*, giving a strong accent on the first syllable—as if a Dago could tell it by the sound. He did not, however; but thinking that the hissing noise ought to have ice in it, brought some nice ice-cream and long wafer-like rolls of pastry, but no spoons. It had been voted that whoever exhibited his limited knowledge of the world by asking a question about anything he saw must stand treat for the party. Purser Bombyx looked despairingly at the cream and rolls and then around the table. He tried to inform the waiter that he wanted a spoon, but the obtuse waiter did not spoon worth a cent. Finally he was compelled to acknowledge the treat and demanded an explanation. Like Columbus' egg it was easy

enough when he knew how—the roll serves as a spoon and you eat it as you use it.

My curiosity had for some time been aroused by beautiful, urn-like silver vessels of chaste design and filled with a whitish substance looking like sherbet, except that I could, once in a while, discover the gleam of fire in them. While these were being hurried in numbers from one end of the vast hall to another I was so intent in trying to read the riddle and ascertain what they were without asking, that I neglected the conversation and answered “yes” and “no” in the wrong place. The rest of them noticed my abstraction and helped me on by suggesting how good it was. I could stand it no longer; it was my treat next time; and after all they were nothing but the old-fashioned brazier, as ancient as Homer, containing a charcoal to light cigars with.

As we rolled back to our hotel in the “wee sma’ hours ayant the twal,” through the narrow streets, between rows of lofty houses closed and barred, looking like antique fortalices, and rendered more grim and forbidding by the flickering of the garish gaslight, it seemed indeed as if I had been translated back to the scenes of three hundred years ago.

The fancy was not dispelled by a red bull's-eye lantern seen on every corner, held by a solemnly-dressed man with a peaked hat and leaning on a halbard, which marked his office as guardian of the night.

I could easily imagine the old town lighted by the sun of 1520 or 1540 and filled with the fierce soldiers of Cortez or De Soto, armed with arquebus, crowned with morion, shod with buskin, clad in hauberk, and getting drunk to sober off in the guard-house like soldiers do now-a-days. Or, in more peaceful times, the gay costumes of Spanish hidalgo or snobbish dandy would seem in place, decked with costly tabard, fancy cloak and silken hose, making love through window-bars to dark-eyed Dulcineas, jostling each other off the narrow sidewalks and meeting at the “Isabel” in parties of four to jointly smoke one cigar, discuss the virtues of the newly-discovered weed, drink Holland gin, and learn from each other the latest news of Ojedo or Ponce de Leon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SANCTUARY AND SUBURB.

A Paladin palace with its storied halls;
 Fountains, where love lies listening to their falls;
 Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
 And nature makes her happy home with man;
 Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
 With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head
 A mimic mourner, that, with vail withdrawn,
 Weeps liquid gems—the presents of the dawn.

—[Coleridge.

EARLY on Sunday morning I went to pay my devotions at the grand cathedral where lie the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus.

I looked with admiration at the gray old towers, the construction of which was commenced in 1519, and which have withstood the tropical storms of over two centuries and a half. The Habanos are proud of it, as well they may be.

The groined arches hold the lofty roof far above you as you enter and look around—magnificent paintings cover the walls, costly curtains droop, in graceful festoons, over the quaintly colored windows, which send a “dim religious light” through all the vast recesses of the edifice. The splendid beauty of the altar and the chancel, the blaze of many wax candles, the richly robed priests and solemn, swelling tones of the “deep majestic organ,” to borrow a phrase from Pope, all conspire to elevate one’s devotional feelings—if grandeur and music can do it.

No seats or pews; the worshipers glide noiselessly in and kneel on the stone floor, the better class bringing their cushions and carpets, and when they have counted beads and repeated *pater nosters* enough to absolve themselves from the sins of the past week, as noiselessly rise and leave, or, ten chances to one, stop at the Louvre to take a drink and gossip with their neighbors.

Plenty of beautiful women were among the more earnest of the devotees. Tall, graceful and raven-haired brunettes of Castile and Catalan thronged in at every entrance. One attracted my particular attention and admiration. She was the most queenly creature I ever saw—unrivaled in the glorious contour of her classic features—the deep carnation of her perfectly chiseled lips—the sparkling fire from her lustrous eyes, deeply shaded by the drooping lashes—such a

woman as one seldom sees and never reads of save in Reade's or Wilkie Collins' novels.

Purser Bombyx was with me; to him I said, "Who is she?"

"Where? Can't tell which one you mean in the crowd; point her out with my cane. They won't see; they're looking at the cross."

She was on her knees, as were the rest; we were leaning against a pillar. I leveled his cane and just as I had drawn a bead on her, over which (the stick, I mean) he was bending and squinting vigorously, she, as bad luck would have it, turned her melting eyes towards us and quickly away again. The cane dropped suddenly—Bombyx straightened up with a jerk like a jackknife and assumed a look as grave and serene as a probate judge; *her* lovely face was suffused with beautiful blushes—so was mine; and after all we failed to learn her name.

Mass over, we called a volante and sallied out to "do" the city.

Like all hack-drivers, ours first essayed to extortion on us; and, baffled there, persistently refused to understand anything we wanted him to do.

My friend desired a light for his cigar, and ejaculated: "Match?"

"Non comprend, umbra."

The Purser put the weed in his mouth and swelled his cheeks.

The stupid Dagoe shrugged his shoulders.

"Light, *lux, luce, s'en flammer, lyhtan?*" urged the smoker, mixing Latin, French and Gothic together with a reckless disregard of the rules of pronunciation that would have brought on him the maledictions of Max Muller, but with no effect than another shrug.

Some strong, round Saxon oaths, however, materially increased the driver's perceptions, and he speedily produced a match.

We told the fellow to drive us "All around *ovare de cittie*," as Bombyx expressed it in a loud tone and purposely mispronouncing his words upon the general idea that whoever could not understand American talk must be a little deaf, and whatever was bad English ought to be good Spanish.

"All *ovare*," halted us at the Salon O'Donnell, where we took a drink (mine was pinelas) and held a council of war as to how we should communicate our commands.

This proceeding our swarthy Jehu seemed to regard with apprehension, as the only thing he could understand was the somewhat profane and by no means complimentary comments indulged in by Bombyx on the many defects in his early education.

It was finally concluded to visit the Captain-General's gardens and the irate Purser, with a stentorian voice, gave the order:

"Take us to the *Capitan Sheneralls Gardans*, d—n it."

He seemed to know what was meant and started off at a rattling rate.

"I told you I could make him understand *me*," said Bombyx triumphantly.

It appeared a long way as we rushed through narrow streets, turned sharp corners, dashed under arches and awnings amid crowds of gaily-dressed people, Sunday being their great holiday, and finally drew up in an obscure, dirty, suspicious-looking locality.

Our Dago eyed us quizzically. Sleepy-headed, frowzy-haired women leered at us from behind rusty iron bars, and passers-by stopped to gaze at us, and wondered what such well-dressed strangers wanted there. We were bewildered, looked around in utter amazement until I noticed on a corner, "Cardenas Street." We comprehended the situation at a glance, Bombyx looked a little sheepish and laid it on the driver for not having any better sense, and we were forced to return to Santa Ysabel for a fresh start.

Set right in our bearing, we were soon bowling swiftly along the Paseo Militar, a broad, splendid street, bordered by magnificent houses, the Captain General's residence among them, beautified with statues, enlivened by two railroad depots, cleaving the heart of the city and terminating at hill Principe.

The scene was a gorgeous one. The first view of a Cuban landscape can never be forgotten. We paused upon the summit of an elevation to look around. Beneath us, the long, black smoke-line of a train of cars, disappearing behind a couple of distant hills, the quaint old city, unobscured by the fog and the smoke of the north, with its ancient, stately palaces, and its domes, minarets and towers glancing brightly in the evening sun, a little to the right of it the circular sweep of the splendid bay, covered with its busy fleet, surrounded by bristling forts and embosomed amid its verdant hills, and in the front of us the miniature mountains that commence the salubrious table lands,

crowned by the green foliage of the sturdy cocoa, the graceful palmetto and shady palm.

We soon reached the far-famed gardens of the Captain-General, which were enclosed by a high iron fence, but the main gate being open, with no sentries in sight, we walked in.

Soon we came to a gang of Chinese laborers, some with a heavy ball and chain attached to one leg, and all engaged in clearing the walks under the sharp supervision of a task-master.

Him we interrogated by wondrous signs to ascertain if we could perambulate, and through the medium of the same universal language we were informed we could.

Broad walks of smoothest concrete, carefully kept and swept, led us in every meandering direction through all the luxuriant and beneath all the umbrageous foliage that the tropics can produce.

The cocoa and the palm, rising from their bases into lofty wooden pillars as symmetrical as the columns of Karnak, and topped with a leafy parachute of richest verdure, in places formed long avenues grand enough for the approach to an Egyptian tomb or a Grecian temple.

The beautiful palmetto, the harsh-looking dragon-tree, the long-leaved banana, the shaggy plantain, the lovely orange, the lemon and the lime; the fragrant magnolia and the mango; the date and the tamarind, together with thousands of others, and every creeping thing and every beautiful flower that one could imagine, are here mingled in the profusion of the illimitable.

And all are arranged by the dictates of the most exquisite taste, with here and there a charming fountain or the graceful statue of a marble faun.

In one part of the grounds a circular railway and juvenile locomotive for the pleasure and instruction of the youthful Captains-General; in another, a roaring cascade, rushing over broken rocks and sending up a silver spray which, when we saw it, was lost in the half circle of a prismatic rainbow; while near the centre of all, stands the Viceroy's summer palace—a fine building, flat roofed and porticoed, with battlements surmounted by statuettes, surrounded by lofty trees, flowering shrubs, flowing fountains and polished concrete.

We were admiring one of these fountains, which was bubbling through a truncated pyramid composed of honey-combed fossil rock, when a handsome lady of some forty

summers, accompanied by a liveried servant "as black as the night wing of Erebus," approached us.

We raised our beavers; she acknowledged the salute and had passed a little, when she turned and addressed us:

"Ete vous etrangers?"

"Oui, Madam," I replied, bowing low.

"Parle vous Francais?" she asked.

"Non, Madam," (the extent of my French; Bombyx had none at all.)

"Los Anglais?" she persisted.

"Non, Madam; 'Mericanos."

"Welcome," she responded plainly enough, and appeared well pleased, adding something in Spanish and French that I could not catch but accepted it for permission to "make ourselves at home;" and at length she pointed to the fine house and spoke and acted very much as if she were inviting us to walk in.

Bombyx now advanced to the front and ventured respectfully to ask her:

"Are you the Captain-General's lady?"

"Je vous comprendre mal, Je ne le sais," was the reply, containing but little information for us and not much French, I am afraid, as I recollect it.

But faint heart ne'er won fair ladye, and so the bold Purser tried it again:

"Capitan-General, etes vous—?"

"That won't do," said I aside.

"D—n it," muttered Bombyx, "*don't* bother me."

"Etes vous Capitan-General's wife?" he resumed, and added desperately, "Femme—baron and femme?"

"Oui, Oui!" she shouted and laughed merrily.

It can be perceived from this that our conversation could not be very extended, and as it was getting late we bowed her a very low good-bye and returned to the city.

I know not whether the Viceroy of Isabella II. has a wife or ever had, but I believe this lady would have graced the palace of the best of Cuban rulers.

The decks of Captain Keelson's gallant craft soon knew us again. My business was by this time arranged; my mission which, of course, I say nothing about, was satisfactorily accomplished; and I was ready to depart.

Havana had been exceedingly pleasant to me. Its contrast with the clay-baked hollows of Tishomingo and the rough rations of a rebel's fare had rendered it as enticing to me as the flesh-pots of the land of Goshen were to the

unruly followers of Moses and Aaron. It is an old and beautiful metropolis now; but ancient as it is, its future will be greater than its past. It is destined to become the Byzantium of the Western World.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RUNNING "IN."

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing
 When all thy waters are at rest,
 And noonday sun or midnight star
 Is shining on thy waveless breast!
 Yet is the very tempest dear,
 Whose mighty voice but tells of thee:
 For wild, or calm, or far or near,
 I love thee still, thou glorious sea.
 —[*Mrs. Hemans.*]

FROM the ancient quay whence De Soto waved his farewells to the "sloe orb'd," weeping *Senoritas* whom he left behind him when he started for his tomb under the turbid Mississippi, and from which Cortez and his mail-clad followers embarked to the conquest of Mexico, and Velasquez, his enemy, when impelled to follow—I also stepped into a dingy skiff, first carefully handing in my oranges and *spodillas* and shoes (half-price purchases) *and* cigars, closely calculated in quantity as many as I could transport.

As we slowly rowed through the busy bay I was forcibly impressed with the contrast between the junks and tubs in which Columbus, Davila and Balboa sailed and the magnificent ships of the present Spain, although then the greatest power in Europe and now well nigh the weakest.

One was lying there, a splendid vessel swelling proudly from the water, in size "The monarch of all it surveyed." As we passed under her bows, I looked up to the clouds before I could reach the summit of her masts. The bos'n's shrill whistle sent the white-breeched Spanish sailors, in quick succession and with monkey-like agility, tumbling rapidly up into the rigging to furl the half-spread sails. And still they kept going until the spars were whitened

with the forms of hundreds of men, perched in every conceivable attitude upon the ropes and ratlines at that dizzy height, and, their task performed, disappeared like magic, leaving the smoke-stacks and the masts rising far and bare above the decks of the stately ship which seemed to ride the waves with an air of conscious majesty.

It was four P. M. when we weighed anchor and pointed our prow towards the outlet of the bay. I remained on deck to watch the charming old city as it receded from us—the light on Moro Castle glowing across a point of land, and Cuba sinking farther and farther in the east, until it was finally lost beneath the distant horizon and we were tossing on the waves of old ocean again with naught in sight but the purple and gold of the twilight sky and the “waste of waters.”

“Key West.”

The rising sun found us at the place. The name had long been as familiar to me as London, Paris or New York.

Lying in the very pathway of the nations, as well as of the West Indian cyclone and the tropical hurricane, washed by the mingling waters of the Mexican Gulf and the Atlantic ocean that float half the navies of the world, alternately shrouded in the warm fogs of the Gulf Stream or heated by the blazing beams of a torrid sun—its history enlivened by the well-told story of many a bold buccaneer, and saddened with the woes of countless noble vessels that have been wrecked upon its shoals and gone to pieces on its treacherous sunken coral reefs.

Six miles long and two wide the island lay before us, a low stretch of barren land, with an occasional drab-colored dwelling, and relieved by nothing but the leaning trunks and graceful foliage of the wind-twisted cocoa, among the beautiful leaves of which the green nut nestled lovingly.

A mere dot upon the ocean is the straggling, low-roofed, wooden-housed town, not large enough to destroy the harmony of the scene where nature reigns supreme and lovely; the fleecy clouds adding to the ever-varying effect of the changing light and shadow of which the thoughtful eye could never weary.

The harbor and its encircling waters presented one broad sheet of malachite green, with here and there waving belts of rosier tinge, edged with white breakers where the coral reefs make the water shallow, and danger is indicated by numberless buoys and the ghostly ribs of sunken ships,

while white groups of seagulls, with graceful sweep, skim the waves, and shoals of flying fish float from crest to crest like flashes of foam lifted into spray by some rough autumn breeze.

The frowning port-holes and embrasures of Fort Taylor, and the still more dangerous and disagreeable-looking monitor "Terror," which looked at us like a vicious bull-dog, and, although our papers were all "straight," rendered me rather nervous and the locality an undesirable one.

Ere long we were again in motion and passed demurely under the big guns of the fort and between long rows of buoys, skirting the edge of the low sand-bank, speeding through the green waters which gradually grow blacker as we leave the shoals and sail into the fathomless depths of the great Gulf Stream, the current of which increases our speed by three miles an hour or more.

Storms, rains and fogs are always brooding over some portion of this mighty ocean river, although the sunset of this day was glorious. I was entranced with the gorgeous scene, eagerly absorbing all the beauties and delicate tints of its golden glories, and could almost imagine that I was gliding along upon the "Sea of Content" that Almanazar's allegory describes, accompanied by winged messengers of love (the pelican and gull), and wafted onward by balmy zephyrs freighted with soft perfumes from the spice-laden shores of "Araby the Blest."

But next morning when I came on deck the scurrying winds with heavy moisture laden were driving the clouds all over the ocean, while the *Stormy Petrel* pitched from wave to wave and swung and rolled in the troughs of the sea to such an extent as to renew my qualmy experience of the commencement of the voyage.

The wise Leatherstocking's-weather-prophets, and Maryatt's wonderful mariners, to say nothing about the "Ancient" whose glittering eye had the same effect on Coleridge that the pecking of the "Raven" had on Poe, and who could tell more about the weather than "Old Probabilities" himself, were fresh in my mind, and I resolved to test the sailor's acute knowledge of coming winds or storms.

Accosting an old salt,

"Cloudy," says I; "we'll have rain before night, won't we?"

He looked around critically and answered:

"Wall, yes, I think so."

He looked around a second time, to be sure, I suppose, and added positively:

“It'll rain afore sundown.”

About ten feet from him was another old sailor engaged in coiling a rope; the machinery made so much noise they could not hear my questions nor each other's opinions.

“Likely morning; won't rain much to-day, will it?” I asked.

He slowly straightened up, changed his quid to the right cheek, cocked his eye to windward, appeared to calculate all the signs carefully, and at length replied emphatically:

“You re right, sir; no rain in them clouds; 't won't rain for twenty-four hours yet.”

Soon I met another and said to him, “Sharp wind; going to blow, ain't it?”

“Yes, sir,” was the prompt answer. “We'll have a heavy blow to-night.”

“Pleasant morning,” to a fourth. “Isn't going to blow much to-day, after all, is it?”

He held his hand up to the wind as he replied:

“No, sir; it 'll fall calm afore night.”

“Warm day, Mr. Tiller.”

“Yes, sir, very warm,” said Mr. Tiller, smiling blandly and rubbing his hands; “a very pleasant day indeed, sir.”

“Chilly, disagreeable morning?” I muttered next, shaking myself.

“Ugh; yes it is,” answered Ratlines, shivering and drawing his coat closer around him; “great contrast between this and Havana.”

At dinner all hands indulged in a hearty laugh when I detailed the result of my inquiries about the weather, but they most unjustly adjudged that as I had had such a good joke all to myself I must treat the crowd. It was not a small one and as I ruefully felt of my limber pocket-book containing little but Confederate money, I concluded it was best not to joke any more.

On the ocean, more even than on the land, is one amazed at the inexhaustible vitality of nature. Life swarms through all the inky waters on the surface and above them. We fished up a yellow, tangled, dripping mass that looked as if it might have been an auburn lock of old Neptune's hair. It was a fragment of that famed seaweed which circles around the ocean and over half the world, to be finally drifted into the Sargossa sea, through which the crews of

Columbus hesitated to sail, supposing it concealed shoal water.

It furnishes a home for innumerable inhabitants—one specimen we obtained being thickly covered with minute bivalves like lilliputian oysters.

The gaily colored porpoise gamboled and sported around the bows of the ship as it swiftly cut the parting waves. Floating like enchanted barques of little fairy mariners the nautilus, or "Portugese men of war," were seen in numbers proudly riding the tumbling waves, and at the least alarm quickly out of sight; while above, the rapid gull wheeling in giddy circles would pounce upon its fishy prey and soar away with it in its talons, while you wondered at the strong wing that seemed unwearied so far from land.

To obtain our share of the scaly prize, Captain Keelson threw overboard a couple of well-baited hooks attached to lines a hundred feet in length, and Tiller took them in special charge.

The sun was sinking in the West and the mellow moon added the soft splendor of its radiance. The low coast line of the Carolinas could be seen in the distance, for we were cautiously approaching the shore. 'Twas a witching hour for romantic memories, and Tiller's soul was filled with a story of tender passion for his school-boy sweetheart, which he was relating to me, and how it engaged him in a fight with a big rival who bit his thumb.

"It was villainous," he repeated spitefully, and added,

"I had about given in, but *then* I would have thrashed him like the—"

"A bite! a bite!" he yelled frantically, pulling in the line like mad. It was a false alarm.

"Yes," he resumed, "she was pretty as a pink, saucy and coquettish—it was my young days, regular puppy love, you know—ha! ha!—and Lord, how I adored the very ground she—"

"Sail, ho!" was shouted from above.

"Where away?" echoed the Captain.

"Hard behind."

A long, low cloud resting on the horizon in that direction betokened a Federal cruiser after us, if our officers were not very much mistaken.

The *Stormy Petrel* was out of her course, and if overhauled forfeiture and confiscation would probably end her venturesome career.

The sea was smooth, the sky was clear and the moon fast

sinking—the mighty monster in the hold beneath us commenced pulsating and throbbing with more labor and energy, until at length we appeared to be gaining on them.

At the midnight hour the smoke of the pursuer was no longer discernable; the land was on our lee not four miles away, and from amid the trees a single light like a lone star twinkled at us.

The yawl was lowered in haste, while the vessel merely slowed its speed. We shook hands—four of us there were—with all our kind friends, and the jolly tars propelled us rapidly towards the lone star, keeping time to a sort of Runic rhyme chanted by the steersman.

Of course the commander of the vessel we had just left knew that we were contraband, although no open word had been spoken to indicate it through all the voyage, and we felt much relieved when we perceived them speeding on their journey, safe from the utmost efforts of the cruiser.

The day was beginning to break on the morning of January 19, 1863, as we landed on a rotten and apparently disused wharf, in an inlet of Ossabaw Sound, and were warmly received by a Confederate lieutenant, who was stationed at this exposed position in the capacity of a signal officer.

The yawl was secreted for safety, and the crew furnished with transportation and rations, started away to work themselves through the lines as best they could and rejoin their ship.

Worn and weary with the excitement of a sleepless night and a long fast, as I was, before turning out to hunt a breakfast, the lieutenant's larder being too limited, I ascended the signal tree, with some difficulty, from the summit of which I could perceive no signs of our Federal pursuer, but caught a last glimpse of the little black cloud which stretched out behind the *Stormy Petrel* as she plowed her way in the direction of the polar star.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SWAMP ANGEL

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose;
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
 Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends;
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 —[Pope.]

THERE were two of them.

History records the hoarse bellowing of the one; my "gray goose quill" must describe the dulcet smiles of the other. The big gun planted in the marshes, miles away from the city, and which battered down the steeples and roofs and garden walls of Charleston, was the fell Swamp Angel of the Yankees; a buxom, rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed and bouncing damsel near Savannah was mine, and certainly much more harmless, interesting and engaging than the other.

I was very hungry I had the appetite of the we're wolf himself. In descending from the look-out-tree, where I had seen my last of the *Stormy Petrel*, I caught the rear section of my pants on a jagged limb and left a portion of them attached to it as a signal of distress.

Through a tangled morass we cautiously picked our way, separating the dense underbrush as best we could, and frequently falling into the slush, pits and mud which it concealed, climbing out with objurgations not loud but very deep, and making but slow headway. We were

"Harder beset,
 And more endangered, than when Argo passed
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks;
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steered:
 So with difficulty, and labor hard,
 Moved on."

The lieutenant at the wharf had furnished us a guide who was to conduct us through by-ways to a point whence we could attain Savannah. He led us on a route that had never known a *way*, and we were beginning to set him down as hopelessly lost, when we came in sight of a low, one-roomed, unchinked fisherman's log-cabin, carefully balanced on a small island of firm ground, and hard by a dirty-looking lagoon that evidently extended to the Sound.

"There's your breakfast," called our pilot from the front. "I told you I knew where I was."

As we approached we heard a loud, decided alto, a little cracked in the upper keys, singing

"I want to go! I want to go! I want to go there too,
And be an angel bright."

The musician was the Swamp Angel, and when we came in view was imitating the balancing example of her house, by being herself carefully balanced on one chair, with her feet perched on the back of another and her face turned from the door so that she was ignorant of the presence of listeners until we accosted her.

"Je-mi-ma! who the d—l are *you any* how?" she demanded, sharply, as she sprang up, kicking over both chairs and confronted me at the door.

"I'm on a scout," I replied, "and being somewhat hungry stopped to see if you could give us something to eat."

"That's a lie," said she sturdily; "no one ever scouts *here*. You may be hungry—you look like it; but you're no scout no more nor I am."

"Well," I insisted, "we want breakfast and will pay for it if you will—"

"Don't be a fool," she broke in impetuously; "set down and I'll give you some grub, *of course*."

It was a very delicate operation for me to get into the house and occupy a chair without changing front to her.

As she bustled all around the room I kept my face towards her as sedately and gravely as a big owl, while my companions were enjoying the fun immensely. This soon attracted the attention of our Amaryllis.

"What 'n thunder's you all laffin' at!" she said, and turning to me with an angry flush; "you gawky fool, you, what do you keep lookin' at me so for!"

I explained to her that I had torn my pants very badly.

"Well," says she, "s'pos'n you *have*, you ain't the first man's ever tore his pant'loons, are you? But you *are* the first man *I* ever seed that a hole in *them* made his head holler."

With this parting shot, as spiteful as it was ungrammatical, and not true—for my head was not the part of me hollow—she flounced out of the room, and we soon heard the squalling of the chickens, which we gratefully hailed as being the sure sign of a good breakfast.

When she returned I had doffed my unfortunate garment and was tucked up in bed, where I remained until she had

neatly patched them with a piece of the petticoat she was wearing, in default of any other cloth so suitable. It was not of the same color, to be sure, but it answered every purpose of a patch; and the amount of bad joking thereafter perpetrated about my trowsers was perfectly atrocious.

Our money this angel refused in a most emphatic and slightly profane manner, declaring that although she was the "only gal" of a poor fisherman, "she'd be durned" if she took pay from a Secesh soldier for "a little vittals."

But just as we were leaving, in a coy and modest manner that surprised me more than all else in this singular character, and which showed her to be a regular rough diamond, she brought me a gilded and brass-clasped album—the present of the rustic sweetheart whose memory she treasured.

"Won't you write some poetry in this, mister? I'd rather have that than your money."

"Never did such a thing in my life," I replied, "and besides, have not the time."

"But you must," she persisted quite positively. "I didn't back out when you wanted some vittals. You can write in it when you get to Savannah and leave it at the Pulaski House, where I'll get it. And then," she added, after a pause, and her strong voice slightly quivering, "*he* gave it to me—and he's dead now; killed in Virginy—and nuthin' writ in it."

Thus conjured, I could no longer resist. I was compelled to add her book to my baggage, be annoyed with it all the trip, and when I reached the hotel where I was to leave it, the great task was yet to perform.

I subsequently learned that she was prompt in sending for it, and she is the only person I ever heard of that admired my poetry.

And here is what I wrote in the Swamp Angel's "Rose" album:

I.

The album of the Rose,
Is placed beneath my nose,
And in it I am told that I must write;
But I am quite sure,
That nothing you'll endure,
Can I write, or indite, at all to-night.

II.

Yet to friendship a word,
Will always be heard,
And, many, many thanks for that breakfast;
Which is joy that is gone,
While dinner is to come,
But it, I fear, alas! will pass away as fast.

III.

Quite often am I thinking,
 As I'm engaged in knitting
Under the tree that shades my marque door;
 Of the pants I tore,
 On Ossabaw's shore,
And the sweet Swamp Angel on her puncheon floor.

IV

And I can't help thinking,
 While my eyes keep blinking,
And I closely scan my useful knitting;
 (For it's only my "calling";
 That keeps my muse from falling
And makes my wonderful poetry *fit in.*)

V.

I am bound to think, then,
 How the bouncing maid-en,
Could play the very deuce with all the men;
 Steal their soft hearts
 And deem it very smart,
Her own to never yield them in return.

VI.

But the mem'ry of the grave
 With its sadly buried love,
For the soldier bold who left his home so gay,
 With life and hope behind him,
 And a gory grave before him.
Impels her to mourn for her soldier boy in gray.

This effusion did not exactly suit me—somehow or other I never could grind out poetry that did; so as a kind of saving clause, and as women do in their letters, putting the most important in a postscript, I added,

My rhyme is defective, my metre is poor,
 My poetry not quite Byronic,
 But my friendship is perfect, your charms I adore,
 Although my love's *entirely* Platonic.

Leaving the sands of Savannah, just skirting the shore of the ocean, obtaining barely a glimpse of the Sea Cotton Islands, and occasionally the smoke of a Federal blockade cruiser prowling around the opening to a sound or the mouth of a river, we were next day in Charleston.

The stately little city was plunged in gloom and silence, except at intervals when disturbed by the rumble of heavy guns sounding their discharges over the water.

I had wandered down to the beautiful esplanade looking out at Fort Sumter. All was still; no human being in sight. The Yankee fleet, almost beyond the reach of the vision, was lying idle with its sails listlessly flapping in the

wind; even the very birds uttered dismal cries as they flew away, and I seemed to be the last man left to arouse the silent echoes of the city of the dead.

At length, as I was viewing the sad scene with wistful interest, a low, muttering thunder appeared to roll across the troubled bay. I could see a small puff of white smoke, miles away, in the opposite marsh, when I was startled by the infernal shriek of a mighty schrapnel that rushed by me, struck the ground not ten feet beyond and with hideous noise plunged through the thick wall of a neighboring building.

A solitary patrolman sauntered carelessly around a corner to ascertain what damage had been done, and him I asked where that shot came from.

He looked at me with evident surprise, either on account of my foolish presence at that point or the manifest ignorance implied by my question.

"Why," says he, "that is the 'Swamp Angel,' and you are right in the range."

I proceeded to get out of it as soon as possible.

My Swamp Angel was not half so dangerous to any one who happened to get in *her* range.

No incidents, worthy of record in this Anagraph, occurred in my trip across the Confederacy on its battered and dangerous railroads. I reported at headquarters and was duly approved as a good and faithful servant for some things I had done and a good many I had not, and found my regiment going into camp on Big Black river just back of Vicksburg.

Here we enjoyed a season of repose and inglorious inactivity, preceding, however, the most arduous and bloody episode in the history of our Western army.

CHAPTER XXX.

MUSIC'S DINNER.

Rats are not a dainty dish to set before a king,
 But for a really hungry man they're just the very thing;
 Wrap each rat in bacon fat, roast slow before the fire,
 Take him down and serve him brown; you've all you can desire.
 —[Savarin.]

MUSIC was a little mite of a fellow, a mere boy, with no beard upon his face, but in his heart all the mischief of a big man.

Our chimney-corner legends are doubtless working out one of the riddles involved in the study of human nature in their tales of elfin history and fairy lore, wherein malice and good humor are so strangely commingled. Shakspeare seizes this same idea in depicting the *outré* character of Caliban, as Sir Walter Scott does with his Black Dwarf, Dickens with Miss Mowcher, and Victor Hugo in his Quasimodo.

Music was at the bottom of more fun and practical jokes than any other member of our command, and his activity in that direction fully compensated for his deficiency in size.

On the 9th of March, 1863, our brigade was moved from Big Black to Grand Gulf, some forty miles or more. I had not yet resumed my official position and therefore "took it easy" through the country in company with Adjutant Greenwood.

We were marching among our friends and the orders were very strict in forbidding all straggling and foraging. General Pemberton, who was something of a martinet, caused these orders to be rigidly enforced, and called on all field officers to see that they were. Hence we united the duty devolving on us of keeping a sharp look-out for stragglers, with the pleasure of straggling ourselves—certainly the highest of all a soldier's enjoyments. We had a reasonable excuse also in the fact that an officer on the march seldom gets dinner, unless he carries some "hardtack" in his pocket to be spliced with "sorghum" or "pine-top;" the private fares much better, for he has his haversack always stuffed with edibles. When Greenwood suggested we should call at a very respectable house, some distance ahead of us, which we were approaching by

a long slope of at least a mile, I forgot discipline and the example I ought to set, and in an evil hour assented.

We rode up to the gate and hallooed. A very nice looking girl came out. The lower part of her face was handsome, the rest we could not see, as she kept her large sun-bonnet drawn down most provokingly. She seemed extremely modest, answering merely in monosyllables and entirely too bashful to look us squarely in the face. She said no one was at home but herself and sister, but that if we could feed our horses they would do the best they could for us in the shape of dinner.

"Deuced pretty girl that," the Adjutant remarked, as we unsaddled our nags. "I'll be hanged if I don't make love to her, sure."

When we went to the house the girls were busily engaged, both with their sun-bonnets still on their heads, their long dresses sweeping the floor, and their sleeves drabbling in the dough, which I attributed to either an excessive modesty, or, in their hurry, not taking the time to roll them up as I had noticed housewives generally did when employed in the culinary line. We also remarked, with some surprise, their ignorance of where different articles were to be found—exploring a barrel of soft soap in search of brown sugar, and dipping into the lard keg for a measure of flour; but they explained it, as well as an occasional exhibition of bad temper, (the enunciation of unfeminine words,) by the fact, as they asserted it, that "Mammy did all the cooking and we don't know nothin' 'bout it no how."

They made havoc among the chickens, and added to them ham, sausage, dried beef, home-made cheese and choice preserves. Indeed, the dinner was a gorgeous affair, and we did ample justice to it.

Greenwood was as good as his word, during the meal, with softest and most languishing eyes he ogled the girl who first met us and afterwards he sidled up to her.

