

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOLUNTEER

a memoir of

The Civil War

by

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOLUNTEER
OR
FOOTSTEPS OF A SOLDIER

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. Dear Reader:- In hopes of gratifying your desire for a knowledge of the events of the late bloody war between the formerly United States of America. I shall in the following narrative endeavor truthfully to relate to you some of the numerous incidents, events and scenes which transpired in those parts of the army to which I have at various times belonged, and of which in many instances I was an eye witness & participator. In so doing I shall endeavor to present to your mind, in their true light, without those false colorings of decept and evasion which too often characterize such narratives, some of the numerous hardships, sufferings, cruelties, horrid scenes and events, as well as some of the more pleasant sights and transactions which make up the varied and unenviable life of an active soldier.

Since my opportunities for gaining full and accurate statements of some of those actions and scenes, were more limited than some others, and since I am under the necessity of relating them altogether by the aid of my recollection which like others is fallible. I shall not pretend to exact accuracy in all my narrations. (Dixie's note; The word "details" is written in pencil above the word "narrations".) but will give them as precise as possible under the above circumstances, hoping that you will be disposed to overlook any unimportant inaccuracy that may possibly occur; nevertheless I am persuaded that but very few of such will be perceptible, and that no very important event or occurrence will be misstated; therefore I indulge the hope that the perusal of these narrations, may not only gratify your desire for a knowledge of those events, but also prove a source of interesting information to you upon the effects, and influence of war upon society; and thereby be the means of setting you in opposition to such horrid and unnatural practices. I shall not attempt to give a history of these events and transactions, but merely a general view, leaving it for those who possess notes and observations taken during the time of the transactions themselves and who are more capable of elucidating such subjects, to give minute & historical details founded on certain date.

At the commencement of the war I myself commenced to take notes of the various important occurrences, to which I was known, but having lost them, I abandoned the hope of continuing them.

I may also state that I shall not expect in every instance to construct my language in perfect accordance with grammatical rules, and the more intricate phraseology of learned composition, but I hope ~~for~~ by care I may be able to prevent harsh constructions & egregious blunders from presenting themselves often at least. I do not suppose it hardly necessary to make any apology for using the "cant phrases" of soldier life in my narrations, since it is one of my objects to present the life of warriors in their true light. Should this be instrumental in conveying any portions of knowledge of the war; should it prove entertaining to the reader; or should it by presenting a partial picture of war, thereby enable him (Dixie's note; "The reader" is written in pencil above the word "him".) to view it in its true light & thus oppose & avoid it on all possible occasions, then the author will be amply repaid for what time and trouble he may have spent in preparing it for the public. Should it possibly be instrumental in the prevention of such horrid & irrational practices as war, then he will be not only well paid, but gratified with the pleasant thought that by his efforts he has contributed a mite to the present welfare & eternal happiness of his fellow mortals.

Peter D. Lane
Honey Creek, Henry County, Missouri.

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*Father of Edward Lane
who lived in San Pedro*

Private Note of Explanation (to those who may read this manuscript.)

The reason that the following narratives are so very badly written is because I had to write them on my knee, with a superlatively bad pen, & the reason of other inaccuracies is because I wrote them just as they came to memory without previously sketching their outline, and ever I have them published I only intend the following as an outline sketch from which to write another, etc. I shall also try to have a Map with it on which shall be the various camps, towns, creeks, rivers & a line of roads, etc. Although in the introduction (which should be called the Preface) I have spoken as if I was going to publish this, yet I may not live to do so, however it may be a gratification to my friends to read it, or at least might be, if it was copied so as to be readable, and this would only be a job of a short time for some of them to do, & would only improve their writing &c.

To these I shall probably add others which I may recollect, if I live to see this unholy war come to an end.

CHAPTER I.

A TRIP TO LEXINGTON, MO.

Having temporarily attached myself to Capt. D.C. Stone's company of Henry County volunteers, and having made some necessary preparations, we set out with Capt. T.E. Owen's company from the same county, on the first "military march" in which I had ever been a participator. This was some time in the first of June, 1861, and after marching some four or five miles over one of those beautiful rolling prairies, in Henry County, and passing various large farms and residences, together with numerous herds of cattle and horses, we at length took up camp on the border of the timber skirting a small stream called Davis Creek, where after tethering (Dixie's note: The word "lariating" is written in pencil over the word "tethering".) our horses, with the long lariats we had already prepared, upon the luxuriant prairie grass, and eating our already cooked supper, we lay down on the grass to rest for the night (Dixie's note: " and were soon in dream-land." is added in pencil.)

Early next morning we were up and after breakfast we gathered in a line waiting for the shrill, keen voice of Captain Owen (who was in command as the ~~first~~ senior officer), to give the order to mount and "forward march", which being done we again strung out in the line of march on the road to Lexington, where we expected to meet the other State forces.

Crossing the stream we again emerged into another large undulating prairie glistening with the morning dew as the rising sun poured his enlightening rays upon it, and bespotted with the numerous herds of horses, mules, cattle, hogs, and sheep, which belonged to the surrounding farmers, whose plantations now spread out before us in every direction, and seemed to indicate peace, quietude and pleasure, but alas! before many years to become the abodes of fear, sorrow and death by the hands of relentless war, and still later to be abandoned by order of those in command (Dixie's note: The remainder of the sentence, after the word "war", is written in pencil.)

Moving on over several successive prairies, and their intersecting streams of timber land, the same succession of beautiful farms, neat dwellings, busy farmer, feeding stock, and happy families was presented to our view. Here we beheld the industrious farmer turning up the black earth in tilling his growing crops; there we beheld his stock feeding unmolested on the large meadows of nature; and at his dwelling we could see the family stirring about in perfect safety without the least sign of fear, but on the contrary many of them came to the doors waving their handkerchiefs to us in token of their good will and friendship. Here we could perceive the tolling blacksmith working away at his forge; there the carpenter

building a house, and all around was a scene of industry and happiness, which was destined to be marred & almost ruined by war.

(Dixie's note: Inserted here are the penciled words "Gen. Sherman (the Georgia robber & incendiary) said "War is hell" & he, at least, carried it on on that principle. - burning, killing & destroying &c."

Marching on over these prairies of waving grass filled with fertile fields of corn and other grain, and the delicious ~~pp~~ odor of the spring flowers and growing plants, we again struck camp about one mile southward of Holden, a small village in the south-west corner of Johnson County. Here we had considerable trouble with our young and fiery horses, which being unused to the process of "picketing out" were considerably restive and not unfrequently entangled themselves in their lariats, whereupon you could hear it cried all through camp "cut the rope", "pull up the Picket", &c. But at length we were enabled after eating our evening meal to retire to rest for the night, and were shortly locked in the slumbers of Morpheus again. In the morning after the necessary preparations, we again filed off in line toward Holden, and having gone some distance we met a "Union Man" as he said he was, going to Chilhowee, another small town in the south border of Johnson, to a Union meeting, and from cause, probably a remark of some of our comrades, he all at once appeared to get very angry and threatened to shoot any man that should undertake to make him give up his gun, which he held in his hands (it was a very large double barreled shot gun), whereupon I was afterward informed, some of our men went back and wrested the gun from him and took it along. Passing on through Holden we traversed some fine, fertile country, tolerably thickly settled with apparently thrifty and industrious farmers and mechanics.

This day particularly in the evening as we were passing through the north-west of Johnson and into Lafayette County, we beheld more beautiful and costly mansions, churches and school houses than on any former day. The farms seemed to be better cultivated and the orchards being larger & more numerous, we knew it was an older settled country than we had been passing through and therefore it showed more signs of cultivation and improvement, although no better soil. The young ladies were pleased to see us and from their windows, doors and styles waved their white handkerchiefs and miniature "secesh flags" to us in token of their respect, and we almost invariably pulled off our hats and waving them a similar compliment ending with a loud "Hurrah for Dixie." They would sometimes present to us a nice flag and at other times a nice apple or cool drink of water, and appeared so kind we almost fell in love with them all. The old farmers would come out and talk with us; their wives would present us with pies and cakes, and the little urchins cry out "Hurrah for Dixie", &c. All seemed glad to see us and appeared to be with us at heart. We passed several beautiful mounds and green hills and among others we saw to our right Chapel Hill at a distance, but did not go close enough to see it fully. It seemed to be situated on a nice hill and I am told has a good High School in its precincts together with other nice buildings and improvements.

Still marching on through this nice and fertile country amid general manifestations of pleasure at our approach, we at length halted in a beautiful small prairie about twelve miles south of Lexington, and shortly afterward were surprised to see a young man coming of his own will with a large load of corn for our horses, fully enough for both evening and morning feeding, which he said his father gave to us freely. Feeding our horses as much as we felt safe in doing, we again after supper prepared to rest for the night when suddenly we were surprised to see a carriage roll up and its inmates enquire for our officer and upon being directed to him, related to him that Gen. Jim Lane (or Jennison) of Kansas was then marching with a considerable force to cut us off before we arrived at Lexington, being then on his way from Independence as he said. This false report created an equally false alarm and immediately we were up, catching and saddling our horses and loading our baggage, which being done in an incredibly short space of time, we were again ready for marching. Some appeared truly

frightened, others said it was doubtless a false report, but we all were willing to be going if such was the case. I saw one young man draw & throw away a deck of cards from his pocket saying "If I am to be killed I do not wish to die with a deck of cards in my pocket". At length after sending ten or twelve men ahead as an advanced guard our officers again gave orders to "forward march" and we filed off on our first night's march. Marching on in silence (for this was the order) we presently became very sleepy and toward daylight many of us would wake up about to fall from our horses. Stopping once a considerable time in a lane, several of us lay down upon the bare earth with our bridles in our hand and took a nap, and upon waking up and marching forward we could see several men here and there lying by the side of the road, sound asleep; some holding two horses between which they were sleeping and others sleeping with their bridle reins around their necks.

Moving forward we reached the Lexington fair grounds about one hour by sunrise (Dixie's note: Inserted between lines here, are the words "Scenes at the fair ground, Friends parting, &c") and here finding a considerable portion of Brigadier General Slack's forces, we also entered and prepared our breakfast. There was probably other forces here but I cannot say certain.

Toward evening Gen. Slack's forces were to start southward and we therefore again in a few hours turned and retraced our steps back to the same place we had left the evening before, where we together with Slack's forces encamped for the night. I was ~~arrested~~ arrested here by Slack's comp. guard. (Dixie's note: He does not say why he was arrested.) Resuming our march the next morning we moved on southward in company with the infantry under Slack, some of whom were wading through the mud and water barefooted, carrying their boots or shoes in their hands, saying that it was much more pleasant and did not blister their feet. (Dixie's note: Written between the lines are the words "At noon we stopped & got dinner. 'Tom Powers & the Jack &c.'") Marching in company with them until noon we then left them and bearing more eastward encamped on the head waters of Post Oak in Johnson County. Here during the night we experienced a drenching rain which wet us to the very skin, as we had no tents, and next morning the high prairie grass was so wet we could not get wood to build fires with only by getting perfectly wet in wading through it where we before had in some instances partially kept dry, so now we were wet almost all over, as if we had fallen in a stream of water, but after getting a few bites of breakfast we saddled and marched on, leaving the warm sun to evaporate the water from our clothes, passing toward noon through Chilhowee, formerly mentioned as a small village in the south portion of Johnson Co., Mo., and toward evening we again entered our own county and I went home, while others did the same, either that evening or the next morning. Here we remained for a week or more, getting others to go with us and preparing for our coming march southward.

Gen. Slack moved along nearer the western border of the state passing through Jackson, Cass, Bates, and on down the line. During this time Brigadier General J.S. Rains was also collecting men from the various parts of his district. Brig. Gen. Parson from his, and other Brigadiers in like manner from theirs. In the time while we were gone to Lexington the battle of Cole Camp was fought by the "Warsaw Greys" and others, in which the Union troops were signally routed and a great portion of them killed. This no doubt was a bloody little battle, but not being present I shall leave it for others to describe. Meanwhile Governor C.F. Jackson with his forces from Jefferson City, together with Gen. Parson's forces were taking a southward direction, and all seemed to be aiming to concentrate somewhere in the south part of the state. (Dixie's note: Written in here, in different colored ink, are the words "Boonville affair".)

CHAPTER II.

THE MARCH TO COW SKIN RIVER.

Having concluded to enlist, together with some twenty of my neighbors, we after some necessary preparations, and procuring a wagon and team to haul our baggage, bade our friends and relatives farewell and set forward, and upon arriving at Clinton, where Owen's and Stone's companies were already collected,

we were by the former duly sworn into the service for the term of six months, as State Guards. Once more attaching ourselves to Stone's company, we after a farewell to our Clinton friend turned our steps toward the south, which were destined to be stayed only at Cow Skin, or Elk River Prairie in McDonald County, Mo., in the very south-west corner of the State. Traveling on a few hours, however, we entered Grand River Timber, and presently came to the river at what was termed White Ferry, although I saw no ferry at the crossing. At length we emerged from the forest of Grand River into the larger rolling prairie between it and Deep Water, another tolerably large creek which emptied into it, and still marching forward leaving our waggons behind, we soon reached the timber of this latter creek upon which, we camped for the night after having crossed it, and passing a Mr. D's where we were treated with a fine mess of home-made cheese, manufactured by his wife. Next morning we again resumed our march, and toward noon arrived at Osage River at the ford called Huffman's Ferry, where some of us were left to block up the waggon beds to keep them out of the water, and to help pull the waggons up the steep, muddy bank on the south side. While waiting for their arrival (for they had been again left behind) most of us went into the river bathing, where we had a jolly time until the waggons arrived when all hands set to work to help them over. Blocking them up so the water would not enter the beds, we drove across, and then fastening ropes to the tongue's ends we would help pull them up the miry bank, and thus we soon crossed them over, and again marched forward some few miles and camped for the night. Here we experienced a continued rain all night and could not lay down on the ground to sleep as it was running with water and our feet were perfectly wet through our boots. Nevertheless we endured it with as much fortitude as we could, and at length when day broke upon us we built up fires, and in some measure dried ourselves. Toward evening we again marched a few miles, and selected a more elevated and dry camp ground although it continued to rain slowly all day and the following night.

Building up fires next morning, we prepared our breakfast and after getting other things ready again mounted our horses with their wet blankets and saddles and equally wet riders, and soon came upon the small village called Centreville, situated in a low valley between Cedar and Clear Creek, and continued our line of march on over a large prairie stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach, hemmed in on both sides by the timberland, and streams of Cedar, Horse, and Clear Creek. Riding on over this prairie we at length beheld the houses ~~which~~ which constitute the village of Clintonville which is situated between the aforesaid creeks and near a small stream emptying into Horse or Cedar Creek. Passing on through this village we in a few hours came in sight of a considerable sized encampment of other soldiers, and soon arrived at the place, learning that it was called Camp Briscoe in honor of Judge Briscoe who resided near by. Here we found Governor Jackson and Brigadier General M.M. Parsons with his brigade or division, and upon nearing their encampment, had the honor of being saluted by their battery with three rounds of shot; and were then directed to a camping ground, to where we marched and dismounted feeling considerably proud of our reception; and having secured our horses commenced stalking around through camp eager to see & learn everything that might transpire, or had lately been enacted.

Here we heard the particulars of the Boonville and Camp Cole engagements and became desirous of having an engagement with the federal or union soldiers ourselves. After remaining here in camp with the aforesaid forces for several days, we together with them took up the line of march and after twelve hours march or less we arrived at the selected camp ground one mile and a half north-east of Lamar, a small town near the Missouri and Kansas line and the County Seat of Barton county. Remaining here the following day (3rd of July) we had a considerable

excitement raised in the evening on account of the severe and cruel punishment of an Irish soldier by his captain who came very near killing the poor drunken soldier. Some of our boys threatened to shoot the officer, and others said he ought to be tried by law, while others still either as cruel as he was, for desiring to allay the rising excitement said that it was necessary to treat these "old regulars" in this manner in order to secure obedience to the laws; nevertheless volunteers were not in the habit of seeing one white man abuse another in this way and were very indignant, but at last everything seemed quiet and peaceable again.

