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*Shelby and his men;
or, The war in the West*
John Newman Edwards

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SHELBY AND HIS MEN:

OR.

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

BY
JOHN N. EDWARDS.

SPV

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P R E F A C E.

Believing that the CONFEDERATE WAR was a grand panorama of heroic endurance and devoted courage, I bring this picture as an offering and lay it upon the altar of Southern glory and renown. I have written of SHELBY and his Division because I served with them, and because I desire, if possible, to hang another garland upon the brow of one who gathered his laurels from the close and serried ranks of his enemies.

To the memory of my dead comrades of SHELBY'S MISSOURI CAVALRY DIVISION—to the young and the brave who fell fighting manfully for the proud, imperial South—this monument is erected by the unskilled hands of the

AUTHOR.

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SHELBY AND HIS MEN:

OR;

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

THE art of book-making is not a discovery of to-day; its requirements and unyielding laws are not the necessities of yesterday. The information I propose to give may be useful, perhaps, in a limited manner, to some future historian—it *will* be interesting to my old comrades who desire to march again over their trampled battle-fields, and scatter a few flowers upon the lowly graves of the tried and the true.

With the cold analysis and exhaustive research of standard history I have nothing to do, nor is it the intention of the author to confine his book to bare statements of facts and naked arrays of figures. He desires to decorate it with incidents—some of them romantic and wonderful, perhaps, yet strictly true—enliven the tediousness of its narrative with anecdotes, and sow broadcast over its pages the peculiarities of “Shelby and His Men.”

There will be abruptness in its details, digressions that may be buccaneerish, weakness in its descriptions, lack of color in its word-painting, and finish in its rhetoric—yet authorship has no beaten path—and to pass the Splügen successfully, one should be a Macdonald.

I profess simply to have given the Southern side in all accounts of battles, sieges, marches, raids and campaigns—with a view always, though, to truth, justice, and the requirements of reason.

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Those who desire to examine an essay upon the ethics of war or a compilation of statistical facts, must seek elsewhere, and read the pages of some other book.

Intending to deal largely with General Shelby and his command, as separate and distinct actors in a drama which was performed upon half a continent, I shall, in order to preserve perfect unity, and to follow his career from beginning to end, speak of every battle in which he was engaged, comment on results, and criticize the genius and combinations of the chief commander. Other reflections than these must be left for abler historians and for more voluminous works. I only desire to place upon record many bright and glowing facts unknown to all save the actors, and to add another leaf to the great chapter of events which will, in the future years, immortalize the unfortunate Confederates who staked all, and lost all, in a superhuman struggle against fate and superior numbers. The book endeavors to be *history* in chronicling the events of the war in which General Shelby took part, and *biography* in all which relates to the individual acts and exploits of the characters introduced.

It may be well, perhaps, before introducing General Shelby to my readers, that a statement should be made of the intention to deal with him entirely as an officer and a public man, whose military reputation and career belong to the age, and by that age will be judged, either favorably or unfavorably. Claiming Missouri as the land of his choice and adoption, seeking all opportunities to deliver a blow in her behalf, and ever looking fondly and faithfully to the day when she would stand foremost and greatest among the States of the Southern Confederacy, he was always inspired with a kind of fervor in battle—a confidence and enthusiasm almost irresistible. It is not the author's intention to give even a synopsis of General Shelby's earlier life, nor the names of his ancestors, nor the various but commonplace vicissitudes through which he passed, doubtless, from youth to manhood. He will be spoken of simply as a living, daring, ambitious, successful soldier; whose genius and energy, valor and unconquerable determination, carried him up rapidly from the Captaincy of a Company, to be General of a Divis-

ion. There is about the man, too, a subtle essence of chivalry—a dash of the daring and romantic, which will have him pictured only as leading his troops rapidly amid the wreck and the roar of battle; his black plume guiding the men, and his own splendid example nerving them to deeds of immortal endeavor. Like some natures which can be only stirred by strong old wine, he needs the red glare of conflict and the shouts and cheers of victory to make his picture stand out upon the canvas life-like and regal in its warrior-manhood.

Major General Joseph Orville Shelby was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1831, and after receiving a good education, and some practical experience as a merchant, finally removed to Lafayette county, Missouri, and commenced the manufacture of bale rope in Waverly. Difficulties in Kansas occurring very soon after his settlement in Missouri, he eagerly espoused the Southern side of the question; left a lucrative business; went back to Kentucky; raised a fine company for service in the Territory, and took the field with Clark, Atchison, and Reid, rendering signal service to the pro-slavery settlers. Quiet having been restored, and abolitionism threatening and driving back the Southern tide of emigration, General Shelby again returned to his manufactory.

The Confederate Struggle for Independence, which came so suddenly upon a nation of farmers and tradespeople, transforming them into vast armies and columns of attack, found Joseph O. Shelby hard at work in his rope factory in Waverly, Missouri, a little town in Lafayette county, remarkable for being a terror to all Boston-Aid-Society emigrants going by river to Kansas, and for being inhabited by bitter and uncompromising Southerners.

Before commencing the narrative of military events in which the name of General Shelby is so intimately woven, it were well, perhaps, to preface them by some introductory remarks upon the political condition of Missouri, and to inquire briefly how closely the State might have been joined to the fortunes of the Confederacy, and how rapidly a large majority of her people might have

been stirred into a great mass of revolution, terrible and overwhelming because of wonderful strength and resources.

The elections late in the year of 1860 revealed the fact that there were about 25,000 Black Republicans in Missouri, of whom a majority were in and around St. Louis. As early as May 10, 1860, the first meeting which ever assembled in a Slave State to consider the question of taking public position with the anti-slavery element of the North, met in St. Louis, and sent delegates to the Chicago Convention. This meeting was followed by others more or less enthusiastic, while clubs of Union Leagues and mysterious Wide Awakes paraded the streets and marched in procession to the places of political gatherings. The germ of Abolitionism had been deposited in St. Louis when Frank Blair shouted his battle cry of *Emancipation*. It was caught up, expanded, and illustrated, until it became delightful to the Germans, and extremely agreeable to many of their Anglo-Saxon friends and neighbors. At first, some objection was manifested against those gatherings which had for their ambition a complete and radical overthrow of the institutions of the State, and the Republicans were sometimes assailed with bitter abuse, shouts of derision, showers of stones, and now and then a pistol bullet. These manifestations of disapproval failed, necessarily, because they were only indulged in by the rabble, and were discountenanced and condemned by those men of all others having the most at stake, and who should have risen in their might and swept from St. Louis and the State every vestige of opposition to an institution created by God, and destroyed afterward only that it might be purified and given back in some other shape, with the understanding of mankind clearer as to its nature and to the great part it must yet perform in the political economy of the continent. The means to eradicate the evil were at hand, but the nerve was wanting. The same effeminacy which looked unmoved upon the strides taken by Abolitionism in Kansas, and blurted out harmless and unfulfilled threats, quietly folded its gouty hands in St. Louis until it was bound hand and foot and delivered over, body and soul, by the very men it had warmed into life and fed into plethora.

When war first reared its ungainly head, the people of Missouri, after a little schooling, would not have been opposed to Secession, and *were not* unpatriotic nor unwilling, after awhile, to cast their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy; but they were steeped in a content so lazy that the mustering of Home Guards about the Arsenal and the tramp of battalions, defiling through the principal streets preparing for Camp Jackson, attracted scarcely any attention, and the only internal question hotly disputed among them involved the demand whether there was or was not a desire for *any change whatsoever*.

It was believed, alas! by the Southern leaders, that in the hour of danger the habits, and traditions, and prejudices, and withes of system which bound the slaveholders of Missouri, would drop from about them like burned flax, and that the children of Virginia and Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas—aristocrats to the core—would stand out in an hour fit to sit on Committees of Public Safety and shed blood like water rather than yield an inch. The principle laid down was entirely correct, but the time given was entirely too short. Those in Missouri sympathizing with the war for independence were gyved and bound by prosperity, and habit, and the ignorance of the masses. The politics which hampered them was a faculty incapable of being suspended, and a creed which they were unwilling to abjure or forsake. It was impossible, they thought, to take issue with the sovereignty of State authorities: a week after Lyon landed he would have shot their Governor and dispersed their Legislature had the desire appealed to his reason. But the lethargy, in justice, must be attributed to plethora, not starvation—to the total absence of that feeling of fear which Continental peoples, who are divided from enemies by a river, and whose fathers remember to have seen horses stabled in their cathedrals, never lose; from a flabbiness of mind which long rest produces in nations as well as men. All that was needed was an organization, States' Rights in its best sense, an organization by which the genuine strength of the State could, in the hour of need, have been brought easily into play. It was never made. The bayonets, defied and

abused beyond the Mississippi river, were powerful engines when brought in direct contact with the masses, and the truth became to be recognized slowly that it does not take years but months to make a man a soldier. The opposition, by reason of their skillful leaders, thorough knowledge of the crisis, and unscrupulous and desperate efforts, won the advance, the prestige of sudden attack, the moral force of a first victory, and all the terror inspired by rapid and bloody measures. The Lincoln Government to be respected must be feared, and with a sword stained by the blood of youth and innocence, Lyon smote deadly blows—rapid as the crowding events, and heartless and pitiless as civil strife always demands.

The failure of Missouri to furnish a hundred thousand men to the armies of the South, is due, in a great measure, to the weakness and indecision of her political leaders, who temporized and plotted—incurring all the odium of conspiracy—(if there be any odium attached to men struggling for the right)—without the corresponding merit of success and victory.

The Legislature met on the 2d of January, 1861, and the House of Representatives elected Secessionists to its offices, and shortly afterward the Lieutenant Governor, Thomas C. Reynolds, invited all of the Senators who were in favor of standing up manfully for the South, to his private rooms for consultation.

The inaugural of Governor Jackson was just such a message as suited the people at that time—eminently politic, and sufficiently Southern to satisfy the originals, and stimulate the timid and the procrastinating. Although the fatal dogma of neutrality was enunciated in the words that “Missouri and Kentucky should stand by the South, and preserve her equilibrium,” no one, however ultra his views, but believed that when the time came, Governor Jackson would tear off this mask, and boldly raise the standard of revolt. His efforts to remain neutral deceived no one, not even himself, and from first to last, the fact was self-evident that he must either drive or be driven.

Politically, Governor Jackson was not a bold man. He belonged to a dominant party in Missouri—a party which was perfect in its

routine and machinery, and sought and gained popularity more from the precedents and traditions of the past, than from any bold or original plans for the present or the future. The crisis was new and terrifying. Revolution had a ghastly look for leaders accustomed to caucuses and ballots; daring measures savored of bullets and gunpowder; while quick decided action seemed the very acme of temerity and despair. He had still a lingering hope that collisions might be avoided, and some fears in relation to personal consequences to himself. The bold and consistent measures his judgment and the unanswerable arguments of his friends forced upon him one day, were destroyed by his doubts and fears upon the next; and while still hesitating and brooding over the great responsibility resting upon him, the capture of Camp Jackson came like a thunderbolt, because, in the ignorance of his military advisers, the sky was asserted to be clear, and the horizon without the shadow of a storm-cloud.

Of the 200,000 voters in Missouri, over 170,000 voted against Lincoln, and of the 17,000 voting for him, nearly all lived in St. Louis, Franklin, and Gasconade counties. But the time soon came when to disagree with the Administration was treason, and when men were to be persecuted and murdered for the *crime* of opinion.

A determined leader, having his own course marked out, clearly and definitely, yet seeking, as a politician, some encouragement and signs of assistance from the people, had only to cast his eyes over Missouri, after the fall of Fort Sumpter, and learn that a large majority were waiting eagerly for vigorous action. In the principal inland towns, Union meetings were broken up; the "Stars and Stripes" had been persistently torn down and trampled upon; Secession banners were given to the winds in St. Louis, Lexington, Rolla, Kansas City, and Springfield; great gatherings were had in Platte, Lafayette, Ray, Jasper, Boone, Saline, and some thirty or forty other counties, indorsing the capture of Fort Sumpter, and expressing, by stirring resolutions, the most unqualified devotion to the Southern cause. The Bell and Everett party sympathized with the Secessionists, and only awaited some clinching act of diplomacy,

some daring effort or battle, to throw itself into their arms. The Democratic party, containing the bulk of the Secessionists *per se*, was ready and ripe for revolt, and looked to the Governor and the Legislature as the proper authorities to carry the State out of the Union.

In times of great revolution, when men's minds are continually stirred by rapid and astounding events, there is but little choice left in the selection of means to control the storm, and but scanty periods afforded for the discussion of political problems bearing upon the questions at issue. Cortez burned his ships, that none might look back oceanward, when faint with the blows and the toils of the strife, and those who guide the elements of civil war in a struggle for life and honor, should seek, possibly, to cover their followers with such a mantle of blood, that peace would bring no respite, and defeat nothing but destruction.

The field offered in St. Louis was ripe for the sickle, yet the harvest might have been bloody, for it was a harvest of death. On conflicting sides were the reapers arrayed—men representing principles that have been antagonistic for a hundred years, though the numbers were unequal and the resources disproportionate. The "Slave power," as it was fashionably called, *had the power*, the advantage of majorities, the offices, the machinery of the State government, the will—but not the intellect and the man.

Twenty thousand Black Republicans in and around St. Louis, composed largely of the German element, overawed, controlled, and finally possessed the State. From insignificant meetings, silently and fearfully held, they grew and strengthened, under the wisdom of Frank Blair, and the cold, grim genius of Lyon, until they broke down the spirit and the loyalty of one hundred thousand voting Southerners, and drove Price and his army across the Mississippi River. Success justifies all means, and victory will gild the bloodiest measures until they blossom as the rose. Defeat finds no consolation in the whisperings of mercy, and the rigors of subjugation are not mitigated by the remembrances of measures abandoned because they might have been tainted by the smell of powder and of death.

It would be as disagreeable as unprofitable, and altogether unnecessary for the purposes of this book, to trace, step by step, the creation, expansion, and final triumph of the Black Republicans in Missouri. It is intended only in what follows to place the State right before her sisters of the South, and endeavor to explain why so little was given from a source where so much was expected.

The intense excitement created everywhere by the capture of Fort Sumpter was felt as much, probably, in Missouri as in any other State, North or South. War was deemed inevitable, then, by all classes, and preparations were instantly begun for the strife. Taking the initiatory in St. Louis, under the admirable leadership of Frank Blair, the Black Republicans worked hard for success, and even as early as February the Union Guards were formed, a Union Safety Committee established, large amounts of money raised and expended in the purchase of arms, ammunition, and accouterments, while ten regiments of volunteers were being rapidly enrolled to meet the crisis.

The Secessionists were active, also, and thousands of minute men had arms and resolution enough for any work. The St. Louis Arsenal was a prize so valuable that it became at once the object of the greatest concern to both parties, and measures were inaugurated simultaneously for its capture and defense. This arsenal contained, in January, probably 60,000 stands of Springfield and Enfield muskets, 1,500,000 rounds of cartridges, several siege guns and field pieces, together with considerable machinery, and munitions of war in great abundance. The main magazine contained 90,000 pounds of gunpowder. The advantages resulting from a distribution of all these war materials among the Southern people of Missouri would have been almost incalculable, and the warmest supporters of Governor Jackson must seek in vain for excuses or reasons possibly justifying the failure of its capture.

At this time the only force protecting the arsenal consisted of some staff officers, three or four soldiers detailed from Jefferson Barracks, and the mechanics required for ordinary duty. No preparations had been made, or probably thought of, looking to defense,

and fifty good men might have captured and secured the precious prize. It was urged upon the authorities time and again. The very boldness and daring of the act would necessarily have carried with it sufficient weight to overawe many, encourage many, and stimulate to enthusiasm half the population of the State; beside, revolution, with giant strength, was striding over the whole country, events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning, and men's minds needed violent excitement to keep them strung for great emergencies. Better than all, though, the arms were needed for the protection of Missouri, for the assistance of the South, and to save the homes and firesides of the Secessionists from foreign and mercenary soldiers.

The blight of procrastination and timidity, however, was upon the State, and palsied the arms and counteracted the resolutions of those who were eager and anxious for desperate measures. Brigadier General D. M. Frost, commanding the militia of the First Military District, in a letter to Governor Jackson, dated January 24, 1861, informed him that an interview with Major Bell (then in command of the arsenal) had just been held, and that Major Bell, who was a Southern man in feeling, advised no haste in the matter, pledging his word that nothing should be removed from the arsenal without first notifying General Frost. Frost also advised the Governor, in his letter, that all his (the Governor's) influence should be used to keep the attention of the United States Government away from the arsenal. Nothing bold was recommended, evidently, by this officer, but there were others who urged its capture in strong appeals, and were almost tempted to risk everything themselves in an effort for the purpose.

"A blunder in politics is worse than a crime," and to be ignorant of the wants and requirements of a people in periods of universal danger, can neither be justified by inexperience, nor be forgiven because of an unwillingness to fight and to shed blood. Governor Jackson believed that the capture of the arsenal would precipitate Secession, and he wanted no such thing as immediate Secession. He urged that the minds of the people were not prepared for such

rapid action. The geographical position of the State, surrounded on three sides by a cordon of free territory, was given, too, as a reason against it, and why she should make no hostile movements opposing the United States. Jackson had some idea of making an arrangement with the Governors of Iowa, Kansas, and Illinois, looking to the preservation of neutrality. He dreaded the bloodshed and destruction which would follow war, yet shrank instinctively from any participation in the contest proposed to be waged by the North upon the South, and when a contingent from Missouri was demanded by the Secretary of War, to aid in the coercion of the seceded States, it was indignantly refused by Governor Jackson, although the uncompromising tone of the refusal was rather due to the counselors surrounding him than to Jackson himself. He shrank, therefore, from the responsibility of taking any violent steps, and preferred the ruinous policy of acting on the defensive, until, step by step, he was driven from his capital, his State, and his people.

Major Bell resigned. A Lieutenant Thompson, from Newport Barracks, with a small body of regulars, removed the Government funds from the Custom House and Sub-Treasury, January 6th, and then the people were quietly waiting for the Confederates to put forth some strength that they might join them. After the resignation of Bell, and the assignment in his place of Major Hagner, in conjunction with Captain Sweeny, the Secessionists urged Governor Jackson to take the place at once, while those in the country were clamorous for action. The Governor withheld his sanction upon the ground that the time had not yet arrived, and that it would be madness for Missouri to begin the war, although in almost all the other Slave States every vestige of property belonging to the United States Government had been seized and appropriated for the use of the Confederacy.

Blair and his friends were active, vigilant, and determined. Their armed followers were numerous, not deficient in courage, imbued with a species of sublime fanaticism, and devoted and determined to persevere in the war for the Union.

On the 6th of February, 1861, a splendid company of regulars from Fort Riley, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Lyon, filed into the arsenal grounds and they looked vicious and bold. Even then the place might have been easily taken, and should have been taken most certainly; for the removal of Bell, the reinforcements arriving from Newport and Fort Riley, and the appointment of uncompromising Federal officers to the command, must surely have convinced the most doubting that not only were the eyes of the Government upon it, but the hands of the Government also.

Lyon was speedily reinforced, and looked about him, like a finished soldier, as he was, for means to defend his charge. He fortified, and drilled, and prepared rapidly for coming events, while his friends on the outside, no less active, organized regiment after regiment, which were as speedily armed and equipped.

At the election held in February, the Union ticket was generally successful throughout the State, but it was a *conditional* Union, and only in St. Louis were the *unconditional* Unionists triumphant. On the 4th of February, Commissioners were appointed to the Peace Conference to be held in Washington City for the purpose of arranging "terms of settlement," and the idea still seemed prominent that something would be done to prevent actual war. So thought the members of the Convention, for they assembled in Jefferson City upon the 28th of February, sat three days, and adjourned to meet again in St. Louis. This Convention had just been elected by the people, and contained a majority of conditional Union men.

Meanwhile, the proceedings of the Legislature—which was undeniably Southern—and the operations of the Secessionists throughout the State, had all been placed before Lyon and the Black Republicans of St. Louis, and they determined to hold the arsenal at all hazards, which was now in a complete state of defense.

Fort Sumpter fell at last, and the excitement in St. Louis and Missouri was tremendous, and again fate furnished the authorities with the means to capture Lyon and his prize. Surely the veil of neutrality must have been swept away by the thunder of Beauregard's guns at Charleston, and the leaders could no longer delude

themselves with the phantom of procrastination. The city authorities were Southern, the State authorities were Southern, there were officers at the arsenal Southern in feeling, and the first blow in the war had been struck heavily.

The President called for 75,000 volunteers to suppress rebellion, and Missouri was required to furnish her proportion, but Jackson manfully replied that she should not "furnish a single man to subjugate her sister States of the South."

About the 18th the arsenal at Liberty was seized by the Secessionists, and its contents distributed among volunteer companies forming for war, and Lyon, fearing a like attack, reinforced his garrison by volunteers. Harney was withdrawn from St. Louis, Hagner was sent to Leavenworth, and Lyon reigned supreme in his barracks. Five regiments were organized and armed, followed very soon afterward by five more, and when these ten thousand men were thoroughly armed and accoutered, Captain Lyon, having no further use for the surplus arms and ammunition at the arsenal, deliberately, on the night of the 26th of April, loaded them upon the steamer *City of Alton*, and sent them over to Illinois to be used in subjugating those very Missourians who had stood silently by to see the coveted prize slipping through their weak and nerveless hands.

On the 22d of April, Governor Jackson issued a proclamation summoning the Legislature to meet in Jefferson City, on the 2d of May, in extraordinary session, but it was too late then to save the arsenal, and the loss of the arsenal lost the State. He also ordered that the militia should go into camp in their respective districts for the period of six days, as provided by law.

On the 3d of May, still hesitating and undecided, Governor Jackson sent in his message to the called session of the Legislature, in which he advised that the State should be put in a proper attitude of defense; that the militia law should be revised and rendered more effective; that a system of drill and discipline should be adopted; and that the people should be placed in such a condition as to be enabled to defend their rights and honor. He declared Missouri had no war to prosecute; it was not her policy to make

any aggressions on any State or people, but that *her* people must be prepared to defend their honor.

In conformity with law, the troops in the first Military District went into camp in St. Louis, at the western end of Olive Street, in a place called Lindell Grove. True, the United States flag waved over the thronging volunteers, but it was a delusion and a sham—and there was but little love for it in the hearts of *any* beneath its folds. The young men there had been educated to believe that the South was right, that slavery was right—and that the success of any party inimical to these views furnished just cause for actual war. If their leaders had been wise as Blair and bold as Lyon, St. Louis would have run with other blood and in larger quantities.

Lyon and his adviser, Blair, had only temporized and made some faint bows to the law from the first, that time might be gained to organize and recruit, so when the ten thousand volunteers were armed and drilled, he marched out boldly from his fortifications, surprised, surrounded, and captured Frost and his innocent militia, with as much ease, apparently, as a keen sportsman drives into the ready net an entire covey of frightened partridges. In a military sense, General Frost can make some excuse for his surprise, by claiming, as he has a right to do, that the orders of his superiors left him no other alternative; but in a political sense, there can be no sufficient reason given for keeping the camp in such an exposed condition that it invited attack from largely superior numbers, made formidable by the very arms lost to the Secessionists through the incomprehensible tardiness of their leaders.

It would, perhaps, be unjust and unreasonable to judge the actions of men by the facts acquired after practical tests have been made, and it would be equally improper to hold them responsible for errors which could only be known when the injurious consequences were felt; but ignorance of any law constitutes no authority for its violation, and those who seek, by political diplomacy, to govern and to lead great parties or States, must suffer, to a certain extent, for that default of knowledge, which, if possessed and pro-

perly exercised, secures to their followers the greatest possible amount of good. General Frost, as a subordinate officer, had his duty plain before him—he was to obey. Governor Jackson's duty was equally as clear—he was to create. Within the folds of that broad, good mantle which success ever throws around her chosen ones, many technical forms might have been hid, and many arbitrary measures laid softly to sleep. If it were deemed best at that time to temporize and procrastinate, and to refuse battle studiously and persistently, it should have been the settled policy of the leaders to have an open field behind them and ample roads to retreat upon, when the worst came about. The danger, from being constantly avoided, grew larger rapidly, and from being unmenaced it became intolerant. General Frost knew nothing of his peril until he was lost, and Governor Jackson had made no preparations to grapple the disaster which destroyed him.

The news of the surrender of Camp Jackson was received in Jefferson City about six o'clock, in the evening of the 10th, and created intense excitement. After the dispatch announcing the fact was read, the Military Bill immediately passed both Houses; a portion of the Osage Bridge was destroyed; twelve thousand kegs of powder were sent into the interior, and the State treasure removed to a more distant and safer place. The appearance in the streets, too, of one hundred splendidly drilled soldiers, under Captain, afterward the gallant Colonel Joseph Kelly, served much to restore confidence, and create feelings of safety and protection. The bloody and merciless blows struck in St. Louis, almost broke down the spirit of Governor Jackson, and aroused in him an indignation the more distressing because of its indecision.

At this moment General Sterling Price tendered his sword to Governor Jackson, and was by him appointed Major General and Commander-in-Chief of the State forces. This appointment destroyed the Southern love and loyalty of Colonel A. W. Doniphan, and from that time forward he no longer addressed disunion meetings, nor advocated conditional secession. General Price had previously served in the Mexican war, having, like President Davis, resigned

his seat in Congress for that purpose. His private character was unimpeachable, and his personal integrity eminent and undisputed. He had seen some military service, but it was of such a limited quantity that its remembrances could bring but little pleasure, and its experiences have nothing of value as bearing upon the gigantic contest about to be inaugurated. Up to the massacres in St. Louis, he had been an avowed Union man, and sought sedulously to avert the impending war. He is reported to have remarked, when learning the news of Lyon's swift attack, "Everything is lost."

Camp Jackson was too bold a stroke to follow up vigorously, for the State was furiously aroused, the Governor called for troops, and from every direction an indignant people were crowding to the capital for battle. The agents of the Administration temporized, and promised to explain why the measures taken had been so violent and bloody. The principal actors in the drama were kept in the background, and General Harney came between the antagonistic parties as a mediator. The authorities at Jefferson City were amused and cajoled by pacific demonstrations, really sincere and well-meant on the part of General Harney, but ruinous to the hopes and wishes of the Secessionists. The Administration made use of him to gain time by negotiations, and it succeeded admirably.

General Harney arrived on the 11th, and assumed command on the 12th. His presence quieted somewhat the excitement in St. Louis, as his services of over forty years in the regular army, and his high character for energy and impartiality became to be canvassed and appreciated. Harney, in his manifesto, however, *denounced the Military Bill, and called it an indirect Secession ordinance, which ignored the forms even resorted to by other States.* He advised that it should not be obeyed, because it was in conflict with the laws of the United States, and would, if enforced, take the State out of the Union.

Generals Price and Harney met in St. Louis, May 21st, and the interview then held was a long one. It resulted in a declaration which depended for success upon the support given it by the people of Missouri, and the faithfulness of adherence to it by the United

States Government. A full and friendly interchange of views was indulged in; the arrangements made by General Price were concurred in by Governor Jackson; *the State troops at Jefferson City were disbanded*; and the declaration made by General Harney that no incursions by Federal troops would be necessary or advised. The object of the meeting seemingly was to restore peace and good order to the people of the State, in *subordination* to the laws of the General Government. Jackson declared that the whole power of the militia should be used to support law and order, and urged, in conjunction with Harney, that the people should go about their business as usual, and *hoped* that the unquiet elements which threatened so seriously to disturb the public peace, might soon subside, and be remembered only to be deplored. Harney, well manipulated by his Washington masters, published an address to the Missourians, described the object of the conference, and pledged that its stipulations should be faithfully and religiously kept by him. Communications to prominent St. Louisans from prominent politicians at Washington, assured the people also that the Administration would observe neutrality. The people, thoroughly advised and governed by their leaders, did observe this hollow truce, and waited until Lyon had consolidated his power and strengthened his battalions; until the militia were disbanded, and the horror at Camp Jackson appeased; until the Legislature had recovered from its fright, and the Unionists their old audacity.

This Price-Harney treaty had a most deleterious effect upon the revolutionary party in Missouri. It restrained, and therefore weakened its ardor; relaxed, and therefore enervated its muscles; parried, and therefore avoided the fatality of its blow. It created a feeling of security which was false, and shred the locks from the unshorn Sampson, until his limbs were nerveless and his efforts without force. Nothing exceeded the blight of its influence, except the delusion of its victims; and the ills which it entailed were only overmatched by the number of its sacrifices. Conceived as a matter of policy, it was accepted as a necessity, and enforced as a virtue. Guiltless as the Trojan leaders, perhaps, the wooden horse yet

CHAPTER II.

THE echoes of the first guns at Sumpter had scarcely been borne to the West upon the winds of Northern fury and indignation, when a new flag was given to the people of Missouri, and a new song was sung by the mustering squadrons.

One of the foremost to anticipate the conflict, Joseph O. Shelby, immediately raised a cavalry company in Lafayette county, mounted, armed, and uniformed it with remarkable rapidity, and marched away to Independence, Jackson county, which was threatened by some Federal dragoons from Kansas City.

The State troops, massed at the crossing of the Little Blue river, a strong defensive point, waited in daily anticipation of an attack, while Captain Shelby and his company did constant duty in front. Here Colonel Holloway and young McClanahan, the first victims from Jackson county, which was afterward so lavish of her blood and treasure, laid down their lives thus early upon their country's altar, being killed in a skirmish with some of Sturgis' dragoons. The expected general engagement did not take place; the Federals ceased all threatening movements from the Kansas border, and the troops rendezvoused at Lexington, for organization and information, under the command of General Rains, who visited the camp and addressed the soldiers. To this point, also, General Price, laboring under severe and sudden illness, was advancing by slow and easy stages.

After the mask was torn off; after the Governor and his Legislature were fugitives; and when foreign troops were pouring by thousands into the State to find the inhabitants powerless for good or for evil, General Lyon pressed his advantages characteristically. He led a column up the Missouri river in person; another column was sent to the Southwest under General Sigel; Jefferson City was taken

without a blow ; and in a few days he attacked and dispersed a hasty assemblage of undisciplined militia who had congregated at Booneville, illy armed, and without knowing almost why they came to the town.

This affair at Booneville has been unnecessarily magnified, and persistently spoken of as a disaster. After the evacuation of Jefferson City, Governor Jackson took post at this town, merely to breathe a little, and concentrate a respectable escort for his retreat southward. The troops there (some four or five hundred militia) were placed under the command of the then Colonel John S. Marmaduke, who had absolute military control. He advised, from the first, that no battle should be risked, and Governor Jackson positively assured him that no battle should be made. Orders even had been issued for the march to Arkansas, when some indiscreet civilians persuaded the Governor to try the issue with Lyon. Jackson at once, and without consultation with Marmaduke, declared his intention of fighting, and required preparations to be made instantly for action. Marmaduke argued that it would be ruinous, and attended with only one result—that of complete overthrow. Governor Jackson insisted, asked Marmaduke to retain command until the issue was decided, and left the plan and its performance entirely to his subordinate. Somewhere in Pettis county, most probably at Syracuse, General Parsons had concentrated a regiment of militia and four pieces of artillery. These Marmaduke desired to have with him at Booneville, and Governor Jackson ordered General Parsons to march instantly to the threatened point with his men and his cannon. From some cause, the order was not obeyed, and so, with his five hundred illy-armed militia, with but little ammunition, and no artillery, Marmaduke met General Lyon and his two thousand volunteers and regulars, and two six-gun batteries. As Marmaduke predicted, so it happened. Captain William Brown's company fought intelligently and well, but nearly the entire mob outside of this company fled, after three or four discharges from the batteries, leaving Governor Jackson almost without a body-guard, and Colonel Marmaduke without a regiment. Two or three were probably killed, and as

many wounded. The balance escaped without difficulty, and soon joined the army at Cowskin Prairie.

Having neither organization, arms, ammunition, nor anything which constitutes soldiers, save inherent courage, the forces at Lexington were ordered by General Price to march southward, and form a junction, if possible, with Brigadier General Ben. McCulloch, known then to be advancing from the interior of Arkansas toward the Missouri line with a small but well-organized force. Under the immediate command of State Brigadier General James S. Rains, the forces turned their backs upon Lexington in the midst of a terrific rain-storm, and took the first proud step in the direction which linked their destinies ever afterward with the Confederacy.

Anticipating this movement, General Lyon marched from St. Louis upon Springfield, having returned to the former city after the capture of Booneville, and General Sturgis, with a light, compact body of dragoons, came rapidly down from Kansas City, on the west, to intercept the Southern troops at the crossing of the Osage. This last movement was unsuccessful, and Governor Jackson, who had gone southward from Booneville with General Parsons and a small body of troops, and General Price, from Lexington, formed a junction, with evident feelings of relief and pleasure. United, and in high spirits, the army continued its march. Captain Shelby's company, better trained and better disciplined than any other at that time, was constantly in the saddle, doing much severe and unceasing duty. When within a day's march of Carthage, the county seat of Jasper county, Captain Shelby in advance, the approaching forces of General Sigel were discovered, numbering, perhaps, three thousand of all arms, and who had gradually gained the front by advancing on a parallel line and to the right of General Price.

• Preparations for battle were immediately made under the direction of General M. M. Parsons and Colonel R. H. Weightman. The effective infantry were drawn up on either side of Captain Hiram Bledsoe's famous four-gun battery, the cavalry, under General Rains, maneuvered on the flanks, and in the rear, Governor Jackson, with

all the unarmed men, baggage wagons, etc., formed a reserve line—it was the line of spectators.

After the battle opened, a battery belonging to General Parsons' command went into action on the right of Bledsoe, but was soon withdrawn, because of a scarcity of ammunition.

Sigel fired first, Bledsoe replied spiritedly, and for half an hour the artillery duel was hot and bloody. Weightman ordered the infantry to advance rapidly, which was done, and the enemy were engaged at close quarters for a few minutes. General Sigel, hard pressed, and evidently fearful of joining in decisive battle, retreated, throughout the entire day, with eminent ability. Captain Shelby sustained himself well during the contest, and had the honor of receiving the first fire from Sigel's outlying dragoons, when encountered early in the morning. Night and extreme heat put an end to the race, the victory being with the Missourians, for the enemy had been driven twenty miles, their dead and wounded abandoned, and the outlet southward, a most vital question, completely secured. The forces on both sides were nearly equal, and the losses the same. The advantages to the Confederates were great, because they preserved their organization, got acquainted with artillery, felt confidence in themselves and their leaders, and were within hail almost of succor and supplies.

Bledsoe suffered severely. Some of his best men were wounded, among them the Captain himself, Tom. Young, Charley Young, Lieutenant Charley Higgins, and several other brave volunteer Missourians. This was Bledsoe's first fight since the Mexican War, where he had seen some service, and he distinguished himself greatly. The fire from Sigel's guns was accurate, and concentrated principally upon the battery. One gun, commanded by Bledsoe's gallant Lieutenant, Curtis O. Wallace, seemed the especial object of attack, and he and his brother Charley, as brave as the Lieutenant, at one time, in conjunction with Lieutenant Frank Trigg, Lee Bradley, Arthur Brown, and Joe Smith, worked their piece alone. In fact, the courage displayed by the officers and men of this battery had much to do with the steadiness of the raw militia, enduring for the

first time in their lives the galling fire of six pieces of artillery, at cannister range. Supporting Bledsoe's guns was hot work for the infantry, and many were killed and wounded. Among the former was Eldridge Booten, a gallant and devoted soldier.

In the first melee after Sigel's retreat commenced, Captain Kelly's company, from St. Louis, particularly distinguished itself, its gallant leader pressing it forward in pursuit with great rapidity, ably assisted by the daring and lamented Rock Champion.

Halting on Cowskin Prairie after a severe and fatiguing march, the army drilled hard, fasted much, living frequently on so many ears of corn daily issued to the troops—and by every species of rigid and extreme discipline prepared itself for the death-grapple with General Lyon, who had quietly halted at Springfield, gathered up his strength, united with Sturgis and Sigel, and made everything ready with the calm, practiced eye of a soldier and a veteran. While the army labored at Cowskin, Captain Shelby returned rapidly to Lafayette county, intending to recruit and organize a regiment, but Lexington was occupied by a large Federal garrison; Home Guards were in force at every cross-road and village tavern; and there was but little rest to the soldiers, and but small opportunity for recruiting. Captain Shelby, however, with his one hundred splendidly mounted men, having an experienced surgeon, Dr. Russell, with him, in case of accidents, kept the entire country in turmoil and commotion. Between Dover and Lexington, and but four miles from the former, a tributary to the Missouri river, Tabo creek, cuts square across the road with banks forty feet in height. Spanning this deep, treacherous stream was a commodious bridge—high above the highest waters. On the Dover side, Captain Shelby had two large rifle-pits constructed, filled them with riflemen, improvised two wooden cannon, and embargoed this bridge and the road. Lexington arose as one man. Lieutenant Colonel White, the commander, marched out with the entire garrison; two huge mortars were mounted on a steam tug and shelled the *tete du pont* from the river; the infantry came down in solid column to attack in front; the Home Guards concentrated angrily upon the left flank,

and between the cannonade from the boats and the rattle of the assaulting lines in front, Captain Shelby quietly fell back twelve miles to Waverly. Here he made another wooden cannon, and proceeded to interrupt the navigation of the Missouri river. His one hundred men were magnified into two or three thousand. The shadows of the cottonwoods along the bank had much credit for hiding vast and wonderful masked batteries. So one fine day the steamer *Sunshine* came gayly along, relying upon her bright name perhaps to make light about these dark places. She was brought to by twenty men and duly inspected by Captain Shelby. One hundred army wagons, going to General Canby at Leavenworth, and fifteen hundred sacks of flour were taken ashore. Nothing else was disturbed. Shelby ever had high regard for steamboatmen and steamboat property, and never during his entire career would he permit an unarmed boat to be destroyed. Some grand jurors were on another boat when arrested by Shelby's wary riflemen, and they were greatly exercised. Their consciences were guilty, for they were returning from St. Louis where they had been to vote away Southern men's property and take freely from their neighbors' goods and chattels whatever might be coveted. Colonel Casper Gruber of the Federal army, was on board with them, and he was the best of the lot. Shelby, for Gruber's sake, released the jurors after making a declaration which had rather more logic than law in it. After stirring up "great drouble mit the Federals" for two weeks and more, he galloped away again to rejoin the Confederate army advancing upon Oak Hills. It was a week before they believed him gone, and actually pursued for days an imaginary shape and an imaginary squadron.

General McCulloch broke camp in the Cherokee Nation late in July, and marched directly on Springfield, where General Lyon lay seemingly inactive and awaiting attack. Simultaneously with the movement of the Arkansas forces, General Price also put his column in motion upon the same point and by different roads. Co-operating at Cassville, and being engaged in several insignificant affairs beyond with Lyon's forces who had marched southward to

find McCulloch, but had returned on meeting him, the two armies finally bivouacked on Wilson's creek, twelve miles from Springfield and the enemy. Waiting for the issuance of ammunition, rations, and the preparations for a decisive battle consumed several days, during which an unusual quietude prevailed, and skirmishing occurred only at rare intervals. Finally, it was resolved to march at dark on the night of the 9th of August, surprise General Lyon, if possible, and, in any event, to attack him at daylight. The troops were drawn up, the order of march published, and the pickets called in preparatory to advancing in line of battle. Before morning, however, an ominous cloud, with occasional flurries of rain, delayed the march, as it was deemed best not to expose the soldiers, on the eve of an important engagement, to the risk of wet and damaged ammunition, there being but few cartridge-boxes in the entire army, and so the men lay upon their arms, momentarily expecting the order to advance. The outlying pickets and videttes were not thrown forward, by some inadvertency, again during the night, and between daylight and sunrise the next morning, while many were still asleep, General Lyon's entire army had surprised General McCulloch, taken position, and was advancing directly upon the unprepared and unprotected encampment. Indeed, so complete were the maneuvers of the enemy, that General Sigel actually gained the rear of the Confederates, took a strong position and completely commanded the only road available for retreat and for communication southward.