"What is your name, sweetheart?"

"Madeline," she answered in a sweet but somewhat constrained voice, "but they call me 'Mudgy,' for short." Greenwood looked at me with a grimace. "Don't you call me your sweetheart; what *do* you for? I hain't got none."

"Oh," says he, after the most approved Romeo style in the moonlight scene, "because I want you for my darling—won't you be?"

"I don't know," she replied, shyly, "I'll ask mammy."

"Bother mammy! talk to me about your own dear self."

"Oh, la! don't," she exclaimed suddenly. "How you scare me! durn it all, don't get so close to me."

But I could perceive that she had resigned her hand to him and he was engaged in vigorously squeezing it; and when he started to go, after quite a struggle, which I could not see but heard quite distinctly, he rewarded himself with several smacking kisses. Considering her previous demure deportment, I was somewhat scandalized at the unconcealed glee with which the taller sister witnessed these improper proceedings.

We were on our horses before we thought of the pay we ought to tender them for their hospitality, and the Adjutant returned to settle it if they would receive anything, which he very much doubted.

When he rejoined me his visage was rather blank.

"Why dang it," said he, "that cussed Muddy charged me seven dollars and a half."

"Did you pay it?"

"Yes; couldn't help it."

"Why?"

"I told her I thought it was too much. She whimpered and said she thought from our looks we were gentlemen enough to pay them after all the trouble we had caused them; that dad wouldn't like it if he knew it, and she didn't allow men to kiss her for nothing no how—and all such infernal foolishness; and I paid her to make her hold her tongue."

"She's a sharp one," I remarked.

"They are all alike," said the ungallant Greenwood, bitterly. "Confound the women; they never care a cent for a fellow only for what they can get out of him."

After reaching this profound and logical conclusion, we rode on.

About ten that night he and myself with several other officers were sitting around our camp-fire listening to his glowing recital of the pleasant adventure of the day, his enthusiastic description of the beauty of his rustic sweetheart, and the toothsome-ness of her cooking, but not a word of its cost, while Music stood by deeply interested and supplemented it by wishing to God he could get just one such dinner.

The laugh caused by this prosaic remark had hardly subsided when one of General Bowen's orderlies came up with an old gentleman.

"Some depredations were committed on this old man's property, which is near the route traveled by your regiment to-day, and the General desires you to investigate it."

I prided myself on being a strict disciplinarian and determined to probe the thing to the bottom.

"What is it?" I asked of the old man after he had warmed himself and taken a seat.

"Well, sir," said he, "me and my wife and daughters went to the big road to see the army pass, and while we were gone some of your fellows broke into my house, killed some of my chickens, mused up the sugar and lard and such things, and cooked a meal big enough for forty men."

"How much did they damage you?"

"*That* I can't tell. They spoiled two nice dresses of the girls. I suppose from the looks they put them on to cook in and didn't turn up the sleeves."

I looked at Greenwood; he had suddenly become very red in the face; the other officers smelled a rat of the biggest kind. Music abruptly departed.

"Where is your house situated?" I inquired.

"Just at the foot of the long slope three miles and a half back on the Clinton road," he answered.

I promised him that the matter should be carefully investigated and the offender brought to condign punishment.

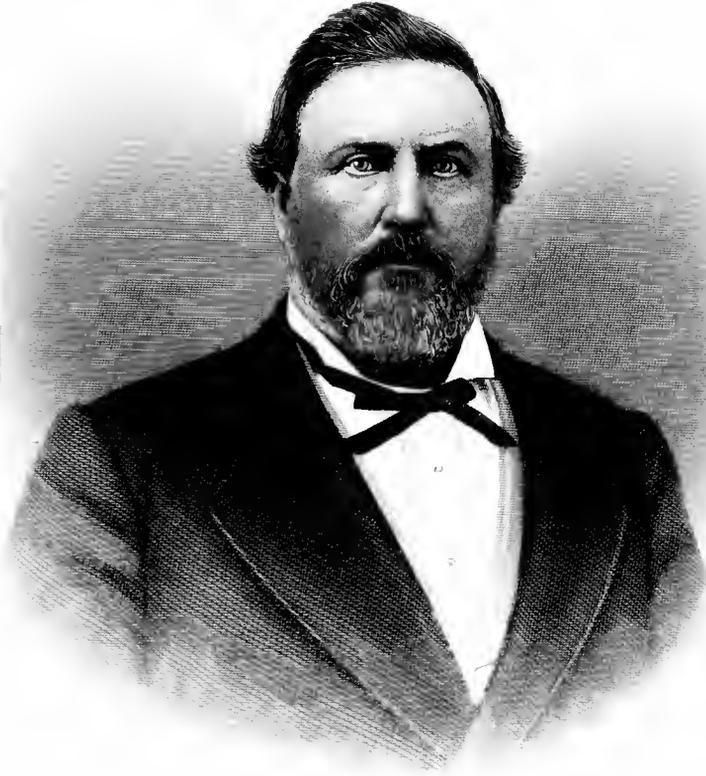
After the old man left I turned to the Adjutant, who was engaged in an intent study of the fire.

"I say, Greenwood, did you kiss that girl sure enough?"

"Go to h—!" he retorted savagely, and retired to his quarters, followed by roars of laughter.

I did investigate, but the offenders went unwhipped of justice. It was the rascally little Music who had personated the rustic beauty—from whom the amorous Adjutant had ravished a kiss at a cost of seven dollars and a half—and for some time it was a dangerous amusement to talk to Greenwood about it, or even so much as to say "Mudgy" in his hearing. His malevolence toward Music was remarkable remembering how affectionate he had once been; and when the little fellow, on drill a few days thereafter, in endeavoring to "order arms" dropped his musket on his toes and temporarily crippled himself, the Adjutant's delight was unmistakably manifested.

Leaving Greenwood in a rueful humor and Music disabled, my journal turns to a match parade that had been ordered to take place in presence of Generals Pemberton, Loring, Tighlman, Bowen and others.



Georgina d
J. M. Allen

My regiment was one of those selected, and we entered the contest with confidence in our success, for our men were so well drilled that they only obeyed those orders that were correctly given according to the Manual.

Captain Call was a tall, lank Southwest Missourian, a perfect gentleman, brave as a lion, but awkward as Ther-sites and utterly unable to familiarize himself with the mysteries of the drill ground. He had learned the Manual of Arms by rote and, give him time, he could put his company through all right; but let him become confused, his military knowledge departed from him, and his men, better posted than he, like disciplined soldiers, never helped him out.

A vast assemblage of spectators were present and Call became more nervous than he ever had been in the hottest fight. This was not improved when he endeavored to open his ranks for inspection.

He gave the command:

"Open ranks three paces to the rear, backward, march."

The whole company retreated three paces but still close together.

He finally got straightened out, but was yet excited, when the companies were thrown together and ordered to countermarch in close column on a fixed pivot.

His men performed the maneuver perfectly but he forgot to order "Halt," and they were too well drilled to stop without it.

He looked the picture of despair, shouted to them, but not the proper order, and they kept moving in quick time across the field and through the dense ranks of the spectators.

Finally the Captain started on the run to head them off, his long legs making remarkable time and his heavy sabre swinging and clattering around them, threatening every moment to trip him. He reached the front and cried, "Stop! stop! Darn it all, can't you stop!"

But they moved sturdily on until he happened to think of "Halt!" when the order was obeyed with precision.

This incident caused much amusement to outsiders, and much mortification to Greenwood, but it gave our men the prize. They exhibited the full excellence of drill and discipline; the officer it was who committed the blunder, and *that was a thing the gallant Call never did on the field of battle.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

GRAND GULF.

Would you teach her to love?
 For a time seem to rove,
 At first she may frown in a pet;
 But leave her awhile,
 She shortly will smile,
 And *then*, you may win your coquette.
 —[Byron.]

AS the world whirls over from west to east the gravitating attraction of things on its surface is inclined toward the Occident, our scientific *savans* tell us—and to so great an extent is this felt, that the cars on north and south railroads have a tendency to run off on the west side—while the great rivers flowing toward or from the regions of the equator and the pole, such as the Volga, the Lena, the Mackenzie, the Yenesei and the Mississippi, land their drift-wood upon, or dig away, their western banks. I mention this because it is *not* the case at Grand Gulf, which is, or was in former times, situated on the eastern shore.

Sweeping around the Big Horse-shoe Bend, in front of Vicksburg, trending thence toward the west, around another mighty curve and back again, the great river strikes the eastern bank with the full force of its resistless current in the "Gulf," which it has made so large that they call it "Grand."

In the years gone by, before steamboat smoke blackened the clouds, and when Mike Fink, flatboats and Indian-fighters floated down its broad breast, Grand Gulf was one of the important towns of the Mississippi. But alas! its glory has departed—the "Father of Waters" has gathered it to his bosom—the irresistible flow of the flood has swept the town and its houses away—driven its denizens back upon the land and is still plowing into the firm earth.

When we reached our camp near this place the prospects were good for lively times. Our batteries above and below had kept the Federal gunboats at a distance, but occasionally scouting parties had annoyed the quiet repose of the country side. On one alarm, my friend, Prof. Stark, a Kentuckian, and an eminent educator and *litterateur*, was possessed with a war-like mania, seized his musket and

joined the army of defense, consisting entirely of militia, and everybody being in command. Of course the news was all a mistake and, like the king's "Army in Flanders," they marched down the hill and then marched up again.

About midnight, tired and worn, in a drizzling rain, and too far from home to seek a haven there, the Professor wended his weary footsteps to friend McAlpine's house, who was an old acquaintance, and where he was sure of a welcome. Like the bird of evil omen, he gently tapped on the window, and McAlpine was apparently as badly scared as the dreaming poet.

By the dim light of the embers in the fire-place the visitor saw the burly form of his host as he sprang nimbly across the floor, his single long white garment fluttering out behind like the truce flag of a retreating army. grasp his double-barreled shot-gun, and with an ominous clicking, present it full in the face that was looking at him through the glass.

The sedate and learned Professor made an exceedingly lively retreat to the protection of a large oak tree some ten feet distant.

"Hallo, Mac! what is the matter?" he shouted.

"Who are you?"

"Why, I am Stark; don't you know me?"

"You may be Stark, but that's not Stark's voice; don't you try to come in here; I'll shoot, certain; too many robbers around."

The one was afraid to leave his tree or look from behind it for fear of the determined shot-gun, while the other kept himself strictly on the defensive, apprehensive of a surprise. And it was not until the Professor had been wet to the skin, his temper spoiled, and his martial ardor considerably cooled, that he could make McAlpine know him and open the door.

The ladies around Grand Gulf were pretty, far above the average, and we enjoyed ourselves among them as if no war was brooding over the land.

I had been out to dinner by invitation with the Misses Angelo, and on my return to camp was envied and complimented on my good luck. Being cynically inclined, I ascribed my popularity with the fair sex entirely to the stars on my collar.

Colonel Gazlay fired up. He was a handsome and a very gallant man, a devotee at the shrine of female beauty, and withal possessing a very fine opinion of his own powers of fascination.

"That's a slander, sir; an atrocious and inexcusable slander. Ladies of culture always appreciate a gentleman in whatever grade of life he may be," he said.

"It is well for *you* to talk, Colonel," I replied; "your rank carries you through. But try it as a private and you won't sail quite so high."

"But I will, though," he retorted, "I do not know the Angelos. I hear they are intelligent ladies, and I'll wager you a champagne supper for the crowd—the best we can get up—that I can go with you to visit them as a private, you may keep on your stars, and I will be treated with fully as much consideration as yourself."

"Done."

A couple of days after this I donned the best uniform I could parade, but when Gazlay appeared as my Orderly I seriously demurred to his "get up," and claimed it as a "foul" for him to ride so fine a horse and dress so well, although it was only the equipment of a private soldier.

But the congress of expectants, who were waiting for the supper, decided against me—that a private had a right to wash up and look clean once in a while, and I was forced to submit.

When we rode up to the house the young ladies were sitting on the piazza.

I threw my bridle-rein to Gazlay, and in a gruff tone that they could easily hear, said:

"Hitch my horse to that post, and be sure you make him safe."

"Look here," said the Colonel in a vicious undertone, "confound your infernal picture, don't you talk to me in that way; it ain't fair."

"You may come in, if you want to," I replied aloud.

"The d—l take your impudence," he muttered.

I was warmly welcomed by our charmers, was ceremoniously invited to a seat, and talked to incessantly, while a slight nod to my introduction of "Gazlay, my Orderly," and "take a seat, sir," was all the notice he received.

In vain did the gallant Colonel bring to bear all his wit and powers of fascination. Every remark was rewarded with a stare or with a shrug of pretty shoulders, while the ladies appeared to think he was much too forward and pert for "only a private."

Shortly the eldest sister, with her most engaging smile:

"Colonel, please to walk into dinner," and added, in a lower tone, but loud enough for Gazlay's ears: "Will your Orderly dine with you, or wait?"

"I will *wait*, madam," he replied, with emphasis, and crossed his legs as if he intended to wait till doomsday.

When we came out he was gone, and I indulged in an edifying homily on insubordination.

The champagne supper came off next evening, with immense *eclat*, although Colonel Gazlay was not in as good humor as an entertainer ought to be, and he persisted in the assertion that I had "poked" from the start. His efforts to be amusing were in themselves amusing, and almost bordered on the ludicrous.

A celebrated German Ambassador, of a gloomy turn of mind, was discovered by a visitor one morning jumping over the tables and chairs in his room, and turning vigorous summersaults on his bed.

"Why, what in the name of goodness are you doing?" the intruder asked.

"Trying to be lively," groaned the melancholy German.

This joke was shied at our host, who declared that nobody but a fool could perceive any wit in it.

The Misses Angelo soon learned of the scurvy trick I had been guilty of, and next time I went there made things uncomfortably hot for me. The sober truth of history compels me to add that they satisfied the handsome Colonel Gazlay that there was some mistake about it, and he was received in high favor while I was consigned to disgrace; or as the boys provokingly termed it, "cut out."

The unwearying kindness of the ladies of the South to the suffering soldier has never been exceeded in any war, but in their social relations they would not only have ceased to be true members of the great sisterhood, but would have falsified the Darwinian theory, had they not shown their preference for those animals of the male part of creation who were most gaudily arrayed with the tinsel of rank and power.

And yet how true and good they are and how susceptible their tender hearts to all the nobler impulses when suffering or misfortune claims their assistance!

The power of woman,
To all that are human,
Resembles the hurricane's conquering rush;
Her charms invincible,
Her will irresistible,
Reign by the sway of a smile and the rule of a blush.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A RACE WITH GUNBOATS.

Oh! had I but a little hut,
 That I might hide my head in,
 Where never guest might dare molest,
 Unwelcome or forbidden,
 I'd take the jokes of other folks,
 And mine should then succeed 'em;
 Nor would I chide a little pride,
 Nor heed a little freedom.

—[Crabbe.

GENERAL Bowen, who now commanded the Missouri Division, was a West Pointer and a martinet; his discipline was strict and inexorable. It made us soldiers but sometimes made soldiering irksome.

One evening the General came to my quarters and told me that Mrs. Pattieson, an old lady of great wealth and the owner of a large number of negroes, had preferred a serious complaint against our men for "raising Cain" among her "nigger quarters" every night, and I was ordered to take such steps as I thought most efficient to put a stop to it.

When far away from all the wholesome restraints of social life soldiers, although they may wear swords and carry commissions, are sad dogs. I was much perplexed in selecting a proper officer to take charge of so delicate an enterprise, and finally determined to send Captain Duncannon. He was one of our oldest company commanders, a most excellent leader, as brave a man as ever headed a charge, at home a prominent member of his church, and to the regiment a model in all things. He was not to be found, however, and I chose Captain Caniff, with his Irish company, whose fidelity to orders was almost proverbial.

The Captain was privately instructed, and about dark the men marched away toward the river, supposing they were detailed to unload a steamboat and grumbling at the ignominious nature of their mission.

When fairly out of sight of camp they were filed into a dense woods, where they rested until the moon rose and the Great Dipper in the north told eleven o'clock.

At a rapid pace they approached Mrs. Pattieson's "cabins," which were comprised in a row of six or eight log huts, in a valley between two considerable hills. The sight

was inspiring, each shanty was brilliantly lighted, the music of fiddle, guitar and banjo kept time to the thumping of many feet; comely saddle-colored girls were engaged therein and in passing around refreshments; the loud laugh and sharp halloo mingled with an occasional shrill "yip" that would have done credit to an Osage Indian war-dance, gave zest to the festive gathering.

Not long did the attacking party wait. Caniff deployed his men as skirmishers, with a reserve to take charge of the prisoners, and on the keen run they swept from cabin to cabin and "gobbled up" the gay Lotharios to the number of over sixty.

About two o'clock I was roused from my slumbers by an urgent message from Duncannon. I went to the guard-house, and, to my astonishment, there sat the portly Captain among the captives, crest-fallen, dejected and extremely penitent. Of course he was instantly released, and heartily laughed at as well as implicitly believed in his statement that he only went there to keep the boys straight. He never offended again and often earnestly avowed that never again would he try to keep anybody straight.

Our colored friends were always very troublesome. Passionately fond of music and parade, at every camp they crowded around us and would often become such trusty and true acquaintances as to forget all distinction betwixt *meum* and *tuum*.

This was the case with Uncle Josiah, who, one evening, brought some apples for free distribution, and thus ingratiated himself with the men to such an extent as to be allowed the freedom of our canvas city.

But he came to grief; he was discovered in the act, arraigned before me for manifold larcenies and prosecuted by an entire mess.

"What is your complaint?" I asked of his guards.

"Why, he stole nearly everything the mess had while we were out on dress parade."

They opened his bag and found a pair of boots, some shoes, three pipes, a couple of canteens, an old coat, three pair of pants, four belts, a skillet, a can of oysters, and sundry other things, all of which were identified by the owners.

There was a large crowd of "cullud gemmen" standing around, whose similar practices demanded an example.

"Well, Josiah, did you steal these things?"

"Fore God, massa," he replied, grinning, "I didn't know dey was in dar."

And all his kith and kin laughed long and loud, as if it was an excellent joke.

I sternly pronounced judgment.

“Josiah! this thing must be stopped. We have stood it as long as we can. There is but one way to break it up—you will have to be shot—and hereafter we will do the same by every nigger caught stealing in this camp.”

He showed his teeth from ear to ear, a little apprehensively, but only a little, as he was perfectly satisfied it would only turn out fun after all.

A dozen men were ordered out; he looked at them with a stupid smile as they went through with the manual of loading, until he saw the cartridges rammed home, not knowing they had bitten off the bullets, when he became alarmed and commenced begging for his life. The officer in charge was adamant, but finally relented so far as to give him a chance by a start of ten paces and a run for it.

At first he refused to start, his knees shook and his teeth chattered. The other darkies almost turned pale; nor could Josiah pick up the courage to make his race for life until it was pricked into him by a bayonet. When he did go it was with the speed of a race-horse and every shot increased it. His road was lined with a thousand men who pelted him with clods of dirt, each of which he felt to be a bullet. Two miles below us he tore through Maj. Wade's artillery camp, very nearly causing a stampede, and still exclaiming “Oh, Lordy!” at every jump.

We had no more thieving at that place; our tents were shunned by the sons of Africa as if they contained the voodoo charm; but next day, to my confusion, Miss Mary Parker, the beauty and heiress of all that region, came by in her carriage and told me that her curiosity had been fully aroused by the wonderful and terrible charges that her favorite servant, Josiah, had laid to our door; but she was much gratified that we had permanently cured him of his only failing.

On the 18th day of April, 1863, the little steamboat Charm disembarked us at Perkins' Landing, some twenty miles above Grand Gulf, on the west bank of the river.

The object of our expedition was to dislodge the enemy from a position they had taken on Lake St. Joseph, and to procure supplies.

The Perkins place had formerly been classed among the magnificent plantations of Louisiana. Facing the river, a stately grove fronted the fine farm that stretched away for

miles behind it on the level ground. The bare walls and towering chimneys of a palatial house only remained to tell the sad story of its former grandeur, and mark the footsteps of the rude invader, while vandal hands had destroyed the beautiful shrubbery and rare exotics, and overturned the broken statuary that now cumbered the gravelled walks.

Beneath ancient oaks, where for generations the light-hearted songs of joyous youth had kept time to the tunes of merry music, or age had paced with pensive wisdom, we pitched our tents.

After a day occupied by our scouts in reconnoitering and spent by us in wandering, like Volney, amid the still charming scenes of a ruined past, we prepared for our strategic movement.

In the bright moonshine of midnight we sallied forth, and after a three hours' march stood on the borders of a vast expanse of marsh over which the back-water of the swollen Mississippi extended for many a mile. The officers dismounted, the men trussed their haversacks and cartridge boxes upon their shoulders, and in we plunged. For two mortal hours we waded from knee to waist deep, floundering along as best we could, somewhat like Satan when

“He strikes the wild abyss of chaos,
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea nor good dry land,
Nigh foundered, on he fares
Treading the crude consistence,
Half on foot, half flying.”

Just at daybreak we struck solid ground and made a rush for the enemy's camp, with a shout that demoralized them and gave us an almost bloodless victory. As we could not surround them many escaped, but we captured a quantity of munitions that were invaluable to us.

We were hardly in our quarters and rested from this fatiguing exploit when our couriers came in hot haste to inform our commander that seven gunboats had passed the batteries of Vicksburg and were steaming down the river to intercept us.

In fifteen minutes we had struck camp and were in full march.

The sun beamed down in fierce splendor on the dusty road, but our brave infantry took a long, swinging, half-quick-step and kept it. We skirted Lake St. Joseph, which was unruffled even by a zephyr, and struck the river, up the current of which many an anxious eye was cast to dis-

cern the first sign of that fatal smoke which was to cut us off from the east side of the Mississippi and make us prisoners, or, what was nearly as bad, consign us for a season to the fetid swamps of Arkansas.

General Cockrell, in person, covered the rear and gave me charge of the retreat, which was not slackened by the distant booming of the guns—as we then supposed a fight with Cockrell, but afterwards learned it was the Federals shelling the woods and houses, thinking we must be abreast of them and deeming it simply impossible that we could be miles ahead.

At length the weary men were enlivened and their lagging strength renewed by shouts from the front, of “Grand Gulf,” and through the clouds of dust we could see the chimney-pipes of the Charm and her consort and beyond them, across the river, the tall flag-staff on the hill where our army was lying.

At the same time, “Here they come!” turned our attention to a couple of puffs of smoke around the opposite side of the Big Bend, lazily rising above the tops of the trees.

At double-quick and pell-mell the men rushed on the two boats, and none too soon. General Cockrell having joined us, all steam was put on; we plowed through the turbid current and while we were disembarking a couple of solid shots struck the water not fifty feet short of us. Our batteries opened and gave them a rough reception; for a few moments the din was bewildering, when they withdrew disappointed in their immediate object.

Our watches informed us that on this excessively hot day, our foot soldiers had marched twenty-two miles in less than six hours, and that night the noble fellows slept the sleep of wearied and exhausted men.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIGHTING ON THE RIVER.

Then was felt the storm of war:
 It had an earthquake's roar;
 It flashed upon the mountain bright,
 And smoked along the shore;
 It thunder'd in a dreaming ear,
 And up the soldier sprang;
 It mutter'd to a bold, true heart,
 And a warrior's harness rang.
 —[*Brainard.*]

LIKE the Ogre in the fairy tale, the great river had eaten up Grand Gulf, and left only a narrow strip of bottom land, backed by a high hill, at the foot of which we had dug our rifle-pits, and on its slope planted our batteries.

On the morning of the 28th of April, my regiment was ordered on picket duty, to fill and defend the entrenchments; but before we could reach them the enemy commenced shelling, and we were compelled to call a halt in a deep ravine, where we lay for six hours, while the shot and shell crashed and hurtled over our heads and among the tree-tops, with no harm to us save that occasioned by falling limbs.

The enemy had seven large gunboats in action, carrying sixty guns of the heaviest calibre, to which we could only oppose five and one field battery.

The boats formed themselves into a circle, around which they kept swinging, and by which arrangement they were enabled to keep up a constant discharge of four or five broadsides from two sides of the fiery ring. We lost but two men, besides the gallant Colonel William Wade, the commander of our light artillery—the result of useless exposure—our earthworks of sand proving a most admirable shield, and rendered stronger by every ball and fragment of shell that settled in them.

We were fortunate in disabling two vessels, which drew off to a respectful distance, apparently much crippled, if not entirely ruined.

It was, from first to last, the most terrific cannonading I ever heard. Incessant and deafening, it almost seemed as if the very earth rocked beneath the thundering discharges, and that armies must be slain from their fatal effects.

I crept up to the summit of the hill, and forgot my danger in the rugged grandeur of the scene. Huge shells would strike the surface of the high banks above our feeble batteries, explode, and cover guns and gunners with piles of sand, out of which the latter would work themselves like moles or gophers, and cheerily clear their pieces again for action.

One audacious vessel circumscribed its circle to a limit barely large enough to turn in, keeping close to our shore, and maintaining a constant fire. At length I saw a well-aimed shell from our largest gun—"Crazy Bet," they called her—tear through a central port-hole just as they raised its iron shield. There was silence for a few minutes as the uncouth monster drifted slowly down the river; then it began to emit black volumes of smoke, and steamed to the rear, amid the cheers of our men.

The rest of them soon followed; and what seemed the silence of death brooded over the water and the land. It was two P M. before I could assume my position in the breastworks, and we were hardly there before the Federal fleet came by with a rush, and, under a close fire on both sides, passed to a landing-place on Bayou Pierre, five miles below.

That night was a sleepless one for all of us who were on the watch, looking and waiting for another naval attack and listening to a low confusion of sounds, as if of a distant army marching, for well were we aware that it betokened the deadly conflict of the coming day.

As I lay there half-way dreaming, and gazed at the moon in the azure sky and the silent flow of the muddy waters, I thought of "Kubla Khan."

"Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid the tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war."

And then as I drew my breath, and the low rumblings swelled to a louder noise, Byron's stirring words recurred:

"Hark to the trump and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitudes hum,
And the clash and the shout, 'they come, they come!'"

The silver moon was riding high, the middle hour of night was nigh, when the firing of distant guns awakened the silent echoes and obscured the sleepy music of the

marching army that reached us in subdued cadences from over the river, when the ominous rattle of the long-roll was heard, and the battle cry of Bozarris rang over the corn-field :

“To arms! to arms! they come! they come! The Yankees are on us!”

With nervous haste the men were arranged in their long-drawn lines and prepared for the fray. A hasty march through tangled underbrush brought us near a forlorn little gunboat that had ascended a diminutive bayou and stuck fast in the mud. The little fellow, not much larger than a green turtle, had made a gallant fight of it, and it was this which had caused the false alarm. In no gentle humor we trudged the weary space back to camp, which we reached just before sunrise.

As the day appeared from the summit of the hill behind us, we could see across the big river, and far in the distance discovered the white wagon-tops, the glancing sheen of gun-barrels and bayonets, the flitting of flags, and the dark coats of long strings of infantrymen as they moved along under a cloud of dust towards the South.

Their boats had passed down and were awaiting them at the crossing, and it was evident that Grant was aiming to make a new movement for the capture of Vicksburg.

Farragut and Porter had made a joint attack during the previous year, expending twenty-five thousand shells; the enemy had attempted to work their war vessels through the tortuous and drift-filled channels of the Tallahatchie and Yazoo rivers; Sherman, in his land assault on the north, had been foiled with bloody defeat; Grant had tried to dig a canal across the isthmus opposite Vicksburg, leaving that city on dry land, and the Yankee engineers had endeavored to excavate a passage by way of Lake Providence, which was to change the bed of the Mississippi and turn its mighty current into the Atchafalaya on its strange and meandering journey to the Mexican Gulf.

But all these plans had come to grief; and the only way left was to make a *detour* through Louisiana, flank us on the south, and overwhelm us with superior numbers and main force. And this it was we were girding up our loins to prevent.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.

Ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve;
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left;
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented, stood in terrible array
Of hideous length.

—[*Milton.*

THE generous and open-handed hospitality of the people of Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity had utterly demoralized our soldiers. As far as discipline was concerned, it was as fatal to us as Padua to Hannibal's army.

Every private had his "home" and his circle of acquaintances, where he was always welcome; and to enable him to resort to it, every reason for a furlough, and every excuse for sickness that could be devised, was put forward with unblushing effrontery, failing which, they would desert for days at a time.

In vain was every penalty of the army regulations enforced. Officers might rage and storm, and put them to policing the camp, or on double guard duty, the evil remained unabated, and dress parades were but meagre affairs. The "old soldier" would pull the wool over the eyes of the doctors with their manifold ailments and excessive weaknesses; and that night, perhaps, walk miles to attend a party or a frolic.

But the punishment could not be severe, for whenever an alarm occurred, or a fight was in prospect, every man was at his post. It was a panacea for all the ills which baffled our best medical skill—the roar of Federal guns.

On the morning of the first day of May, 1863, the regiment was ordered out for action. Some of our little army of seven thousand men had been engaged since midnight, and we could distinctly hear the roll of musketry.

Adjutant Greenwood formed the battalions; and as I rode out, I asked him fretfully why he had lined them with the "Third." He smiled audibly.

A hundred men, all told, constituted the strength of our last parade; and before me were over three hundred and

fifty—the sick and lame and halt, the rheumatic and the infirm—not only those who had been “shamming,” but those really unfit for duty, had hobbled into line.

Could such men be punished?

The dying Saxe at Fontenoy, transported in his litter from point to point of the battle, did not exhibit more heroism than these sick soldiers.

It was early in the day when we moved through Port Gibson; and the noble people of the old town were up and out to cheer us to the contest.

Already it could be heard, the sounds at times almost dying away, as if it were the last breath of some struggling giant, and then, trebly thundering, the mingling echoes of cannon and musket “would swell the gale,” and we would hurry faster forward.

Soft-eyed women looked at us through their tears, and strong old men sobbed their farewells, knowing it was the last day for many of us.

The soldiers themselves were as gay as if repairing to a review. That character of bravery which is concealed beneath the festal robe of some gay Polemon, I believe to be not only more elastic, but much more reliable than that which adorns the stern austerities of a Xenocrates, or the gloomy virtues of some rigid Cato.

I remember thinking of Mirza's vision: What a blessed thing it was that each one of the throng of travelers that passed over the bridge was happy in the belief that the trap-door which was to let *him* through into the dark flood below was clear on toward the other end.

About two miles beyond the town we struck the unsightly hills that bristle all along this portion of the Mississippi, and climbing up and down one rugged acclivity after another, we at length came to a halt in an old corn-field in front of a thick canebreak and at the foot of a steep, cane-covered hill.

Here we lay for some hours waiting for orders and listening to the semi-circle of firing that appeared to be enlarging, as if about to enclose us completely.

Colonel Gause, with the “Third,” and my regiment, the Fifth, comprised our force; and we had almost concluded we were forgotten, and began to feel like Casabianca, on the “burning deck,” when we were suddenly and very disagreeably undeceived.

Bayou Pierre, a deep and turbid stream with impassable banks and partly filled by back-water, passes Port Gibson

from the east, and trending towards the south forms a junction with the Mississippi some miles below Grand Gulf. The bridge we had crossed on entering the town was the only means of passage over it.

Grant had landed his forty thousand men below its mouth and was now pushing up its banks to obtain possession of the bridge, and thus cut off our only means of retreat. This would be the first step towards, and perhaps result in the capture of the seven thousand men, which was the sum total of Bowen's command, and nearly all of whom were on the south side of the bayou.

Since midnight, when the attack commenced, the enemy had been steadily driving us back, and were confident that they would soon control the *point d'appui*.

About this stage of the game—about two o'clock in the evening—Generals Bowen and Cockrell both came to us, and in hearing of many of both regiments briefly explained the situation, and desired us to make a determined charge on the enemy's right flank, and divert their attention from their main object. If we could do this we would save the little army.

Accordingly, we were led through the cane-brake up a steep hill, and from the summit shown our foe, and told to "go at them." We did not, however, see all of them. The two hills seemed to be twins, and upon the top of the other, within easy range, was a bright and glistening field battery of eight brass guns, which immediately opened on us with destructive effect, plowing through the ranks in every direction with shot, shell and schrapnel. Between us was a valley, with a small stream meandering through its bottom and a few stunted trees and hardy bushes hanging over the shallow waters. On the opposite side a large Federal brigade was drawn up to receive us, with flags fluttering defiance, and the sheeny sunshine glittering on their bayonets and gun-barrels.

A charge at double-quick was ordered; and through the iron hail, with even alignment and the steady tread of the drill ground, the two regiments threw themselves into the stunted shrubbery and the bed of the little stream. Instead of one brigade, we now found that two confronted us—either one quadrupling our numbers—and the continuous roll of small guns was appalling, almost drowning the fierce discharge of the artillery.

The noise was so incessant that no orders could be heard; and the bullets flew so thick that hardly a leaf or twig was

left on the bare poles of what had been a diminutive forest when we entered it.