While we were remaining at Camp Lamar some of our men captured a captain of a Kansas Jay Hawking company, and brought him into camp. Governor Jackson after talking to him some time turned him loose, where upon I was afterward informed he returned to his men and coming back to Lamar robbed and burned the best store in town which belonged to a southern man. General Rains & Slack having reached us we again on the morning of the fourth of July set forward expressing the wish, that if we were to meet the federals soon, it might be this day, but marching forward amid the pleasant scenery of the waving prairies, and skirts of timber we at last reached camp some time after dark without either meeting or hearing of the enemy anywhere in reach of us, and again on the morning of the fifth commenced our march, while the bright morning sun poured forth his rays upon us with unusual vigor, little expecting that we would be engaged in the work of death before many hours longer, yet we were within a few miles of the enemy. We had traveled several miles when suddenly news came back to us from the front of the column that Gen. Sigel with a considerable force of federal troops, was only a few miles ahead, coming to meet us. This we believed to be a false report, but obeying orders we hurried forward until we arrived in a large prairie north of "Coon Creek" we were halted to wait for the artillery & our other soldiers to come up. As the other cavalry galloped past us and the infantry and artillery came on past in "double quick time" we began to believe there was trouble brewing, and at length when we received orders to move forward in double quick time also & form on the right wing, with the other cavalry under command of Gen. Rains, and upon reaching the crest of the hill and looking down in the valley below us, we became fully convinced of the presence of the enemy and of the prospect of an engagement, and now hardly felt so desirous as formerly to be participants.

There they were formed in a long line in the valley adjoining the north side of the timber of "Coon Creek" with their bright bayonets glittering in the morning sun like streams of fire, and their artillery shining like so many piles of tin. We were formed on the crest of what was afterward called Buster's Hill, about nine hundred yards from them, Gen. Rains commanded the right wing of our cavalry; Gen. Slack the left wing and assisted Gen. Parsons in command of the center, while Parsons aided by Slack as aforesaid, and the brave and excellent artilleryman Colonel R.H. Weightman brought up the infantry and artillerymen.

Thus we stood opposing each other for a short time seeming to meditate upon the prospect of the coming scene, of brothers engaged in deadly combat with brother, but it was not long that this silence lasted, for the terrible boom of Sigel's cannon soon broke the stillness and echoed over the surrounding country. It was merely a challenge shot fired without ball, and being immediately answered by another from our line, it was evident that a battle was to commence. A cloud of smoke now arose from the mouth of every cannon in quick succession, quickly followed by the deadly echo of the boom, and this as quickly by the shrill whistle of the deadly ball. The enemy first fired too low, & their balls striking into the plowed prairie below us would raise a dense cloud of dust, and tear up the ground at a terrible rate. Presently they began to throw "bomb shells" at us but aiming too high they most generally would burst in the air above us or after passing us. During all this time our cavalry remained quiet, and neither side used small arms but little. The bomb ~~shell~~ shell bursting in the air would cause our infantry to lie down sometimes, whereupon the enemy would raise a ferocious shout of joy, and when our men would succeed in doing them an injury they in like manner would manifest it with a shout of joy. Thus our forces fought for some time

doing but little injury on either side, until at length we were informed that we were ordered to charge them with the cavalry. This we prepared to do, though many of us began to feel ticklish about our own personal safety in such a charge, upon wild, untrained and fiery horses, and being unskilled in the art of war &c. Nevertheless we started and moving off toward the right under cover of the hill we approached to within some four or five hundred yards of Sigel's forces when upon rising the hill they gave us a few loads of cannon shot and ball, and our commander moved us off to the right again, still under cover of the hill. Seeing our movements the federal commander wisely concluded to retreat before he should be surrounded, which he immediately commenced in a precipitate manner, but our infantry and artillery pushed after him and succeeded in giving his forces a few rounds of shot from their small arms, as well as cannon. Crossing Coon Creek he took the road to Carthage hotly pursued by our forces and exchanging shots with him every now and then.

In this way he retreated to Carthage, the county seat of Jasper County, Mo., some ten miles distant from the scene of the first ~~fight~~ engagement. During this time we were hurrying over immense beds of rough rock and broken prairie, at full gallop sometimes, in order to surround him, but we did not succeed. Taking a circuit to the right we crossed Spring River, and came around south of Carthage on the road from there to Neosho the county seat of Newton County, Mo., expecting Sigel to retreat on down this road, but taking a stand in the town we were soon surprised to hear the roar of small arms in rapid succession break upon our ears, and men, women and children came running into the woods almost frightened to death. As this continued we mounted our horses and going nearer town, dismounted, hitched and started to the scene of action, but before we had arrived there the firing ceased and we were soon informed that our forces had dislodged them from their shelter and were again pursuing them on the road toward Sarcoxie, east of Carthage in Jasper County. Thus we were too late to be of any service to our comrades, who had done the fighting without us & were then pursuing the retreating enemy, still firing slowly until darkness put an end to chase. Getting our horses we again entered Carthage, but it was deemed useless to follow the enemy, and we therefore encamped close by. In this engagement Sigel is said to have lost 175 men killed, wounded, missing. Our loss was 10 killed and 15 or 20 wounded. So on the fifth instead of the fourth of July we were gratified with an engagement, and since that time were not so very desirous as before of fighting. We had heard the deadly bullet and cannon ball whistle closely by; we had seen the fearful bomb-shell burst and hurl its fragments around in fearful force; we had seen some of the effects of the murderous grape shot; and we now thought fighting a dreadful reality rather than a playful sport. We had seen our comrades fall by the deadly stroke of lead, and sink into eternity without warning; we had heard the dying groans of the wounded as they were about to leave this world of sin and pass away to the future world; we had beheld brothers striking the death blow to the heart of brothers; we had beheld the mangled corpse and broken limbs of friends thus strewn around; and how could we but reflect upon the dreadful scene, and view war as not only a dreadful reality ~~app~~ but a fearful occupation.

After we had encamped and retired to rest I could not but think of our days work and of our present occupation. I thought how unnatural and irrational it was for Adam's fallen posterity to be persecuting and slaying each other thus; I thought of the scenes of the day; how we had been engaged in wholesale murder and ruin. I thought how we had dealt the death blow to some, and mangled and crippled others; I thought of the unusual efforts we had made to kill, cripple and capture more; I thought of the fatigue we had undergone, and of the burning thirst & clouds of dust we had encountered which almost suffocated us in order to follow and fight our fellow men; I thought of these things and how wrong they were; yet how could we avoid fighting! To think of them rightly was enough to make anyone opposed to fighting, but we were almost obliged to fight or submit to slavery and subjugation, to go at the bidding of others and come at their call; for they

had already declared their intention of "subjugating" us, and of "stationing troops when and where they pleased" in order to force us to do their bidding, & enter their armies, and go in battle array against our southern brethren to kill and conquer them, lay waste their country, and wrest their property from them without recompense. Such were a few of the thoughts that occupied my mind and upon which I meditated until I insensibly fell asleep, and slept soundly until the sun was up next morning. I then arose and took a view of Carthage. It is a considerable little town, of neat appearance and situated on the south side of Spring River, near the center of Jasper County. It showed signs of the work that had been going on within its bounds. Here houses had been pierced with cannon or musket balls, and there were signs of blood strewn around on the floors, fences and ground. After some time spent here in preparing breakfast and getting other things in order we marched out to the south-east a mile or so, and formed in line by the roadside to await the arrival of Gen's. Price and McCullock. Presently they came on and passing & bowing to us went on down the line. They had come up from Neosho with what forces they could gather in order to reinforce us, but we stood in no need of reinforcements then, and so we marched down to the nearest timber and encamped for the night, with the expectation of again resuming our march on the next day.

After the necessary arrangements on the morning of the seventh of July, we left the vicinity of Carthage, where we had remained over the last two nights, and again marched forward with the whole force toward the south and after a hard days march we arrived at Neosho, a nice little town near the center of Newton County and also its seat. Here our forces had a few days before captured one hundred and thirty of the enemies forces, and turned them loose on parole. Passing through Neosho we moved on to Pools Prairie some mile or two southward and encamped for the night.

Early next morning we were again moving and taking down the road leading down Buffalo Creek we enjoyed the luxury of plenty of good, cool, spring water, every now and then coming to a splendid spring of delicious water bursting forth at the foot of the high, rugged, and rocky hills which hem it in on both sides. Marching onward thus amid the clear rocky bottomed stream, and having those rough, uneven hills by our side (Pencilled note; Green trees and shrubs covered the hill sides some places & rock at others.) we were enjoying our days march better than usual (Pencilled note; We often clattering & splashing through the water of this stream, Buffalo.). when a false rumor reached our columns that General Jim Lane of Kansas had attacked the Arkansas forces on Cow Skin prairie and although we had been with portions of these forces and ought to have had true sources of information from them yet our officers in their eagerness to arrive at the supposed scene of action gave orders for a double quick march and away we went, soon leaving the waters and rocky road down the bed of Buffalo's and turning into the dusty bottom, where the road was several inches deep apparently in dust, and which being stirred by our horses feet made a perfect cloud of dust so thick that we often could not see the man next before us, and almost suffocated us. Thus we went under whip and spur for about four miles, almost melting our poor horses as well as ourselves and for nothing but a lying report of some one. At length learning that it was false we again moved on in order until we arrived at Scotts Mills on Cow ~~XX~~ Skin or Elk River where we dismounted and washed our black faces and cleared the dust from our nostrils and throats, and then mounting we soon arrived at Cow Skin prairie, and after enjoying the prairie breeze once more and turning to the left of the road a short distance we selected a camping ground & dismounted to rest at the end of our long march.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMP ON COW SKIN PRAIRIE &C.

As we had taken up camp or rather stopped in an irregular manner upon our first arrival here, it now became necessary in order to prevent confusion to arrange it in a more military style and for this purpose the ground was stepped off and each regiment and battallion was shown to its respective situation. Each regiment or battallion now were required to divide its ground between the several companies of its command, and upon making this division each company was also shown its ground and they also were ordered to divide their ground between the several messes into which the company had been divided. This was at length accomplished, after considerable confusion and rough language, on account of some having to leave the ground they had already selected and take up their quarter in a worse situation. The tents of each regiment or battallion were to be stretched in a straight line leaving room between each regiment or battallion for the fires and also for a street or promenade some twenty or thirty feet wide to drill & perform other military exercises in, and to furnish ground for their waggons and other necessary things. Upon the arrival of the waggons all hands set to work, and in a very short time a considerable town appeared to spring up in the midst of the prairie, and to be thickly peopled with inhabitants who were walking the streets as it were in every direction. Some were going to a large gushing spring some half mile off for water; some were going to tether their horses; some were going for beef and other articles of food; and some were idly strolling around. Thus camp appeared alive until the evening darkness hid them from view, As the evening ~~set~~ grew darker the camp fires from every quarter appeared like so many torches amid the darkness around; the loud murmur of hundreds of voices broke the stillness; and the clank of the sabre ever and anon could be distinctly heard upon the evening breeze. At last all sank into slumber except the watchful guard, and those detailed to attend to night duty, and even now the profound stillness was ever and anon broken by the shrill challenge of the sentinels, and the dull rattle of the sabre as it every now and then struck the ground while the owner was making the "Grand Rounds" or other military trips to relieve the sentinels and place others in their stead. Thus the night passed away but the morning again renewed the busy scene.

During our stay here we lived principally on beef and badly cleaned wheat ground up without bolting and it looked as if this had often been mixed with greater parts of shorts or bran, for after cleaning it as well as we could without a seive, we would often find pieces of straw or chaff an inch long in our bread. With such food we as a matter of course became very tired and sought every opportunity of procuring diet of a different kind. The Seneca Indians who lived near by, bringing in butter, eggs, apples and such other articles of food, easily found in us eager purchasers, and although the apples at this season of the year (July) were often quite green and small, yet we readily bought them at ten cents per dozen. There being a small bush by some called the Mountain Buck Bush and by others the cranberry, growing in the adjacent hills of Elk or Cow Skin River, we often took a bucket and went to gather these although they at this time were green and unfit to use. We sometimes made or rather tried to make pies out of them but they were a poor substitute for the fruit commonly used for this purpose, and consequently our pies were hardly palatable. Sometimes we would go to the river fishing but seldom succeeded in obtaining any of the finny tribe for our trouble, and therefore did not get the opportunity of feasting on this delicious dish. We could see the beautiful perch gliding through the chrysal water even when four or five feet under the water, so clear was this stream, yet he would not accept of our offered bait when placed by him, but rather chose to procure sustenance in some other way.

Getting tired of fishing without catching anything we would roll up our hooks and plunge into the chrysal water bathing, or take our little rifle guns,

or double-barreled shot guns, and take off through the woods and hills hunting, and woe to the little squirrel that allowed us to catch a sight of him, for we almost invariably would have him for the next meal. Sometimes we would kill a turkey or deer but this was so seldom that but few of us ever enjoyed the luxury of tasting their flesh. Thus we passed the time when not employed in drilling or other camp occupations. When drill hours came we at the call of our orderly sergeant, formed a line in the streets of our camp, and being taken charge of by some drill officer were instructed in the various evolutions, and other exercises & maneuvers of this part of military instruction, and after such exercises were again permitted to go about our other employments. (Penciled notation: "Thus we were in training for murder and ruin. Alas! Alas!").

We had not been long encamped here until it was found necessary to appoint a number of Provost Guards whose business it was to travel about through camp and the surrounding country in order to arrest all soldiers found committing depredations of any kind and also to prevent the firing of guns in or near camp, & other officers were to have camp kept clean and nice. These guards wore a red riband around their shoulders as a token of their office and a passport for them at any time, for they were not to be halted by our guards. They might be seen almost at any time strolling hither and ~~for~~ thither watching everything that was going on, and keeping down confusion & trouble. They were quite necessary even at that time, for some of our soldiers unless prevented would at times burn the rails belonging to private citizens, and otherwise injure and destroy their property. They (officers of the day) were also very useful on account of their going around and directing us to clean up our camps of superfluous trash and putrid pieces of beef, which would otherwise most probably have been left to produce a noxious and disagreeable stench, for as the old adage says "What is every bodies business will be attended to by nobody", and had those officers of the day not required us to clean them away they might have lain there and produced disease in some degree by their poisonous effluvia.

Around camp we had a guard to prevent horsemen from entering, and for other purposes. At one side of camp we had a shade made of bushes under which a part of the guard remained, while others were standing their tout around camp. This shade was called the Guard House and at it every miscreant soldier when arrested, was guarded, and this was considered ample punishment for common offenses, for it was a considerable disgrace to have to go to the "guard house" under arrest, but for very bad offences other punishments were sometimes inflicted.

Whisky being sold in the country not far from camp produced a great deal of contentions and drunkenness, and it was at length determined to set the police or Provost Guards to hunting and pouring it out, for it had been sold slyly so far since it was against orders to bring it to camp for sale. Going out, these police at last discovered it, by following along the road which was filled with the greatest number of drunken soldiers, and they immediately poured it all out. Some three or four barrels was thus destroyed at once and afterward there was less drunkenness than before. Thus they kept down contentions and prevented mischief.

During one of those drinking sprees, out in the Indian Nation, a soldier attempted to violate an Indian woman, whereupon she drew a pistol and shot him dead upon the spot. Gen. Price said the woman did right & was perfectly justifiable &c.

After remaining at Camp Cow Skin on the north side of Cow Skin prairie for about two weeks we (Gen. Rains Brigade) removed to a high hill near the south side, and there took up a second camp calling it Camp Lee. From this camp we could see for miles around. The vast prairie along up Cow Skin river stretching out to the west into the Seneca Nation, presented a beautiful spectacle, while the prairie in which we were encamped, was also a scene of much interest. To our east the encampment of Gen. Parsons division appeared like a little town all alive with inhabitants; to the south and across a small skirt of timber might be seen portions of Gen. Slacks brigade or division; throughout the intervening

space all around might be seen numerous horsemen riding to and fro; while near each encampment might be seen the tethered horses & mules forming as it were large herds, feeding upon the grass. Around is and particularly to the north and east, spread out large forest & rocky hills through which meandered beautiful streams of water clear as crystal, rippling over their rocky beds and adown those uneven and ragged hills from which every now and then bursted forth those clear cold springs so enticing to thirsty beings in these hot & sultry days of July.

Having elected our company and other officers and organized in a more military way we at length began to think & talk of leaving this prairie where we had spent about three weeks in drilling sometimes; sometimes in hunting, fishing & bathing; sometimes in cooking and washing; sometimes in standing guard and cleaning up camp; sometimes in carrying wood & water; sometimes in strolling around and viewing those beautiful springs, streams of water and other entertaining objects; sometimes in lying in our tents or beneath the shade of a bush to avoid the burning sun; and sometimes in watering and attendind to our horses. (Pencilled note: Sometimes in gambling, lying, swearing &c &c Blackguarding &c."). After the necessary preparations we at length got everything ready and were to commence another march pretty shortly, the particulars of which I shall narrate in the next chapter. (Pencilled note: "Now what was all this array of men intending to do? They were preparing themselves for the bloody & horrid practice of war, or wholesale murder. National butchers &c.").