Unacquainted, and therefore undeterred by the imminent danger, and only knowing it was victory, or defeat and almost annihilation, the Confederates formed rapidly and without confusion. Missourians, Arkansans, and Lousianians rushed side by side to the front, and engaged General Lyon's army at close quarters and with distinguished bravery. For six hours the battle raged furiously, and though the slaughter was great, neither army had gained sufficient advantage to confide in victory. Weightman, at the head of his brigade, led them up to the charge with a recklessness which cost him his life, and he fell pierced by three bullets and mortally

wounded. The carnage on this bloody hill was dreadful. Regiments and brigades, without seemingly having any leaders or organization, yet marched up to it to be cut down, to be repulsed, yet straight and determined they returned again and again to its assault. Shot-guns, rifles, horse-pistols, revolvers, deringers even, were flashing incessantly upon the Federals, so near together had the lines advanced. Lyon died like the hero he was. The first shot seemed, however, to stagger him and to effect his mind, for he was seen to swerve backward from the front after receiving it and hesitate for some time, a portion of his men meanwhile fighting desperately, but by far the largest portion falling away from the flanks beyond range. It was truly the privates' battle. General McBride's division of southeast Missourians, bore the brunt of the fight, and saved the day undoubtedly. The men of this division, barefooted, hungry, ragged, wretchedly armed, yet seemed devoid of fear and eager for the hottest place in the conflict. Entire companies, without one single gun of any kind among them, marched boldly to the front, stood to be shot at until the Federal lines were driven back, that they might, in this manner, obtain muskets. History furnishes but few examples of such heroic fortitude; American history not one before.

Near to Lyon, as he lay dead, was a young St. Louisan, Captain Cary Gratz—pale and cold and silent now, as that leader whom he had followed so well. He had joined a Federal regiment at the beginning of the war, and was a brave and accomplished soldier. In the terrible, murderous onset which Lyon had just ordered before being stricken down, Captain Gratz was far to the front, fighting splendidly and well. The huge hot wave came onward and roared and tossed its vicious crest, red with great blood-splashes, high upon the bold, bad hill. Down went Weightman, and Slack, and Hurst, and Gordon, and two hundred other brave Confederates. The baffled tide relaxed the tension of its grim embrace at last, and the ebb came speedily. Borne not backward from the wreck, the dead Captain lay near his leader. In life he had been tender and true; that life was given to his country, as men ever give who are chivalrous and devoted. Sigel's battery and infantry supports, on the Cassville

road, were charged by the 3d Louisiana, the cannon taken, and the infantry routed and almost destroyed. Then the entire Confederate line pressed furiously upon the enemy. Bledsoe and Woodruff opened with the cannister taken from Sigel at half range; the shot-guns and rifles in the hands of the Missourians told fearfully; and General Lyon, being killed on the field while heading his men for a final charge, the whole Federal army broke into rapid retreat, and pressed on throughout the night in the direction of Rolla, abandoning their dead commander and all their killed and wounded. Pursuit was not attempted by the victors, on account of the scarcity of ammunition, and not until two days after were the dead all buried, the wounded cared for, and Springfield occupied by the entire army of Price. The action had been unusually bloody, the Federals suffering most, and the extreme heat making many slight wounds unavoidably fatal. The Confederates also lost many valuable officers, one of the noblest and the best being Colonel Richard Hanson Weightman—the hero of Carthage, the idol of his command, the peerless soldier, the chivalrous gentleman, and the costliest victim the South had yet offered upon the altar of her sacrifices. Amid the low growls of the subsiding battle, amid the slain of his heroic brigade, who had followed him three times to the crest of “Bloody Hill,” and just as the shrill, impatient cheers of his victorious comrades rang out wildly on the battle-breeze, Weightman’s devoted spirit passed away from earth, followed by the tears and heartfelt sorrow of the entire army.

Perhaps no battle ever gained by the Confederates has been so universally distorted and claimed as a Federal victory. McCulloch’s forces were never driven from the field, as has been asserted, nor were tents and baggage-wagons destroyed by the Missourians in their ascribed flight and panic. The Federals were probably outnumbered three or four thousand, yet half of Price’s men were without guns, and many of them went into the battle side by side with their more fortunate comrades, that weapons might be gathered from the field after the conflict began. McCulloch was completely surprised, and his advantage in numbers more than neutralized by the confusion

and terror such maneuvers almost always inspire. Sigel did not fight, however, and the 3d Louisiana swept him away from the rear almost without a struggle, took his battery, and scattered his German mercenaries. This naturally encouraged one side and depressed the other. The Confederates, too, fought desperately, giving up blood and lives without a murmur, and often with shouts and cries of joy. Many noble and heroic men lay at night upon the torn and trampled field. Those were royal victims, too, and the list contained such names as Weightman, Colonel Ben. Brown, of Ray, Colonel Austin, of Carroll, and that noble old Roman, Colonel Allen, of Saline, who went into the fight calmly, with a presentiment of his own death vivid in his mind. Arkansas had many heroes to fall this bloody day also, and Louisiana was lavish of her best and bravest.

With the army under Price were three St. Louisans—Captain Isaac Fulkerson, and Messrs. Purdeyville and Harris. They were amateur fighters, and joined for a battle simply; but before either of them had performed his morning drill, some of Sigel's men surrounded, unawares, the tent of Major Armistead, of the Arkansas army, with whom they were messing, and without a word, opened fire on the sleeping inmates. Major Armistead was killed instantly, but the others, led by the daring Fulkerson, fired rapidly, and retreated as best they could, and finally escaped, Captain Fulkerson receiving an ugly wound in the hand. In after days he paid them back again, and commanded the *Van Dorn*, in Jeff Thompson's brilliant and desperate gunboat battle above Fort Pillow, sinking, with his one boat, under a terrific and concentrated fire, two of the enemy's vessels.

This circumstance is mentioned to prove the completeness of the surprise, and how noiselessly and secretly the Federals gained the encampments, and commenced bloody work upon the occupants. After the death of Lyon, retreat was the only salvation for the remnant of his army, and Major Sturgis, then in command, certainly deserves much credit for the masterly manner in which it was conducted. Pursuit was not attempted, because of a scarcity of ammunition *alone*, for the cavalry was intact, and many infantry

regiments in perfect order and discipline. General McCulloch, in an article published in the *Richmond (Va.) Whig*, in a reply to an attack made upon him by J. W. Tucker, of the *Missouri State Journal*, said: "Immediately after the battle was over, and, in truth, before all my forces had returned from the pursuit of the enemy, orders were issued for the wounded to be brought from the battle-field, the dead to be buried, and the army to be ready to march after the enemy that night. We did not march for the want of ammunition. Several of my officers informed me—when they heard of the order—that some of their men had fired their last cartridge at the enemy, as we had only twenty-five rounds to the man before the battle began, and no more within hundreds of miles. After a conference with General Price, it was thought best to let well enough alone."

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL PRICE moved up to Springfield from Wilson's creek, and commenced reorganizing his army, recruiting, furloughing, and drilling. General McCulloch, refusing to co-operate with the Missourians in a movement northward, assigning as reasons therefor his orders from Richmond, which insisted on a defensive policy, withdrew his forces outside the State, and thereby weakened, to a considerable degree, the military enthusiasm awakened by the victory of Oak Hills. United counsels and a cordial commingling of State banners at this critical period, would certainly have secured Missouri to the Confederacy, and prevented that fatal division among the people which, later, lost the State, and forced Price across the Mississippi river.

Thus far the fighting had all been in favor of the Southerners, and, in a military aspect, affairs were hopeful and in a most prosperous condition. Lieutenant Colonel William S. O'Kane, commanding a battalion of Missourians, had attacked, charged, and captured a large detachment of German Home Guards, at Cole Camp, near Warsaw, Benton county, and the blow dealt them was brief, bloody, and terribly in earnest. It had a wonderful effect, too, upon that portion of the State for a long time afterward—even when O'Kane and his gallant followers had been transferred to other fields of usefulness.

This Cole Camp battle had a greater effect upon the prolongation of the struggle in Missouri, and did more to secure the success of future operations in the State, than would seem probable from casual attention. Colonel Cook, in constant and direct communication with General Lyon, commanded thirteen hundred and ninety German militia, well armed and passably drilled. When the forces under Governor Jackson retreated southward from Booneville, and the force

under General Parsons southward from Syracuse, Colonel Cook threw his men in their front, and vitally threatened their organization and even existence. At Warsaw, Colonel O'Kane had hastily assembled about four hundred undisciplined volunteers, unfolded his plans, and suggested to them the necessity of attacking Colonel Cook in the rear, and forcing him to abandon the grasp he held upon Jackson's line of march. With a resolution worthy of the old, imperial Roman days, this little band, at daylight on the morning of the 18th of June, precipitated itself upon Cook's command, routed it after an hour of desperate fighting, killed eighty, wounded one hundred and twenty, and captured ninety-three prisoners, losing only nine men killed and three wounded—five of the nine killed being officers. This severe blow checked and staggered Lyon's entire army pressing closely after Governor Jackson, and finally caused it to halt until, by cautious and timid scouting, General Lyon learned, to his chagrin, that the forces in front of him had been scarcely four hundred rank and file.

About the time of the battle of Oak Hills, General Hardee was operating in Southeast Missouri with about thirty-five hundred men, his depot of supplies being at Pocahontas, a little village situated at the head of navigation upon Black River. Here all the available Arkansas troops had been concentrated, amounting to some five or six thousand men. This force was effective in scarcely any degree, because of the scarcity of its arms and equipments, and because a disease called "black measles" raged among the ranks of the volunteers in the shape of an epidemic, and almost decimated them. As long as General Hardee remained at Pocahontas his supplies were sure, but to do work he must advance over a wretchedly broken country, destitute almost entirely of provisions, by Greenville and Fredericktown, upon Iron-ton, and thus along the Iron Mountain railroad toward St. Louis. He did advance as far as Greenville and made some demonstrations upon Iron-ton, a place of great natural strength, partially fortified, and garrisoned by several regiments. Hardee's idea was rather to advance by Fredericktown toward New Madrid, and effect a junction with General Pillow, then at the former place with seven or

eight thousand well armed and accoutered soldiers—the best indeed of any of the Western Confederate commands. Had there been any concert of action between Hardee and Pillow, the latter could easily have reached Fredericktown from New Madrid—quite as easily as Hardee could from Pocahontas. These forces joined by the eager Missourians, and some two thousand of the State Guard under General Jeff. Thompson, would have been sufficient to take Ironton, and, uniting with Price, whose soldiers were flushed by a recent bloody and brilliant victory, marched squarely and fixedly upon St. Louis with every probability of success, defeating its garrison if it marched out, and investing the city until the State had risen and her volunteers were organized. General Hardee, in credit be it spoken, was extremely desirous that such a campaign should be made, and so, also, was General Price, but the Richmond authorities deemed Kentucky and Columbus more important than St. Louis and Missouri; General Pillow's forces were recalled from New Madrid; Hardee returned to Pocahontas, and was very soon afterward ordered, with the most of his forces, to Bowling Green, Kentucky, then the point of concentration for General Albert Sidney Johnston's army.

While General Price remained in Springfield, gathering supplies, and placing his army upon a war footing, Captain Shelby was again ordered to the Missouri river with instructions to "recruit and annoy the enemy in every possible manner, and to keep alive the spirit of resistance by constant and unceasing efforts." Victorious in various severe skirmishes, at Dover, at Tabo creek, and at Salt fork, a united movement was made by several Federal commanders to drive him from Lafayette county, conspicuous among whom was Lieutenant Colonel White, senior officer of the Lexington garrison. Baffling all operations inaugurated for his destruction, Captain Shelby thus early gave assurances of those wonderful attributes of genius, intrepidity and activity, which were so eminently displayed during a later period of the struggle. Constantly in the saddle, attacking at strange and sudden hours, now cutting off the pickets and again capturing unwary foragers—his

movements defied calculation, and engendered the greatest fear and hatred—for then the virtues of a manly foe were scarcely appreciated. While thus operating in Lafayette, he received from Lexington, Kentucky, the gratifying assurances that a little ruse he had fixed up in St. Louis before the Camp Jackson affair, had been successful. Captain John H. Morgan, afterward the celebrated raider-general, had a fine company in his native city of Lexington, but found it almost impossible to supply his men with musket-caps. Captain Morgan applied to Captain Shelby for help in the matter. Shelby was equal to the emergency. Enough strong, meek-looking flower-pots were obtained to hold a hundred thousand bright, new hat-caps—the very things for the Kentucky “rebels,” and by and with the assistance of one of St. Louis’ well-known gun-dealers, whose name shall be suppressed until the confiscation question is settled—these caps were carefully packed, then earth placed over them, then roses, and lilacs, and dahlias, and dandelions, and what not were planted in all the pots. These were shipped to Captain Morgan and speedily received by him. General Duke tells elegantly and well how Morgan used them. Morgan and Shelby had been associates from boyhood and were devoted friends. Kentucky has many peerless names upon the pages of her history, and she has had giants, too, whose blows came up from the arena of life heavy and hard as those struck by Horatius and Spurius Lartius before “the bridge went down;” but the brightest one in all her annals will be the one upon the unspotted surface of which is written the name of JOHN H. MORGAN. Around the grave of the dead hero, the South has not yet gathered to weep. She is no mourner now. Not until the story of his brave, fond life has been told; not until pride has had its say; not until history scatters there the thickly-gathered laurel leaves; not until poesy decorates her buried love with rare, sweet, lingering melodies, will affection, with a wealth of wild tears in its eyes, stand pale on the marge of his grave and rear thereon its monument. Shelby’s renown belongs to Missouri, yet Lexington should feel honored evermore that from her good

old shades were launched forth upon the military firmament two comets of such intense brilliancy.

General Price moved from Springfield, and moved suddenly. Lexington was the objective point, now heavily garrisoned by a brigade of Irishmen, a regiment of Illinois' cavalry, and several regiments of Missouri State militia. His advance encountered a large body of Kansas jayhawkers, near Dry Wood creek, across the Missouri line, and after routing them with some loss, pushed on to Lexington, and drove in the outlying grand guards of Colonel Mulligan. Captain Shelby moved up from Dover, burned Tabo bridge by order, which was an unfortunate and unreasonable movement, entailing much suffering upon the county, and invested Lexington from the east. The city and its defenses were doomed. A large succoring detachment from Kansas City was met at Blue Mills Landing by Colonel J. H. R. Cundiff, of St. Joseph, and completely cut to pieces, thus destroying all hope of outside aid or relief. A week of constant perseverance on the part of the besiegers, and honorable endurance on the part of the besieged, culminated in an unconditional surrender of the Federal forces with all their arms and munitions of war. Captain Shelby was distinguished for his untiring energy and intelligence during the investment, and furnished General Price valuable information in regard to the movements of various detachments marching to the relief of Lexington, and also in watching and guarding the neighboring ferries on the Missouri river. The fruits of the Lexington victory were carefully garnered, and the improved arms received by the troops with evident marks of intense gratification, while the army waited for recruits and supplies upon the scene of its triumph.

At no period, perhaps, before or since, in his military career, did General Price display as much vigor and reliance upon the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and that attraction of dignity and presence which wins so rapidly upon the young volunteers when coupled with kindness and laxity of military discipline. The success at Lexington had been great, yet the men gathered there were a mob, and

came and went almost as they pleased. To a large extent, General Price was not responsible for this. From the failure to capture the St. Louis Arsenal, he had no arms to give them, and the war was too young, and the personal consequences too remote for the masses to organize, drill, and discipline themselves preparatory to receiving guns at a future time. When forced to retreat southward from Lexington, his thirty thousand followers fell away so fast that, when he reached the Osage, General Price had scarcely eight thousand effective soldiers.

The victory at Lexington was a substantial one, too, and gained at a saving of life truly marvelous. Colonel Thomas Hinkle, of Wellington, claimed the hemp-bale idea, and whoever originated it certainly had a clear, mathematical head. Behind those impenetrable, moving walls, the doomed garrison saw itself girt about by slowly-contracting barriers, until, unable to reach its assailants, discretion was deemed the better part of valor, and Colonel Mulligan surrendered.

The Farmers' Bank, at Lexington, previous to General Price's arrival, had been robbed by the Federals of over one million dollars in notes of its own issue and specie. With the exception of some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars that fell into the hands of an enterprising and reticent thief, the entire amount was restored to the bank unconditionally. Fortunately for the stockholders and depositors, the Federal commander had no opportunity to remove his spoils, and having no reservation in the matter of their retention after the surrender, cheerfully gave back the notes and the gold. In the restitution of this property, clearly and justly belonging to the conquerors, General Price was actuated by feelings of pure generosity. Most of the officers of this bank were Southern men, so also were a majority of its directors, and having his mind made up from the first, General Price yet listened to the solicitations of General William Shields, Mr. Robert Aull, Mr. William Limerick, and others, urging a restoration of the money. It had a most happy effect upon the people, and made for General Price additional personal friends.

The incidents growing out of the siege of Lexington were few in

number, and altogether commonplace. No brilliant fighting was necessary, and none was, therefore, attempted. In the re-capture of Colonel Oliver Anderson's dwelling-house, a large brick structure near the Masonic College, which had been wrested from the Missourians by a hot charge of an Irish battalion, Lieutenant Green Ball greatly distinguished himself. He led his men three times against the stout fort, taking it, at last, with a rush and a great hurrah. Captain Churchill Clark exhibited here fine fighting qualities, and his own battery and that of Bledsoe were remarked for the great precision and fatality of their fire. Indeed, it was a battle of sharpshooters—a regular Donnybrook fair of a thing. Wherever a head was seen, the skirmishers shot at it. Soldiers carried rations for the day, and from behind every available obstruction poured a merciless and continued fusilade upon the suffering garrison.

During the march from Springfield, and the necessary time consumed before and after the battle, General Fremont had concentrated a formidable army at St. Louis, and threatened General Price's communication with General McCulloch, rendered vital from the fact of drawing all munitions of war and disciplined reinforcements therefrom. The non co-operative policy under which McCulloch acted was now plainly seen in all of its unfortunate bearings. Price's army, in the center of the State, swelled largely by enthusiastic volunteers, and flushed with victory, would have been formidable, aided by the regulars under McCulloch, but isolated, and five hundred miles from support, it could not hope to successfully encounter Fremont's splendid legions. A retreat was ordered southward from Lexington, and a race began between Price and Fremont, the former to secure his base, the latter to gain the rear of his antagonist. Captain Shelby led the van of the army, and, by his activity and energy, kept General Price duly informed of all movements of the enemy necessary to be known.

Price halted at Pineville, to give battle alone. Fremont was relieved, and Hunter appointed in his stead, who entered Springfield, and threw forward a strong advance to Wilson's creek, all of which was preceded by a reckless charge of General Fremont's body-guard

into the town, then held by a small Confederate garrison. The charge was repulsed, and the escort left half its number dead or wounded upon the field. Hunter, without apparent reason, and not menaced by the enemy, suddenly evacuated Springfield, and retreated rapidly upon St. Louis, leaving all Southwest Missouri open to the operations of the Confederates. General Price leisurely moved up and occupied Springfield. The Missouri Legislature met at Neosho, formally passed an ordinance of Secession, and declared the State's intention to join its fortunes irrevocably with the Southern Confederacy.

General Price marched from Springfield late in the Autumn, and took post on Sac river, where his army was thoroughly reorganized; a proclamation issued calling for fifty thousand men, and recruiting officers sent everywhere throughout the State to enlist soldiers. Captain Shelby again returned to the Missouri river, and brought to aid his efforts against the invaders of his country, a determination hardened by exposure, and a genius expanded by unceasing exercise.

The rigors of an early winter forced Price to abandon his position on Sac river, and retire upon Springfield, where his supplies had been concentrated, and where his troops could obtain shelter and hospital arrangements. The long, cold months were spent in such snatches of drill as the weather permitted, and in organizing from the State troops Confederate regiments and brigades. Slowly and surely the Federals had been concentrating a large army at Rolla, the terminus of the southwest branch of the Pacific railroad, which was viewed with uneasiness, if not alarm, by General Price. General Curtis commanded it, ably assisted by the old antagonist of Carthage and Oak Hills, General Sigel. Early in March, and while the weather was still intensely cold, Curtis precipitated himself against Springfield, his advance pressing boldly upon the Confederate cavalry covering the town. Unable, perhaps—and certainly unwilling to fight—General Price retreated rapidly toward Arkansas, abandoning many valuable supplies to the enemy. Heavy skirmishing commenced with the rear and advance until General Price

took position at Cross Hollows, in Arkansas, a natural barrier of much strength.

During the occupation of the line of Sac river, recruiting officers were busy in the interior of Missouri. Lexington, from its central position, became at once the point of concentration. Two companies were formed there within a week after Price's proclamation had been issued. Captain Joe. Moreland, the debonair, dashing, devil-may-care soldier—inimitable and fascinating as Crichton—commanded one, seconded by such gay and splendid fellows as Lieutenants Yandell Blackwell, Geo. Venable, Charley Anderson, and privates Jerry Bair, Paul Baker, Johnny Arnold, Dan. Veitch, Dick Jaynes, Joel Whitehurst, Tom Thompson, Wm. Hamlet, Wm. Shepherd, Zeke Newman, John Ball, Hunter Jenkins, Chas. Stewart, Bal and Jim Crump, Paul and Pigott Reinhard, Joe Wilson, and twenty others. Captain John P. Bowman commanded the other company, filled with some of the best men in Missouri. Lieutenant Will McCausland was his second in command, and finally went up to Captain. Wellington sent her companies, too; Carroll hers; and from every direction recruits were pouring in. Missouri was thoroughly aroused now, and eager to send her sons forth to battle. General Price, duly informed of the progress made by his recruiting officers, sent a large cavalry detachment, under Colonel Clarkson, to bring the volunteers safely to his lines. The Federals were well posted also, and General B. M. Prentiss, at the head of four thousand infantry, approached Lexington from the west, and shelled the helpless town for an hour and more. Fortunately no one was injured, and after some harmless skirmishing he retired in the direction of Carrollton.

Colonel Merrill, leading his celebrated White Horse Cavalry, came up to Waverly to engage Shelby, and see what might be effected there. Camping for the night near the residence of Mr. De Moss, just below the town, Merrill bivouacked in line of battle, wary and determined. Ascertaining his exact position, and having in his possession one of the mortars captured at Lexington, with probably two dozen bombs, Captain Shelby concluded to improvise a small display of fireworks for Colonel Merrill's amusement. The

mortar had no bed, but that mattered little. An ox-cart was procured, men were harnessed to it, the mortar was lifted in, and, merrily and saucily under the midnight stars, Shelby led his one hundred men to attack one thousand. Dick Collins was the battery captain, and he had for assistants, or artillerists, Steve Fell, Jim Rudd, Will Fell, Jim Evans, and four or five others. Approaching to within good shelling distance, Collins opened fiercely, and the shells went screaming and exploding all about Merrill's camp. Bugles rang out instantly the alarm, the White Horsemen scampered back in haste beyond range and waited wearily in their saddles for the dawn. They came on then cautiously, for the artillery had confused them wonderfully. Merrill's calculations had not been made to embrace cannon. Unfortunately, while firing the seventh shell, it exploded in the gun, and mortar and ox-cart went up together, so Shelby fought Merrill stubbornly into Waverly, and through the streets and from behind houses. Merrill bargained for no such opposition, and, after remaining in the town for a few moments only, hastened back toward Sedalia, leaving Captain Shelby master of the situation. The volunteers at Lexington, though menaced by that same column under Pope which captured Magoffin's detachment at Blackwater, made good their junction with Price by tremendous and exhausting marches.

The cavalry covered General Price's retreat from Springfield to Cross Hollows with great credit. Colonel Bill Martin, commanding a splendid regiment of young volunteers, made some desperate fights. At Sugar creek he charged the leading Federal regiment so fiercely that he staggered the entire pursuing division and checked its dash for hours. Disabled by wounds, Colonel Martin was forced afterward to leave the service, but not until Pea Ridge gave him an opportunity to cover himself with unfading laurels. Colonel Gates and Si Gordon also did excellent work in the rear from Wilson's creek to Bentonville. By a rapid gallop of great danger and suffering, Captain Shelby joined the army here, and continued with it on the retreat to Boston mountains, where General McCulloch was concentrating his army, slowly and at a late hour. Curtis

halted at Fayetteville and finally withdrew to the battle-field of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, to await developments.

General Earl Van Dorn, sent by the Confederate President to assume command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, was at Jacksonport, Arkansas, when informed of Price's retreat, and immediately hurried to the front to take command in person, before the approaching battle. The thunder of artillery announced his arrival, and the rapid preparations for the conflict announced his decision. In the midst of a severe snow-storm, on the 4th of March, 1862, the army, under General Van Dorn, marched northward to engage the enemy. Sigel was surprised and almost captured at Bentonville, but cutting through the thin line of cavalry opposed between his command and Curtis, joined the latter in good time for the morrow's fight. Captain Shelby was hotly engaged during the day, and followed Sigel's flying column almost within sight of Curtis' position.

General Van Dorn divided his army into two divisions. The Missourians, under Price, attacked Curtis at daylight on the 7th, and McCulloch gained the rear and found Sigel in position in a dense wood of low, bushy timber. These dispositions were unfortunate, and embracing an extensive field of operations, lost much of that unity and compactness so essentially necessary in the operations of small armies, and deprived the division separated from the commander of much of his personal supervision and direction.

The battle opened auspiciously for the Confederates. Curtis gave way before the impetuous attacks of the Missourians, and abandoned his position, his camp, and his wounded to the enemy, who slept that night upon the ground thus gained, eagerly waiting for daylight to renew the successful fight. In the rear these advantages were materially neutralized. McCulloch advanced against Sigel with his usual gallantry; a six-gun battery was charged and taken by a dashing attack from Colonel Stone's Texas regiment, and the Confederates were gaining ground rapidly, when McCulloch fell dead at the head of his troops, a bullet through his dauntless breast. The fiery and impatient McIntosh took his place, and led his soldiers once more to the attack, when he, too, fell

mortally wounded, and died almost immediately. The sudden fall of these two popular leaders, had the usual effect upon the soldiers, and they became demoralized and indifferent. The Indians, too, who had been operating with the rear division, were wholly unfit for any warfare on earth, except massacre and plunder, and scattered beyond all concentration, after a dozen discharges from Sigel's battery. Thus, the darkness which closed in upon Price's victorious soldiers, hid also a disaster and a repulse of McCulloch's wing. Sigel was well informed of all these facts, and finding no enemy in his front, and knowing, perhaps, the extent of the loss inflicted upon his antagonists, moved up during the night and joined Curtis. General Van Dorn learned, with sorrow and dismay, that the attack under McCulloch had signally failed, and that his forces were so beyond concentration, as to forbid all idea of joining them to Price's column in time for the battle of the second day. Retreat was resolved upon that night, but only the commanders knew the extent of disaster, and the next morning Price moved against the enemy at daylight, to cover the withdrawal of McCulloch's forces first. Here Captain Shelby particularly distinguished himself. Exposed to a heavy fire, he maneuvered with admirable precision, and by a rapid attack upon the head of a cavalry regiment, succeeded in preventing the cutting off and capture of one of Price's infantry battalions which had remained, without orders, long after the army withdrew. The enemy pursued slowly, evidently ignorant of Van Dorn's movements. Captain Shelby held the extreme rear, and turned suddenly during the day to drive back frequent dashes of the Federal cavalry. Everything was withdrawn with perfect ease. The battle was justly considered a Federal victory, because they held the field and gained possession of the dead and wounded, yet the Federal loss was greater in men and material. General Van Dorn, in dividing his command, left much to chance which could have been overcome by his direct and personal attention. He surrounded Curtis, and left him no alternative but to cut through or surrender at discretion, and the army which enveloped him was less by five thousand than his own. The

Indians were a great source of weakness, and the innumerable mounted men on the Bentonville road, not only did not take any part in the fight, but served as a damaging nucleus for all stragglers and camp followers.

The retreat from the bloody field of Pea Ridge to Van Buren was severe, and hunger added its terrors to the misery of the march. The mountain streams, swollen by incessant rains and the sudden melting of the snows, were forded by the ragged soldiers in the bitter, freezing weather, and the oozing blood from the still running wounds of many a poor hero congealed in icicles as it fell.

Throughout all the dreary march, Captain Shelby maintained the high discipline of his company, and from the rear brought up every straggler and broken artillery conveyance. The drooping and repulsed army halted at Van Buren. Curtis, terribly punished, did not advance from his battle-field, but contented himself with writing flaming dispatches to St. Louis, and assuming all the honor justly won by Sigel. Indeed, so hard pressed was Curtis the first day, that a consultation was held with his officers considering the plan of surrender, and but for the resolute firmness of Sigel, the deaths of McCulloch and McIntosh, and the demoralization of their forces, the disgraceful alternative would have been chosen.

Many brave and rising officers were killed upon the Confederate side, and Missouri offered up some of her most devoted children. General Slack, of Chillicothe, wounded badly at Oak Hills, received a bullet directly upon the scar of his old wound, and fell mortally shot, leading his gallant brigade upon the enemy. Colonel John S. Boyd, of Platte county, Colonel Ben Rives, of Ray, and Major Hart, of Platte, after winning immortal names, and fighting manfully and well, were left dead upon the field of honor. The boy-hero, Churchill Clarke, of St. Louis, commanding a battery with distinguished bravery, was killed almost when the battle was over, down among his guns, cheering on his men, and stimulating them to deeds of desperate daring. General Price also received a severe

wound in the arm, but retained command of his troops, and led them from the field in safety. The dead were buried by the Federals, and the wounded cared for in their hospitals. Exposure and fatigue killed many afterward, and the mortality at Van Buren was heavy. Lafayette county mourned one of her best officers—Colonel John P. Bowman—whose pride and steady courage forced him into battle, when his frame was so exhausted by sickness that he could with difficulty ride at the head of his troops, and Judge Tarleton, an old, gray-haired veteran of sixty, escaped the dangers of the conflict only to die, with hundreds of his comrades, in the gloom of a hospital.

The brave and devoted Major Ward, of Lamar, received his death-wound, and his gallant young son James, although shot in the ankle, at Cassville, on the retreat, yet went again into the fight with his father, and was wounded severely the second time in the leg. Another son of this noble old veteran, Ed. Ward, was struck down by his side with a painful wound, and the father and his two boy-heroes were borne from the field—the one to die, and the others to strike, afterward, hard and heavy blows for the Confederacy.

Captain Bledsoe, handling his battery with his accustomed daring was wounded again badly, with many of his battle-trying company. Colonels Burbridge, Martin, Gates, Slayback, Macdonald, General Rains, his Adjutant, Colonel McLean, his aid-de-camp, Colonel Rathbun, and thousands of other officers and men, displayed courage worthy of a better fate, and only abandoned the field when the fighting became useless and hopeless.

CHAPTER IV.

SHILOH's bloody sunset embers had not faded from the southern sky when an appeal came to the army near Van Buren asking for help at Corinth. The veterans of Oak Hills and Pea Ridge heard it and hastened on to Des Arc to embark for Memphis. General Price was commissioned a Major General in the Confederate army, and requested his soldiers to follow him across the river. The cavalry were all dismounted, and Captain Shelby giving up his horses with alacrity, commenced the same day the infantry drill, and when the hour for embarkation came, led his company to a man upon the boat.

The golden, pleasant Memphis days passed like a dream, and from the joys and excitements of the city, Captain Shelby marched to the stern realities of the bivouac and trench. Halleck, with his one hundred thousand men, and his one hundred thousand spades and shovels, was besieging Corinth. Every day brought some hot skirmish which would occasionally break into a regular battle, and Farmington came, soon after his arrival, in which General Marmaduke won a victory and a bright chaplet of renown.

General Van Dorn's Missourians were on the extreme right of the Confederate lines, and Captain Shelby's company did incessant outpost duty on the extreme right of the Missourians. Many dark and silent struggles occurred in the pines that hid the skirmishers of the two armies with almost darkness, and very often the hot red waves of battle flowed so fiercely that even the eternal solitude of the great forest could not destroy the shouts and cries and groans of agony.

General Pope came gayly down to measure swords with Beauregard, and a fierce fight was in progress when Van Dorn was ordered to march rapidly to the front. Shelby's company, deployed

on the right flank as skirmishers, struck Pope's rear as he ran from Bragg's heavy blows, and shouting that the game was afoot, bore down merrily upon the tried Federals, followed by Van Dorn's impatient soldiers. For twelve miles the race was excitingly continued, and Pope's column was saved from destruction only by the interposition of night and a deep morass. From the damp and mire of the ditches around Corinth, Captain Shelby was ordered to take post on the Tuscumbia river, at an important bridge twelve miles from the Confederate lines, and to watch his trust as a young knight watches his armor. The entire country here was one vast swamp, filled with enormous reptiles, which fattened and grew upon the deadly miasma arising from ten thousand dank lagoons and stagnant bayous. For two long weeks watch and ward was kept upon the bridge, but no enemy came, and the boom of heavy guns floated more sullenly upon the winds from Corinth, and the untiring Federal cavalry were busy with other railroads and other bridges, but they avoided this one as if it were heaven-guarded.

Halleck dug and dug, and pushed his immense army forward slowly and painfully as a wounded snake. Steel met steel—gun answered gun in the pines around Hamburg, and the glitter of bright bayonets, away over to the left, told a busy story of Bragg's adventure and unceasing activity.

But an enemy invaded the heart of Beauregard's camp more terrible, more deadly than Halleck's vast host if it had been doubled—it was the soldier's enemy, disease. The sultry sun, the putrid water, the unwholesome food, the low, swampy country, the unceasing duty, the long eternal battle, sapped the *elan* of the young volunteers, and filled the hospitals and the grave-yards with the best blood of the South. Train after train carried the miserable sufferers southward, but train after train was still in demand, and the epidemic increased and the mortality was fearful.

One hot, weary afternoon, Captain Shelby received orders to call in all his outlying detachments, prepare three days' rations, and march directly on Corinth. A battle was deemed inevitable, for latterly the skirmishes had been unusually severe, and ever and

anon the hoarse voices of the heavy Parrotts could be heard loud above the noisy and more rapid discharges of the field artillery.

Corinth was reached at nightfall, and the weary company slept upon its arms just northward from the town, the sentinels halting in their mechanical beats long enough to catch the echoes of Halleck's distant signal guns, and to watch the outpost cavalry rockets going up among the clouds to break in thousand brighter stars than those so high and so real they could not reach.

Before daylight the next morning, a vast, compact column—sixteen deep—came from Bragg's line on the left and marched away in silence toward Tupuelo—followed by artillery, wagons, cavalry.—and a sickly train of pale faces and emaciated bodies. It was Beauregard evacuating Corinth before the pestilence, but not from fear of Halleck. The living tide surged past all the long hot day, and every step was proud, and every gun glistened brightly in the sunlight. A deathlike silence pervaded the deserted streets; the usual cannonading on the left had ceased; Van Dorn's stubborn pickets no longer plied their vengeful rifles, and the prowling cavalry hushed the clank of sabers and the shrill neighing of their lonesome steeds. The last company in the last regiment who left the grave-girdled town, Captain Shelby marched in skirmishing order, with loaded guns and bayonets fixed. That night he bivouacked seven miles from Corinth, the sentinel of Van Dorn's corps—the only thin line of wakeful and vigilant sentinels between the enemy and the sleeping army.

It was a bright southern night, with a sky all stars and the earth all bloom, that the retreating army halted in its march from Corinth. Upon a large hill two miles in rear of Van Dorn's command, a hoary grave-yard stretched away, white in the moonlight, and the mourning aspens and the lonesome monuments stood like silent, tearless mourners against the dewy sky. Captain Shelby was ordered to take post in the solitude of this burial place, and watch the road with his accustomed fidelity. It was a strange and weird sight to see the grim, careless soldiers flitting in and out among the grave stones, or sleeping tranquilly near the fresh-made mounds

which but the day before, mayhap, had been heaped upon some comrade tried and true. The dew came down heavily alike upon the living and the dead. A low, large moon went down in a tide of crimson away beyond the bloody plain of Shiloh, and just at daylight, a sharp, sudden burst of artillery on the right told that the Federal advance was busy with Bragg's rear on the middle road. The Confederates turned sullenly at bay and swept back the brigade of cavalry with scarcely an effort, from which lesson they took care to apply the moral and gave up the pursuit without another blow. Pope's flaming dispatch had no foundation on earth except in his own heated imagination, and Beauregard continued his march to Tupelo, at the rate of twelve miles per day—unmolested and unattacked.

The pleasant, healthy woods around this little Mississippi town, called back the hopes of the army, and day by day it increased in spirit and numbers.

The State service of Captain Shelby expired on the 10th of June, and he was commissioned by the Secretary of War to raise a Confederate cavalry regiment, and ordered to proceed immediately to the Missouri river, a distance of one thousand miles and recruit. Time was nothing, and distance nothing, and danger nothing—so Captain Shelby took the cars at Tupelo and never drew rein until he landed his company at Meridian. The march to the Mississippi river was rapid and fatiguing. Fort Pillow, Memphis, and every town except Vicksburg and Port Hudson, were in possession of the enemy, and the gauntlet had to be run between innumerable bodies of cavalry and a gigantic fleet of gunboats.

The river was reached by the company exactly opposite Helena, Arkansas, and moving noiselessly to its bank, as Indian warriors on the trail, the blue expanse stretched above and below like two vast arms of living, moving water. One grim iron-clad lay at the Helena wharf, and another was anchored half a mile above—dark sentinels of the stream, silent as the motions of the watching scouts, and inanimate as the vast cottonwoods unswayed by the breeze. The company camped upon the bank, but enough in the shade of the

trees to be concealed. Pickets were thrown out on every approach, camp-guards carefully posted, and the tired soldiers not on duty disposed themselves in every attitude and in every place which promised the most shade and the most rest.

Just at sunset the gunboat opposite slowly floated down the river, and the one above, after sending up two brilliant rockets, and firing a gun to leeward, glided along sullenly within twenty rods of Captain Shelby's position, but without a suspicious object being discovered by the lookout man, and in half an hour not a ripple marred the placid bosom of the sleeping river, nor a single dark spot sat upon the azure water as far as eye could reach. Up from the dark cypress trees, where the yellow lagoons shimmered ghastly in the moonlight, came the unceasing hooting of the restless, hungry owls, and from the drier lands above the melancholy notes of whippoorwills came sadly on the night air. It was too late to cross after the ironclads were withdrawn, especially as it was very probable the enemy held also the Arkansas shore, and Captain Shelby made preparations to spend the night on the Mississippi side. The guards were relieved and doubled, and volunteers called for to man a little skiff in his possession, cross above Helena, reconnoiter, and, if prudent, enter the town, and report before daylight. Six stalwart, bright-eyed, bronzed soldiers stepped forward merrily, and in ten minutes more their oar-blades threw up diamond sparks in the moonlight, and their swift bark gradually grew dimmer and less distinct. No one slept. Home, and a thousand sweet, familiar fancies filled every heart. The night was delicious, and the gigantic cottonwoods threw far out upon the river great shadows that lay so quiet and still it seemed a sin to vex the silence with a whispered word. But the reckless soldiers were very gay, and very unromantic. Jake Connor was called, the inimitable Irish delineator, the universal chief of all serenading parties, the most debonair flirt who ever forced a smile or won a heart, and the men gathered around him, intent upon a song. Jake evidently was influenced by the scene around him, and his voice was very fine and very passionate as he sang to a melancholy tune the verses of the

FALLEN DRAGOON.