One of the enemy's brigades became disorganized and confused when we charged on them; shielding ourselves under the protection of the creek banks not ten feet distant from them, while they were on the open ground and suffered immensely from our fire, until they broke for shelter, leaving the other brigade still before us. The resounding echoes of the conflict extended to the extremest limits of the lines of both armies. Grant heard it and was astonished. He thought Loring's whole division from Vicksburg had struck his flank, and in hot haste he withdrew a large force from his left and hurried to reinforce his threatened right.

In the meantime, while he thought he was outflanked, we found that we had made a fatal mistake. That which General Bowen mistook for the right flank of the Federal army was near the centre of that wing; and soon after he had ordered our charge, he discovered their line stretching away for nearly a mile on our left, and rapidly closing around us.

The third courier only succeeded in reaching us to convey the order to retreat. We were willing to receive and act on it. We had often looked anxiously to the rear for help or for directions to withdraw.

By signs only could the "retreat" be *sounded*. Whilst we remained in the bed of the creek the foemen overshot us; but on the brow of the hill every inch of it was swept by both the artillery and the musketry; and there many a brave fellow was killed or wounded.

All semblance of organization was lost. The rush to the rear was active and speedy; and over the brow of the hill, for fifty feet sheer down, the two regiments tumbled, each man plowing his individual furrow through the cane-brake, to the sore distress of his person and his uniform.

At the very place where we lay so long in the corn-field, our flags were again unfolded and the rallying point established.

Out of three hundred and fifty men that went into the fight, we lost over one hundred. The remnant promptly rallied round the flag. Greenwood, our brave Adjutant, was left dead; and with him, many others had paid their last devoirs to duty.

Here we remained until near sundown, the enemy not seeming disposed to follow us up or push their advantage;

and their skirmishers, after a couple of attempts to *feel us*, were taught to keep at a proper distance.

We retired slowly, and with precision. Except that our ranks were thinner, and our battalions blood-stained, powder-grimed and dusty, the army presented the same gay appearance as in the morning. Some sober faces there were. An intimate messmate, or possibly a brother, left behind. But death is such a frequent visitor in the ranks of war that he becomes a familiar acquaintance.

The social festivities of Port Gibson had endeared it to us. The elegant hospitality of its people had constituted the place an oasis in the desert of our military career.

It was, therefore, with sad hearts that the remnants of our regiments slowly, and for the last time, marched through its streets. Again the terrified friends were out to greet us, with tearful eyes and pale faces, wishing us God speed, and apprehending the worst of fates in their own future.

We were compelled to abandon them to it, no matter how cruel that fate might be; and just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, red and ominous, its last lingering rays decking the church steeples and adorning the courthouse cupola, we turned from the last fond gaze at them, and plunged into the deepening shades of the woods that bordered the bayou.

King Boabdil, when he paused upon the summit of the adjoining hill to take his final look at the lofty towers of Granada, and the glittering colonnades of the Alhambra, could not have felt more sad than we.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BAYOU PIERRE.

Raptur'd, he quits each dozing sage,
 Oh, woman, for thy lovelier page;
 Sweet book, unlike the books of art,
 Whose errors are thy fairest part;
 In whom the dear errata column
 Is the best page in all the volume.

—[Moore.

THE night of this bloody day had set upon us before we were all defiled over the suspension bridge, to retain possession of which we had sacrificed all those valuable lives.

In the soft and loamy bottom land of the bayou we plunged our spades and shovels, and by 9 o'clock were safely ensconced behind parapets of spongy and reeking mud; and none too fast had we made the ditching tools fly, for before our defensive works were fully complete the shells were testing their strength, but the numerous explosions doing little more damage than to cover us with splashes of ooze and dirt.

At length this ceased; and the pale moon rose with a scared and troubled look on the two contending hosts, separated only by a narrow creek, lying on their arms and watching each other through the interstices of the sombre-colored foliage and underbrush. An occasional footman cautiously and rapidly picking his way among the fallen timber, and the powder-stained muzzles of a score or more of cannon lighted up by the faint glare of the burning bridge which we had fired, was all that could be seen of the twenty thousand men that were prepared to confront each other at the slightest alarm.

Since the sunrise no morsel of nourishment had passed my fevered lips. A scanty ration had been distributed to the men at a time when I was too busy to partake of it; and when word was passed to me in a whisper that I was wanted in the rear, and there found my true and faithful friend Mrs. Mattheytner, clothed in spotless white, accompanied by an old lady and an ebony son of Guinea, the latter staggering under a huge basket filled with every delicacy of an exquisite *cuisine*, I was more than delighted.

I hailed her advent with as much pleasure as did Abra-

ham the three angels that appeared to him on the plains of Mamre.

The officers of the regiment were silently summoned to a council of war; and as the waiter handed around the provisions and showed the whites of his eyes at the rapidity of consumption, it was evident that he had never been a soldier and fought all day on an empty stomach.

The white dress of my benefactress alarmed me. If seen fitting through the bushes it would bring upon her a fusillade of shells and bullets.

A squad of us arranged ourselves between her and the danger and escorted her, with due caution and ceremony, to the carriage.

An unworthy descendant of the stubborn animal that entered into that untimely argument with the prophet Balaam was standing near the path we were pursuing, and just as we passed him roared out with some of the most infernal music that ever affrighted a mortal's ears.

It came so suddenly and unexpectedly—without the slightest note of premonition—that at first we thought it must be a whole park of artillery belching its thunders at us.

I jumped three feet from the ground, the ladies stamped, the squad rushed madly after them, the mule, astonished at the commotion he had caused, broke loose and tore through the brush like a wild war-horse, and even the Yankees exhibited alarm at these unusual noises and added to them by the furious shelling that for some minutes sent the cold iron crashing all around us, but luckily without hurting any one.

I was thankful to hear the wheels of her vehicle clatter around a protecting hill, for Mrs. Mattheytner had that day encountered other dangers on my account.

She heard I was wounded and ventured to my rescue near enough to the battle to have the marks of a shell imprinted on the axle of her carriage.

Among my most pleasant recollections was her first invitation to a ride; my embarrassment in accepting it with all the regiment looking on, the cozy chat of mingled history and gossip, the moonlight return, the pleasant supper and the soft "good night."

She was a pronounced "rebel," with no mental reservations, under any circumstances.

After our retreat and the assumption of the Federal authority over the country, the slaves were for a time forced

to leave their homes *volens volens*; and delicately-raised, soft-fingered ladies were compelled to do their own cooking, chop the wood, milk the cows, feed the horses and do all the drudgery of the house and farm—the masters being in the Southern army and the “hands” hanging around the Union camp.

By female *finesse*, Mrs. Mattheytner had managed to keep her carriage and horses; and one day (having been for a week or two deprived of the precious feminine prerogative of shopping), a solitary soldier in blue came prowling around her house, and she determined to utilize him by pressing him into service. Disappearing for a few minutes, she returned to the portico fully equipped.

“My man,” said she, “I desire to go to Port Gibson, on business; will you drive for me?”

“No, I won’t,” he replied, brusquely. “I ain’t goin’ to drive for any secesh woman.”

“Look here!” she said, in a quick, sharp tone, showing him a revolver, “I presume you will; for as certain as you stand there, I will shoot you if you hesitate in obeying my orders. Your people have enticed my servants away, and you must supply their place to-day”

Her look was dangerous; he was alone and unarmed, and, with some mutterings about punishment for failing to return to camp in time to answer guard-call, preceded her to the stable, harnessed and hitched the team to the carriage, and mounted the box, with many sidelong glances at the shapely and nervous little finger that touched the trigger of the cocked pistol.

She took her seat; transacted her business at the various stores in town; met several Federal officers who were amused and thought it too good a thing to spoil, and returned safely home. Her enforced coachman, after taking care of the horses, was dismissed with such a gratuity as to put him in a good humor.

These things I heard afterwards.

When we parted on Bayou Pierre, it was with many a jest about a scare, and how a mule had routed us, and she proposed to bring me, next morning, a bowl of strawberries for breakfast. Alas! cruel fate decreed otherwise; for at four o’clock we cautiously moved out of our breast-works, and saw no more of our friends of Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, and the strawberries were left to be guzzled by foreign gullets, while her last words rang long in my ears:

“It is too hazardous,” I said, “for you to venture with-

in bullet range; you should be more careful when *your* safety is concerned."

"*Me* afraid!" and she laughed. "I am not the woman you take me for. Nothing frightens me."

"But a mule," I replied.

"Shut up!" she commanded; and I shut up.

The very words (except about the quadruped), I reflected, with which Laura reproved Petrarch for his impudence.

Afterwards, sitting under the defences at Vicksburg, digesting mule meat and beans, with the sounds of a battle raging all round, from center to circumference, ringing in my ears, and on the back of my *Rebel* newspaper, just printed on a fresh supply of wall-paper, and occasionally interrupted by an alarm, or stopping to dream of chicken salad and strawberries and cream, I wrote the following:

I.

Thou, bright spirit of my dreams,
With sylph-like form and face so fair,
Thine image on my mem'ry beams,
My muse for thee will love declare.

II.

Of't, when slumbers o'er me steal,
Methinks thyself I plainly see,
And at thy shrine do fondly kneel,
To pay my devoir as devotee.

III.

Is this vision a min'string spirit fair,
To guide my silent slumbers given,
And does it dwell beyond th' air—
Being .ot of earth, but heav'n?

IV.

The earthly one I happy know,
Who cheers with visit opportune,
In whose bosom, wreath'd in snow,
There's truth and love—naught of gloom.

V.

Whose heart, so really warm,
Is by every suff'ring moved,
Whilst every grace and every charm
Makes her by all beloved.

VI.

"Alone in crowds," for weary miles,
I'll think of thee as I roam,
And at each misfortune smile
Endured alone by me.

VII.

Aye! the sweet vision of basket and beauty,
 That lit up a dark'ning night,
 Has made it pleasure and a duty
 To write of thee, my Lady bright.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BAKER'S CREEK AND BIG BLACK.

From Port Gibson's hard-earned fight,
 To Champion Hill's embattled height,
 At early dawn of the coming light
 We rushed upon the foe.
 Tattered and torn those banners now,
 But not less proud each lofty brow,
 Untaught as yet to yield;
 With mien unblenched, unfaltering eye—
 Forward! where shrieking schrapnels fly,
 Flecking with smoke the azure sky
 O'er "Baker's" fated field.
 —[*Allston.*]

THE entire army under General Pemberton, except the watchful videttes and the yawning guards, were sunk in the most profound slumber; the cold night air played with tangled locks that for a week had been strangers to the comb, and no covering overspread us to deaden the sullen, booming sound of distant cannon that awakened us before daybreak of the 16th of May, 1863.

From the 2nd of the month we had experienced a most trying time—constantly on the march, fighting nearly every day, beating back more than five times our numbers, arrayed in line of battle at every cross-road, with no stated time for rest or refreshment, we slowly receded from Bayou Pierre and neared Vicksburg, where the final struggle was to take place.

A few days before, our worn, ragged and battle-stained heroes—the shattered remnants of Bowen's seven thousand, whose deeds had equaled the Anabasis of Xenophen's ten thousand, or the feats of Cæsar's Ninth Legion, and whose prowess had for sixteen days stayed the progress of Grant's grand army—marched through the shouting lines of Pemberton's soldiery who had come to meet us, and with whom we were now stretched out north and south, sleeping on our arms, in a line facing the foe.

Our hasty breakfast dispatched, we lay waiting until nine o'clock, when we were moved to an old, ridgy field, where we remained for five hours under a terrific cannonading. The men were compelled to prostrate themselves as prone as an Indian devotee before Juggernaut, the balls ricocheting not two feet over them, blinding them with dirt, burying them under clods of earth, and slaughtering most of our horses.

General Loring's command occupied the right, Bowen the center, and Stevenson the left. The latter, at two P. M., after half an hour of a continuous discharge of musketry, which rolled from end to end of their line like a succession of alarm-beats on a million of drums, began to give back, and we were ordered to move to their support.

The deafening crash of battle only served to invigorate our veterans, and at a brisk double-quick they rushed to the point of danger and conflict.

We met some Georgia and Tennessee troops who had broken, and were flying in wild confusion, and who dashed through our ranks without imparting their own alarm or disarranging our files. As we were moving with our left in front, we had to come "on left by file into line," a difficult maneuver that can only be appreciated by a tactician, and it was rendered still more hazardous by the fact that the enemy had just captured Waddell's battery, which had been left unsupported by the flight of its defenders, and at this moment opened a galling fire on the right flank of our unformed brigade.

Our brave men, however, stood firm; the unbroken line was rapidly perfected, and a movement in the face of the foe rendered successful which was almost as difficult to perform as the celebrated "oblique order" of Epaminondas, at Leuctra, or of Frederick the Great, at Leuthen.

Our regiments were not all yet deployed when the Federals charged us, and we met them by a fierce countercharge in an old orchard. The ground was contested inch by inch; but we drove them gradually back until we gained a mile or more.

During the time they were incessantly reinforced, and made repeated stands; when our nearest mounted officer would rush back for help, and, obtaining it, we would move ahead until stopped by fresh men on the other side.

While galloping down a steep hill, in search of the commander of a regiment that was lying idle in the rear of us, a Minie bullet struck my horse in the flank, carrying away

my scabbard, and sending me tumbling helplessly to the foot of the declivity.

Captain Duncannon picked me up for dead; but I soon found that to be a mistake; and on an old artillery horse, I mounted and hurried back with the idle regiment to help us. My second horse was soon shot also, to my great relief, as he was as rough "as a spur of Matterhorn;" and I took it afoot.

I found our brigade sorely pressed, as well as annoyed by that dread of the brave soldier, an enfilading fire of both musketry and artillery.

After a bitterly contested fight the cross-fire was silenced; and our labors had left us masters of the field as far as our own front was concerned.

Pat Monahan was a good soldier, correct in discipline, brave and unflinching in battle, and like the rest of our Irishmen, always sober when it was impossible to get enough whisky to get drunk on. To his other virtues he added humility, unbounded gratitude and dog-like fidelity. Miss Mary Sessions was a beautiful and most charming little girl, residing near Port Gibson. On many of my frequent visits at her mother's house, I had seen Pat sitting on the door-step or lounging in the shade of the well-kept shrubbery that adorned the yard, busily engaged in partaking of Miss Mary's bounty, which was always generous and freely given.

After our evacuation, we heard that some Yankee bummers had invaded her house at night, insulted her mother and herself, destroyed their clothing, drove their servants away, and violently torn from her finger, carrying the flesh with it, a diamond ring, the gift of her dead father.

When the news reached us, I overheard Pat's Celtic brogue, in deep, guttural tones, with many an oath, swearing direst vengeance.

Him now I saw somewhat in the rear—an unusual place for him—standing by the side of a wounded Federal officer, whether for robbery, or worse, I could not tell. Suddenly, with rapid strides, he darted away, and through a depression in the ground, approached a large log, which was being used as a shelter by a squad of the enemy's skirmishers.

Springing over it, he commenced striking right and left, with mad energy, while a thousand bullets, from both sides, whistled around him. His long hair streaming in the wind, the Herculean blows he made, and the Hibernian objurgations with which he accompanied each one, gave him the

appearance of being some avenging Milesian Nemesis, as, indeed, he was; for when he slowly returned, unharmed, I asked him:

“Pat, why did you leave the ranks and make such a fool charge by yourself?”

He turned his watery eyes mournfully toward me:

“Ah, Kurrenal, have *you* forgot poor Miss Mary?”

We were masters of the field in our front for a short time only, as inquiry developed the disagreeable fact that our ammunition had all been expended; not only each man's fifty rounds, but quite an additional supply, which we had taken from the cartridge-boxes of the enemy. Our ordnance stores were far in the rear, by us unattainable, and time began to press us; for they had brought up their whole army and were moving against both flanks and coming on our rear.

With slow and sullen dignity we retired, “violently case-shooting, if pricked in our rearward parts,” as Carlyle says of the Russians at Zorndoff, and, therefore, not much annoyed—our foemen, indeed, moving out of the way, so as to give us an unobstructed passage.

Our little regiment lost seventy-six men; and on foot with them—my third horse having just been wounded—I followed the road pointed out, which led us on a weary and disheartening march, subject to an incessant cannonade, from a parallel road, that scarcely excited the attention of our staggering soldiery. They were only aroused by an order to “charge to the rear,” which was promptly and fiercely executed, and taught the Federals to confine their respects to their big guns.

The midnight was near at hand when the men sank heavily to rest behind the breastworks which protected the bridge over the Big Black. Early in the morning, eyes weary and bloodshot, were opened to respond to a new alarm.

A heavy reconnoissance approached and was driven back. We lay quietly in the trenches, munching hard-tack and uncooked corned-beef, until about 10 o'clock, when the grand charge was made.

Our entrenchments were thrown up in the soft soil of the bottom land, shaped like a horse-shoe, with a heavy railroad embankment running through its center and covering two bridges, which constituted our only line of retreat.

The fight opened briskly, far away to our left, confined to muskets and Enfield rifles, and no attack made in our front. We were standing by our arms, idly waiting for something

to do, when we were thunderstruck at the receipt of an order to "retreat; we are flanked!"

Mounting the parapet, I could see through my glass the place where a Mississippi regiment had been stationed, swarming with blue-coats and hordes besides pouring over our defenses. We had been flanked, or, rather, our center pierced; were enfiladed both ways, and no alternative remained but to get away from there as fast as possible. In a jumbled crowd we rushed for the bridges. It was a regular *sauve-qui-peut* and devil take the hindmost.

I was still sorely disabled by the fall of my horse on the previous day, and unable to keep up, so that from necessity alone I was nearly the last of my regiment to reach the safe side.

I sat down behind a large tree—some sacred oak of Dodona, doubtless—and I do believe (I blush to own it) that I fainted away—swooned like a woman—for I was surprised to find a kind-looking Georgian bathing my face when I "came to," as the school-girls style it. And then the doctor came and fingered around my wrist, and conjured out my tongue; and the men gathered around, lifted me up, and carried me into a bomb-proof hollow, where they tenderly shoved me, feet foremost, as if I were a coffin, into a bier-like-looking ambulance.

And thus I went into Vicksburg, the last to cross the bridge, the first to enter the beleaguered city, but sleeping as soundly as if I were reposing on the "downy cushions soft" that Charles Wesley tells us of, instead of jolting over steep hills on the broken springs of a noisy "carryall."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
 From scores of flame-clad ships,
 And about us, denser, darker,
 Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
 'Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
 Like a type of doom and ire,
 Whence shot a thousand quiv'ring tongues
 Of fork'd and vengeful fire.

—[Hayne.

FROM Priam down to Palafox and Pemberton the sieges of cities have been important events in almost every war, and sometimes decisive in ultimate results. So it was with Vicksburg.

What General Pemberton's objects or intentions were in unwisely advancing his small command to meet Grant's forces in the open field, flushed as they were with the victories of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson and Jackson, we know not. But after suffering the discouraging disasters of Baker's Creek and Big Black, he retired behind his defenses, which he ought never to have left, with a weakened and somewhat dispirited but still glorious little army.

He appeased the loud and determined clamor against him by the brave declaration that he would only sell Vicksburg with his own life and that of every man in his command. And yet on the 4th of July, with an unbroken garrison, provisions still available, plenty of ammunition and his army in better spirits than when he entered the city, he submitted to an unconditional surrender, thus insuring the fall of Port Hudson, neutralizing General Taylor's remarkable victories on the Lower Mississippi and at Brashear City, uselessly stripping Charleston of troops, compelling General Bragg to abandon Middle Tennessee and giving the first staggering blow to the young Confederacy.

Vicksburg is situated on a tumultuous collection of sand hills, thus forming a most admirably defensible position. It overlooks a vast expanse of the great river and a mighty horse-shoe-shaped bend, upon the farther side of which, with a mile and a half of water and land intervening, the mortar-boats of Porter's bombard-fleet were planted, dropping into every part of the city, from over the clouds, huge

iron spheres that looked like big pot-ash kettles until they burst, when they behaved as one would imagine of an aerial powder-magazine.

Our breastworks consisted of hastily and irregularly constructed entrenchments, circling the other side of the city with the curve of a jagged crescent, but so badly engineered that in some places an enfilading fire would sweep us for regiments in length, and in others palings, loosely erected, would cause more damage from wooden splinters than could have resulted from iron balls.

I will not weary my readers with a detail of monotonous events during the entire forty-eight days of the siege, but confine myself to a sketch of such incidents as occur to me.

The 19th, 20th and 21st of May were characterized by grand and desperate charges around the entire line, easily repelled by us with little loss, but very fatal to the assailants.

After that they settled down to the regular form of siege-warfare, approaching, like moles, through the ground, in parallels, pushing their sharp-shooters to the front, who ensconced themselves in innumerable rifle-pits, and behind every stump and tree, and from the land-side kept up a constant discharge of hot shot, schrapnel, shell and grape, while "Porter's Bombs," from over the river, with hideous screeches, cleaved the upper air.

No safe place in all the corporation could be found except behind some of the parapets where the soldiers lay, and in the deep holes which the citizens burrowed in the sandy soil and occupied as residences; even some of these were invaded by unwelcome messengers, scattering death and destruction all around.

When we were "off duty," and gathered by our camp fires, the danger was as great, possibly greater, than in the trenches. On one occasion, Major Waddell and myself were sitting on the ground engaged at dinner. I leaned back for the purpose of extracting a tooth-pick from my pocket, just as a baby schrapnel came dancing over the hill, and glanced slightly against the Major's temple, but strong enough, for all that, to send him to a hospital-couch for a month. The little piece of "gray goose quill," occupied as it was in a different mission from that which Cowper contemplated, saved my life, for the ball pierced the place where my head, but for that, would have been.

My brave comrade, however, when I visited him, humorously congratulated himself on getting into drier quarters and among quieter sleepers.

On the day before, as a matter of both safety and comfort, the Major and myself had constructed, by excavation, a joint bed, and this, filled with leaves and covered with blankets, enabled us to slumber like kings.

Towards morning a heavy rain submerged us, of which I was totally unaware until vigorously punched by his elbow, with—

“Dang it all, lay still, won’t you! Every time you turn over you let in cold water.”

The Missouri Brigade was a “reserve;” that is, we were hastened to every point of danger and to every weak place in our lines as soon as that weakness was developed.

On the 25th of June and 21st of July, the Federals, at different points, having undermined our works, exploded the charges with which the mines were filled, and charged the breaches thus caused. Here we met them. One event duplicated the other—the artillery, musketry, and bursting of hand-grenades, united with the yells of the powder-grimed combatants, the cloudy pall of sulphur, smoke and dust hanging over the lurid glare of battle, constituted a scene of sublime and terrific grandeur.

The latter of these upheavals was like the sudden eruption of a volcano, elevating an immense quantity of sand, which sank back in the form of a crater, burying beneath the *debris* near a hundred of our men. Across the mouth of it was a space of some fifty feet; one side occupied by the enemy, the other by us. Both parties kept up an incessant firing of small arms, to prevent the other from occupying the fatal pit. No soldier could show himself above the surface of the parapet, under penalty of instant death. The fusillade was kept up by discharging the guns above their heads—of course without taking any aim.

At night we had a ditch dug through the wall of the crater, and, cautiously entering, found it vacant—ours by virtue of first occupation. Our conquest was of no avail unless we utilized it by discovering the exact position of the men on the other side, as a guide in the handling of our grenades. Crawling to the farther slope I jumped my head up with a quick movement, so as to obtain a bird’s-eye view, and allow no time to be aimed at. At the same moment, a Federal officer did the same thing, and we both ducked down with remarkable agility. Determined not to “give it up so,” I moved a few feet to the left. He seemed inspired by a similar impulse, moving the same distance to his right, and we simultaneously bobbed up and down to each other like two dancing-jacks.

"Halloo! old fellow," says I, "stick your head up again!"

"Nary time," he replied.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Lieut.-Colonel Clendenning, —th Illinois, commanding relief. Who are you?"

"Lieut.-Colonel B——, commanding relief on this side. Won't you shake hands?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, good-bye then."

"Good-bye; I'll call on you in a few days."

The glimpse I succeeded in obtaining enabled me to direct where a rampart grenade could be rolled among a whole company of sleeping Yankees; but I did not—"a little touch of nature makes us all of kin." Our friendly interview protected for that time the lives of those unconscious slumberers.

The day after the surrender I was lying in my tent in an exceedingly bad humor, when the clattering of horses' feet announced some visitors and an officer introduced himself and friends. It was my quondam acquaintance of the crater with an urgent invitation to dinner, which I could not but accept; and where we had a good time and "fought our battles o'er again" much more pleasantly than in the first instance.

Our men became considerably weakened by the kind of rations handed out to them—plenty in quantity but poor in quality—corn-bread, peas, and salted pork—accompanied, for rarity and health, with lean and meagre steaks of mule-meat which they declared to be "good, but tough, and warranted to last."

During all this time their courage and spirits remained unflagging; and none of those who did the hard fighting dreamed of surrender. Perhaps I ought to mention one exception, a Dutch preacher named Kreutsman.

I never believed much in presentiments. I did not think a special Providence worked in that way; but during this siege that theory was rudely refuted.

Kreutsman deserted; three times he was found skulking in the bottom of a deep ravine; on his fourth return, under guard, his company commander sternly ordered him into line and directed that he be shot on the least exhibition of cowardice.

In less than five minutes the fragment of a shell struck him and he had breathed his last.

Prior to that time he had never flinched. He told his messmates that he would be killed during the siege; and his captain, when it was over, almost felt as if he had been his murderer, although he could not have done otherwise.

I had an example of premonition of injury to myself, which was the more singular as, of all things, familiarity with danger breeds contempt for it. I remember with what carelessness, and as if it were a very ordinary occurrence, I saw four men engaged in a friendly game of "Seven-up" in the trenches, when a Minie bullet struck down one of them, and while a second ran for an ambulance corps, the other two moved their positions slightly, and seeking another partner, renewed their sport with unabated zest. This incident I deemed so trifling as to be hardly worthy of notice.

One morning, just before light, with my "relief" of two hundred men, I was climbing a steep hill to the ramparts, when a shell burst close to my head. The concussion knocked me over, and I rolled down the incline of soft sand, carrying three or four of the men with me. I was unhurt, but still stunned, when I reached the parapet, and took a seat behind it. Ere long, a strange feeling came over me that if I remained there I would be killed; I was seized by an almost irresistible impulse to change my position. I thought it was merely the result of the shaking-up I had received from the shell; laughed at, resisted, and finally obeyed the mysterious monitor. Sergeant Peck, one of my special friends, said:

"Colonel, are you going to leave? I will take your seat then."

"Don't do it, Peck; it's a dangerous place there." He smiled as he replied:

"Why, it's just about the safest spot in the lines."

I was ashamed to urge any more objections, and went around to a high embankment, where I stood a few minutes talking to Lieutenant Duncan, when the same feeling came over me. I took his arm and moved a few feet around a projecting corner, when a shell struck the very spot where we had been standing. At the same time, another explosion drew my attention to poor, gallant Peck, whose legs were both shattered, and he died next day.

What was it—Presentiment, Special Providence, the Guardian Angel of Spiritualism, Ormuzd, or Arhiman?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SURRENDER AND PAROLE.

Take down that banner, 'tis tattered;
 Broken in its shaft—and shattered;
 And the valiant hearts are scattered;
 O'er whom it floated high.
 Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it—
 Hard to think there's few to hold it—
 Hard that those who once unrolled it,
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

—[*Miss Dinnies.*]

BEAUTIFUL masses of clouds flecked the azure sky, through which the sun was sending down the fervid heat of a Southern July. The unceasing roar of the bombardment had almost become music to us, and lulled us in our very slumbers, so that when, on the 3d, a slight hush occurred, my attention was at once attracted.

To the right of me, a white handkerchief, attached to a ramrod, was fluttering in the breeze, and behind, grinly awaiting the result, stood Pemberton and his staff.

Soon silence settled on the scene; the "confusion worse confounded" that had prevailed all around the circle from the crescent to the river, gave place to a sweet, serene, quiet summer day—lovely with the slight haze of white smoke drifting slowly away. The blue tint of distant hills, and the far-off Louisiana woods, made all nature look pure and innocent; a picture of calm and holy repose, in which "man alone was vile;" the "sunny sky of vine-clad Italia," with the gloomy recesses of Borgia's damp dungeons and noisome cells underneath.

What a time it was for instilling the precepts of "Divine philosophy;" how the inquiring intellect could seek for similes and the treasures of ancient lore, and in his dreams of nymph or naiad, still prosecute his researches into the unexhausted wells of the Stagyrite or the golden fountains of Plato, forgetting the misfortunes of his lot, and extinguishing the hoarded enthusiasm of his soul for the lost opportunities of the sinking but yet buoyant and hopeful cause.

For forty-eight days we had been fighting, and hardly caught a glimpse of each other, save hurriedly and beneath the black smoke of a charge or the rush of a retreat.

Now the two armies stood up and gazed at each other with wondering eyes.

Winding around the crests of hills—in ditches and trenches hitherto undreamed of by us—one long line after another started into view, looking like huge blue snakes coiling around the ill-fated city.

They were amazed at the paucity of our numbers; we were astonished at the vastness of theirs.

The magic touch of Ithuriel's spear caused Satan, when "squat like a toad" in Paradise, to assume his true and gigantic stature; so this slight linen appurtenance of Pember-ton's Adjutant brought to view the anaconda that was encircling us within its capacious folds.

We recognized acquaintances and fellow-countrymen in the opposing host; and as I recalled the friendships of olden days, I remembered that sentence in the aerial invocation of Volney's Genius of the Ruins: "What accents of madness strike my ear? what blind and perverse delirium disorders the spirits of the nation?"

Their parallels, in many places, had been pushed to within twenty feet of us. Conversation was easy, and while the leaders were in consultation, the men engaged in the truly national occupation of "swapping" whatever our poor boys could muster to stake a "dicker" on for coffee, sugar and whisky.

None supposed the result of the official interview would be the striking of our gallant flag, and when that *was* known, the curses of our men were both loud and deep.

On the Fourth of July, like the funeral *cortege* of some renowned chieftain, our Brigade moved out of our battered defenses, stacked arms, and laid across them the battle-scarred banners that "had flitted as they were borne" through an hundred fights.

Dismissing the regiment, I rode into the city to see the vast Federal fleet come down to the landing, with pinions and streamers fluttering, and blaring music and blowing whistles, evidently in gayer spirits than we were.

When returning to camp I was politely accosted by an officer in blue, who overtook me. We had some conversation, chiefly complimentary, on his part, to the stubborn bravery of our troops, when, noticing that a large staff followed him, which I had not observed before, as the road was crowded with equestrians, I looked at him closely and found it was General Grant himself, the accidental hero of the hour.

Shortly after separating from him, I came across quite a crowd of soldiers from both armies, gathered around a "Yank" and a "Reb," who were engaged in testing their muscles.

The utmost impartiality was observed; and the "Reb" whipped his opponent, amid the cheers of the entire party.

The next day I took occasion to measure the distance an Enfield rifle will send its fatal messenger. We had a camel in our army, one of those "ships of the desert" imported under President Polk, a quiet, peaceable fellow, and a general favorite. We supposed no harm could come to him unless by accident, and allowed him to browse around at large. During the last days of the siege, he was grazing the stunted verdure on a hill behind my regiment, when he was pierced by several bullets at one discharge, and fell with a piteous, almost human moan, to expire in a strange land far from the "help of Islam."

All who saw it were highly incensed at this useless cruelty, and I was endeavoring to discover, through my field-glass, the perpetrators of the deed, when I saw a Federal officer standing in front of a patch of woods, so distant that with the naked eye only a dark line could be seen—no semblance of the human form. He, too, was using a large lorgnette, I waved my sword, and then my handkerchief, to both of which he responded.

Shortly I noticed a little puff of smoke by his side, and could have dodged the shot, as we frequently did from long ranges; but in this instance the distance was so great that I apprehended no danger and stood firm.

The bullet passed my head, however, and plumped into the bank at my back with a *sip*.

This was treachery of the worst kind, almost equal to the violation of a truce. Without changing my attitude, I called six of our best sharpshooters, directed their attention to the thin, dark line against the woods, and they fired simultaneously; I saw him throw up his arms and fall.

The distance measured eleven hundred yards; the man was Major of an Iowa regiment. I refused to hear his name, and was rejoiced to learn that he had been severely wounded, but was convalescent.

On the 9th of July, our paroling having been completed, we started on our march for Demopolis, where we were to go into camp to remain until exchanged.

Corn-bread, mule-meat, black-eyed peas, and a month's sickness had reduced my weight by forty pounds, so that I

looked as lank, lean and hungry as Cassius, and was apparently debilitated to that extent that when I reached Raymond, where my friend, Dr. De Sautes, was in charge of the hospital, he received me with open arms, but could not conceal his tears. He was an inveterate joker, as was most villainously developed at supper. He took me out to Mrs. Fontain's, a most loquacious talker, possessing three pretty daughters, and a reputation for meals that were of the very best, to which my condition made promise of ample justice being done. Indeed, I felt like the poet Young's model statesmen, who did

"Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is—to dine."

But De Sautes, the rascal, had privately, and in mysterious confidence, told our hostess that he was much alarmed about me; that I was just out of Vicksburg, nearly starved, and unless closely watched and rigidly curbed in my appetite, would eat too much—to my mortal injury. His caution was fully justified by my haggard appearance.