CHAPTER IV.

MARCH TO WILSON CREEK.

It was near the first of August when we again took up the line of march, and after a hard days travel over the rough rocky roads in McDonald and the south part of Newton County, we once more encamped in Pool's Prairie. On the following morning moving on as usual in such a march we passed Neosho and entered a beautiful prairie stretching away to the north east for several miles and after a few hours travel we came in sight of Granby, a small village at the Granby Lead Mines, on the head waters of Spring River (Indian Creek) and passing in a few miles of it, presently arrived at Newtonia, some four miles eastward of Granby. This also is a small village situated in the prairie, and not far from this place we again encamped. Here we had a powerful stampede among our horses.

Leaving here the following morning we changed the direction of our route, and bore off toward the south east, and after another very hard days march, we arrived at Cassville, the County Seat of Barry County, and passing through it encamped one mile southward in a small round prairie adjoining the forces of Brig. Gen. McBride, who were already camped in the timber near by. During this day Gen. Rains with about six hundred men, had been pursuing a portion of the enemies cavalry, and rumors kept coming back almost all day, that they were fighting ahead, and thus we kept pushing on, and even after we had reached camp it was rumored that he had succeeded in capturing five hundred of them, but this was utterly false.

Coming in with his forces, he also pitched camp, and again the busy scene, of an evening camp after a days march, commenced. Some might be seen hurrying hither and thither after wood and water; some going to and fro, drawing provisions; some moving off with their horses; some preparing to cook supper; and some stalling idly around as usual staring at everything that transpired. Here we remained for some day or two, and Gen. Price resigning the chief command to Gen. Ben Mc Cullock we again, after having dried beef & cooked biscuit & c, moved toward Wilson Creek.

Our battillion consisting of three companies (Stones, Royston's & Parks) under command of Lieut. Col. T.E. Owen (formerly Captain) was placed under Col. Cawthorn who with about eight hundred cavalry from Rains Division, was sent out northward, as a scout for the left flank of the army. Bearing off through a

rough, broken, and rocky country, we passed the head of Spring River, and late in the evening took up for the night upon a field of Hungarian grass, around which we marched forming a hollow square, and dismounted, picketing our horses within the square, while we lay down to rest around the border. Thus we remained for the night, having our provisions already prepared, and which consisted of steaked or dried beef and biscuit.

(Interdelinated note: "Methods of passing camp guards by wearing sabres, pretending to want in &c.")

Early next morning we were again in the saddle, and turning more eastward, rode forward against the burning rays of a hot sun, over another nice prairie, and at length entered a long ravine, or hollow, down which we continued our march until about ten o'clock, when we were within a short distance of Dry Springs, south of Wilson Creek. Here we were suddenly surprised by our advance guard, and Col. Cawthorn himself coming galloping back, with the news that Gen. Lyon's forces were camped at the springs, and that they had talked with some of them, thinking them our own forces, but upon asking whose forces they were received the answer that they were Gen. Lyon's. Hereupon Col. Cawthorn remarked to them that he would return & bring up his men, intimating that we were also federal troops. This ruse partially succeeded, and he then came galloping back ordering us to countermarch in double quick time. This some were rather slow in doing, since we saw nothing to retreat from, although within a short distance of their camp which was hid behind a hill. Nevertheless we soon became convinced of the truth of the statement and then commenced a scene of the utmost confusion. Instead of making a regular countermarch, everyone seemed to turn about for himself, and taking back went spurring over the rough rocky road at a rapid pace. Bearing off from the road south ward over hills and hollows, and brushy ground, we went spurring onward at a rapid rate. Some leaving ranks, bursted off under whip and spur as if Old Nick himself were at their heels, and thus went scampering pell mell over the broken hills until probably they were "brought up standing" against the rough body of some scrubby ~~tree~~ bush, with their face torn and bleeding and their hat gone. Some taking it more quiet remarked that " it was not worth while to kill their damned fool selves even if Lyons was there".

At length we were halted and formed in line by our respective officers, yet many were scattered around, clear away from their commands, and it took no little trouble to again get them to their commands. Some had lost their hats and now came riding up with handkerchiefs tied around their heads to shelter them from the burning rays of the sun; some had lost one thing & some another, but we dared not go back after them for Lyons forces were aware of our mistake by this time and had even given us a few parting shots as we went galloping away from them.

Thus we were forced reluctantly to ferego the pleasure of a cool drink of water from those springs, and compelled, like the lion in the combat with the mastiffs, to save ourselves by flight. This we did, and returned toward the main forces some ten miles southward.

Travelling on ever broken hills and hollows, without any sign of a road, we now began to suffer from the want of water, and almost melting in the hot and sultry sun. I chewed several bullets until they crumbled in my mouth, but still I perspired almost in streams, and became hoarse and almost choked for the want of water. Others suffered equally. Our mouths became hot, and our tongues dry; and still we found no water. Some declared they would give their horses for a drink, and all seemed to be suffering intensely for the want of this liquid beverage of nature, when at last we arrived at a small branch of very warm water, yet we drank it greedily although besides being warm, it was quickly stirred up and became quite muddy, yet water we were craving, and burning for, and we partook of this warmfilthy water with the greatest eagerness imaginable. Moving on we presently came to a very large gushing spring of the coldest water, and well it

was for us we had not come to this first, for in this case we most assuredly would have drank too freely of it for our own good, for even now it seemed as if we could not get enough. After washing and cooling ourselves, we took up for the night at convenient places around, for we were very near the main forces. This evening Rains with 600 men had a considerable skirmish &c. The next day we remained near by and most of us committed larceny by going into the adjoining fields and getting green corn to eat, for we were very hungry. Provost guards were sent out to prevent this, and one of these coming upon a squad of us in the field, roasting and eating the corn, instead of trying to prevent us, pulled off several ears himself and commenced roasting and eating also, saying as he did so "This is wrong but I must have something to eat". (Interdelinated note: "Here we dried beef I believe"). About midnight we again took up the line of march, and moving very slowly on account of the road being crowded, we next morning had only gone a mile or so, and now looking up and down the large road we could see nothing but a river of human beings, as it were, moving along the uneven road like the waves of a river, crowding & rolling slowly onward down its watery bed.

Presently our command under Cawthorn was again detached from the main forces and sent out on the left wing as before.

Taking again over the rough rocky roads bearing off northward from the line ~~off~~ or Telegraph road, we soon struck upon the trail of a portion of the enemies forces, and following this, sometimes along narrow and dim roads, and sometimes over the hills where formerly there was no road, we after another hard days march in which many of almost slept upon our horses, arrived and camped at Wilson Creek some distance south of the place where the memorable battle of Oak Hills was afterward fought. The next morning this was about the sixth of August, we, that is Cawthorn's command moved up about two miles and camped on what was afterward called Bloody Hill from being the scene of a most bloody and sanguine encounter, during the Oak Hill Battle, between a portion of our forces and those of Gen. Lyons. This was a half mile or so to the left and in front of the main encampment; while, if I am not mistaken, Gen. Rains with the other portion of his division encamped opposite us, and to the right, and also in front of the main body, which was encamped along down the valley of the creek.

Here we remained for several days actively engaged in the various duties of camp life, and preparing for the coming battle. Wilson Creek afforded us water, and the black oak trees and bushes around us with others furnished us with wood; while the surrounding hills provided grass for our horses, upon which we constantly kept them. After the nights darkness had enveloped the earth and rendered other things invisible, then the thousand fires from the adjacent hills & vally shot forth their light like so many stars in the canopy of the sky, while the hum of thousands of voices came wafted on the evening breeze and the hoarse challenge of the camp sentinel echoed through the hills and vales around. (note here says; "Note: Something should have been said here of the Picket Skirmishes on the 5th & 9th of August &c. Toothache and cure &c.") Thus we remained until the evening of the ninth of August, when orders were given to prepare to march on Springfield that night, and our picket guards being drawn in everything seemed ready for such a move, but from some cause unknown to me we were not marched off nor did we break up camp until the next morning, and what happened soon after, how we were surrounded that night, and how the next day we fought one of the most bloody battles on record will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS.

During the night of the 9th of August while we were resting without any Piquet Guard to warn us of approaching danger, and while our officers were thus carelessly allowing us to be exposed to unknown peril, the enemy under the brave, but hot-headed General Lyons, left Springfield and marched upon, and surrounded us,

and on the morning of the 10th of August, as some of us were preparing a little breakfast, some of us attending to our horses, some of us attending to one thing, and some to another; and as the golden sun just began to dawn on the surrounding hills, the alarm cry was passed from lip to lip, that Gen. Lyons was advancing upon us; and looking across the valley, upon the opposite hills, we descried them, but at first mistook them for our own forces, but in a short time became convinced to the contrary.

Then a scene of greatest confusion and alarm ensued. Some began hurrying here and there after their horses; some were bridling & saddling those already in camp; some were loading their cooking utensils; and baggage; some were hitching their teams; some were getting their guns; some running two and fro hardly knowing what they were after; and some were beginning to form a line at the urgent calls of their respective officers. Presently we moved out to the north-west some few hundred yards, and now the enemy could be plainly seen, as they came marching upon us in long lines, with glittering bayonets flashing in the morning sun. As this scene was transpiring in the north-west of the battle field, others somewhat similar were being transacted in various other quarters, but I shall principally confine my narrative to this for the present. Onward they came in one united line, over the crest of the opposite hill; while there we stood, a handful of apparently raw volunteers opposed to a host of regularly trained soldiers. It was a fearful odds, for there were not over five hundred (500) of us actually on the field, to oppose about three thousand (3,000) of the enemy. We were commanded by the brave Col. Cawthorn, while the enemy were led on by the equally brave Gen. Lyons himself. Thus we stood on the north and north-west side of Bloody Hill, as those columns of "Blue Coats" advanced upon us. Sending a few horsemen toward them we silently awaited the result, but scarcely had they left us two hundred yards, when upon nearing the enemy, they halted, levelled their muskets, and the first sharp crack of firearms broke upon the comparative stillness, and echoed down the valley.

These men now came galloping back in confusion, whereupon we dismounted, and ~~leaving~~ leaving some to hold our horses, marched forward some thirty steps toward the enemy, who now began to pour their leaden hail of musket balls among us at a fearful rate, yet we held our ground and silently reserved our fire, waiting for them to come nearer, and within range of our rifles & shot guns. Presently we also began to fire, and now the work of death commenced in earnest. Long streams of fire would issue from the muzzles of the enemies muskets, and their hail of deadly missiles would come whistling through our ranks; these were answered by us with equally destructive showers of rifle balls and buck shot. Clouds of smoke darkened the horizon, as peal after peal rang through the valleys and over the hills. We now fell back before such superior numbers, and taking another stand, again exchanged shots with them; but again falling back under cover of the hill, we hitched our horses and reascended to its crest, when a most terrific engagement commenced which lasted for an hour or so before we were reinforced, and struck the death blow to many a poor soldier.

The sharp rattle of the small arms as they were discharged in rapid succession was now broken by the fearful boom of the wide mouthed cannon. Peal after peal broke upon the air & echoed for many miles around. Dense clouds of smoke filled the air overhead, and the atmosphere around seemed pregnant with the missiles of death and destruction. Vast sheets of the deadly musket and minnie balls came pouring through our ranks cutting and tearing the grass and bushes, throwing the dust and gravel in our faces, crippling our comrades, and killing our friends. The fearful and terrific storm of death was raging around, the gentle wind seemed to bear it onward, and every sweeping blast carried death in its course, and destruction in its path. Here amid this horrible scene we still maintained the deadly and unequal contest, murdering & being murdered! Five hundred or less (350 so Gen. Price said) opposing three thousand in an open field, for an hour and one half I think it was. During this time the brave Gen. Lyons was killed at the head of his forces while urging them forward; and also our brave leader

Cawthorn recieved his death wound which carried him to the grave in a few days. Many others sank into the slumbers of death from the effects of this terrible encounter, while many others still, though not killed, recieved wounds which rendered them cripple forever afterward.

At length being greatly reinforced, we continued the struggle with better success. Now volley after volley of deadly hail came and went, through the surrounding element in fearful confusion. Large bushes were torn in two, and trees shivered to pieces; rocks were mashed into a thousand pieces, and the earth dug into holes! Thus the dreadful and terrible work went on! Not only on Bloody Hill was such work being done, but for miles around! The air was continually filled with the roar of those terrible engines of death! The surrounding atmosphere became dark with the clouds of dense smoke which rose from the fearful scene, as boom after boom followed each other, and echoed the horrid noise around! Hell seemed to be gaping for its victims, and heaven to hide its face at the sight! The fiends of darkness seemed to have been let loose, and were celebrating their freedom with a sacrifice of blood! Death seemed to be the reigning monarch, who was thus gleating over the lives of his subjects and hurrying them into eternity! Thus for nine long hours this fearful and appalling scene continued; and when at last it ended the sight was fearful! Yea horrible! to behold! Around us in every direction lay the mangled and gory bodies of our fellow men; some with their pale and ghastly features turned toward us, lay locked in the slumber of death; some groaning from the excess of tormenting pains; some crying for water, for which they were almost suffocating; some unconscious lying and uttering feeble groans as the life-blood oozed from their mortal wounds; some almost inaudibly moaning away the last expiring breath of life, as the crimson gore & froth issued gurgling from their mouths and nostrils; and some gasping, as the last convulsive throes of dying misery and pain, were fast ebbing away. Thus spectacles of the most heart-rending sights presented themselves in every direction; and thus had we after nine hours of the most bloody and obstinate fighting on record, driven the enemy precipitately from the field, and now stood on the ground the acknowledged victors. But we had only gained it by a fearful & bloody sacrifice of life, and though our loss was terrible, that of the enemy was even more so. After the horrible din of the battle was over, and after I had again returned to Bloody Hill and my command, from which I had been separated while taking a wounded man to the waggons, and had thus been taken prisoner but had succeeded in escaping while the battle raged. (Note: The account of my capture & narrow escape from death should here be inserted.) I now procured a couple of canteens and filling them with water, together with others, we commenced a survey of the awful field. At every step the marks of the horrid missiles of death could be seen, and their torn and bleeding victims met our view. On almost every tree, bush, and shrub they had left their sign, and at every step their gory sacrifice. The earth was dug into holes & the trees and bushes torn to pieces; the rocks shivered to atoms, and the grass and shrubs mown to the ground. Thus over the field was one destructive scene presented to view, and the mangled bodies of mortality lay thickly scattered around. Our own dead and wounded had by this time been principally taken off the field, and it was only the enemies that still lay upon the battle ground where they had been struck down by those horrid missiles of war. Some with a bullet hole in their forehead lay in the last slumbers of death, while the gory substance of the brain protruded from the opening; some with the deadly hole through their manly breast, from which the heart blood still slowly oozed forth; some with one half of their head carried entirely away by the fearful cannon ball; and others with their heads completely severed from their bodies. Some with a broken limb or other bloody wound lay or sat under the shade of the bushes around, fanning the swarm of flies away; while others less conscious, or unable to help themselves, lay in the burning sun, with the flies actually blowing their wounds. Some fully conscious of their awful situation, talked of their condition and prospect in

future; while others insensible to their own state, were slowly, but surely passing away to eternity. Thus we moved on over the field administering to their wants and sufferings, and still viewing the varied, yet bloody and dreadful scene. Scenes which I pray God it may never be my lot to witness again.

At length the enemy returned under protection of the white flag and removed their wounded to Springfield some ten miles distant, but their dead still lay upon the field. During the engagement the writer having been separated from his command while taking a wounded comrade to the waggons, and having been taken prisoner, and having shortly escaped, and by these means having been on various parts of the field, at various times, had thus an opportunity of being an eye witness to transactions in different parts of that terrible battle ground.