- "Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
 Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
 Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
 That shines on his breast like an amulet."
- "Ah, Captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
 There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
 Crack went the rifle, the messenger sped,
 And dead from his horse fell the ranging dragoon.
- "Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
 From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood—
 A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."
- "Oh, Captain, I staggered and sunk on my track
 As I gazed in the face of the fallen vidette,
 For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
 That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.
- "Yet I snatched off this trinket, this locket of gold;
 An inch from its center my lead broke its way,
 Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."
- "Ha, rifleman, fling me the locket! 'Tis she,
 My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
 Was her husband. Hush, soldier, 't was heaven's decree;
 We must bury him there, by the light of the moon."

The low, melancholy strains had scarcely floated away upon the midnight, when the little skiff returned with two of the soldiers, bringing news that the coast was clear, and that a large, commodious flatboat would be over in an hour, to cross the entire company. No more sleep until the Rubicon had been passed, which was accomplished safely about sunrise, and the good and beautiful Helena girls welcomed the hungry soldiers with smiles and eyes as bright as the sunlight which flashes on steel. After a magnificent breakfast, washed down by copious goblets of champagne, although probably such a thing as champagne for breakfast had never been thought

of before in Helena, Captain Shelby set about maturing his plans. The position was still very difficult, and the dangers by no means overcome. Little Rock was his objective point, to reach which a large Federal expedition, holding all of White river to within twelve miles of Duvall's Bluff, had to be passed by strategic ability. The country all around Helena was in possession of Federal cavalry, and the principal interior roads strongly guarded.

Six days of hot, heavy marching brought the company to Clarendon, but these laborious days were lightened and rendered exultant by the continued ovations given to the thoroughly drilled, handsomely-uniformed veterans. Indeed, the appearance of a soldier is his best passport through any country, and better meals and better treatment have been received by men whose guns were polished or whose gray jackets were tidy and clean, than if they held a paper indorsed by Adjutant and Inspector-General Cooper. True enough, many heroic hearts were hid by butternut blouses and blue jeans coats; sure enough, flint-lock rifles and family fowling-pieces have spoken as far in the battle's van, as the costliest Enfield or the better Minnie, but these were all exceptions. There was an inseparable vision of buttermilk and diarrhea connected with these homespun soldiers—a certain poverty of Southern enthusiasm; a continual wail about going home; and a sickly hungering and credulity concerning news.

So thought Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Lightfoot, as Shelby's one hundred gray-clad veterans, Mississippi-rifle armed, defiled in quick time around the viands-loaded table down amid the heliotropes and the roses in their dainty Southern home, and presented arms afterward to the glorious hostess as she handed them a little silken flag which was soon to receive its baptism of fire and blood.

Clarendon was but a short distance below Duvall's Bluff, and from which the Federal gunboats had retired to St. Charles, just below still, only the day preceding Captain Shelby's arrival. It was necessary therefore, to hasten on, and be in time, if required, to protect the Confederate position at which terminated the only railroad in Arkansas.

Fortunately, hidden away above Clarendon in one of the many inlets or bayous putting into White river, was the little steamer *Charm*, graceful as a ladybird, and frail, and swift, and beautiful. In three hours after his arrival, Captain Shelby had embarked his men without molestation, and up the deep and crooked stream was scudding rapidly among the trees, which almost interlaced their boughs over the river falcon steaming beneath.

Duvall's Bluff was held by Colonel Nelson, of Texas, with a few regulars and some two thousand raw recruits—the regulars being artillerymen detailed to man a heavy three-gun battery. Cautious and wary to a degree rarely surpassed, Captain Shelby closely questioned the Captain of the *Charm*, as to the position at Duvall's Bluff, and whether he had notified the commander of his approach, knowing well that the trip up from Clarendon would be made in the night, that his point of destination was hourly threatened by the Federal land and naval forces, that the outlying Confederate scouts along the river could not ascertain the identity of the boat in the darkness, and that there was great danger of being fired upon in the confusion of an expected attack by the unskilled and excitable militia. The Captain feared nothing, and qualified his confidence by stating that his boat often plied between the two ports, and was well known to the garrison above.

It was just past midnight. Grouped all about the decks, on the forecastle, and in the steerage, the soldiers were gently sleeping, or musing tenderly as they drank in the delicious harmony of air and sky. The whistle sounded harshly and shrill, and these one hundred quiet forms sprang up wide awake and very cool. It was indeed a fearful moment. All up among the pines around Duvall's Bluff, lights were dancing to and fro, and the very water jarred with the ceaseless rattle of drums beating the long roll, and the cavalry bugles further away merrily blowing "to horse." But the darkest danger was nearest and deadliest. Just above the highest spar of the saucy *Charm*, the heavy earthwork frowned sullenly, tipped with battle-lanterns and cut clear asunder where the three heavy guns ran out to yawn upon the river. The spot had a tawny look

in the uncertain light, very fascinating, yet very ghastly, and from the heavy embankments there came quite distinctly the calm words of a veteran commander, and the quick, precise movements of practiced artillerists. The ramming home of each cartridge thrilled through every bosom upon the boat, and every lip was close pressed in the glare of the lighted port-fires. Long lines of infantry were forming on the crest of the hill behind the fort, and two field batteries were waiting under cover of a strong redoubt to pour in a destructive enfilading fire. Not a word was spoken; the moments were hours—fearful in their intensity; but just as every match was raised for destruction, and two thousand rifles were concentrated upon the frail craft, her furnace doors flew open by simplest accident. Captain Dunnington's quick, seaman eyes caught her outline in a moment, and, striking down the nearest port-fire to him, shouted in a voice heard above the roar and hiss of escaping steam: "Hold on men, for your lives, hold on—they are friends." The boat and her precious cargo were saved, and from her narrow decks there went up a cheer which shook her like an earthquake from center to circumference. Yet it was a long time before all suspicion became quieted. A guard was placed over the boat until morning, and no communication of any kind permitted with the shore. Captain Shelby, however, soon explained everything in the most satisfactory manner, and when Colonel Nelson's eyes marked the manly soldiers, he felt he had a host to help him hold his own. He asked them to volunteer while the danger lasted and fight with him, which they did to a man, and the eager spirits marched to a comfortable camp upon the river. Captain Dunnington soon made an explanatory visit, and surely no men ever breathed easier when they understood fully the frightful danger just past. As it was, the *Charm* was unknown to any officer at the fort, and coming up so suddenly in the night, from a quarter where danger was imminent, no one believed her aught but an enemy. "Within twenty rods of you," said Captain Dunnington, in his quiet, impressive manner, "and with guns I had trained on every conceivable spot, you must have been crushed the first broadside; besides, one gun fired would

have opened a thousand more, and in the tumult scarcely a man could have escaped. I saw by the light from the furnaces that she was a frail, little craft and I knew she could not be an enemy." In many pleasant dinners, and in many bumpers of generous whisky, did Captain Dunnington receive compliments and good wishes for his great coolness and admirable presence of mind.

It is to be hoped in charity the Captain of the *Charm* did not meditate treachery, for his wife was on board with other ladies; at any rate he was hung at Little Rock, two weeks afterward, for treason to the Confederacy.

A week was spent at Duvall's Bluff waiting for the enemy, but he did not come, and Captain Shelby, wishing to proceed on his way to Missouri, applied to Colonel Nelson for transportation to Little Rock, but Colonel Nelson was not satisfied with the condition of affairs yet on the river, and referred the matter to General Hindman, who complimented the company on its courage and discipline, and insisted on its remaining until all danger had passed. Captain Shelby naturally anxious to hasten on to Missouri that he might accomplish his mission, asked and received permission to return to Mississippi to confer again with General Beauregard, and taking with him Dr. Junius Terry, started on a rapid gallop to Tupelo.

His departure cast a gloom upon the company not easily shaken off, but soon sterner duties called forth all the energy of the patriotic soldiers. The Federals had really withdrawn from Clarendon the week previous to Captain Shelby's application for release, but now came back in larger force, and with the evident intention of attacking Duvall's Bluff by land and water. Skirmishes with the Confederate outposts were held daily, and the gunboats came almost in sight of the lookouts on the heavy redoubt.

Opposite Duvall's Bluff was a low, flat, densely timbered bottom, which made an excellent cover for riflemen to operate against the principal battery of the Confederates. Colonel Nelson deemed it a vital point and ordered Captain Shelby's company to occupy it, throw up a strong earthwork, and keep every hostile foot away from the bank of the river. A hundred strong negro arms, exercised by

four days of incessant toil, promised well, and the little fort grew into life, and the naked abatis towered defiantly on the approaches from below. The fortification was named "Fort Shelby," and over all and above all were the proud folds of that flag given by Mrs. Lightfoot.

In the damp and the mire of this miasmatic bottom the men watched and worked. The rain came down in torrents, but they built cane houses and kept tolerably dry. By-and-by the ague and the rattlesnakes invaded these and forced their occupants out; and extra duty, and hard rations, and dearth of medicines told heavily upon the devoted soldiers, just from the swamps and lagoons about Corinth. Now and then glorious news swept past the Federal fleet at Clarendon—news of triumph and renown, won by Lee and Jackson among the pines of Richmond; and now and then the nearer puffing of the iron-clads hurried every man to his post.

The Fourth of July came in a great gush of sunshine and bird music, and while waiting for the threatened attack upon Duvall's Bluff, it may be well to review, briefly, the situation of affairs, and narrate succinctly the events that had transpired recently, bearing directly upon the condition of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The bloody struggle of Elkhorn, on the line between Benton county, Arkansas, and Barry county, Missouri, in March, 1862, was a gloomy beginning of the campaign in the West. McCulloch and McIntosh, both generals of brigades, had been slain on the field. Pike, also a Brigadier, had retreated with his Indian contingent out of North West Arkansas, unpursued, through the Cherokee country, the Chickasaw country, and the country of the Choctaws, two hundred and fifty miles to the southward, only halting on the "Little Blue," an unknown thread of a stream, twenty miles from Red river, where he constructed fortifications on the open prairie, erected a saw-mill remote from timber, and devoted himself to gastronomy and poetic meditation, with elegant accompaniments. Van Dorn and Price had retreated across the snowy "Boston mountains" to the banks of the Arkansas, and thence marched eastward to Des Arc, on White river, where they embarked with all their troops and

material for Corinth, Mississippi, under orders from General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was massing forces there for the lion's spring that ended his career—the won and lost fight of Shiloh. Thus, Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territory stripped bare of men and means, were deliberately abandoned to the enemy; and the same policy was extended over the residue of the Trans-Mississippi region, for from Louisiana and from Texas a stream of companies, regiments and brigades poured continuously toward the east, leaving their own homes defenseless.

It can not well be doubted that Curtis, the nominal victor of Elkhorn, had now the chance to carry his standards, virtually unopposed, to the very gulf coasts of Texas, riveting the links of subjugation fully two years before history actually made that wonderful record. But when the subtle Dutch mercenary, Sigel, left him his brain had departed and his right arm been lopped off. A forward movement did indeed ensue, but on a circuitous route, bending with White river to Batesville, southeasterly, then diverging toward the southwest, in the direction of Little Rock; but with such slow and timid marches that the advance of the Federal army was on Bayou Des Arc, still forty miles distant, at the end of May. Co-operating forces were waited for by Curtis; one was the so-called "Indian Expedition," seven or eight thousand strong, then moving down from Fort Scott on the line of the Arkansas; the other was a gunboat fleet and some three thousand infantry, to come up White river under Colonel Fitch. With these auxiliaries and his own victorious troops, numbering at least fifteen thousand, the Federal commander made sure of occupying the Arkansan capital, and reducing all the West to submission.

At this crisis General Hindman, bringing only his staff and an order from Beauregard assigning him to the command, reached Little Rock. Seizing upon fifteen hundred Texas cavalry, *en route* for Corinth, he constituted them his "army," gave out that heavy reinforcements from the Cis-Mississippi States and from Texas were close at hand, and pushed at once against the Federal advance, which incontinently fled at his approach, leaving in his possession

many arms and an ammunition train, without which he must have failed within a week to keep the field. Attacking Curtis daily in front and flanks, and finally forcing him back on Batesville, he then threw a scouting party in his rear and captured his telegraphic correspondence with Halleck, the Yankee generalissimo, in which pathetic appeals were made for relief, and dread of destruction expressed.

Hindman, strengthened by numerous recruits, now formed the design of capturing Curtis' army, in which he had almost succeeded, when the failure of General Rust to drive back the enemy's advance at Gage's point, on Cache river, and the failure of the same officer to lay waste the country from which alone the invader's supplies were drawn, disappointed his hopes in this respect, and enabled Curtis to make good his escape to Helena, on the Mississippi river. Rust was soon after relieved from duty, and relapsed into a bráwling "Unionist" speedily.

Meantime, Pike was ordered to move up to the Kansas line to resist the Indian expedition, and, when he protested against so "rash" a step, he was also thrown overboard, and the movement was carried out successfully, Hindman leading the troops.

Before the affair at Gage's Point, an useless gunboat that had escaped into White river from the wrecked Confederate fleet of the Mississippi, was sunk by Hindman's order to obstruct the channel at St. Charles, the first town above the mouth. Her crew, seventy-nine in number, with two thirty-two pounder columbiads and four field pieces, under Lieutenant Dunnington of the navy, and thirty-five Arkansas riflemen, led by Lieutenant Williams of Hindman's staff, all commanded by Lieutenant Fry, of the navy, constituted the whole force that could then be spared from the operations against Curtis and the essential work of fortifying Duvall's Bluff, the White River terminus of the Little Rock railway. The instructions given were to fight any enemy, of whatever strength, to the last moment possible, and they were obeyed with heroic devotion. Fitch's fleet of gunboats and transports soon hove in sight, and, after a three hour's contest was driven back out of range, except the iron-clad "Mound City," which was destroyed, with all on

board, by a thirty-two pounder shot perforating her steam pipe. An eye-witness, one of Dunnington's gunners, thus described that event—the first of its kind in the war. This gunner was a debonair, gallant, sun-browned Scotchman, who had been upon all the seas, and cruised in as many different men-of-war as there were scars upon his rugged frame. Taciturn and sententious, he talked but little, yet infantry of the line know how to unlock these rusty clasps, and they plied him with "white-lightning" manfully. By-and-by he warmed with the night, and after a cordon of fire and smoke had been made around the camp to keep off the mosquitoes and rattlesnakes, he told the story of the "Mound City"—a tragedy more horrible and more revolting than is generally seen or known in war. I give his words as nearly as I recollect them now, after the lapse of so many years, and the hiding of so many fresh, young, eager faces which were grouped around him that night in the glare of the crimson firelight:

"I joined your gunboat Missouri at Little Rock, a year ago, and she being now high and dry, I was ordered here with my company, and thence to St. Charles, which is the second town below Clarendon, on this narrow, snaky river. We had heard many rumors of gunboats below, and very often the outlying scouts rushed into quarters, breathless, with some terrible story of these iron monsters. We had two heavy guns in battery—the only one I relied on, however, was my piece, bright and well served by as reckless a lot of devil-may-care Irishmen as ever lit a port-fire or pulled a lanyard. One morning, sure enough, about ten o'clock, a large dark object turned the nearest bend below, and forged slowly forward—very gloomy and very defiant. Simultaneously with her appearance, the infantry drove in all our detachments, and completely enveloped the little earthwork. When within about five hundred yards or less of our position, the iron-clad turned a full broadside, and I saw painted in neat, white letters, "Mound City." Not a man was visible, and although she poured in a perfect tempest of shot and shell, no guns could be seen. Our lighter pieces opened first, but their balls rolled off from her sides like hailstones

on a slate roof, and I feared then she was invulnerable. Presently a port opened like the mouth of a hogshead, and feeling a kind of inspiration that the opportune time had arrived, I sighted my columbiad, held in reserve up to this time, and pulled the lanyard with a jerk. The thunderbolt sped, entered the yawning aperture, tore through the steam-pipe like an express train, and buried itself in the wood lining beyond. There was a sound as of the sharp, shrill hiss of escaping steam, a sudden crash of rent machinery, a terrible, vivid, thundering upheaving of scarred and blackened timbers, mutilated bodies, pieces of iron, muskets, boxes, and then nothing but floating wrecks of the magnificent vessel lay upon the foaming water. Some were blown into shreds, and died without a groan. Some were cut half in two; some, with the flesh hanging about them like garments, and some, unable to swim toward the shore, leaped madly in the water to die. Scarcely a man escaped, and to my dying day, heaven keep me from ever seeing such another sight. War is terrible at best, but when God lays his hands upon his creatures in such awful chastisements, we lose the glory and grandeur of actual conflict, and come face to face with the calm, cold demon of carnage." Thus ended the gunner's story.

The loss of the Mound City, and the injuries suffered by her consorts, put the fleet *hors du combat*, and left to the Federal infantry the task of dislodging the squad who had defied and whipped the iron-clads. This was effected at the point of the bayonet, the Confederates rolling their artillery down the bluff into the river, and retreating with their faces to the foe. They left on the field six killed and eight wounded—their commander, the gallant Fry, among the latter. The enemy lost, in killed, over three hundred, and perhaps an equal number wounded.

The battle of St. Charles will remain noted in history, not only for the enormous disparity of strength and losses of the contending parties, but because it perfectly effected the main object of the resistance made at that point, forcing Fitch to delay so long for repairs, that Duvall's Bluff was fortified impregnably, and the river impassably obstructed. This defeated the expedition, which with-

drew without accomplishing its object, enabling Hindman to push Curtis to Helena, on the Mississippi river—to chase the Fort Scott invaders back into Kansas, and to recover all the territory and prestige Elkhorn had lost. Such consequences have seldom flowed from the acts of so small a body of men.

General Fitch delayed too long in attacking Duvall's Bluff, and Hindman made it impregnable. Curtis was driven over Croly's ridge into Helena, followed furiously by General Parsons and his brigade of Texas cavalry. His rear was attacked at L'Auguille, and one regiment cut to pieces. The campaign in eastern Arkansas, having thus been decided in Hindman's favor, he ordered the evacuation of Duvall's Bluff and the retirement of its garrison to Little Rock, on account of health and convenience to supplies, and with the view to take the field against the Fort Scott expedition in the northwest. The evacuation, began in deliberation, ended in disorder. General Rust unused, probably, to such phases of military life, came to the conclusion that the little army was "flanked" or "surrounded" by the enemy, and a stampede naturally ensued. General Hindman remarked, afterward, at Little Rock, that Rust's dispatches to him indicated that he (Rust), had been misled by false intelligence, and was completely beside himself. But so it was, rumors, at first gentle and unsuspecting, grew into frightful danger, and a hundred men there were to swear that fifty thousand Federals had surrounded the whole encampment. The infantry clattered off furiously, and, so uncertain were all movements, that Lieutenant Blackwell received no orders, and the two large flatboats used as means of communication between the garrison and its detachment, were left on the opposite shore with not an oarsman to scull them over. An ominous silence, the morning preceding the night of the evacuation, was curious, for previously a continual shouting, shooting, drilling and drum-beating, told quite vigorously "the flag was still there." To obtain possession of the flats was important, and six lusty swimmers, Whitehurst, Dan Wisely, Ivy, Hale, Herndon, and Hodge, volunteered for the task. Soon reaching the opposite shore and returning with the boats, it was known that the entire

garrison, bag and baggage, were marching away to Little Rock, with good eight hours' start, leaving behind all the artillery, ammunition, quartermaster and commissary supplies. Four or five heroic officers stood by their trusts, and begged Lieutenant Blackwell to stand by them in the discharge of their duty. All that long, hot day, and all that weary night, the devoted men worked, stood guard, did picket duty, and saved for the Confederacy everything intrusted to the charge of an officer disqualified for any military position whatever.

On the arrival of the company in Little Rock, General Hindman thanked its members in complimentary terms for their coolness and bravery, and gave to them the freedom of the city.

After remaining in Little Rock eight days, Lieutenant Blackwell was ordered to take charge of a six gun field battery and escort it to Fort Smith. Captain Shelby had not returned, and the time seemed long and dreary. The march to Fort Smith was wearisome and disagreeable to a degree hitherto unexperienced. Among the great trials to be borne was an unusual scarcity of water, and intolerable heat and dust.

Captain Shelby joined his company at Van Buren, about one week after its arrival there, and was welcomed with undisguised shouts of joy and pleasure. General Rains, before introduced as a State brigadier, was organizing as a Confederate officer, an expedition for Missouri, to be commanded by Colonel Vard Cockrell, and to this camp on Frog bayou, a large stream, several miles below Van Buren, Captain Shelby immediately repaired, and offered his services frankly, which were as frankly accepted. Horses and mules of every size, variety and condition were rapidly picked up; saddles, sheep-skins, and blankets were all used for seats; and bark bridles and rope bridles completed the heterogeneous equipments. Yet the men had their Mississippi rifles and one hundred and forty rounds of ammunition each, and they knew they were going to their own country to rend from the spoiler whatever of costly accouterments were needed.

Two hours before spurring away for the Missouri river, for a

division, for a generalship, for immortality, Captain Shelby mustered his company into the Confederate service, each man taking a solemn oath to fight for the South until the termination of the war—even should it last twenty years; and then, one soft, sweet evening, the air heavy with the breath of a thousand flowers, the picturesque and absurdly mounted soldiers rode away northward.

The gallop was sharp and exciting for the first five days. Many attenuated horses gave out and died by the wayside, long ere the gigantic barrier of the Boston mountains was passed, but others were obtained right speedily, and the march went gayly on.

Cane Hill opened its hospitable granaries, and her rebel daughters vied with each other in helping the tired, hungry soldiers. Three days of rest—three days of quiet sleeping and dreaming beneath the oaks about the hill-sides, the apple-trees white and pink with fruit, and a dash was made at Newtonia, a beautiful little town in the midst of a blooming prairie, in Newton county, Missouri, held by a Major Hubbard, of the 1st Federal Missouri cavalry—a rough rider, too, by the way, and pretty well known in that section of the country. Captain Shelby led the advance, as he did, indeed, during the whole march, and struck the enemy's pickets about two hours before sundown, on the evening of the 27th of August. A short rally at the reserve stand—a dropping shot or two as they ran, and the Federals crowded pell-mell into their fortification, a rough, angular looking, stone inclosure, with a large three story rock barn in the center, quite formidable and quite impregnable without artillery. The advance wave, under Shelby broke out into a spray of skirmishers, and the column behind coming up rapidly, and forming right and left, enveloped the town with a cordon of horsemen.

Night came down bold and dark, and a scouting party from the fort was driven suddenly back by Shelby's company, losing three killed and four prisoners. A council was held in the saddle to consider the propriety of assaulting, against which a majority of the officers decided, and in as many minutes as were required to deliver the conclusion, the skirmishers were recalled, the whole column moved away quietly, and the bewildered garrison at daylight saw

only the dewdrops glistening above many hoof-marks, and the white faces of three comrades glaring up to the sunlight.

No pursuit was attempted, and the march was continued with a vigor which annihilated fatigue, and a rapidity which consumed distance. Bates, with its dreary waste, and Johnson, with its skeleton chimneys pointing heavenward in mute supplication for vengeance on the spoiler, were traversed without seeing an enemy. Before leaving Johnson county, however, a rumor came from Colonel John T. Coffee, asking for aid, stating that he was hard pressed, and out of ammunition. Colonel Coffee had preceded this expedition several weeks on recruiting service, and was now in trouble. The column countermarched to the Osage river, found Coffee safe, after having eluded a large body of Federals in his rear, and, joining strength, the invigorated and reinforced Confederates bivouacked upon the field, left that morning to succor their friends.

Reaching Grand river in safety and unmolested, Colonel Cockrell turned west to Independence and Lone Jack, while Captain Shelby struck immediately for Dover to carry out the letter of his instructions. A night march of great toil brought him to the Lexington and Columbus road, on which, from toward the latter point, Captain Scott Bullard reported a squadron of Federal cavalry to be moving. To ambush his men required but the work of a moment, and in the dim, gray dawn they waited eagerly for the blue horsemen. None came, and the march went on.

Scouts sent far ahead brought news that Dover had been occupied by a regiment of infantry, and when within three miles of the town, Captain Shelby turned squarely off the road, into the broad cornfields of Mrs. Rebecca Redd, a lady more truly hospitable and more heroically Southern, than many of the far South's daughters. Under the broad, cool tree-shadows of her goodly pasture acres, the tired horses fed and rested; and the matronly mother in Israel, spread upon the glossy leaves a repast, only to be outdone in quality by the soldiers' appetites which devoured it. The horses, too, were wonderful in their appearance. The rich prairies had furnished their best six year olds for these heavy riders, and the

captured Federals had equipped them with as fine McClellan saddles and bridles as ever gleamed upon the Potomac, or went down in the battle's van before Jeb Stewart's reckless raiders. The company was also comfortably supplied. True, it was Federal clothing, but who considers color when freezing—who will fire a flint-lock musket, when Sharpe's best carbine may be had for the asking?

The Federals left Dover by one road: Captain Shelby entered by another. Here again an ovation was offered. In front of Judge Plattenburg's elegant residence, the angels, in everything except wings, had gathered with the twilight. From the spacious gardens came the delicious perfumes of rare plants, and Mrs. Plattenburg, cunning and skillful in the mysterious management of bouquets, like a queen, had her handmaidens arrayed for the ceremonies. Girls having a State reputation for beauty, scattered flowers upon the road and flags among the soldiers. Mothers held up their children to see the goodly sight, weeping tears of intense joy as they did so. Fathers presented their half grown sons, and bade them join the ranks of one who had marched so far and dared so much to strike the fetters from Missouri's naked limbs. Each maiden had her cavalier, who was required to promise unyielding devotion, first to his country and then to his lady-love. Amulets, rosebuds, talismans, and tresses of hair were given out profusely by fair white hands, and many soft, low prayers went up from sad, sweet lips, for God's blessing on the brave Confederates. And while all was gayety and mirth, the devoted hostess and host were not unmindful of their duty. Three manly, fair-haired boys stood by the garden gate, waiting for a mother's kiss and a father's farewell. No tears dimmed the fond eyes then, no passionate yearning over the dear idols given to the soldier-chief for the country's glory. "God keep thee, my children," came cheerily and kind from the mother's tried heart, as her lips kissed the tears from the fresh, young faces. Oh! women of the South, for your sakes heaven might have averted the crushing overthrow. Your love, and purity, and faith, and hope, and courage, were without limit, and worthy of eternal blessings. Man proposes, and God dis-

poses. Guard the sacred memories of the dear, dead past, and keep forever as a priceless heritage the recollections of those immortal deeds done and dared for the love of you.

Waverly was selected as the point of concentration, and from every portion of the surrounding country troops came pouring in for enlistment. Ten companies were organized in a day, and the next, Captain Shelby had one thousand men of the best blood of Missouri. The struggle against surprise and complete overthrow was terrible, for Federal garrisons and detachments were on every side, but his old veterans nobly sustained him, and made up by energy and incessant scouting what they lacked in numbers.

The bloody battle of Lone Jack startled the confident Federals like an earthquake, for their choice regiments lay in gory heaps among the burnt and smouldering timbers of the town, and, as one man, they rushed after Cockrell with shouts and cries of vengeance. The race was bitter and unrelenting. Without ammunition, embarrassed by captured artillery, arms and clothing, Cockrell determined to baffle his pursuers by physical endurance and untiring speed. Some of the weaker frames fell exhausted to the rear, to sleep, to dream, to die—for the avengers of blood were behind, who stabbed or shot the unfortunate laggards, and rode on infuriated for the living sacrifices. But Cockrell won! Arkansas and help were gained, and the beaten enemy returned in rage to the unburied bodies of their kindred festering in the hot September sun.

This battle of Lone Jack deserves more than a passing notice. Preceding the attack upon the town, Colonel Gideon W. Thompson, a cool and daring officer, who afterward, for a time, commanded Shelby's old brigade, had captured Independence after a severe fight, Colonel John T. Hughes, ably commanding in the assault, and who was one of the most brilliant and efficient officers the war had then developed, having fallen in the very moment of victory, living only a few moments. The forces then under Thompson, who had also been wounded at Independence, Colonel Upton Hays, Colonel John T. Coffee, and Colonel Vard Cockrell, numbering about eight hundred effective men, mostly recruits—moved upon Lone Jack, a

little town in Jackson county, held by twelve hundred Federals, with two pieces of rifled artillery. The position was reached about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th of August, the Federals having no warning of Cockrell's approach until notified by the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of Private McFarland, of Hays' regiment. Throwing away disguise, then, the Confederates marched boldly to the assault. The advantages of position, arms, ammunition and discipline, were largely in favor of the Federals, their opponents having no artillery and no surplus cartridges. For six hours the conflict raged with obstinate fury. The garrison, thinking itself surrounded by Quantrell, whose war-cry had been extermination, fought desperately, and for life, as it was imagined. The cannon were taken, retaken, and taken a second time by the Confederates, numbers falling on both sides around the guns, in their efforts to capture and defend. Sectional hate and civil feuds lent their desperation to the combatants, for the Jackson county regiment under Colonel Hays were in sight of their desolated homes, and the spoilers were in front of them.

Many personal acts of reckless bravery were performed, and the regiment of Colonel Hays greatly distinguished itself. The Federals finally retreated, leaving two thirds of their number dead and wounded in the streets of the town. While the fight lasted, the large hotel there was filled with quite a formidable body of Federal sharpshooters, but it was fired by the Confederates, and all of its defenders perished in the flames. After caring for his wounded and burying his dead, Cockrell had also to retreat, being without ammunition and threatened by several thousand fresh troops from Lexington, coming too late to rescue their comrades.

When the question of attacking Lone Jack was first discussed, a majority of the officers opposed it, and favored an immediate retreat into Arkansas, that the new levies might be disciplined and their organizations preserved. Captain George S. Rathbun, however, was eager for an assault upon the town, and such was the fervor of his impassioned pleading, and such the influence of his earnest, impetuous example, that the attack was made and resulted gloriously.

While this pursuit was fiercest, Captain Shelby gathered up his raw recruits and followed after Cockrell, on a parallel and lower line, with speed as great and anxiety as heavy. The cohesive power of danger is probably stronger than any other, and in all that long line of undisciplined horsemen—fresh from balmy breezes and downy beds—not one faltered, not one missed answer in the constant roll calls. Rest and refuge were almost gained. Crazy and blinded from eight days and nights of uninterrupted watching, the command staggered into camp on the little stream of Coon creek, in Jasper county, to snatch a few hours' sleep before night-fall and before the march was resumed, for Captain Shelby had wisely determined to leave nothing to chance that might be accomplished by energy. To those unacquainted with the effects produced by loss of sleep, the sensations would be novel and almost incredible. About the third night an indescribable feeling settles down upon the brain. Every sound is distinct and painfully acute. The air seems filled with exquisite music; cities and towns rise up on every hand, crowned with spires and radiant with ten thousand beacons. Long lines of armed men are on every side, while the sound of bugles and harsh words of command are incessantly repeated. Often, upon almost boundless prairies, destitute of tree or bush, the tormented dozer turns suddenly from some fancied oak, or mechanically lowers his head to avoid the sweeping and pendent branches. Beyond the third night stolid stupor generally prevails, and an almost total insensibility to pain. Soldiers in Shelby's division have been known to go incurably mad, and not a few cases of hopeless idiocy have resulted from his terrible raids. On the march men have dropped from the saddle unawakened by the fall, while on more than a dozen occasions his rear guard has pricked the lagging sleepers with sabers until the blood spouted, without changing a muscle of their blotched, bloated faces.

The men had scarcely unsaddled their jaded steeds under the grateful trees bordering Coon creek, and before the pickets had advanced beyond the camp, when there came the shots and shouts of the 6th Kansas cavalry all among the weary sleepers. Short

time for forming, but to a man they rallied at their leader's shout, and met the on-coming troopers with a deadly volley. For five minutes the conflict raged evenly, the Confederates operating from behind trees, and having the protection of a heavy fence. Colonel Cloud, commanding the Federals, withdrew after the force of his charge and surprise was spent, and tried a rear attack, but the regulars under Lieutenant Blackwell, and McCoy's detachment from the old 1st Missouri infantry—Turley, Howard, Conklin, McNamara and Kane, and Edward's and Garrett's companies waded the creek, waist deep, and met them with such a sudden, deadly fire, that they withdrew altogether from the contest, leaving in Shelby's hands eleven killed and five wounded. On the Confederate side, Orderly Sergeant Oliver Redd, of Shelby's old company, fell badly wounded while mustering his men in the moment of attack, and private John Oliver, of Company "B," and private Hunt, of Company "E" also received severe wounds. None were killed, but many valuable though disabled horses had to be left and the riders forced to walk away.

Supper was cooked and eaten in peace, and when the darkness of night had rendered objects invisible, the command moved out four deep, with the regulars deployed right and left of the column, for it was Captain Shelby's intention to attack the enemy wherever found, and cut his way through at any cost. None were encountered, however, and every heart felt inspired with thoughts of coming greatness to a command which had stood so firmly in the midst of sudden danger and attack. Besides, when the fight commenced three rounds of ammunition was the painful average to each man, and during the fire unarmed men were busily engaged in making cartridges.

From Coon creek the command moved unmolested to a beautiful camp in the timber skirting the Newtonia prairies and just four miles from the town of that name, where the work of organization was commenced immediately and in earnest. Simultaneously with the arrival of Captain Shelby, two other regiments had also reached the Southern rendezvous, making, combined, a brigade of satisfac-

tory strength, and composed of materials never surpassed in courage, physical development and intelligence. Colonel Upton Hays commanded the regiment recruited in Western Missouri, and known as the Jackson county regiment, and Colonel John T. Coffee commanded the regiment recruited in Southwest Missouri.

General Hindman, from his headquarters at Ozark, Arkansas, sent to the front a staff officer—Lieutenant Kearney—to organize these three regiments into one Missouri cavalry brigade, place it under the command of Colonel Shelby, and order him to hold his advanced position and scout well to the front in all directions, while the necessary time taken for drill and discipline was consumed. At an election held in the Lafayette county regiment, Captain Shelby was unanimously chosen Colonel, B. F. Gordon, Lieutenant Colonel, and George Kirtley, Major. The Jackson county regiment in turn elected Upton Hays, Colonel, Beal G. Jeans, Lieutenant Colonel, and Charles Gilkey, Major. The Southwest Missouri regiment elected John T. Coffee, Colonel, John C. Hooper, Lieutenant Colonel, and George W. Nichols, Major—thus the organization was completed, and Colonel Shelby assumed command of that immortal brigade which afterward carried its flag triumphantly in a hundred desperate conflicts, and poured out its blood like water from Kansas to the Rio Grande. Step by step I have traced its formation from a little company in front of the trenches at Corinth—covered with the mud and the clay of the rifle-pits, to the great, broad prairies of Missouri, where it was welded into a compact mass of dauntless men, and led by a young soldier whose fame, yet unknown burst afterward into a brilliant light of glory. Always where danger was greatest and where the red waves swallowed up the truest and bravest, it never wavered beneath the calm eyes of its leader, nor faltered in the charge when his clear voice urged it on. Many times naked, destitute, worn by incessant fighting, freezing, starving—it never abandoned the stern discipline so often inculcated, nor put off for an instant the indomitable pride and chivalry of its organization. Surrounded, it never surrendered; surprised, it never scattered; overwhelmed, it never wavered; decimated, it bled

in silence; and victorious, it was always merciful and just. The iron ranks were rent fearfully in many a rugged fight; the premature graves of its best and bravest heaped the earth from Missouri to Mexico, but still it ever marched away to battle proudly and gayly for the land it loved best, looking away to its own Missouri with smiles on the "young, handsome faces just before the horses' hoofs trod them down." Twice it saved a beaten army from destruction, and fifty times like a hungry lion it barred the path of the victorious foe, standing as a living wall between pursuers and pursued. In its long and bloody career it fought Yankees, Dutch, Indians, Negroes, iron-clads, alligators, fever, small-pox, starvation, and wintry blasts, and never once retired from any of these without defiance on its battered crest, and ranks closed up and serried.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, it is said, preferring truth, justice, and the serving of his country to any honors or any gain, men readily feel the superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up the house or the landscape in which he stands. His actions are wonderful or miraculous in their eyes. In his presence, or within his influence, every one believes in the omnipotence of his efforts, and follow his instructions with an implicitness almost bordering on credulity. It happens, now and then, in the ages, that a soul is born which has no weakness of self—which offers no impediment to the Divine Spirit—which comes down into nature as if only for the benefit of others, and all its thoughts are perceptions of things as they are, without any infirmity of earth. Such souls are as the apparition of gods among men, and simply by their presence pass judgment on them. Men are forced by their own self-respect to give them a certain attention. Evil men shrink and pay involuntary homage by hiding or apologizing for their actions when under the “scrutiny of that glance which flashes from beneath the awful brows of genius.”

Colonel Shelby was one of these men; and united to his firm and incorruptible patriotism, his hatred of everything mean, his unyielding enthusiasm and confidence, his reckless disregard of danger, his passion for incessant fighting, were all the physical and intellectual qualities which make a great cavalry leader. His intellectual qualities were, a cautiousness almost without parallel. Often and often, in dangerous localities, he has been known, after picketing every imaginable road and bypath, to send out again and again during the night additional detachments under his trustiest officers. The expedients of his imagination were inexhaustible, and the fertility of

his resources marvelous. His mind was unusually active, and his combinations subtle and intricate to his foes, but burning steadily in his own vision with a clear light. Another trait upon which he constantly relied was intuition—an almost infallible divination of his enemy's designs, and a rare analysis which enabled him, step by step, to fathom movements and unravel demonstrations as if he held the printed programme in his hand. Then, the physical endowments were greater still. Imbued with wonderful nervous energy, bold, reckless, and self-reliant, his face indicates quickness, impulsive daring, wiry alertness, and great bodily endurance. To those who do not know Joe Shelby, who have not seen him in the headlong fight, the rough-and-tumble conflict, the terrible raid, and the cautious retreat, no correct idea can be formed of his happy improvisations on the bloody field, and his quick, intuitive, and instantaneous combinations, which have never failed to win victory when victory was possible, and, when impossibilities were to be grappled with, have always succeeded in rescuing him from impending peril. When near danger, sleep was almost banished, and the softest bed, and the brightest Peri who ever wore camelias might have wooed him, but in vain. Horse and rider seemed carved from the same block, and day after day, and night after night, he never moved from the head of his silent column. Under a tree during bivouac, his feet to a large fire—of which he was remarkably fond—and his head pillowed on his saddle, he snatched what repose he was justified in taking by circumstances. The rain beat in his face, and plastered his long hair about his brow, but he only turned over, or covered it with the cape of his coat. Wagons were his special aversion, and baggage useless as a woman's wardrobe. His men kneaded their dough on india-rubber blankets, and cooked it upon boards or rocks before the fire. Forked hickory sticks made excellent grid-irons, and the savory steaks thus broiled were delightful beyond measure. Whatever reports might be brought concerning an advancing enemy, of their numbers and strength, his infallible question was, "Did you see them?" If this was answered affirmatively, he followed it up immediately with, "Did you count them?" "No,

General." "Then we'll fight them, by heaven! Order the brigade to form line, and Collins to prepare for action front." Collins was the heroic young commander of his battery, and one of his old company. Thus he never turned his back upon an enemy without knowing his exact power, and without inflicting more or less injury upon the advancing squadrons. Cold, nor heat, nor climate had the least effect upon his athletic frame, and intense excitement and fatigue only deepened the lines about his mouth, and hardened the color on his bronzed face. His soldiers idolized him, because he shared their greatest dangers and their sternest privations; because he protected them against the cormorants of the supply departments, and had for them the best the country afforded. Cautious often to what seemed timidity, yet, when the time came, his reckless daring and indifferent hardihood seemed the very acme of temerity. Unincumbered always by wagons, streams had no perils, and mountain passes but occasional difficulties. To be with his artillery was a byword of safety, for when his horses failed, men were harnessed to the guns, and dragged them, with shouts and songs, for miles and miles. Always in motion, gifted almost with the power of ubiquity, surrounding his camp or column with a cloud of scouts and skirmishers, he invariably knew everybody else's movements, and kept his own like a sealed book.