Accordingly, Mrs. Fontain supplied my plate with the most infinitesimal quantities; and every time I would extend it, and, like Oliver Twist, ask for more, was met with—

"Now, Colonel, *don't eat so much*; it will be the death of you!"

The girls blushed in confusion, I flushed in anger, and the doctor was unable to suppress his risibilities.

Then and there I swore vengeance, and it came, although somewhat tardily.

A month or two had passed; we were in camp at Demopolis, and De Sautes was hopelessly smitten with the surpassing charms of Miss Ada Alvarez.

I was biding my time, and it had come.

One day, in passing, I called, and as I arose to leave, I asked—

"Miss Ada, how are you and Dr. De Sautes getting along?"

"Oh, very well," she replied, with a blush and a smile so sweet.

I assumed a grave and sorrowful face.

"I conceive it to be the discharge of an imperative duty—have you—ahem—have you—ever known him prior to this time?"

"No, sir. Why do you ask?" she demanded sharply, with the look of a startled fawn.

"The next time you see him inquire how his wife is."

"The scoundrel! the atrocious villain!" said she, vehemently, as she burst from the room.

I placidly returned to camp, filled my pipe, and smoked the smoke of peace.

That evening the doctor, in his blandest mood and most stunning outfit, ordered his horse and gently ambled towards town.

Hardly half an hour elapsed ere he returned in a reckless gallop, savagely called his servant to take his steed, and quickly disappeared behind the curtains of his tent.

I sauntered in. He was lying on a lounge with his face buried in the pillow—the very type of a masculine Niobe.

"Doctor, what is the matter; are you sick?" I mildly inquired.

He sprang to his feet as if a bullet had struck him and confronted me with the gesture of an enraged athlete.

"Col. B—, I believe you did it; and if you did, by the gods, I'll hold you to account!"

"Did what? What in the mischief is the matter?" I asked, calmly.

"Matter?" said he; "*matter!* There is matter *enough*. I went to see Miss Ada; she came into the room and addressed me with, 'Dr. De Sautes, I always took you to be a gentleman and received you as such, but I find you are a villain (boo-hoo); you have deceived me; oh! you must never come here again—*there!*' and she cried, d—n it all; yes sir, she actually shed pearly tears like a Peri, and swept out of my sight with all the majesty of a queen."

"Well, doctor, if you will keep your temper and behave like a man I will go up and see what is the matter."

"I'll try," he answered, meekly, although he glowered at me like a Giaour.

I called again; Miss Ada's eyes were red with recent weeping.

"What is the trouble between you and the doctor?"

"You know," she replied, tartly.

"No I don't!"

"Yes you *do*. Did you not tell me he was married?—*there!*"

"Never told you any such a thing in all my life."

"What!" she shrieked, sharply; "what was it you *did* tell me, then?"

"Dr. De Sautes," I replied, rising to my feet and edging towards the entrance, "Dr. De Sautes never has been married and never will be until he marries you. I only told

you—and it *was* a good joke—to ask him how his wife was.”

I made a rush for the door and reached it just in time to escape the consequences.

The doctor paid another visit and returned in the best of humors.

Their lovely children are now beginning to get old enough to cackle at the story, and attribute their existence to Mrs. Fontain's good supper that I did not eat, and little Alvarez De Sautes thinks that, take it all in all, it was the “doodest doke as ever was.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MARCHING TO MARENGO.

Pleasure's the only noble end
 To which all human powers should tend;
 And virtue gives her heavenly lore
 But to make pleasure please us more;
 Wisdom and she are both design'd
 To make the senses more refined,
 That man might revel, free from cloying,
 Then most a sage when most enjoying.
 —[*Moere.*]

THE “Cane-brake” is claimed by its denizens to be the richest part of all creation—equal, if not superior, to that paradise dreamed of by Phelan O'Shaughnessey, where the apples were all Genetins, and the whisky pure Bourbon.

Marengo county, Alabama, is a portion of the Cane-brake. Demopolis is in Marengo county, and its ladies, reared amidst sugar-cane and Muscovedo molasses, are everything that might be expected of them, on the score of sweetness.

There is a military flavor about the place which is in accord with its legends of early settlement, it being comparatively a new country, and the home of a colony of Napoleon's veterans, who left *La Belle Francais* at the Restoration.

Thither we were marching in the last days of July; and

when we arrived, and had established our nominal camp, I obtained board at a vivacious little Frenchwoman's, who claimed to be the niece of a Marshal of the Empire. Certainly her roast beef was equal to the best of old England, and worthy of the Gallic *cuisine*.

As we had nothing to do, everybody was getting furloughs; and one was tendered me, which I accepted, and went to Mobile to renew my former pleasant friendships in that gay and festive city.

The physician—good and thoughtful that he was—recommended me a residence, for recuperation, on the “east-shore” of Mobile bay.

At a long hotel, stretching along the edge of the salt water, owned by Mr. Short, I found it—and was recuperated.

It was delicious—the swashing of the waters, the cool sea-breeze, just enough mosquitoes to keep a fellow lively, the pleasant walks, the long hunts, the lobster-fishing, the music and entertaining company, the sweet smiles of winsome women, the evening siesta, and the oysters and ladies, dressed in every style for supper. A most decided contrast to the sights and scenes of our “late lamented Vicksburg.”

Lieutenant Clumpf (Phœbus! what a name), myself, and some others, were out on our daily fishing excursion, when some of the party fell overboard. They unkindly revenged themselves by pitching the rest of us into the water, which was rather rough on me, as I was on the surgeon's sick-list, and expected, although not much requiring, the tender treatment of the invalid.

From the door of the hotel to the pier—some two hundred yards or more—ran an inclined, wooden railway over the shallow water, used for the transportation of passengers and baggage to the steamboats.

I beguiled the party, with many knowing looks and softly-worded invitations, on the car, seized the brake, managing to retain possession, as we sped with increasing rapidity down the incline, until we struck the buffer, and all the company were neatly dumped into the bay. I regret to add that, owing to some miscalculation on my part, in overestimating the power of the brake, the unruly vehicle jumped the buffer and sent me flying, in spread-eagle attitude, farther than any of the rest.

These innocent pleasures were soon ended, but greater ones awaited me on my return.

I sought a home at Mr. Lipscomb's; and there were passed the happiest hours I saw during the war.

The first evening of my stay, I was sitting out of doors beneath the parlor window, when I heard a sweet voice inside, to another that was accompanying the music of the piano:

"Where is the Colonel?"

"Walked away with pa."

"Nice; ain't he?"

"You needn't say anything. I've set my cap for him."

"Too late, sis; didn't you hear how softly he talked to me at supper?"

And the mischievous minxes laughed merrily. I put my head in at the window:

"Thank you very much, ladies. I am in the market!"

Two little screams, a flash of crinoline, and they were gone, with a slam of the door.

The next morning I walked into breakfast feeling particularly good. I rubbed my hands with some self-satisfaction, and thought how splendid it was to be good-looking.

"Good morning, ladies," (in my blandest manner).

"Why," jerked out the elder, in a sharp, emphatic manner, "you did not think we were talking about you last evening, I hope—did you? you great big, ugly old thing, you!"

There was not a particle of starch left in me. To restore the equilibrium of conversation, I turned my attention to the coffee. The strictness of the blockade had rendered this article very scarce; and good housewives, among whom Mrs. Lipscomb was pre-eminent, eked out the deficiency with such substitutes as ochra, barley, burnt-bread, and roasted-corn. I sipped from my cup most knowingly, and remarked:

"I declare, madam, your sham-coffee is nearly as good as if made from the genuine berry."

She bridled up as she replied:

"It *is* genuine, sir."

At supper, to cover my retreat and reinstate myself in her good opinion:

"What a fool I was not to know that this was no sham-coffee, but the pure article itself."

"*This* is the substitute," she said, smilingly, "with not a grain of coffee in it."

I early in life became an adept in that most approved method of earning a woman's esteem; that is, by relishing what she prepares for you to eat; and I shield myself behind the story of the old Greek: I believe it was Anaxagoras.

Eating at a king's table, one day, and busily engaged in picking out and consuming the greatest delicacies, a courtier disdainfully remarked to him :

"How does it happen that you sages are so fond of the pleasures of the culinary art?"

"Because," the philosopher coolly replied, reaching over for another dish, "we do not think it right to leave all the good things for the fools."

The tutor of Pericles unquestionably possessed a level head; and the Hibernian, Moore, unconsciously indorses him in the verse at the head of this chapter.

Pic-nics, parties, rides, chestnut-hunts, and funerals served to speed the time away most pleasantly.

At one of the latter—the obsequies of a baby—which we attended, Mrs. Curry was shocked because the old ladies

"Called for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;"

And Miss Annie was perfectly horrified, upon asking me what I thought of the funeral, and my assurance that—

"I enjoyed it very much indeed."

To borrow Rip Van Winkle's famous toast and apply it to my friends, "May that family live long and prosper," for none more worthy can be found in all Alabama.

Those ladies—"Little Sissie" not forgotten—well merit the poetic invocation :

"Ah! woman, in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own."

On my long-deferred return to camp I found a revival—inaugurated by Rev. Mr. Longueprech—arousing the active sympathies of our grizzled veterans.

Col. Pipekla, who commanded one of our best regiments, was a strict disciplinarian, emulous of its appearance and conduct and entertaining a thorough contempt for the Mississippi "conscripts" with whom we had lately been much associated.

One day the Rev. Mr. Longueprech, who was a very enthusiastic chaplain, called on him.

"Colonel," says he "you have a very fine regiment."

"Yes. I am quite proud of it."

“But, Colonel,” urged the preacher, “do you pay enough attention to their spiritual wants?”

“Well—I don’t know,” Pipekla slowly responded, scratching his head in sore doubt whether religion or “old Rye” was referred to. “Why do you ask, parson?”

“Because there is a glorious revival going on in Colonel Mordant’s—th Mississippi, and yesterday ten of his men were baptized.”

“Adjutant!” yelled the Colonel, excitedly, in his fine, shrill, womanish voice, “detail *fifteen* men for baptism *immediately*. I’ll be hanged if I intend to be beaten by any Mississippi conscripts that ever carried a flag.”

Mr. Longueprech was infinitely disgusted; and in his next sermon held up the wicked Pipekla as an example to all evil-doers.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CAPITAL.

Proud were our men; as pride of birth could render;
 As violets, our women pure and tender;
 And we had graves that covered more of glory
 Than ever tracked Tradition’s ancient story:
 And in the warp we wove the thread
 Of principles, for which had bled
 And suffered long, our own immortal dead.

—[Lucas.

ON the summit of Shochoe Hill stands Washington’s stately monument with its bronze right hand eternally pointing towards the land of the “Sunny South,” which in life he loved so well. At its foot runs Bacon’s creek, upon the verdant banks of which that other and first great Virginia rebel, the noble, true-hearted and chivalrous Nathaniel Bacon, breathed his last, leaving the Baronet Berkeley to tax at will an unprotected people. And between the two (I mean the summit and the creek), was my residence during twenty stirring months. My gallant regiment had been reduced to a mere handful of men and consolidated with two others; and I was ordered to Richmond to perform the more important duties pertaining to the reception and command of all exchanged Missouri troops.

The Capital of the budding Confederacy was as gay and sparkling as if no hostile armies were preying on its vitals and rapidly gnawing away its very existence as a nation.

Even when the siege-guns of Grant's investing army were heard booming every minute, the clangor did not seem to pall their pleasures in the least, but they continued to dance and frolic on to the very bitter end, with all the joyous exhilaration of the doomed inmates of the Concierge.

Its women are justly noted for their beauty and the possession of every charm and every grace, and they were, withal, intensely loyal to the South, and as true to their suffering section as the load-stone to the Polar star.

And yet, amid all the bright scenes of social life, the gloom that enshrouded the land would often cloud their spirits and intrude itself as unbidden as *Farinata's* skeleton.

The light of king cotton grew dim in the closing days of '63.

That year had been great with mighty events; and our Missouri Brigade had been no ignoble participants. Like rugged mountains, looming through the eddying mists of an Alpine Valley, stand forth the stricken fields of our bloodiest battles, and on three several occasions our command had lost more than half its men.

The Southern people mourned for its best and bravest. Price had been driven to Southern Arkansas, the Federals were at Brownsville, Vicksburg was fallen, and Mississippi overrun, Bragg retired from Tuscaloosa, and sheltering his shattered army around Dalton, Lee fallen back to the Rapidan, Charleston beleaguered for half a year, and Sumter in ruins, Morgan a prisoner, Jackson dead, the exchange of prisoners stopped, European intervention, as an idea, abandoned, our iron-clads shut up in English harbors, by orders of the English Government, the whole world frowning on us, * * it seemed, indeed, that we surely had filled the catalogue of a nation's woes.

But few cheering items can be deciphered from the hieroglyphics of my diurnal record.

"Magruder is holding Texas, Green and Taylor are driving the Federals from Louisiana, and the gallant Semmes, with the prow of his Alabama ever pointing towards the Yankee merchantmen, is driving their marine from the ocean." Merely this, and nothing more

I perceive that I indulged in another prophecy; I thought I was done with that sort of thing, but here is how I emulated Isaiah and Elijah:

There are times which enter into the records of history—the events with which we are concerned as daily actors will make deep marks in the “channeled steeps of time”—the figures written at the top of this journal (1864) will constitute tall land-marks in the annals of the human race, as does 1011, 1688, 1775, and 1794.

The powers of the Old World can, for a time, still sway its destinies; but the nation that was Queen of the Occident has exhibited such vast strength and unlimited resources as to astonish the remaining spectators of the Napoleonic campaigns.

And when the young Republic shall have achieved her independence—with her great capabilities; with her grand but undeveloped agricultural riches; with her Mexican Gulf around which she can establish a maritime power equal to that of half Europe combined; with her cotton, her rice, her sugar, and all the boundless productions of fertile Savannahs over which the fragrant magnolia scatters its soft perfumes; with her wealth, her genius, and her industry she will assume such a position as to contend for a foremost rank among the sisterhood of nations and advance to the van of civilization; *therefore*, the year which finally accomplishes her disinthralment will be a well-remembered one in the folios of chronology, or in her ruin she will

“Find no generous friend, no pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.”

Viewed in the back-glancing light of ten years this sounds more like twaddle than truthful prophesying; and yet the grain of truth in the latter part, the faint prescience of coming failure that glimmers in its lines, may serve to save it from contempt.

The dawning hour of this to-be-eventful year found me bowling along on a dilapidated railroad in North Carolina, in company with one of the most charming of my war friends, Miss Annie Capron.

In common with many elegant ladies she was a clerk in the Treasury Department, and had been to Columbia. I was returning from Savannah.

Through her veins bounded the bluest blood of old Virginia, closely allied with Admiral Farragut on one side, and on the other, to some of the leading minds of the South.

Reared in the most affluent luxury, blessed with an exceptional education, reduced to poverty and left an orphan by the war, she was still too proud to receive the benefactions of charity and only asked for a position where she could support herself.

She is as typical a Southern woman as I ever met. To this day, intense in her sympathies, she could see no good on "the other side," until the great Democratic revolution of '74 in the North warmed her true heart towards our Northern friends, and for the first time since '61 the "dear old flag" waves over her.

Since the war I was walking with her in one of the Washington parks; she was vehemently declaiming against the *idea* of Grant being President—a successor of Jefferson and Monroe—wearing the mantle of Jackson—and frequently in a condition unfit for business.

We met a gentleman, trim, well-dressed, and healthy in appearance.

As we bowed and passed:

"Look at him. Did I not tell you so? What a precious President!"

"I must confess, though," I replied, "that he is about the soberest-looking man I have met in this city."

She pouted and declared that I, like Longstreet and Mosby, was becoming untrue to my section.

Upon closer acquaintance with Grant's relations, however, she materially changed her opinion of him—to such an extent as to assert that he was a much abler man than people gave him credit for being; and she seriously demurred to my remark and joined issue on it that the President obtained his wisdom like Abu Zeid al Hassan says oysters get their pearls—that is, *by gaping*.

I once introduced to her Captain Lanagin, an adjutant of "ours," and a quick-tempered, sensitive, belligerent little Irishman. Miss Capron seldom attended the theater; but upon the occasion referred to we went to hear "Norma," and in the pit was Lanagin.

A great favorite with the Richmond b'hoys (the gods of the gallery) was Banker, and Banker sang "Lanagin's Ball" to perfection. Of this, the little adjutant, being on his first visit to the Capital, was in blissful and profound ignorance. Between the acts, while the bold Captain was pensively ogling the ladies, some one shouted:

"Lanagin!" and he started as if a pin had stuck him.

The cry was responded to from the other side of the house; he looked angrily and fiercely in that direction.

The call became general, and the Captain furious. At length the fellow sitting next to him yelled "Lanagin!" at the top of his voice.

"You're a liar!" shrieked the irate little Irishman, as he

struck out straight from the shoulder, and hitting the astonished votary of Thalia (twice his own size) between the eyes, sent him rolling under the seats. The confusion that ensued for a short time was worse than Bedlam let loose; but when order was restored, the combatants had been made to understand the mistake, and no one being hurt, were shaking hands and making friends. My fair companion's amusement could no longer be restrained. She most keenly appreciated the humor of this unexpected *contre-temps*.

"The *idea!* how perfectly absurd it is; Massachusetts become Democratic, and South Carolina turned Radical. It's as ludicrous as 'Lanagin's Ball.'"

I was soon fully installed in my office and business. Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War, a thin, pale, fragile old man, gave me orders. My landlady kindly put my board down to \$480 a month (my pay was \$1,100), and Colonel McCrea-ry, who had charge of Kentucky interests, and between whom and myself sprang up a sharp feeling of friendly emulation, managed to keep me busy

To me—although my official position was the most important and responsible that I had held during the war—it was an exchange of Cuba for Labrador—from Saguntum to Padua—warm rooms, feather beds, daily papers, hot waffles and broiled steak, for smoky tents, musty blankets, no news, salted pork, corn-dodgers and hard marching on bottomless roads.

Occasional alarms would thrill the city like electric flashes, and serve as a fund for the amusement of the next social gathering, or a telling *bon mot* at the Varieties.

On the 2d of March Kilpatrick fought his way to within two miles of the State House, where Congress was sitting, exciting infinite alarm, while Sherman's march from Vicksburg, to thinking men, presaged a coming storm.

From the impending tumult, gleams of light were sent athwart the gloom by Finnegan's fight in Florida, and by the affairs of Olusta, Okolona, Shreveport, Fort Pillow, and Banks' defeat.

Conflicting news came thick and fast; at one moment as pleasing as if brought by the wings of the fair-haired maidens of Hesiod; at the next, as disgusting as if imported by those filthy Harpies that stole the food of blind Phineus.

"—————Ay! now, the soul of battle is abroad;
It burns upon the air! The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes—the proud white foam
Of battle's roaring billows."

CHAPTER XLI.

SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
 With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
 Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin with beard supplied;
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
 Had clubbed their yellow heads to form her skin.
 —[*Walcot.*]

A N awful stillness rested on the inhabitants of the beautiful city, women timidly scudded along the streets like ships under bare masts, and men in little knots spoke to each other with bated breath.

“What’s the latest news?” was the universal morning salutation—almost as unchanged in form, during a myriad repetitions, as the salaam of an Egyptian Mussulman or the Allah il Allah of a black bearded Turk. All felt that the promised hurricane was coming. Yesterday thirty-four Federal vessels had landed in James river at the mouth of the Appomattox.

Long lines of hurrying soldiery were rushing through the streets to fill the defenses on that side of the city, while the Harpies were flying around with rumors of a repulse to Hill’s and Ewell’s corps on the banks of the swift Rapidan.

It was the 6th day of May, 1864, and the commencement of the siege of Richmond; which was to drag its slow length along until the first Sunday in April, 1865.

Every other word one would hear was the name of the landing place of the Yankee fleet. It was destined to become still more famous, and the old apple-tree on the Appomattox to mark the great historic point of the war.

I will not endeavor to follow the daily record of my journal, which would be *too* monotonous—as the siege itself was, and I am afraid my way of “writing it up,” (*i. e.*, Anagraph) is anyhow—but will give a few of the salient points that came under my notice.

The only real excitement was in the “news,” which came as often, was as unwelcome and as hard to get rid of as the old Argonauts found it in the similar instance of Aello, Ocypete and Celeas.

It (the news) was seldom unfavorable to us—at one time Grant had been finally repulsed by Lee, at another he

was in full retreat with "an army all cut to pieces," and again, Breckinridge had whipped Siegel, Johnston defeated Sherman, Beauregard cleaned out Butler at Bermuda Hundreds, and on the 17th of May it was positively announced that the siege of Richmond was ended with a loss to the Federals of 80,000, to the Confederates of 17,000 men.

Unfortunately, it did not stay ended, nor were the rumors scarcely ever confirmed.

A mournful truth came to us on the 11th of May, which added "Jeb" Stuart to the long list of our dead heroes and placed his name and fame by the side of Stonewall Jackson.

There was a semi-official leadership composed of a triumvirate sufficient in itself to demoralize any city less sturdy and true than Richmond.

Foote, Stephens and Johnson, from the beginning, preached nothing but the "Lost Cause." The first named, at least, was solely actuated by a personal hatred, rivalry and envy of President Davis; he was never able to recover from the contests of their youthful days on the rostrums and in the forums of Mississippi.

The others, after a most disgraceful session of a disunited, wrangling and discordant Congress, assisted in hurrying it into an adjournment and, with other members of the body, fled the Capital and sought safety in distance and obscurity.

Their patriotism oozed out of their tongues' ends, as Bob Acres' courage did from his fingers. They went with their section, but their hearts were not in the cause, or, if so, the cause was not managed in just exactly the manner to suit them.

The courage of the soldier is vastly strengthened by confidence in the justice of the contest in which he is engaged, and had our armies been composed of such doubtful material, the battle of Bull Run would have been decided the other way and the war there have ended.

The members of the city press were more belligerent than was usual, even among the brotherhood of that quarrelsome fraternity.

Daniels, certainly an able man, was, until his death, a leader in the vituperative and denunciatory line.

The Pollards, with feeble footsteps, strove to emulate his policy, but only succeeded in eking out a scanty wit with coarse brutality. The government was attacked with unsparing severity and blind injustice; the treasonable utterances of such malcontents as Joe Brown and Foote, and

Toombs' ire, were echoed to the very welkin, while none were more ferocious and blood-thirsty in their language towards the Northern people.

As far as sentiment and feeling could go, our beleaguered Capital was torn with as many hostile factions as Jerusalem, when Titus was battering down its walls and gates. Of course dissensions like these among the "upper crust" had its effect upon the "mud sills."

In one corner of the beautiful enclosure which surrounded the State House and included the bronze statue of Washington and a marble bust of Clay, stood an open tower, surmounted by a huge bell, which was suspended so as not to move, and was rung by an athletic fireman grasping the clapper and pounding as if with a sledge-hammer, reminding one, particularly if gazing at him from a distance, of Quasimodo in the insane delight, dancing with delirium beneath the ponderous chimes of Notre Dame. In the latter days of the siege the quick, sharp, nervous ring of this fire bell could be heard at almost every hour of the day and night. The fire brigade was much over-worked, incendiarism was rampant, and many a time the city most narrowly escaped destruction by the hands of its internal foes. Life was unsafe on the streets at night, rowdyism appeared to rule. The police were extremely inefficient, and the Provost Guard of General Winder were oppressive only to the most peaceful portion of the community.

Prices were startling; coffee twenty dollars a pound, sugar fifteen, eggs one dollar each, and everything else in proportion. Yet with all this, the theater was never better patronized. The saloons did a thriving business, and even the churches were crowded and constant revivals were in progress. And the latter were certainly needed. Garrotting had become fashionable, and brass-knuckles and slungshots were brought into frequent requisition.

I am not a nervous man and assuredly am not in the habit of getting scared at myself. One night I was going to my quarters, thinking of all these things, when in passing a narrow alley, I distinctly saw a man raise his arm to strike me. I took a sudden departure for the middle of the street, but hearing nothing more, crept cautiously to the edge of the wall and peeped around the corner, and there, sure enough, was my "midnight ruffian" craning out his neck to get sight of me. I withdrew and determined to have it out with him, prized up some paving stones and blazed away with all vengeance. They rattled hollowly

down the rocky floor of the alley and were met by the shrill voice of an old negro woman:

"What's dat? Quit dat now, boss, you like to bark m shins."

I felt a little ashamed of being detected in such sport, and it might reflect on my nocturnal condition, and was compelled to explain.

The old woman laughed long and loud, "Why," say she, "'fore God, it's only dat lamp, an' yuse fitin' yer owi shadder."

She was correct, the light of a distant lamp sent no shadow into the alley, and just as I passed it I had unconsciously raised my hand to my head.

Those dangers were not always imaginary. I was returning from church with a lady, my friend Captain Breze was just ahead of us, when a slung-shot blow delivered at him from a similar alley, struck him on the left shoulder with force enough to disable that arm for weeks. He drew his pistol with his right, tried in vain to discharge it at his assailant, and finally threw it.

The weapon missed the mark, hit me on my tenderest toe, and at the same time exploded. The lady screamed and nearly fainted, the scoundrel escaped without any damage to him, leaving us both considerably crippled and the lady badly frightened.

On the lower edge of the city, beyond Shockoe creek hangs a commanding hill which fronts the James, and presents a fine view of all the surrounding country.

Upon its summit an old white church with an antique steeple, encircled by moss-covered and crumbling tombstones as dilapidated as those that were chiseled by "Old Mortality," is pointed out as the building in which Patrick Henry delivered his celebrated speech, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Sitting amid the decaying monuments of a generation of heroes, the lovely city is spread out before me, the silvery current of the meandering James, the low hum of its turbulent falls just reaching the ear, while far in the distance towards the east, a slight curling smoke marks the campfires of the Yankee host, and the presence of its steam-driven fleet. And as "Low thunder rolls along the troubled sky," it is to remind me that the descendants of those patriots who sleep beneath me, are engaged in a deadly struggle, that their little city, sore depressed and poverty-stricken, ragged and almost forsaken, is encompassed by an eagle

horde as vast as the army of Senacherib, clothed in every appliance and panoply of war,

“With their cohorts all glittering in purple and gold,
As they come down like the wolf on the sheep in the fold.”

Can we ultimately succeed?—or was Napoleon in the right in his opinion that Providence is always on the side of the heaviest batteries?

These thoughts were passing through my mind just as the sun sank below the horizon, a red border of light still marked his track behind the far-off hills of Powhattan, the full moon was rising in the east, on a blue ground, over the shining waters of the river, the sky was clear, the air calm and serene, the dying lamp of day still softened the shades of approaching darkness, the refreshing breezes of night attempered the sultry emanations of evening, no motion could be perceived on the apparently uniform plain over which the low shadows caused by the moon sloped and rested lovingly, and the profound silence was only slightly disturbed by the mingled noise of the city and the falling water, or the sullen thundering of a distant cannon reaching me from the Forts.

The solitude of the place, the tranquillity of the hour, the majesty of the scene, impressed on my mind a religious pensiveness.

The twinkling lamps of the Capitol, the long lines of light springing from street to street, and the thronging memories of the past, compared with its present condition, all elevated my mind to high contemplation.

I sat on the broken shaft of a tomb-stone, my elbow reposing on my knee and head reclining on my hand, and with my eyes fixed on the filmy haze that floated like a cloud over the roofs and steeples of the city—fell asleep.

When I awoke the moon had disappeared, the dews of night were settling on me and the recollections of colonial times, instilled with the early lessons of school days, hovered around me like the ghosts of departed spirits and sent me wandering back into the regions and associations of boyhood and of home. I aptly like

“The Switzer who guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more;
If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
Which, on those hills, his infant hours beguiled;
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs.”

I did the next best thing to it—as classed in the “Sentimental Journey”—hurried home to get my supper.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHARGE OF THE BLACK BRIGADE.

“Forward! Forward! The ‘Black’ Brigade;”

Was there a man dismayed?

Not one.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die—

Into the vally of death

Strode every one.

—[*Tennyson.*]

THE soft zephyrs of the Indian summer of '64 breathed over the most desperate struggles and expiring energies of the doomed Capital.

The paucity of the defending army was fearfully demonstrated by an occasional flurry—the sequence of some unusually vigorous attack or partial success—when grim sentinels were stationed at every street corner to arrest straggling, deserting or furloughed soldiers and order them, together with officers of whatever rank, who were not on active duty, to report at the Arsenal. By this means several large regiments were placed in the field, to one of which I was assigned the command. These *improvised* troops were all strangers to each other and to the officers—gathered from every State, most of them “shirks,” and of course with no *esprit-du-corps*. I was fortunate in finding an able Adjutant in Captain Landry, a polished Frenchman from Louisiana, and upon him and the other commissioned officers only could any dependence be placed.

On the morning of a wet, stormy day, at the head of seven hundred men, I was ordered to the intrenchments west of town, and after toilsomely marching them through unfathomable mud, was immediately “countermarched” to the extreme east. The men were found to be deserting rapidly; provost guards were thrown out as skirmishers and they left also; non-commissioned officers were sent after them and doubtless got lost, as we never saw them again. The commissioned officers were worked to death, and when, at night, after a most wearisome march, we corraled our regiment in Fort Gilmer, the captains and lieutenants were worn down and the command reduced by near two hundred men. We thought we were disgraced, until we learned that our regiment had been kept together better than either of

the other three—and still the fellows would fight. Next morning Kautz's cavalry made an attack and were gallantly repulsed, and a day or two after a heavy negro brigade charged the fort. It was an earth-work, defended with a siege battery of two guns, with a broad glacis in front, filled with *abattis* and *cheval-de-frisc*, composed of post-oaks, prickly locusts and various other fallen trees, exceedingly difficult to surmount, and giving us full sweep at the foe for a mile and a half. On came the Black Brigade, steadily moving to the front, doggedly climbing over or crawling under the many obstacles, and automatically keeping their alignment with a tolerable degree of precision. Our grape and canister plowed through their ranks, but they closed without a word and kept silently "marching on." They approached within a hundred yards, their lines thinned and staggering but still advancing, when, from the low breast-works constituting the Fort, and on both sides as far as the eye could trace it (Gilmer being really a parapet in the long-reaching row of intrenchments), flashed a fatal streak of lightning and the rolling volley of a thousand rifles. The deep booming of the guns and the incessant roar of the musketry drowned the frantic shouts of "Afric's dusky sons" and the hoarse curses of their pale-faced officers, while through the curling smoke that circled over the embattled plain, we could see their decimated ranks reforming, closing up and moving on over the bloody ground, which was blackened with the bodies of their fallen comrades.

" Four times fifty living men,
 (And lost their sighs and groans)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one ;
 Their souls did from their bodies fly,
 They fled to bliss or woe,
 And every soul was a soldier bold,
 Lost to the Yankee army."

It was only a remnant, but a brave and unflinching one, that reached the outer slope of our Fort, and commenced pushing each other up its fifteen feet. The cross-fire, the hand-grenade and the clubbed musket worked havoc with them, but a few were by main force hoisted over into the trenches.

A leader among them was Uncle Jake, he led the onslaught, toiled up the *glacis*, projected his head over the parapet and dodged back. Some one behind, with most unwelcome friendship, gave him a tremendous boost and over he came like a shot from a gigantic petronel, and was

met with a bayonet thrust, which happily passed between his arm and body, but the gun struck the latter with an ugly thud, and he fell in the trench, exclaiming loudly:

"Oh! Lordy Gody! I'm killed!"

My cook boy, John, having heard his name called by the assailants, went to him and asked him:

"Jake, are you dead?"

"I think I am," groaned Jake feebly.

"Are you able to take a drink of whisky?" said John.

"I think I am," Jake replied, with much more vivacity and vitality, and after taking a big drink he was greatly delighted to find that "Dis nigga's still 'live, sure 'nuff."

It was a determined and a terrible charge and the repulse most disastrous. The retreat soon degenerated into a panic and the assault was not renewed.

The "colored troops" included some of the best soldiers on the Northern side. When led by white officers whom they confided in and feared, they fought bravely and stubbornly—not so reliable as the educated man—unrestrainable when once seized with a panic, but ordinarily "perfectly steady in obedience, as steadfast as the rocks—a superlative quality in soldiers," as quaintly remarked in reference to the Russian serfs by the historian of the Great Frederick. "They possess the stolid apathy to danger that characterized the rank and file of the Muscovite army, and made them almost invincible at Pultowa, at Borodina and at Inkerman."

This was evidenced on the occasion I have described, as well as subsequently at the "Crater," near Petersburg, where they marched by masses into the face of a flaming volcano, and also at Fort Pillow where, not knowing the meaning of "surrender," and having been taught that no mercy or quarter would be shown them, they continued to fight with the desperate fury of outlawed pirates or bandits. They were killed by Forrest's men only from sheer necessity, in defence of their own lives, and now they are enshrined as martyrs to the "bloodthirsty propensities" of the chivalrous Southern commander.

In this connection the Confederacy committed one of its most unpardonable blunders, and one that was infinitely worse than a crime.