At one time shortly after I had escaped from the enemy I found myself upon the brink of a high, steep and rocky hill on the summit of which was planted the enemies twenty four pounders, and to the north-west of which was Bloody Hill & the valley between, on which hostile thousands were engaged. As I sat there trying to devise means, or discover some avenue by which I might be enabled to return to my command, I could plainly see both friends and foes engaged in the deadly combat below. At short intervals the sharp rattle of small arms would commence getting louder and louder, and the hoarse bellowing of the terrible cannon would echo around. The loud thunders of those twenty four pounders would burst over my head as it were, and shake the very earth beneath my feet. Dense clouds of smoke rose from the valley below and darkened the skies above. It was a scene at once grand yet awful! though fascinating yet terrible! one on which I could not help looking, yet one which made me shudder! Presently a terrible charge made by Col. Kelly's regiment of St. Louis, assisted by others, commenced on the height near me, and after a few minutes of terrible roaring and clashing the enemy were driven from the height and most of his cannon captured. The road being once more open I ventured out, and again started to my command. As I passed along the same dreadful sights as formerly described presented themselves on each side of the road, and often in its very centre amid the dust and blood lay the corpses of the slain. Thus you may see that over one vast arena this terrible scene was spread, and that the reality of this drama was most terrible! Until night drew on and veiled this bloody prospect from view, by the shades of darkness, the fearful scene presented itself to view. When at last it was no longer visible we again lay down to rest on that hill which had so lately been drenched with the blood of the hundreds of human sacrifices which had been that day offered to the god of war on its green altar, and henceforth to be called Bloody Hill.

Rising next morning (it being Sunday) I went with others of my company to one of our hospitals to move a wounded comrade. On our way the same scene of carnage and destruction appeared all along our way for a mile or more. We often had to turn out of the road to avoid running our carriage wheels over the dead, and to get by the slain horses and other obstructions in our way. The slain were by this time swelled to an incredible size, and their distorted features presented a blackish green hue, and they emitted the most sickening and offensive odor imaginable. The large number of dead horses lying around also tended to increase the already nauseating and disgusting smell as well as the more destructive appearance of the field.

After passing along the road, which was lined with dead bodies of men and horses, together with broken guns, waggons, carriages, mess boxes, cooking utensils, strips of clothing, and various other articles of camp equipage, we presently arrived at the hospital. This had been a large nice dwelling, but it was fearfully changed now. Every bed, and other household article seemed to have been appropriated to the use of the wounded and yet they were almost destitute of needful bedding and covering. Straw had been piled up in every nook and corner and on it lay hundreds of the poor fellows. The house was literally full of them, and the very outhouses were crowded to overflowing. Some were mortally, and others only tolerably badly wounded. I saw one man who had been shot through, the ball entering his breast on one side of the breast bone and going out on

one side of his back bone. This poor fellow had been in this situation for twenty-four hours, without having his wound dresses or the least particle of assistance, although here seemed to be plenty of physicians and others there. He said his name was Watson and that he belonged to Col. Kelly's St. Louis regiment. Whether he recovered or not I am unable to say, as I left him after having done what I could for him, and informed his Col. of his situation.

Getting our wounded comrade into the carriage, we drove away, and after returning to camp, and once more surveying the field on Bloody Hill, we prepared to move to Springfield. While surveying the field I at one time counted the dead and enormously swelled bodies of twenty of the enemy on an area of ground scarcely half an acre, and among them also the carcasses of eight horses almost as large as elephants. You may have some slight idea of the sickening odor that filled the air if you ever had the opportunity of smelling the putrefied body of a dead human, but otherwise you cannot.

Having at length gotten ready to leave the battle field and having made other general arrangements we now prepared to start to Springfield. During the march from Cow Skin Prairie and at the Oak Hill battle, we were in company with and assisted by the Arkansas forces under Gen. Ben McCullock and thus he was in command before the commencement of the battle, but during the battle almost every Colonel had to command for himself and it has been characterized as a battle fought without command, but justice demands that the subordinate officers be excepted for they done well.

CHAPTER VI.

MARCH TO LEXINGTON - ITS SIEGE AND CAPTURE &C.

Toward twelve o'clock on the 11th of August we again set forward on the march, and after two miles travel over a large prairie we came upon Springfield, the county seat of Greene County and a large inland city. We had been enabled to see it several miles before we arrived, that is its spires and other higher parts. Having formed in close ranks, with our guns up, we entered & taking up through the Public square passed off to the suburbs on the west of town, and again encamped for a couple of days or so. Here we collected all the captured arms, ammunition &c. and prepared for our wounded to be as well taken care of as possible, and on or about the morning of the 13th, Col. Owens, having obtained permission, set out with his battallion for Henry County, and after a hard days march camped just south of Bolivar the county seat of Polk County and a nice town of considerable size. Here some soldiers from other regiments, together with some of our own, and some citizens, getting into a fray at a grocery, a Mr. Thomas Johnson, a citizen, was killed by a Mr. Hugh Houser who succeeded in making his escape although pursued & several times shot at. Again moving on next morning we late in the evening, after passing Humansville during the day, which is a small, ill shaped village some 15 miles northward, encamped south of Ocoola some 5 miles. Ocoola, the county seat of St. Clair County is a considerable town, pretty well built, and situated on the south bank of the Osage River. Again resuming the march next morning on our weak and jaded, as well as tender-footed horses, we toward evening arrived at Clinton, where after getting some refreshments and meeting numerous friends with whom we must "take a chat" we scattered and went to our respective homes, with orders to meet again in a few days to draw some cloth and other articles for clothing and to prepare for the next trip or short campaign.

Although I was taken sick and could not participate in the coming events, yet I shall relate a brief sketch of them as narrated to me by a friend and eye-witness. After having remained at & about home for a week or so, they again set out from Clinton to intercept the State forces under Gen. Price who were by this time moving on toward Lexington, without the Arkansas forces, under McCulleck. After considerable marching they fell in with those forces on the road between Stockton (a nice little town in Cedar County, and its County Seat) and Dry Wood in Vernon County (a stream). At the latter stream or in the vicinity they had

an engagement. This was brought on by about a thousand (1,000) Kansas forces making an attack upon Price's advance guard. Moving forward with his "body guard" the General received their fire at long range without returning a shot, but when Rains and Parsons came up with their men and opened upon them, they retreated. Price lost three men killed or near it and several wounded. The enemy lost about 16 killed and 25 prisoners, besides a number wounded.

After remaining here a day or two, they again set out for Lexington and after crossing the Osage River at Huffman's ferry moved forward through Johnstown (Interdelineated note: "Camped here".) and camped on Grand River near Suttles Mill. From Huffmans ferry about 1500 men under Gen. Rains were sent after the Kansas Jayhawkers but after a hard nights ride returned without having overtaken them. From Grand River the army moved forward and again camped near Rosehill, a small village in the south-east of Johnson County, where after eating supper took up the line of march and after a hard nights ride in which the Provost Guards were very busy waking up the sleepy soldiers at the road side, they arrived about daylight in the vicinity of Warrensburgh, the seat of Johnson, and a considerable town, where they encamped until the next day; when learning that the Federals had burned Black Water Bridge, they moved off and after travelling a circuitous route around, they succeeded in crossing that stream, and kept forward toward Lexington with all possible speed, preceded by the federals, who only arrived some few hours before our cavalry. Here they encamped and Picket and skirmish fighting was kept up continually during both night and day, several of which were considerable engagements, but in which the loss was slight. The Federals were fortified in the Masonic College, a large brick building, around which were strong entrenchments square in form with buttresses at the four corners for the artillery; and exterior to this a semi-circular entrenchment including some five acres, all composed of earthworks sodded over with blue grass. Still exterior to this were powder mines, arranged so as to enable the enemy to touch them off at pleasure, whenever our forces came upon them. Thus it became necessary, after a siege of a week or so to assail the fort, or take it by some other means. A plan being invented by a Mr. James McMahan of Owen's Henry County battallion, was laid before Gen. Price, which being put in practice enabled them to approach to within a short distance of the fort without much loss. This plan was to procure hemp bales and by soaking them in the river prevent them from taking fire, then hauling them to convenient places, and putting several men behind each bale, and some rope coils also, they were enabled by rolling them over and over to approach the fort in safety; and after having closely besieged it in this way for three days, the federal forces within under command of Col. Mulligan capitulated on the 25th day of September. They surrendered unconditionally all their forces, arms, and other munitions of war, except a barrel of Gun Caps which Milligan dishonorably concealed by burying them in the fort. During this siege our loss had been reported about 25 killed besides considerable wounded. That of the enemy was probably 170 killed, a considerable number wounded & 3500 prisoners together with all their munitions of war, amounting to 4,000 guns, 2600 holsters, pistols, 1200 sabres, 6 cannon, 2 mortars, and 1000 cavalry horses and equipage, besides a considerable number of waggons, tents, and other articles, together with a large amount of commissary stores, powder in large quantity &c.

Thus another victory had crowned with success our efforts, & although but little blood was shed in this siege when compared with the battle of Oak Hills, yet a considerable number of our fellow men were launched into eternity unwarmed & probably unprepared, and thus we see that war is everywhere a bloody occupation, & its upholders are necessarily involved in the guilt which ensues, for those who do not actually engage in combat, yet urge wars, are necessarily as guilty or nearly so as those actually engaged.

After remaining a few days at Lexington, during which time the captured enemy were paroled and set across the Missouri River (except Col. Mulligan who was retained to exchange for Gen. Frost), and Gen. Price again took up the line of march toward the south once more, from the fact, that Gen. J.C. Fremont with

with a large force was marching to cut him off from southern aid. Moving on down the western border of the state he passed back through Rosehill, and again crossed the Osage at Huffman's ferry after three days of continued labor in ferrying and swimming the waggons, horses, men and camp equipage over; and again after a short time (4 days march) arrived at Camp Briscoe in Cedar County. Here he remained two days and then marching forward came to Greenfield, the county seat of Dade County, where he again camped for two days, during which time he recieved 300,000 gun caps &c. from the south.

Leaving Greenfield he moved forward to Sarcoxie, a small town in the western portion of Jasper County, where he again remained some two days, from where he moved on to Neosho and camped some time. During this time Gen. Fremont was also marching southward with the federal army in pursuit of Price, and by this t time had probably reached Springfield, and sending a flag of truce to Gen. Price, succeeded in exchanging for Col. Mulligan, who until now had been retained.

While encamped at Neosho, the legislature of the state was convened and passed an Ordinance of Secession from the formerly United States. Upon the reception of this news in camp, several brilliant rounds of shots were fired from the several batteries in the army.

Resuming the march after some time, he moved to Cassville in Barry County where he recieved 500 muskets and a couple of Batteries of new cannon (of 3 or 4 pieces each) together with a considerable lot of other munitions of war. These were brought up by Brig. Gen. John B. Clark of Mo., from the Confederate States, and were now placed in the army under command of Price. After a short stay at Cassville he again moved to Pineville in McDonald County, from where he again started northward after a short stay.

Gen. Fremont by this time was retreating back toward St. Louis, and Price moving on after sometime reached Ocoola in St. Clair County, where he took up camp and remained several weeks, it now being pretty cold, winter having already set in. Here after so long a time, taken up in reorganizing and making out Certificates of Discharge for those who had served thrie six months, and other things necessary to be done, he held elections for Generals &c.

Having remained here sometime, he at length broke up camp and returned to Springfield, and took up winter quarters in & around the city. Here he continued recruiting and reenlisting for both the Confederate Service and for the State Service. Col. Burbridge obtained a Regiment of Confederate soldiers, as well as Col. Roper & one or two others I believe. Thus they recruited for the confederacy while Gen. Rains and others recruited for the State of Missouri. Having recovered from my sickness, I together with several others of my neighbors, left home in the dead of winter, about Christmas, and after a few days hard travel through ice and snow, as well as "Home Guards" of the enemy, we at last arrived safely at Springfield, and after some time again entered into the State Service.

CHAPTER VII

RETREAT TO ARKANSAS, BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, &C.

After having remained at Springfield until some time near the first of February, preparing for the coming spring, summer & autumn campaign, we were forced to retreat to Arkansas, by the forces of the enemy under Gens. Curtis & Siegel, who were marching upon us from Rolla, in the south-east of the state, attacked our picket guards on the road toward Rolla, & being a superior army it was deemed prudent by Gen. Price to retreat. Loading up our waggons, and getting everything in order for such an event, was the cause of a considerable tumult & confusion in town. Some were hurrying here and there for one thing and others for another, & so it was all day. The streets were crowded with men, waggons, h horses and every other thing capable of being moved along them as it appeared. Toward evening the forces began pushing off from town on the Wilson Creek road, but not until after ten o'clock in the night were all able to move. As the moon shown down upon them as they sat on their horses, or marched along afoot through the streets, it appeared as if those streets were rivers teeming with animated

life and flowing along with its channel filled with living and moving things. After a short skirmish with the enemy in which they used artillery, our picket guard and those sent to reinforce them, fell back to town, and as soon as all had moved out, they also came on through and followed in the rear of the army.

After a slow but continual nights march we arrived at Wilson Creek just as day had fairly dawned, although others had been there hours before. Here we stopped and prepared breakfast & rested for awhile, when we again moved off in the slow, intermittent pace which usually characterizes the march of a large army. Sometimes we would not move more than a rod at a time and there stand for 10 or 15 minutes, and probably move only another & stop again. At other times we would move on more regularly. Thus we moved on, passing broken down waggons every little while both in the road and along its margin, and again encamped at Crane Creek, some 25 miles south-westerly from Springfield. Here we had scarcely encamped until the enemy coming on, attacked our "Rear Guard" and threw some cannon balls even into our camp. We now marched out, formed and prepared for battle, but it being late, the enemy did not come on. While we were thus formed waiting for the enemy, our waggons were moving on southward & toward midnight, after having burned a large field fence almost entirely up in order to keep from freezing, we also follow in their rear and some time afterward encamped on the north side of a timber in a most bleak, barren, and cold situation, yet Gen. Rains took his men to a more convenient and warmer situation & as I belonged to his division I was enabled to fare tolerably well during that cold, bleak night, but those who were more exposed to the northern blast were certainly very uncomfortably camped and most had suffered considerably. Moving on from here we were some time afterward ordered to prepare for battle, as the enemy were still crowding us & sometimes firing on our rear. This was just north of Cassville in Barry County, and after preparations had been made to relieve the enemy, they again failed in coming on, and we still kept on retreating. These demonstrations of battle were made I suppose to check the enemy and thus enable our waggons, and the advance of the army to move on. While they were preparing to attack us, these could move on & then we could again follow and leave the enemy, who could not follow on in battle order, & thus must take time to form when we turned. Passing on through Cassville, we camped just north of Keitsville, also a small village in Barry some seven or eight miles from the Arkansas & Mo. line. Moving on next morning we presently passed out of Missouri and for the first time, into Arkansas, and soon entered a long, narrow valley or defile which was called "McCullock's Blockade" since that General had fallen trees along down the hollow, across the road and in many places where the ravine was narrow between its two sides or hills he had completely blockaded the passage. These were already in some measure removed but we also had to remove many and turn around other large logs in the road &c. During our march through this defile we were turned back every few miles to check the enemy, and enable our infantry, artillery and waggons to move on out of danger, but in none of these demonstrations were we engaged, though some little shooting was sometimes exchanged by our extreme rear guard & the enemies advance. Still retreating on closely pursued by our enemies, we passed out of this long hollow, and just as we left it a considerable little dash was made by a few of the enemies horse upon some scattered rear guards of ours, who were lying behind logs &c waiting for the enemy to approach. This they did, but from the hills to the east of the hollow, and coming in an unexpected direction, they charged down upon some few of our men, but did but little damage to us and probably relieved but little themselves. (One of them charging at one of our men, after firing all of his loads, drew his sabre & hacked him, but was shot by ours.)

Gen. Price now concluded to give them a warning about crowding his rear, and placing some hundred infantry or more in the brush which was very thick, he gave orders to induce the enemy to charge up to these, and they were then to open upon them & then learn them a lesson. This being done Capt. Si Gordon from north Missouri with his company of Confederate Infantry of over 100 men, took

his station in the brush and our rear guard moving on, leaving but few behind, which the enemy seeing were few in number, charged with a company of about 80 cavalry (their advance). As they came opposite Capt. Gordon gave orders to fire, and they were unhorsed by dozens, and fell to the ground dead and mounded in piles almost. Leaving them Gordon moved on, and they no more crowded us so closely as they had formerly done.

We shortly arrived at Sugar Creek some 12 miles within Arkansas, & here met with considerable reinforcements, but moving on the next day, we at length came to "Cross Hollow" where it was generally expected we would wait and prepare for the enemy & give him battle. This we apparently commenced to do, but from some cause again retreated on through Blomington a little village on the Telegraph Road some mile and a half south of Cross Hollows, and some time after arrived at and entered Fayetteville, the County seat of Washington County, Ark. and a pretty large town, nicely situated on a rocky hill and tolerably well built. Here we had considerable trouble with some of our soldiers who had arrived sooner and by this time were pretty drunk. They were cutting a high figure around through town, breaking open stores &c. and it is to be regretted that some soberer ones were also engaged in this kind of robbery. After awhile we stopped this, and the general having given permission to the soldiers to carry off any Confederate goods which might be stored away here, they were shown to the Court House and several other large buildings in which Confederate stores of commissary articles and clothing were stored, and loading ourselves with these we after some time moved on southward. Gen. McCullock had burned several large, fine buildings here in order to destroy the stores which were packed away in them, that the enemy might not get them. He had also burned several large mills &c. This was not only morally wrong and ruinous to the country, but it was practically the worst policy I think for the enemy were bound to have stores & if they did not get these, they got others from the people & thus it was draining the country of its produce which might otherwise have been saved, but such is often the practice of hostile parties.