In his large gray eyes were depths of tenderness; and ambition, and love, and passion all were there. The square, massive lower face, hidden by its thick, brown beard was sometimes hard and pitiless—and sometimes softened by the genial smiles breaking over his features and melting away all anger suddenly. Extremes met in his disposition, and conflicting natures warred within his breast. He was all hilarity, or all dignity and discipline. Lenient to-day, the men sported with his mood; to-morrow his orders were harsh as the clang of sullen drums, and his men trembled and obeyed. In the languor of camp life he might be listless and contemplative, or nervous, energetic, and rapacious for air and exercise as a Comanche brave. He would discuss by the hour, politics, war, famine, crops, and field sports with the good old citizen farmers crowding around

his quarters, when a change would come over his desires rapidly, and the auditors were dismissed by a wave of the hand as he galloped off to where his troops were drilling and maneuvering. Only in battle did the two antagonistic natures unite to make him stern, brilliant, concise and overpowering. The very air seemed to bring him inspiration if it were tainted with the breath of gunpowder. His hearing became more acute as the artillery rolled its resonant thunder over the field, and his sight had something almost of omniscience when it rested upon opposing lines and rival banners.

He was not a religious man—but he worshiped nature and nature's God. The tiniest flower growing by the wayside attracted his attention, and rugged and picturesque scenery filled him with awe or delight. When the mood was on him, when the surroundings of earth, air, and sky were in harmony with his feelings—he carried his romance into battle and fought ostentatiously, or in a subdued manner, as the sun shone or the day was cloudy. These were his fancy battles, however, when he had to fight just so long to accomplish a certain purpose, as at *Prairie d' Ann* and *Glasgow*.

A boon companion and debonair gallant was Shelby, too. There was much of *Launcelot's* love-passion about him, with all of *Launcelot's* chivalry and knightly bearing. Late trysts and later wooing had for him much of glamour and more of witchery. Like *Otho*, he would have "lingered on his last march, in the very face of *Galba's* legions, to decorate *Poppæa's* grave."

Around his own camp-fire, however, when the day's hard work was done, would his generous, social qualities stand out best, and the emotions and sentiments of his brave, fond heart woo to him every one in his presence. Accessible, kind, and bluff, and free-spoken, he sympathized with the troubles of his soldiers, made their cause his own, and promised them that all differences should be smoothed away and adjusted.

A skillful diplomatist was Shelby, too—in its best sense—and his knowledge of human nature seldom failed him. The key-note to the affections of mankind is struck only through self-interest, and the roughest metals, under practiced, rapid hands, can be formed

and fashioned into objects of beauty and perfect usefulness. The quality which adds harmony and adhesion to conflicting elements must be valuable, and the skill which softens the fierce passions of ambition and vanity, and unites rival chieftains as brothers under a single banner, must be rarer than diplomacy, perhaps, and possessed only by the few. This power was his in a wonderful degree, and first in his old brigade and later in his large division, there were banished from the commencement those petty jars and causeless rivalries from which other and efficient commands suffered without a remedy. He rewarded the deserving, promoted the brave, encouraged all in the exercise of laudable, healthy ambition—and assigned to each officer his position in the military list—merit ever the standard of favor, and soldierly qualities more powerful than rank.

But as an account of his exploits, as they will be detailed in these pages, can best give the key to his character, together with those he sought for, tried, and gathered around him, as Arthur did his knights, I prefer that my readers shall wait for the continuation in natural order.

Lying in front of Newtonia in the warm September sunshine was delightfully pleasant, and the cavalry drill, which was new to the soldiers generally, went merrily on. Now and then a dashing scouting party from the Confederate lines galloped into Granby or Carthage, and shot a few outlying Pin Indians or skulking Federals; and now and then a heavy column of Federal cavalry would come in view of the outposts and air their new uniforms just long enough to call out the camp in full force, but invariably retreating when the gray jackets came stretching away over the undulating prairies in a round smart canter.

One day, however, the Federals laid aside their dress parades for the amusements of the Confederates, and occupied Newtonia about four or five hundred strong, throwing forward outposts two miles toward Colonel Shelby's encampment. Colonel Hays with his regiment was sent out to drive them from the town and back to Mount Vernon, as it was not thought at all probable that they could be

captured, being freshly and splendidly mounted. No braver nor better man than Colonel Upton Hays drew his sword for the South, and he marched out gayly at the head of his dashing regiment in the full flush of manly pride, too soon, alas! to be brought back by his sorrowful comrades pale, and quiet, and sleeping his last sleep. The circumstances of his death were these: After gaining the prairie surrounding Newtonia, he discovered the enemy's extreme outpost—consisting of two dragoons—directly before him, distant half a mile. Wishing to capture them, if possible, for information, and relying upon his personal prowess, he dashed off alone to encounter them, first ordering none to follow except with his regiment then moving at common time. Upon reaching the two sentinels, he demanded authoritatively to what command they belonged, and on being answered a Federal regiment, he instantaneously leveled his revolver and attempted to shoot the nearest man. Unfortunately the night before a heavy rain had so dampened his pistol that it merely snapped, and the Federal dragoon by a motion almost as rapid, fired his carbine full in Colonel Hays' face, the bullet crashing through the brain, and destroying life as suddenly as the flashing of an eyelid. His regiment, which had been coming up all the time, saw him fall with a shout of horror, and as one man it sprang away in pursuit of the pickets who galloped back to Newtonia like the wind. Eager for revenge, and furious at the loss of a Colonel they idolized, the soldiers rushed on swiftly to the town, but found the garrison in full retreat toward Mount Vernon. A long stern chase was pursued for ten miles, and many unlucky Federals too badly mounted for the terrific speed, were captured or killed, and leaping over the still bleeding bodies of the dead, the destroyers pressed the flying foe. More than thirty fell victims in the race, and the sorrowful regiment returned at nightfall to mourn and bury their dead leader. Victor in several hot engagements in Jackson county previous to his organization in the regular service, he had thus early given evidences of many rare and heroic qualities. Brave, daring, devoted, and intelligent—with a life of fame and

usefulness very bright before him, Colonel Hays fell a victim to the impetuous chivalry of his frank and generous nature.

The sudden and violent death of this beloved officer cast a dark spell upon all hearts for a long time, and the soldiers went about their duties very sternly and very quietly—hoping for a day of vengeance. News came at length by one of Colonel Shelby's innumerable scouts that a large body of Pin Indians and runaway negroes were camped in a skirt of timber near Carthage, levying black-mail indiscriminately upon the inhabitants, and murdering right and left with habitual brutality. These Pin Indians were all members of the Ross party among the Cherokees, and had from the beginning of the war taken up arms and joined the Kansas Federals. Skulking about their old homes in the Nation and making forays into Missouri was the principal part of their warfare, varied frequently by innumerable murders of old men, and the wholesale pillage and destruction of farm-houses. To crush them at a blow was Colonel Shelby's ardent desire, and he selected Captain Ben. Elliott, Company I, of his own regiment, for the work, giving to him strong detachments from other companies. By a forced march of great rapidity and caution, Captain Elliott surrounded their camp by daylight on the morning of the 14th of September and charged from all sides to a common center. Surprised, ridden over and trampled down, the Indians and their negro allies made but feeble resistance. Everywhere amid the heavy brushwood a silent scene of killing was enacted, none praying for mercy, well knowing that their own previous atrocities had forfeited it, and often, with the stoical hardihood of their race, uncovering their breasts to the unerring revolvers. But one prisoner was taken and few escaped. In two hours this band of two hundred and fifty savages was exterminated almost completely, everything they possessed falling into Captain Elliott's hands, the most acceptable articles being about two hundred new Minnie muskets just issued to them by the authorities at Fort Scott. A dozen or more of the scalps of their white victims were found upon the dead, and one, a woman's, was partic-

ularly noticed. The long, soft hair had still its silken gloss, though tangled all amid the curls were clotted drops of blood.

General Rains, commanding some two thousand infantry, had taken post upon the old Pea ridge battle-field, fifty miles from Newtonia, and was covering the transportation of lead from the Granby mines to the Little Rock arsenal. The Federals objected to their enemies obtaining munitions of war in this manner, and occupied Granby in strong force. Major David Shanks, who had been promoted upon the death of Colonel Hays, was ordered by Colonel Shelby to drive them out, cost what it would, and this clear-headed and rising officer made a forced night march of thirty miles, charged the town at daylight on the morning of the 23d, routed the garrison completely, killed twenty-seven, captured forty-three, and had himself only two men wounded. Vast quantities of lead were then loaded in wagons and sent directly to Rains' camp, while a force was left to protect the workmen and hold the town.

The two heavy blows struck by Elliott and Shanks gained an uninterrupted rest until the 29th of September, when the scouts from every road hurried in with news of the advance of a very heavy Federal force. Colonel Shelby knew a storm was gathering, and drew in every exposed detachment except the one in Newtonia, which he strengthened by two pieces of artillery from Captain Joe Bledsoe's battery, for it was necessary to hold the large flour mill there at all hazards.

Preceding these operations, Colonel Douglas H. Cooper had marched from the Cherokee nation with a motley force of Texans, Southern Indians and half-breeds—numbering about four thousand, and took post immediately on the left of Colonel Shelby's position. As Cooper held highest rank, he assuredly assumed command, and threw forward to Newtonia an additional force under Colonel Haupe—a battalion of Texan cavalry.

General Schofield, like his predecessors, Fremont and Curtis, had quietly assembled an army ten thousand strong, and was marching boldly down from Springfield, secure in his overwhelming numbers, to drive "every rebel," as was boastingly proclaimed, "from

the sacred soil of Missouri." Eager to flesh his maiden sword, which had been idle, perhaps, in its Republican scabbard since those days in Germany when he fought against the crown "mit Sigel," Colonel Solliman, leading the advance, marched away from the more phlegmatic Schofield, and moved to the assault of Newtonia with five thousand as pretty Dutch as ever bolted a bologna or swallowed the foaming lager, excepting, certainly, the old antagonists of the thé 6th Kansas cavalry, who were again doomed to go down before the charge of Shelby's stalwart horseman.

Early on the morning of the 30th of September, the pickets were driven slowly in, and the deep boom of artillery announced to Shelby that the battle had commenced. For two hours previously he had been waiting, and his formed brigade held its ready horses for the word. Solliman advanced gallantly to the attack, and drove every thing before him into the town, when his two six-gun batteries opened at point blank range, and hurled a tempest of balls upon Bledsoe's devoted head. For an hour the artillery duel was deadly, and fought upon a naked prairie, green and bare as a silent ocean. Bledsoe exhausted his ammunition and stood between his silent guns watching for the coming help. Solliman, eager to finish at a blow, deployed the 9th Wisconsin infantry—all Dutch—as skirmishers, and hurled them against the town, held by two hundred Texans. This finely-drilled regiment, one thousand strong, spread out like a fan, and when the fan closed it had encircled Newtonia. Fighting manfully, the Texans were driven from the outskirts, and the bullets from the 9th were hissing spitefully about Bledsoe's patient horses. The battery was in danger.

Cooper had galloped to the front early in the fight, first ordering Colonel Shelby to assume command of the two camps and hold everything in readiness to advance or retreat. He sent to Shelby for a regiment and Shelby sent his own. Lieutenant Colonel Gordon took the road at a gallop, and gained the town not a moment too soon. The 9th Wisconsin saw the fierce Missourians coming up, dark as a thunder cloud, and it gathered in its groups of skirmishers and tried to retreat upon its reserves standing upon the crest of a dis-

tant hill clear cut and massive as an iron wall. Too late! The 9th knelt as one man and poured a fierce fire upon the tide of oncoming horsemen, but it only emptied a few saddles, and surging forward as some mighty tide, the 1st Missouri burst their ranks like stubble. Then one wild cry went up for mercy in strange and unknown tongues, answered by the fierce hurrahs of Cooper's Choctaws rushing up for the scalp scene. But the generous Confederates marched off their prisoners to the rear unhurt, and carefully removed those inevitably wounded in the first shock of meeting. More was to be done. One of the six-gun batteries had unlimbered upon a distant hill and was pouring a murderous fire upon the 1st Missouri, now dressing its ranks for another charge. Hedged in by innumerable fences, Colonel Gordon yet made a bold dash for the guns, and only failed in their capture from the rapidity with which they were hurried behind the reserves. Seeing their comrades swallowed up, and anxious, perhaps, to make a diversion, the 6th Kansas came up boldly on the left-flank and tried to gain the rear of the advancing regiment. By a half wheel Gordon precipitated himself upon this line, and they were also only too glad to seek safety behind Solliman's reserves, now formed in solid square, with a battery on every wing. Moving thus solidly down, Gordon was forced back under a heavy fire again to the town, where Bledsoe, with replenished ammunition, opened the second time upon the advancing foe.

There was a long lull in the conflict, only broken by the fierce bursts of artillery, and the wild songs of the Indians coming up to join in the battle. Cooper's battery had also arrived, and went vigorously into action. The Choctaws attacked again, late in the evening, Solliman's right, resting on a heavy strip of timber, while Gordon, joined by Lieutenant Colonel Jeans and two Texas regiments, advanced rapidly upon the Federal left and center, while the artillery took nearer positions and kept up a hot fire. The whole line gave way almost immediately, and Solliman was driven furiously twelve miles, and long after midnight—his soldiers abandoning in their flight wagons, guns, blankets and provisions.

The victory won by the Confederates was decisive. Solliman was driven back upon Schofield, less one thousand men, and with the loss of much material, while his dead and wounded dotted the prairie with blue heaps for weary miles. Everything was secured; the prisoners sent South; the wounded cared for, and the Indians restrained from all acts of violence upon the dead. The 1st Missouri suffered severely, and among the seriously wounded were Captain J. A. Boarman, Lieutenant Henry Wolfenbarger, Captain C. G. Jones, privates Ed. Ward, McDonald, Dooley, H. C. Yerby, Robt. Allen, any many others, while many cold forms of the young and gallant dead were brought back at night and buried upon the field by their comrades.

Early the next day, Colonel Shelby, with his entire brigade, made a reconnoissance in force almost to Granby, but while the route traveled gave evidence of the haste with which Colonel Solliman fled, no enemy was found except the wounded deposited in every house by the roadside, and the command went again into camp upon the margin of the prairie.

The unlooked-for defeat of Colonel Solliman and his enormous losses, aroused General Schofield from his apathy, and he hurried forward his army by forced marches to Newtonia. Colonel Shelby nailed the Confederate flag—the one given by Mrs. Lightfoot, and now thoroughly baptized in blood—upon the highest building and calmly awaited General Schofield's approach, determined to fight if the odds were not too unequal. General Schofield evinced great skill in his advance, and at a given signal every Confederate picket upon every road was hurled back upon the main body so rapidly that only one fire could be delivered.

The morning of October 4th, came in calm and delightful. The yellow glories of an Indian summer filled the air with haze and melancholy softness. Over the vast prairies around Newtonia, Schofield deployed his magnificent army, and with the blare of bugles and the thunder of impatient drums, it moved slowly to the attack. Batteries all along the front poured a hurricane of shells upon the town, and a heavy column of cavalry maneuvered far to

the left to gain the rear of Shelby's brigade, skirmishing furiously with Schofield's advance. Colonel Cooper had early resolved not to give battle, and the trains with all his Indians and Texans were well on their retreat before Shelby slowly withdrew fighting from the front. No pursuit was attempted. General Holmes recalled his advanced infantry under Rains; Cooper turned off squarely into the Indian nation, and Colonel Shelby remained face to face with Schofield.

Previous to these operations, which culminated in the retreat of every Confederate command from Missouri, and while General Hindman was in the field upon the border, the Southern troops had constantly and successfully advanced. Hindman's headquarters had been at Pineville, and dispositions were being made to advance upon Fort Scott and Springfield simultaneously, when Holmes ordered him peremptorily to fall back into Arkansas and assume the defensive. Against this order Hindman urgently remonstrated, and begged to be allowed to carry out the plans he had matured before Holmes came West, which were to move boldly into Missouri, with thirty-five thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; take Springfield and garrison it; press on vigorously toward the Missouri river; and at the same time throwing five thousand Indian troops into Kansas. Most of the troops for the Missouri expedition were then in camp at Little Rock, and doing literally nothing—besides, they had been raised and equipped by the inexhaustible energy of Hindman. Holmes repeated his order and reasons were still found by General Hindman for disobeying it—unwilling naturally to forego his darling scheme. Holmes repeated it the third time more fiercely than before—instructing him to turn over the command to Rains and proceed at once to Little Rock to lead the troops there against the pretended advance of the enemy from Helena. Against his most strenuous efforts, Hindman was retained about Little Rock upon one excuse and another, until Schofield had concentrated his army, driven out Rains and Cooper, cutting up the latter at Maysville, and causing the former to hide in the mountains of Madison county, Arkansas, with a demoralized remnant of

men less than three thousand strong, without supplies, and nearly destitute of ammunition. Receiving news of these misfortunes, which were the inevitable results of his ignorance and his indifference, General Holmes ordered Hindman back to the northwest, where he secured a position on the War Eagle mountains, covering the passes in the Boston chain.

Shelby's brigade took post at Cross Hollows, Arkansas, very vigilant and defiant. A strong detachment of Federal cavalry soon came prowling about their position, and finding no enemy, went back three miles to forage, scattering themselves loosely over a large corn-field, and making a vigorous attack upon the fodder and chickens. Colonel Shelby learning almost immediately of their occupation, sent Lieutenant Colonel Jeans, with his regiment, to break into their country arrangements. It was done admirably. The detachment was scattered in every direction, losing thirty-eight killed, seventeen prisoners, many wounded, and nearly every horse that had been fastened while their riders were foraging.

The next day, Colonel Coffee was sent with his regiment toward Cassville, and meeting a Federal regiment about half-way, there occurred one of those hot, sudden conflicts, so frequent among isolated bodies coming in contact with each other unexpectedly. Coffee finally drove everything before him, and returned with forty-three prisoners, fifty-seven horses, and many guns, besides killing and wounding fifty-four of the enemy. His own loss was seven killed and thirteen wounded.

Fighting was now of hourly occurrence, and the Federal cavalry, with a large auxiliary force of Pin Indians, ravaged the country in every direction. Captain William Edwards, of Company H, Shelby's regiment, during one of his many and daring scouts, came suddenly and late one evening upon fifty-five Pin Indians, dancing their infernal war dance around a strong double log cabin, in the vicinity of Huntsville. The inmates were two young ladies, an idiot boy, and the old grandfather, perhaps seventy years old. Wishing to save his children from a fate worse than death, the old man strongly barricaded the door, and, in true pioneer fashion, was shooting away

from an upper window with his flint-lock rifle, probably as old as himself. Disappointed in forcing an entrance, and paying dearly for their temerity, the Indians had piled dry brushwood around the dwelling, and when Captain Edwards, arrived, it was beginning to burn quite fast. Dismounting his men, just fourteen in all, they stealthily advanced to within twenty feet of the yelling demons, when, each one selecting his mark, they opened a close and deadly fire upon the savages. The revolvers finished the bloody work. Seven Indians alone escaped, and with tears of joy and gratitude, the fair girls knelt and gave thanks to God and their preservers.

Another incident growing out of the operations around Newtonia, and before Colonel Shelby retreated, may be read with interest by those who were conversant with the circumstances, and were acquainted with the parties in the sad tragedy. A young man, brave, skillful, and intelligent, joined Coffee's regiment as a private, and was on duty in front of the lines at Newtonia. This young soldier had a sweetheart, as most young soldiers had, and solicited and obtained a pass from Colonel Shelby to visit her at her father's home, near Granby. While there, a shout was raised by the young lady's mother that an owl was devouring the chickens at roost upon an apple tree in the front yard. The young man seized his gun, ran from the house, and seeing a white object in the tree, took deliberate aim and fired. The bullet sped truly, and the girl of his heart, his worshiped and idolized one, fell dying almost within his arms. It seemed that on his arrival, the poor, kind country girl had determined to give him a good supper, and having no one to assist her, had actually gone up into the tree herself to catch a chicken for his meal, and while there received her lover's bullet. When the terrible fact came home to him, his sufferings were pitiful indeed. Tried afterward by a military investigating committee and acquitted—the parents of the girl interceding and imploring in his behalf—he suddenly rode from the ranks fronting Schofield at Newtonia, dashed recklessly upon the enemy, and fell, pierced with six bullets, a victim to his remorse, and to the consequences of a fearful, yet accidental act.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR forage and supplies, Colonel Shelby lingered around Huntsville until the frosts painted the forests yellow and sere with falling leaves, and now and then fettered the mountain streams with ermine too dear for an earl. Amid bare woods stripped of all their leafy plumage, and old orchards bending beneath the weight of luscious apples, the tired command rested for three long, mellow Autumn days. The fourth came with the sounds of strife again, and the extreme outposts about Huntsville were driven in. Two hours' hard gallop over as rough a road as ever existed, perhaps, on earth, brought the brigade upon the enemy, quietly preparing their morning's meal in the streets of the town, and that, too, with the plank and furniture taken from the houses of known Confederates. The fires were quenched in the blood of the builders, and the half-cooked meal fell into the hands of the pursuers. Fighting in the streets lasted an hour, and proved as deadly, too, as all such encounters generally are. The Federals, however, were driven from house to house, and finally to the woods beyond the town, when they hastily broke into column, and fled rapidly back toward their main body at Cross Hollows. The Indians, miserably mounted on their diminutive ponies, made poor time, and many fell victims to the relentless pursuers. Feathers, women's garments, bacon, crinoline, little children's clothes, household furniture, and even jewelry, were scattered along the road for ten miles. One gigantic Illinois Yankee, killed in the race, had a large eight-day clock before him on his horse, and another had a bridal bonnet, decked out in all its coquetry of flowers and plumes. Night ended the chase, and the tired command had scarcely unsaddled before one of those sudden and early mountain snow-storms commenced, with occasional wind and hail, which lasted, without intermission, during the entire night. A large

and comfortable church, fortunately found, sheltered the wounded, and the frozen earth was wearily opened in more than a dozen places to receive the dead of the day's fight. The Confederate loss was fifteen killed and nineteen wounded, the Federal loss forty-nine killed, seventy-three wounded, and twenty-seven prisoners remained to share the freezing bivouac.

General John S. Marmaduke, a young and gallant Missourian, who had won his spurs amid the gloom and glory of Shiloh, and who had recently arrived in the Trans-Mississippi Department, was ordered by General Hindman to assume command of all the cavalry and go at once to the front. He, from his position at McGuire's store, on the main telegraph road connecting Mud Town with Van Buren, sent rapid couriers to Colonel Shelby in his snow-clad camp, informing him that a large force of all arms was marching toward him, and that he wanted immediate reinforcements. In twenty minutes the brigade was in motion—shivering, freezing, perhaps—but eager and determined. The advancing enemy halted within five miles of the position taken by General Marmaduke, showed signs of uneasiness, and finally returned to Mud Town without a blow—a large scout from Colonel Shelby's command, under Captain Scott Bullard, following them into camp and bringing back fifteen horses and four prisoners.

By another order from General Hindman, Colonel Coffee was here relieved from his regimental command, and Colonel G. W. Thompson appointed in his stead.

General Schofield very soon withdrew his army back to Springfield for winter quarters, and left all the country open to the operations of the Confederates; but incessant service and scarcity of forage had much reduced the horses of Shelby's Brigade—so much so, indeed, that he was forced to go into camp below Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, where supplies for men and beasts were abundant.

General Hindman slowly concentrated an infantry force at Ozark, and certain unmistakable signs about headquarters gave sure indications that the year would not close without a heavy fight. Two weeks were spent with great benefit at Van Buren, and the horses

improved wonderfully during the time. Winter was approaching, however, on frozen feet, and the long nights grew severe and uncomfortable. Orders for marching broke the dreary idleness, and Cane Hill became the objective point. Every heart bounded at the thoughts of an expedition to this delightful town, for the memory of its hospitable people, and its rich and teeming farms, gave promise of plenty and abundance. Its apples, too, were unsurpassed, and who will deny that visions of delightful peach and apple brandy, made by two huge stills in the neighborhood, did not mingle with the soldier's visions, and help to render palatable the dirty Arkansas waters?

At sundown, on the evening of November 17th, General Marmaduke being remarkably noted for night marches—Colonel Shelby, at the head of his brigade, moved solidly through Van Buren and up along the great wire road leading to Fayetteville, camping about one o'clock the next morning fifteen miles from the camp previously occupied near the river. On and on over the rugged road, the swollen and rocky streams, through the eternal solitude of the Boston mountains, whose gigantic peaks, pine-crowned and majestic, rose up into the cold, gray clouds, winter on their hoary heads, but not upon their feet; and down again to the lovely valley of Cane Hill, nestled in among great blue hills as cosily as a domestic housewife.

Rapid as the march had been, General Blunt hovered very near, and held Fayetteville, only twelve miles away, with seven thousand troops. The 6th Kansas Cavalry, dissatisfied with their two previous defeats, were raiding about Ray's Mill; and still further to the left the Pin Indians were pursuing their usual avocations. Associated with Colonel Shelby in this expedition was a brigade of Arkansans under Colonel Carroll, composed of really good looking men, well mounted, fine, brave soldiers, but utterly misrepresented and kept back by their leader, as the sequel proves—both brigades forming a division commanded by General Marmaduke.

Shelby broke ground first with unceasing activity. The second day after the arrival at Cane Hill, Lieutenant Arthur McCoy, with

fifty picked men, was sent to look up one hundred Pins, reported to be encamped near a little town twenty miles in the Cherokee Nation. This Arthur McCoy was a gay, dashing, devil-may-care St. Louisian who joined the old 1st Missouri Infantry, Bowen's immortal regiment, Duffee's company, in St. Louis, and had won red laurels at Shiloh, but being attracted by the rising star of Shelby's genius, came over to join his galaxy of knights. Like some of the cuirassiers of Napoleon's Old Guard, he always doffed his plumed hat to his adversary just as he murmured through his moustache, "*En Garde.*" McCoy, above all others, suited exactly for the enterprise, and ferreting out, by good luck, an excellent guide, he succeeded in completely surprising the Indian encampment. The sleepy pickets were cut off and sabered silently. The doomed warriors lay rolled up in their blankets alongside of a heavy rail fence, which had been fired in a hundred corners to give heat during the night, when the silent horsemen rode upon them without the ringing of a musket. The work, short and bloody, lasted only a few moments. McCoy sabered seven with his own hand, and but ten of the whole number escaped. The next morning he rode quietly into camp with not a rose on his fresh, blooming face withered or fled.

On his return, Lieutenant J. L. Bledsoe, of Rathbun's company, was sent out with twenty men to beat up the 6th Kansas and find how their position stood. The 6th, however, turned suddenly on this small scout and drove it in quite hurriedly, Bledsoe fighting like a tiger and forming to fire on every convenient hill. Jeans' regiment swarmed out thick as bees to succor Bledsoe, and the 6th was attacked in turn so furiously, that they were fain to scamper away under the shadow of Blunt's somber shield, leaving nineteen of their jayhawkers pale and bloody along the roadsides.

Again the next morning, even before the most industrious soldier would have risen in all probability from his frosty blankets, a young and beautiful girl, Miss Susan McClellan, a fair rebel living four miles to the west of Cane Hill, came tripping into camp, bare-headed and *en dishabille*, to inform Colonel Shelby that six hundred Federal cavalry, from the direction of Fort Smith had just passed

her father's house to surprise him. The roses on her cheeks deepened beneath the admiring gaze of her auditors, but her fine eyes never quailed nor her patriotic earnestness wavered. Giving her a guard of honor, ten stalwart cavaliers, Colonel Shelby said to her that the enemy's movements were known, and that his men were concealed behind a large fence bordering a level cornfield through which the Federals must advance. Bledsoe's battery, well loaded with grape and cannister, stood, half hidden, to the right, and a mounted regiment under Colonel Carroll was held in hand to charge when the enemy's ranks were broken. Sure enough, Miss McClellan had not preceded their arrival more than thirty minutes, and her preparations to see the fight had been scarcely completed before the Federals entered the cornfield in fine style and advanced in line of battle upon the crouching Confederates. They were terribly deceived, and only expected to find two companies of militia, when every salient they touched was a regiment, and every fence corner a garrisoned stockade. Avoiding the Confederate pickets on the main road only confirmed their ignorance and led them on blindly to a bloody welcome. When within point-blank range, the snaky fence, lit up by the flash of three thousand muskets, revealed a line of sullen men pouring death into the shattered ranks, while Bledsoe's four-gun battery hurled an iron tempest into their very faces. The well-dressed line melted away like snow in a thaw, and shivering to the pitiless shock every living man turned and fled in one rushing, frenzied mass—order, command, discipline, all gone, and the yelling Confederates following on foot until distanced in the race.

Nothing was wanting to complete the destruction except a vigorous charge from Carroll's horsemen, but strangely he followed feebly and at a distance, never getting near enough to deliver a good fire or pick up a single straggler. The evil destiny of the Federals still followed them. Rushing down the same road on which were stationed the pickets, avoided by them in coming to General Marmaduke's camp, they were ambushed and lost fifteen men from a close fire as they galloped by, which, with twenty-three left upon the field at Cane Hill, made a large aggregate of slain. The heroic girl re-

ceived wild cheers from the returning regiments, and not one heart amid all the rugged soldiers but would have risked much for her. This successful episode lifted the brigade to the skies in its own estimation, and made each man feel himself a hero. General Marmaduke thanked Colonel Shelby for his watchfulness and vigor, and made known the fact that the ladies of Little Rock, had presented him with two beautiful banners, to be given to that company and regiment which most distinguished themselves in the next battle.

Meanwhile Blunt threw a large detachment around Ray's Mill to secure its advantageous position and cut off its supplies from the Confederates. Shelby's brigade made a forced march to attack it, but the enemy fled without fighting, and Shelby returned to Cane Hill. Then General Marmaduke resolved to fight Blunt at Fayetteville, and ordered Colonel Shelby to march at dark, but upon receiving information that a large body of Federals had gone west toward Fort Smith, and receiving orders at the same time from Hindman to follow them, he changed his dispositions and started westward. A night march of dreadful fatigue and suffering brought Colonel Shelby to the little town of Evansville, where it was reported the enemy were bivouacked. The nest was found very warm, but the birds had flown, and only a few outlying Indians were picked up. Enduring incessant rains, swimming innumerable streams, and eating fresh meat without salt, made Cane Hill again a delightful camp for the wearied soldiers, where four days were spent quietly.

General Blunt, reinforced to eight thousand strong, moved against General Marmaduke slowly on the evening of the 3d, so slowly that time was secured to send every wagon across Boston mountain, and to strip the brigade to the waist for fighting. All the day of the 4th, the men lay in line of battle waiting quietly, but Blunt did not come, though only fourteen miles away. The next morning about sunrise, and before a scouting party sent out to reconnoiter had cleared the limits of the camp, the blue caps of the 3d Kansas gleamed among the trees on the northern road, driving in the stubborn videttes. Everything had long been ready. Shelby formed his line on the crest of a hill just beyond his camp, and Collins took

position in a large graveyard below, his dark guns and stalwart artillerymen flitting like specters among the white tombstones, suggesting, surely, unpleasant memories on the eve of a desperate battle. Marmaduke, notified of danger by the thunder of Shelby's cannon, galloped immediately to the front with his glittering staff. In sooth, it was a glorious sight. A strong northwest wind tore down the yellow leaves in great gusts of broken pinions, and flared the rival flags in broad defiance above the rival armies. Every movement of Blunt could be plainly seen in the valley below, and his long lines came gleaming on,

"Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet
Had dimmed a glistening bayonet."

Collins opened first and shot a great gap in the leading regiment, while the stars and stripes went down dimmed in the battle's van. A hundred eager hands grasped the fallen banner, but a fresh discharge scattered the regiment like chaff to the shelter of the woods behind. There went up a fierce yell from the Confederates, and their skirmishers ran swarming down the hill to engage at closer range. Battery after battery rolled up to the front and poured a terrible fire upon Shelby's devoted brigade, waiting for the onset—a fire rarely if ever surpassed for terrible accuracy and precision. Ahead of all, Rabb's notorious six James' guns plied their bloody trade, and shredded life and limb away like stubble to the lava tide. In after days they paid him back again, and in that furious charge at Mark's Mill, where veteran infantry went down like apple-blossoms in a sweet south wind, this well-known battery was swept so bare of men and horses that it could be removed with difficulty after the field was won. The artillery fight lasted an hour, when Blunt threw forward a large force of infantry for the assault. Three times they came to the death grapple and three times Shelby's lone brigade hurled them back in confusion. Both parties took breath and glared upon each other with earnest hate. Shelby could not leave his strong position, and Blunt could not carry the hill by a front attack. Suddenly, two heavy columns broke away to the right

and left, and General Marmaduke knew further resistance to be useless, as his vastly inferior force could not engage the enemy on equal terms. The bugles sounded retreat, and Shelby moved off in magnificent style, bringing with him his dead and wounded. Massing his cavalry in solid column, Blunt hurled them upon Shelby's brigade in one long, continuous charge, supported promptly by the rapid infantry. Furious at being baffled by such small numbers and stimulating his Indians and jayhawkers by drink, Blunt led them on in person, bent upon destroying all before him. The pursuit and retreat were equally determined and deadly. Here Shelby inaugurated and put in practice his own peculiar system of fighting on a retreat, afterward carried to such bloody perfection by all his officers. It was this: stationing his regiments by companies on each side of the road, he had thirty positions for the thirty companies in his brigade. The company next the enemy was only to fire at point blank range, break rapidly into column, and gallop immediately behind the other twenty-nine still formed, and take position again for the same maneuver. Thus, the advancing forces met continually a solid, deadly tempest of lead driving into their very faces, and the companies delivering their fire in rotation had ample time to reload carefully and select most excellent positions.

Blunt took his punishment like a glutton, and hurled wave after wave of cavalry upon the stubborn rocks dotting his pathway at every angle. Right up from the bosom of the trampled road, a great hill rose splendidly, for two hundred feet, bare and pointed as a pillar. Round its summit Colonel Shelby clustered a regiment, and two guns under the heroic Collins, while the dashing McCoy planted the banner of the bars in the firm earth. About its base the cavalry surged in wild eddies and fell off from the rocky sides before the steady fire of its defenders, while Collins poured a destructive volley upon the advancing infantry. The sun, hitherto obscured all day, shone out suddenly like a ball of fire, and seemed to crest the waving banner with a crown of golden radiance. Colonel Shelby pointed to the blazing sky and said: "It is sun of Austerlitz." A wild shout hailed the happy omen, and beneath its

fiery rays the battle raged with steady violence—one regiment fighting ten. Blunt had encircled the hill before Shelby moved, and his skirmishers were almost between the guns before they were retired. Then the whole tide poured down in fierce pursuit and pressed the isolated regiment fearfully.

The young and gallant Captain Martin, just recruited two days before, formed his company to receive the shock, and fell dead the first fire, his blood spurting in Shelby's very face, while eleven of his comrades lay beside him, a proud defiance on their fresh young faces.

Shelby's horse was killed, and the black plume in his hat carried away by a pistol ball. The yells of the drunken Indians and Kansans were fearful as they pressed like very demons in pursuit. Always with his rear company, encouraging by his presence and stimulating by his example, Shelby seemed endowed with a charmed life. Another horse fell beneath him, pierced by eleven balls, and his uniform was torn by bullets and streaming with blood from his wounded horses. Fearfully pressed, he sent from the gloom of the mountains a swift order to Gordon and Thompson to form by regiments in supporting distance. He had been fighting up to this time with Jeans' alone. These devoted officers joined hands square across the road, and drove back Blunt's heavy advance by a hot volley and a hotter charge. Colonel Shelby here had his third horse killed, being almost rode over by the enemy, but extricating himself quickly, he joined his command and made another furious stand. It was the last, and in a dark mountain gorge, flanked on the left by a rapid torrent, and on the right by a perpendicular cliff of rugged rocks. Up this the men climbed; waist deep in the freezing water, they crouched behind the bank; while further to the rear, in the road, a few mounted men showed themselves as decoys. Hooting, yelling, swearing—Lieutenant Colonel Jewell at their head—the 6th Kansas in advance, galloped down upon the ambush with sabers drawn. From the rocks above the road, from the zig-zag banks of the creek, from the pines on every side, a deadly fire poured upon them from the concealed foe. Jewell, fell mortally

wounded, in the middle of the pathway, and in their frantic attempts to rescue his body, twenty-nine men and nineteen horses were blended together in one solid heap of agony.

Again and again did fresh troops pour up to the front, but they were all driven back with loss, and Shelby never for one moment relaxed his hold upon the gorge. Night came down suddenly from the mountain tops, and the sound of battle gradually grew faint and fainter, but very soon Blunt opened fiercely with his artillery, and shelled the position for half an hour without effect. Here Colonel Shelby lost his *fourth* horse—all of them sorrels—and ever after he would only ride a sorrel horse into battle; saying, a little superstitiously, I thought, “that he would never be hit bestriding an animal of this color.” In after days his confidence was rudely shocked, but not enough to strip the idea from his mind. The stand made here was necessary for salvation. Blunt’s troops took no prisoners, and had broken through the rear by one long, bloody, tenacious charge. The narrow road, rough and filled with huge stones, was crowded by a rushing, thundering, panic stricken mass, riding for life, as imagined, down a huge hill and over a deep stream at the bottom. It was a fearful moment. The ground shook and sounded as if undergoing some terrible internal convulsion. Sabers were whirling, pistols cracking incessantly, the peculiar Indian yell—a wailing, mournful song, loud above all—and thus the human avalanche rushed down. It was swallowing up Shelby’s lines as it came. He could erect no barrier strong enough to check it. In a moment then he ordered his rear regiment to open its ranks for the tide to sweep through, which it did with the rush of a hurricane, knocking men right and left, over precipices and into deep pools. Hall Shindler, attached to the staff of Colonel Shelby, while bravely attempting to bring some order out from the confusion, was literally ridden over, and finally knocked by a blundering horse down a steep place into deep water below. Shelby’s presence of mind and the devotion of some of his officers and men immediately around him, saved General Marmaduke’s division from irreparable overthrow.

With the darkness came a flag of truce from General Blunt, (which was received by the heroic Emmet McDonald, who had been fighting all day with the stubborn rear), asking for Colonel Jewell's body, and permission to bury his dead and take the wounded from the field of the Confederates. It was cheerfully granted, and General Marmaduke and Colonel Shelby met him on neutral ground, and conversed as freely and calmly as if but two hours before they had not sought each other's lives with fell tenacity. "Whose troops fought me to-day?" asked General Blunt. "Colonel Shelby's brigade," replied the generous Marmaduke. "How did they behave, General?" "Behave," answered Blunt, "why, sir, they fought like devils. Two hundred and fifty of my best men have fallen in this day's fight, and more heroic young officers than I can scarcely hope to get again. I don't understand your fighting," he continued, "when I broke one line, another met me, another, another, and still another, until the woods seemed filled with soldiers, and the very air dark with bullets." Just then the body of Colonel Jewell was carried tenderly past by his sorrowful soldiers, and a frown passed swiftly over the face of General Blunt, but it cleared instantly, and he said in a troubled voice: "Ah! there goes a model soldier—and far away in Kansas he leaves a poor old mother who will look long for his return." "How many men did you fight us with to-day?" asked Shelby. "I am ashamed to tell," replied Blunt, evasively, "but more than you had to meet me." After holding some further conversation the generals separated to their dreary bivouacs.