In the early stages of the war the free negroes of New Orleans organized a splendid regiment and tendered its services to President Davis. He was disposed to accept them, but his Congress thwarted him in that as in many lesser

matters. Again and again was it urged by him and other wise men, the policy of enlisting the slaves and giving them their freedom after a certain term of service, and urged in vain. Strange to record, the weak-kneed, timid and time-serving, the followers of the aforesaid shaky triumvirate, the originators of the idle boast that "one Southern man could whip five Yankees," were among those who most opposed this "concession of principles," as they termed it. By its adoption two hundred thousand troops could have been added to Lee's armies, fully as intelligent and steadfast as those that stood by Suwarrow at Ismail and at Novi. By its rejection the cause was lost; the "banner of the bars" made to trail in the dust and the brilliant star of the young nation blotted out of existence in the blood of its children. In lieu of it the worst forms of that "conscription" were instituted, which Napoleon, with all the prestige of his glory, hesitated long before enforcing among the uneducated and ignorant peasantry of France.

The unreasoning prejudices of many men, honest in their opinions but misled by the lessons of early education, were the real foundation of all the opposition in the South to the use of colored troops. The error of that policy is now universally acknowledged.

In the heat and passion of the war, arguments were too apt to be met only by fierce denunciation, and conservatives were classed with open enemies.

Manco Capae, the first legislator of the Peruvians, received from the Deity a golden rod, with which, in his meanderings, he was to strike the earth, and on that predestined spot where it was absorbed by the ground and disappeared from his hand, he was to erect a temple to the Supreme Divinity. This is a fable, but it covers an inestimable moral.

Their Sages tell us that our reason is the rod of gold, truth the world of soil, and where the two conjoin, even as the rods of the Egyptian soothsayers were swallowed by that of Moses, there will our altars be sacred and our worship accepted.

We of the South, unfortunately, did not accept the golden test; we laid the foundations of our Temple in foreign soil, we allowed ourselves to be deprived of the "flag of our fathers" and the battle cries of our ancestry

In theory we were true to our traditions, but in practice we belied them.

With criminal negligence we permitted our foes to define the issue upon which we fought.

They proclaimed that it was the "Irrepressible Conflict" between the ideas representing the freedom and the slavery of the African race—whose progenitors had been imported into the colonies by Yankee skippers.

It was nothing of the kind, it was the very antipode of that question.

The contest commenced with the organization of the Federal Government, was waged with varying success and vehement energy in the Congressional Halls, when the intellectual giants of the classic era of our national history were the contending gladiators, and the unfortunate result was that the Eastern manufacturers were "protected" into plethoric monopolists and the Southern and Western agriculturists were gradually but surely pauperized.

Every issue and the origin of all our troubles are comprehended in the single word "tariff," and surely the soil on which our temple was constructed had not absorbed the golden rod.

For near two weeks I was in the Fort with my incongruous regiment, when my command was withdrawn from me by an order as sweeping and unrelenting as the torch of Omar.

To show how much tape is necessary to the management of an army, I append my application to be allowed to resume my own legitimate duties, it being remembered that I was there as a volunteer, with not enough men left to form a decent-sized company:

FORT GILMER, Oct. 11, 1864.

MAJOR:

I have been in command of the 4th Regiment of "Barton's City Brigade," since 29th ultimo, lately stationed at Fort Gilmer.

By an order directing the discharge of all convalescents (included in said regiment) who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, it has been reduced to forty-six men and no officers. For some time I have been stationed in Richmond as Agent for the Missouri troops and particularly charged under Clause 20 of Special Order No. 249, Series of 1863, from A. J. O. to receive, enroll, equip, pay, furnish with transportation and forward to the First Missouri Brigade, General Cockrell commanding, all exchanged or paroled Missourians.

An exchange having been opened in Savannah, it will be

necessary for me to be there to carry out my instructions under said order.

I have been on service here for ten days and found it peculiarly onerous, from the fact that the men were strangers to each other and the officers, and constant watchfulness was necessary on part of the latter to check the desertions of those who were desirous of returning to their legitimate commands.

I would ask for another assignment, but my duties in filling my own decimated Brigade are imperative, and I therefore respectfully request a discharge herefrom and orders to report to my original duties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. B

Col. Commanding 4th Regiment Barton's City Brigade.
To MAJ. CHESNEY, A. A. G.,

Gen. EWELL'S Headquarters.

(Endorsed)

HEADQUARTERS BRIGADE, }
Oct. II, 1864. }

Respectfully forwarded and recommended since Col. B.'s Regiment has been reduced to a scanty command.

M. LEWIS CLARK,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Respectfully forwarded approved—Col. B.'s services have been very great—freely rendered under exceptionally difficult circumstances—most admirable and effective in the defence of Fort Gilmer, and I regret to part with him. But his other duties are more important, and in the reorganization made necessary by recent reductions I can spare him.

J. M. BARTON,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND, }
October 12th, 1864. }

Respectfully returned approved.

By order of Gen. Ewell,
G. CAMPBELL BROWN, A. A. G.

HEADQ'RS ARMY N. VIRGINIA,
Approved by order of Gen. Lee.

W H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

HEADQ'RS BRIGADE, CHAFFIN'S FARM, }
October 13th, 1864. }

Col. B . . . is released, and ordered to report according to his original orders, hereby fully approved, and is warmly

commended for his effective volunteer services in this command.

M. LEWIS CLARK,
Col. Com'ding Brigade Richmond Temporary Troops.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GENERAL LEE.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes one! the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whose fame not envy could molest,
Nor mankind fail to hail him blest.
—[Byron.]

IT was when I was at Fort Gilmer, 'twas an evening in the first infancy of spring. The still, fresh air fanned the cheek with predictions of glowing woods, reviving verdure and verdant lawns, and the sun bathed the rugged landscape around us with its declining glories.

We were leaning on the parapet, our chaplain and I—the kindest hearted man in the world was he—intensely engaged in observing through our glasses a singular scene.

A heavy skirmish line of “gray coats” were slowly retiring, while apparently stubbornly endeavoring to hold their position, before a large body of Federal troops who were advancing cautiously, their suspicion having been aroused by the silence of our batteries.

Behind the brow of a cross-section hill, if I may be allowed the use of such a term, were crouched a large force of our men, ready to swing around in the rear of the Yankees when they had reached a certain point.

Have I said that the Parson was the kindest hearted of men? It is true, although he was viewing this scene with undisguised delight.

“There, they halt!” he exclaimed, “why don’t the cowards come on?”

“Our guns ought to send a shell or two among them,” I replied, “they don’t understand such unusual apathy.”

“Hurrah for that,” was his comment, as a bomb curved

in the air between us and the red hues of the eastern sky, and exploded in the very centre of the enemy's line.

It caused a momentary confusion, but inspired them into action. They made a rush to cut the skirmisher's line of retreat. The couchant force behind the hill became erect, and with a wild yell dashed upon their rear and speedily made the pretty little maneuver a complete success.

"Eureka!" shouted the Parson in stentorian tones, as he threw up the reverend hat and caught it with a hop, skip and jump. With much confusion he recognized the presence of an elderly, grave-looking, handsome gentleman, who had joined us unnoticed, and introduced me to General Lee, the generalissimo of our armies. The old hero laughed in a hearty, good-humored way at the preacher's predicament, while he was evidently much pleased at the success of the *coup*. Spinoza is said to have loved, above all other amusements, to put flies into a spider's web, and the struggles of the imprisoned insect were regarded by the grave Dutch philosopher as so ludicrous and funny that he would stand by the hour and laugh at them, until the tears "coursed one another down his innocent nose." This looks somewhat like cruelty; did we not know the good old Dutch Jew to have been exceedingly kind, humane and benevolent.

Lucan dwells with poetic pleasure on the many ways in which the operation of dying may be varied; while Homer analyzes the sentiments of the departing warrior's soul. To the bard, the butchered soldier was only an epic ornament; to the philosopher, the murdered fly was nothing but a metaphysical illustration, and to the parson the sudden assault, the surprise and the capture were merely another oblation to the cause of his section and the country of his choice.

We sat upon a convenient log with the man whose greatness will go sounding down through all the ages, and I answered his quiet questions about the yesterday's fight and the charge of the black brigade, until the men, upon learning that he was the Chieftain, gathered around him in homage and cheered him with lusty shouts.

His sword was unbuckled, I carried it for him as he went to rejoin his escort who waited at the entrance. It was the first time I ever saw him. I stretched myself upon a hillock of sand and thought upon that sword with which he had allegorically carved such fame and station for himself and country. A great leveler it is, the speediest and quickest of earth.

Like that which flamed in the gates of Paradise, did Cœur de Lion cleave glory from the flash of Saladin's scimeter, and it shaped the soldier's axe of Bonaparte into the sceptre of the monarch Napoleon. The laurel and the fasces, the curule car and the Emperor's purple were its playthings and its reward. It founded all empires and propagated all creeds, led the fierce Gaul and the un pitying Goth to crush, upon their own altars, the gods of Greece and Rome. Beneath it the everlasting fires of the Gheber waxed pale, its point bore the crescent badge of the obscure camel-driver, until it blazed like a sun over the startled world, and upon the sword are now fixed the conflicting hopes of a divided nation, which proudly arrogated to itself the title of the Great Republic, and the position of the freest country and "the best government" on the face of the globe. But now it deploras its religious churches dis severed, its political relations discordant, and its people appealing to the God of Battles and the dreaded arbitrament of arms.

Hardly could I then have dreamed that the famous sword of General Lee would in so short a time, be sheathed forever and hung up to rattle idly and rust away in an unused corner of a college conservatory. And yet, that is where his glory lies; misfortune marks him at his greatest and purifies the name that goes down to posterity.

I saw him again, after the collapse of the Lost Cause, as he came into Richmond, stately, serene, self-possessed, not bowed down with sorrow, but bending beneath its weight. And once more on the Commencement platform, fronting with mild, paternal glance, the reverence of ambitious youths who came to emulate his virtues, even as did the Athenians, when they sought the shades of the academical groves to listen to the teachings of Socrates and gather wisdom from the lips of Plato.

Defeated as he was, among the great men of America he stands pre-eminent, only success, that "magic criterion" of Bolingbroke, was needed to enroll his name high among the most renowned commanders whose deeds are recorded by the pen of History.

Hannibal died an exile and a suicide, Coriolanus turned his fratricidal arms against his native land, William "the Silent" Prince of Orange, after refusing sovereign power, fell by the hand of a hired assassin, but Robert E. Lee, calmly accepting the inevitable situation, partook of his country's calamities, as a model to his disbanded soldiery,

remained with them, and turned his talents from matters of war to those of peace, and from launching squadrons on the field of battle and directing the thunderbolts of civil strife, sought to instill lessons of wisdom into the aspiring minds of a new generation.

Poets are not always truthful, least of all Longfellow, but he might well have been thinking of General Lee, when he said :

“The life of this great man reminds us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footsteps on the sands of time;
 Footsteps, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and a shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE FINAL FLURRY.

One effort more to break the circling host,
 They form, charge, waver, *all is lost!!*
 Within a narrow ring beset,
 Hopeless they strive and struggle yet,
 And in firm file they fight no more,
 Hemm'd in, cleft down and trampled o'er,
 They sink, outwearied and outnumber'd,
 But never else o'erthrown.

—[Byron.]

HOOD and Sherman were hopelessly lost in the mud of Northern Alabama, while we were splashing in wet ditches and inundated trenches north of Richmond. For days no news from either side reached us until it came at last, like a clap of thunder, the bloody and useless battle of Franklin and the almost annihilation of the gallant Missouri Brigade. They charged strongly defended breastworks, with colors flying and keeping step to the music of their band, which played as long as a musician was left. Six hundred and seventy men went in and they were driven back with a loss of four hundred and forty. Hardly an officer escaped. Braddock's defeat was not more disastrous, nor the rout of Rossbach more complete.

My uncouth regiment at Richmond had served its term

and been disbanded. I had arranged my neglected office duties and was again in the field, with a company of officers, who had formed a voluntary organization, and were in defense of an important parapet. Much difficulty occurred in the selection of a captain, until on some one's happy thought and by an overwhelming majority, it was decided that the officers should be appointed by "inverse promotion;" that is, that the lowest ranking officer should be captain, the next lieutenant, and so on, by which means a second lieutenant was commissioned captain and the junior corporal was a Brigadier-General.

Our discipline was as strict as was ever that of Wellington—the slightest mistake was punished with heavy fines. It was supremely ludicrous to see grey-moustachioed field and general officers, standing at dress parade, in front of the bashful, blushing young captain, and at the commission of the smallest error in the manual of arms, brought up roughly, seldom by the diffident commander, always by one of the "privates," with a sharp rebuke, causing them to indulge in some very strong, soldier-like language.

In the second day's drill our little captain became confused, and from a "right shoulder shift" commanded "order arms."

Charges were immediately preferred against him for "breach of Hardee's Tactics," which were sustained, and he was fined "one gallon of whisky, to cost not less than one hundred and twenty dollars."

He turned the tables, however, by convoking a court-martial to try sixteen of the company for a similar offense, "in endeavoring to obey an irregular order, to-wit: in trying to 'order' arms from a 'right shoulder shift.'"

The defense was vigorously conducted, lasting nearly two days, able and brilliant counsel were employed on both sides. Ancient history was ransacked, and modern precedents innumerable cited *pro* and *con*, but all in vain, the luckless transgressors were unanimously adjudged to be guilty, and the punishment procured all the good things in Richmond—in quantities sufficient to subsist the entire company for several days.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have lady friends in the city, were frequently the delighted recipients of delicate and toothsome remembrancers, ranging from potato salad to custard pies and pound cake.

Twenty of us, perhaps, were gathered from a drizzle under a huge Sibley tent, when a black boy shoved a large

basket in at the door, following it with his head, which was grinning from ear to ear, like the effigy of the Turk John Smith killed, and said with a "yah! yah!"

"Massa Major Huntley, Miss Angelica sends dis to you with her couselments."

Huntley was a modest Major in the Exchange Bureau, and the manner of the dusky messenger, as well as the message, dashed him no little.

He hastily seized the basket and rushed to his quarters, in his embarrassment forgetting to return his compliments and thanks to the lady, and the awkward Mercury left before the Major could empty and hand him the basket.

In hot haste a council of war was called, which ordered the arrest of the offending officer, and appointed a committee to call a drum-head court-martial and prosecute him "for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman"—not only for failing in politeness to a lady, but in purloining her basket and leaving her to pay the servant.

Before he could dispose of the delicacies, a temporary provost guard summoned him before the court to answer these grave and manifold charges. Of course he was found guilty, there was no way of avoiding *that*, but in consideration of his youth and innocence, no personal punishment was inflicted—only the provisions were declared to be confiscated for the benefit of the august tribunal.

In vain did Huntley storm and swear, he offered, his watch, two gallons of "Old Bourbon," anything in lieu—the court was inflexible, so that, finally, he flatly and stubbornly refused to obey its order.

Here was unmistakable mutiny; and another court-martial was convened, which fined him in punitive damages enough "Irish joy" in amount sufficient to deplete his wallet and relieve him of all his money.

At length, with a very bad grace and with many ugly expletives, he submitted, and we enjoyed a splendid dinner.

We alternated in acting as "Field officers of the day," an onerous position, and sometimes somewhat dangerous, our supervision extending over a long front, at all points closely approached by the enemy, and their sharpshooters being so near that on horseback, a man's life would not be worth a moment's purchase. Throughout the length of this long line we had to make our rounds on foot, wading through everlasting mud, once every day and once after midnight. We were occasionally visited by a superior officer, but practically, the officer of the day was the commander.

The ten Grecian generals, prior to Marathon, were invested with the supreme power in turn, on successive days, so were we at Richmond.

One evening, with the rain coming down in sluices, thoroughly wet and covered with mud, I was returning from the discharge of these duties, and as I approached the entrenchments in front of the officers' company, an alarm, no unfrequent thing, was given.

Out from their comfortable tents they tumbled, paying no attention to the weather save to keep their guns dry, and remained long enough to become as completely drenched as I was, before it was discovered to be a mistake.

Their wrath fell upon my innocent head when they returned to our "Sibley" and found me piously seated in the pleasantest corner, and all my eloquence was unavailing to convince them of my guiltlessness.

Without taking time to dry their garments, while still as mad as March hares, or wet hens, they jerked me up for trial.

I endeavored to change the venue, it was time lost. I cited the cases of Parmenio and Schweidnitz, of Moreau and Ney, of Byng and Charles Lee and of Fitz Green Porter and Buell, as sufferers from the passion and consequent injustice of their judges. I might as well have talked to the winds or endeavored to hush Magara's war, my case was pre-judged and that night the court feasted on oysters in every style, which it took my last shinplaster to pay for. My troubles were not yet ended.

About three o'clock in the morning I was just finishing my grand rounds and had reached the breastworks, not knowing exactly where I was. Through the cloudy night I could discern the tall sentinel standing on the outer escarpment.

"Hallo," says he, "who's that?"

"Friend with the countersign," I replied testily, "why the d—l don't you challenge me properly?"

"Stop your blather," he persisted still more petulantly, "and stop yourself too; you can't come in here I tell you." (Click, click.)

"Why?" I had stopped.

"Orders."

"Not if I have the countersign?"

"Don't know anything about any countersign."

"Call your corporal, then."

"Corporal of the guard!" he shouted in a heavy bass. The corporal soon came.

"What's the row?"

"This fellow wants to come in," the sentinel replied.

"Well, why don't you let him come in, if he has the countersign?"

"I thought I was put here to keep 'em out."

"Oh, bosh!"

The corporal admitted me; as it was too dark to recognize the sentinel, I asked him, "How long have you been in the army?"

"Over three years," he replied.

"Did you never perform guard duty before?"

"Yes, a goll darned sight mor'n I ever wanted to."

I directed the corporal to relieve that sentinel immediately, send him to the guard house and report him to me in the morning.

We were at breakfast when Colonel Spandean, commander of an East Tennessee militia regiment, was brought up under guard. I was astounded, and his glowering countenance, together with the peculiar tilt of his slouch hat, added to my confusion.

"Why, good God, Colonel! what's the matter?"

"*Matter*, h—l, *you* know. Didn't you order me to the guard house last night?"

"But bless my soul, I didn't know it was you. If I had, you may be sure—"

"Enough said. I shan't stay *here* any longer, that's certain," he interposed, cutting me off short, and walked away in high dudgeon, the last we ever saw of him.

The futile "Peace Conference," Sherman rejoicing in victory amid the flames of Columbia, like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, our lines of communication with the Southwest dissevered, and the renewed vigor of the assaults upon the works around the Capital, engendered many rumors of the evacuation of Richmond, as early as the middle of February, 1865.

On the 18th of March, the Congress adjourned for the last time and separated in every direction. Like the war-horse, they had snuffed the danger from afar, but did not stay to see it.

Some of these valiant veterans of soft places and bomb-proof positions, were most admirably calculated to pursue the Fabian policy. The ferocious foe could never find their front nor overtake their rear.

Good, true and brave men there were in that body, but there were others whose efforts, whatever may have been

their motives, were always directed in the channel most effectually calculated to thwart the Executive in every line of policy he adopted, and thus introduce irremediable confusion into the councils of the struggling young nation. To *them* I refer.

CHAPTER XLV.

COLLAPSED AT APPOMATTOX.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly ;
 Once six millions hailed it gladly,
 And three hundred thousand madly
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like their's entwined, dissever—
 That their flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave ;—
 Furl it, for the hands that grasp'd it,
 And the hearts that fondly lov'd it,
 Cold and dead are lying low ;
 And the banner it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

—[*Miss Dinnies.*]

HOW grand and stately are those lines, as mournful as Mozart's requiem. I know not who Miss Dinnies is, but in her writings breathes all the fire and pathos of the true poetic Muse.

* * * * * It was Sunday in the Confederate Capital, (April 2nd, 1865,) calm, peaceful and as quiet as if no beleaguering host were thundering at its gates, and indeed, upon that day they were not.

In the hush of the holy stillness not a hostile sound was mingled with the solemn ringing of the church bells, but

“Welcome to the wearied earth
 The Sabbath resting came,
 And, like a portal of the skies,
 Ope'd the house of God.”

Alas! it was an illusion—at Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, the fiercest of fights was raging. Lee's lines were forced, the center of his army pierced, while along his extended front dense masses of the foemen were pushing closer and closer—he had not men enough to protect his

low mounds of defenses with even a respectable skirmish line. Mortal genius could no longer delay the unwelcome end, and Richmond must be abandoned.

The pale, care-worn and haggard President of the expiring Republic was at St. Paul's Church, absorbed in his religious devotions, when a youth glided in with noiseless step and handed him a paper. Hastily he withdrew from the sacred edifice, and, like an electric shock, the rumor ran through the city that its evacuation must be completed before the sun-rise of next day.

I rushed to the War Department to ascertain the truth of it, and found Judge Campbell, the Assistant Secretary, sitting on a chair with his face towards the back of it and his back to the fire, grimly superintending the packing of the archives.

"The last train would leave the depot at 10 P. M." I had all my papers to bundle, label and pack, and was kept abundantly busy for the rest of the day. The documents pertaining to my office were all dispatched in time.

I tarried to take a tearful farewell of some anxious lady friends, and reached the railroad station just in time to see the final train whirling—with its living freight, more lucky, or perhaps with fewer female attachments, than myself—around a distant hill. Williams and myself, with many others, were left standing on the platform disconsolate, to seek safety in flight the best way we could. He succeeded in obtaining a carriage, and just as day was breaking we started out to flank Grant's army by way of the west.

After losing sight of the city we could see dense clouds of smoke climbing up the eastern sky—it was the conflagration of Richmond just commenced by the roughs and scoundrels who, for a few hours, were in uncontrolled possession of the place.

We made for Farmville, hoping there to join General Lee, but about noon a heavy dust caused us to reconnoiter our front and discovered a Yankee cavalry regiment. They observed us at the same time and gave chase. The way that carriage traveled would have made the fortune of a Charioteer in the Olympic Games. It was by all odds the rockiest and roughest road we had yet found, and our vehicle lurched from side to side like a canoe in a high sea. At every thump of Williams' head against the top, the window, or mine, he would emit a vigorous expletive. Our ebony driver emulated the swiftest career of Jehu, the son of Jehosaphat, was frightened nearly to death, communi-

cated his alarm to the horses, crouched down upon his seat and made the woods melodious with his discordant yells. By a blind hog-path, which we took at random, we eluded them, but our horses were crippled, our carriage smashed up, and our driver, like Peter's wife's mother, was sick of a fever.

In two days we diminished from small to less in beautiful proportion. We commenced our journey in an elegant rockaway, were glad to supplement that with a four-horse wagon; this we were soon forced to exchange for a one-horse concern which gave way to a cart; this was replaced by a horse to carry our baggage, and finally we were compelled to take it on foot with our valises on our shoulders. On the third day we exchanged our watch chains for a couple of shaky horses, and were proud to be mounted once more.

The two armies were moving slowly westward, the Federals between us and ours, and the country where we were journeying was filled with their scouts.

It was at an early hour in the morning, the day after that on which I had heard the last guns of the Rebellion (in blissful ignorance of it, however, at the time) and while the surrender at Appomattox was actually transpiring, that Williams had left me for a short time, on a search for rations at a neighboring house, when I saw a blue-coated officer briskly approaching me. I wore a cloak which concealed not only my uniform but my action in drawing and cocking a pistol. He demanded of me roughly:

"What are you?"

"A man."

"I suppose so; are you a rebel?"

"No; I am a soldier."

"Southern soldier?"

"Yes."

"Have you been paroled?"

"No."

"Well, then, you are my prisoner."

"I guess not," I replied.

He made a movement to extract his revolver from the holster.

"Steady there," said I, showing my pistol, "one is enough for two of us."

"You ain't a going to shoot me?"

He was alarmed; one pistol cocked and in hand is worth a whole arsenal in holsters.

"Oh, no," I replied; "not if you will drop your reins and dismount, and be spry about it, for my hand is cold this morning and a little uncertain."

He looked ruefully at my revolver and at the cap of his holster, and then slowly dismounted, as the only thing he could do, being so completely in my power.

"What do you propose?" he asked, as he strained his eyes for assistance.

"I will parole you."

"And if I won't give it?"

"Then I'll take you with me."

"Where are you going?"

"The Lord only knows," I replied; "to the Rocky Mountains, possibly."

"That won't suit me; I would rather give my parole," and he smiled slightly; we had established quite an *entente cordiale*.

Williams now returned and wrote a parole, which was signed by Lieutenant H. O. Cantron, Engineer Corps, U. S. A. As we shook hands and separated, our *ci-devant* prisoner assured us that—

"In less than half an hour I'll have *you* captured and then we'll exchange."

"The Exchange Bureau has suspended operations and we won't depend on it," said Williams, as we rode off.

The engineer was mistaken, as our jaded horses made astonishing speed until we were out of danger.

The parole excited a smile on General Johnston's sober face, as he declared it the last victory of the war.

We beat along both sides of the picturesque James for days, dodging from one hill to another, until we had passed the stately Natural Bridge and were fairly among the grandest and wildest scenery of Western Virginia and its mountain range.

Ultimately satisfied we could not turn the enemy's flank or penetrate the clouds of cavalry that covered their operations, we concluded to trust ourselves to the element on which horsemen could not operate, and abandon the land for the water. Consigning our horses to a faithful mountaineer, we chartered a skiff, launched it boldly on the roaring Roanoke (here called the Staunton river), and with all our fortunes freighted in it, floated upon the turbulent bosom of the mountain stream. Through boiling whirlpools and hidden rocks, beneath impending precipices and close by the feet of overhanging gorges, we were whirled rapidly along upon the edying tide.

After sundown, weak, wet and weary with the labor, the spray and the danger of this long day's aquatic travel, we reached our rendezvous, formerly a genuine Virginia home of generous and open-handed hospitality, but now, alas! deserted by all save the women. The white men were in the army, the blacks had absconded, and these ladies, reared amid luxury and wealth, were not only attending to their own wants but nursing three Confederate and two Federal soldiers who had straggled in on them.

They were sore distressed for the safety of the father and two stalwart sons, were weary nigh unto death with watching and sick with waiting.

“But still the noble Southern women their holy task pursued
Through the long dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.”

We chopped the wood, we milked the cows, we caught the frightened chickens that were to be offered as victims on the altar of domestic hospitality, we made the fire over which they were to be cremated, and strove to be as useful as the limit of our abilities would allow.

Our horses at length arriving, we took our departure for Greensboro, N. C., where we wished to interview General J. E. Johnston, the only Confederate chieftain whose crest was still erect in the East.

Under the green foliage of a spreading maple I found him, sitting at the door of his tent. He had only eight thousand men left under arms and would surrender next day. Where my brigade was he knew not, nor could he tell where the President had gone, and he advised me to return to Richmond—that the war was at an end—the Confederate States had ceased to exist, and it was left for us to make our peace with the conquering power.

My journey back commenced after three days' delay, was a weary one, I was worn down with over seven hundred miles of travel between the 2d of April and the 13th of May, and the abundant food for reflection furnished me was not of the most consoling kind.

Lincoln murdered, Andy Johnson as chief magistrate, a drunken demagogue occupying the curule chair at Washington, and the gentleman, the Christian, the statesman, the chosen leader of Southern destiny, lying immured in the noisome dungeons of Fortress Monroe.

Truly Providence moves in a mysterious manner—we could not discern it then, but now, when scarce ten years

have passed away, how great the change we see.* While we have much to complain of in an unjust oppression of the South, gleams of light are telling us of the speedy coming of the rosy dawn, every breeze that sweeps from the North brings to our ears the resounding shouts of our friends over Democratic victories; Johnson is rejuvenated from the odium cast upon him by the party he had so vilely served, and assumes the seat of John Bell, for the purpose of vindicating his own history. Nay, we may in verity urge that magnificent results are already unfolding themselves as consequences of the war. A united country, proud, self-reliant, powerful, standing erect, almost haughtily among the nationalities, sectional differences and distinctions being rapidly obliterated and the "Great Rebellion" (so called) regarded more in the light of an Ithuriel's spear—a touchstone—the magic fluid of the Rosicrucians, which revealed more of the real proportions and exhibited the still undeveloped powers of the young Republic, not yet a hundred years of age, although the dominant nation of the New World.

And when an entire people, as we have seen the case, unite in reflecting the memories of such heroes as Lee and Jackson, and when the soldiers whom they led again begin to regard with pride the "stars and stripes" as the old "flag of their fathers," we may still turn with affection to the "banner of the bars," once flaunting so defiantly in the front of charging squadrons, or bounding o'er the ocean wave, the emblem of a nation's honor, as it now droops over the green turf of a nation's grave, the emblem of its disaster and defeat, but with no tinge of dishonor or of shame.

"Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:—
For its fame, on brightest pages—
Sung by poets, penned by sages—
Shall go sounding down the ages;—
Furl that banner—softly—slowly;
Furl it gently, it is holy,
Touch it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there ——— furl'd forever."

* This chapter was written in 1875.

CHAPTER XLVI.

N I A G A R A

Ah! terribly they rage—
 The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
 Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
 Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
 Vainly would follow, as towards the verge
 Sweeps the wide torrent,
 They reach—they leap the barrier; the abyss
 Swallows, insatiate, the sinking waves, '
 A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
 Are deafened with the roar.

—[*Heredia.*]

THROUGH clouds of dust and a myriad of Yankee soldiers, Captain Hunter and I, the observed of all observers, for we still wore our rebel uniforms, in default of having anything else to wear, pushed our way to a ricketty hack which proposed to convey us to our lodgings in Richmond, for the last kreutzer we could muster between us.

Hardly had we passed the mournful ruins of the conflagration and entered the quiet streets on Shoekoe hill when we drew up sharply at my former landlady's. I was foolishly a little uncertain of the welcome I should meet, for I felt exceedingly poor, and was as completely "strapped" as Confederate money and no resources could make me.

Our old cook, a venerable woman, deeply colored but with a very white heart, a slave when I left her, a free citizeness now, answered the bell, and when she saw who it was, with many explosive expressions of delight, grasped me in her ponderous arms and gave me a hug that would have done credit to an Ethiopian bear. This called out my hostess herself and she, with a strange mixture of laughing and crying, crowded the old servant away and did the same thing she had been doing. The children followed suit and in the warm greetings of that pleasant family circle the gloom was lifted from my soul and I almost felt happy again.

But trouble soon came in the same old shape that it has haunted impecunious men, from Sam Johnson and Chatterton down, and was then occupying the minds of thousands of Confederates.

I turned my attention to the Bermudas, I thought of Canada, I recalled the cocoa groves of Cuba and the cac-

tus-covered fields of Mexico, but ultimately came to the wise conclusion of journeying home.

My gold watch, last relic of value, was pawned for a fourth its value to a "friend" who turned out a miserable sharper and cheated me out of it.

By way of Fortress Monroe and Baltimore I pursued my Western journey, among a people, temporarily hostile, terribly excited by the assassination of Lincoln, and all around my devoted head—like the hot shot from angry culverins—flew the hissing epithets "rebel and traitor," in every form and variety of ingenious billingsgate. I had been arguing that very question for four years and did not care to re-discuss it now.

Among the passengers on the Chesapeake Bay steamer was an elegant looking little lady with two children, to whom I offered some slight courtesy. What was my pleasure to find her that evening at the B. & O. R. R. depot. She, too, was going West, and by the memory of previous courtesies we swore friendship. She gave me supper from her basket; I gave her my overcoat for a pillow; she gave me a "nubia" to cover my head. I brought her a cup of coffee in the morning, and allowed myself to be terribly annoyed by her lovely, frolicsome children. We passed a pleasant time, but she reached her destination next day, and we were compelled to separate.

As I adjusted her shawl around her shoulders I received a scratch from an ubiquitous pin that I carry the mark of to this very day. Oh, those abominable pins! did any one ever fix a lady's shawl without feeling them? They are a device of the devil—the concealed claws that lie hid behind the soft, cat-like eyes of our sweethearts, and it is a melancholy truth that no fellow can fool with a woman without getting scratched.

Having plenty of time, and to spare, I determined to visit Niagara—"that Queen of the Western World"—and accordingly made a Northern tour for that purpose. Every one has seen this great wonder in the swirling hues of summer, but few under the more rugged aspect conferred upon it by the rude breath of Old Boreas. Therefore, I will take the great liberty of transposing the scene from that depicted in the pencilings of my journal to the history of a subsequent visit made under similar circumstances.

The next morning, when I awoke from a two hours' slumber, the low, sullen roar of Niagara, sounding like the distant hum of Broadway, told me how near I was to that

narrow sluice, through the rocky walls of which, five immense lakes, the remnants of a mighty primeval ocean, pour the rushing tide of their imprisoned waters over a granite barrier one hundred and fifty feet high, and into a yawning abyss which they are eternally deepening.