Some eight miles southward of this town we again encamped and after remaining for the night, again moved on, and soon came to Cane Hill at the foot of Boston Mountains. This is a small village which is situated in a long hollow, or valley, between the mountain ridges. It is surrounded on the north by a fine, fertile, and well cultivated country which extends entirely to Fayetteville, some 15 miles. Passing this village we soon camped again immediately at the foot of those mountains, stretching along the Arkansas River on the north side, from the Indian Nation to the Valley of White River in the eastern part of the state.

The next day we again moved on up the mountains, amid a drenching rain, and "oceans of mud" and toward evening arrived at camp on the top of these mountains or rather on the southern declivity, though a large portion of the army was camped in the valley below, or on what was termed the "Cove Creek Road", which runs down the cove. Here we remained for some time, where several died of inflammation of the brain and other diseases caused by exposure & hardships.

Gen. McCullocks forces were camped in a few miles of us, and after some time Maj. Gen. Van Dorn arrived and taking command over both Price and McCullock, started back northward to engage the enemy. After some days march, we came upon them at Bentonville, the county seat of Benton County, Ark., where they were actually engaged in burning the town and had by this time burned over 40 buildings, some of which were still smoking and burning. Here our cavalry succeeded in capturing some 210 prisoners, after a considerable engagement in which the enemy lost several killed and wounded & one piece of artillery dismounted. Following them on closely and engaging them at every opportunity we at length arrived (that is our advance) at Pea Ridge, near the place where another bloody battle afterward ensued. Having been detailed to guard prisoners at Bentonville, I had no opportunity of being an eye witness to this bloody and disastrous encounter. Suffice

it to say however that it was a most bloody ~~and disastrous/engagement~~ engagement, from which after two days of hard fighting, in which every inch of ground was obstinately contested and upon which streams of human blood were poured, our forces were ordered by Gen. Van Dorn to retreat although against their wishes and the expressed opinion & desires of Gen. Price.

Here General Ben McCulloch of Texas, Brig Gen Slack of north Missouri, Col. ~~McCulloch~~ McIntosh of Texas, and many other brave officers and a number of volunteers were killed, though some reported only 180 or about this number. (Note Inhuman outrage on a little girl 13 yr. old &c.) (Interdelineated note; "Here it would have been interesting to speak of the cave & mountains, caves &c on the road to Van Buren.")

After a somewhat disastrous retreat back across the mountains, we (a portion of the Missouri forces) took up camp at Van Buren on the Ark. River. Here we remained for some time, and succeeded in making an exchange of prisoners, and after some further stay here we again took up the line of march toward the east part of the state. During this time the Federals had also been retreating back into Missouri, & it seems they as well as we had been badly used up in the "Pea Ridge" engagement for such it was called, and it was a hilly tract of country some 10 or 15 miles north of Bentonville if I mistake not.

Moving on eastward down the valley of the Arkansas River we passed successively through Clarksville, Stony Point, Hickory Plains, Austin and probably other little towns and villages (Dover, Springfield &c) and over a variety of country and its general scenery. Some was dry red bottom loam, and other was sandy or black hilly soil &c &c.

Gen. Rains having been placed under arrest for telling Gen. Van Dorn that "nobody was whipped but him", when he gave the order to retreat at Pea Ridge, we had since been under command of Brigadier General Martin Greent from north Missouri, and having at last arrived at Des Arc, a beautiful town on White River (in Prairie County), we again camped. Boats had been sent up to recieve all who would join the Confederate Service and embark for Memphis, but being sick at the time, I did not join, but came with some friends out into the cypress swamps and surrounding country to recruit my health & my company's time of service being out before I recovered. I started with a few friends back to the north-west part of Arkansas, and after some weeks or more arrived at Fayetteville, again having passed up Cypress Creek & the White River Country to Searcy, and on through Clinton, Wileys Cove, Scape Gallows, Carrollton, Huntsville &c. We now went out about Cincinnati, a small town nearly on the line between Ark. and the Nation. After boating around here for some time we went up to Maysville in the corner of the state & partly in the Nation. From here, I with several others struck out for home and after running the gantlet for about 150 miles in which every little town was a company of Militia, we at last succeeded in reaching home &c.

(Note; Since I have only given a casual or running account of the retreat from Pea Ridge and of the subsequent events which transpired until our arrival at Des Arc, I shall try in the following chapter to give more minute details of them and may give more such of my trip home. I do this so if I ever wish to form these details into a book for Public view I may have more minute data to write from &c.)

CHAPTER VIII.

RETREAT FROM PEA RIDGE & MARCH TO DES ARC &c.

Being under command of Gen. Van Dorn, we were obliged to retreat from Pea Ridge although in opposition to our feelings and the desires of our Gen. Price. Thus we commenced the retreat back again to Boston Mountains & to Van Buren. Some portions of the army passed back through Fayetteville and on down the Cove Creek road, while others passed down more to the east, and probably some through Huntsville, the county seat of Madison County. Such was our position (the position of those who did the fighting) that some of the forces never recieved orders to retreat. (for Van Dorn had surrounded the enemy), with Price on the east and

North, McCulloch on the south & S. west & Rains and probably others on the west, for some of the Arkansas forces were left there). The consequence of this was that Col. Rector of Arkansas with his regiment was left on the western side of the battle field, and knew not that Van Dorn was retreating until a day or so afterward, when they by some means became aware of their situation & then they began to think of getting away, for they now supposed themselves almost surrounded by the enemy, therefore Col. Rector gave his men orders to hide their guns and other munitions of war in a cave that was close by, and then to scatter and get away in the best manner they could. Although this was a rather unofficial like conduct, yet Rector should be excused as much as possible under the circumstances. The most (if not all) of his men got away safely since they were not surrounded at all (and this is where Rector was to blame) but the enemy found their guns &c in the cave and of course they never got them again.

Our Battalion under command of Lieut. Col. King of Kingsville, Johnson County, Mo., having been detailed as prisoner guards, and left at Bentonville, soon received orders to retreat, even before the rest of the army had arrived there. Taking our prisoners (some 210) out of the Court House, we set out. (Before this I should have said something of the condition of Bentonville for over 40 houses had been burned, others robbed & pillaged & the Court House completely torn "upside down" with documents and papers of every description flying through the street with every gust of wind &c &c). Bearing to the west we left Fayetteville to our left and after a half night's travel (we started late in the evening) we took up for the night, and next day (I believe) we went on and camped 15 miles south of Fayetteville near the Walnut Grove Church, and again next morning we moved on down the Cove Creek road, and during the day crossed the mountains and entered the Valley of the Creek from which the road derives its name. Our prisoners, some being wounded, could not travel very rapidly & we often dismounted and gave them our horses to ride while we walked along near them to guard them. Some of them were put in our waggons & our drivers constituted their only guard, without guns &c.

We now travelled down this valley crossing the stream every now & then, in all 27 times in as many miles, so I was told by those who said they had counted it. This is a narrow valley with but little room for farmers to obtain ground, and fenced in on each side by rugged mountains, although roads or rather passways run up them at times, and lead to the little farms on their summits, and other elevated plats. Here we could scarcely get anything for our horses to eat, but as it only lasted a day or so we had to stand it. As we still passed on through the narrow gorge or defile, we passed steep rugged cliffs, perpendicular precipices, and high rocky mountains rising on every side, and perforated with holes, openings, and caves of considerable size, and lined up their sides with the ever-green cedar bushes and shrubs. At length we passed the little village of Logtown, just north of Van Buren & in a few minutes came to Van Buren, the county seat of Crawford County. This is a tolerably large town situated in the western corner of a bottom valley on the Arkansas river 5 miles below Fort Smith. Here we camped just at the southern suburbs of the town, and immediately on the river bank, putting our prisoners in a large empty building in town & placing a guard around them. Here we remained for some time, with the flowing river on one side & the town on the other, and every now and then entertained with the sight of the steamboats coming, puffing and blowing up the river, & uttering their shrill whistle before landing. Sometimes we amused ourselves in gliding out in the river in canoes, fishing or sporting &c &c. During one of these excursions one of our comrades caught a fish about 18 inches long, which was 5 sided, or "5 square" like a house with its roof, and it also was furnished with a kind of duck billed shovel, or snout which lay horizontally, and seemed to be a kind of sword of defense or appendage for protection of itself, or war upon other water animals. Here we sometimes committed depredations upon the hogs around camp, by knocking or shooting them down the river bank, or running them off & then we would pretend if questioned about it, that they "fell down & killed themselves".

This was very wrong though we sometimes did it to obtain pork &c.

We belonged to the Provost Guards, and consequently we were required to clear the streets in town, of all soldiers after 9 o'clock at night, for there was too much lewdness, and other outrages carried on if we did not, but I can hardly say we made it much better, for those of our boys who felt "devilish" would always go to clear town of other mischievous soldiers but, when they had done so, they remained themselves, and I know not if the town was any better for the change, for it was only "swapping" the witch for the devil" after all I expect. One of our guard T.H. Powers, of my own company (Captain Z.Y. Brenaugh) while guarding the prisoners, allowed some of them to go & and I believe went with them & stole a keg of whisky one night, and they (the prisoners) and our Guard (part of them at least) got "on a bender", as they termed it, and after scattering over town & cutting a "general swell" and having a few fisticuffs, they at length got "all right" again, and none of the prisoners were gone in the morning although they were unguarded during the night. Thus the time was passed sometimes in "spreeing", sometimes in fishing, sometimes in purloining sugar, molasses, beans & other articles at the boat-landing, and sometimes at one thing and sometimes at another, but seldom at anything good I presume, unless when we attended preaching, which was too seldom. After a week or two we succeeded in making an exchange of Prisoners & the 205 we had were sent away except one or two, one of whom, B.C. Wood of Henry County, Me., has since joined our army I am told. After this we soon left Van Buren, and again took up the line of march eastward, on the 28th day of March, 1862. After a hard days march through the river bottoms we camped, and prepared supper for the night &c. Again next morning we started on, and after another days and the next march we came to Clarksville, the county seat of Johnson County, and here had some difficulty with some of our soldiers, who had gotten drunk and were capering around over the town, when we arrived, and upon being ordered to leave and go on with their command, they refused, and after some altercation with some of our officers, in which pistols were attempted to be used by them, they were arrested & sent to Gen. Greene in the evening. The Gen. kept them closely under guard from there to Des Arc, and we had no more trouble in this way. Some days afterward we arrived at Dover, the county seat of Conway, and also Springfield and other little towns and villages in various counties along down the river bottom. Eastward of Dover we passed some rocky hills and "pine bluffs" which projected southward from the main chain of the Boston Mts. These were sometimes covered with large growths of Pine trees, and called "Pine Barrens" and in the valleys were little farms & dwelling houses & cabins, fenced in and built of Pine timber. These trees always green, and sometimes 100 or 150 feet high or more, with a small roundish oblong top, waving in the wind produced a kind of pleasing rustle; and being so high to where the top commenced spreading out they appeared easily waved, & as if ~~they were~~ there was always a stirring breeze or wind among their branches. We after some _____ passed through several other little villages, such as Stony Point, Hickory Plains, Austin &c, and ~~|||||~~ ~~|||||~~ crossing the "Bull Mountains", another projecting chain of the Boston, we began nearing the "Land of Mud" as it was somewhat appropriately called. Our waggons now began to break down in the mud holes & "chucks", or to stick so fast in them that our poor, weak teams could not extricate them. Our animals (both work and riding ones) began to give out & sink down beneath the effects of excessive fatigue & starvation & bruised shoulders &c. Many of them were left on the road, the broken waggons to rot unless picked up by the citizens, and the poor animals to starve & die. Various articles of camp equipage were scattered along the road on every side & a scene of waste and destruction presented itself to view. (Interdelinated note; Poor beef & Beef cattle & Remarks of Boys about holding them up to shoot them &c.) Sometimes and indeed always some of our teamsters, and those detailed to stay with them (for it was now necessary to have a considerable number of men along with the waggons to help pry & pull them out of the numerous mud holes into which they were continually sinking) never reached camp until midnight, and often not before daylight.

Thus it was one continual scene of stalled teams, muddy men & animals, broken waggons, dead mules and horses, and broken fragments of camp equipage. Rain poured down upon us almost every day, and mud variegated our clothes and "spattered" our faces. At length we began to enter the Cypress Swamps, and we soon found that our condition was still growing worse and worse, for now instead of a "Land of Mud" we had both a Land of Mud and Water" to pass through. It was so uncommonly swampy and miry that we all stayed "back with the waggons" and helped them through the swampy bottoms. Only a few waggons could pass along in the road until it became so miry, they had to turn out and pick their way through the swampy woodland bottoms, each in a road or passway of its own. Mules and horses would often sink in the mud until they could not extricate themselves, & we would have to hunt an elevated "knoll" where we could dismount & leave our horses to pull them out, otherwise our horses would sometimes sink themselves. Thus after a few days tedious march, we came to the Cypress Creek and camped in the low, muddy and miry bottom, where we could not find a dry spot for our tents, much less for our horses, and after a very uncomfortable night's rest in mud & water, we rose to find many of our horses mired down around the trees to which they had been fastened. At last we got them all out, & hitching up again started, amid showers of rain and swamps of mud and water. I saw several of our mules while being driven over the very spots where our tents had stood during the night "mire up" and have to be pulled out. The creek was a low-banked, swampy stream, with two or three kind of poor apparatuses called Bridges across its several swampy channels, and these were almost inundated, for there had been "rivers of rain" in the last few days, & it being a slow running stream was still up very high and still rising, as it continued to rain. Wet almost as "drowned rats" we moved on, our waggons crossing at the bridges or what was so called & we ourselves riding the deep swamp or sometimes swimming the slow moving channel.

Crossing the first channel or swamp of water, we gained an island between it and the main channel, and were there compelled to stay and "take the rain" while others who had the first right according to the "rules of marching" were crossing on the central bridge, for (Interdelinated note: "Lots of guns in the creek &c.") the main stream was impassible without swimming or crossing on this bridge. This bridge had its "Aprons" washed away and was two or three feet in perpendicular height - to ascend & also to descend, while the water was still above this, so our animals could not know of it, & often, or almost always fell or plunged suddenly head foremost into the water. I saw some attempt to ride off the bridge, who almost invariably got a complete ducking; their horse pitching down so suddenly & sometimes falling, would throw them head foremost into the watery flood like divers pitching off into the water, and they would rise amid the shouts, jests & laughter of their companions in arms, and "go on their way" but not "rejoicing", for it was more commonly with "cursing". Thus we stayed until "our turn" came when we enacted much the same scenes; some of us dismounting in the mud and water to our waists helped roll the waggons upon, and across the bridge; some passing on and attempting to keep dry in some measure by riding often got completely baptized; and some getting down off their horses waded the cold swamp for a half mile or so leading their horses, and often in water two or three feet deep. It was so deep in water along the road, & the mud was so bad, that most of our teams could not drag their burdens after them, so our "boys" dismounted giving some their horses to lead while they helped roll the waggons through the cold swamps of water and mud. Thus we passed the day in "marching 3/4 of a mile" and in the evening came to camp shivering with cold & craving food.

Some of us having gone ahead, had procured meal, and built up large log fires, so we now began to get supper, and evaporate the water from our "wringing wet clothes" around the fires. It had now ceased raining and we were on a dry woodland ridge (for we had not seen prairie since we left Van Buren) and

soon became once more somewhat comfortable. Moving on from here, after some days march, during which we still encountered considerable mud, but had fair weather, we neared Des Arc, the place of our destination, and after again passing through a beautiful small prairie or two we arrived there & took up camp. This is a pretty considerable place, some 45 below Searcy on White River in Prairie county. This river though narrow here, is pretty deep and admits of pretty large steam-boat navigation. Here we scattered, some joining the Confederate Service and embarking for Memphis, Tenn; while others scattered around or started for home &c.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIP HOME TO HENRY COUNTY, MISSOURI, &C.