The battle had been more than usually severe, and lasted for the entire day over fifteen miles of mountainous country, amid rocks, trees, and upon the banks of a stream which crossed the road at least one hundred times, each crossing more difficult than the one preceding it. Carroll's brigade, owing solely to the inefficiency of its leader, never rallied after the first fire, and thundered away to Van Buren, carrying tidings of defeat and disaster. Two honorable exceptions must be made to this disgraceful event, and those were the gallant examples of the officers of the little howitzer bat-

tery attached to Carroll's command. These young officers, Huey and Shoup, reported from the first to Colonel Shelby, and stood by him during all the dark hours of the fearful retreat.

General Marmaduke thanked Colonel Shelby for saving the division trains and artillery, and as he was constantly in the rear himself, he fully appreciated the desperate nature of the struggle. Resting without eating during the night, the brigade next day marched to Dripping Springs to recruit its energies, and wait for General Hindman's advancing army.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE thing could never be learned at Richmond, or, if learned, never acted upon—and that was the great importance of the Trans-Mississippi Department. It was the military Botany Bay of the Confederate States, commanded continually, except when Hindman was over it, by generals relieved from duty in Virginia because of their ignorance and unfitness for any position whatever. The shifting of these incubuses only changed the responsibility geographically, and the same ruinous effects which *would* have attended their retention on one side of a river *did* attend them on the other. No portion of the Confederacy required more genius and more energy than the Trans-Mississippi Department. Isolated almost entirely after the fall of Vicksburg; exposed to continual temptations from Yankee cotton speculators; populated by a people possessing the worst ideas of the most Democratic form of liberty; heterogeneous in all its elements; and its people opposed, from the very nature of their habits, to all restraints or discipline—it required the iron-will and military cruelty—if this can be allowed—of Bragg; the holy faith and stern religious enthusiasm of Stonewall Jackson. The very opposite of both was given in an evil hour, and T. H. Holmes assumed command when the materials might have been fashioned into splendid columns to support an edifice magnificent in all its proportions and fair to look upon.

General Holmes had been once a keen and vigorous thinker. Plans came to him unbidden and so rapidly that he only caught glimpses of them. Mental suffering, old age, and a life of great exposure had told heavily upon his physical development and correspondingly upon his intellectual faculties. The tenacity and vigor of youthful reasoning were all gone, and he seemed anxious for the opinions of others, and more than complacent in adopting

their suggestions and changing his own preconceived ideas for those of some subordinate in whose military philosophy he had confidence. Thoroughly conscientious, intensely Southern, and devoted, body and soul, to the cause, he had all the political elements necessary to make a great commander, without the more vital ones of firmness, perspicacity, and that wonderful faculty which, after creation, carries everything before it to completion.

He owed his appointment to one of Mr. Davis' idiosyncracies, and it will serve to show upon what little matters sometimes hinges the fate of a people. A digression sufficiently abrupt, therefore, for its relation, will be tolerated. Malvern Hill had been fought, upon which Magruder won a wreath of bloody laurels and an order retiring him from command. The complaint was not that he did not fight, but that he fought too much. A sublime accusation, which had more of honor in it than condemnation. It soothed somewhat the old hero's mortified pride—and he was proud, too, as Hannibal. After reporting to the Secretary of War, then Mr. Randolph, and discussing sociably military matters and things, Mr. Randolph informed him that he (Magruder) had been *assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department*; that the necessary orders would be issued immediately; and that the President desired to see and converse with him personally about affairs over beyond the Mississippi. The next day Magruder called upon Mr. Davis officially, was received with great dignity, and ushered into his private cabinet. "How do you propose to conduct military operations in the West?" asked the President, in his driest, most impressive and emphatic tones. Magruder drew his tall form up and answered concisely, while the battle-light of Malvern came back to his eyes: "I propose to fight, sir—fight continually and always in Missouri. I am in favor of giving General Price all the men he wants, and will go with him into Missouri and make the battlefield there; I propose to go with General Price to St. Louis; I propose to use his name as long as it will bring a thousand men. I do not care who has the laurels; it may be proclaimed from Dan to Bersheba that General Price is the commander; that the cam-

paigns are his campaigns; that Magruder is a subordinate officer when he is the Chief, sir—but one thing I will do, wherever and whenever the enemy is met he shall be fought—fought, sir, as long as I have a cartridge or a bayonet.” The patriot spoke then—the soldier had spoken in front of Yorktown, at Williamsburg, upon the bare, red crest of Malvern.

Mr. Davis had listened eagerly until Magruder favored giving to General Price unlimited power, when *his* eyes blazed too, and, with a quick nervous jerk, he snatched the pen from behind his ear hurriedly and threw it with an impetuous motion upon the floor without uttering a word. Not then could Magruder fathom this outbreak of passion, and the next day he started to Vicksburg. A telegram overtook him at Raleigh, North Carolina, and he was ordered to return to Richmond; and was finally sent over the river in a subordinate capacity. Before this interview, however, President Davis had had a conversation with General Price, in which he taxed Price with a desire to separate the Trans-Mississippi Department from the rest of the Confederacy, and General Price had indignantly denied any such intention. A denial with Mr. Davis meant much or little as he pleased, and in this case he did not believe the denial. Magruder's opinions again alarmed his suspicions, and to make everything certain, he placed over all of them, his devoted personal friend, General T. H. Holmes. He might fight or not as he pleased—he was to watch and to prevent. He might have genius, and skill, and energy—he was known to be faithful and devoted. The sequel proves much, though: weak, vacillating, and totally devoid of energy—his entire administration revolved around the axis of a simple love he held for some wealthy Arkansas widow. He replaced Hindman, when Hindman was the only man with brains and will as pitiless as the grave. He found an army created from the woods by the magic wand of Hindman—he destroyed it; he blundered at Helena, and delayed striking a blow until Vicksburg was in its death agony. He warred upon the cavalry because they took but few prisoners among the Union men and bushwhackers, and cantoned his infantry in unhealthy locali-

ties until they died by regiments and brigades. And during all the long time of his willful, woeful waste, he was sighing tenderly over labored love-letters and lingering fondly around his bewitching syren, when every breeze brought to his ears the prayers for work and action.

General Hindman had wrought wonders during his short administration, and was purifying and organizing his vineyard with rough impatient hands. He found no army, but *his idea* of the conscript law rigidly enforced brought one from the mountains and the canebrakes. There came up a great cry for arms and ammunition, and General Hindman built manufactories; opened laboratories; dug up the earth till saltpeter was found in abundance; discovered rich lead mines; imported machinery for making percussion caps; brought in cotton cards for the women to make clothes; established vast government tan-yards; manufactured beautiful salt from mines deemed hitherto worthless; and stimulated home industry by every species of favorable and practical legislation. He killed desertion at a blow. He remorselessly shot it from the army by one vast, righteous, justifiable slaughter. Traitors, Union sympathizers, croakers and peace men were stripped bare of their possessions, and if they did not *bend* they were *broken*. The priest at the altar, the preacher in the pulpit, the husbandman in his field, the bridegroom during his honeymoon, the aristocratic slaveholder, the poor young farmer, and the gawky mountain lad, all had to lay hold of the ropes manfully, and pull steadily for the South and her deliverance. Hindman was tyrannical, but it was the tyranny which inspired the first Napoleon to say: "Bullets first—speeches afterward." He was accused of cruelty, but it was the cruelty which crushed the opposition and the mutiny out of Arkansas, and made her tremble with loyalty through every pore. He was called ambitious, but it was the holy ambition to blend, fuse, weld, concentrate all hatred, defiance, power, energy, skill, intellect, into the most crushing shape, and hurl it like a thunderbolt upon a common foe. That tyranny, cruelty, and ambition so much talked about were needed, and saved Arkansas from a position taken by Texas in later years, and which placed upon her

young brow a dark, red scar of dishonor and of shame. Hindman understood the magnitude of the struggle, the fearful gulf over which leaned the Confederacy, and he became terribly in earnest. The activity of his intellect knew no bounds, and the intuition of his genius saw too far for the period. Expanding all elements into vigorous life, gathering tribute from every avenue of supply, taxing Arkansas and her people until their nerves and hearts were strong with actual tension, he was almost ready for a blow, when the good old granny limped over from Richmond, possessory orders in his pocket, and a Lieutenant General's stars upon his collar. Being deaf, he did not hear the murmurs of distrust which greeted him, and so with a patience characteristic of most lovers and old men, he deliberately went to work and destroyed all the foundations laid by Hindman with such admirable skill, precision and forethought.

In this connection, it can do no harm to explain the action of Hindman in enforcing the conscript law, and how, despite the unfavorable congressional legislation upon the subject, it was sufficient in his hands to give plenty of soldiers.

Direct and positive orders from General A. S. Johnston had withdrawn or were withdrawing, when Hindman took command, all the organized companies of the Trans-Mississippi Department. The conscript act provided only for filling up these *same* companies, prohibiting *new* ones, hence, had he *enforced* the law, as he was cursed and denounced by many of the timid and indifferent for doing, the West would have been hopelessly stripped of all means of defense, enabling the enemy to overrun and occupy it at once and to concentrate the chief strength of the Union armies on the States east of the Mississippi. Defeating this result was one of the most important events of the war, and it was defeated by nullifying the conscription law of the Confederate Congress, disregarding the policy of the Richmond authorities, promulgating a new system known as "Hindman's system," and creating the army that kept up resistance in the West nearly three years longer. To credit for these actions Hindman was unquestionably entitled, though the Confederate Government disavowed them, and relieved him from

command on account of "arbitrary" conduct. With more bitter enemies, perhaps, than any other Southern commander, growing out of the stern necessities of his position, and exercising an authority almost despotic, Hindman passed through the struggle and lives to this day without a stain on his personal integrity, or even a whispered charge of having gained pecuniary profit from the exercise of his power.

The heaviest blow struck now was the battle of Prairie Grove, and, as it did not effect its object, it deserves classification as a *failure* and not as a *disaster* by any means.

After the threatened advance from Helena on Little Rock was found to exist only in General Holmes' ill-grounded fears, General Hindman sought urgently for permission to move with the army at once and attack General Blunt, hovering with a large force within striking distance almost of the Arkansas river. Before doing so, however, Holmes extorted the promise from Hindman that, *even if successful in his attack upon Blunt*, he should return immediately to the river, and march back again forthwith with his army to Little Rock. The forces for the battle were mostly raised, organized, and equipped by Hindman, were in a fair state of discipline, and had undergone several months of rigid drill. Their strength, of all arms, was nine thousand and five hundred upon leaving Van Buren, of which number eight thousand went into the fight, and being gradually marched from Little Rock to Fort Smith, they were in good condition, well armed, clothed, and fed.

Hindman, at Fort Smith, heard, all the long day, Shelby's retreating guns, and rapidly crossed Parsons' Missouri brigade to render assistance, if needed, for Carroll's demoralized horsemen had spread fearful tales of destruction.

The Federal forces stood thus exposed to attack: Blunt, upon his sudden check, at nightfall, by Marmaduke, returned to Cane Hill, and took position for repairs. Herron, lingering about Yellville and Huntsville, away to the east, kept open no regular line between his command and that of General Blunt, thereby exposing either to a sudden blow without the assistance of the other. Blunt had ten

thousand men, and the detached column of Herron was six thousand strong. The palpable policy of the opposing general was to prevent, at all hazards, the concentration of these two bodies, and throw himself in full force upon the one nearest and most exposed, in order to destroy them in detail. Blunt's column, being nearest, was the one chosen to attack, and General Hindman requested General Holmes to hold General Herron in check until Blunt could be overthrown, which would enable him to turn upon Herron with success almost certain. Holmes promised ready co-operation, and having Parsons' brigade of Texas Cavalry, with other unattached troops at his disposal, no motive could be imagined to cause a change of policy. Certain it was, however, that Holmes failed to redeem his promise, and actually withdrew all opposition from Herron's movements, who, having ascertained Hindman's maneuvers, and knowing Blunt's imminent danger, made forced and unmolested marches to his relief. The troops withdrawn from Herron's vicinity were not even added to Hindman's army, and it, therefore, became weaker in proportion as Blunt's became stronger. Matters were very desperate, then, in the beginning, but by no means hopeless, until the fatal error of Shoup, upon the field and in actual presence of the enemy, lost a battle and neutralized the efforts of the campaign. But I anticipate the misfortune.

Marmaduke halted his division at Dripping Springs, and informed General Hindman of the results of the fight, who, in turn, ordered Marmaduke to retain his position, scout far to the front, and prepare for immediate battle, as he intended to fight Blunt as soon as he could reach him, meanwhile watching the crossing of his troops in person, and hastening everything to a successful completion.

Marmaduke moved on the morning of December 1st, Shelby's brigade in advance, and found no enemy that day in front, the infantry closing up well, and in fine spirits. The army traveled light, and, having no wagons or tents, suffered dreadfully from the cold, now intense amid the mountains.

December 2d came in with a heavy rain-storm, which hardened into sleet by noon, and even snow was falling freely when the bivouac

was commenced, about four o'clock. Captain George S. Rathbun, with his Company F, of Shelby's regiment, was the extreme outpost on the main road, and at five o'clock, just after he had established his lines, a large scouting party of Federals attacked him, evidently to learn if he covered an advancing army. Captain Rathbun, being extremely brave and intelligent, divined their purpose, and maintained his ground so stubbornly that the enemy were driven off, leaving behind eleven dead and five prisoners, the latter testifying separately that Blunt was still ignorant of his danger, and supposed the pickets were only detachments from Shelby's brigade. Thus far very well.

December 3d came in clear and very cold, and about three o'clock in the evening, Shelby still leading, his advance discovered suddenly the 6th Kansas drawn up in line of battle on a large hill, every way disposed to give battle. Fortunately, the infantry were several miles behind, and a sudden turn in the road below these bold scouts prevented any information from being gained by even the advantages of their extremely elevated position. Colonel Jeans, who was in front, received orders to drive them from the hill, which he did in fine style, and pressing them beyond so rapidly, they were forced to turn aside from the main road and take a rugged pathway, which carried them into Cane Hill by a longer but safer route. The chase lasted until night, when Colonel Jeans returned to camp with twenty-two prisoners and forty-three horses, having killed thirty-two that were seen upon the road. The prisoners were paroled and released expressly to carry the information to General Blunt that only Shelby's command was approaching him, which information was impressed upon them by every imaginable artifice. The paroles amounted to little less than the paper upon which they were written, for during the day of the battle four of these same men were actually re-captured with the broken oaths in their possession, but escaped well-merited punishment by swearing piteously they were forced back into service by their officers.

December the 5th had nearly ended without a fight, and the brigade had just commenced bivouacking when three hundred and

sixty of Blunt's Buckskin Rangers rode up deliberately, almost within the camp, and looked quite sneeringly upon the poor and meager preparations for a supper, actually capturing two Confederate soldiers at a house not one hundred yards distant, attracted there by a report of some delicious apples being hid away. From the days of Paradise a singular fatality seems to have lingered around the apple, and Private Thomas Butler and his companion had abundant leisure afterward, in a Leavenworth City prison, to understand that coquetish Eve was not the only victim to misplaced curiosity. Certain crawling skirmishers in gray, with guns at a trail, warned the practiced eyes of Blunt's chosen Rangers that trouble was brewing, and they galloped off without a scratch—the first and only time a similar affair happened to Shelby's venture—some advance.

On the evening of the 6th, and when within only eight miles of Cane Hill, Blunt's advanced outposts were encountered in strong force, dotting the large hills in front, and standing clear cut against the crimson of a winter's sky—wary, watchful, and defiant. The whole army halted in full view in the plain below, for the mask of secrecy was thrown away, that Blunt might know he would have to fight to-morrow. Large fires were kindled, cattle killed, and every preparation made seemingly for a night's bivouac, but these signs portend little to old soldiers, and all expected some advance or fighting before the sunrise.

At Morrow's farm, the point of the divergence of the Fayetteville and Cane Hill roads—which again meet at Prairie Grove—Hindman assembled his general officers, the night of December 6th, for final instructions, which were that Colonel Monroe, with one regiment of cavalry, should demonstrate at dawn on the mountain-crest overlooking Cane Hill, deceiving Blunt into the belief that the attack would be from that direction, and to constantly advise Hindman of his movements. Before, however, this point had been reached, and while Hindman was at Fort Smith, General Marquardt wrote to him after Blunt was checked in the pursuit over the mountains, that the time had arrived for attacking Blunt in force.

General Hindman sent for General Marmaduke, and a conference was held at Hindman's headquarters in which all the general officers participated. Hindman, Marmaduke and Fagan were for immediate battle; Shoup, Frost, and Roan were rather lukewarm and undecided. Marmaduke insisted that the movements should be made with all possible haste, and Frost desired time to get shoes and clothing for his men, which was granted, and two or three days of great moment lost, and in this conference at Morrow's farm, the night of December 6th, the plan of attack was discussed—Shoup and Frost desiring to attack Blunt squarely upon his head at Cane Hill, Marmaduke and Hindman proposing that the main body of the army should move east around the position, attack Blunt upon his rear and left flank, and force him from his well-prepared stronghold about Cane Hill. The latter plan had just been discussed and adopted, and the necessary orders issued, when news came that heavy reinforcements were approaching Blunt, between Fayetteville and Cane Hill, showing that Holmes had drawn off the troops that were to prevent this concentration, by threatening to move from Yellville toward Springfield.

General Herron, an intelligent and energetic soldier, had marched to the help of his threatened comrades with untiring strength, and was now at Fayetteville, twelve miles east of Cane Hill, ready to join arms in battle if not prevented suddenly. Hindman knew all this from Shelby's unerring scouts, and decided at once with promising alacrity. Shelby got his orders to force in, at precisely four o'clock in the morning, Blunt's entire guards, and, after giving them a good start over the mountain, turn squarely off to the left and take the road to Prairie Grove, a central position between Blunt and Herron, and by which neither could pass without paying bloody toll, intending to follow rapidly himself and precipitate his entire army in one sudden blow upon Herron, before Blunt could possibly succor him. The better to impose upon Blunt, and detain him at Cane Hill, one regiment of cavalry was placed under command of Colonel James S. Monroe, a skillful and daring Arkansas officer,

who was to follow the retiring outposts of Blunt, and detain him as long as possible at his camp after becoming engaged.

Hindman's determination to fight was wise and politic, as his force would have been more demoralized by flight than by the chances of battle, and he announced to his officers that the only change in the plan would be to put Parsons' brigade in Blunt's rear, across the Fayetteville road, while the main body, instead of moving on Blunt, as before designed, was to be thrown vigorously on the reinforcing column, to destroy it if possible, before Blunt could recover from his surprise.

Precisely at four o'clock, Shelby's brigade left their glowing fires, and moved out in the cold and the darkness to attack the watchful sentinels keeping stern guard over their sleeping army. Shelby's regiment led, and Captain Scott Bullard's company, deployed as skirmishers at the head of the column, disappeared in the heavy woods for a surprise. The moon had gone down hours before, and the cold stars twinkled in a frosty sky with a red, ominous light. The silence was oppressive, and the crouching soldiers strained their eyes eagerly forward in the darkness to catch the first defined object with semblance of a man.

The moon this night had been eclipsed, too—and upon many of the soldiers the weird, mysterious appearance of the sky, the pale, ghost-like phantom of a cloud across its crimson disc—had much of superstitious influence. At first, when the glowing camp fires had burned low and comfortable, a great flood of radiance was pouring over the mountains and silvering even the hoary white beard of the moss clustering about the blank, bare faces of the precipices. The shadows contracted finally. The moon seemed on fire and burned itself to ashes. The gigantic buckler of the heavens, studded all over with star-diamonds, had for its boss a gloomy, yellowish, struggling moon. Like a wounded king, it seemed to bleed royally over the nearest cloud, then wrap its dark mantle about its face, even as Cæsar did, and sink gradually into extinction. There was a hollow grief of the winds among the trees, and the snowy phantasm of the frost crinkled and rustled its gauze robes under foot. The

men talked in subdued voices around their camp-fires, and were anxious to draw from the eclipse some happy augury. Relief exhibited itself on every face when the moon at last shone out broad and good, and the dark shadows were again lit up with tremulous rays of light.

“Halt! who comes there?” rang out a strong voice with a decided German accent. Forty rifles flashed luridly in the gloom, and the faithful sentinel fell dead from his horse. His comrades were prepared, though, and poured in a steady fire upon the head of the advancing column, followed by a long, lurid flash from Shelby’s brigade, a cheer, and a charge over hidden logs and great rocks in the pathway. At the reserve post another stand was made, but being pressed rapidly, a long, solid gallop told truly that Blunt’s outposts were falling back upon their main body. Colonel Monroe joined in the chase here, and Shelby turned off toward Prairie Grove, as ordered. The march was bitter cold and slowly made until daylight, the presence of the enemy necessitating extreme caution, and the rocky and broken woods on either flank requiring thorough scouting.

Colonel Shelby called up from the rear at sunrise Major Shanks, and laconically gave him the orders for the attack: “You will,” he said, “take half of your regiment and half of Thompson’s and constitute my advance, keeping two hundred yards of interval between your rear and my column. Attack anything and everything in sight, charge from the moment you see the enemy, and I will support you with the entire brigade. Forward, Major.”

A battle light gleamed in Shanks’ calm, cold eyes, and he smoothed out a stray lock in his charger’s mane, as he lifted his plumed hat in salute and galloped off.

A great, red sun came up over the tree-tops, but it was cold and angry. Soon afterward there came the rippling shots of skirmishers, a sudden crash or two, a long, clattering volley, and a shout went up that Shanks was hotly engaged. True enough, in about a mile from where he received his instructions, the old antagonist of Newtonia, Major Hubbard, was met with his 3d Missouri regiment,

and detachments from several others, escorting a train of eight wagons, containing artillery and small arm ammunition, going to Blunt, with thirteen other wagons loaded with clothing. Shanks saw nothing but the enemy and counted nothing but the wagons. "Men follow!" rang out clear above the roar of battle, and revolver in hand he dashed down upon the line covering the valuable prize. Hot work at the starting, but riding down everything, Shanks swept all opposition before him and circled the train with lines of steel. Shelby, catching inspiration from the wild battle-music, dashed up to Shanks' support only to find him victoriously pursuing the routed enemy, striving frantically to gain Herron's friendly cover. Coming into the main road leading directly to Cane Hill, he stationed Gordon, dismounted, as General Marmaduke ordered, in the dry bed of a creek, to hold the road leading to Cane Hill, while he dashed away after Shanks with two pieces of artillery, under Lieutenant Luther Wayman. The enemy had scattered in every direction through the woods, and Shanks to capture them did the same, so Colonel Shelby, thinking his advance still before him in the road, pressed on simply with his two guns and a few of his staff. Hubbard formed about a hundred men and swept down upon the two guns before they had unlimbered, shooting, slashing, and yelling for their surrender. Riding up directly to Colonel Shelby, whom he evidently recognized as the leader, he said: "You are surrounded and overpowered—surrender your men immediately, Sir."

Shelby was taken all aback, but his wonderful self-possession remained unshaken. The Federal cavalry were between his guns, around which clustered the artillerymen, defending themselves from saber strokes and plying their pistols manfully. Wayman and Cloudesly, Pritchard and Alec Cooper, Gus Armstrong and Charley Tyler, Bishop and Graham, were gashed and bleeding, yet still hewing away with all the unscientific strength of their nervous arms.

"Surrender, do you hear!" shouted Hubbard, presenting a revolver to Shelby's head, "surrender, or I fire."

"You are mistaken," coolly replied Shelby—"it is you who are my prisoner. Call off your men, and listen behind you."

Sure enough, Shanks having finished his work of death in the bushes and hearing firing in his rear, came tearing into the road between Hubbard and Herron, Captain John Jarrett leading, thus cutting off the former from all retreat, while Thompson and Elliott came galloping up from the other direction. "I am caught," said Hubbard, trying to smile, "nicely caught, and here is my sword. I ask only quarter for my men." "Take back your sword, Major," generously answered Shelby, "it was never stained, as I have learned, in the blood of the helpless around Newtonia. I respect an honorable foe."

Three hundred and seventy-three prisoners were sent under guard to the rear, together with the twenty-one wagons, making a good beginning for the day, beside a large number killed and wounded. But more had yet to be done. The head of the infantry appearing in sight, Shelby concentrated his brigade rapidly, and, after accurately informing General Marmaduke of the position of affairs, who was rapidly making dispositions to attack with his united division, hurried away to find General Herron's exact position, knowing full well he must be close at hand. Two miles from the Prairie Grove Church, around which the battle surged all day, his infantry was encountered advancing in line of battle, cavalry all retired, skirmishers ahead of a naked front, wary and prepared for action. Herron halted at Shelby's advance, and believing the whole army upon him, offered battle in a wretched position. Then the fate of the day hung trembling in the balance, and fugitive generals flitted ever and anon through the smoke of the conflict, while victory smiled lovingly above the Confederate army with outstretched arms asking for embrace. Putting Parsons in position, General Hindman went with him toward Cane Hill to reconnoiter Blunt, having first ordered Shoup, with great emphasis to strike the reinforcements "quick and desperately"—the precise words. Marmaduke's division fell back slowly, fighting Herron's advance, step by step—both its leader and Shelby asking for help to attack

Herron in turn and destroy him. None came, and when Marmaduke had fallen back upon Prairie Grove, the head of Herron's infantry pressing him, Shoup had deployed in line of battle to repel attack, which was proper. But after waiting an hour for the enemy to attack, he lost another hour in going to the rear to say to Hindman that he thought his force insufficient to drive the enemy. Blunt's cavalry and light artillery assailing Parsons had rendered it impossible for Hindman to tell whether there was firing in the direction of Fayetteville or not. In fact he had concluded that the enemy had retreated out of reach, and he therefore sent Major Wilson, of his staff, to recall Shoup when he met the latter seeking him, two hours after he had received his orders to attack *volens volens*. Waiting for Herron's attack meant waiting for Blunt, for concentration, for defeat, for disaster. Sorrowfully, and under the shadow of a great darkness, Marmaduke and Shelby took positions in the lines about Prairie Grove—the battle-field being the crest of a large hill, about two miles east from the position taken by General Hindman. In these defensive lines eight thousand Confederates waited until Herron, with six thousand men, and Blunt, with ten thousand men concentrated their forces and attacked—eight thousand sheep waiting until sixteen thousand wolves should come and devour them because their shepherd was ignorant of his duty and incapable of protecting them.

Colonel Monroe, at Cane Hill, carried out his orders and attacked Blunt so fiercely that he thought Hindman's entire army was upon him; and could only half believe Herron's couriers begging him to march instantly to Prairie Grove, but Monroe failed to inform Hindman of Blunt's retreat, probably because he was himself ignorant of it. However great the doubts inspired by Monroe's masterly maneuvers in the mind of General Blunt, the steady and infernal roar of Herron's artillery told very plainly the point of real attack. Mark the heroic devotion of this man, and compare his energy and promptitude in the face of terrible danger with the dilly-dallying of Shoup who lingered fondly around the brow of the hill like some asthmatic lover wheezes about his darling. He

was a West Pointer, too—an honor, however—but he wanted to get some practical experience in the taking of positions and in the formation of troops by “echelon,” instead of pushing them into the fight as if he meant business.

Blunt knew the upper road between himself and Herron was in possession of Hindman, for every scouting party sent out had been driven back or captured, and he marched directly to Ray’s Mill, eight miles north, crossed the Illinois river, a large mountain stream, and thence east four miles to Prairie Grove. This distance he made in little more than two hours, and perfectly unmolested.

Herron, in the low swampy ground where Shelby left him in battle-line, took his own time to attack, willing to give Blunt every opportunity to come to his assistance. Shoup, whose love for the hill would not suffer him to leave it, but whose giant proportions were not sufficient to cover his unfortunate mistake, formed his lines almost entirely around its crest. Shelby on the right, Frost and Parsons on the left, with Fagan and Shoup in the center, where the artillery was also massed. Directly below this hill, and yellow and beautiful still in the early winter, a large meadow lay spread out like a picture. Beyond this meadow were heavy swells of timber, from which Herron soon emerged and formed his lines in full view of the rival army. The battle commenced by a furious artillery fire—but from the Federal side alone—the Confederates greatly deficient in the quality of guns, and the marked superiority of the Federal artillery, both in metal and range, wisely induced General Hindman to shelter his batteries, and to use them only in moments of assault. Shelby, however, by constantly changing the position of his guns, and by the reckless exposure of Collins and his devoted battery, succeeded in keeping up a steady and defiant cannonading. If the Federal fire at Cane Hill had been admirable, here it was perfect and unsurpassable. Forty-two pieces of field artillery, from every conceivable point of the compass, filled the woods with shells as thick as pigeons in their annual flights, and tore away trees, obliterated fences, and swept down artillerymen

like the breath of a hurricane. Infantry in the reserve fell mutilated before the same balls which had killed one or two of the foremost skirmishers, and the squadrons of cavalry on the flanks were riddled with terrible impunity. Nothing makes a man shoot so coolly as not being shot at in return, and from the necessary silence of Hindman's artillery, the Federal batteries were as undisturbed as if practicing at a target.

This fire lasted nearly two hours, quite long enough for Blunt to execute his plans and to save Herron. Then a solid brigade of infantry, led by Colonel Black, of the 25th Illinois, broke away from Herron's lines and marched beautifully to the assault upon the right, where Shelby and Fagan were crouching all the long hours of the artillery butchery. Further down the hill, and consequently nearer to the enemy, stood Blocker's splendid four-gun battery, naked and pitiful in its utter desolation. Wrested from its company, every horse killed, half its defenders piled amid their cherished guns, it was now dreadfully exposed to the oncoming tide of Federals sweeping up the hill like a "stream that bursts its banks." Shelby marked its danger, and swore before high Heaven it should not perish thus. Knowing that not a man could be spared from his brigade until after the assault was repulsed, he ordered Lieutenant Collins, of Bledsoe's battery to cover it by two guns loaded with cannister. "When you see their hands upon the wheels, Dick," said Shelby, "fire—not before."

Collins masked his guns within two hundred yards of Blocker's battery and Shelby returned to meet the assault.

In beautiful array the Federals swept up the hill, through a young peach-orchard, regularly laid out in long lines of trees, and right upon Blocker's battery, behind which, some two hundred yards, and entirely hid, were Fagan and Shelby, waiting like tigers in the lair. The 25th Illinois led, composed mostly of devil-may-care Irishmen, and when they reached the battery and saw the fearful work of their own guns, there was a fierce hurrah, and every man turned up his canteen and took a long, hearty drink. All this was in plain

sight, and almost every word spoken in their ranks could be heard distinct and ringing.

"Be jabbers" said one, "but Rabb plays hell to-day with the rebs." "And if ye'll be only as safe as Rabb in his position a mile away this blissed day," said another, "Mistress Murphy will have no masses said for yer precious soul at all, at all." "Divil take you, Pat, for a nuisance," replied the first, "reminding one of wives and childer this bloody moment. Ah! look out, boys, look out—there's hell before us."

All this actually passed while the brigade was advancing, and the Irishmen's caution arose from seeing several Confederate skirmishers incautiously changing their positions from bad to better covers. How the Confederates held their fire so long has always been a mystery, but Colonel Black had reached to within fifty feet of their position when a leaping, radiant tide of death swept the front and withered the gorgeous array in the twinkling of an eye. Black, badly wounded, tried to rally his men under even *that* fire, but slaughter was too hungry and too insatiable; officers, soldiers, horses, and riders thundered back in struggling masses, while Collins poured two fires into the seething crowd, and Shelby's and Hawthorn's brigades, carried away by uncontrollable enthusiasm, pressed them like very devils almost to their guns, and suffered greatly from artillery as they were returning, but saving Blocker's battery by a bayonet charge, under the order from General Hindman. All about the peach orchard, around the recaptured battery, behind logs, stumps and trees, the dead and wounded lay in great heaps, and soon agonized cries and piteous appeals arose upon the air from the poor sufferers, as the cold, freezing winds penetrated their wounds with rugged ice daggers. One gigantic Illinois man had his thigh shattered by a Minnie bullet clear up into the body. Suffering a thousand deaths, he called to one of Shelby's brigade, and said calmly, though his features were terribly distorted: "For the love of God, friend, kill me and put me beyond such intolerable misery." "Are you in yearnest?" replied the rough Missourian, "and may I have your overcoat and canteen?" "Yes, yes—every-

thing," murmured the dying man. "Well, here goes—shut yer eyes and hold yer breath—'t will be over in a minnit."

The soldier did as desired; the Missourian placed his musket to his head and, blowing his life out like a puff of smoke, he coolly took the promised articles and rejoined his command. The canteen was filled with excellent liquor, which gave Corporal Miles and Sergeant Parnell, of Company H, Shelby's regiment, an idea, and soon they returned from the skirmish line loaded with canteens filled with the generous fluid.

In this charge were two Irishmen from St. Louis—splendid, strapping fellows, full of fun and devilment. They had the very day of enlistment made a solemn agreement between each other to go into every fight, side by side, succor one another in distress, and in the event of a wound that was not mortal, the one unhurt should bear the other from the field. Charging furiously down the hill after the retreating Federals, the oldest, Jerry, received an ugly bullet through his right thigh, falling heavily. True to his promise, the youngest, Larry, gathered him up immediately, threw him across his back and started to the rear. Meeting Dr. Spencer Brown, engaged busily among the wounded, the doctor said to him: "Ah! Larry, and why are you taking a dead man from the field." "Dead—and faith he's not so aisy kilt." "But look up and see for yourself."

The faithful comrade turned slowly around to get a glance at his companion's face, and, sure enough, during the retreat a cannon ball had taken his head smoothly and evenly off without Larry knowing the slightest thing about it. A wondering, half curious expression came over his countenance, as if he did not half understand matters, then, gently laying down the mutilated burden, he said with great gravity, "Be gorrah, but he tould me he was wounded in the leg!"

After repulsing the first attack, General Hindman commenced massing troops on his right, which he intended, under the command of General Marmaduke, to hurl upon the enemy's left, turn it and gain his rear, and had communicated the necessary orders, when the desertion of Adams' regiment occurred, shaking his confidence in

the rest of the troops (naturally, though unjustly as the result proved), to such an extent that he then gave up all other plans except that of holding the ground until nightfall and retiring below the mountains. The desertion occurred during the hottest portion of the battle with Herron, and the regiment went almost *en masse*, their heroic leader and a few other officers and men remaining to fight with other ranks.

Herron commenced his terrible artillery fire again, while he re-organized the same brigade and sent it back reinforced. The issue was even more disastrous than the first, though more persistently and desperately pursued, and, again, the brigade was driven back, losing many prisoners.

"What men are fighting us," asked General Fagan, riding up on his splendid war horse, and looking every inch a dashing cavalier, of a young Federal Lieutenant, of the 25th Illinois, who had hid behind a log when the work was hottest, and thus suffered himself to be captured, "they come up daringly to certain death." "They are the 25th Illinois, 7th Kansas, 4th Wisconsin and 9th Missouri," answered the young Lieutenant, "and General Herron is anxious to know what brigades followed his troops after the first repulse almost up to his guns?" "Shelby's and Hawthorne's brigades," replied Fagan, "the first one is the same which captured your wagons and cavalry this morning. Has Blunt arrived?" "Not in the moment of assault, but his advance could almost be seen," exultantly answered the Lieutenant.

It was, indeed, too true. Wild and frantic cheers from the meeting hosts drowned the roar of battle, and saddened many hearts ignorant until now of affairs. "Short greeting serves in time of strife," and Herron and Blunt joined hands but for one moment, before grappling the Confederate army with strengthened and sinewy arms. The shock came, and it was terrific. Each leader knew the issue, and stripping away all superfluities, marched boldly to the decision. For four dreadful hours the red waves of battle ebbed and flowed around the hill, in and out amid the beautiful woods of Prairie Grove, and almost upon the sacred altar of the quiet, country church,

pointing its tall spires heavenward, as if praying God's mercy on the infuriated combatants. Blunt, grim and stubborn as a bull-dog, threw himself upon General Parsons, and dealt him ponderous blows for an hour and more, when Parsons closed suddenly upon him and bore him back, bleeding, through a large orchard to the timber beyond, where he had massed thirty pieces of artillery in one solid park. In this orchard were five gigantic ricks of straw, dry and combustible almost as gunpowder. Hither some two hundred wounded Federals had crawled, to burrow in the warm covering and find shelter against the bitter cold. Shells from their own lines fired the frail protection, and before any effort could be made at rescue their heart-rending cries told all the dreadful agony of the conflagration. The sight afterward was sickening and appalling. Two hundred human bodies lay half consumed in one vast sepulcher, and in every position of mutilated and horrible contortion, while a large drove of hogs, attracted doubtless by the scent of roasting flesh, came greedily from the apple trees and gorged themselves upon the unholy banquet. Intestines, heads, arms, feet, and even hearts were dragged about over the ground and devoured at leisure. But, why dwell upon the disgusting scene? War has horrors enough in all shapes without portraying the most offensive.

Herron, on the right, had less success than Blunt, and was driven back at all points with greater loss. Night alone closed the battle, leaving the Confederates in possession of the field and believing in victory, though somewhat scattered and demoralized.

After the sounds of strife were all hushed, General Hindman calmly surveyed the field and the difficulties of his position. Ordered by General Holmes to retreat *whatever* the issue of the battle, it was certainly but just and obedient that the order should be carried out strictly when the battle was a decided check. Beside, the total lack of provisions; a concentration of the Federals; the heavy losses in the army; scarcity of ammunition and extreme cold furnished strong and additional reasons for abandoning the field after it was won. *Twenty rounds* of ammunition only remained at dark. Enough was carried for the short affair proposed to be had

with Blunt, but not enough for a two day's fight with more than double the force expected. There was no other ammunition nearer than Little Rock, and Hindman was forced to retreat or adopt the suicidal policy of fighting another day, with his army destitute of provisions and wanting in ammunition. He decided to retreat during the night, leaving General Marmaduke with his cavalry to cover the retirement, and bury the dead. This retreat had been a foregone conclusion from the first, and the bloody fighting after Blunt arrived was simply done for life, and to gain time in order to repair the fatal blunder of Shoup. The fruits of the day had all been gathered by Shelby—the prisoners were his, the wagons were his, the arms and ammunition were his, and just after nightfall the tired and hungry infantry retired southward from the field. When nearly the entire artillery and infantry forces had disappeared, General Blunt sent in a flag of truce, asking for twenty-four hours' time to enable him to gather up and bury his dead and care for his wounded—they all remaining upon that portion of the field held from the first by the Confederates. It was granted immediately by General Hindman, and the work of mercy at once commenced.