I always hate to ask questions of strangers, and so, directed by the noise alone, I started out from my hotel, after a hurried breakfast, to view this wonder of our Continent. I only missed it a mile—the rapids above the Falls put on much the most style, and make more fuss. The fine spray from the surging waters, blown by the idle winds in every direction, and congealed by the Polar blasts from beyond the vast Canadian forests, covered the ground with a sheet of ice so slick that a pious man could not keep his feet thereon, it being only the wicked who stand in slippery places. It was simply impossible for me to stand with any degree of precision. While carefully picking my way down the river bank, an old boy came sliding up and desired to act as my guide. I told him I did not want any. He persisted, and I resisted, until, becoming angry, I endeavored to turn suddenly on him, and measured my length on the ground. The little rascal grinned demoniacly. I stood no chance of catching him; I could have thrown him into the deepest whirlpool with the most exquisite pleasure—in truth, I hated that boy with the greatest cordiality. After he had deviled me sufficiently, he started to leave, his feet flew up, his head struck the ground with a tremendous concussion, and he limped away, bawling like a young bull of Bashan. I was exceedingly gratified, and was considering it quite a Providential dispensation, when—well, in short, as Major Bagley would say, not to make too fine a point of it, I sat down in a manner that jarred every tooth in my head, and caused me to swallow the big end of my cigar. That boy ought to be lashed to a saw-log and sent over the Falls.

At last I gained my vantage-ground. From a projecting abutment of Prospect Park I stood in front of the cataract and beheld its mighty wonders. Divided by Goat Island, which is hollowed out underneath, and hangs suspended, with all its trees and houses and promenades, over the chaos of waters, the fluid mass, falling in the center, rounds out like a great cylinder, and then unrolls in a snowy sheet which glistens with every brilliant color in the cold rays of the winter sun. The water, striking the elastic rock, rebounds in whirlpools of vapor, which rise above the forest

and mingle with the smoke from huge manufactories and household chimneys, like the clouds of a vast conflagration. Tall pines and stately hickories decorate the scene; while phantom-like rocks, incrustated with glittering ice and jeweled with pendant stalactites, float and glitter and scintillate with every gorgeous hue of the spectrum, even as did the diamond adornments of "Egypt's beauteous Queen."

As I gazed enthralled, from over the rugged summit of the distant hills which border "vast Ontario," the sun shone out with unwonted splendor. In front of the Horse-Shoe, over which the turbulent flood is plunging into its deep abyss, I saw formed a thousand rainbows, curving and crossing each other with a profusion of optic charms, until at length a single pillar, shaped, I imagine, like that duncloud which guided Moses in his daily journeyings, but infinitely more beautiful, as it flashed and shimmered with every bright hue that delights mortal vision—slowly arose from the frightful shades of the unmeasured deluge, and floated grandly away towards the American shore—and was only lost when the sun became obscured by the envious cloud.

Ognarra, by which they meant "Thundering Water," is what the Iroquois called Niagara. Varying with the condition of the atmosphere, its deep, rolling sound at one time strikes the ear in subdued cadences, and at another, it swells upon the gale and sways from shore to shore, startling the listener forty miles away. Before the final leap of the cataract is made, its waters rush tumultuously, with deafening racket, down a grade of fifty-two feet in less than a mile, and it becomes less a river than an angry ocean whose floods hurry into the yawning gulf below. Three hundred and thirty million gallons of water tumble over these rocks every minute of fleeting time.

Says Chateaubriand: "Eagles are carried whirling to the bottom of the gulf, dragged down by the current of the air, and Lynxes suspend themselves by their long tails, to the end of some low branch over the abyss, in order to seize the mangled remains of the elk and bear brought down in the seething cauldron."

I rather suspected the ornate little Frenchman had allowed some quizzical Yankee to "stuff" him, but as I recalled him to mind, I became aware, from my benumbed fingers and red-tipped nose, that at all events "Ognarra" was just then "thundering" cold.

At the porter's lodge, who guarded the bridge to Goat

Island, I paid my half a dollar, toasted by shins, and thawed out my nose at his fire, and proceeded on a narrow bridge crossing a current that seemed fully as dangerous as the Dark River that is spanned by the curved sword, over which good Moslems enter Paradise. Some day it *will* be hazardous, for science tells us that the solid rock is gradually crumbling. The restless cataract is slowly eating its way through the obdurate limestone, and Sir Charles Lyell, the great Geologist, informs us that in about seven thousand years the Falls will reach Lake Erie, let out the pent-up waters of the five grand inland seas, flood the great State, and wash away the city of New York. What is the use of our glorious victories of this Fall, and the wiping out of Ben Butler, if it will last no longer than that? The water dashes itself, with hoarse bellowings, into many fantastic forms of foamy spray in this fifty feet of down grade, before it reaches the main falls. The noise of the approach is greater and more sounding than that of the final culmination, like the harmless shots of the big cannon preceding the comparatively quiet but much more fatal musketry volleys of the battle.

Niagara is something of a humbug, anyhow. It costs a dollar to obtain good views of it, when one (if he was in Africa) could gaze at Mosi-oa-tunya, on the Zambesi, all day, without the cost of a single cent. *Of course* the waters fall over the rocks after coming to them at such a rattling rate; if they did not, it might *then* be called a wonder.

Down a long, toilsome stairway I climbed, following a finger-sign pointing to the "Cave of the Winds." The narrow pathway leading from it, beneath the overhanging precipice, above the surging flood, and covered with a glistening sheen of slippery ice, presented an uninviting appearance.

The guide refused to proceed farther on this line. I vehemently insisted; he was stubbornly immovable, at which I was delighted, for if he had not backed out I would.

Cowley, it is, I believe, who insists that "Cogitation distinguishes the solitude of a god from that of a wild beast." Solitude becomes most profound when we are in the presence of Nature's sublimest manifestations, and the grandeur of no scene could inspire higher thoughts than that which surrounded me. I stood at the foot of the Falls,—the beetling cliffs of Goat Island arched threateningly over me; in front, the mighty crescent of eternally moving waters,

with thunder that had known no silence for thousands of years, and at my feet the boiling cauldron of a turbulent whirlpool, whose ceaseless currents had been circling ever since that early morn of creation, when this continent was lifted above the surface of the ocean. Always there, and then yet ever in motion, does it not symbol that mysterious impulse of the human heart which never suffers us to be at rest, which urges us onward as by an unseen, yet irresistible law—breathing planets in a petty orbit, hurried forever and forever, till our course is run and our light is quenched—through the circle of a dark and impenetrable destiny, art thou not some faint hope of our prescribed wanderings hereafter? of the unslumbering nature of the soul? of the everlasting progress which we are pre-doomed to make through the countless steps, and realms, and harmonies of the infinite creation? and how such sublimity will cause us to soar on the wild wings of thought, above this dim earth, and form in the restless visions of the mind a chart of the glories and wonders which the released spirit may hereafter visit and behold.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FINALIS.

Off with your gray suits, boys—
 Off with your rebel gear—
 They smack too much of the cannon's peal,
 And the lightning flash of your deadly steel;
 The war has smoothed its wrinkled front,
 And meek-eyed peace returning,
 Has brightened hearts that long were wont
 To sigh in grief and mourning.
 —[Miss O. T. Thomas.]

SLOWLY I turned from the varied glories and magnificent splendors of the gorgeous panorama, and ascended the steep steps, which seemed almost as interminable as the labors of Sysiphus. Thoroughly exhausted, I reached the commanding point of the Island, from whence I could look down on the troubled waters of the huge cataract on one side, and on the other up at the foaming rapids and its myriad changing forms of circling whirlpools, as

they tore through the sunken rocks to the verge of the precipice. Two-thirds of the Falls are on the Canada side—a manifest injustice to the great Republic, and which ought to be rectified, were it not from the fact that the water-power, the avenues of admission and the most of the money-making portion, is on *our* side. To the right of Goat Island, on the American Falls, is a mite of a rock jutting out into the falling waters, which is called Luna Island. Its surface is smooth, inclines down the stream, was covered with several inches of ice, and as slippery as the greased pole of an English Fair. Around the lower edge strong iron posts are inserted in the stone, connected with a single rail of iron, for protection to the sight-seer, who, grasping, can lean over it and gaze into the dizzy chasm where the waters, separated by the Island, unite and mingle in their fall. Even this rail was encrusted with the frozen element, and from it hung a hundred glittering icicles. Whilst I looked, and listened to the never-ending roar, and felt a trembling vibration beneath me, and thought of how I did not catch the boy, and how even *he* struck the ground with his head, as if it were a sledge-hammer, the idea suddenly occurred that I might slip again. If I did, there was nothing to catch hold of but the ice-covered iron-rail, and if I should miss *that*, the “thundering waters” would grind my bones into a damp poultice at the bottom of the dreadful abyss, where the whirlpool held its noisy revels. I nervously turned to leave, and had nearly reached the little stairway, when my foot slipped, and down I went, moving rapidly toward the frightful gulf. I frantically clutched at the air. I tried to dig my nails and toes into the cruel ice; it was all in vain. An age of time seemed to be compressed into a second. I looked despairingly at the unpitying sun. The noise of the cataract seemed to die away on my ears. I thought of home and of heaven, and of Sheridan’s ride (to say nothing of his Banditti), and of Music’s dinner, and the Swamp Angel, and what a fool I was to come there anyhow. I neared the rail; it was my last, my only chance. I stretched my hands towards it. Alas! it was beyond my reach. I could only convulsively clasp a brittle icicle. This I hugged to my cold bosom, from which

“Hope that springs eternal in the human breast”

had fled, as with one long, wild shriek I went—quietly up the stairs. The fact is, gentle reader, I did not slip at all, nor did I trust myself at any point where slipping might have been in the least degree dangerous.

This reminds me of a narrow escape I once had in Mammoth Cave. A party of us entered to "do" the long route. Among the number was a tall, black-haired, restless man, "whose eyes in fine frenzy rolled," accompanied by his wife, a sweet little woman, who paid him the most close and devoted attention. Over the river Styx the dusky Charon had ferried the other excursionists, when the black-haired man returned alone for his wife and me. She appeared strangely timid in submitting to his guidance, but he fixed her with his "glittering eye" like the Ancient Mariner did the unfortunate wedding guest, and I followed her without a thought into the boat. We were hardly in mid-stream when a maniac yell pierced the hollow vaults, and I was frozen with terror to find that I was under the control of a wild lunatic. Her shrill shrieks, and the hoarse shouts of the rest of the party on the farther bank of the river, mingled in conflicting echoes with an unearthly din, as if Pandemonium had been loosened through those rocky caves. Our insane steersman, with fiendish laughter, guided the frail bark down the stream, and we plunged into the dark recess of a cavern, as black as that whence Siegfried expelled the dragon of Neibelungen. Despair seized my soul; the woman's exhausted strength had subsided into apathy. The crazy man was jubilant, and his unseemly mirth penetrated the impalpable profound of darkness and of night. Suddenly before us we discerned the blush of a rosy light, that was as grateful to our straining eyes as would have been the lustre of the Sakhral stone on the summit of Mount Caf, which Mahomet tells us of. The guides, by another route, had intercepted us in our career, and were waiting for us in a beautiful grotto, gorgeous with graceful stalactites, and we were asked——

You may depend upon it, my reader, that the above is true, except for the little drawback that I was never in Mammoth Cave in my life, although I have been intending to go there every summer that has come for years.

Luna Island finished my views of the Falls. I had seen everything worth seeing of Ognarra in winter, a more impressive sight than is Niagara in summer time.

I tore myself away from this scene of enchantment and ere long the "wings of steam," with a wierd rush and rattle, bore me over the undulating surface of fertile Ohio and landed me, after so many years of wanderings and vicissitudes, at "my old Kentucky home."

My Missouri residence was to me unattainable, my prop-

erty confiscated—I disfranchised and virtually outlawed—a false oath required before I could engage in almost any honest calling—a Pariah, an exile and a wanderer on the face of the earth—where should I drag my weary footsteps to pass the remainder of what I then deemed a broken and blasted life? Where *could* I go but to the friends of my youth, the home of my boyhood, the lovely valleys amid which were clustered all the fond and endearing associations of early days?

And when they gladly and cheerfully met me with smiling faces and warm hearts and open arms, I could only murmur, from the most sacred recesses of my soul, a soft and holy vow, even as Ruth said unto Naomi, “Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

Gentle reader! my task is done—my theme
Hath died into an echo—is but a dream,
Whilst with Byron, “what is writ is writ,
And the torch extinguish’d by which ’twas lit,”—
Would it were worthier, ’twould be better,
But as it is, so farewell—if not forever,
For I’ll not a final note prolong,
Nor lengthen out the closing song.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF SURVIVORS

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND MISSOURI BRIGADES,

WITH PRESENT RESIDENCE AND OCCUPATION.

The following lists are as full and correct as could be obtained up to the date of publication, and are the result of extensive inquiry and correspondence. Those having the matter in charge did the best they could under the circumstances, and trust that their efforts will to some extent be a source of gratification to the surviving veterans of the gallant old Brigades, whose names will thus be handed down in honor to coming generations.

It was originally intended to give a list of the killed and of those who died in service, but the rolls and records having been destroyed or lost, this was found to be utterly impossible, and the idea was abandoned.

OFFICERS.

Adams, J. D., Capt. 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Dunksburg, State unknown.
Adams, J. W., Capt. 1 Cav.
Adams, E. C., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Independence, Mo.
Adams, William, 1 Lt. 2 Cav., Independence, Mo.
Alford, Thomas T., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, Madisonville, Mo.
Allen, J. M., Surg. 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo., Physician.
Allridge, W. C., Capt. 3 Inf'ty.
Anderson, Ely, Major.
Anderson, A. G., Major Q. M., St. Louis.
Anderson, C. L., Jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty,
Anderson, E. McD., Lt. 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Fort Worth, Texas, Druggist.
Archer, J. M., Sen., Lt. 1 Cav.
Atkinson, 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
Atchison, J. B., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Physician.
Atwood, Charles, Chaplain.
Baber, Frank, Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Hardin, Mo., Farmer.
Baber, J. M., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo.
Bagby, J. W., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo., Merchant.
Bankhead, Archer, Capt. 2 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Stock Dealer.
Barron, James, Lt. 1 Artillery, St. Louis, Mo.
Bailey, Dr., Surg. 3 Inf'ty, Demopolis, Ala., Physician.
Barnes, J., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, died at home, 1874.
Barlow, W. P., Capt. 1 Artillery, Mobile, Ala.
Bates, G. W., Lt. 4 Inf'ty, Selma, Ala.
Baughan, Richard A., Col., Nevada, Mo.
Bruce, Griff, Capt. of Ordnance, died in St. Louis.
Barklay, J. W., Capt. 1 Cav., Chillicothe, Mo., Physician.
Bevier, R. S., Lt. Col. 5 Inf'ty, Russellville, Ky., Lawyer.
Blakley, A. C., 2 Lt. 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Grocer.
Blair, T. A., 2 Lt. 1 Inf'ty, Harrisonville, Mo.
Bledsoe, A. M., Capt., Pleasant Hill, Mo., Judge County Court.

Bledsoe, Hy. M., Col. Artillery, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
 Bledsoe, Robert, Col. 6 Inf'ty, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
 Bivens, O. P., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Kearney, Clay Co., Mo.
 Bivens, Perry, Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Kearney, Clay Co., Mo.
 Bond, Rev. Jas. M., 1 and 4 Inf'ty, Livingston, Polk Co., Texas, Minister.
 Bohart, J. M., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Bolding, E., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Boon, J. T., jun., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Bosticks, M. A. G., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Boyce, Joseph, Capt. 1 and 4 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Tobacconist.
 Bradley, Wm., 3 Inf'ty, Darksville, Mo., Minister.
 Britts, J. H., Surgeon 4 Inf'ty, Clinton, Mo., lost one leg; Physician.
 Brinker, Isaac, Major and A. Q. M., Denver, Colorado, Merchant.
 Brookshire, Thomas B., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Lockspring, Mo., Farmer.
 Brown, William, 1 Lt. 4 Mo. Bat., St. Louis, Metropolitan Police.
 Brownell, J. W., 2 Lt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Burk, Wm. T., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Burr, M. S., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Burr, N. S., Lt. 6 Inf'ty, Kansas City, Mo., Merchant.
 Burbridge, Jno. O., Col. 2 Inf'ty, Alton, Ala., Miller.
 Bryant, J. H., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Caldwell, George W., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Nebraska City, Neb.
 Carby, James, 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Denison, Tex., Liquor Merchant.
 Carby, ——— Capt. 3 Inf'ty, St. Joe, Mo., Merchant.
 Carney, J., Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Huntsville, Mo., Merchant.
 Carroll, John, 1 Lt. 1 Inf'ty, Leavenworth, Kansas, Stone Mason.
 Carroll, John T., Sgt. Major.
 Carr, Joseph, Capt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Carter, J. D., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Carter, Richard, Capt, Fort Benton.
 Carter, Thomas M., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, Lincoln Co., Mo., Sheriff.
 Carter, Frank, Gen. Bowen's Staff, St. Louis, Real Estate.
 Cassele, C. C., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Cavat, William, Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Carlisle, S. S., Staff, New Orleans, La., Lawyer.
 Chamberling, W. M., Capt., Vicksburg, Miss.
 Chamberlain, J. W., Lt., Vicksburg, Miss.
 Chestnut, William, Capt. 1 Cav., Platte City, Mo.
 Chestnut, A. T., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Chew, Vernon, Surgeon, 3 Inf'ty, Texas, Physician.
 Clark, George B., Adj. 4 Inf'ty, New Madrid, Mo., Lawyer.
 Clay, W. H., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Cleveland, C. B., Lt 3 Inf'ty, Linden, Ala., Planter.
 Coal, S. T., Capt. 5 Inf'ty, died in prison—after exchange.
 Coffey, E., M.D., Surgeon, Platte City, Mo., Sheriff.
 Cole, T. W., jun., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Cook, Adj. 3 Inf'ty.
 Cook, Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Cooper, Maj. 4 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Boonsborough, Farmer.
 Cooper, Stephen, Lt. Col. 6 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Boonsborough, Farmer.
 Cooper, J. H., Capt. 6 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Boonsborough, Farmer.
 Cooper, J. M., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Boonsborough, Farmer.
 Covell, George W., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Nebraska City, Neb., Lawyer.
 Cowan, G. W., Capt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Couchman, W. B., Lt. 4 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Farmer.
 Cousins, Major 2 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Crow, Frank, 3 Lt. 2 & 6 Inf'ty.
 Cockrell, F. M., Brigadier-General, Warrensburg, Mo., U. S. Senator.
 Crowder, Thos. M., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, died in Chariton Co. since war.
 Cundiff, W. H., Lt. Col. 1 Cav., St. Joe, Mo., Editor.
 Cundiff, J. H. R., Adj. 1 Cav., St. Joe, Mo.

Curtis, Frank, Lt. Woods' Cav., Praiseville, Mo.
 Danner, A. C., Capt., Mobile, Ala., Merchant.
 Davidson, F. B., Maj. on Marmaduke's staff, St. Louis, Mo., Com. Mer.
 Davis, Ed., 2 Lt.
 Denham, S. N., Surgeon 3 Inf'ty, Kansas City, Mo., Physician.
 Deare, Joshua, Capt. & A. Q. M., Gower, Mo., Farmer.
 Dickey, R. H., jr., 2 Lt., Nebraska City, Invalid.
 DeJarnatt, Henry W., Little Rock, Ark., City Editor *Gazette*.
 Donley, N. B., Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Marion Co., Mo.
 Douglas, James C., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, Warrensburg.
 Douglas, S. A., Lt. 2 Cav., Sibley, Mo., Farmer.
 Dougherty, L. B., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo., Cashier Com. Bank.
 Duan, Jas. T., 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Bethany, Mo., Merchant.
 Duncan, Joseph, 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Duncan, Jephtha, Maj. 6 Inf'ty, Independence, Farmer.
 Duncan, Jas. L., 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Duncan, J. M., Gen. Price's Ord., Mobile, Ala.
 Duvall, C. T. jun., 3 Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo.
 Dysart, Benj. G., Brig.-Surg. 5 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Physician.
 Dyng, Adam, 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Dyas, Lt. 2 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Grocer.
 Eagan, J. A., 3 Inf'ty, Jefferson City, Mo., Physician.
 Engart, L., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Engard, L., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Elder, William, sen., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Elliott, G. W., sen., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Elliott, G. R., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Evans, George, Lt. Farris' Bat.
 Falkner, Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Farris, J. L., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Lawyer.
 Feagan, Jephtha, Maj. 4 Inf'ty, died in Palmyra, Mo.
 Fincher, W. C., 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Flanagan, J. M., Adj. 2 Inf'ty, Reno, Nevada.
 Fletcher, F. S., 3 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Flournoy, Peter C., Col. 2 Inf'ty, Linneus, Mo., Physician.
 Floweret, D. W., Major Slein's Staff, Vicksburg, Miss.
 Ford, William C., Capt. & A. Q. M. 2 Inf'ty, Livingston, Ala., Editor.
 Forsee, G. T., Hos. Stew., 3 Inf'ty, Eminence, Ky.
 Gause, W. R., Lt. Col. 3 Inf'ty, Fort Worth, Texas, Lawyer.
 Garrett, Peter R., jun., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Gates, Elijah, Col. 1 Cav., St. Joseph, Mo., Mo. State Treasurer.
 Gee, L. W., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Gibbs, William, 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Gibbert, E. M., sen., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, Kansas City, Mo., Mayor.
 Gilbert, W. P., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Gillespie, Henry, Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Palmyra, Mo., Farmer.
 Gill, T. A., 2 Lt., Kansas City, Mo., Lawyer.
 Givens, William, Asst. Surg. 6 Inf'ty, Cass Co., Mo., Physician.
 Glanville, Jas. H., Capt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Goodwin, J. C., Surgeon 4 Inf'ty, Columbia, Mo., Physician.
 Goodwin, W. C., Asst. Surg. 5 Inf'ty.
 Gordon, W. A., Surg. 3 Inf'ty, Lexington, Mo., Collector Lafayette Co.
 Gordon, S. M. Capt. 1 Cav.
 Gordon, Dr., Surg. 3 Inf'ty, Lexington, Mo., Physician.
 Goring, S. B., sen., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 George, Wm., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Grant, Noah, Capt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Graham, John G., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Guibor, Henry, Capt. Artillery, Little Rock, Ark.
 Guthrie, O. F., Lt. 1 Cav. San Francisco, Cal., Merchant.
 Guthrie, Robt., Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Oxford, Miss., Professor.

Guthrie, Ben. Eli, Capt. 5 Inft'y, College Mound, Mo., Professor.
 Guinn, 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Haines, Wm., Maj. A. Q. M., St. Louis, Mo.
 Harmon, Lt. 5 Inft'y, Warrensburg, Mo., Cattle Broker.
 Harpcr, J. R., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Harris, Surg. 1 Inft'y, Westport, Jackson Co., Mo., Physician.
 Hayne, J. A., sen., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y.
 Harwood, J. E., Adj. 6 Inft'y, Selma, Ala.
 Hedgepath, J. W., Lt. Col. 6 Inft'y.
 Harris, A. W., Capt. Artillery, Clarendon, Ark., Druggist.
 Hendricks, S. M., sen., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y.
 Hearn, R. S., 1 Lt. 5 Inft'y, Owenton, Ky.
 Henry, J. R., jun., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Herr, Benjamin, F., Capt. & A. Q. M. 6 Inft'y.
 Hickey, John M., Capt. 6 Inft'y, Columbia, Tenn., County Clerk.
 Hickman, E. A., 1 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Hickman, Ben., Drum-Major 2 Inft'y, Florida, Mo., Farmer.
 Hide, J. J., Asst. Surg. 2 Inft'y.
 Hill, T., 1 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Holland, J. S., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Holman, W. A., Lt. 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Physician.
 Hornback, Silas, jun., 2 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Houck, Jacob, jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y, Columbia, Mo., Farmer.
 Holman, A. W., Capt. 1 Cav., Platte City, Mo., Farmer.
 Hull, E. B., Lt. Col. 2 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo., Stock Business.
 Howard, Rev. J. S., Chaplain 2 Inft'y, Mississippi.
 Hoz, T. P., Col. 3 Brig., St. Louis, Mo., Lawyer.
 Huff, W. H., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Hunter, D. W., Surg. 6 Inft'y, Westport, Mo., Physician.
 Hunter, D. C., Col. 8 Inft'y, Nevada, Mo., Lawyer.
 Hutchinson, R. R., Maj., St. Louis, Mo., Cashier Lucas Bank.
 Hutchinson, Lewis B., 2 Lt. 1 Inft'y, died since the war.
 Iree, A. J., sen., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y, Osceola, Mo., Lawyer.
 Johnson, W. P., Lt. Col. 4 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo., Lawyer.
 Jones, John, 3 Lt. 2 Cav., Independence, Mo.
 Jones, W. P., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Johnston, W. II., 1 Lt. 5 Inft'y.
 Justice, A. S., A. C. S. and Capt. 1 Cav., Mississippi.
 Kavenaugh, Rev. Dr. B. B., Chap. 1 Cav., now residing in Texas.
 Keller, Daniel, 3 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Kelley, Daniel G., jun., 2 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Kelley, II. E., 1 Lt. 5 Inft'y.
 Kennard, Sam. M., 1 Lt. 1 Artillery, St. Louis, Mo., Carpet Business.
 Kennicly, Jas. P., 3 Lt. 1 Artillery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Kennerly, L. H., Capt. 1 Inft'y, Mobile, Ala.
 Kerr, Thomas, A. O. M. 3 Inft'y.
 Kersey, John, Col., Papinsville, Mo., Farmer.
 King, Houston, Capt. Clark's Bat., Kentucky.
 Klumph, J. E., Maj. 1 Inft'y, Mobile, Ala.
 Knuckles, W. L., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Koontz, D. F., Capt. 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Ladd, J. A., 1 Lt. 6 Inft'y, Union Co., Mo.
 Lanter, Jack, Capt. 1 Cav., Platte City, Mo., Farmer.
 Longan, John M., Lt. Artillery, Gainesville, Ala.
 Ladd, John, Capt. 6 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Lamb, A. P., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Lanabdin, W. H., Ass't Surg. 6 Inft'y.
 Landis, John C., Capt. Artillery, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Lanier, T. B., 1 Lt. 2 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Lanter, Davis, Capt. 1 Cav.
 Law, G. W., Lt.-Col. 1 Cav., killed at Fulton, Mo., since the war.

Leach, J. M., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, LaGrange, Kansas.
 Ledgerwood, Wm., 2 Lt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Lemon, A. C., Maj. 1 Inf'ty, Bolivar, Mo., County Clerk.
 Lindsey, Preston, Lt.
 Lippencott, J. E., 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Lipscomb, William, 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, Vicksburg, Miss.
 Lovern, James, Major, Gainesville, Texas, Farmer.
 Lowery, T. J., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Huntsville, Mo.
 Luckett, W. C., jun., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Lyle, E. G., Capt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Maberry, Wm. J., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Milleville, Mo., Farmer.
 Mahon, J. T., jun., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Mansur, W. H. H., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Salisbury, Mo., Banker.
 Marmaduke, T. S., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Macon, Mo., County Recorder.
 Mathews, G. O., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, Pike Co.
 Mathews, J. R., Lt. 4 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Commission Merchant.
 Maughs, G. M. B., Exam. Surg., St. Louis, Mo., Prof. in Med. College.
 Maupin, R. L., Capt., Macon, Ala.
 Melon, J. S., Maj. and Commissary, St. Louis, Mo., Rcal Estate Agency.
 McCarey, Parsons, 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Green Ridge, Mo.
 McCarty, W. B., 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Russellville, Ky., Merchant.
 McCown, James, Col. 5 Inf'ty, died since the war.
 McCrowder, Thos. M., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 McCree, A. J., 2 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 McCellan, Alden, Lt., New Orleans, La.
 McCue, Paul, Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Jameson, Mo.
 McCullough, R., sen., Col. 2 Cav., Boonville, Mo., Collector of County.
 McCullough, R., jun., Lt.-Col. 2 Cav., Boonville, Mo.
 McCustian, Guinn, Capt. 3 Cav., Milleville, Mo.
 McDowell, Lucian, Capt., Flemingsburg, Ky., Physician.
 MacFarlane, A., Col. 4 Inf'ty, Jefferson City, Mo.
 McFarland, Capt. 1 Inf'ty.
 McGrew, J. B., sen., 2 Lt. 2 Cav., Flemingsburg, Ky., Physician.
 McPike, M. H., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 McPike, Capt. 1 Cav., Parksville, Mo.
 McRae, Fergus, Lt. Artillery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Minter, John, Capt. 3 Inf'ty, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Minshell, John, 3 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Demopolis, Ala.
 Miller, G. L., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Mitchell, M. V., Capt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Mitchell, Benj., jun., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Mitchell, J. L., 2 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Modole, Francis E., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Moorehead, A., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Kentucky.
 Moss, W. H., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Moss, William, Capt. 6 Inf'ty, Fayette, Mo.
 Mussell, William H., Capt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Musser, R. H., Col. 9 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Lawyer.
 Muse, John M., Capt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Murphy, Lawrence, Lt. Artillery, New Orleans, La., Contractor.
 Neilson, Wm. M., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Netherton, W. H., 2 Lt. 2 Cav.
 Newman, John K., Sergt.-Maj. 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Nuckols, W. L., Capt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Oldham, William H., Capt. 6 Inf'ty, Dalton, Mo., Farmer.
 Oldham, N. B., sen., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, Dalton, Mo., Farmer.
 Oldham, W. B., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty, High Blue, Jackson Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Pankey, D. Y., Capt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Parker, Capt. 1 Cav., Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Parsons, J. D., Capt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Patten, John, Capt. 1 Cav.
 Patton, Jeff., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Fayetteville, Ark.

Payne, Capt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Payne, Dr., Surgeon 3 Inf'ty, Hannibal, Mo.
 Perry, J. C., Lt. 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Phillips, J. J., 3 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Linnens, Mo., Farmer.
 Pleasants, Jas. B., Maj. 1 Bat., Jackson, Tenn.
 Price, Sterling, Maj.-Gen'l, St. Louis, Mo., died since the war.
 Price, Jessie L., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Kansas City, Mo., Commission Merchant.
 Price, Celsus, Capt., Staff of Gen'l Price, St. Louis, Mo.
 Price, T. H., Maj. Ordnance, Mobile, Ala., Lawyer,
 Prather, W. H., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Priest, Wm. A., Capt. and Commissary 2 Inf'ty.
 Pittman, W. B., Green's Staff, Vicksburg, Miss.
 Pittman, A. B., Lt. Gate's Cav., Vicksburg, Miss.
 Post, Sam'l, sen., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Quinlan, Jas. M., Major, died since the war.
 Ragland, John M., Lt. 3 Inf'ty, Clinton, Mo., Merchant.
 Rattcliff, T. J., Capt. Green's Reg't, Pocahontas, Ark.
 Redmand, John, Lt. 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Recca, E. H., 2 Lt. 4 Inf'ty, Harrisonville, Mo., Farmer.
 Reimer, Isaac, Lt. 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Renick, 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Columbia, Mo.
 Reeves, Robert, 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Rice, Sam., 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Rice, Stephen R., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Roberts, Boaz.
 Robertson, A. M., Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Rodgers, G. W., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Texas, Minister.
 Rodney, J. P., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Rodgers, C. A., Capt. 1 Cav.
 Rosenberry, J., 1 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Ross, Samuel, 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Peaksville, Va., Teacher.
 Rudder, M. C., jun., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Rupe, Harvey, 3 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Rutter, 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Sandusky, Geo. W., Capt. 2 Inf'ty, Linden or Demopolis, Ala., Merchant.
 Sanderson, William, 1 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Sampler, A. W., 1 Lt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Salmon, R., jr., 2 Lt. 1 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Sawers, A. D. Jr., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Samuel, ——— Capt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Savery, P. M., Capt. 2 Cav., Baldwin, Miss., Lawyer.
 Schamburge, Wright, Col. and A. A. G., New Orleans, La.
 Sitzee, W. S., 1 Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Simpson, Avington, 1 Lt. 5 Inf'ty.
 Snead, T. L., Col. A. A. G., New York, Lawyer.
 Sloan, J. B., 2 Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Smith, John B., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Corning, Ark.
 Smith, C., Capt. 3 Inf'ty, Maysville, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, W. B., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Smithers, John, 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty,
 Spicer, J. B., 1 Lt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Stark, E. T., Capt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Stark, William F., Ass't Surg. 1 Cav., Gower, Mo., Physician.
 Stagg, Lt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Stephens, Thos. W., 2 Lt. 2 Inf'ty.
 Stewart, G. W., 1 Lt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Steward, Thad., Lt. 2 Inf'ty, Sturgeon, Mo., Farmer.
 Stone, John, Lt. 6 Inf'ty.
 Stockton, Robert, Lt. 2 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Steele, W. B., Lt. in Bledsoe's Artillery, Lexington, Mo., County Clerk.
 Stewart, Robert, Lt. 5 Inf'ty, Newark, N. J., Manufacturer.
 Strong, A. J., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.