Having as before stated remained a day or two at Des Arc, and being sick I left with my brother, who had a waggon & team, and others & came out into the country to recruit my health. Passing "Boat Mountain", (This is a pretty high isolated mountain in the shape of a Steam Boat &c) to our south and near Des Arc, we came on again into the cypress swamp country in order to procure green grass for our animals for it was only the 5th or 10th of April & grass there was very small & young yet. Getting into an unoccupied house we stayed for several days, both resting and waiting for Cypress Creek to fall so we could cross it even on the bridges.

Here we had to pay 25 cts per lb, in silver &c or Confederate money which was very good, for bacon, and other things in proportion; (and here I had the ~~of~~ Gravel very badly & cured it with sassafras leaf tea).

At length the creek lowered and we crossed over, and presently came again to Stony Point (a small village probably in Pulaski Co.) where some of crowd, for there was ten or twelve, procured a "wee drop" of spirits, which soon animated them in "fine style", and in fact only one or two of us kept duly sober, while the rest pretty much all "got on a bender" as they called it, and their tongues wagged as blibly as if they had been "tied in the middle with beth ends loose", though generally with foolery & profanity.

Coming on toward Searcy, the county seat of White County, and a pretty smart town on White River, toward evening they concluded it would not be very wrong to kill a chicken for supper, as we passed the next plantation, so reaching the place, they saw a "nice Rooster" in the brush out from the house, & drew their revolvers and "assaulted him", but after emptying their pistols, they came on without the "rooster" for I suspect they could scarcely hold steady enough to hit him, and we at length took up ~~the night~~ for the night.

My time of service being about out, I new determined to come on with them, since I had gotten able to ride easily, and again next morning we started and toward noon reached Searcy, where meeting some old friends who were going to Memphis from there, several of our company concluded to go also, and bidding us "good bye" we parted, they going back & we coming on.

Striking westward from Searcy we presently entered "Cypress Valley", a nice valley some 5 miles or so in diameter & nearly round apparently; and being watered by the head waters of Cypress Creek. This was the most beautiful country I had seen in Arkansas, and in it we camped. Some time after we had camped an old "Tennessean" who new lived there and was an Arkansian, came along "going a fishing" with a "gig" & and a bundle of fagots of pine sticks to make light. Thus prepared (it being night & dark) he went into the clear shallow stream, and wading along soon saw a fine fish lying in the water, and making a lick at it, brought it forth from the bosom of the water, to satiate his appetite.

Up through this country we often passed farms, more worthy of the name, and whose owners were more enlightened and educated than many we had seen, particularly these in Cypress Swamp who were generally very ignorant, small and sickly looking persons, though (Interdelineated note; "Samples of their acctesting us might be given &c) at and around Des Arc there was a pretty enlightened population. Passing on toward Clinton, the county seat of Van Buren County, we soon began to encounter the mountains, and then had one continual drive up one side of them

and down the other, over a perfectly macadamized road done by the hand of nature, and being finished off by that of art, in the way of waggons, horses &c, crushing & breaking up the stone & gravel.

In one of the valleys between these mountains was a long narrow mountain gorge, ~~called~~ or defile, called Wiley's Cove, from having once been the lurking place and head-quarters of a horse thief, and his band of robbers, whose name was Wiley, and it was even said that there was then a gang of pretended federal Home Guards, who made it their business & source of profit to steal horses, run &c, in the cave or i.e. Wiley's Cave near by of the same stamp, but though we stayed there two nights, they never interrupted us, most probably because they were afraid since there were probably more of us than them, Not knowing the country or people, we of course let them alone, for we knew it would be useless for us to try to capture them in these mountain fastnesses.

On one side of the small stream which ran down the Cove, was a little villa of six or eight log huts &c, called very appropriately I thought "Scape Gallows". Leaving this unenticing cove we again "took to the mountains", and shortly came to what was called Clinton Mountain from being near the town of the same name, or rather from being in sight of the town or village. During the last few days travel we had passed a few miserable looking log cabins or huts "stuck about on road side" and having a few ~~four~~ acres of the poor, barren soil or bed of gravel "fenced in", and here a family were living or rather "staying" as the boys called it, & making a scanty subsistence. We camped on Clinton Mountain very near its summit, and could see for many miles around. To the north, south & partly to the east and west we could see the country below, for apparently thirty or forty miles: (I believe it was this Alt.) or at least as far as the eye could reach. Beyond this, all seemed a thick maze. This was a beautiful prospect, and though far inferior to many others, was quite entertaining & pleasing to us, who had never seen greater Mt. scenery &c. As soon as dark came and even before, the Wild Turkeys gobbled & strutted around us, on almost every side, and we could plainly hear them flying up to their roosts, from the elevated benches into the tree tops below. Wildcats, a few Bear & plenty of Deer infested those Mountains, and no doubt many other wild animals dwelt in those rugged cliffs, rocky scapes & caves. Several of our boys got shots at the deer and turkeys but only one or two of the latter were killed, owing to eagerness and unskillfulness in hunting.

Starting soon next morning we began to descend into the valley below, and now passed rugged rocks, as large as large dwelling houses, completely above ground, and thickly strewn along the slope of the Mountainside, where probably they had been thus left by the earth being washed from around them by the rains or water &c. Going on down past this "Natural Fortification" as the boys called it, we presently entered the valley below, adown which ran a clear, swift stream of cold water, skirted by heavyforests of various kinds of timber, and every now & then a tolerably fair looking little plantation, and hewed log dwelling &c. Here the people seemed to live with more comfort and better prospects and signs of improvement. (Often, up these mountains we had to dismount and push our waggons &c).

Presently we reached Clinton, which is a small and rather ill shaped village in a small valley at the foot of those mountains, and on the south side of Red River (I believe) which is the southern fork of White River. Near by we encamped after crossing the uncommonly rapid stream, which almost washed our horses from under us. Some of our boys having a taste for the article called Spirits of Corn, now determined to go back to town and "take an hour", and having crossed the rapid stream on a foot-log they went up into town and some got in a "tipsy condition", for one presently coming back, began to describe to us the condition of his companions, how drunk they were &c, and lamenting over their condition, while he himself was hiccupping & vomiting at every step as he staggered along; and another presently came also, who had fallen off the log into the stream &c &c. Leaving here next morning we again kept on westward, and I soon began to chill, and after riding on until toward evening, and knowing that we

would camp a few miles ahead, I dismounted, being pretty sick, and after resting alone (for the others had gotten ahead) for some time I felt better, and after entering and viewing a cave near by, I went on to camp, and procuring some very sour buttermilk and shallots or onion tops, I ate a hearty supper of them together with bacon and corn bread, and I did not chill any more, though I do not pretend to say that this affected the cure. We now sometimes heard rumors of the enemy, and met droves of beef cattle going to Des Arc &c, but we still kept on our way, and passing through Carrollton, the county seat of we presently entered Richland, a fine country around Huntsville, the seat of Madison County, and after passing through it we after a time again entered Fayetteville, from whence we scattered, some going one way & some another, but most of us went out westward to a little village on the line called Cincinnati, where after boarding in the country near by we left & went up to Maysville in the N.W. corner of the state & partly in the Indian Nation. From here four or five of us made arrangements to start home, having found men who lived at or near Granby in Mo., who proffered to pilot us through that far, which to us was no little consideration, since the country was full of State Militia, who were posted in companies at every little town and village to catch us & others &c.

Starting with these pilots, we by a casual occurrence stopped, while they went on, and were to wait for us ahead, but when we went on we were stopped by the Picket Guard of Col's. Stan Weity & Coffee's men with Captain Jackman's, who were camped some five miles out in the Nation. We now had to go and obtain a pass, and upon arriving at their camp we learned that these men (our Pilots) had been arrested, & were notorious horse thieves. Thus by accident we probably saved ourselves from being set afoot in an enemy's country, and far from home. Going to Col. Stan Weity who was in chief command, we applied for a pass but said he "Go bring me a paper from Col. Coffee before I give you a pass" intimating that as we were not of his nation (Indians) he would not give us a pass unless Col. Coffee recommended us as true southern men, which he did upon the word of one of his officers known to us, & taking this recommendation to Stan Weity he then wrote us a pass, and after some time chatting with some of Jackman's men with whom we were acquainted we again set out & having met with a little man who wanted to come as far as the south west corner of Cedar Co., Mo., and learning that he was well acquainted with the country, we succeeded in passing him out with us, although he had no pass, & now crossing Cow Skin River & taking up Buffalo Creek, we traveled on safely toward home, and, when nearly to Neosho lay down & turned our horses loose on the grass, as it was midnight or after. Catching them up again next morning we rode, and after another days & part of a nights ride we again lay down on the Prairie to rest a few hours, and several times got lost from our companions while seeing to our horses, & in fact we were lost on the prairie, near the head of Muddy Creek in Jasper Co. I suppose. Coming on next day, we again arrived near Clintonville & in Cedar or St. Clair County, having left our guide on Muddy. Here we rested till moon up, & mounted, passed through the village, & arrived at Huffman's Ferry by 8 or 9 o'clock on the 15th of May I think. We here lay in the brush on Osage, while the Militia passed & repassed us hauling forage &c, & stealing corn, & smoked "spare rib" from a house nearby whose inhabitants were from home, we made out till evening & again came on, & meeting about our own number of men, we gave way to one side of the road & they to the other, & bowing passed on, both parties seeming to fear the other. After another hard night ride, amid darkness & rain, & getting lost several times we at length, just at daylight reached Gd. River at Cooks Mills & seeing Militia there around a fire, we plunged into the river & swam across, and after a considerable swimming & plunging around, succeeded in getting up the bank & away without being detected, and shortly afterward arrived at home &c.

Upon arriving at home and changing my wet garments for dry ones, and in less than three hours after my arrival, I was sent for by the Militia, (who were stationed at Clinton, about 10 miles distance) to go and take the oath of allegiance to the "Gamble administration" and so called federal Government, but I declined accepting the invitation & as a matter of course had to "take to the brush" to avoid them, else they would have taken me, and forced me to take it or go to Alton as a prisoner, neither of which did I wish to do. Giving out word that I had gone back to Arkansas, I had but little trouble in avoiding them since they believed it & did not hunt for me. After having "kept close" from May the 17th (when I arrived) until July 31st, I again was sworn into the Confederate Service for 3 yr. or during the war. The "Gamble administration" having issued orders for all able bodied men to enlist in the Militia, thus caused almost all southern men who were subject to military duty to "take the brush" and having authorized officers, scattered over the country, they soon collected these men into companies & Regiments & enlisted them in the Confederate Service. Thus we became banded together into companies & scouted here & there, sometimes to avoid the Militia & at others to try & meet them & prevent them from doing contrary to our wishes. Thus we passed some time in companies & squads scattered through the brush on the various streams of the country, not daring as yet, to stay on the prairies, more than in crossing them & grazing on their borders &c. After a time we occasionally banded together in larger numbers & went where we pleased, out from the Militia posts some 8 & 10 miles, & it might be said that the Militia held the towns and country near there while we principally held the country out from them. Thus we kept scouting here & there, recruiting & preparing for military operations, mostly avoiding the militia & when we did not they avoided us, so we got along without any serious ~~if~~ difficulty; until our Colonel (Warner Lewis of Cass Co., Mo.) called us together, having now partially organized 3 or 4 parts of companies under Capt. Teague, Beddenger, Beaty &c. Coming together at the farm of Abner Webster on Norris Creek, Henry County, all except Capt. Teague & his company, we started to meet Col's. Coffee & Tracy who were near Oceola with their forces, while Col's. Hunter, Cockerel, Hughes, Hays & Quantrell, were scattered along the border from Carthage to Independence &c. Marching hard all night, we arrived at the southern border of Osage Timber, some little time after daylight on or near the 10th of August (1862). Here we divided into squads to go to the farms nearby & get our breakfast, but before we had gone far we ascertained that the enemy were also scattered around there & our Col. immediately ordered us together again, & we moved on into the timber where we were presently ordered to form for battle as our Col. supposed the enemy was pursuing us, but after waiting for a time & finding they were not coming, we again went on & in two or three miles came to the Monigaw or Sulphur Springs, and passing these we crossed the Osage River at Huffman's Ferry, and entering the large prairie on the south, we bore off eastward & toward noon or after arrived at Oceola, where we stopped & fed our horses & got ~~if~~ a little something to eat, for we had had nothing since the day before. Learning here that Col's. Coffee & Tracy were camped some 10 miles southward, we presently started for their camp, where we arrived late in the evening, after a protracted ride of 40 or 45 miles with an hours rest or so at Oceola. Staying here until toward noon the next day (the 11th I think) we set out with the aforesaid forces & marched toward Bolivar in Polk County, with the intention of rescuing Col. (Dixie's note; Jim or James) T. Coffee's daughter from the enemy who had here there in prison & try to give them a "lesson" for such conduct, but we had only gotten to Humansville, which is half way between Oceola & Bolivar, when we learned that the enemy were coming to meet us. (Here at Humansville we came very near capturing some of the enemy &c.) Resting here long enough to prepare supper, for it was evening when we arrived, we again an hour or so after dark set out on a retreat as it might be called, and steering our

course toward Stockton, the county seat of Cedar County, we travelled on till midnight or after, (capturing two or three prisoners by the way) when we stopped & lay down to rest, but scarce had the daylight of the morning dawned upon us, before the sharp crack of firearms was heard in our rear, & the louder peal of the enemy's cannon soon wakened those who were yet asleep to a consciousness of their danger, and all hands springing from their pallets commenced saddling & bridling their horses &c, and in a very little time we were again retreating, having learned that the enemy had only fired on our Picket or Rear Guard with small arms, & thrown a cannon ball or two into our camp. One or two men were slightly wounded, none killed I believe. The squad of some 45 with whom I was connected, under acting Capt. Beatty was now ordered to take the advance, which we did & after some time we passed Caplinger's Mill & crossing Soc River & entered the prairie, leaving Stockton southward, & marched on westward passing Montevalla, a small town in the north west part of Cedar County, & camped or rather stopped a little while northwestward, when we again moved on slowly all night (I believe) and next day (the 14th) we after a hard circuitous march, we arrived late in the evening at Rosehill in Johnson County, where we stopped & prepared some supper.

Having slept here until the next morning (15th) we after getting some breakfast started for Lone Jack, and after a considerable days march during which several of us, getting behind, went into a corn field near by & found a fine Water-melon patch, & besides having obtained a fine dinner of a wealthy farmer, & plenty of food for our horses, we now ate a fine mess of this delicious "fruit of the vine".

Going on we overtook our commands just south of Lone Jack, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, & all our forces, consisting of some 125 under Col. Lewis, and considerably large numbers under Cockerel, Coffee & Tracy, probably in all 15 hundred or 2,500, encamped near by. After getting supper, & lying down to rest, we were roused up with the intelligence that Cols. Cockerel, Coffee & Tracy were preparing for battle, since the enemy had entered the village only a half a mile or so from us, though our Col. did not know this, but only knew that they (our Colonels) were preparing to attack the enemy. So he collected his men & started as he supposed after the others (for it was quite dark), but before he had gone much over $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile his advance guard came upon & accosted a portion of the enemy thinking them our men. Upon this the enemy opened a fire upon them & wounded a Mr. J. T. Casey very badly. Upon this we turned & fled & it being dark & our own leader travelling too rapidly, left his men scattered behind, some of whom kept with him & others & even he, himself, became lost. After scampering over ditch & hollow, & through fields & brush, he at last concluded to halt and wait for daylight, & try to find out something of our other forces. When daylight arrived, we thought we heard guns or cannon, & although we were not over 5 miles at most, yet we could not be certain, but mounting our horses we went back & our Col. collected various parties of his men as he went, & upon arriving near the town we learned that our other forces had marched out the night before, & formed ready to attack the enemy from the east and northeast, upon the break of day. This we learned they had done & after a bloody contest, had succeeded in driving the enemy from the place. If I am not mistaken Col. Cockerel & Captain S. D. Jackman formed on the east & Cols. Coffee & Tracy on the North & east & at the break of day the former made a bold assault upon the enemy in the Town, but the latter from some misunderstanding did not advance, & consequently Col. Cockerel had to retire before superior numbers & them behind the fences, houses &c. Coffee & Tracy soon reinforced them & they again charged the enemy & after an hour or two, succeeded in dislodging them, by burning the tavern in which a large number of them had taken shelter, & at last drove them precipitately from the field with a loss of 82 killed and 180 probably wounded, while our loss was about 42 killed & probably 70 or 100 wounded.