Few of Shelby's soldiers will forget the horrors of their night bivouac upon the gory field of Prairie Grove. Around them in every direction lay the dead and dying, the full glare of a cold battle moon shining white on their upturned faces, and the chilling wind singing freezing dirges among the naked and melancholy trees. Soon upon the night air arose great heart-sobs wrung from strong men in their agony, while the white hoar-frost hardened the fever drops into ice that oozed from clammy brows. Death stalked in silently amid the sufferers and plied his busy sickle with cold, unerring hands. The night waned, the trees shivered, and the cold, hard sky was rough with spirit-wings fleeing away from the blood and dust of the trampled earth. Through all the long, long watches, the burial parties from both armies flitted over the field with lights that gleamed like phantoms, and mingled friendly in a common work of mercy. Daylight came slowly and solemnly, yet the dead were not buried, and many wounded were dying slowly and linger-

ingly in dark and lonesome places. Fires were strictly forbidden all along the lines, and sleep was necessarily an utter impossibility. During the night the dull rumbling of laden wagons and the clatter of horses' feet on frozen ground, could be plainly heard in the direction of Fayetteville, and scouts brought constant word that Blunt was being reinforced. The next morning, during the quietude of the armistice, General Hindman and Blunt held an interview within the lines held by the Confederate cavalry. They met to agree upon certain terms for conducting the war in the future, and to mitigate, if possible, some of its unnecessary rigors, among other provisions, stipulating that hospitals and hospital stores should not be captured; that speedy exchanges should be encouraged; and that matters affecting closely these isolated districts should be arranged by the nearest chiefs. This interview lasted until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was conducted with the greatest possible courtesy on the part of the two commanders, who were, both of them, attended by many officers who but the day before had met fiercely in mid-battle. It is to be regretted that the arrangements were so poorly carried out on the part of the Federals—for the burial party left by General Hindman was arrested after its work was done, and sent North to languish in lonesome prisons, although the men were unarmed and wearing across their shoulders the badges of mercy and protection.

While this interview was going on a loud shrieking wail came from the peach orchard where Herron's soldiers fell thickest—a cry which will never be forgotten by those hearing it. A number of ladies, actuated by feelings of love and mercy, came over during the morning of the armistice, to nurse the wounded and to soothe the sick. One of them, living only a few miles from Prairie Grove, found her only son upon the gory field, lying stark and ghastly, clutching his musket in rigid grasp—a swift, hot bullet through his heart having left upon his features the same expression they bore in life—except the fixed stare of the eyeballs, which had been dimmed by frost. He was a handsome boy, fair-skinned and fair-haired, with a soft down just beginning to grow from his childish

chin. A veteran soldier who had witnessed this spectacle, having been attracted to the spot by the frantic screams of the nearly deranged mother, declared it to be the most heart-rending sight he had ever seen during the last war or the war with Mexico.

A romantic little incident occurred late in the fight of the 7th, which will serve to illustrate that spirit of personal daring and prowess possessed in such an eminent degree by the Southern soldiers. Colonel A. W. Slayback, then attached to the staff of General Marmaduke, and a most dashing and gallant officer, too, concluded to try an adventure thought of many centuries ago by thousands, no doubt, when knights wore greaves and vizors, and when that war-cry rang over the won field of Bannockburn—"St. James for Argentine"—but not latterly in the days of rifled cannon and rifled muskets. Slayback, however, rode deliberately from his own lines toward some Federal cavalry in his front, and challenged any one to single combat. Quick as lightning, Captain Wilhite, a renegade Arkansan, belonging to a regiment of renegade Arkansans, came boldly forth to within twenty paces and fired at Slayback, who returned it immediately. Neither one struck, however, the first time, but upon the second shot, Slayback's bullet inflicted an ugly wound in his antagonist's leg, and Wilhite retired. Two other champions dashed out for the honor of their dishonored regiment—and Major Robert Smith, likewise upon the staff of General Marmaduke, and brave as a lion, went gallantly to Slayback's rescue, when another round was fired without additional damage. A third officer rode down from the Federal lines, and to make the contest even, Lieutenant James T. Walton, of Marmaduke's escort—chivalrous as Bayard—fell in beside Slayback and Smith. Two rounds were now fired, another Federal fell, the two others retreated, and strange and true to say, neither of the Confederates received a scratch.

Leaving two companies behind to finish the burial work, Colonel Shelby was ordered by General Marmaduke to withdraw slowly from the field at half-past eleven o'clock in the morning. Hindman, Marmaduke, their staffs and escorts did not leave Prairie

Grove till four o'clock P. M.—bringing with them Blocker's battery, the indefatigable McCoy, of the escort, getting by some unknown means sufficient horses for the purpose.

The night after the battle, General Hindman was extremely anxious to ascertain the movements of Blunt, and sent to Colonel Shelby for six daring and intelligent scouts, and the communication closed thus: "I want men cunning as foxes, true as bloodhounds, and who know how to die." For such work the adjutants were unwilling to make details, and the order ran down the lines for volunteers. Fifty tired forms sprang up from bivouac and stepped out boldly to the front. Six were chosen—Tyler Floyd, Ben. Bowdry, Jim Rudd, Bill Fell, George Goodwin, and John Corbin—six splendid soldiers to go out in the darkness upon a forlorn hope—to meet and circumvent the enemy. They did it truly and well. Floyd penetrated into the camp and talked with Blunt's sleepy sentinels; Rudd and Goodwin made the entire circuit of his lines; Fell and Corbin counted the reinforcements coming from Fayetteville—even to the pieces of artillery and caissons; and Ben. Bowdry brought in much information, two horses and three prisoners.

Thus ended the battle of Prairie Grove, desperate, bloody, gallantly fought, but the sacrifice was made in vain, and the heroic soldiers laid down their lives without a recompense. The losses on both sides were unusually severe, the advantages, however, being in favor of Hindman.

General Blunt attempted no pursuit, and even if he were disposed to follow, after finding Hindman gone, the terms of the armistice forbade it. Sadly and wearily Shelby marched again to Dripping Springs, where he distributed the welcome clothing captured in the thirteen wagons among his deserving soldiers.

Before leaving camp at Dripping Springs, General Hindman sent over to Shelby a deserter named Phelps for execution. In sight of the whole brigade, drawn up in hollow square, the doomed man came out to death, a curious, wondering expression on his face, as if he did not understand the solemn preparations. The firing party tied a white handkerchief over his eyes, and the poor criminal knelt

a few moments in silent prayer, the cold breezes blowing his straggling locks about a brow very pale and very rigid. It ended at last, and his freed spirit went shrieking down the wind to the ocean of eternity.

Hindman re-crossed his infantry at Fort Smith, and marched them toward Little Rock in three separate detachments, leaving behind him at Dripping Springs, nine miles from Van Buren, one regiment of Texas cavalry, under Colonel Crump. One brigade of Arkansas infantry, under Colonel Shaver, held the south side of the river. Crump's instructions were to picket on all roads crossing the mountains as far as eighteen miles to the front, and to patrol between his picket stations and scout beyond, day and night. Yet, in spite of these precautions, the Texans were driven in rapidly, the Federals entering Van Buren with them, and soon began to shell Hindman's headquarters and Shaver's infantry camp. Except the capture of a few of the Texan cavalry, and a few supplies in Van Buren, nothing more was lost.

Wearied, starving, barefooted, Hindman's army struggled on manfully toward Little Rock; but a dreadful snow-storm came on suddenly, and the weather grew bitter cold in a night. Mules died by hundreds, and wagons containing supplies were mired in the treacherous bottoms. Sickness entered the ranks and depleted them fearfully, while plain, visible starvation glared from behind every cottonwood, and mingled with the soldiers' dreams around their desolate camp fires. Finally, with the spirits of his men unbroken, and their ranks thinned fearfully, yet close and compact, the army reached Little Rock and went into winter quarters. While the infantry marched down the Arkansas river on the south side, General Marmaduke moved toward Lewisburg on the north side. Suffering equally as much the poignancy of hunger and cold, Colonel Shelby yet rose sterner and greater as the darkness thickened around him. Everywhere along his column, encouraging, cheering, threatening, and commanding, he infused some of his indomitable spirit into his men, and they took their punishment like Spartans. Lewisburg was reached, after a long and painful march, just as the winter rains

commenced so violently and cold. Here, in a heavy growth of timber, he went into camp for a little needful rest, but never permitting for an instant that relaxation of drill and discipline which carried his brigade to the height of soldierly perfection, and strung its nerves and sinews like iron wires for the desperate endeavors of coming days.

As Hindman was soon recalled from the Trans-Mississippi Department by the Confederate authorities, never to serve in it again, simple justice requires that he should be held blameless for the misfortunes and failures, the imbecility and inaction which ever characterized the efforts of his successors. The troops under his command at Prairie Grove amounted to nine thousand and five hundred. Two thousand of these were killed and wounded, two hundred deserted to the enemy from Adams' regiment, three hundred more deserted on the march from the battlefield to Little Rock, making accurate figures, and the sum total of losses even remotely connected with the fight. Before he reached Little Rock, the cavalry, numbering two thousand, and a Texas infantry brigade, numbering one thousand and five hundred, were detached permanently from his command, making the total reduction, from all causes, five thousand; subtracting this from nine thousand and five hundred, it will show a residue of four thousand and five hundred men. When Hindman was ordered east of the Mississippi river, in March, 1863, three months after the fight, the strength of his division was seven thousand and five hundred men, this satisfactory condition being solely the result of his wonderful energy and almost superhuman efforts. In reality, Prairie Grove was not a disaster, and would have been a substantial victory had every party to the battle come bravely and squarely up to the mark. As it was, Hindman retired from the worsted enemy with four hundred prisoners, over two thousand captured small arms, and a wagon train containing clothing and ammunition.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE brigade had been resting in camp at Lewisburg about a month, when a whisper ran through the tents like the jarring of a nerve that a march to Missouri was contemplated. Every eager ear listened, and every heart was tremulous with hope. These merry madcaps had ever a passionate yearning for such desperate forays, and many would have preferred going there to heaven, though the chances were often great against reaching either.

The whisper deepened into compact sentences, and finally took real shape and substance. Blunt still hung upon the Arkansas river, showing signs of crossing and marching to Little Rock, which induced General Hindman to order General Marmaduke, with his division, consisting of Shelby's and Porter's Missouri brigades, to gain Blunt's line of communication about Springfield, grapple the road leading from Rolla, and hold it until Blunt was forced to let go the Arkansas river from sheer starvation. Porter marched first and far to the right, with instructions to concentrate in front of Springfield, if possible. Shelby broke camp on the last day of the year 1862, and moved northward with prospects of cold work, hard work, and hot work.

Winter, generally relentless and unaccommodating, felt a thrill of pity in its frozen heart at the brave adventure, and smiled approvingly upon the early days of marching, now and then warming into cheerfulness and plucking the old brown beard of the giant oaks with hands that had upon them gloves of genial sunshine. White river, shrunken at this season to a fordable stream, was crossed at Forsythe, in Taney county, Missouri, where the few remaining Van Winkles broke their usual winter sleep long enough to gaze upon the sudden apparition with curious eyes. But one exception marred the even tenor of the town, and that was rather

a handsome country girl, rejoicing in all the coquetry of a yellow bodice and white muslin dress. She met the advance with violent demonstrations of affection, and asked often for the "general." She wanted to see a real "general, she did." General Marmaduke happening to ride up just then, she curtsied low to the gallant soldier, and overwhelmed him with questions about where he was going, and how many soldiers he had; did he know Jim Pendegrass, in Price's infantry, or Sam Stokes, in somebody's battery, and wound up with the mild request that he would bring her a Federal scalp. How the General extricated himself from the wiles of the witching syren was never known, but certain it was that his table at supper had the thickest and sweetest sorghum molasses, and great rashers of ham and eggs sputtered and smoked around his plate, while the fair Delilah stood at his bridle hand, blushing more vividly than the genial firelight, as he whispered, in the pauses of the conversation:

"My love is like the red, red rose."

Let us hope the poor girl held her own, amid such dashing cavaliers as Marmaduke, Moore, Rainwater, Price, and Ewing.

The distance from Forsyth to Ozark required two days' marching, and the latter place contained a Federal garrison worthy of being looked after. The soft weather now began to fail perceptibly, and the night Ozark was reached blew a breath of nipping frost.

Major Ben. Elliott, formerly of Company I, Shelby's regiment, had recruited a battalion of notorious scouts and bordermen, and constituted the advance of Shelby's brigade, a kind of perpetual forlorn hope, because it met the first shock of every imminent danger, and was always exposed to surprises and deadly ambushades. The schooling of this body of men, the old guard of the brigades, had something peculiar about it, too. No matter how deadly the peril, no matter what numbers assailed them, no matter how enfiladed or surrounded—they were never to rush back upon the main body, or yield one inch in retreat. The reason was obvious: In a sudden surprise or ambushment it is vitally necessary that the main body shall have time to form and prepare for action, and more than

one disaster has resulted to various commands, from the sudden rushing in of the advance. Therefore it was considered a promotion to any soldier to be allowed a transfer to the advance, and only men of tried courage could join this corps, and many of them bore upon their bodies the scars of a dozen wounds. With this advance, Major Elliott was ordered to take good guides, make a detour around Ozark and cut off its garrison from Springfield. The enemy learning of Shelby's approach, hastily fled, however, leaving their tents standing, their fort filled with ammunition, and many valuable supplies stored in the town. The fort, it is true, had been hastily fired, and the depot of supplies also—but the flames were not strong enough at first to cheat the hungry soldiers of their provisions.

Whatever was needed was taken, and soon great bursts of flame rose vividly upon the midnight air, as the fort, the barracks, tents, whisky, bacon, flour, and everything belonging to the garrison caught fire and disappeared in the conflagration. All night the flames raged unchecked, and by morning a vast heap of smouldering embers and blackened beams marked the spot where a day before the stars and stripes had floated proudly from the elevated steeple.

Before this, Emmet McDonald captured a little fort on Beaver Creek—to the right of General Marmaduke's line of march—the garrison mostly escaping, giving Ozark the alarm and preventing a complete surprise. Colonel McDonald made a precipitate charge at daylight upon the fort in his front, but its garrison did not remain to see it out, and left hurriedly a strong stockade *sans ceremonie*.

Springfield was reached by early morning, sleeping quietly in its prairie home, though conscious, too, of its advancing enemies. At every house along the road two or more Federal militia men were picked up and dragged from warm beds and pleasant slumbers to feel the bracing air, while Captain Blackwell, Lieutenants McCoy and Walton of Marmaduke's escort, with small detachments of men, reaped a plentiful harvest of wagons, negroes, horses, Federals and overcoats—an article more desirable than purple and fine linen. Blackwell rode up to one party of eleven Federal cavalry return-

ing quietly to Springfield, and, having dressed his detachment in blue overcoats and pantaloons, concluded to play the "giraffe" over them—a kind of bluff game only known to soldiers—for they were well armed and mounted, and outnumbered him by two. Boldly accosting their leader, he demanded authoritatively where they were going. "To Springfield, capen," he answered, taking the disguised Blackwell to be of at least that rank. "Where's your pass?" This was a stunner, and the guilty Federal held down his head in evident confusion; thinking awhile, he answered like one telling a half fixed up lie: "Why, capen, me and the boys thought we'd just slip down last night to a little frolic a mile or so off and be back again afore roll call. That's no harm is it, and not agin orders?" "Aha!" shouted Blackwell, in a voice of thunder—"deserters eh! going to the d—d rebels, no doubt. Surrender your arms instantly—you are the very chaps we are looking for." Overwhelmed, conscience stricken, and really frightened, they gave up their Sharpe's rifles and revolvers, when Blackwell marched them off in triumph to General Marmaduke instead of General Brown, where they found too late their frolic had cost them dear.

Two miles from Springfield in a strip of timber, General Marmaduke had his command dismounted, and moved up to the attack, driving before him a large body of cavalry sent out for observation. Thompson held the right, Gordon the left, with Collins' battery and Jeans' regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Chas. Gilkey in the center. The lines were formed in the open prairie, under a heavy artillery fire, with Major Elliott's battalion operating as cavalry, while still further to the left maneuvered a detached regiment under Colonel Emmet McDonald. Skirmishing began early and continued warmly during the reconnoissance of the enemy's position, which was made out very strong and stood thus: In the center of the city was a large and formidable earthwork, flanked by rifle-pits and long deep trenches for infantry. Guarding the town from its southern approach, and still under the guns of the redoubt a short distance in rear, frowned a very extensive

and strongly built stockade, inclosing the large brick female academy, now used as a military prison.

As a good view of Springfield was obtained, and as the fresh morning breezes swept the prairie mists away to the southward, regiment after regiment could be seen marching up from their barracks and disappearing in the rifle-pits and trenches, while the banquettes of the earthwork and the embrasures of the stockade were blue with uniforms and bristling with glittering steel. Every preparation was made deliberately, and as the fierce word "charge" trembled almost upon the air, General Brown, the Federal commander, with his glittering staff and a large escort, rode boldly out to view the ranks of his antagonists. He had swept along the entire front unharmed and far to the right, when Elliott's bold eyes caught the game afoot, and he started swiftly to cut him off from Springfield. General Brown calmly awaited the onset, but Elliott bore his followers down like the grass beneath his horses' feet, and pressed him even to the very gates of his citadel, shooting him so severely that one year afterward having to fight him again, he was found to be still suffering from his painful wound. It was time for the shock. Away to the left McDonald's regiment could be seen advancing boldly upon a Federal regiment, drawn up before the stockade, with that creeping, trailing motion always so ominous of death and danger. This chivalrous leader was distinguishable all along his lines by his waving black plume and the flashing bright blade of his drawn sword, eager to rush upon the stockade and release its pining inmates. "Charge!" rang along the ranks like the voice of one man, and three spears' length ahead of his best and bravest, his hat off, and his long fair hair streaming in the breeze, Shelby led his eager soldiers. Everything went down before them. The regiment in front of the stockade was annihilated almost, the garrison within killed or dispersed, the first line of rifle-pits carried by assault, and away beyond the Seminary, into a great graveyard rough with tombstones, the terror stricken fugitives were driven in dire confusion. Just beyond this graveyard was stationed one piece of artillery served with fearful precision and sweeping the

streets at every discharge. Twenty daring spirits sprang away to capture it, and amid the tempest of fire and the tossing billows of smoke could be seen the forms of Major Bowman, and Rathbun, Ferrell, and Spafford, Will and Kit Moorman, the two young Bulkleys, whose bright suns soon after set forever; Collins and Jarrett; Woodsmall and Langhorne; Bob Vandiver and Bush Corder, Jim Gordon and Tom Ustick; Shanks and Slayback; Winship and Lute McKinney; Sam McMerty and Jesse Howard; John and Martin Kritzer; Ben Bowdry, Tyler Floyd, Seb. Plattenburg, Charley Jones, and Lieutenant McDougall, pressing on for the death grapple. One of the first to put his hands upon the gun, rushed Harvey Plattenburg, of Dover, his fresh, boyish face lit up with the enthusiasm of battle, his blue eyes swimming with delight, and his soft, sweet voice mingling with the rage and the roar of the conflict. The gun was manned by its captors and dragged in triumph to the rear, where it soon joined in the incessant cannonade under the skillful hands of Collins. It proved to be a most beautiful field-piece, and was defended heroically by its Lieutenant commanding. Major Bowman, of Jeans' regiment, dashed upon him and demanded a surrender. His answer was a pistol shot which mortally wounded the generous Bowman. Though bleeding deathfully he fired upon the Lieutenant, inflicting also a severe wound. Before even the Confederates got within pistol shot of his gun—his cannoneers wished to abandon it. The Lieutenant resolutely drew his revolver, threatened the first skulker with instant death, and held them to it until they were killed about the piece.

The Federals had fired all the houses containing supplies that were exposed to capture, and the flames fanned by a strong wind were encircling entire blocks in their insatiate course. Amid stifling heat and smoke, the crash of falling timbers, blazing roofs and hot coals falling in showers from the murky sky, the Confederates fought, begrimed with smoke and dust. Death too, was busy in their ranks. Captain Titsworth, the brave, heroic giant fell mortally wounded. Lieutenant John Buffington of the same company died leading his men into the stockade; Maurice Langhorne

was badly shot in the front of the fight; the boy hero, Channing Bulkley, received a bullet through his dauntless heart charging manfully upon the cannon; Major Bowman, cheering on his men, was also mortally wounded, at the battery, and John Spafford got his death shot just in the swift moment of triumph, while from Jeans' regiment the young McCoy and the gallant Steigall were killed. Many more went down amid the gravestones, all about the rifle-pits, beyond the sea of flames that roared around the stockade. From all the embrasures of the earthwork heavy artillery swept the streets, and from the concealed infantry a rain of bullets poured down upon the unsheltered Missourians. Collins rushed his battery up into the very town, and opened at point-blank range. Quick as lightning a regiment of Federal cavalry, riding over and through his advanced skirmishers, swept down upon it, but Elliott was there and barred their pathway like a lion. The wave recoiled in scattered fragments from the sullen rock, and reeled back through the flames and smoke, shaken and rent beyond redemption. Glorifying in their conscious strength, and in the sweet strains of martial music, a great blue column came down upon Shelby's brigade struggling for life in the narrow streets and narrower alleys of the city. For one brief moment they bore back the advanced Confederates, but rallying in and around the stockade, they held their own with unyielding tenacity.

General Marmaduke soon became convinced that the town could not be taken by assault, and only wished to continue the fight until darkness enabled him to draw off successfully. The strength of its defensive works, and the number of its garrison had been largely underestimated. Both were unusually strong, and the Confederates were outnumbered five to one, or more, besides having to attack these odds behind carefully arranged fortifications, armed with twenty pieces of artillery. Up to this time a splendid fight had been made. Shelby captured one stockade, dispersed its garrison, carried a line of rifle-pits, brought off one piece of artillery and over two hundred prisoners, and piled their dead very deep all about the outer defenses.

No difficulty was experienced in holding the position taken. Once only after dark did a sudden, massive body of infantry, which had marked well Collins' position, dash down to get his battery. Shelby had anticipated this and ambushed Captain John Jarrett, with two companies between Collins and the earthwork, which killed the first fire about thirty of the assaulting party and drove the others back into the jaws of their welcoming fort.

About midnight Shelby's brigade withdrew by regiments from the gloomy and fire-scarred town, and marched like silent specters across the cold gray prairie to their horses in the woods beyond, leaving behind a strong line of mounted skirmishers to remain until daylight. On their way back the hungry soldiers tarried long enough to visit the Hon. John S. Phelps' splendid mansion, now silent and deserted: but unlike their enemies on ten thousand other occasions, they simply took the necessary articles for food and raiment. The mellow and delicious apples, the rusty bottles hid away many feet down under the earth, the flour, bacon, beef, blankets, quilts, and shirts were all taken—but nothing more. Christians could do scarcely less, pinched by cold and weak from hunger. Yankees did vastly more when warmly clad and bountifully fed. Colonel Shelby, however, deprecated this action very much, and would have assuredly stopped the appropriations had he been informed in time—nor did his officers know of it either until too late.

General Brown made a splendid fight for his town, and exhibited conspicuous courage and ability. He did there what no other Federal Brigadier General ever did in front of Shelby's brigade, he rode its entire length under a severe fire, clad in bold regimentals, elegantly mounted and ahead of all so that the fire might be concentrated upon him. It was reckless bravado, and General Brown gained by one bold dash the admiration and respect of Shelby's soldiers. They fought him often and often after Springfield, and had the fortunes of war placed him in their hands, I am positively certain he would have been paroled instantly and sent to his own lines with many marks of soldierly esteem. As he rode along the front of the brigade two hundred voices were heard above the

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN BLACKWELL, in command of Marmaduke's escort, entered Marshfield suddenly, picked up a dozen or so rustivating Federals, and took possession of five large stores filled with everything needed by soldiers. Finding their proprietors unwilling to take Confederate money at par—although the notes were worth something as containing correct photographic likenesses of President Davis—and possessing a very conservative disposition with his many other good qualities, Captain Blackwell detailed five accurate salesmen, Peter Turley, James Walton, Arthur McCoy, James Herndon, and Joel Whitehurst, to wait upon those customers having the "six months after a treaty of peace" bills. Business, previously quite dull, expanded visibly under this new commercial arrangement, and soon every store became crowded with anxious buyers. At night a large auction followed, the Southern ladies attending in crowds and having heavy amounts of the proscribed money in their possession. The uses made afterward of these funds by the *bona fide* merchants were never ascertained, yet it is highly probable they were put carefully away until a day of redemption came, which every one among them believed was near at hand, if their vociferant assertions of loyalty to the Confederacy could be relied upon.

Porter, in advance the second day's march from Marshfield, encountered a large force of Federals half way on the main road between Marshfield and Hartville, and made instant preparations to engage it. Some skirmishing followed, but before Shelby's brigade got into action, the Federals retreated, leaving in Shelby's hands a captain and thirty men of the 4th Regulars, more daring than the rest. A race began now between the two rival divisions for Hartville, which was won by the Federals, they having the inside track, and the start, besides a thorough knowledge of the country.

General Marmaduke found three regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, with six pieces of artillery, in position beyond the eastern edge of the town, awaiting attack and admirably posted. The infantry were concealed in a deep, dry ditch, directly behind a huge, new ten-rail fence, with the cavalry on both flanks protected by heavy timber, the battery being advantageously posted upon a high hill in the rear. Shelby dismounted his brigade to a man and marched boldly to the attack in front, while Porter's brigade, in column of fours, was to advance by the road and charge the left flank after Shelby should have delivered fire. Collins covered the advance by a splendid volley from his guns, and in beautiful line the brigade marched up to a bloody welcome. Not a crouching Federal could be seen, and the silence grew oppressive. The air seemed dark with vast crowds of wild pigeons, darting and whirling overhead in conscious safety, knowing that sterner thoughts and larger game were on the wind. The dry, frosty leaves crinkled under the feet of the solid infantry, with a chill, foreboding sound, which seemed strangely out of place where the silence was so profound. The grim brigade dressed its war-worn ranks at the fatal fence, and a thousand browned hands had grasped the top-most rails, when a fire more deadly than human imagination can conceive of, enveloped Shelby's and Jeans' regiments in a curtain of flame, streaked and rough with hissing bullets. Every captain but four in Shelby's regiment fell dead or wounded, and Jeans' entire front shriveled up like a parchment. Even in this terrible moment the heroes did not waver. Shelby and Marmaduke, exposed to fearful death, broke through the heavy fence and shouted: "charge!" Shanks, Jarret, Tucker and Adams, swept up the hill nearly to the Federal battery, and forced it to be dragged away hurriedly from reach. Shelby losing two horses and hard hit, was saved only by the glittering cavalry badge of the old brigade upon his hat, yet he reeled in his saddle like a broken reed, while Marmaduke's horse fell in the melee, and his overcoat was rent by bullets. Major George Kirtley, the gentle and the brave, lay dead on the field of glory, and by his side the peerless young Virginian, Captain Charley Turpin, beautiful in his

warrior manhood. The grim old Roman, Captain Garrett, fearfully wounded, still cheered on his men, amid the dead and dying of his company lying all around him. Captains Crocker and Thompson, Bob Carlyle and Sergeant Oscar Graves, Lieutenants Elliott and Haynie, Graves, Huff, Williams, Bullard, and Bulkley, brother of the poor boy killed at Springfield, were down and bleeding, besides the names of fifty others I can not give. Janes' regiment suffered also in proportion. Captain Dupuy, mortally wounded, died within an hour, and was mourned as one of the "bravest of the brave;" Lieutenant Royster was killed; Captains Jarrett and Burkholder were severely wounded; Maurice Langhorne, faint from bleeding, won his bars for unyielding courage, and Shanks fought steadily on amid his stricken comrades. Thompson, further to the right, escaped the red ordeal and came gallantly up to the rescue.

Porter's heroic soul caught fire at the sight, and leading his brigade up the hill at a charge, fell mortally wounded, while the whole head of his column melted away before the blasting fire.

Emmet McDonald, the chivalrous and dashing young St. Louisan, fighting as another Bayard, received his death wound, and Colonel John M. Wimer offered up his brave, calm life as a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank Gordon, even in the jaws of death, rallied his shattered regiment and swept down upon the enemy's right to pay them back in blood. Thompson and Shanks leaped the fence together on the left, and attacked rapidly. Short work at last. Up to, and over the ditch, dashed the brigade, driving all before it. The cavalry fled through the infantry in frantic efforts to escape; and the battery, pressed swiftly, left its caissons and wagons upon the field. The battle ended at dark, when Elliott, mounting his battalion, pursued the retreating Federals far enough to find the flight a rout, and to capture their wagons, loaded with wounded, and many prisoners besides.

Bleeding deathfully and very pale, lay Emmet McDonald, listening to the receding sounds of strife, and when Colonel Shelby bent over the dying dragoon and told him of the victory, his

eyes brightened for a moment and then glazed forever, while his pure spirit fled away to where the dark waves of eternity break upon an unknown shore. Just before Shelby visited him, he had said to a comrade standing near: "Tell the General (Marmaduke,) not to forget my last charge—the charge with the rallied stragglers. Wasn't it a gallant charge?" His death was as tragic as his life had been romantic. His lofty standard never lowered; danger was his element; and the music of battle his greatest pleasure.

Slowly and sadly the dead and wounded were gathered "from the field of their fame, fresh and gory." A cold, still, star-lit night fell all around the crowded watch-fires; the chill frost rifted down upon the upturned faces of the dead and silvered their long hair, thick and matted with blood. Tenderly they were placed in their narrow homes by sobbing comrades, while the night waned, and the blasts blew a requiem above their graves.

Colonel Shelby visited every hospital, and spoke kind words of hope and comfort to the wounded destined to be left behind. Seeing one of his most devoted Captains, Wash. McDaniel, lying upon a pallet, a great, rough wound in his breast, he said to him in a voice full of tenderness: "And *you*, too, Mac?" "Yes, Colonel, I'm hard hit, but I *will not die*—mark that. I shall yet live to be a Colonel like yourself, and strike a hundred blows for the Confederacy." He kept his word faithfully, and lives to-day crowned with unfading laurels.

Toward two o'clock in the morning, after all the requirements of mercy had been met, the brigade started sorrowfully southward. Major Kirtley was borne from the field and buried the night after the battle. Poor Captain Garrett stood up manfully under his mortal wound, but he, too, died far away from his beautiful Missouri home, and was buried among strangers. Grave after grave dotted the march southward, and gap after gap grew into the grim ranks of Shelby's soldiers. Many slightly wounded and unwilling to be left behind, struggled on day after day with their comrades, suffering intolerable misery from pain, cold, hunger, fever and fatigue. In some cases nature gave way beneath the burden, and one by one

the maimed soldiers dropped out by the wayside and waved a long and last adieu to friends and comrades.

The body of Colonel John M. Wimer, disinterred afterward, and borne from the bloody field of Hartville, lay in the silent mansion of his stricken wife, surrounded by a few tried, sorrowing friends, ere it was borne forever to its last resting-place. Hither came the trusty agents of Missouri's cruel hyena, F. A. Dick, Provost Marshal of St. Louis, and dragged the inanimate clay from the sacred precincts of the death chamber, to bury it, unnoted and unmarked by stone or cross, in the common Potter's field. Mrs. Wimer plead with all a woman's agony, and all the eagerness of a maternal heart against the atrocity of the deed, but, the shoulder-strapped, fanatical Federal, cursed down her supplications, and chilled her yearning cries. Well for this petty phantom of a soldier that he never came to the crimson field, where other opponents than weak and helpless women were to be met; and that he hedged his cruel actions around with walls, and forts, and hosts of kindred soldiers. The pure and noble patriot will sleep just as quietly and sweetly in his unknown grave as if a ton of white marble were weighing him down, but, when the passions and the prejudices of the strife have subsided, there will be a skeleton in Dick's house to haunt him to his death.

Hartville was a stubborn, sudden, bloody fight—one of those combats so frequent between detached bodies when they are evenly matched, and encounter each other with scarcely any previous notice or preparation. Although in the battle the Federals had the advantage of position, numbers, and a few moments of surprise, they were driven from the field in disorder, leaving their dead and wounded behind. General Marmaduke intended fighting the enemy when first encountered in the morning, but information reached him, false as it happened, that Hartville had been occupied by the forces of General Davidson, then known to be in that vicinity, and Hartville stood directly on the road he must travel southward. To fight a battle with a superior force, and to attack from the north when in case of disaster the retreat must be to the south, had no sense or plausibility to recommend it to such a keen thinker as Marmaduke;

and when the Federals left his front he determined to march at once for Hartville, and, if meeting none of Davidson's forces there, attack the column under Colonel Wahrung—the column of the morning's encounter. This he did. The eagerness and impetuosity of Shelby's troops, also reacted upon them fatally. Their skirmishers were not sufficiently to the front, or, at least, the proper interval was not preserved between the two lines. The main body pressed so rapidly upon the advance that the fire intended for it, came leaping into the very bosom of the compact brigade from point blank range. Sufficient caution was not exercised by General Marmaduke, it is true, nor by Shelby either. The first volley alone did the bloody work, and the first volley might have been avoided.

The retreat to Arkansas was one of unusual severity. The night of the 18th of January was ushered in by a heavy snow storm, which lasted ten hours, covering the earth to the depth of two feet, and freezing hard enough to make traveling difficult and fatiguing. Through interminable pine forests, blank and bare as a rainy sea, and over vast wastes of alternate snow and ice, the brigade struggled on heroically, to Batesville, Arkansas, eluding a large force under Davidson, intently watching Marmaduke's retreat southward. Many soldiers were badly frost-bitten, and some cases occurred of such fatal severity that amputation became necessary followed, not unfrequently, by mortification and death.

At Batesville, new sufferings awaited the tried command. The train left at Lewisburg, though ordered to this point, was water-bound in the mountains, and remained there for weeks, unable to advance or retire, consequently, the soldiers were forced to bivouac upon the snow, and remain destitute of tents, cooking utensils, and even a change of clothing. Crossing White river, swollen and filled with ice, after great difficulty, a camp was established in the heavy timber on the southern side.

Captain George S. Rathbun, one of the best and most accomplished officers in the brigade, ably assisted by his no less able Lieutenants, Ferrell, Martin and Bledsoe, having been selected to do provost marshal duty in Batesville, fitted up his barracks for sixty

men. Colonel Warring, leading a bold-regiment of Federal cavalry, toiled through the drifted snow into the town, and drove out its garrison. Shelby crossed two strong detachments above and below the place to envelop Colonel Warring, but he was too wary to be caught in such a trap, and hurried back to his frozen cantonment in Missouri, when Captain Rathbun returned to his log fires and his pass-book.

The citizens of this delightful little Arkansas town and of the country round about were lavish of their food and raiment upon Shelby's suffering soldiers. The sick were taken to their houses, nursed, cured, and sent back comfortably clad. The old brigade ever after kept green the memory of these generous people, and struck many gallant blows for them upon dark and bloody fields.

After the deep snows died away on the hill tops, and spring flashed up from the south great bursts of sunshine, the work of drilling and reorganization commenced. Innumerable detachments radiating from a common center gathered up whole herds of fresh, fat horses, delightful provender, and abundant supplies of invigorating provisions. The welcome train came at last; green patches of inviting grass sunned themselves in the valleys; modest violets peeped up here and there with rain-wet eyes; and then a bright sky bent over the happy and joyous command. The bloom and beauty of Batesville lent their smiles to the drill tournaments, and along the fronts of the parading regiments at eventide, whole groups of pretty girls gathered on horseback to listen to the music of the bugles and the clash of arms. Here were given the two flags presented by the ladies of Little Rock—Jeans' regiment receiving one, and Captain Blackwell's company the other. Never were banners more worthily bestowed, and none ever carried so long and so gallantly to universal victory.

Superbly mounted, splendidly armed, and full of hope and high endeavor, Colonel Shelby recrossed White river early in March with his Iron Brigade, now three thousand strong, and selected a beautiful camp among giant oaks, skirting fresh and sparkling streams. This camp, in honor of one of Batesville's most lovely

daughters, was named "Camp Nannie Wilson." Rarely ever in life were blended so much purity, beauty, patriotism and grace in the one, and so much nature, freshness and tranquillity in the other. Balls, promenades, flirting, coqueting and match-making followed in rapid succession. The young, dashing officers put away all battle visions, and lived as if life were one long gala-day of vows, and sighs, and tresses of hair. Under the grand old oaks putting forth pouting buds; over the clover-heads dewy and sheen; beneath the low, large moons lifting realms of romance out of the sea, the weird waltzers held their voluptuous carnivals. 'Twere long to tell what troths were plighted, and what dainty, jeweled hands rested lovingly in great, brown ones down by the garden-gates, as twilight lingered in the lily-beds, and the breath of "low, mysterious roses" came up from their dim *parterres*. Above all and over all *two* tempting syrens wove circle-like spells about the chief commanders, and ruled them sterner than they had ruled their camp. Marmaduke quoted poetry in his general orders, and Shelby bought a Flora's lexicon for the soft, sweet language of flowers. Ah! but the gay days closed at last:

"Sweetest lips that ever were kissed,
 Brightest eyes that ever have shone—
 May sigh and whisper and he not list
 Or look away and never be missed,
 Long and ever a year be gone."

General Marmaduke went to Little Rock for instructions, and telegraphed back to make immediate preparations for another Missouri expedition. There came the sudden snapping of heart-strings, the farewell kisses, the long last vows of eternal fidelity, and the old brigade shook itself into a compact mass of defiant soldiers again.

Then there came, too, the presentation of a magnificent war-horse to Colonel Shelby by his men, and a great sham battle for the ladies' sake. Both passed off gloriously, and the preparations went on ominously for strife. The troops assigned to General Marmaduke began to arrive in fine condition and march away north-

ward, followed soon by the General himself, and all was ready. Whispers of joy rang along the ranks, and *St. Louis* became the watchword. All the wounded left at Hartville, and who had recovered sufficiently to travel, joined their comrades with light hearts and fell naturally into their familiar places in the ranks.

April budded up from the South, coy and timid as a maiden, and April breezes blew out daintily the silken banners soon to float upon the colder air of Missouri. Suddenly the word "forward" came in the cheers of the men, and Major David Shanks, leading the advance, marched away to gather new laurels to deck his warrior brow. All Batesville gathered along the road by which defiled the brigade, and prayed that glory and success might crown its efforts. Many hearts were sad and many eyes red from weeping, but the parting ended at last, how sorrowfully *some* would scarcely dare to tell.

CHAPTER X.

THE expedition to Missouri—known as the “Cape Girardeau Expedition”—had for its objects the employment of that portion of the cavalry nearest the border of Missouri; the encouragement of the southern portion of the inhabitants in that State; and the dealing of whatever blows might be feasible and telling upon the enemy’s isolated detachments and advanced outposts. Its strength could scarcely promise more, for Marmaduke’s entire command numbered only about four thousand.

In conjunction with Shelby’s brigade, and commanded by Colonel Shelby, there was a small brigade under the able and gallant Colonel John Q. Burbridge, which gave Shelby a division, his old brigade being led directly by Colonel G. W. Thompson. Colonel George W. Carter, commanding a brigade of Texas cavalry, had been temporarily assigned to General Marmaduke by General Holmes for the expedition, and was composed of nearly fifteen hundred well-mounted, soldierly fellows—eager for battle and for raiding. Welcome and needful rest had given to the Missouri portion of Marmaduke’s command great health and spirits, and many daring officers had resolved to win new laurels before returning. Eight pieces of artillery constituted the strength of that arm—four with Shelby and four with Carter—and by rapid and vigorous marches General Marmaduke suddenly entered the State, gathering in as he went Colonel Reeves’ battalion of partisans, skillful scouts, and thoroughly acquainted with that portion of the country selected for future operations.

Cool, intelligent, wary soldiers were sent to Memphis, St. Louis, and other points to gather up information and rejoin the cavalry somewhere about Fredericktown. Captain Aldridge Corder, attached to Shelby’s staff, had Memphis assigned to him, with the

Mississippi river to St. Louis. Newton Hockensmith, of Rathbun's company, whose skill and daring deserve immortality, penetrated to St. Louis; Isaac Treadway, a reticent, collected soldier, operated below Memphis; and others went to Rolla, to Pilot Knob, and even as low down as New Madrid. The information being constantly furnished by some of these frequently came very opportunely, and on several occasions the sudden appearance of some long-absent spy has enabled Shelby to execute rapid and unlooked for movements.