St. Mary, A. S., jun., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y, De Soto, Jefferson Co., Mo., S. of mines.
 Summers, John T., 2 Lt. 3 Inft'y, Lathrop, Clinton Co., Mo., Druggist.
 Sparks, O., jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Synamon, J., 1 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Synamon, James, Capt. 6 Inft'y, Platte City, Mo.
 Taylor, O. K., Capt. 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo.
 Taylor, Obe, Capt. 3 Inft'y, Jamesport, Mo., Livery business.
 Taylor, J. M., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Tannehill, B. W., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Thrailkill, J., Capt. 1 Cav., Texas.
 Thomas, David, Capt. 3 Inft'y, Lone Star, Mo., Farmer.
 Thomas, D. S., Capt. 3 Inft'y, Bethany, Mo.
 Thompson, David, Lt. 3 Inft'y, Kingston, Mo.
 Thurmand, C. N. B., Capt. 1 Inft'y, Troy, Mo., Attorney.
 Todd, M. S., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Tibbett, Josiah, Capt. 2 Cav., St. Louis, Mo.
 Tiser, S. M., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Tonny, J. H., Lt. 3 Inft'y, Rock Port, Mo., Farmer.
 Tournan, C. M., 2 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Townsend, M., Capt. 5 Inft'y.
 Tramper, H., Capt. 5 Inft'y.
 Turner, Lynch, Capt. Clark's Bat.
 Turner, Lynch, Capt. 6 Inft'y, State of Miss.
 Vandever, A., 1 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Vance, S., 2 Lt. 1 Cav.
 Vaughn, John W., Surg. 2 Inft'y, Waverley, Mo., Physician.
 Vermillion, 3 Lt. 3 Inft'y, Claytonville, Mo., Farmer.
 Von Phul, Ben., St. Louis, Mo.
 Von Phul, Frank, Lt. and A. D. C., New Orleans, La.
 Wallace, J. D., Surg. 3 Inft'y, Franklin, Tenn., Physician.
 Walsh, Richard, 1 Lt. Artillery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Warren, G. W., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y, Richmond, Va., Merchant.
 Warriner, W. H., Lt. Artillery, Memphis, Tenn., Lawyer.
 Wells, John S., Capt. 2 Inft'y, Ashley, Mo., Farmer.
 Weed, T. F., 1 Lt. Elliott's Cav., San Antonio, Tex.
 Whitehead, Peter F., Surg., Vicksburg, Miss., Physician.
 Wickersham, James, Capt. 1 and 4 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo., Merchant.
 Weidemeyer, J. M., Capt. 4 Inft'y, Clinton, Mo., Merchant.
 Wilkerson, Marion, Capt. Gates' Cav.
 Wilson, Thos. B., Capt. 2 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo., H. & T. C. Railway.
 Wilkerson, Harris, 1 Lt. 1 Cav., Vicksburg, Miss.
 Weidlette, S., Surg., St. Louis, Mo.
 Williams, Robt. J., Major 3 Inft'y, Swanwick, Mo., Farmer.
 Williams, R. J., Capt. 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Mayor.
 Woolfork, E. O., 2 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Woodard, J., jun., 2 Lt. 5 Inft'y.
 Woodward, A. A., Capt. 6 Inft'y.
 Wright, John, Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Weller, W. H., Lt. Artillery, St. Louis, Mo., Druggist.
 Yancey, Joel, 2 Lt. 2 Inft'y.
 Yancy, jun., 2 Lt. 6 Inft'y.
 Young, Wm., Capt., Vicksburg, Miss.
 Young, N. M., Capt., Vicksburg, Miss, Lawyer
 Young, Joseph H., 1 Lt. 5 Inft'y.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Abbott, J. R., 5 Inft'y.
Adams, James, 2 Cav., Pink Hill, Mo., Farmer.
Adams, Samuel, 2 Inft'y, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
Adams, Robert, 5 Inft'y, Mo.
Adams, J. W., Papansville, Mo.
Adams, James, 3 Inft'y, Pink Hill, Mo., Farmer.

Adams, Henry, 3 Inft'y, Atchison, Kansas.
 Adams, J. S., 1 Cav. Plattsburg, Mo.
 Adcock, B. F., 3 Inft'y, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Anderson, E. M., 2 Inft'y, Paris, Mo.
 Anderson, Fred. 6 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Allen, Isaac, 3 Inft'y, Ada, Ray Co., Mo.
 Akers, Jasper, 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Akers, James, 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Ainsworth, F. M., 1 Inft'y.
 Aldridge, T. C., Corp. 5 Inft'y, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Algo, Charles, 2 Inft'y, Quitman, Mo., Merchant.
 Allen, William, 1 Inft'y.
 Appler, John S., 1 Inft'y.
 Arrie, G. E., 1 Inft'y.
 Armentrout, G. W., Sergt. 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Arnold, Price, 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Ashby, Richard, 3 Inft'y.
 Ashby, John, 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Ashby, Robert, 3 and 5 Inft'y, Lawson, Mo., Blacksmith.
 Ashley, Samuel, 3 Inft'y, Trans-Valley, N. M.
 Ashley, John, 3 Inft'y, Colorado.
 Asberry, John, 3 Inft'y, Lawson, Mo.
 Atchison, D. R., 1 Inft'y, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Attiser, 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Baber, William, 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo.
 Baber, J. M. Corp'l 3 Inft'y, Plattsburg, Mo., Farmer.
 Baber, B. F., Corp'l, 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo.
 Bagby, J. W., 5 Inft'y, Roanoke, Mo.
 Bagby, H. C., 5 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Baker, John, 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Baker, James, 3 Inft'y.
 Bayle, Leonidas H., Barboursville, Ky., Minister M. E. C. S.
 Baker, Henry, 3 Inft'y.
 Baker, Joseph, 3 Inft'y.
 Baker, William, 3 Inft'y, Fairburg, Nebraska.
 Baker, Thomas, 3 Inft'y.
 Bailey, Michall, 2 Inft'y, Quitman, Mo.
 Baker, Robert, 2 Inft'y, North Saline, Mo.
 Ball, Green, Landis' Battery, St. Louis, Mo., Hat Merchant.
 Ball, A. G., Landis' Battery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Ballantian, D. C., 3 Inft'y.
 Ballard, John, 2 Inft'y, Callaway Co., Mo.
 Balt, John, 2 Inft'y, Oregon.
 Barton, Ed., 2 Inft'y, Spence Mountain, Nevada, Cattle Dealer.
 Baming, C. W., 3 Inft'y.
 Barger, James H.
 Band, Chas. E., 1 Inft'y.
 Bandy, G. W., 1 Inft'y.
 Barnes, Jas. H., 5 Inft'y, Gray's Summit, Mo.
 Barr, J. W., 3 Inft'y, Shelbyville, Mo.
 Barr, S. M., 3 Sergt. 3 Inft'y.
 Barry, John, 1 Inft'y.
 Barrett, Overton W., Light's Battery, St. Louis, Mo., Real Estate.
 Bartlett, J. W., Farris' Battery, Livingston, Mo.
 Bartlett, Thos. W., 1 Inft'y, Livingston, Mo.
 Barrow, Rufus, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Barroll, Chas. E., Musician Farris' Battery.
 Barrow, William, Bledsoe's Battery, Mo.
 Batrouche, Ira, Bledsoe's Battery.
 Black, P. M., Sergt. Farris' Battery, Memphis, Tenn., Planter.
 Black, Mitchell, Farris' Battery, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Blankenship, H. J., 3 and 5 Inft'y.

Blain, James, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Blain, George, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Blanton, Joseph, Farris' Battery, Arkansas.
 Blakemore, Marshall, Corp'l 3 Inft'y, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Bland, P., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Bell, Sam., 1 Cav., Ham Lake, Miss.
 Beatty, Leonard, 5 Inft'y.
 Belcher, Winston W., Corp'l Farris' Battery, Miss.
 Bedicheck, M., 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Bently, Berk., 3 Inft'y, Albany, Mo., Farmer.
 Bethel, Henry, 1 Inft'y.
 Beets, James, 2 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Bernard, James, 2 Cav., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Bernard, Wm., 2 Corp'l 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Brick Mason.
 Bernard, Newt., 3 Inft'y, Caldwell Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Berry, Lewis, 1 Inft'y.
 Berryhill, E., 2 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Beamer, M., Clark's Battery, Saline Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Berry, James, 6 Inft'y.
 Best, Silas N., 6 Inft'y, Havana, Mo.
 Bidwell, Henry, 3 Inft'y, Linn Co., Mo.
 Bird, James, Farris' Battery, Ark.
 Bishop, Stephen, 2 Cav., Miami, Mo.
 Bittle, E., 2 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Bittle, B., 2 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Bivens, Marion, 3 Inft'y, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Bivens, D. M., 1 Inft'y.
 Bledsaw, Ranson, 2 Inft'y.
 Boatwright, S. B., 5 Inft'y, Texas.
 Boatwright, J. R., 1 and 4 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Boatwright, R. M., 2 Sergt. 5 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Boggs, Louis V., Sergt. Farris' Battery.
 Boggs, Wade, 3 Inft'y, Millville, Mo.
 Bolinger, David, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Bonnell, M. F., Corp'l 6 Inft'y.
 Boone, W. S., 5 Sergt. 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Boon, T. A., 2 Inft'y, Mobile, Ala., Cl'k Cotton Press.
 Boory, O. I., 3 Inft'y, Millville, Mo., Tanner.
 Boydston, F. T., 5 Inft'y.
 Boydston, Wm., 5 Inft'y.
 Bradley, Sam. M., 5 Sergt. 5 Inft'y.
 Bradley, H. W., 5 Inft'y.
 Bradley, J. W., 5 Inft'y.
 Bradley, George, 5 Inft'y.
 Bradley, Archie, 1 Inft'y, Kansas City, Mo., Farmer.
 Bratton, Wm. W., 2 Cav., Missouri City, Mo., Butcher.
 Brazil, Frederick, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Bridgeford, R., 2 Inft'y, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Brinker, Geo. I., 3 Inft'y.
 Bragg, B. H., 3 Inft'y, Linneus, Mo., Farmer.
 Brandon, John, 3 Inft'y, Carrollton, Mo., Farmer.
 Brandon, L. P., 5 Inft'y.
 Branham, Thomas, 5 Inft'y, Texas.
 Broadus, W. H., 3 Inft'y, Darksville, Mo., Farmer.
 Bronner, John C., 3 Inft'y.
 Bronnaugh, Dave, Sergt. 3 Inft'y, Clay Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Brookshire, T. B., Lock Spring, Mo.
 Brown, William, Bledsoe's Battery.
 Brown, L. A., Wade's Battery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Brown, Charles, 5 Inft'y.
 Brown, Samuel, 5 Inft'y.
 Brown, John, 3 Inft'y, Barry, Clay Co., Mo., Farmer.

Brown, Robert, 3 Inf'ty, Shelby Co., Mo.
 Brown, W. H., 1 Cav., Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
 Brown, R. E., 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Carpenter.
 Berreman, F. M., 1 Inf'ty.
 Brumback, Farris' Battery, Texas.
 Bryant, Samuel, 3 Inf'ty.
 Bryant, Vincent, 3 Inf'ty.
 Bryson, G. W., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Centralia, Mo., Farmer.
 Blythe, Joseph, Macon City, Mo.
 Bunch, Reuben, 3 Inf'ty, Los Angeles, Cal.. Day laborer.
 Burch, W. S., 5 Inf'ty.
 Burnson, John, 5 Inf'ty.
 Burgner, Conrad, 3 Inf'ty.
 Bush, P. C., 1 Inf'ty.
 Burr, J. W., Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Shelbyville, Mo.
 Burnes, P. B., 3 Inf'ty, Albany, Oregon, Mechanic.
 Bussell, G. W., 1 Inf'ty.
 Bush, John, 3 Inf'ty, Lone Star, Mo., Farmer.
 Burgin, Herschel, 3 Inf'ty, Bethany, Mo.
 Buford, William, 6 Inf'ty, Platte City, Mo.
 Butlard, John, 2 Inf'ty.
 Bybee, John, Brunswick, Mo.
 Byrne, E. F. V., Sergt. 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Caldwell, John, 5 Inf'ty.
 Caldwell, Thos., 2 Cav., Sibley, Mo., Farmer.
 Caldwell, Robert, 3 Inf'ty, St. Joe., Mo.
 Caldwell, C. T., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Green Ridge, Mo.
 Calvert, Nod., 2 Inf'ty.
 Calvert, Holt, 2 Inf'ty, Illinois.
 Calvert, Thos., 2 Inf'ty.
 Calvert, Jas. C., 2 Inf'ty.
 Calvert, Dallas, 6 Inf'ty.
 Casey, Reeves, 1 Inf'ty.
 Campbell, T. E., Farris' Battery.
 Campbell, C. C., 1 Inf'ty.
 Campbell, Thomas B., Farris' Battery.
 Canterbury, Geo., 5 Inf'ty.
 Casey, William, 5 Inf'ty.
 Casselberry, F. M., Corp'l 1 Inf'ty.
 Career, Charles, 2 Inf'ty.
 Carrol, Thos., 1 Inf'ty.
 Carlisle, J. H., 4 Inf'ty, Clinton, Mo., Horse Trader.
 Campbell, Charles, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Campbell, Robert, Farris' Battery.
 Cassey, Albert, Western, Mo., Farmer.
 Carlsted, William, 3 Inf'ty.
 Carter, E. D., 3 Inf'ty, Swawick, Mo., Farmer.
 Carter, Charles, 5 Inf'ty.
 Cargle, James, 2 Cav., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Cargle, John, 1 Sergt. 2 Cav., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Carver, Robert, 2 Inf'ty, Petersburg, Illinois, Carpenter.
 Cavanaugh, Wm., 4 Corp'l, 3 Inf'ty.
 Charles, Edward Carter, 2 Inf'ty, Prairieville, Mo.
 Cecil, A. H. B., 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Chaunberry, Wright, 5 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Channing, J. R., Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo., School Teacher.
 Chaffin, Richard, 2 Cav., Cameron, Mo.
 Cherry, S. P., 2 Inf'ty, Sebago, Mo., Farmer.
 Childs, William, 1 Cav., Platte City, Mo., Probate Judge.
 Chouning, James, Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo.
 Clark, John, 3 Inf'ty, Lone Star, Mo., Farmer.
 Clark, Thomas, 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.

Clark, E. L., 1 Inf'ty, Virginia.
 Clatterbuck, Sam., 2 Inf'ty, Callaway Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Clatterbuck, J. J., 2 Inf'ty, Callaway Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Clevenger, Richard, 3 Inf'ty, Vibbard, Mo.
 Clifford, John, 5 Inf'ty.
 Clouse, H. C., 2 Cav., St. Louis, Mo.
 Clothiel, 1 Inf'ty.
 Cluck, Clark's Battery, Millville, Mo.
 Cobb, T. M., Independence, Mo., Lawyer.
 Cobb, Thomas M., Cockrell's Com., Springfield, Mo., Minister M. E. Church.
 Cockrell, H. C., 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo., Lawyer.
 Cochran, A. M., 2 Inf'ty, Turney Station, Mo., Farmer.
 Childs, Wm. Ward, Wade's Battery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Coats, J. O., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Coats, Perry, 3 Inf'ty.
 Coats, Q. O., 1 Brig.
 Combs, Charles, Farris' Battery, Sharon, Miss.
 Conway, John M., 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Condon, William, 5 Inf'ty.
 Conner, William, 2 Cav.
 Cody, James, 5 Inf'ty.
 Conway, John, 3 Inf'ty, Saline Co., Mo.
 Coney, Dr. Jesse, 2 Inf'ty.
 Conline, Thos., 1 Inf'ty.
 Collins, Hiram, 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Colgan, William, 6 Inf'ty, Hickman Mills, Mo., Farmer.
 Cooke, E. M., 1 Inf'ty.
 Cook, Frank, 1 Inf'ty.
 Cook, T. J., 5 Inf'ty.
 Cook, John, 5 Inf'ty.
 Coon, Sergt. Farris' Battery.
 Corns, William, 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Colvin, Irwin, 3 Inf'ty, Texas.
 Cooksey, J. J., 1 Inf'ty, Woodville, Miss.
 Cooper, Thomas, 6 Inf'ty, Platte City, Mo.
 Cooper, Oscar, 6 Inf'ty, Platte City, Mo.
 Cooper, Zachariah, 6 Inf'ty, Lee's Summit, Mo., Farmer.
 Cooper, G. W., 2 Inf'ty, Linneus, Mo., Farmer.
 Coosenberry, E. M., 1 Inf'ty.
 Cormack, James, 2 Inf'ty, State of Oregon.
 Cormack, James, 2 Inf'ty, Owasco, Mo.
 Cormack, L. W., 1 Inf'ty.
 Corkney, John, 1 Inf'ty, Lives in Louisiana.
 Cox, Noah, 2 Inf'ty.
 Cox, Charles S., 1 Corp'l 5 Inf'ty.
 Cox, William, 3 Inf'ty, Urban, Nebraska, Farmer.
 Craig, Dutch, 3 Inf'ty, St. Charles, Mo., Farmer.
 Craig, Jonathan, 3 Inf'ty.
 Creason, Joseph, 3 Inf'ty, New Mexico, Mo.
 Creason, Frank, 3 Inf'ty, New Mexico, Mo., Farmer.
 Creason, William, 3 Inf'ty.
 Creason, James, 3 Inf'ty, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Creason, Hampton, 3 Inf'ty, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Creal, J. C., 3 Inf'ty.
 Creer, William, Sergt., Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Creer, W. B., Farris' Battery, Hardin, Mo., Carpenter.
 Creer, William, Farris' Battery, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Crenham, 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Crockett, John, 1 Inf'ty.
 Crews, T. A., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Knob Noster, Mo.
 Crews, James, 5 Inf'ty.
 Crouch, C. C., 3 Cav., Washington, D. C.

Crowbarger, John, 6 Inf'ty, Demopolis, Ala.
 Culver, John W., 1 Inf'ty.
 Cummins, Wm., 3 Inf'ty, Lawson, Mo., Farmer.
 Cummings, Tim., 6 Inf'ty, Beverly, Mo.
 Cummings, Jim., 6 Inf'ty, Beverly, Mo.
 Cusinberry, George, 2 Cav., Cass Co., Mo.
 Crunham, New Franklin, Mo.
 Dagley, William, 2 Cav., Canton, Miss., Farmer.
 Dagley, Absalom, 3 Inf'ty, Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
 Danner, A. C., 3 Inf'ty, Mobile, Ala.
 Dorsey, Nicholas, 3 Inf'ty, Albany, Mo., Broom Maker.
 Darser, J. C., Sergt. 1 Inf'ty, Mexico, Mo.
 Daniels, Willis W., 5 Inf'ty, Gray's Summit, Mo.
 Daniels, Maurice J., Wade's Battery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Davis, Frank, 6 Inf'ty. Lives in Texas.
 Davis, R. E., Farris' Battery, Indian Territory.
 Davis, J. P., 5 Inf'ty.
 Davis, Andrew, Clark's Battery, Hannibal, Mo., Merchant.
 Davis, Albert, Corp'l 4 Inf'ty.
 Davis, J. C., 5 Inf'ty, Boles, Mo., Merchant.
 Davis, E. Van, 2 Inf'ty, Madison, Mo.
 Davenue, K. H., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Versailles, Mo.
 Day, Elbert, 3 Inf'ty.
 Deady, Jerry, 1 Inf'ty.
 Diese, Farris' Battery, Hamburg, Prussia.
 Dey, F. E., Wade's Battery, Hearn, Texas.
 Deitz, Conrad, 2 Inf'ty, Rock Port, Mo.
 DeWitt, W. T., 6 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo.
 DeWitt, William, 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Denny, B. F., Corp'l Farris' Battery.
 Dennis, Henry, 6 Inf'ty, Midway, Mo., Farmer.
 Dickey, James, 3 Inf'ty.
 Dickenson, J. C., Arrow Rock, Mo.
 Dillard, Lewis, 1 Inf'ty.
 Dinniltt, Austin, 2 Cav., Clinton, Mo.
 Dixon, William, 2 Cav., Independence, Mo.
 Donnell, W. F., 5 Inf'ty, Florida, Mo., Farmer.
 Dondell, William, 1 Inf'ty.
 Donolen, William, 1 Inf'ty.
 Dorage, John, 3 Inf'ty, Ray Co., Mo.
 Dorris, Charles, 3 Inf'ty, New Gardon, Mo.
 Dorsey, William, 5 Inf'ty, Randolph Co., Mo.
 Dowell, Wm. F., 5 Inf'ty.
 Dougherty, J. R., Corp'l Clark's Battery, St. Louis, Mo., Merchant.
 Douglas, J. W., 2 Inf'ty, Rock Port, Mo.
 Douglas, J. H., 2 Cav., Sibley, Mo., Farmer.
 Douglas, Camillus, 3 Inf'ty, Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Douglas, Joel, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Bunker Hill, Mo.
 Doyle, Thomas, 5 Inf'ty, Carondelet, Mo.
 Drake, William, Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo., Farmer.
 Dudley, W. B., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Versailles, Mo.
 Dunn, J. T., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Gallatin, Mo.
 Duncan, Reid, 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Duncan, Jack, 1 Inf'ty, Mobile, Ala., Printer.
 Duvall, Joe., 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Duvall, J. F., 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Dye, James A., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Dalton, R. F., 3 and 5 Inf'ty, Warrensburg, Mo.
 Drummond, Jas. T., Alton, Ill.
 Eaches, J. M., 1 Inf'ty.
 Eastin, B., 2 Inf'ty.
 Edgar, Farris' Battery, Mo.

Edgar, John, 3 and 5 Inf'ty, Kennawa, California.
 Edgington, L., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Edmonson, R. P., 1 Inf'ty.
 Edwards, A. K., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Edwards, J. H., Wade's Battery, Providence, Mo.
 Edwards, G. W., Wade's Battery, Providence, Mo.
 Edwards, Sam. M., Guibor's Battery, St. Louis, Mo.
 Edwards, E. D., 3 Inf'ty, Union City, Tenn., Lawyer.
 Edwards, J. W., 5 Inf'ty.
 Emerson, C. A., 2 Inf'ty, Cedar City, Mo., Editor.
 Emmons, C. A., 2 Inf'ty.
 Embree, T. L., 6 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Mo.
 English, William, 1 Inf'ty.
 Envers, James, Farris' Battery.
 Elder, Thomas, 3 Inf'ty, Tenney Grove, Mo., Farmer.
 Ellis, Andrew, 3 Inf'ty, Montana, Lawyer.
 Elliott, A. B., 3 Inf'ty, Knoxville, Mo.
 Elliott, B. S., 5 Inf'ty, St. Clair, Mo., Physician and Druggist.
 Elliott, R. C., Farris' Battery, Fayetteville, Ark.
 Ellsburg, James, 2 Inf'ty, Madison, Mo.
 Ellston, B. F., 3 Inf'ty, Lawson, Mo., Farmer.
 Ely, 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Elston, T. J., Corp'l 5 Inf'ty, Lathrop, Mo., Farmer.
 Epperson, William, 2 Inf'ty.
 Evans, William, 3 Inf'ty, Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 Evans, William A., 1 Cav., Edgerton, Mo., Farmer.
 Evans, William A., 1 Cav., Gentry, Mo.
 Everman, W. A., Greenville, Miss., Treasurer Levee Board.
 Everett, Alfred, 1 Cav., Frazier, Mo.
 Everman, W. A., Sergt. 3 and 5 Inf'ty, Greenville, Miss., Merchant.
 Ervine, W. J., 3 Inf'ty, Hamilton, Mo., Druggist.
 Ervine, John A., 3 Inf'ty, Gold Hill, Nevada.
 Ewing, George S., Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Fallis, Richard, 3 Inf'ty, Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 Fallis, Richard, 3 Inf'ty, New Castle, Mo., Farmer.
 Farrell, N. B., Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo., Farmer.
 Farrell, L. C., Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo., Farmer.
 Farris, J. L., 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Lawyer.
 Ferrell, George, 6 Inf'ty, Lee's Summit, Mo., Farmer.
 Farmer, Taylor, Farris' Battery, Sharon, Miss.
 Fields, Newton, 3 Inf'ty, Missouri City, Mo., Farmer.
 Ferguson, Milton V., 6 Inf'ty, Belton, Mo., Farmer.
 Fansher, O. G., Corp'l 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Fickline, James, 3 Inf'ty, Calusi City, California.
 Ficklin, Nicholas, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Fielder, J. D., 2 Inf'ty, Rock Port, Mo., Farmer.
 Finigan, M. H., 1 Inf'ty.
 Finch, James, 1 Inf'ty.
 Finch, I. D., 1 Inf'ty.
 Finch, Thos., 1 Cav., Gower, Mo., Farmer.
 Flack, A. P., 1 Cav., Leavensworth, Kan., Lumber Business.
 Fletcher, William, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Flerriken, Wm. T., 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Fleetwood, Edward, 3 Inf'ty.
 Flood, Michael, 3 Inf'ty.
 Flynn, Patrick, 5 Inf'ty.
 Fray, James M., 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Fitzpatrick, Samuel, 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Forsee, Gran., 3 Inf'ty, Eminence, Ky., Druggist.
 Ford, William, 1 Inf'ty.
 Ford, James H., 2 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo.
 Fontroy, Martin, Landis' Battery, Eastine, Mo.

Foster, Joseph, 2 Inf't'y, Paris, Mo.
 Freeman, Isaac, 3 Inf't'y.
 Francis, Jas. B., 6 Inf't'y, Birmingham, Ala.
 Francisco, H. C., Sergt. Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo.
 Francisco, J. J., 6 Inf't'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
 Francisco, A., Sergt. Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo., **Merchant.**
 Frazer, John H., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Frazier, John, 3 Inf't'y, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., **Farmer.**
 Frazier, John H., 2 Inf't'y, Camden, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Frisby, John, 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Fayette, Mo.
 Fristoe, Marcus, 6 Inf't'y, Lee's Summit, Mo.
 Fry, James, 1 Inf't'y.
 Fry, L. S., 1 Inf't'y.
 Fulton, William, 5 Inf't'y.
 Futrell, Farris' Battery, Columbia, Ark.
 Fullerston, W. E., 5 Inf't'y.
 Fulkerston, A., 1 and 4 Inf't'y, Clinton, Mo.
 Gaines, Jasper N., 3 Inf't'y.
 Gardner, W. W., 5 Inf't'y, Laclede, Mo.
 Gardener, W. W., 5 Inf't'y.
 Garnett, J. N., 3 and 5 Inf't'y.
 Garrett, Green L., 5 Inf't'y, Boone Co., Mo.
 Gartin, William, 3 Inf't'y, Gentryville, Mo.
 Garrison, Philip, 2 Cav.
 Garrison, Philip, 3 Inf't'y.
 Gee, Thompson, 3 Inf't'y, Albany, Mo.
 Gee, George, 2 Inf't'y, Petersburg, Illinois, **Farmer.**
 Gentry, William, 3 Inf't'y, Kearney, Mo.
 Gentry, Nick, 3 Inf't'y, Elk Horn, Mo.
 Gentry, Dock., 2 Inf't'y.
 George, Henry, 3 Inf't'y.
 George, William, 3 Inf't'y, Knoxville, Mo., **Farmer.**
 George, J. M., 5 Inf't'y.
 Gibbs, Thos. G., 6 Inf't'y, Greenton, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Giddings, William, 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Paris, Mo.
 Giddings, W. B., 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Middle Grove, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Gibson, F. G., Richmond, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Gibson, F. G., 3 Inf't'y, Richmond, Mo., **Lawyer.**
 Gibson, J. G., 5 Inf't'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Gibson, J. B., 5 Inf't'y.
 Gillespie, W. J., 3 Inf't'y.
 Gillespie, Allen, 2 Inf't'y, Browning, Mo.
 Gillespie, J. A., 3 Inf't'y, Kentucky.
 Gillogly, William, Sergt. 5 Inf't'y.
 Gillmartin, Martin, 5 Inf't'y.
 Glenn, P. S., 2 Corp'l 3 Inf't'y.
 Glenn, Martin, 6 Inf't'y.
 Gnat, Thomas, 3 Inf't'y, Hardin, Mo., **Carpenter.**
 Gnat, Thomas R., 3 Inf't'y, Elk Horn Town, Mo., **Teacher.**
 Gnat, Cyrus D., 3 Inf't'y, Vibbard, Mo., **Merchant.**
 Goodier, T., 1 Inf't'y.
 Goodyear, T. F., 1 Inf't'y.
 Goodman, James, 2 Inf't'y, Kansas.
 Goodwin, George, 6 Inf't'y, Pink Hill, Mo.
 Goodfellow, William, 5 Inf't'y, Gray's Summit, Mo.
 Goodwin, George C., 6 Inf't'y, Lexington, Mo., **Physician.**
 Gooch, Jenkins, 2 Inf't'y, Sebago, Mo., **Physician.**
 Goode, John H., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Goe, John, 2 Inf't'y, Paris, Mo.
 Goodnight, Preston, Paris, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Goggins, John, Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo., **Farmer.**
 Gonzales, 2 and 6 Inf't'y.

Gordon, George, Claak's Battery, Concordia, Mo., Farmer.
 Gorham, W. B., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Versailles, Mo.
 Graham, Elias, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Landlord.
 Graham, Samuel, 3 Inf'ty, Henrietta, Mo.
 Graham, Fletcher, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo.
 Grant, Henry, 3 Inf'ty, Hardin, Mo., Merchant.
 Grant, Charles, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo.
 Graves, C. C., 3 Inf'ty, Western, Mo.
 Gray, Wm., 6 Inf'ty.
 Gregg, 1 and 3 Cav., St. Elmo, Mo.
 Gregg, Irvin, 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo.
 Gregory, G. C., 1 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Blacksmith.
 Grible, Martin, 1 Inf'ty.
 Griffey, William, 3 Inf'ty.
 Griffey, Alex., 2 Inf'ty, Callaway Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Grooms, John H., 1 Inf'ty.
 Groves, Joseph M., Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo., School Teacher.
 Gross, John O., 3 Inf'ty, Lone Star, Mo., Farmer.
 Gunn, Thos. J., 3 Inf'ty, Smithville, Mo., Farmer.
 Hackler, William, 2 Inf'ty, Nebraska City, Nebraska.
 Hall, Isaac, 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo.
 Hall, Dick, 2 Inf'ty, Columbia, Mo., Farmer.
 Hall, Will Otey, 2 Inf'ty, Cooley City, Mo.
 Hallack, W. J., Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Moberly, Mo.
 Hamner, Joseph, 3 Inf'ty, Crab Orchard, Mo., Farmer.
 Haney, Jacob, 3 Inf'ty.
 Hanks, W. F., 1 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Hanger, C. W., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Hanger, J. R., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Farmer.
 Harris, Aaron, Clarendon, Miss.
 Harris, John, 1 Inf'ty.
 Harris, I. B., 1 Inf'ty.
 Harris, William, 6 Inf'ty, Howard Co., Mo.
 Harris, William, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Fayette, Mo.
 Harrison, John, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Harrison, T. B., 1 Inf'ty.
 Harrison, Blair, 3 Inf'ty, Mound City, Mo., Farmer.
 Harrison, G. W., Landis' Battery, Hannibal, Mo.
 Hardy, James, 5 Inf'ty.
 Harsh, James, 3 Inf'ty, Lone Jack, Mo., Druggist.
 Harper, R. S., Sergt. 3 Inf'ty.
 Hart, William, 3 Inf'ty.
 Harmon, D. R., 5 Inf'ty, Mount Hope, Mo., Farmer.
 Harrelson, Wm. C., 2 Cav., Sibley, Mo., Farmer.
 Harper, Herbert, 3 Inf'ty.
 Hatfield, Dick, 3 Inf'ty.
 Halter, T. J. B., 3 Inf'ty.
 Hawkins, D. C., 1 Inf'ty.
 Hawkins, J. C., 1 Inf'ty.
 Haley, John, 3 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo., Farmer.
 Haycocke, N., 3 Inf'ty.
 Heckler, William, 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Heighman, Joseph, Middle Grove, Mo., Farmer.
 Heifner, Thomas, 5 Inf'ty.
 Hennon, G. W., 1 Inf'ty.
 Hennon, J. C., 1 Inf'ty.
 Hendren, William, 1 Cav., Lorraine, Mo.
 Henderson, Samuel, 3 Inf'ty.
 Henderson, James, 2 Cav., Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
 Henry, Jas. L., Sergt. 3 Cav., Columbia, Mo., Miller.
 Hendley, J. W., 1 Corp'l 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Saddler.
 Herndon, Alvia, 6 Inf'ty, Camden Point, Mo.