In this engagement, which was probably as sanguine as any yet fought by

opposing parties, the enemy were about 1300 strong, and our forces at first under Cockerel & Jackman were about 600, but being afterward reinforced by Coffee & Tracy probably amounted to 1500 or more. Having led their forces up through a field our officers gave the orders to charge, when a terrific scene ensued. Rushing forward amid "showers of lead", they entered the place dealing death in the form of "loads of buck shot" to many a poor fellow of the opposing ranks, & received it in the form of minnie & musket balls themselves. The enemy taking shelter in a large building, some of our men procured fire, and pushing forward to its walls amid the deadly fire of the foe, they presently set it on fire & as the enemy were forced to abandon it by the fiery flames, they often landed the poor fellows into eternity, yet many of them were suffering the same fate. Thus the battle raged & sad to relate, a woman was accidentally shot dead (I believe) during the engagement, but I know not by which party.

This battle was fought on the 16th of August if I mistake not, & after it was over (Interdelineated note: "Here our forces captured 2 fine Rifle Cannon of the best quality & Medicine &c) I had an opportunity of viewing the ground around in the village. Moving up through a long lane on the south side of town we beheld at almost every step, marks of bullets, buck, grape & cannister shot, Cannon balls &c; and every now and then we would pass the mangled & gory form of the dead, or the bloody and suffering body of the wounded. They were lying in the fence corners on both sides of the road & although friends were around most of them doing all they could for them, yet they were a pitiful spectacle to feeling man. Some were lying under a blanket, which had been hung over them on the rails, & others in the shade of the fence only, yet it was very hot & they must have suffered terribly. Dead horses were thickly lying around, some propped up against the fence, as they had fallen, when struck dead by the missiles of death, & others lying in the streets & fields. On one porch in the village lay the pale & ghastly features of some twenty of the dead, and only a few steps off some 25 more lay in rows, as they had been gathered up. Near by in one house were the bodies of 40 or 50 & in others probably equal or greater numbers of the wounded and dying!. Their groans though seldom loud were yet touching, and their condition (though generally well cared for) deplorable.

These and others even worse are a few of the many bloody & dreadful scenes of war, and when rightly contemplated afford a striking picture of its hideous deeds & crimes, though it may generally assume a milder appearance & more pleasing aspect. Though at times it may appear pleasant, pompous and even gay, yet at such times as this it breaks forth with the fury of a fiend & then puts on the face of terror, despair & untimely death.

After the battle was over, & late in the evening we started toward Independence in Jackson County, & after travelling slowly for 6 or 8 miles, we took up about midnight or after & rested until daylight, when we learned that the enemy were marching on & surrounding us in considerable force, from Kansas & elsewhere. It now became apparent that we must escape, or probably be captured, & consequently we turned in a different course, & commenced a rapid retreat, back the same road we had the night before came, and about 10 o'clock I suppose, we again arrived at Lone Jack, and hearing that the enemy were very near there, preparing to attack us, and we then formed for battle around the village, but after waiting for some time, we learned that it was a false alarm, and again moved on eastward toward Warrensburgh, and after travelling some miles on this road we turned southeastward, and kept on, leaving the Warrensburgh road, we rode on, & toward evening, about 2 hours by sun, we held the enemy's picket or advance scout on a large prairie through which we were passing, & leaving a force of some 250 or 300 men to check their advance, the rest of our forces moved on. Those of us left to keep the enemy at bay marched out on a high hill overlooking the prairie, and the enemy also advanced to another some 5 or 6 hundred yards off, & commenced a slight skirmish or uneven fire upon us with their sharps rifles, but done no injury. Our boys sometimes fired back at them (those who had long range guns) & at other times remained quiet.

Thus for an hour and a half or about it, we kept them back, for we were greatly superior in numbers to those in advance & their forces had not yet come in sight. About one half hour by sun we left them and followed on, having sustained no injury ourselves, & most probably not distributing any to the enemy. We now left the road and taking across the prairie, along the trail our forces had made, we went hurrying on, and dark setting in presently, we had an awful time. Some in galloping over the gullies in the dark (for it was cloudy and rainy) were thrown head long from their horses, & one man was said to have been killed, but I know not. Certain it is that one or two whose foot hung in their stirrup, were dragged along at a furious rate by their wild & frightened horses. Thus we went pell mell, helter skelter over the hills and hollows, ditches & gulleys, & through skirts of timber, tearing our faces & loosing our hats. The rain kept drizzling down & the night was almost "pitch dark"; and often we got lost from our command & had to stop & listen for them & then gallop away in the darkness to overtake them. I was thrown from my horse as he fell in a deep gully, and my saddle girth bursting, it was thrown also into the pathway of those behind me & upon picking it up, I was struck by one of my comrades horses as he went plunging along, and knocked almost a rod. My saddle flew out of my hand & fell in the road & those behind me kept knocking it along, & the last I ever saw or heard rather of it, it was going along the road thumping and bumping & jumping among the horses feet. After they had all past, I stepped into the road & hunted for it, but could not discover it, so I mounted my horse, which I had held firmly by the bridle, and taking my double barrel shot Gun, which I had also succeeded in holding, in one hand & the bridle in the other, I spurred forward after the retreating sound of my comrades, and after a mile or two overtook them, having lost my saddle, blankets, clothes &c which were fastened on my saddle. I rode the balance of that night without saddle or saddle blanket even & next day obtained one from one of our drivers.

Passing through Holden next morning about day, we moved on to Big Creek & there stopped a little while & half roasted some green corn for breakfast & wrapping dough around sticks, heated it & ate a little, but soon had to go on.

Moving on down the border of the state through Bates, Vernon, Jasper, Newton & McDonald county, we were closely pursued by the enemy 6 or 8000 strong, & scarcely ever stopped to eat, rest, or sleep. We had captured 2 very fine rifled cannon & a lot of medicine &c at Lone Jack and the enemy declared they "intended to have those cannon back or chase us into Arkansas", which latter they actually did, but they did not get the cannons back. We were 5 or 6 days at least on the retreat and during this time, I ate one meal & slept one hour if I have not forgotten, & others fared much the same. I say I slept one hour, but toward the last we actually slept more or less on our horses as we rode along. Some going to sleep dropped their Guns, which generally awakened them, others starting to fall would catch at their saddles & horses & waken. Some lying down by the road side went to sleep & in the night were overlooked & left behind & fell into the enemy's hands or returned home; others going to sleep on their horses, would be found by the road side for our horses unless urged on would stop, as they were worn out & sleepy too. We would punch these with our guns to awaken them & they would rouse up cursing you & threatening to shoot you, so near crazy were they. Some actually went crazy toward the last (they afterward recovered), and would ride along giving orders like an officer &c. I myself would go to sleep on my horse & dream of seeing^a nice spring of water & upon going to dismount to get a drink I would wake up in the act of dismounting. This I done often. Others acted equally as curious & even much more so, for most of the time I spent in waking others up. Some could hardly be waked except by the roughest means, punching with guns &c.

The enemy followed us closely & at times skirmished with our rear Guard &c. At last we arrived at Neosho (having stopped at Carthage but were obliged to leave immediately), where we rested & got some breakfast, about the 21st of

August, 6 days after the battle & 7 without eating or sleeping almost.

Having stayed at Neosho 1 day, (or part of it), we again that evening started & travelled all night (except myself and a few others sent on/ in advance. We slept in Pineville &c.), reaching Pineville next morning (Aug.22) & soon entered Arkansas.

Note: We stopped first at Garrisons on Big Creek, 2nd a moment on Old River, 3rd on Muddy I think, 4th at Carthage, 5th this side of Neosho in the night & slept some, 6th at Neosho.

CHAPTER XI.

DRILLING AND WINTERING IN ARKANSAS &C.

After leaving Neosho & marching all night we arrived at Pineville about daylight and moving on soon after entered and camped again in Arkansas. The next day after or at least shortly we moved down to McKissick Springs in Benton County, where we camped, while our officers went down to see Maj. Gen. Hindman who was now in command of the Arkansas & Missouri district. Col. Lewis had sworn us into the Confederate service as Partisan Rangers to operate in Mo. & it was now understood that Gen. Hindman had issued orders to prevent this & bring us into the regular service. This made us pretty angry because we thought that they had promised to allow us to act as Partisan Rangers only to get us to the army in order to force or conscript us into the service in the regular army. Some (when Lewis came back with orders from Hindman to move down to his camp) refused to go & some of Col. Tracy's men actually went back into Mo. with Col. J.T. Coffee who with his entire regiment refused to enter the Confederate service & went back. Most of Lewis & Tracy's men however moved down & after some very hard feelings, at last went into the regular service mostly as infantry. Having arrived at Hindman's camp 8 or 10 miles south of Fayetteville, we were almost immediately ordered to organize, & on this hot Sunday in the latter part of Aug. marched out & organized into a regiment of infantry, electing Capt. S.D. Jackman as Col., Dr. Caldwell Lieut. Col. & Capt. Cummings our Maj.

We now had to sell or almost give away our horses, saddles, bridles, &c, and we were the most constrained to do this since we could scarcely obtain food for them until we could find a buyer. Besides this, we were not allowed to go out into the country to sell or leave our horses, but were under the sacrificing necessity of taking almost any offer that was made to us in camp. Thus were we treated, & this is only one specimen out of hundreds which soldiers when under the command of bigoted & cruel tyrants, have to undergo.

Having to dispose of our horses &c, and remained here some few days, we moved up to Pea Ridge, and here we were required to deliver up our guns &c, for which we were to receive pay afterward.

After we had taken our guns to the Ordinance department & delivered them up, we were divided (Col. Jackman's regiment) & 5 companies of us under Lieut. Col. Caldwell, were sent back to Elm Springs to drill &c. Marching back to those Springs, which are from Bentonsville, we were placed under command of Col. Brooks, of Ark., as Seignior officer &c, although Col. Caldwell commanded in all minor performances &c.

Here we remained for several weeks, living tolerably well for soldiers, but without tents, and drilling 4 times each day (Sundays sometimes excepted), and listening to "Military lessons" every day, from our little German Adjutant (Edward Warburg). Thus we spent the time at Elm Springs. During our stay here our commissaries getting rather indolent did not bring our beef for supper until an hour or two in the night, and being required to go to rest or at least be perfectly quiet after 9 o'clock P.M. we often could not get our supper before this time, & when the Drum would sound for silence &c we were not ready for it. Some of our boys determined to put a stop to this, so when dark came they prepared, & at 9 o'clock when the drum commenced beating for silence & retirement, they

seized tin buckets, tin pans, oven lids, camp kettles, & everything else of the kind, and taking them in one hand & a stick in the other they commenced beating & hallowing & yelling until they entirely drowned the rattle of the drum, & one leading the way broke off around camp with 50 or 100 after him, yelling like blood-hounds, beating their "artificial drums" & yelling at every jump until you could have heard them for miles around. This so surprised Col. Brooks that he sent over to see what was the matter, thinking we had raised a mutiny. Our beef came earlier afterward.

Here at various times of the day might be seen squads, companies or regiments going through the various evolutions of military drill, and the everlasting sound of the words "Left, right &c" could be distinctly heard from every part of the "Drill Ground". This was an old field, or rather the inclosure of one which had been destroyed by the Federal army; and these might be seen on it, the various companies, some going one way & others another, some wheeling to the right, others to the left; some standing still "marking time", and others facing about; and some marching obliquely & others straight forward, on slow, quick, or double time &c. While we were we had several opportunities of hearing the "preaching of the gospel" from Capt. Lewis from north of the Missouri River, who delivered us several excellent sermons, & from several other preachers, and among them one "Indian Preacher", & I must do him the justice to say he preached pretty well. We also had "singing & prayer" at Capt. Lewis tent every night for some time, but many never attended them; and I only tell the truth when I say that at the same moment might be heard the voice of praying and the voice of cursing almost from the same spot; and the Christian hymns & the blackguards songs swelled the echo & rolled away on the night breeze together. Prayer & cursing, hymns & obscene songs (duets), decency & vulgarity, with various other medleys &c made up the scene. (Interdelineated note: George Jeffreys & the string game).

After staying at Elm Springs some time, our company (Capt. J.C. Gilletts) was ordered to receive their arms, Capt. Herrolls company having gone some days before, but we had left Elm Springs before we started & had gone below Fayetteville (between it & Huntsville, to Walker's Winter Quarters, or below, I believe) to a stream called "War Eagle". From here we set out, leaving the balance of our part of the regiment with Col. Caldwell. Passing through Fayetteville we arrived at the camp of our armed forces some distance from Pea Ridge & near the No. line. Here we only stayed a day or so when the whole force moved in the direction of Huntsville, and after a day or so spent in marching camped about 10 miles north-westward of the town. Here we (Jackmans Regiment) came very near having an engagement with an Arkansas regiment of our own men, on account of some foolish fiery soldiers in both regiments throwing unbecoming epithets at each other, as "Arkansas Conscripts", "Missouri Pushouts", "Arkansas Rogues", "Missouri Horse-thieves" &c. This foolish practise was very common, but it was carried further this time than usual, and only by the efforts of the officers of both regiments was it stopped & prevented from causing bloodshed. Such are some of the consequences of war & its concomitant effects.

From here we soon moved on through Huntsville & down into the mountainous country south of it. (Interdelineated note: "Jackman resigned here.") Here we camped for some days in a mountain gorge or valley down which ran the water of War Eagle or Mulberry Creek (I believe), and it being pretty cold we built large log fires around which we kept pretty comfortable &c. (Interdelineated note: Here they hanged a spy named Clark from Iowa &c. I recollect the look - nervous eye twitching features, dark eyes and hair; hung to a limb & buried there in the Boston Mountains. O! his friends - what agony &c".)

Here on the night of the 24th or 25th of October it snowed smart snow & here Gen. Hindman declared to us in a speech that he intended to meet the enemy and completely thrash them &c. This speech was delivered one night & our band played some beautiful music, the night was glorious - we were inspired with the

utmost enthusiasm &c. But not long after (probably finding that the enemy were too sharp to attack him there), he again moved camp down on Mulberry Creek some 20 miles east of Van Buren. (Interdelinated note: " 'Camp Mulberry' & cleared it off &c &c..") Here we stayed some time, and it was here that sickness began to manifest itself to a deplorable degree, for although there had been considerable chills & other light sickness before, yet there had been nothing in comparison to what we now experienced & what we had to undergo some months later. A lot of huts at "Walker's Winter Quarters" were completely filled with sick, as were also several other houses &c. It was said that there was not less than 500 at these "Hospitals" as they were called but more appropriately "death-pits" for I expect nearly half of those who entered them as invalids, never "left them more"; and such were their filthiness that it was very unpleasant to remain there to care for the sick within them.

Some weeks after camping on "Mulberry" we again moved toward Van Buren, & turned to the Arkansas River some few miles below where the principal part of our infantry had crossed or were still crossing. Here was a beautiful scene, if indeed any warlike scenes are beautiful, for thousands of men were in the river channel below. We were sometimes waiting for those ahead of us to cross, and while doing so I stood and contemplated the scene before me. Standing as I was on the high bank of the river on the north side, I could behold all for a half a mile or so up & down the sandy beach & banks of the river. The men were being hauled across in waggons & there being as many as could operate at this business, they kept round and round in a circle. (It is said some of the Higher officers wanted Jackman's, then Caldwell's Regts. to wade the river & they refused; it was likely so.) Those reaching the sand-bar on our side were rapidly filled with soldiers eager to cross (the soldiers jumping in & when across jumping out again &c.) never having to stop, & by the time they would get to water's edge, they would be perfectly full. Upon reaching the other side they drove regularly on & the soldiers jumped out as they went along. Thus one continual circle of waggons moved, one continual climbing into, and one continual jumping out of waggons was going on. Not only these but hundreds even thousands were on the opposite sand-bar as well as on the bank next opposite to us. The beach opposite particularly was litterally alive with human beings, some going from & some coming to the river, Some were marching in companies on toward camp; some were carrying buckets of water to camp a mile or two off; some were coming after water; some were watering their horses; some drinking and washing; and some at one thing & some at another. There was also one Brigade of 2 or 3000 men camped on the bare sand on the opposite beach, opposite to a cottonwood bottom from which they procured wood. They presented the appearance of a thickly settled town in a valley below, with its inhabitants all on the alert. Their teamsters were driving hither & thither amid the universal stir, nor was the movements confined to the beach, for far back in the cottonwood bottoms as far as could be seen, the white forms of thousands of tents, while their inhabitants could be discerned at intervals as a dark spot moving through the woods in every direction. Thus whenever the eye was not hemmed in by the woods & hills, it could discern hundreds of human beings, horses, waggons, & carriages hurrying two & fore in every imaginable direction. The hum of a thousand voices came wafted on the evening breeze, mixed with the rattle of waggons, the sound of carriages, and the splash and roar of the parting billes, as the teams went crowding through the waters of the flowing river. Thus the scene was varied & extensive, and made up a medley of things moving and sounding in every direction &c &c.