At Patterson, a small outpost very far down in the southeast, there had been stationed for some time a Missouri Federal militia regiment under Colonel Smart, and also several independent Home Guard companies, the most bloody and murderous of which was commanded by a certain Captain Leper. This outpost, covered by a detached fort on a huge hill, seemed very strong naturally, and looked ugly and vicious on its elevated position. General Marmaduke made excellent dispositions to surround the town and capture its garrison, for Leper, as every one knew, was a goodly prize, and the rope had been duly prepared for the stretching. Shelby was to approach from the west, swing round half way and meet Colonel Giddings, commanding a Texas regiment, from the east, when, the circle being rendered complete, both were to contract their folds until everything was crushed. With his usual skill and strategy, Shelby grasped every road on his line, captured every picket-post, and moved on swiftly and silently upon the unalarmed garrison. At the main outpost nearest the town, the videttes, thirty in number, held a large log house with unusual tenacity, but Captain Reck Johnson carried it by a bloody charge, and fell badly wounded upon its threshold, not, however, giving up his attack until the inmates shouted for quarter.

All went well on the west. Patterson had almost been reached when the sudden booming of artillery on the east told that Giddings must be either hard pressed or had met a superior force. The alarm given now fell swiftly upon the garrison, and Colonel Shelby dashed furiously on, hoping at least to prevent the destruction of the valua-

ble supplies there, if not to gather in a few loiterers. Sure enough the town had been hastily evacuated and many houses given to the flames; but, after great exertions, these were extinguished and much valuable property saved. Giddings, with a singularity of conduct not often developed in officers during active service, met Smart's pickets advantageously posted and full of fight. Not being as *smart* as Smart, he formed an elaborate line of battle, threw forward skirmishers, and actually *opened a vigorous fire with his artillery upon a dozen or so oulying videttes*. Major Rainwater, of Marmaduke's staff, one of the most promising young officers in the army, and whose only fault was getting himself continually wounded, was with Giddings, and remarked to him quietly, after all this absurdity: "This is not the way *we* fight." Colonel Smart, at Patterson, hearing the roar of heavy guns, concluded at once that it was no attack of bushwhackers, which he had previously insisted upon, and, gathering up his column, fled triumphantly into Ironton, bearing with him the notorious Leper.

Quiet possession was taken of the place by Colonel Shelby, and distribution made equally of the stores captured in acceptable quantities. Scarcely, however had the guards been stationed, when a small detachment of Federals, under Captain Bartlett, ignorant that the fort had changed hands during their absence, dashed into the town pursued by Lieutenants Walton and McCoy. They had picked up Major Lawrence, Colonel Shelby's gallant Quartermaster, on the way in some how, together with Hall Shindler and one or two others. Major Lawrence and Shindler, who took the matter as an excellent joke, made no objection to Captain Bartlett's speed until they had almost reached Shelby's brigade drawn up in line at the crack of the first gun, when he quietly asked: "Where have you been, Captain, not to know those men before you are Shelby's?" "Shelby's be d—d," laughed Bartlett, "come and I will introduce you to Colonel Smart." "It will be after the war, then," answered Lawrence, "and you had better surrender to me as gracefully as I to you just now, Captain." Bartlett, being soon near enough to find out his great mistake, handed his sword over sorrowfully as a man

before whose eyes floated visions of Dixie, blue beef, and corn whisky. In the main, however, Bartlett was a clever young officer, and took his capture like a philosopher. Riding with the column upon unlimited parole during the march of the expedition, he so favorably impressed Colonel Shelby, that he released him on his return to Arkansas, and sent him, with other captured officers, to Cape Girardeau.

The burning of Patterson has been unjustly and falsely attributed to the Confederates, and, since the termination of the war, some zealous but contemptible fanatics have been annoying many of the officers acting on this expedition with suits and claims for fabulous damages. Captain Ben Bogy, of St. Louis, an excellent and sterling officer, was one upon whom they attempted to fasten the *crime*. Admitting that General Marmaduke, as the leader of the expedition, ordered the destruction, Captain Bogy would not have been selected for the work, for his duties were onerous and incessant in another direction. If it would be any consolation for the Confederates to assume the responsibility of the actions of the Federals in this matter, there is no man who would do it sooner and care less about it than Captain Bogy. A brave, devoted, untiring officer, he ever obeyed his orders with cheerfulness and alacrity. However, neither Captain Bogy nor the Confederates are responsible for the burning of Patterson, and if it is deemed desirable to soothe the wounds of outraged loyalty by confiscating and imprisoning as a retaliation, the suggestion is made that Colonel Smart and Captain Leper be indicted for arson.

Before reaching Patterson, General John McNeil had been heard of away down in Pemiscot county, conscripting and forcing into the militia all available men lingering out from either army. General Marmaduke dispatched Carter after McNeil, with instructions to get into his rear and drive him into Pilot Knob, as papers had been captured by Marmaduke's scouts containing orders for McNeil to march immediately upon this point, its commander fearing attack. Three roads were open to McNeil—two promising escape, the other running by Fredericktown, and watched by the Confederates. Mar-

made, relying upon McNeil obeying his orders, supposed, naturally, that the Fredericktown road would be the one selected. Under no circumstances was Colonel Carter to pursue McNeil should he disobey his orders, and move toward either New Madrid or Cape Girardeau, and return at once to Fredericktown if such intention was developed by McNeil.

From Patterson, Shelby's brigade dashed into Fredericktown, gathered up about fifty Federals there, and adjourned, rather unceremoniously, an Abolition court then in session for the confiscation of Southern men's property. Elliott was thrown forward on the Ironton road almost up to the town. He drove in its outposts, and hovered in sight for two days.

Meanwhile, nothing had been heard from Carter, nor did McNeil approach Pilot Knob by the road expected. Trusty scouts sent out returned with no reliable information, and they were replaced by additional ones with but little better success. Two days expired. At length Marmaduke learned with surprise that McNeil had gone post haste into Cape Girardeau, followed by Colonel Carter, who was now resting below the town, upon the Mississippi river, unable to retreat, and in imminent danger of being turned upon and crushed.

To extricate Colonel Carter, General Marmaduke concentrated his remaining forces rapidly, and marched directly upon Cape Girardeau, determined to attack the position fiercely with Shelby's command, create the impression that he designed its capture, and, in the time necessarily taken for defense by the Federals, withdraw Carter from his perilous position.

This movement had been preceded by a brilliant cavalry dash, and the hero was Major Charley Rainwater, of Marmaduke's staff. There were stationed at a large bridge over Whitewater, a stream between Fredericktown and Cape Girardeau, about a hundred regular Federals, under Captain Shipman. Major Rainwater, leading some forty men of Reeves' battalion, charged this bridge with reckless temerity, and found three or four of its planks removed. Nothing daunted, he spurred his horse over, followed by his men, and swept everything

before him. The Federals fought desperately, and Captain Shipman stood to his post, like a true soldier as he was, encouraging his men by his example until dreadfully wounded by Rainwater. Few of the Federals escaped. Those not killed or wounded were captured, for before the melee ended a detachment of Texans came from the other side and completely closed every avenue of retreat.

A large garrison held Cape Girardeau, protected by strong fortifications and two or three formidable gunboats. Major David Shanks, fearlessly leading the advance, struck the 1st Nebraska infantry and two regiments of cavalry half a mile in front of the nearest redoubt, and engaged them at once, supported by Shelby's brigade dismounted, and the brigade of Colonel Burbridge. The battle became stubborn and severe directly, but the Federals were finally driven back at all points from the timber and into the first line of fortifications, from which a terrible artillery fire opened upon the advancing division, now wholly unprotected in the valley below. Collins rushed his battery to the front and engaged the heavy guns at close range, suffering so greatly that volunteers were called for to man his pieces. They came in dozens, and melted away almost as fast as they came. Shanks and Elliott, in a large peach orchard on the extreme right, were charged fiercely by a regiment of Federal cavalry, but they drove it back with loss after ten minutes of hot fighting. The enemy left their fortifications at last, and came down to grapple Shelby's command in the open field. The onset was destructive, and lasted half an hour, but the Federals did not gain an inch by their determined efforts, and retired again to comparative security, unwilling to leave any more during the day the shelter of friendly walls. Major Blackwell, Captain Woodsmall, Lieutenant Ferrell, old Mr. Gates, the patriarch of Hooper's regiment, who had eleven sons, six grandsons, and a dozen nephews and cousins in Captain Dickey's company, Martin, Tindell, Lynch, Delavan, Cootes, and one hundred others were badly wounded and left in hospitals, while around the battery, and among the peach trees where Shanks and Elliott fought, the dead lay thick and in clusters. Once the word "charge" rang along the lines, and Shelby's skirmishers

dashed up the large hill on which stood the nearest fort almost to the guns, but the order was countermanded, and General Marmaduke finally retired his troops under a terrific fire, after bringing Carter safely from the bottom lands below the town. No other command engaged during the day, and Colonel Shelby's brigade and Colonel Burbridge's brigade bore the battle brunt alone. The capture of the town, from the first, had never been intended, being strongly fortified, its garrison numbering twice the force of its assailants, and having a position of remarkable natural strength. All the hot hours of the fight the incessant screaming of steamboat whistles told of arriving reinforcements, and the departure of non-combatants for the Illinois shore. Commissary and quartermaster supplies of all kinds were piled in the streets and saturated with turpentine, in expectation of defeat. A united attack by Marmaduke upon the forts, with his entire force, might probably have resulted in their capture. This was Shelby's opinion.

After the battle had been fought and won ; after the Confederate banner had gone back before the tide of opposing enemies, a scene occurred on the red and trodden field more heroic than any soldier act in all the daring army. Two beautiful Southern girls wandering with sad and disappointed hearts among the wrecks of the strife, found unburied two Confederates—two of the volunteers who had rushed to Collins' guns when the cry came for help. These girls, thrilling with maiden sensitiveness and reserve, yet dug with their own hands a single grave for the dead heroes and by dint of superhuman strength and nerve finally deposited the bloody and mutilated corpses in their final resting-place ; and that too while enduring the jibes and sneers of a pitiless and brutal soldiery. Honor to the young and the beautiful. One day our Ivanhoes will be written ; one day song and story will embalm in immortal prose or poetry this glorious episode, and weave a wreath of unfading laurels for their recompense. The names of these two girl heroines were Miss Mary E. Cook and Miss Priscilla Autrey, and one of the two soldiers thus interred was Columbus Elliott, of

Lafayette county, Missouri—as pure and as heroic a soldier as ever died for the Banner of the Bars.

Through the pages of this book the wounded of Shelby's brigade at Cape Girardeau desire to return thanks to the Southern ladies of this beautiful town for their generosity and attention. It was a dark hour when the ragged, suffering "rebels" were brought in with rough and festering wounds, yet the tender females defied opposition, bribed sentinels, endured the malaria of a hospital, and fed, flattered, and carressed the suffering soldiers. If the rough, sturdy, valiant Englishman, who was hacked and stabbed nigh unto death at Inkermann, had yet love enough to raise his head to kiss the fleeting shadow of Florence Nightingale as it lingered lovingly for a moment above his pillow, how must the old Roman Gates, sixty-six years of age, have watched for Mrs. Wathen and her beautiful daughter, as their cool fans ruffled the drooping of his long white hair, and their cool hands wiped away the fever drops. Miss McKnight, Miss Shepherd, Miss Cook, Miss Autrey, Mrs. Galusha, Mrs. Stone, and many other ladies did all possible for Shelby's wounded, and many Missourians to-day, happy in the possession of life, will ask heaven's choicest blessings to rest upon those who gave so much and so lavishly of their gentleness and sympathy.

Two Federal surgeons there, Drs. McClellan and Martin, were soldiers in everything, and the officers of the 1st Nebraska infantry made friends who returned their kindness with interest. At Shelby's swift, deadly fight upon the Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock railroad, this regiment went to the wall, after fighting stubbornly and well. Treated elegantly, paroled kindly, the Nebraskians were sent under an escort to Rolla, and not required to serve out weary months and months in filthy prisons until exchanged. Surely seed sown sometimes by the wayside springs up and expands into luxuriant harvests!

The army, after its repulse, withdrew to Jackson unmolested. That night, however, General Vandiver, who had been waiting quietly at Pilot Knob with five thousand men until Marmaduke developed his plans, marched upon the camp and attacked the

nearest regiment, commanded by Colonel R. C. Newton, of Arkansas. A night attack, especially to raw troops, has something unearthly about it, and this regiment, in spite of the strenuous efforts of its gallant commander, fell back in confusion behind the Iron Brigade that gathered around General Vandiver's advance darker than the midnight, riddling it by one long, close, withering volley. Nothing more was attempted then, and both sides rested quietly until day dawn.

Here Colonel Shelby, supported by General Marmaduke, organized one of those sudden demonstrations he loved so well when in danger, and which invariably mystified and puzzled the enemy. He gave to one of his most daring scouts, Lieutenant Josiah L. Bledsoe, a hundred and fifty picked men, ordered him to gain Vandiver's rear, and fire the gigantic bridge over Mill creek, on the Iron Mountain railroad. For a guide and adviser, Captain Muse accompanied Bledsoe, and both together they marched off to carry out their perilous instructions. The bridge was gained after innumerable hardships, fired, and all St. Louis trembled at the audacity of the attempt, for every one thought Marmaduke's whole force must be upon the city. Vandiver's alarm became so great that he detached four of his best cavalry regiments to follow Bledsoe, who eluded them all and got safely back with the loss of one man, having fought and traveled three days and nights.

Daylight had scarcely broken above the quiet spires of good old Jackson when Vandiver attacked in force. Early as he had been Marmaduke was earlier, leaving only a strong rear guard behind. With this, skirmishing continued during the entire day. The next, Colonel Carter bringing up the rear with his brigade, became hard pressed and forced to give ground faster than desirable. At the crossing of Whitewater his last line had been broken through, and fell back pell mell upon Shelby's brigade, formed to rescue it. That far the wave came but no further. Elliott barred the road with his impassable battalion, and Thompson swinging round struck the Federals full on their right flank, cutting the column in two and rolling up both bleeding ends like a string of tow. Numbers of

prisoners were captured, and the pursuit quieted for the day. Indeed, so swift and so unerring were the blows struck by Colonel Shelby on this retreat, that General Marmaduke held him continually in the rear thereafter.

At Bloomfield, Vandiver had so far recovered his assurance as to tempt another issue, and threw forward a brigade supported by artillery against Shelby's brigade. The fight waxed hot and bloody. Shelby held his position for an hour against heavy odds, and retired slowly and unmolested. Forty miles from Bloomfield the St. Francis river ran square across the road, bank full and swift as a racer. Major Lawrence, as good at engineering as in his quartermaster's department, was ordered on post-haste to construct a substantial bridge before the army arrived. The task he knew well would certainly be a gigantic one, but this accomplished officer understood no such word as fail. Before he reached the river, however, some of Marmaduke's engineers had preceded him, and everything was prepared when the command arrived, Shelby still pressed incessantly and fighting the whole way. He formed line of battle just two miles from the swollen river, posted his battery, threw forward skirmishers, and told his men very calmly that upon them depended the fate of the army.

"Gentlemen," he said to his officers who had visited him for final orders, "remember, not an inch must be yielded no matter how great the danger. If we go down, all shall go together, and our artillery shall be saved if I lose my brigade."

The Federals, sure of overwhelming success the next day, went contentedly into bivouac, lit great camp fires, and spent the night in songs and merriment. Not a flame flitted across Shelby's silent and watchful front, lying out dark in the midnight under the waning stars.

The bridge built by General Jeff. Thompson and Major Robert Smith, of General Marmaduke's staff, was a curiosity in its way, and neither evidenced much engineering skill nor mathematical ingenuity. The infantry, that is, the dismounted men, barely managed to cross on it—one at a time—like Indians on a war-trail; the

horses were pushed in below, and made to swim over, while a huge raft was constructed by Major Lawrence for the artillery, and, piece by piece, slowly and laboriously it was ferried over. All night the hoarse words of command rang out upon the air, mixed and varied incessantly with the plunging of frightened horses and the shouts of lusty swimmers. Everything in advance got safely across. Marmaduke, Jeff. Thompson, Burbridge, Slayback, and other earnest and energetic officers stood by the bridge continually, urging, commanding, threatening, and hurrying. At length Shelby's battery withdrew; then his regiments; then the skirmishers, one by one, until just at daylight everything had safely crossed, except Captain George Gordon, with a large detachment holding an outpost that could not be relinquished. There were shouts of disappointed vengeance and there were cries of baffled rage, when Vandiver's ten thousand outwitted soldiers found the prey had escaped. Four thousand Confederates, wearied from a month of incessant marching and fighting, had calmly faced about upon a swollen river, held the ground until their less disciplined comrades passed, and then as calmly went away themselves, without losing a horse or wetting a musket. The blue coats swarmed down to the water's edge and poured a furious fire against the opposite bank, but Collins was waiting, so naturally, it seemed he knew their leader's counsels, and threw a hundred or two shells into their disappointed faces, which marred the fair array, and sent it back broken to the cover of the woods. Captain Gordon held on devotedly until he believed the army to be safely over, when he gathered up his isolated soldiers and boldly struck up the river. Baffled in three attempts to cross, and almost surrounded, he finally cut through to the water, plunged boldly in and went swiftly across under a galling fire which wounded a dozen of his little band. He was welcomed back with shouts of joy and triumph. The pursuit ended at St. Francis river, and the command marched by easy stages to Jacksonport, where a few brief days of rest were permitted it.

In the rear continually on the retreat from Cape Girardeau, and doing much good service, too, rode Major John Thrailkill. At a

stream near Bloomfield, when hard pressed, he formed his detachment suddenly on the crest of a sharp ridge in conjunction with Captain Bob Adams, and, after half an hour's bloody battle, succeeded in checking Vandiver's entire advance. At the bridge across the St. Francis, Thrailkill's eminent qualities as a bold, determined man, were again called into action, and he labored incessantly in pushing over the horses. Colonels Carter and Shelby were the last to cross the tottering, crazy bridge, which was immediately cut away by Major Thrailkill and Lieutenant Tom Keithly, lest, bad and unserviceable as it proved to be, some use might be made of it by the enemy.

Captain Arthur St. Clair was detailed by Shelby to command an ambush party of two hundred picked marksmen to hold the river a short time after the bridge went down. These sharpshooters, mostly from the old Southwest regiment and unerring riflemen, found a splendid shelter behind a bluff bank on the south side, that protected and concealed them at the same time. St. Clair rode out in full view on a milk-white horse, and waved his hat as a signal for his men to fire, just as the Federals came down to the water's edge on the opposite bank—about a hundred and fifty yards from the lurking riflemen. It was the signal for the volley, and it was not only a volley of thunder, but it carried with it the thunderbolt. Forty of the enemy fell dead before the close, accurate fire, and many wounded were borne shrieking away to the rear. One hour afterward, when many of the Federals had again appeared, this sudden fire was repeated, with similar success, upon a compact mass huddled closely together, viewing with curiosity the fragments of the destroyed bridge. Captain St. Clair received a bullet through his hat as he galloped off, having obeyed his orders, and carried out his instructions to the letter.

General Marmaduke's retreat from Cape Girardeau had been admirably conducted throughout in the presence of a largely superior cavalry force, supported constantly by infantry and abundant artillery. Had Vandiver and McNeill used energy, intelligence, and courage, results might have been different, and the losses inflicted upon the Confederates frightful. McNeil had two roads

before him for pursuit when Shelby withdrew fighting from his front, but unreliable and erratic, he chose the one upon which there was the least danger, and by following which he could inflict the least possible damage upon his antagonists. To the east of the road traveled by General Marmaduke ran a parallel one from Cape Girardeau—better, smoother, and shorter to Whitewater bridge. By taking this road, pressing forward vigorously, and leaving only one regiment in rear of the Confederates, McNeil had it in his power to gain this bridge in Marmaduke's front and hold him there, despite his most desperate efforts, until Vandiver closed in upon his rear. It was not done, nor even attempted to be done, and General Marmaduke wondered and shuddered at the same time when the river was passed without a fight.

At the crossing of the St. Francis river the timidity and caution of Vandiver were as remarkable as unnecessary. For a month four thousand cavalry had been marching, fighting, retreating, starving, and suffering greatly from fatigue and incessant motion. Ammunition was scarce; some of the troops composing the expedition were demoralized; the horses of all were jaded and worn completely down. A combined, vigorous, determined attack upon General Marmaduke in the evening preceeding his night withdrawal, while promising bloody and sturdy fighting, also promised great and grave results. Vandiver could commit no greater mistake in giving Marmaduke an unmolested night—he certainly never granted favors before nor since more thankfully and devoutly received.

CHAPTER XI.

VICKSBURG in its death agony had long before made mute appeals to General Holmes for help and succor, but the crisis had culminated before he struck, and the blow rebounded upon himself. Generals Price and Marmaduke urged upon General Holmes an attack upon Helena, that a diversion might be made if possible in favor of Vicksburg; and also to annoy the enemy; interrupt the navigation of the Mississippi river; and, by attracting the eyes of the Federal Government to the Trans-Mississippi army, draw upon it some of the heavy blows being delivered against Johnson, Pemberton, and Lee.

On the 28th of June, 1863, Shelby's brigade was in motion for Helena, whither tended infantry, cavalry, artillery, in imposing array. The entire country between Jacksonport and the Mississippi river became one vast lagoon streaked innumerable by now swimming streams and bottomless bayous. Still it rained day after day, and camp after camp was flooded in a night. Regiments were separated by almost impassable streams, and headquarters were often cut off by a wilderness of water. Through all the dreary chillness of another flood and triumphant above the war of elements, the Iron Brigade struggled on to rendezvous its military ardor unquenched by exposure and its powder dry for the conflict.

July the 3d, 1863, found Helena girt about by walls of living men, and sitting quietly on her river home, conscious yet careless of the hot ordeal in store. Price was there, and Fagan was there, and from the plains of Texas came the rough riders to water their steeds in the swift Mississippi. Up from Vicksburg were borne the cries of brave men in their dire necessity, and every heart should have been nerved for strife, and every soldier should have resolved to conquer or die.

The position, very strong naturally, had been more than usually well fortified. General Holmes' plan of attack was excellent, and would have been successful but for the indifference of some and the ignorance of others. It required a combined and general attack at sunrise precisely, upon the morning of the 4th, against all points of the Federal defenses. No further orders were to be given, but with the sun every commander was to hurl his division upon the enemy. Near the house of General Hindman, which was just beyond the southern suburbs of the city, stood a battery of four heavy guns, protected by earthworks and rifle-pits, this was to be carried by General Fagan, from the south, at sunrise. Next to the work assigned him stood another stronger one, mounting three heavy guns, the *Graveyard Fort*, which General Price was to storm at sunrise from the west. Further north still, stood *Fort Soloman*, mounting also three heavy guns, which General Marmaduke was to attack at sunrise from the North; and further yet to the extreme north General Walker had to march down the valley directly upon the city at sunrise and attack the rifle-pits in front. Here are three forts disposed of, *Fort Hindman*, *Fort Soloman*, and the *Graveyard Fort*—but in the center of the town there arose, in huge proportions, a vast square redoubt, protected by casemates, rifle-pits and abattis—it was the city's citadel, and commanding all the other works, of course it must be within reach of them also. This redoubt was to be subjected to a concentrated fire from its consorts for a given period, and then to be assaulted on all sides simultaneously. Thus far very good. Nothing could be better than the plan—no complications, no details, no confusion. Each commander had his work marked out, and at the sunrise signal he was to march evenly on, fight everything before him, take his fort or be cut to pieces—nothing more.

Shelby, leading his brigade, struck a heavy blockade about two miles from the town, through which he was forced to cut his way, that the artillery might not be left behind—he being the only commander taking guns into action. The narrow ridge running almost up to *Fort Soloman* became so pointed and sharp as he advanced,

that the cannon wheels could not rest upon its summit, and bounded halfway down its sides at every discharge.

In plain view, the Mississippi river lay wrapped in an impenetrable vail of fog, that whirled and twisted in vast formless clouds upon the sleeping town, and on the giant trees upon its banks. At sunrise it lifted sufficiently to see glimmering through the gloom the dark sides and the inevitable black, pitchy smoke of an iron-clad escorting a large steamer, whose roof and decks were blue with uniforms. Shelby opened directly upon the crowded boat; the iron-sides answered immediately, and from all the bastioned walls and grim redoubts of Helena, there went up on this Independence Day a crash and thunder of artillery more discordant than a war of elements. From the town a splendid six gun battery ran out and took position in the plain below to silence Collins' guns; the iron-clad shelled him all day, and Fort Soloman plied its busy Parrotts almost beyond endurance. Under this heavy and enflaming fire Shelby formed his brigade for the charge, Captain John Clark leading the forlorn hope against the Fort, and Captain St. Clair and Lieutenant James Walton leading the skirmishers covering the line of battle—both positions of imminent peril.

The issue was joined; the river tied its bonnet of sunbeams on and lay very quiet, listening to the great bursts of artillery, the ringing of impatient bugles, and the shouts and groans of agony.

General Price hurled his splendid and massive division against the Graveyard Fort and swept it like a hurricane, turning its guns upon the central redoubt as ordered, while Colonel Lewis pressed on furiously into the town, leading a brave brigade, and carrying all before him.

General Fagan swooped down upon Fort Hindman with his gallant Arkansans, but was driven back after a desperate effort—his men showing determined and conspicuous valor—after which suicidal skirmishing followed, and firing at long range.

Neither Marmaduke nor Walker charged. The success of these two officers required a cordial co-operation which was never given; and the failure of Walker to advance, in General Marmaduke's

opinion, so jeopardized his (Marmaduke's) left flank, as to make an assault out of the question. The unsuccessful attack of General Fagan, the failure of Marmaduke and Walker to attack at all, and the driving back of General Price's division, decided the battle. Shelby, waiting impatiently for orders to advance, asked permission to assault Fort Salomon, but was refused. From the ridge overlooking the town, Shelby's brigade watched the gallant advance of Price's infantry into the heart of Helena fighting fiercely at every corner, the houses vomiting flames of death, and the great grim citadel sweeping the streets at every discharge of its twenty guns. Then the infantry which had repulsed Fagan hemmed in the heroic Missourians and bore them back inch by inch, killing and capturing as they advanced. During the fearful struggle, and having more troops than could swarm about Lewis' decimated brigade, General Prentiss concentrated a fearful fire upon Shelby from artillery and infantry. The noble and chivalrous John Clark, tender and pure as a woman, fell mortally wounded leading his forlorn hope almost to the ditches of Fort Soloman. St. Clair, Cogswell, and Jim Walton urging on the skirmishers, were badly shot, Turner was killed, and Colonel Shelby, braving death as if holding a charmed life, and having two horses previously killed under him, at last received a dreadful wound that shattered his wrist, plowed through his arm, and caused intolerable agony. Faint from loss of blood and reeling in his saddle, he was forced from the field long enough to have the arm bandaged. Around Collins' battery the slaughter became dreadful. Major Smith, General Marmaduke's Quartermaster, fell shot through the heart in the act of sighting one of the guns; yet Collins, Connor, and Kelly plied the hail of canister and grape upon the gathering, threatening masses below. Fagan and Price were retreating from the vicinity of Helena, pursued heavily. Lewis and most of his brigade were captured or killed. Walker had long withdrawn when General Marmaduke ordered Shelby's brigade from the field, just as its leader, very faint and pale, galloped back to his soldiers. The retreat was painfully executed under a withering fire. The battery was in imminent danger, its

horses all killed; its wheels bullet-rent and riddled. Scarcely able to sit his horse, his wound still bleeding freely, Shelby dashed down the ranks of his brigade, shouting: "Volunteers to save the battery. Shelby's brigade never lost a battery, and with God's help it never shall! Come, boys, come to the front."

Oh! it was a glorious thing to see that old, decimated, battered brigade then, with its old tattered flag above it, and the low, murky powder-pall settling everywhere darker and darker. Gathered in the rear were Federal infantry, and cavalry, and artillery, not three hundred paces away, pressing on furiously, too, and shouting and killing as they came. Captains Collins and James Kelley, and Lieutenants Connor, and Inglehart, and Harris, and Coleman Smith, black with powder, and worn with fighting were still at their posts, dragging and tugging at the dead horses and trying to extricate them from the harness. "Volunteers, away—the battery is in danger!" That cry had never yet been unheeded—the battery was the brigade's darling. Not one, fifty—but a thousand cool soldiers yelled out a great cry of courage and started back. "Fifty, only fifty," ordered Shelby, "and go with them, Colonel Gilkey. Bring the battery with you or remain yourself." Back to the rear a hundred paces went Gilkey with his forlorn hope. Back to the rear there, hotter than the July sun, and fatal and swift to swallow up, went Langhorne, Garr, Winship, Cravens, Slayback, Stangel, Wood Noland, the brothers Kritzer, Jim Tucker and Bob Tucker, Hodge, Frank Jackson, Geo. Gordon, Tom Paine, John Corder, Jo. Knox, Will Buford, Jim Kirtley, Tom Young, Will Dysart, Typ. Kirtly, Felix Graves, Will Wayman, Wm. Orndoff, Captain Simpson and Lieutenant Ridge, Seb. Plattenburg, Kit Moorman and Clay Floyd, Lieutenant Mark Dye and Lucien Major, Lieutenant Tom Walton and Lieutenant Jas. Wills, Captain Nunnely, Renfro, and John Wyatt Lewis, Lum White, and Will Hickman, and I wish I knew them all to name them—peerless soldiers going back into the "jaws of death, into the mouth of hell"—less than three hundred. Nobly did Gilkey obey his orders. The dead horses were cut from the traces, prolonges were instantaneously attached, and, with a great shout the guns

were started. Everyone worked for dear life and dear honor. Over the matted barricade they were dragged and hurried. Back came the guns, but not all the young heroes sent to rescue them. Fifty eager volunteers sprang away to the grapple—fifteen came away again unhurt. Twenty were sleeping calmly enough now, and fifteen more bleeding and waiting until they might be borne from the field. With such soldiers and such sacrifices, was it any wonder why Shelby never lost a battery?

Missouri gave no purer sacrifice to the god of battles than was offered up to liberty when Captain John Clark fell, dreadfully and mortally wounded, leading the forlorn hope upon the works of Helena. Loved and worshiped by the company, honored and trusted by all who knew him; he crowned the record of a stainless life by an immortal death, and fell a Christian and a hero, fighting as another Bayard, for the green fields and the blue skies of his nativity. Gentle as a woman, fearless, heroic, and lovable, no man so endeared himself to his friends and won such eminent regard from all who knew him.

The death of Major Robert Smith, too, left a void upon the staff of General Marmaduke not easily filled. Brave, energetic, intelligent and devoted, he had upon a dozen hotly contested fields given great promise of future greatness.

Thomas Paine, of Company C, Shelby's regiment, fell, too, at Helena, having wounds yet unhealed from previous battles. He was a model soldier, brave, and tried, and steadfast as a mountain. Colonel Shanks, Pack Bowdry, Lieutenant James Walton, Captain Arthur St. Clair, George Garr, and thirty others from the brigade were badly wounded, but managed to stand up until supported by comrades beyond the reach of the enemy.

Crushed in spirit, sullen, dejected and unnerved, General Holmes rode slowly from Helena, following the footsteps of his repulsed and beaten army. He remarked gloomily, afterward, that to him death upon the field was preferable to disaster, and that he had prayed for it earnestly when the attack proved a failure. General

Holmes certainly did expose himself throughout the day recklessly and gallantly, seeming by his actions to be courting death.

The capture of Helena, even had it been successfully accomplished, would have been too late to help Vicksburg, for the surrender of this beleaguered city was an accomplished fact before the battle ended. True, the effect upon the army would have been something if victory came, and its vast stores of ammunition, medicines, artillery, supplies and equipments were worth then more than an army with banners; but man proposed and God disposed. Yet even Providence seemed loitering for propitiation, and had every commander done his whole duty and marched boldly forward as the crisis and the country demanded, success was eminently probable.

From the bloody attack upon Helena, Shelby's brigade moved slowly back to Jacksonport, and Colonel Shelby, suffering greatly from his wound, went up to Batesville for rest and medical attendance, Dr. Webb, Chief Surgeon of Jackman's brigade, and an able physician and devoted friend, attending him. Rest for the soldiers, however, seemed impossible. Six thousand cavalry, under General Davidson, came down Croly's Ridge from toward Rolla, Missouri, and threatened General Marmaduke at Jacksonport. A bold front and instant preparations to meet them caused a change of policy, and General Davidson, when within eight miles of his foe, turned suddenly about and hurried into Helena.

The brigade, commanded now by Colonel G. W. Thompson, had many sick but few deaths in this unhealthy encampment around Jacksonport, and the reckless soldiers resorted to continual practical jokes and escapades to keep off the gloom and the malaria of the marshes. There had been in Smith's regiment a poor fellow lingering between life and death for some time, and at last the dark hour seemed drawing near. It happened also, that a Texas regiment over the way lost one of its members the morning in question, and some of his comrades had dug for the soldier a deep, comfortable grave, at the roots of a gigantic oak. Midway between the camp of the Missourians and Texans lived an old carpenter named Uncle Joe Har-

rington—a kind, good-hearted man, who had managed by hook or by crook to scrape together some pretty fair tools for these days of scarcity, and rather than lend them to the careless soldiers, invariably made all the coffins required himself. He had just finished a neat, modest one for the poor Texan, when Jack Rector, and one of his companions equally as devilish, sauntered into Uncle Joe's shop. "Whose coffin, Uncle Joe?" asked Jack. "Don't know—some Texan just died—wanted my tools as usual, and I done the work myself rather than trust you good-for-nothing fellows."

Jack winked at his comrade and retired immediately from the shop. "Well," inquired his friend, joining him a few minutes afterward, "what is it?" "If Tom Saunders will only die now," referring to the sick soldier in Smith's regiment, "he'll have a better resting-place than many of us hereafter. *I propose to steal coffin, grave and all.*" "Capital!" shouted the other one, not a whit more conscientious than Jack, "and would you believe it, Tom did die not half an hour before I left camp."

Returning and finding the breath scarcely gone from poor Tom, Jack communicated his plan to a dozen others and soon started two new hands for the coffin, who saluted Uncle Joe, and asked:

"Is our coffin done?" "Who's coffin ye arter?" "The one Captain Simpson had made this morning." "For what troops?" "Texas troops of course, Uncle Joe." "Oh! yes—there it is—two dollars specie—ten dollars Confederate money." "All right, here's your Confed," and the Missourians shouldered the coffin, and hurried off in triumph. Inclosing the body with becoming gravity, as time pressed and discovery became momentarily more imminent, Tom Saunders was at last borne to the deep, dark grave beneath the sober oak. Uncle Bob Rennick performed the burial ceremony, and the soldiers lowered down and covered up the coffin just as the body of the Texan was seen approaching from the direction of the neighboring camp. Explanations followed, not very complimentary at best, but the joke was so unnaturally ludicrous and ghastly that the Texan's friends finally turned the whole thing into a downright laugh, and gracefully yielded the palm to Shelby's brigade of being

composed of the "d—st rascals in the army," vowing as the two parties separated, "that they would get even yet for having to dig two graves instead of one." This is only an incident among ten thousand of such events, and shows how exposure and familiarity strip all terror from the face of death, and laugh and mock him even in his own terrible province. The story took wings, and hundreds of the neighboring people came to see the grave "Jack Rector stole."

Marmaduke crossed White river immediately for Little Rock, now threatened by a large force advancing under General Steele, and rested for several days beyond Little Red river, in the neighborhood of Searcy. Before leaving this camp a fleet, light draught boat, rendered bullet proof by a dextrous combination of cotton bales, came up White river from Des Arc to the mouth of Little Red river, and thence up that stream almost to the camp of Shelby's brigade, shelling the woods on either side and showing a bold, defiant bearing. Colonel Thompson was sent forward with the brigade to capture this boat, by taking position with Collins' battery below, and attacking her with sharpshooters above. The roads being in horrible condition and almost impassable for artillery, Collins could not reach his point until the prize, now thoroughly alarmed, had passed down swiftly in retreat. Colonel Gilkey, leading the foremost regiment, dashed on in pursuit overtaking the boat a mile below, and being splendidly mounted and desiring to cripple her movements by killing the pilot, exposed himself recklessly and needlessly as did also Major Shanks. Poor Gilkey paid for his temerity with his life, and fell mortally wounded within ten feet of the cotton covered boat. Shanks, not well yet of his Helena wound, also received a severe shot in the hand, and the regiment coming up tried vainly to check her speed, but, being bullet-proof and impervious she pressed on and finally made good her escape. The dying Colonel, idolized by his men, was carried slowly and sorrowfully into camp, where, after lingering in agony for a few hours he went away peacefully to join the great hosts of his comrades gone before.

In the large prairie around Brownsville, Shelby's brigade first met

the advance of Steele's army debouching from Duvall's Bluff upon the capital of Arkansas. It was Davidson's cavalry division in magnificent trim, having in its ranks the white stallions of Merrill's Horse, and the plumed hats of the 4th regular cavalry.

In the latter part of August, Marmaduke moved his brigade from Des Arc to form a junction with General Marsh Walker, commanding his own and Shelby's brigade, at Brownsville, with the view to oppose the progress of General Steele, who was in the act of moving from Duvall's Bluff on White river against Little Rock, then and for some time previous held by General Price, during the sickness of General Holmes, the district commander. The movement was accomplished in a day and a night, and Marmaduke reported to Walker, as his ranking officer for duty. The second morning after the concentration of the three brigades at Brownsville, the pickets reported the advance in force of the Federal cavalry under General Davidson. Dispositions were quickly made. General Walker having decided neither to offer nor accept battle, but merely to check the rapidity of the enemy's advance, took charge of the main column and moved out in retreat; and Marmaduke at his own request was assigned to the command of the rear. Lieutenant Colonel Ben Elliott's battalion was thrown forward on the prairie east of the town, in hopes to draw the enemy into a charge, and thence into an ambuscade of dismounted men and artillery. The enemy deluded by the weakness of the line charged in handsome style; but unfortunately stopped short just at the moment when all were most anxious for them to continue to move forward. The artillery opened and the enemy retired with admirable celerity; and were followed by a counter charge that picked up a few prisoners. The run across the prairies on the part of Elliott's men, in their attempt to enveigle the enemy into the snare, was peculiarly brilliant in point of ludicrousness, as was also the retreat of the Federals when the artillery opened upon them. Numbers were unhorsed on either side, who, with a few killed or captured made up the list of casualties.

After this little episode the enemy showed no disposition to come

against the position in front, but seemed rather inclined to follow the line of timber a mile or so south, and thus to isolate the rear, if possible, from the main command. The greater portion of the troops that had remained in Brownsville were ordered forward to join General Walker, and Marmaduke formed and brought off the rear-guard, consisting of Elliott's battalion, and a section of Bledsoe's battery, under command of Lieutenant Dick Collins. In this order the retreat was continued during the day. The enemy, by wide detours to the right and left, attempted to pass around the rear, but the attempt always failed. At times, apparently annoyed by their want of success in their flanking operations, they showed a vicious inclination to charge the rear, and by dint of saber and spur to override and crush it; but a few well-directed shots from the artillery always induced them to abandon the design, and halted and sent them backward with a sudden, jerking nervousness that was not at all heroic in its precipitance. Merrill's White Horse brigade, that had acquired much fame in chasing citizens over the country in Missouri, proved itself very expert at this bastard kind of Cossack warfare. They advanced with wonderful impetuosity, and retreated with an impetuosity even superior to that of their advance whenever a shell exploded near them.