Herndon, James, 6 Inft'y, Weston, Mo.
 Hewlett, Jerry, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Hereford, L. L., 5 Inft'y.
 Heryford, J. R., 5 Inft'y.
 Hershman, Joseph, Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo.
 Herschjid, Joseph, Bledsoe's Battery, Arkansas.
 Hill, J. B., 1 and 4 Inft'y, Boles, Mo.
 Hill, James B., Guibor's Battery, St. Louis, Mo., Merchant
 Hill, Thomas, 5 Inft'y.
 Hill, T. P., 5 Inft'y, Missouri, Minister.
 Hicks, Jacob, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Hickman, E. A., 6 Inft'y, Independence, Mo.
 Hickson, Joseph, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Higden, Samuel, 3 Inft'y, Gentryville, Mo., Blacksmith.
 Hitchcock, C. O., 1 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Hoffman, John B., 3 Inft'y.
 Hodge, John, 3 Inft'y, Colorado, Miner.
 Holder, Alex., 1 Cav., Holt Co., Mo.
 Holliday, Waller, 3 Inft'y, Carrollton, Mo., Farmer.
 Holland, James, 3 Inft'y.
 Holman, John, 6 Inft'y, Greenton, Mo., Farmer.
 Holman, Andrew, 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Physician.
 Holman, Wm. A., Richmond, Mo.
 Hogue, James M., 5 Inft'y, Boone Co., Mo.
 Houck, William, 1 Inft'y.
 Houston, Stringfellow, 2 and 6 Inft'y, Brunswick, Mo.
 Hopkins, George, 3 Inft'y, Lockspires, Mo.
 Hotsclaw, James, 6 Inft'y.
 Hotsclaw, Cliff., 6 Inft'y, California.
 Howe, John, 1 Inft'y.
 Howell, Corban, 5 Inft'y.
 Hornback, Thos., 1 Inft'y.
 Horn, J. C., 2 Inft'y, Paris, Mo., Mechanic.
 Horn, Robert, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Hubbell, Martin, 1 Inft'y.
 Hubbell, R. W., 3 Inft'y, Montana.
 Hudson, R. D., 1 Inft'y.
 Hudson, Ed., 1 Inft'y.
 Hudson, B. J., 1 Inft'y.
 Hudson, Dick., 2 Inft'y, Quitman, Mo.
 Hudson, E. J., 2 Inft'y, Wentzville, Mo., Merchant.
 Huff, B. T., 6 Inft'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
 Huggen, Hays, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Hughes, Geo. S., 3 Inft'y, New Mexico, Mo.
 Hughes, William, 3 Inft'y.
 Hughes, Henry H., Wade's Battery, Kansas City, Mo., Deputy Marshal.
 Hulen, James M., 2 and 6 Inft'y, Hallsville, Mo., Farmer.
 Hull, Joe, 4 Inft'y, Sedalia, Mo., Farmer.
 Hull, James, 3 Inft'y, New Castle, Mo., Farmer.
 Hume, John, 3 Inft'y.
 Hunt, David, 3 Inft'y, Rochester, Mo.
 Hunn, Henson, Farris' Battery.
 Hugos, Benjamin, Farris' Battery.
 Hurst, James D., 3 Inft'y, Lone Jack, Mo., Druggist.
 Irvin, J. H., 1 and 3 Inft'y.
 Irwin, John, 1 Inft'y.
 Inge, Richard, Farris' Battery, Tennessee, Preacher.
 Inge, John S., 5 Inft'y, Prairie du Rocher, Ills., Merchant.
 Jacobs, E. K., 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Jacobs, Jackson, 3 Inft'y, Ray Co., Mo.
 Jackson, A. J., 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 DeJarnatte, H. W., 2 and 6 Inft'y, Little Rock, Ark., City Editor *Gazette*.

Jackson, Charles, 3 Inf't'y, Louisiana.
 James, J. W., Farris' Battery, Louisiana.
 James, T. S., Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo., Insurance Agent.
 Jeffries, C. H., 4 Sergt. 3 Inf't'y.
 Jeffries, Edwin H., 1 Sergt. 3 and 5 Inf't'y, Union, Franklin Co., Mo., Lawyer.
 Jennings, Wm. B., Sergt. Farris' Battery, Bloomfield, Iowa, R. R. Agent.
 Jennings, W. B., Sergt. 6 Inf't'y, Henry Co., Mo.
 Jett, J. C., Corp'l 3 Inf't'y, Livingston, Mo.
 Jewell, B. F., 1 Inf't'y, Hickman Mills, Mo., Farmer.
 Jones, J. G., 1 Inf't'y. Haynsville, Mo.
 Jones, Milton, 1 Inf't'y.
 Jones, M., 1 Inf't'y.
 Jones, William, 3 Inf't'y, Vibbard, Mo., Farmer.
 Jones, Harvey, 2 Inf't'y. Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Jones, T. C., Waverly, Mo., Insurance Agent.
 Jones, Thomas J., Farris' Battery, Lexington, Mo.
 Jones, E. N., 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Versailles, Mo.
 Jones, William, Corp'l 3 Inf't'y. Lawson, Mo.
 Johnson, Edwin, 5 Inf't'y, Springfield, Mo.
 Johnson, A., 1 Inf't'y.
 Johnson, E. S., 1 Corp'l 5 Inf't'y.
 Johnson, Ed. P., 1 Cav., Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
 Johnson, Thomas, 3 Inf't'y.
 Jourdan, T. W. L., 1 Inf't'y.
 Joyce, H., 5 Inf't'y, Maries Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Kavanaugh, W. H., 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Versailles, Mo.
 Kelley, James, 5 Inf't'y.
 Kelley, John, Farris' Battery.
 Kennedy, Mat., 5 Inf't'y.
 Kennedy, D. C., Springfield, Mo., Editor *Leader*.
 Kenney, Corp'l 2 and 6 Inf't'y.
 Kent, George W., Farris' Battery.
 Kemp, George, 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Lamonte, Mo.
 Kemp, Anthony W., 5 Inf't'y, Arkansas.
 Kidwell, G. B., 5 Inf't'y.
 Kerns, Chas., 5 Inf't'y, Cooper Co., Mo.
 King, C. C., Texas.
 King, William, 3 Inf't'y, Richmond, Mo., Druggist.
 King, Aaron, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 King, Tommie, 2 Inf't'y.
 King, M. V., Farris' Battery.
 Kinkead, Robert, 5 Inf't'y.
 Kersey, John, Johnston, Mo.
 King, Farris' Battery.
 Kimbrough, Sam'l, 5 Inf't'y, Petersburg, Va.
 Kiger, James, 3 Inf't'y, Texas, Merchant.
 Kilby, Pomp., 2 Cav.
 Kilpatrick, Irwin, Corp'l 1 Inf't'y.
 Kirby, George, 6 Inf't'y. Linneus, Mo., Farmer.
 Kizer, James, Richmond, Mo., Merchant.
 Koontz, D. F., 2 and 6 Inf't'y.
 Koontz, Frank, Fort Scott, Kansas.
 Laater, Yavan, 1 Inf't'y.
 Labruyere, F. X., 1 Battery, Carondelet, Mo.
 Ladd, George, 1 Cav., Bethany, Mo., Farmer.
 Laffoon, Dick, 3 Inf't'y, Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
 Laird, Robert, 3 Inf't'y.
 Lainley, John, 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Lanham, James, 2 Inf't'y, Granville, Mo., Farmer.
 Langdon, John, Meridian, Miss.
 Lawrence, G. B., 2 Inf't'y.
 Lawrence, Ed., 2 Inf't'y.

Lane, W. R., 3 Inft'y, Liberty, Mo., Saddler.
 Lanx, John, 2 Inft'y, Columbia, Mo., Farmer.
 Laws, William P., 1 Inft'y.
 Lawley, John, 3 Inft'y, Millville, Mo., Merchant.
 Layton, Farris Battery, Arkansas.
 Lea, William, Butler, Mo.
 Leach, Edward, 3 Inft'y.
 Leake, Thomas, 3 Inft'y, Albany, Mo., Farmer.
 Leathers, C. B., Sergt. 3 and 5 Inft'y, College Mound, Mo.
 Lessner, James, 3 Inft'y, Olathe, Kansas, Farmer.
 Lewis, S. F., 2 Inft'y, Holden, Mo., Carpenter.
 Levering, A. R., Farris' Battery.
 Lewis, S. T., 2 and 6 Inft'y, Holden, Mo., Mechanic.
 Lindsey, George, 1 Sergt. Farris' Battery.
 Lincoln, R. T., 3 Inft'y, Liberty, Mo., Farmer.
 Lisle, J. B., Sergt. 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Lipscomb, Duke, 6 Inft'y, California.
 Lipscomb, Nathan, 6 Inft'y, New Santa Fe, Mo., Farmer.
 Long, Robert, 1 Inft'y, Kansas City, Mo., Farmer.
 Lowery, John, 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Lovell, 2 Cav.
 Lovell, 3 Inft'y, Arkansas.
 Lotspeich, John, 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Long, Samuel H., 3 Inft'y, Tenny's Point, Mo., Mechanic.
 Lusk, Sam, Mo.
 Lynch, Ed., Bledsoe's Battery, Madison, Mo.
 Lyons, Thomas, Corp'l Farris' Battery, Yazoo Co., Miss., Planter.
 Lund, J., 1 and 4 Inft'y.
 Macbeth, Frank, 2 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Madden, E. M., 6 Inft'y, Illinois, R. R. Contractor.
 Malott, James W., 3 Inft'y, Orrick, Mo., Minister.
 Maloy, Tom, 3 Inft'y, Penn.
 Maloy, Tom, Eminence, Ky., Constable.
 Maloy, Thomas, 1 Inft'y.
 Malloy, James, 5 Inft'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 Malloy, William, Sergt. 5 Inft'y.
 Magill, B., 3 Inft'y, Carrollton, Mo., Druggist.
 Magruder, W. T., 3 Inft'y.
 Martin, Thos. B., Corp'l 5 Inft'y.
 Martin, R. E., 5 Inft'y.
 Martin, J. G., 3 Inft'y, Swanwick, Mo.
 Martin, T. H. B., 2 and 6 Inft'y.
 Martin, R. E., Sergt. 5 Inft'y, Springfield, Mo.
 Martin, T. H., 2 Inft'y.
 Martin, Thomas J., Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo., Farmer.
 Marquis, J. D., Farris' Battery.
 Marquis, L. W., Bledsoe's Battery, Roanoke, Mo., Farmer.
 Marsh, Thos., 2 Inft'y, Paris, Mo.
 Marsh, T. J., 2 Inft'y, Shelbina, Mo., Farmer.
 Mann, Jacob, 1 Cav., Jamesport, Mo., Merchant.
 Mann, Independence, 3 Inft'y, Jamesport, Mo., Merchant.
 Mathias, W. W., 5 Inft'y.
 Mathews, Jeremiah, 1 Inft'y.
 Mathews, 3 Inft'y.
 Mathias, Vines W., 5 Inft'y, Randolph Co., Mo.
 Mathershead, N. G., Kentucky.
 Matney, Ben, 3 Inft'y, Stewartsville, Mo.
 Matney, Marion, 6 Inft'y, Berryville, Arkansas, Farmer.
 Matigan, M., 2 Cav., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Mauray, John, 6 Inft'y, Independence, Mo., Treasurer Jackson Co.
 Maulsby, G. W., 1 Inft'y.
 Maulsby, George, 1 Inft'y.

May, David, Corp'l 2 Inf't'y, Rock Port, Mo., Farmer.
 McAshan, John W., Corp'l 3 Inf't'y.
 McAshan, W. N., 1 Sergt.
 McCalp, Isaac, 2 Inf't'y, Rock Port, Mo., Farmer.
 McCustian, L. B., 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo.
 McCawey, Robert, 3 Inf't'y.
 McCustian, Jefferson, 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo., Student.
 McCustian, Alexandria A., 3 Inf't'y, Richmond, Mo., County Clerk.
 McCustian, Gabriel, 3 Inf't'y, Corsicana, Texas, Farmer.
 McCustian, Quinn, 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo.
 McCusick, Dennis, 3 Inf't'y.
 McCustian, B. F., 5 Inf't'y.
 McCrary, Jas. M., 3 Inf't'y, Missouri City, Mo., Farmer.
 McCreary, Polk, 6 Inf't'y, Glasgow, Mo.
 McClure, J. S., 2 Inf't'y, St. Louis, Mo.
 McClister, Taylor, 2 Corp'l 5 Inf't'y.
 McCollum, Daniel, 4 Corp'l 2 Inf't'y, Bucklin, Mo., Farmer.
 McCullough, B. F., 5 Inf't'y.
 McCullough, William, 3 Inf't'y, Montgomery, Ala.
 McCullough, Frank, 3 Inf't'y.
 McCullouck, William, 3 Inf't'y.
 McCullum, Daniel, 3 Inf't'y, Bucklin, Mo., Farmer.
 McCutcheon, Charles, 6 Inf't'y, Hannibal, Mo.
 McDonald, 6 Inf't'y, Moberly, Mo.
 McDonald, E., 5 Inf't'y, Florida, Mo.
 McFarlan, Marion, 3 Inf't'y, Pike Co., Mo.
 McFarland, Marion, 2 Cav., Sibley, Mo., Farmer.
 McGaugh, William, 3 Inf't'y, Montgomery, Ala., Dry Goods Merchant.
 McGaugh, William T., 3 Inf't'y, Elk Horn Town, Mo., Farmer.
 McGhee, William F., 1 Inf't'y.
 McGill, B., 3 Inf't'y, Carrollton, Mo., Druggist.
 McGuire, Sam, 1 Cav., Morton, Mo.
 McHugh, Peter, Musician 5 Inf't'y.
 McInnery, John, 5 Inf't'y.
 McIntire, Con.
 McKay, John F., 3 Inf't'y, Franklin, Tenn., Farmer.
 McKanney, Robert, 2 Inf't'y, Farmer.
 McKenry, J. W., 6 Inf't'y, Platte City, Mo.
 McKenry, William, 6 Inf't'y, Mexico, Mo.
 McKee, D. C., 3 Inf't'y, Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 McKenny, John, 6 Inf't'y, Mayview, Mo.
 McKey, D. C., Sergt. 3 Inf't'y, Edgerton, Mo., Farmer.
 McLaughlin, James, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 McMurtry, G. S. 4 Inf't'y, Kansas City, Mo., Cattle Dealer.
 McMurtry, Alex., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 McPherson, Joe W., 3 Inf't'y, Oxford, Miss., Merchant.
 McQueen, John W., 3 Inf't'y, Mo.
 McVey, John, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 McWilliams, D., 3 Corp'l 1 Inf't'y.
 Meador, W. H., 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Grenada, Miss.
 Meeks, 2 Inf't'y.
 Miles, L. J., 5 Inf't'y.
 Miller, A., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Miller, William, 3 Inf't'y, Gentryville, Mo.
 Miller, Robt., 3 Inf't'y Gallatin, Mo.
 Miller, Allen, 3 Inf't'y, Gentryville, Mo.
 Miller, Thomas, 3 Inf't'y, Lawson, Mo., Farmer.
 Mills, Charles, 2 Inf't'y, Fayette, Mo.
 Miner, Allen, 3 Inf't'y, Saline Co., Mo.
 Mitchell, George, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo.
 Mitchell, Thos. J., 3 Inf't'y, Missouri City, Mo., Painter.
 Mitchell, Arthur, Corp'l 5 Inf't'y.

Montgomery, Boot, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Brunswick, Mo.
 Montgomery, James, 2 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Montgomery, George W., 3 Inf'ty, Lawson, Mo., **Merchant**.
 Mordock, John, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo.
 Mordock, J. R., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., **Tobacconist**.
 Morgan, William, 3 Inf'ty, Rochester, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Morelock, Felix, 2 Inf'ty.
 Morehead, A. H., 3 Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Hazell Hill, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Moore, Ephraim, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Brunswick, Mo.
 Moore, James, 2 Inf'ty, Brunswick, Mo.
 Moore, Wood, 4 Inf'ty.
 Moore, John, 1 Inf'ty.
 Moore, Mat. J., 6 Inf'ty, Kansas City, Mo.
 Moore, J. J., 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Clay Co., Mo.
 Moore, William, 1 Inf'ty, Camden, Mo.
 Moore, L. R., Sergt. 1 Inf'ty, Oregon, Holt Co., Mo.
 Moore, T. T., 2 Inf'ty, Callaway Co., Mo., **Farmer**.
 Moore, Ira, 1 Inf'ty, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Morris, Jerry, 2 Inf'ty, Sebago, Mo.
 Morris, J. M., 2 Inf'ty, Linneus, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Morris, John, 2 Inf'ty, Arkansas.
 Morris, J. E., 5 Inf'ty.
 Morris, Hardin, 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Morrison, Stephen, 2 Inf'ty, Florida, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Morrison, W. B., 6 Inf'ty, Hickman, Neb., **Grain Dealer**.
 Morrison, William, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Keytesville, Mo.
 Morrow, James, Farris' Battery, Yazoo City, Miss.
 Morse, William, Richmond, Mo., **Deputy Clerk**.
 Morton, Doc.
 Mosely, George, 2 Inf'ty, Callaway Co., Mo., **Farmer**.
 Muschalland, Jabez, 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Mullins, John, 5 Inf'ty.
 Murdock, B. F., 6 Inf'ty, Columbus Junction, Iowa, **Hotel**.
 Murray, John, 6 Inf'ty, Independence, Treasurer Jackson Co., Mo.
 Murphy, M., Landis' Battery.
 Murphy, Thomas H., 1 Sergt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Murphy, Thomas, 5 Inf'ty, Boone Co., Mo.
 Muzingo, Charles, 3 Inf'ty, Hillville, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Muzingo, Wyatt, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Nance, Davis, Clark's Battery, Wellington, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Nash, B. F., 5 Inf'ty.
 Neal, Thomas J., 5 Inf'ty.
 Neese, T. J., 5 Inf'ty.
 Neely, William, 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Neff, Joseph, 5 Inf'ty.
 Newbold, Oscar, 5 Inf'ty.
 Newby, W. C., 1 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Newby, Harve, 3 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Newland, W. F., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Fairville, Mo.
 Newby, J. H., 1 Cav., Lawson, Ray Co., Mo.
 Newman, John, Sergt. 1 Inf'ty, New Orleans, La., **Corn Merchant**.
 Newman, John, 1 Sgt., St. Louis, Mo.
 Newman, Thomas, 1 Inf'ty.
 Nichols, Green, 3 Inf'ty.
 Nichols, James, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Greenridge, Mo.
 Nichols, Jonas, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Noakes, Elias, 5 Inf'ty.
 Norris, Martin, 1 Cav.
 Norris, S. F., 1 Cav., Shamrock, Mo., **Farmer**.
 Nowers, Sam., 6 Inf'ty, New Market, Mo.
 O'Brien, R. P., 3 Inf'ty, McKinney, Texas.
 Odell, A. J., 3 Inf'ty.

Ogden, A., 2 Inf'ty.
 Offutt, George, 6 Inf'ty, Coffey Co., Kansas.
 Oldham, John H., 6 Inf'ty.
 Oldham, W. H., Harrisonville, Mo.
 O'Tool, James, 1 and 4 Inf'ty.
 O'Neal, William.
 Outcalt, C. F., 3 Inf'ty.
 Owen, Robt., 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Clinton, Mo.
 Owens, Sam, 2 Inf'ty, Lone Star, Mo., Farmer.
 Owens, John, 2 Inf'ty, Lone Star, Mo.
 Owens, H. B., 1 Inf'ty.
 Page, William, Corp'l 3 and 5 Inf'ty.
 Palmer, C. C., 1 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Palmer, A. W., 1 Inf'ty.
 Palmer, Isaac, 1 Inf'ty, Arkansas.
 Papin, Amadier, 1 Inf'ty.
 Parker, N. J., 3 Inf'ty, Rayville, Mo., Farmer.
 Parker, Newt., 3 Inf'ty.
 Parker, John, 3 Inf'ty, Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Parker, John, 1 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Parker, William, 4 Corp'l 2 Inf'ty, Texas.
 Patterson, Alex., 6 Inf'ty, Mount Hope, Mo.
 Patterson, James N., 5 Inf'ty.
 Patterson, J. R., 6 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Farmer.
 Patterson, L. J., 6 Inf'ty, Texas.
 Patton, George E., 6 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo., Editor.
 Patton, L. D., 5 Inf'ty, Little Rock, Ark., Tie Contractor.
 Patton, William, 5 Inf'ty, Franklin Co., Mo., Laborer.
 Paulson, W. S., Sergt. 1 Inf'ty.
 Paulson, G., 1 Inf'ty.
 Payne, John, 2 Inf'ty.
 Payne, James E., Sergt. 6 Inf'ty, Harrisonville, Mo., Editor.
 Pemberton, Stephen, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Percy, James, 1 Inf'ty.
 Perry, Thomas C., 5 Inf'ty, Boone Co., Mo.
 Perry, Wm. M. R., 5 Inf'ty, Carroll Co., Mo.
 Peters, James, 3 Inf'ty, Kansas.
 Peters, J. H., Farris' Battery, New York.
 Petty, Joel, 3 Inf'ty, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Phillips, William, Texas, Farmer.
 Phillips, George D., 2 Inf'ty, Linneus, Mo., Farmer.
 Phillips, L. B., 3 Sergt. 2 Inf'ty, Browning, Mo., Farmer.
 Phillips, Richard, 1 Inf'ty.
 Phillips, William, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Phillips, James, Farris' Battery, Miss.
 Player, H. W., 3 Inf'ty, Brunswick, Mo.
 Piggett, Richard, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Pinkard, Buck, 6 Inf'ty, Independence Mo.
 Pitts, Frank S., 1 Cav., Paris, Mo., Sheriff.
 Pitts, F. L., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., County Collector.
 Poe, 3 Inf'ty.
 Pogue, Simeon, 6 Inf'ty, Johnson, Mo.
 Pointer, John, 3 Inf'ty, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Pointer, James, 3 Inf'ty, Louisiana.
 Poland, Hiram, 3 Inf'ty.
 Poland, Henson, 3 Inf'ty.
 Pollard, W. S., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Saddler.
 Polston, K., 1 Inf'ty.
 Poiter, W. S., 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo., Restaurant.
 Porter, Frank, Calhoun, Ky., Merchant.
 Porter, B. F., 3 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo., Farmer.
 Porter, Kingston, 1 Inf'ty.

Potts, Enoch, 3 Inf'ty, Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Potts, Enoch, 1 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Potts, Edward, 5 Inf'ty, Independence, Mo.
 Powe l. Rufus Y., 5 Inf'ty, College Mound, Mo.
 Prather, Thomas, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Prather, Solomon, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Pritchard, James H., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Proffitt, John W., 3 Inf'ty, Trans-Valley, New Mexico.
 Pryor, Jack, 3 Inf'ty, Liberty, Mo.
 Quick, William J., 5 Inf'ty, Boone Co., Mo.
 Quinn, Mal. G., Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Columbia, Mo., County Assessor.
 Quarles, William, 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Physician.
 Ragland, John M., 3 Inf'ty, Clinton, Mo., Merchant.
 Rankin, E. J., Corp'l 5 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Farmer.
 Ramsey, S. L., Sergt. 5 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Farmer.
 Ramsey, E. F., 5 Inf'ty.
 Raymond, Peter, Farris' Battery, St. Louis, Mo., Painter.
 Ray, Hamilton J., Sergt. 1 Cav., Frazier, Mo.
 Reatty, Leonard, 5 Inf'ty.
 Readdy, W. E., St. Louis, Mo.
 Redding, Joseph, 5 Inf'ty.
 Reddish, T. W., 2 Cav., Liberty, Mo., Farmer.
 Ree, Frederick, 2 Inf'ty, Linneus, Mo.,
 Reed, J. C., 6 Inf'ty.
 Reed, A. J., Farris' Battery.
 Reid, Joseph, 2 Inf'ty, Sebago, Mo.
 Reid, Fred, 2 Inf'ty, Sebago, Mo.
 Reid, 2 Inf'ty, Sebago, Mo.
 Reid, Sam, St. Louis, Mo.
 Renick, James, 6 Inf'ty, Columbus, Mo., Farmer.
 Renfrau, Henry, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Druggist.
 Revis, S. W., 2 and 6 Inf'ty.
 Reynolds, David, 3 Inf'ty, Hainesville, Mo.
 Rice, William, Sergt. 3 Inf'ty, Bowling Green, Ky., Merchant.
 Riddle, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Riley, John, 3 Inf'ty, Holt Station, Mo., Farmer.
 Riley, George, 6 Inf'ty, Weston, Mo.
 Riley, C., 4 Corp'l 1 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Ring, Steven, 6 Inf'ty.
 Ring, James, 5 Inf'ty.
 Ringo, William, 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Druggist.
 Ritchie, William, 3 Inf'ty, St. Joseph, Mo., Mechanic.
 Ripes, O. H. P., 6 Inf'ty, New Santa Fe, Mo., Farmer.
 Robb, Joel, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Robb, John, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Roberson, Joe, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Robertson, W. H., Wade's Battery, Moberly, Mo.
 Roberson, T. J., 5 Inf'ty.
 Robertson, James, 3 Inf'ty, Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 Roberts, James, 6 Inf'ty, Greenton, Mo., Farmer.
 Roberts, James J., 5 Inf'ty.
 Roberts, George m., 5 Inf'ty.
 Roberts, Wm. T., 5 Inf'ty, Washington, Mo., Trader.
 Roberts, B., 2 Inf'ty, Quitman, Mo.
 Robinson, Jacob, 5 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Robinson, Granville, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Robinson, Marion, Farris' Battery, Howard Co., Mo.
 Robinson, James, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Robinson, Jacob, 3 Inf'ty, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Robinson, James, 3 Inf'ty, Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 Robinson, Eli, 3 Inf'ty, Gentryville, Mo.
 Rogers, D. T., Sergt. 5 Inf'ty.

Rogers, John, 3 Inf't'y.
 Rogers, George, 3 Inf't'y, Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Rogers, D. F., 5 Inf't'y.
 Rogers, George, 2 Cav., Independence, Mo., Farmer.
 Rollins, Ben, Clark's Battery, Lexington, Mo., Farmer.
 Rollins, James, Clark's Battery, Waverly, Mo., Farmer.
 Ross, George W., 5 Inf't'y.
 Ross, Tom, 3 Inf't'y, Virginia.
 Rotan, John, 1 Inf't'y.
 Ryan, John M., 5 Inf't'y, Marion Co., Mo.
 Sageser, Amos, 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Sanders, John W., 3 Inf't'y.
 Saunders, Gabriel, 6 Inf't'y, Nelson Co., Ky., Minister.
 Saunders, William, 3 Inf't'y, Stewartville, Mo.
 Sandusky, G. W., Demopolis, Ala.
 Saylor, John K., 5 Inf't'y.
 Scaree, Robert, 1 Inf't'y, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Seggus, W. J., 2 and 6 Inf't'y, Versailles, Mo.
 Schooder, Nathan, 1 and 5 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Scott, Ed., 5 Inf't'y.
 Scott, John, 3 Inf't'y, Clinton, Mo.
 Scott, Una, 1 Inf't'y.
 Scott, James H., 3 Inf't'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Scivener, John J., 2 and 6 Inf't'y.
 Scrivner, C. C., 5 Inf't'y.
 Sea, William, 3 Inf't'y, Butler, Mo.
 Settle, James, 3 Inf't'y, Shelby Co., Mo.
 Shaw, W. M., 1 Cav., Fairville, Mo.
 Shaw, Joseph, 3 Inf't'y.
 Sharp, Leroy P., 2 Inf't'y.
 Shelton, William L., New Home, Mo.
 Shelton, A. H., 3 Inf't'y, Peaksville, Mo.
 Sheppard, G. W., 3 Inf't'y, Albany, Mo., Butcher.
 Shrives, Wilson, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Shirley, Jas. A., Farris' Battery, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Shipp, A. T., 2 Cav., St. Louis, Mo.
 Shobe, A. H., 5 Cav., Fort Scott, Kansas, Physician.
 Shoole, Nathan H., 3 Inf't'y, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Shookley, R. W., Farris' Battery, Ray Co., Mo.
 Shortness, Joseph, 3 Inf't'y, Knoxville, Mo., Farmer.
 Shumate, Farris' Battery, Aullville, Mo.
 Shrewsbury, S., Clark's Battery, Arkansas.
 Shultz, George E., 1 Cav., Havana, Mo., Representative of DeKalb Co.
 Simms, Nathaniel B., 5 Inf't'y.
 Sisk, Bartlett, 3 Inf't'y, New Garden, Mo., Farmer.
 Simmons, B. H., 3 Inf't'y.
 Silvery, 6 Inf't'y.
 Sissy, W. D., 1 Inf't'y.
 Simpson, Alfred, 6 Inf't'y, Council Grove, Kan.
 Simpson, Samuel, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Slack, John Y., Farris' Battery, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Slack, William, Farris' Battery, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Slater, James, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Slaughter, Larkin, 2 Inf't'y, Bucklin, Mo., Farmer.
 Slemmons, Joseph, 1 Cav., Pleasureville, Mo.
 Smith, A. B., 3 Inf't'y, Cameron, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, James, 6 Inf't'y.
 Smith, Wesley, Farris' Battery, Lexington, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, Frank, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Smith, William L., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Smith, Wm., Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Smith, J. V., Sergt. 3 Inf't'y, Bloomington, Neb., Farmer.

Smith, George, 3 Inf'ty, Jamesport, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, T. H. B., 3 Inf'ty, Cameron, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, A. B., 3 Inf'ty, Cameron, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, A., 3 Inf'ty.
 Smith, Jack, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo.
 Smith, E. S., 2 Inf'ty, Pilot Knob, Texas.
 Smith, George C., Gallatin, Mo.
 Smith, Sanford, 5 Inf'ty.
 Smith, James, 5 Inf'ty.
 Smith, William, 1 Cav., Frazier, Mo., Farmer.
 Smith, L. P.
 Stark, Presley S., 5 Inf'ty, San Saba, Texas, Farmer.
 Soules, E. W., 1 and 4 Inf'ty.
 Snavely, Walter, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Snookley, R. W., Clark's Battery, Camden, Mo., Miller.
 Snowden, J. Wayne, 1 Inf'ty, Nebraska City, Neb.
 South, W. F., 5 Inf'ty.
 South, Albro, 5 Inf'ty.
 Sprangler, John, 1 Inf'ty, Plattsburg, Mo.
 Sprange, Dysart, 5 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo., Farmer.
 Sparks, W. T., 1 Inf'ty.
 Spears, George, 6 Inf'ty, Platte City, Mo.
 Spencer, James, jun., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Spencer, William, 3 Inf'ty, Ray Co., Mo.
 Spencer, R. F., 1 Inf'ty.
 Spencer, John, Corp'l 1 Inf'ty, Louisville, Ky.
 Spencer, James, jun., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo.
 Spencer, R. F., Burksville, Ky.
 Spencer, James, sen., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo.
 Spencer, James, 3 Inf'ty, Millville, Mo., Farmer.
 Sprowl, Thomas, 2 Inf'ty, Paris, Mo.
 Stamper, John T., 1 Cav., Frazier, Mo.
 Stanley, John, 3 Inf'ty, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Stanley, Wm., 3 Inf'ty, Ada, Ray Co., Mo., Farmer.
 Stanley, John, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Stanley, William, 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Stanton, David, 6 Inf'ty, Halleck, Mo.
 Stapleton, Hood, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, New Franklin, Mo.
 Starke, E. T., 6 Inf'ty, Dallas, Texas.
 Stephens, Phil. D., 1 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
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 Stewart, Thomas M., 5 Inf'ty, Boles, Mo., Farmer.
 Stewart, Johnny, Farris' Battery, Memphis, Tenn.
 Sterling, William, 3 Inf'ty.
 Sterling, William C., 3 Inf'ty, Spring Hill, Mo., Farmer.
 Stiles, Edw. S., 1 Inf'ty, New Orleans, La.
 Stiles, Ed. J., 8 Inf'ty, St. Louis, Mo.
 Stevenson, Lemuel, Farris' Battery, Saline Co., Mo.
 Stevenson, L., Waverly, Mo., Farmer.
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 Storms, John, 2 Inf'ty, Quitman, Mo.
 Stover, Joseph, 4 Inf'ty, Butler, Mo.
 Stover, J. H., Butler, Mo.
 Stowe, A. L. R., 5 Inf'ty.
 Stover, John, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Butler, Mo.
 Street, Thos. H. B., 5 Inf'ty.
 Swetman, Joel, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
 Swetman, Dock, 2 and 6 Inf'ty, Roanoke, Mo.
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 Suggest, Robert, 5 Inf'ty.

Sullivan, Thomas, Corp'l 5 Inft'y.
 Summers, Mason, 3 Inft'y, Lathrop, Mo.
 Suthard, C. E., 1 Inft'y.
 Sutton, Lefe, 3 Inft'y.
 Suttle, James, 1 and 4 Inft'y.
 Talifarro, Philip, 3 Inft'y, Louisiana, Farmer.
 Tanner, H. C., 2 Inft'y, Wellsburg, Mo., Farmer.
 Tannehill, C. J., 3 and 5 Inft'y.
 Tapp, G. W., 3 Inft'y, Missouri City, Mo., Farmer.
 Tarr, William, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Taylor, Luther, Farris' Battery, Mo.
 Taylor, William, 3 Inft'y, Kearney, Mo., Farmer.
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 Taylor, John P., 1 Cav., Gilead, Mo., Farmer.
 Taylor, M. G., 1 Cav., Orrick, Mo., Farmer.
 Taylor, J. D., 3 Inft'y, Richmond, Mo., Farmer.
 Tekota, William, 5 Inft'y.
 Terrill, Whitfield, Corp'l 5 Inft'y.
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 Thornburg, Wm., Farris' Battery, Mo.
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 Vineyard, Lycurgus,
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