After crossing the river in the same way ourselves we marched on to camp some mile and a half distant. Here we stopped on a dry ridge, and felled black oak trees for firewood. In falling these trees it seemed almost a miracle that some of us were not killed, for we were travelling in all directions, as is usual upon taking up camp after a days march. None however were hurt and again next morning we moved on some 5 or 6 miles to the "Camp on Arkansas River" where

we afterwards remained some weeks. While we were on the move to this camp it commenced raining and continued to pour down for several hours, wetting us to the very skin, and being pretty cold weather, we became very chilly, and upon arriving at the ground allotted to us, and after laying it off we commenced to build fires, and stretch our tents (for by this time we had recieved tents) and the ground being very muddy & wet we chose the dryest spots on the square allotted to each mess for our tents expecting to change them as soon as the ground became dry. But scarcely had we got them raised until Col. Kelly from St. Louis who was then Inspector General came riding down through camp, pretty highly intoxicated, with the late Brig. Gen. Stein with him, and at every company he passed he called the captain out and reprimanded him in the most severe, abusive, rash & unbecomming manner, for not having his companies' tents placed in exact "Military Order", and to a remark from my Captain about the inconvenience of stretching his (my captains') tent over a stump & puddle of water he remarked most overbearingly that "It does not matter sir if the water was six feet deep you must put your tent there". This to me was something new; to have one man tyrannize over another this way made the hot blood boil in my veins, and I remarked to my captain that I would see him dead before I would move my tent to such a bad place, but my captain more calm than myself reluctantly obeyed the unnecessary and overbearing order. I must here acknowledge that this tyranny, along with some that had formerly been enacted, put the "devil" in me as well as others, & I rashly proposed to my captain to go after dark and shoot Kelly in his tent, & never let anyone know who did it, but he as before was more calm & would neither go, nor allow me to go. This occurrence came very near causing mutiny & after dark when they could do so without detection, the soldiers yelled execrations & threatenings on Col. Kelly till they might be heard a half mile or more. Our Commanders persuaded our captains to go around & see the boys & get them quiet. This was done and the excitement ceased, but our captains declared if ever Kelly done so again they would not try to appease their men, but let them do as they pleased with him. After this our officers were less tyrannical & abusive.

This "Camp on Arkansas River" was about 9 miles east of Ft. Smith, a Military Post on the Arkansas River on a line between the state & the Indian Territory; (The corner of the Choctaw & Cherokee Nation in Ft. Smith &c) and 5 or 6 south-east of Van Buren. (This night we gathered brush to lay in the mud & water to sleep on &c.). We next day commenced clearing our camp, and a drill ground outside. Thus we cleared it off but in a day or so were ordered not to cut any tree inside of the guard lines, on account of the danger attending their fall. During the time we were not drilling or doing other military duty many of our boys were engaged in card playing, dice, and other games and tricks, besides strolling around, killing & purloining hogs & bringing their flesh into camp &c. This latter was strictly forbidden but the boys would unbritch their guns & place them under their coats, and then go out past the camp guards, kill a hog & cut it up ready & at dark others taking a blanket round their shoulders would go & hide a portion this, & bring it into camp. Thus many a hog was procured. I have no doubt; & not only in this way but in various others. One little boy (about 15 years old) would take his gun on his shoulder & go to a guard pretending that he was also a guard & expected to be put on duty presently. By this means he would fool them & get out with his gun to kill a hog & sometimes he hid it (his gun) out in a log &c. Thus gambling, profanity, larceny and many other crimes were unblushingly committed, and even sometimes boasted of, (as to their dexterity, & cunningness &c), as if they were accomplishments of a good soldier. Some getting a pass would go up to Ft. Smith and there procure whisky or brandy for from \$5 to \$10 per pint (Whisky \$40 & Brandy \$80 per gallon) on which they would get "drunk as fools" and after a general "spree" return to camp most probably half sick. They sometimes brought sugar at from 25 to 50 cts. per lb. Sickness prevailed here to an alarming extent, mostly a Typhoid or Camp Fever, & Diarhoea. The "Hospitals" as they were called at Ft. Smith, were the most awful & loathsome places imaginable. So great was the sickness that the well could

scarcely have cared for them, had they been engaged in this alone, but enough were not detailed for this purpose & many suffered in various ways, the most horrible to imagine. Fifteen hundred or two thousand sick & dying humans continually filled those places, besides thousands in their tents at the camps. From 15 to 25 were sick in every company, and the rest many of them scarcely able to perform duty &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE &C.

When we had remained at the camp on Arkansas River for some two or three weeks, amid sickness undescribable, profanity deplorable, & crimes almost innumerable, we again took up the line of march northward. This was about the 1st of December, 1862 & at night we stopped near the river opposite to Van Buren, having left our sick behind, and also most of our tents, cooking utensils, and much of our baggage. We were required to carry our Knapsacks, Havresacks, Guns, Cartridge Boxes, and a blanket or quilt, and allowing 15 pounds for each knapsack, 2 per Havresack, Gun 10 lbs, Cartridge Box with 40 rounds of ammunition 5 lbs each, and Blanket 3 lbs, gives a total of 35 lbs weight for each man to carry, and march hard all day, besides being weakened down by the effects of continual Diarrhea & other sickness. Crossing the river the next morning (2nd or 3rd) in the steam boat "Lady Walton", one regiment at a time, low water, difficulty &c, we passed on through Van Buren & camped a mile and a half north, where we remained that day & the next I believe. While we were here some of went back into town and finding a store there with government clothing in it we determined to "draw some" of them, & while one would engage the attention of the young man who was actually selling them at enormous prices, another would steal a shirt, vest or something of the kind. In this way although it was thievish we procured several ready made shirts as they were the kinds of clothing we needed the worst, though we needed all kinds considerably, except coats & caps of which we had plenty, such as they were. Moving on from here we passed Dripping Springs at the head of a mountain ravine, & still marching on we entered the valley of Cove Creek about the 5th of December, and camped or rather stopped, built us fires & lay down to rest without anything to eat. Next morning (6th) we still marched on & without breakfast, dinner or supper we prosecuted the march up this winding stream, and late in the evening began to ascend the mountain on the Cave Hill road & soon arrived at our old camp from where we had left nearly 1 year before to go to Pea Ridge.

Here it appeared that our officers were expecting an attack, for the forces before us had been ordered to construct a Breastwork of the logs and rocks which were there. This they had done & when we arrived they had a pretty formidable line of breastworks piled up for probably a quarter of a mile in length. Forming in the line of battle, we remained for some time on this bleak Mountain without fire, but presently were allowed to build fires back of our lines 20 or 30 yards, & warm & stand in line by turns, which was a much more comfortable arrangement.

(Here our Pickets on the Cave Hill road has a smart skirmish &c.)

After remaining here until near midnight we were delighted with the appearance of our commissary with a lot of Crackers, for our craving appetites had been craving & gnawing for hours. When we had issued them out (3 or 4 per man) we were ordered to pile all our wood all on our fires (this was done to deceive the enemy) and then to leave them & march back down the mountain, & take up the Fayetteville road.

As we were passing back, we came upon our butchers who had ten or 15 beeves killed, & we were told to send a man for each mess to get some beef, which we did, & dividing this raw beef as we went along, each man put his piece in his Havresack, & when he wanted to eat he had to take it raw with his crackers or do without.

We left our fires about midnight, & marched hard the rest of the night,

arriving at Walnut Grove Church some 15 miles distant about sun up or a little after on the morning of the 7th of December.

Scarcely had the bright sun dawned upon us, before we were startled by the sharp crack & rattle of fire-arms ahead of us, & hurrying forward we soon learned that our advance cavalry had surprised & captured Maj. Hubbard of Mo. & a Militia officer, with a considerable number of prisoners (180) & 12 waggons loaded with clothing &c. We soon met our men bringing the prisoners to the rear, and were now ordered forward in double quick time, but I with many others being sick & weak could not keep up, so we fell out to one side, but presently caught up again & going on we formed the line of battle in a corn field.

After several successive maneuvers & some slight skirmishes, we again moved on & during the most of the day we were first moved one way & then another; sometimes formed to front the enemy from the south, sometimes to the east & sometimes to the north; so uncertain were our officers which way the enemy were, but about 2½ or 3 o'clock (3 hours by sun) in the evening we were ordered forward to the north and told by Gen. M. M. Parsons that "the work was about to commence" which we soon found to be literally true, for moving on through the thick oak bushes we had not travelled more than ½ or ¾ of a mile until we heard to our right, and near the main road, the crack of thousands of guns in succession, as their muzzles blazed forth in sheets of fire, preceded by the "deadly storm" of "lead hail" which they sent rattling & whistling through the air.

Still moving on we quickly came in sight of the enemy's lines ourselves, & both began to give & receive the same kind of hellish salutes as our comrades & their opposing foes were exchanging on the right, with a deadly & bloody effect.

The roar of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry, & the cracking of all kinds of arms now became general, and by intervals seemed to commence on the right and gradually pass to the left, as one continued stream of leaden hail went and came through the air in fearful confusion. Being in the thick groves we (Caldwell's Regiment and some others) lay down upon our knees &c to avoid the showers of balls that came flying in death-like fury through the trees. While lying, or standing here on our knees, our flag bearer, Ed Depp, held up his flag & shortly the man on his right was shot dead (He fell and expired without a groan), whereupon he was ordered by myself and others, to lower the flag & doing so probably prevented others from the same fate. Cannon balls went shizzing & cutting through the tree tops over our heads, while musket and minnie balls came cutting, tearing & hissing among the trees around us. Death reigned triumphant & banished mercy from his domains. The grove which a few hours before, was the abode of peace and harmony was now transformed into a fearful pandemonium of hell, where the hellish passions of depraved men were venting their spleen on fellow mortals. Such were a few of the thoughts that would flit across my mind as at intervals the rage of the battle partly subsided (Interdelineated note: "One of the enemy ran to us here",), but they would pass away quickly when the work of destruction would commence again.

Thus for two hours the battle raged at long range, but now we received orders to charge. Rising from our knees we started & a continual rattle of small arms filled the air, as we kept up a running fire as we advanced. The enemy rapidly gave way before us although they had a fence for a breastwork. Driving them on, we soon gained the fence & a portion of us in advance leaping the fence kept on after the retreating enemy, but scarcely had we gone ten steps when the voice of our officers called us back and prevented us from going on to try to capture the enemies cannon as we were expecting to do. The enemy retreated back some two or three hundred yards and we stopped the pursuit, and thus the battle ended. We now were ordered back from the field about a quarter of a mile, and as we went along we passed our wounded lying on the bare cold ground with scarcely a blanket under them. As they lay there in the bright moonshine with their faces turned up to the sky, they presented a pitiful spectacle of which those only who have seen such sights can form a just conception. Having been sun down almost, before the battle commenced we had thrown our blankets many of

them by the roadside or in the brush, expecting to get them again, but we were doomed to a sad & to us a very unfortunate disappointment, for having gone out in an open field, we lay down to rest, being almost overcome with fatigue, and expected to get out knapsacks and blankets next morning, as we had not the least idea of retreating, but about midnight we were roused up with orders to march, but only expected an advance instead of a retreat. Starting off, we soon discovered to our surprise that we were actually retreating. Being sick and weak & fatigued with the actions of the battle, I soon gave out, & telling my captain I could go no further, & he could not find a waggon or ambulance to haul me in, I turned out to one side of the road & falling in with one of my comrades we scraped up leaves for a bed & having a quilt apace (for we had not thrown our quilts down) we covered up & I soon went to sleep & never waked till about ten O'clock next day. We then went to a house and produced some breakfast & learned that the enemy had returned & were then on the battlefield & all around us.

We were told that our loss was estimated at about 300 killed & 700 wounded, and the enemy's at 450 killed & 1,000 wounded. Being still sick & weak & worn out, I could not travel but remained on the mountain in sight of the enemy for three days, getting something to eat at the farms &c, after which I got so I could travel slowly & now concluded to go down toward Huntsville & get with the army again, but hearing that Wilhite, a federal Guerilla, was in the mountains down there, we were deterred from making the attempt, & now began our journey up northward, which we continued until I arrived at home. Passing up through the Country along bye paths, we succeeded in getting within one mile of Fayetteville, and then stayed some time, but going on we entered a little house by the main road & within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of town, and told the woman who we were, and that we were going home, for she was a union woman; and scarcely had we done so when a squad of the enemy came riding down the road. We ran out and hid & this good woman never reported us to them, so we came on, after two or three other pretty narrow escapes &c, and getting in the thick brush just east of town about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, we lay down and rested till dark (it was about noon) when we went on around town & struck out on the main road, & whenever we heard any one coming either behind or before, we would step out behind a tree or log & let them pass, & as the enemy played their martial music & the night glided on, we also steered our steps northward, and leaving the main telegraph road we turned out toward Elm Springs & getting into a road leading directly north, and being almost perfectly straight, we traveled on twelve or fifteen miles, & turned off to one side & building us a fire, scraped up leaves for a bed and lay down. While we were here a scout of the enemy passed the road hunting for such as we, but our fire being on the side of a log from the road, they did not find us.

Getting up next morning we walked on, & taking bye paths we at length reached Pea Ridge & stayed all night with a Mr. J.W. _____ who treated us very kindly. This was the 12th of December, 1862. Next morning, bidding our host good bye, we again took up a bye path leading up into Missouri, and after another days travel we stopped in the state of Missouri and next day (I believe) arrived at a Mr. P's, where we saw Mr. J.W. of S. who told us of the danger in going on into Missouri, (Here we met two bushwhackers & came very near firing upon each other), but after some deliberation I thought I would try to reach home, as I expected to be taken sick again as soon as I stepped travelling, (travelling will often keep off sickness for days &c.). (Inter delineated note; And also because I heard that father was killed & his house burned. So I said I would go back or die in the attempt; and kill every one of them I could &c), so we kept on staying on Shoal Creek, one day at Mr. M's we crossed it with two old man who were also returning home on horses & leading a mule. After some day or so we reached Clear Creek (we got here just as the Militia from Sarcovie left &c), having been fed and directed by a Mr. Green, an old man 55 or 60 years old who went with us in a dark cold night a half mile or so to put us on the right road (This old

man I shall always respect), & then bid us good-bye & went back. We now took the North Pole Star as our guide & after travelling over a bleak prairie some 15 miles, we came to and waded Clear Creek, which was some 12 inches deep & as cold as ice almost. Putting on our shoes again after we were across, we travelled on & after getting some breakfast we also waded Spring River (3 ft. deep) & went on to a house & warmed ourselves & partly dried our clothes.

Going on, we met a widow woman who took us to her house & fed us & told us where to hide during the day, since the militia were out on the river hunting for southern men & would kill us if they caught us. At night we went on again, and striking on we again rested after travelling awhile, & next morning about ten o'clock we struck out across a prairie some 20 or 25 miles wide & after travelling hard all day (Here we met a Militia hauling wood 6 miles from Mt. Vernon), and avoiding all roads, we reached Muddy Creek just at dark, (Here we saw several Militia, but it was dark & I told them we were just from Mt. Vernon & thus fooled them, and got away, though they came on after us but did not find us.) and after trying several places to get to stay all night, we lay out in a patch of scrub oak, although it was very cold.

Here we came very near being caught & had we found the house & been allowed to stay all night we would have been taken almost surely.

Again next morning we travelled on. This day we saw no less than 14 deer & several gangs of turkeys on Muddy Creek & the adjoining prairie. At length we reached Horse Creek & coming on down it, we passed through Clintonville on the night of the 18th or 19th of December. We were very still & were not discovered, even by the dogs. Next morning we hurried on & crossed Osage by wading it also, ($3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. deep)&c) about 9 o'clock on the 20th, & going on, we that night passed a house with a lot of Militia in it, but being forewarned of danger there we were very still & were not discovered by them.

Staying part of this night on Deep Water, we before day started, and here I parted with my companion, whose home was in Bates County, & after a farewell, & expressions of friendship & caution, I set out for Grand River alone & after a few hours rapid walking I crossed on the Mill Dam, undiscovered by the Militia, who were in the mill at the time, although it was a clear pretty day.

Taking up the River, I soon got to the mouth of Honey Creek, & taking up it, I arrived at home about dark, & from that time I have been hiding until I shall go to the army again, unless I am caught. My companion joined the Militia &c.