The main body of the command, under General Walker, was not disturbed by these small affairs of the rear-guard, but held its leisurely line of march during the day. The enemy gave over the pursuit at Bayou Two Prairie, and went into camp some hours before sunset, while Marmaduke moved on and made camp at Reed's Bridge, on Bayou Metre, late at night.

The two points are twelve miles distant from each other, with no water between them. The next day, and the next succeeding three or four days, the Confederates moved out to meet the enemy, and they moved out to meet the Confederates, and for that length of time they vibrated back and forth, skirmishing constantly, with occasional dashes of heavier fighting. In the rapid and desultory series of actions thus resulting, no officer did better service than Captain Charley Bell, with a section of light prairie guns. Requiring but

two horses to move them, capable of being carried backward or forward at a run, and worked by a hardy set of men, they remained always on outpost, and at every dash or stand added to their reputation.

Bayou Metre was within sound of the guns of the earthworks thrown around Little Rock on the north side of the river, in which were stationed the cavalry's infantry friends. Twice or thrice, as the firing was more than ordinarily brisk, they had visits from officers among them, who came out to observe and criticize, to see how outpost affairs were conducted, to give good advice, and to show on occasion how the thing could and should be done. But their stay with the front, somehow, was always short. It may have been that there were too few men engaged, and that the number of killed and wounded did not foot up largely enough to satisfy their sanguinary ambition; but, at any rate, it chanced that after remaining on the field a very reasonable length of time, after seeing some advances and counter-advances, after hearing once or twice the bugles clang out sharp and clear, followed by a sweep of dismounted men through the heavy woods, to out-flank or cut-off some opposing party that had advanced too far, or followed by a rapid dash of horsemen across an open field or along the road, or the sudden wheeling into position and opening of a battery at short range, they concluded to reserve their skill and the exhibition of their mettle to the grand infantry day that was shortly to take place, and so left the horsemen to their fate and to the Federals.

The Bayou Metre was a low, sluggish stream, with a miry bed, abrupt banks, and its sides fringed with a heavy growth of timber. It was difficult to cross, and presented the only water at which a command could conveniently camp after leaving Bayou Two Prairie. It was spanned by a substantial bridge when the enemy advanced, on the third or fourth day of operations, and the fight was entirely for water. They had felt their way cautiously before, but that morning advanced with determination. The skirmishing was exceedingly sharp, and the artillery practice as close and deadly as

rifle shots. But the rear-guard, composed of Gordon's regiment and Marmaduke's escort company, held their ground stoutly, and were determined not to be driven back upon the bridge too rapidly. The vigor of their resistance, and the deliberation with which they retired, gave ample time for completing the dispositions of the forces for battle. The men were dismounted, their horses sent to the rear, and the command deployed into a strong skirmish line, taking advantage of the unevenness of the ground and the heavy timber along the southern bank of the stream. The artillery was advantageously posted to rake the road and sweep the bridge. General Walker took up his position something more than a mile in the rear, at a house selected for a hospital, and kept with him Burbridge's regiment, the largest in Marmaduke's brigade, as a body-guard. Captain John Mhoo, an accomplished engineer officer, had prepared the bridge for destruction by giving it a thorough coating of tar and other inflammable material; and as the last of the rear-guard crossed it, the torch was applied. The smoke rolled upward in dark and heavy masses, and the enemy, seeing they were about to lose their best means of crossing the stream, made a savage dash to secure possession of the bridge and extinguish the flames. Instantly the artillery flashed full upon them, and a thousand rifles rang out along the line. The struggle was fierce but brief. The enemy rolled heavily back, enveloped in sable clouds of smoke, formed their ranks, and rapidly completed their preparations for a more vigorous attack in force, to drive the Confederates from their position and effect a crossing. They lost no time in useless delays, but came on at once and in earnest. Their artillery was well planted, and was served with steadiness and precision. They opened with twelve or sixteen guns. Marmaduke's artillery, though inferior in strength, replied as promptly and as vigorously. For nearly an hour the ring of musketry along the line was incessant, and the deep-toned artillery lent its voice to swell the diapason of harmonious discord. The effort was determined, but unavailing. Their line gradually fell back out of range, and only the occasional note of a heavy gun, or the sharp

crack of a random rifle, told that they still held their position and were not yet inclined to relinquish their efforts.

The gallant Major Bennett, of Young's battalion, with a hundred men, had been sent to guard a crossing some two miles lower down the bayou, that entirely turned the position. The enemy attacked him with great fury, but he resisted with a vigor superior to the fury of their attack. He informed Marmaduke, however, that he was heavily pressed, and feared he could not hold his ground. Marmaduke replied that he could spare him no men, and that he *must* beat back the enemy and make good his position. Bennett replied that he would do it, and did do it.

At this juncture of affairs General Walker made his appearance on the field, but after a stay of not more than fifteen minutes, retired again to the rear. The enemy, after considerable delay, advanced to the attack, and for nearly an hour the battle raged fiercely. The day was hot and close, and they were evidently suffering greatly for water, indeed, they would frequently make their way stealthily to the banks of the bayou, at some point more than ordinarily well sheltered from the fire of the men, for the purpose of drinking, and several were killed in the act of filling their canteens. The second attack was as unsuccessful as the first. The Confederates stood their ground firmly and fought with coolness; and the enemy were again, despite their strenuous efforts, compelled to retire without having shaken the line at a single point. Still they did not like to acknowledge themselves beaten by a cavalry command that they had sneered at because of their ragged clothes, their unsoldierly equipments, and their unshod horses.

They prepared, therefore, to make a third and more decisive effort. Their artillery opened with renewed spitefulness, and their whole force moved forward with a determination to force Marmaduke back at every hazard. They fought long and stubbornly, but without effect; their soldiers had evidently lost heart, and considered themselves hopelessly overmatched. But this time they did not withdraw in order, and when beaten back, still kept up an irregular and scattering fight. Marmaduke, perceiving that their lines

were broken and in confusion, moved Captain Bell's light prairie battery down near the bridge, in open view of the enemy, and in point-blank range of their guns. They did not hesitate to pay it their respects. At the first fire Captain Charley Bell was mortally wounded, Major Rainwater seriously; men and horses mangled generally, and the little battery entirely disabled. Marmaduke, who had gone with it in person, lost no time in withdrawing it to a more retired position. He determined, however, to satisfy the enemy with artillery, if possible, and for that purpose massed his six guns in a commanding position and opened a vigorous fire upon them. But this was not before Lieutenant Dick Collins, unable to determine the situation of some of the enemy's guns that were annoying the line, crossed the bayou and worked his way from point to point, despite the fire of their sharpshooters, until he had thoroughly reconnoitered their position, and then returned prepared for more effective action. Marmaduke took up a position to the front and on the flank of his guns, to observe their execution and direct their fire. Thus prepared, the guns opened simultaneously with a thunderous burst of sound. The first few shots informed the enemy that the guns were massed and were concentrating their fire; and they very promptly trained all of their's to the point of concentration in response. By a natural impulse the men along the entire line on both sides, in a great measure, ceased operations, and employed themselves in watching the progress and results of the duel. The enemy at first put their shots in well; but as Dick Collins worked his guns down closer and closer upon them, and made their position warmer and warmer, their firing became less regular and accurate, until, as shot after shot took effect upon them, they entirely lost their coolness and precision, and sent their shells recklessly through the tops of the trees, destroying much foliage and frightening the wild birds terribly. They attempted, as a last resort, to change their position, and thus escape the fury of Collins' guns; but the second or third shot found them out again; until at last, completely beaten, they abandoned the field precipitately, with two of their guns disabled.

Thus, notwithstanding their utmost efforts for eight or nine hours, the enemy had failed to make an impression upon the lines, and the merely random firing along their own, indicated that they were about to yield the contest and withdraw. Under these circumstances, Marmaduke thought it desirable to have an interview with General Walker, and determine whether it was advisable to press the enemy in their retreat, or to put the troops into camp where they were. Shelby was wounded and confined to his bed; Greene was absent on account of sickness, consequently there was no brigade commander present who could be left in command of the forces, while Marmaduke rode to the rear to consult General Walker. He therefore directed Major Henry Ewing, of his staff, to explain the situation of affairs to General Walker, and request his temporary presence on the field. Major Ewing reported to General Walker as directed, but could get no reply from him. Marmaduke then addressed him a note, the same in substance as his verbal communication, but he treated the note with contempt, ordered his Assistant Adjutant-General to preserve it, as he had Marmaduke right where he wanted him, and still refused either to comply with the request or to give an answer.

While these matters were under discussion, the enemy withdrew in a badly damaged condition, leaving upon the field the fragments of their broken artillery carriages, numbers of dead horses, and many of their killed. The Confederate loss was heavy; but theirs, judging from the number they left behind them, must have been much more serious. Indeed, the bare mention of the affair did not fail to arouse their anger for many days afterward. The soldiers of the two commands, for some time immediately succeeding, picketed on opposite sides of the Arkansas river, then low and shrunken to the mere proportions of a creek, and were frequently in the habit of making small truces of their own, and entering into friendly conversation. But however amicably these interviews began, they soon ran into that sharp, personal kind of badinage to which soldiers are particularly given, and almost always ended, on the part of Marmaduke's troopers, in some allusion to Bayou Metre and the

unburied Federal dead, which almost as certainly brought a rifle-ball in response, in utter violation of treaty obligations. So accustomed did the Confederates become to this uncourteous kind of retort, on the part of their adversaries, that whenever they had made up their mind to speak the unpleasant words, they instinctively looked around for shelter, and prepared to resume warlike operations.

Several hours after nightfall the command was ordered back into camp near the intrenchments. In this quiet and secluded retreat several days were passed in doing nothing, except outpost duty, and cultivating amicable relations with the infantry, very much to the dissatisfaction of both officers and men. The battle of Bayou Metre had been gallantly fought, and among the best and bravest dead on that field of glory, lay Captain John Percival, of Waverly; Captain Powell, of Platte; and Captain Charley Bell, of Saline. Tried in a hundred previous battles—young, heroic, devoted—they yielded up their lives in the moment of exultant victory, amid the thunder of the contest, and the wild shouts of infuriated combatants. There could be no fitter eulogy than their death—no grander monuments than the lowly graves where the violets bloom and the eternal waves murmur forever the story of their fame.

After this fight, Steele withdrew his forces to Bayou Two Prairie, and staggering under the blows struck Davidson, halted long for recuperation, while his detached cavalry scoured the whole country for information. General Marmaduke, covering the entire front of Holmes' army, was constantly in the saddle, and made heavy calls upon the brigade for daring scouts and bold, outlying pickets. Among the dauntless young officers that crowded to his call for the honor of their brigade in its wounded leader's absence, came Maurice Langhorne, George Gordon, Bob Adams, Brown Williams, Charley Jones, Arthur McCoy, Lieutenant John McDougall, Will Ferrell, James Wills, John Toney, Salem Ford, Tom Walton, Seb Plattenburg, William Edwards, Henry Wolfenbarger, William Moorman, Captains Dickey, Silas Crispin, Grooms, Mark Dye, and a host of others equally zealous. With these General Marmaduke crowded his front, and night or day, in sunshine or storm, by lone-

some roads and sudden halts some one of these hovered about the enemy, fighting their pickets, ambushing their rear, drawing horses from the foragers, burning up commissary wagons, capturing straggling soldiers, and hourly sending back valuable information about the movements of General Steele.

Holmes receiving a sick furlough at this period, General Price assumed command and issued stirring battle orders. Thousands of spades dug into the yielding earth, and thousands of negroes worked continually upon the fortifications growing upon the northern side of the Arkansas river into great lines of circumvallation. Every day they were strengthened and every day the army gained confidence in themselves and their leaders. Thoughts of approaching battle acted more powerfully than quinine upon the emaciated fever and ague patients, while the sickly conscripts forgot their diarrhea and their lumbago in the distant firing of advanced outposts. Every approach was at last barricaded, and every soldier had his position behind the embankments assigned him for the death struggle.

In the meantime, however, the duel between General Marmaduke and General Walker had taken place, and a brief statement of causes leading to the unfortunate occurrence may explain fully its origination.

The conduct of General Walker during the retreat of the cavalry from Brownsville to Little Rock, determined General Marmaduke to change in some measure the official relations between them. Having in view a friendly separation of forces, he asked explicitly of Colonel T. L. Snead either to remove his division from Walker's command or accept his unconditional resignation. The first was done, and to it General Walker took offense and demanded explanations, affirming that the course pursued by Marmaduke cast imputations upon his courage. Marmaduke replied that he had never accused Walker of cowardice, but that his conduct had been such upon several occasions that he would no longer serve under him. A challenge followed instantly from General Walker and was as promptly accepted by his antagonist. Colonel R. H. Crocket, of

Texas, was the friend of the former, and Colonel John C. Moore, of St. Louis, the friend of the latter. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, and at six o'clock on the morning of September 6th, 1863, on the farm of Godfrey Lefevre, seven miles below Little Rock, on the north side of the river, the meeting took place. The weapons were Colt's navy revolvers, all the barrels of which were loaded, and the distance fifteen paces. Colonel Moore won the word and the position for his principal, and both General Marmaduke and Walker fired the first shots almost simultaneously and without effect. At the second fire General Walker fell mortally wounded and was immediately conveyed in the ambulance of his opponent to Little Rock. He died the next day. General Marmaduke and his second were arrested at once and held in close confinement. The officers of his division, however, in view of the expected approaching battle, unanimously petitioned General Price for their release, and Marmaduke himself, anxious to lead his troops in a conflict believed by every one to be *imminent* and *inevitable*, united in their request, although from the first he contended that as he had been arrested without consultation and confined without precedent, he should at least be released without request or tried upon charges at once.

This unfortunate duel was not one of Marmaduke's seeking, and in requiring from General Price another commander for his troops, he was actuated solely from motives of interest to them and a desire to preserve the pride and purity of their organization intact. In seeking other leaders than General Walker, the request for a change implied no imputation upon courage, and only when pressed did he explain fully his opinions. Marmaduke was finally released from arrest and led the cavalry against the enemy—nor were charges ever preferred in any manner thereafter.

The next day after Marmaduke's release, General Steele having determined that it was impossible to force the fortifications in front of Little Rock, decided to attempt a crossing of the river below the town with a portion of his forces, and thus compel General Price either to evacuate his works or to isolate him in them. With this

object in view he drove back with his artillery Dobbins' brigade, (formerly Walker's), composed of Dobbins' and Newton's Arkansas regiments, spanned the river rapidly with a pontoon, and pushed his cavalry, supported by his infantry, across. General Price sent hurriedly for Marmaduke, and ordered him to cross the river with his brigade at the lower pontoon, to assume command of all the cavalry, and to hold the enemy in check, while the infantry could be crossed at the upper pontoon. General Price also informed him that Shelby's brigade, stationed on the left of the works, some two miles distant, had already been ordered to report to him for service. Marmaduke hastened to put his orders into execution, moving his troops to the pontoon at a gallop and crossing them over as rapidly as possible. He found, upon his arrival on the field that the enemy had effected a crossing in force, and were advancing rapidly up the south bank of the river, pushing Dobbins' brigade steadily before them. He made his dispositions for battle without delay, and succeeded at once in checking the Federal movement, and driving their more advanced regiments back upon the main body. The enemy quickly reinforced and pushed forward, determined to win their way by rapid fighting.

The Confederate troops met them firmly, and the enemy having advanced rather conspicuously a section of artillery, Burbridge's and a portion of Jeffers' regiments made a furious dash at it, beat back the regiments supporting it, and captured and bore it off. At the same time the whole Federal line was thrown into confusion and retired disorderly. Marmaduke only awaited the arrival of Shelby's brigade, momentarily expected, to press his advantage to a decided issue. Shelby, hearing the firing of the guns, and learning the situation of affairs, could repress his restless impatience no longer, but arose from his sick-bed, emaciated to a shadow, his arm in a sling, and, against the positive orders of the watchful and cautious Webb, mounted his horse, and placed himself at the head of his brigade, as it passed through town for the first time since the day at Helena, amidst the wildest acclamations of his men, and came down upon the field of battle at a sweeping gallop. Never were the Missouri

cavalry in a better condition to do good service than they were that day. Their success at Bayou Metre, the advantages they had gained upon the field where they stood, Shelby's unexpected appearance among them, and the fact that they fought to protect the infantry, aroused all the latent fire of their souls, and determined them to give the enemy such striking evidence of their fighting qualities, that they should ever after remember the day below Little Rock as a dark one in their calendar. Marmaduke appreciated the high *morale* of his command, and had just indulged in the premature boast that "the enemy should not sleep in Little Rock that night," when General Price, having safely conveyed his infantry and baggage train out of town, ordered him *not* to fight below the town, nor in it, but gave him permission to form his troops and check the enemy if they attempted pursuit beyond. Such an order, of course, admitted of no alternative, and consequently, instead of pressing the advantages he had already gained, Marmaduke countermanded his orders, and immediately began a movement in retreat, by retiring successively one brigade behind another, and thus always presenting a front to the enemy, capable of checking them, if they attempted to close upon him too rapidly. The Federal infantry on the opposite side of the river threw their field batteries into position, and shelled him furiously as he withdrew, being at perfect liberty to do so because of the dismounting of a battery of siege guns, placed on the south bank of the river, that should have protected his exposed flank. Their bombardment, however, did no greater harm than to cause some awkward deflections in his lines, and occasionally to put on foot an unskilled rider. But as the different brigades approached the streets of the town, it became necessary to abandon this safe order of march, and the enemy pressing him just at the moment that many of the officers and men were engaged in saying tender and pathetic farewells to their friends, a motley scene of confusion ensued—the soldiers of the opposing armies became badly mixed, and it was somewhat difficult amidst the dust and turmoil to tell friend from foe. But this scene quickly passed and in a few minutes the command had cleared itself of the complicated streets

of the town, and stood in battle array, just on the edge of the fair-grounds, and ready to receive the enemy. But the enemy's cavalry did not deem it advisable to accept the challenge that was thus offered. They might well be content with the capital of the State and the rich valley of the Arkansas, gained so cheaply and with such inconsiderable loss.

Holding the position until after it became dark, Marmaduke moved out after the retreating column in the direction of Benton. The next day the enemy's cavalry ventured out to see what had become of the army, skirmished lightly with it for five or six miles, and then withdrew. Their last exploit is, however, worthy of record. They placed their artillery on a hill a half or three quarters of a mile in the rear of Marmaduke's rear-guard, and proceeded to fight a furious engagement of an hour's duration with the spirits of the air and the phantoms of their imaginations, greatly to the astonishment and fright of the rustic farmers and women and children of the surrounding country. Their victory was complete—the only one they had gained for some time—and the battle, according to their account, sanguinary in the extreme. The Confederates were gazetted afterward for a large number of killed and wounded.

Thus, on the 7th of September, 1863, the capital of Arkansas was abandoned without a blow, except from Marmaduke, the valley given up to inferior numbers of the enemy, and another dark stain left upon the escutcheon of the young Confederacy. Nothing could have been more desirable for General Price than the dispositions of Steele, for they involved a separation of forces and a destruction of that unity of action so essential to armies when evenly balanced in numbers. A concentration of his cavalry on the south bank of the river, and the interposition of one brigade of infantry, would have driven Davidson into the Arkansas, and crushed the left wing of Steele's advance. There was time for either—or both, but neither the one nor the other seemed contemplated or attempted. *Retreat* was the fatal word written on all the faces and whispered among all the regiments. Without firing a gun or seeing an enemy, the infantry divisions were ordered from their fortifications, erected

with so much care and really formidable, marched hurriedly across the pontoon bridge, and through the streets of the desolate and devoted city, about being abandoned to its cheerless fate. The last infantryman and the last wagon crossed safely over. The last, lone gun-boat—the Missouri,—lying high and dry upon the shore, was fired, together with the bridge and all the barracks on the northern side. Vast columns of smoke darkening the sky, red flames leaping and twisting up into the clouds, the iron-clad on fire and reeling beneath the incessant shocks of her exploding bombs, formed a lurid back-ground of awful magnificence, against which the doomed city towered in all its helpless beauty, and in all its abandoned pleasures. Steele's skirmishers quietly rested on the opposite shore and looked on with curious eyes at the sudden spectacle, wondering, doubtless, why such a policy should be pursued as lost a capital and withdrew an army larger than their own.

History looks in vain for the palliation of the offense ; prejudice can find no excuse for the result ; and posterity must seek other leaders than those at Little Rock to crown with laurel leaves.

General Steele took quiet possession of the city. The telegraph wires bent beneath flaming bulletins that electrified the *loyal* North. Every abolition heart in Arkansas thrilled with joy ; and from the mountains about Yellville, and from the swamps about Clarendon, dirty pilgrims journeyed to this new Mecca, now *purified* by psalm-singing Puritans, and reeking with the hallelujahs of enfranchised negroes.

Comparisons are unfortunate, but history demands them. A pale-faced, emaciated, wounded soldier, still bleeding from an ugly shot at Shiloh, came to the Trans-Mississippi Department when it was bare of soldiers, penniless, defenseless, and dreadfully exposed. Assigned to duty by Beauregard, he hoped to win the approval of the Richmond authorities. What soldiers Van Dorn had left were mutinous, illy armed, and badly equipped. Lawlessness prevailed in every part of Arkansas, and the insecurity of life and property was very great. The men of the mountains warred with the men of the plains ; the Highlanders wasted over again the flocks and the

substance of the Lowlanders. Hindman arrived in June, 1862. Two months before—in winsome April—the veteran Arkansans and Missourians had gone to Corinth, to fight again a second Shiloh, and to die there. Curtis, reinforced largely after the severe battle given him by Van Dorn, held his negro revels in Batesville, and his cotton rollings about Augusta. He was marching on Little Rock. Blunt, more soldierly and more honorable, came away from Fort Scott southward with his stubborn Kansans and his worthless Indians. He held no revels and stole no cotton. He was marching on Fort Smith. Against Curtis, Hindman hurled his militia in regiments, in battalions, in companies, in squads—singly. Everything was to fight. The slaves fought, and encompassed an army about with fallen timber in a night. The elements fought: dykes were cut and the country flooded. The citizens fought: every tree revealed the sinister muzzles of family fowling-pieces and flint-lock rifles. The women fought: they wasted their supplies or kept them from the suffering Federals. Curtis was girt about with lines of fire in the day—at night ten hundred negroes felled trees as thick as logs in rafts upon his roads of travel. Upon Blunt were thrown the Texas militia, as the Arkansas militia had been thrown upon Curtis. The Texans of the pampas met the Kansans from the prairies, and the Indians of the South met the Indians of the West. The Texans were excellent horsemen, and worried Blunt. The Choctaws were excellent scouts, and annoyed Blunt. He halted without retreating, and waited. He was *fifty miles* from Fort Smith, however, and Curtis was a hundred and more from Little Rock.

Hindman worked like a demigod; small as he was, he seemed a giant. He made a levy *en masse*; sent cotton to Mexico and got arms; he made gunpowder, percussion caps, boots, shoes, hats, clothing, muskets, brigades, and divisions. He improvised two gunboats and held White river. He fortified the Arkansas and darkened its current with his batteries. With three thousand men he drove Curtis into Helena; with three thousand more he drove Blunt into Kansas; with one thousand more he drove Fitch from White river—and with his seven thousand men combined he held Arkansas

from west to east, the Indian Territory, all of Texas and a portion of Missouri. What superhuman power had Hindman with which to do all this? What divine attribute mingled with his earthly nature? What gave him wings to soar above obstacles and triumph over numbers? *Intellect* and *energy*. In ten months he created an army of fifty thousand soldiers; saved a Department; kindled the fire of opposition in four States; taught his people great lessons in the art of manufacturing, and, better than all, put his hands upon the head of Shelby and blessed him as the rising young hero of the West.

Removed because the audacity and impatience of his genius were grasping after a war of aggression; because he shocked the deranged nerves of gouty politicians by the rigor of his conscriptions; because he put devotion to the South on one side and death upon the other; because he stripped the ranks of his army bare of incompetent officials as a naked swimmer, there came after him men who gave up the rich grain-growing valley of White river; the garrison at Arkansas Post; half the Indian Territory; all of Missouri; Little Rock with its redoubts and earthworks, defended by more soldiers than Steele could muster to its assault; and with it the key to the Arkansas Valley—the heart of the department—and later, the Washita and all its tributaries.

Two incidents in Hindman's battle-life and I close his record in this book: after his arrival at Little Rock, and before he had a brigade assembled to meet Curtis, he dispatched messengers to General Bragg and to the Secretary of War, with communications detailing exactly the condition of the department, the scarcity of arms, the dearth of soldiers, the panic of the people, and the threatening attitude of the Federals, expressing great fears in conclusion, that, should Curtis advance, Little Rock would be without a garrison and powerless for defense. The documents fell into Curtis' hands, and the urgency of their appeals convinced him of their truthfulness and the utter weakness of Hindman. The Federal general squared himself around threateningly and pushed along slowly southward, gathering up, however, as he went, all the cotton within his lengthy

reach. Meanwhile, Hindman's great brain was stimulated by the imminence of the danger, and as a last resort he opposed finesse to force—chicanery to firm lines and massive battalions. He and his chief of staff, Colonel R. C. Newton, an officer of distinguished courage, devotion and ability, formed plans suddenly thus: a mail was fixed up ostensibly to cross the Mississippi river with letters to the Arkansas soldiers beyond, and dispatches for the Richmond authorities. Newton went to a hundred or more ladies and gentlemen whom he knew well, and who had fathers, husbands, lovers, children and brothers over there under Lee and Beauregard, and unfolded to them privately Hindman's wishes and plans. The old patriarchs wrote to their sons and bade them be of good cheer, for five thousand splendidly armed Texans had just arrived, and Little Rock was safe. Brothers wrote to brothers describing some imaginary brigade to which they were attached, and went into ecstasies over the elegant new Enfields arriving from Mexico. The young girls, true to the witchery and coquetry of their sex, informed their lovers under Cleburne and Gates, in delicate epistles, of the great balls given to the Louisianians, and how Mary Jane lost her heart here, Annabel Lee there, and Minnie Myrtle somewhere else, importuning the absent ones to make haste speedily with the war and come home, for the Louisiana and Texas gallants would take no denial and were *so nice* and fascinating. Everybody wrote that could write, and, under the sense of great peril, wrote naturally and well. Every letter was submitted to the ordeal of Hindman's acute diplomacy and Newton's legal acumen. Then Hindman wrote concisely and plainly that his efforts for the defense of the department were bearing healthy fruit. The people, alive to their danger, were volunteering by thousands. The scarcity of arms, looked upon as being an almost insurmountable obstacle, had been in a measure overcome, so that with a large number just arriving, and with several thousand more a Mexican firm at Matamoros were willing to exchange for cotton, he had great hopes of soon attacking Curtis. Then followed a list of his new organizations, and the names of many officers appointed by himself for whom he asked commissions. To get this mail now

into Curtis' hands with all its heterogeneous contents—its paternal lectures, its school-boy scrawls, its labored love-letters, its impassioned poetry, its calm, succinct statements of military facts, was the uppermost question in Hindman's mind. Fate, which always favors the brave and the beautiful, favored Hindman. A young Missourian—a daring, handsome, intelligent, athletic soldier from St. Joseph—Lieutenant Colonel Walter Scott, volunteered for the perilous mission, asking only a swift, strong horse and greenbacks enough for the journey. He had himself the rest—the nerve, the arms, the knightly valor. Toiling through swamps, swimming bayous, keeping lonely vigils about lonesome, guarded roads, he reached at last the vicinity of Curtis' army. Up to this time his beautiful sorrel mare—his petted "Princess"—had been led tenderly along, watched and nursed as a man waits upon a fickle beauty. Upon her fleet limbs depended the fate of a State—upon her strung sinews the life of a rider. Bold and determined, and resolved to win all or lose all, Scott rode calmly up to the nearest pickets, and, alone as he was, and ignorant of the country as he was, fired upon them. It was returned without damage, and he retreated back a little to bivouac hungry in a swamp by the road side. The next morning, with the dew on the grass and the song of "half awakened birds" thrilling on the air, he rode out broad and good into the pathway, and fired closely upon the head of thirty Federal Illinois cavalry coming out to pillage and to burn. They dashed after him fiercely. Princess, quivering with suppressed speed, pulled hard upon the bit and flecked her spotless coat with great foam splashes. Round and round wheeled Scott, firing now at the enemy almost upon him, and then dashing off followed by a handful of bullets. The saddle-bags were safe yet and he must win. At last, feigning great exhaustion for his mare he held her in with an iron hand, though using his spurs mercilessly, every stroke going into his own flesh. First his overcoat went, then one pistol, then another—he had two left yet, though—then his heavy leggins, then the large cavalry roll, then as a last resort the *precious mail* went down in the road before the rushing Federals. Potent as the golden apples of Atalanta, the Illinois men stooped to gather it up and were

distanced. Scott, after turning a bend in the road caressed his poor, tried beauty and gave her the reins with a soft, sweet word. The sensitive creature dashed away superbly, and carried her rider far beyond all danger, and Scott soon returned to Little Rock to receive thanks for services well and faithfully done.

This ruse had the desired effect upon Curtis, and he halted and wavered. His own dispatches captured afterward revealed the fact, for in them were pleading supplications for reinforcements. Hindman only wanted time, and the time he gained enabled him to save the department and drive back Blunt and Curtis.

Another: Commanding a corps at Chickamauga, he was moving up to engage under a terrific fire. The evolutions of the line, over a wretchedly broken country, had separated two of his brigades about his center, and this center was nearest the enemy. The leader of a Federal infantry division marked the fatal gap, and instantaneously massing his regiments in solid column, dashed down to enter it. 'T was a fearful moment. The dark blue wedge seemed driven on by invisible hands, and ahead of all, bestriding a magnificent coal-black charger, the commander cheered on his men, his naked blade flashing in the sunlight, his glittering regimentals conspicuous above the more sober uniform of his staff, and his clear, steady voice ringing out musically over the field.

Hindman knew his danger and he knew the remedy. In his ranks was a company of skirmishers armed with the Whitworth rifles, and, fortunately, not ten rods away, a Lieutenant of this company, was operating with a dozen marksmen. Hindman called him up, ordered him to fire upon the Federal commander and kill him if possible, well knowing the effect of his death upon the men. Coolly, as if on dress parade, the young officer stepped out with his men to the front and took deliberate aim under a galling fire. Twelve rifles cracked simultaneously. Rider and steed went down together, and the black mane of the horse waved over Lytle. Three bullets struck him—seven his horse—a wonderful fire and remarkable for terrible accuracy. This daring and gallant officer was Major General Wm. H. Lytle, the author of that immortal poem beginning: "I

am dying, Egypt, dying." His fall had the desired effect. His division, no longer inspired by the heroic example of its leader, halted and retreated in disorder, the gap in the Confederate lines was closed, and Hindman pressed on furiously during the entire day. Kind and generous to the body of his fallen enemy, he placed a guard over it, removed Lytle's saber and pistols, and afterward sent them, together with the body, under a flag of truce, to his sisters at Cincinnati.

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL STEELE only wanted Little Rock, and therefore gave General Price all the time he required to reach Arkadelphia, and to look back with a pleased, wondering expression that he was not pursued. The army slowly settled into camp, and Colonel Shelby took a dreary position upon a river almost dry and in a forest destitute of leaves. It was while near Arkadelphia that he had his characteristic interview with General Holmes. Visiting the old man on business, now more morose and excitable than ever, he received a torrent of reproaches as a welcome.

“Ah! sir, you command a set of d——d robbers. They steal all the horses, live on the best of the land, drink all the whisky, and give me more trouble than all the balance of the army put together; but they will fight, sir, they will fight.” “Courage is a very common commodity among soldiers,” coldly replied Shelby; “and how do you know my men are the robbers you seem to think?” “Because everybody says so, sir; everybody, do you hear?” “Perfectly, General, but I do not believe what everybody says.” “Oh! of course not—’t would be strange if you did.” “Very well, but I will illustrate my meaning. For instance,” and he looked hard at the General, a bold light in his eyes, “everybody says you are a complete old granny, but I do not believe it. I invariably deny it, sir.” “You are right, sir, you are right,” quickly answered General Holmes—“you are a man of sense and judgment, and while I think of it, you havn’t taken a horse too many, sir—you have a fine command, sir, and I will do them justice yet.”

Prospects of further campaigning were gloomy in the extreme, and the long, wet, weary months of a Southern winter seemed already advancing with splashing feet along the miry roads, and upon the dark, clammy soil of the cotton-fields. The future had nothing in

store but intolerable beef, everlasting rain-storms, and a life of cooped-up starvation and misery. Suffering yet great pain from his wound, Colonel Shelby determined to obtain permission for an expedition to Missouri, that he might strike a series of rapid blows, recruit his decimated and war-worn ranks, and keep alive in the hearts of his friends that spirit of opposition and hatred of Federal rule worthy to be ranked among the best virtues of the human heart.

Wait a little, said Shelby to one of his natures—his selfish nature—*wait a little*. They think I can command a regiment very well, and, under orders, maybe a brigade, but they do not know what thoughts are burning in this brain of mine. Wait until I am alone with my own men on the great prairies of Missouri, where blood, and courage, and physical endurance have free and powerful sway. Red tape shall fall away from my superiors like burnt tow, and I will electrify and dazzle the army. They fear for my freezing—these delicate commanders of ours. Not when hourly fights keep the blood warm, and the long steady gallop circulates it fiercely. They speak of danger, too. Yes, ahead it is dark and terrifying, but I intend to familiarize my men with it until they can sport with it, court it, and toss it away as a child does a plaything. What lost White river?—danger. Helena?—danger. Little Rock?—danger. The Arkansas and the Washita?—danger, danger, always danger. Dangers are all around us. In the ague of the swamps, the fever of the camps, the dearth of food, the bullets of the field, the incompetency of generals, and I want to get away a little. Give me only a thousand men and I will march one thousand miles, fight one hundred fights—freeze, starve, suffer and endure—but *I will triumph*. They don't know Jo. Shelby yet—*wait a little*. If I ride from river to river—from the Washita with its lilies to the Missouri with its icicles, what then? If I kill, wound, and capture one thousand men, burn a dozen forts, gather to the ranks five hundred soldiers, mount, arm, and equip all—what then? I am lucky, or fortunate, or successful. Precisely, and the country needs just some such luck. She is weak, and emaciated, and tottering fearfully. I will bring tonics from the North and cordials,

and lint, and bandages. Only the tonics will be the music of battle, the cordials shouts of victory, and lint and binding the great, strapping bronzed Missourians returning southward with the memories of great things dared and heroic things accomplished. Wait a little!

There now appeared upon the scene of politics a man to whom Missouri owes much, and whose Roman principles, unshaken loyalty, pure patriotism, unselfish devotion to the common cause, and firm and bitter opposition to all military puppets and humbugs, endeared him to the army and increased his usefulness as the war went on. This man was Thomas C. Reynolds, Governor of Missouri, and "friend of all who needed friend." There was a species of fascination about the man not easily described unless it were called the fascination of the will, which every one knew to be indomitable and unbending. Plain, frugal, unostentatious, and simple in his habits, he bored into the heart of every question with the pitiless auger of common sense, and crushed pretense and hypocrisy with iron hands. Having a large and comprehensive mind himself, and understanding thoroughly the science and ethics of war, he made no allowance for imbecility in commanders whose position required knowledge, and whose ignorance entailed upon the country blunders more fatal and quite as dreadful as crimes. Sensitive to a great degree, quick to perceive and to execute, he held the honor of Missouri as a priceless gem confided to his keeping, and the fame of her soldiers as part of his patrimony to be defended. Intimate with President Davis and General Smith, he was the friend and correspondent of one—the adviser and supporter of the other. That this influence had been used continually for the public good, few knew at first, but as plans under his hands took form and practicability, as tried and true officers were rewarded, and as merit became the standard of promotion all were convinced that a great power stood behind the throne—silent, inscrutable—but terribly in earnest, and burning with thoughts that stretched beyond the hour and the occasion.

To this man went Colonel Shelby and frankly told his plan, asking assistance in developing it, and power to strike the blow,

giving his views in substance that the department was in a critical position, and boldness was needed to make a diversion until the danger to the Arkansas army should be passed; that it was then disorganized, disheartened and demoralized, and should Steele advance he would give much trouble; that he was reputed to be an officer of great ability, but of excessive caution and deliberation, and if so, a daring operation in his rear would be likely to make him pause in any projected advance, and as winter was approaching, that pause would save the army from attack until the next spring. But that in any event, detaching a force into Missouri would revive the spirits of the troops, infuse confidence into the people, who always suppose there is strength and security at home when men can be spared for a distant expedition; that beside, he could occupy a large force of the enemy in Missouri, and incidentally aid operations east of the Mississippi; that his intelligence was that Missouri was almost stripped of Federal troops, but infested by guerrillas, and men anxious to join the Southern standard; that he felt sure of General Smith's approval, and that he would see General Price in order to procure his cordial co-operation as commander of the Arkansas District.

Reading greatness and the ambition of the gods in every line of the young leader's face, Governor Reynolds promised him help and his influence with General Smith. The generous Marmaduke, opposed to the expedition himself, yet obtained for it the indorsement of General Holmes; and General Price, at Shelby's request, added also his recommendation in its favor. The intelligence that the policy of retreat was to cease and the offensive to be assumed, though by only a part of the forces, had an instantaneous effect in reviving the spirits of the army of Arkansas and the confidence of the previously alarmed and dejected people. After waiting patiently for orders, Shelby at last received instructions to take eight hundred men, two pieces of artillery, twelve ammunition wagons, and to penetrate Missouri as far as practicable, inflict what damage he could upon the enemy, and gather unto his friends the greatest advantage possible. Governor Reynolds seriously thought

of accompanying the expedition in person, and really began making preparations for the journey, but, other matters claiming his attention suddenly, the desire was abandoned. Even under his calm methodical exterior, and his cold, philosophic, reasoning conversation, there burned a flame of eager romance, and a spirit of knightly chivalry as true as filled the bosom of good Sir Launcelot.

Preparations for raids to Missouri were never long in making, and this one grew as swiftly as a young man's love. Captain George P. Gordon commanded two hundred men from Shelby's regiment; Major David Shanks two hundred from his own regiment; Lieutenant Colonel Hooper two hundred from Thompson's regiment; Major Ben. Elliott one hundred from his battalion; besides, there was the inevitable advance of fifty men, led now by Captain Tuck Thorp, a worthy pupil of Elliott's hardy schooling, which, together with the two guns under the command of Lieutenant David Harris, of Collins' battery (the young commander himself being unable to ride from severe illness), made probably the aggregate of eight hundred men—a small number, truly, to march five hundred miles into an enemy's country and fight every hour in every day for twenty consecutive days.

The day of starting, September 22, 1863, came out of the east warm and pleasant. General Price and Governor Reynolds watched the light-hearted veterans defiling past them with cheers, and the latter detained their leader just long enough to wish him God speed, and to impress upon his mind caution, rapidity of movement, and excessive watchfulness, adding, as he pressed his hand with a generous frankness, "*You must not fail*, General—the buff sash of a Confederate Brigadier awaits the successful issue."

Shelby was still looked upon by many at this time as a young and promising officer, very good to command a regiment, or even a brigade, under superior officers, but neither cautious enough nor skillful enough to mark out a bold campaign for himself and pursue it with unerring precision, daring, and determination. Some knowing critics made him too slow, others too reckless, others too cautious, and even some were tempted to predict that the expedition

was to be a failure, and the men, together with their leader, must be either killed or captured. "Those who laugh best laugh last." Let the sequel tell.

Beyond Caddo Gap, Shelby met Colonel David Hunter, with one hundred and fifty recruits from Missouri, coming to join the army at Arkadelphia. Colonel Hunter had been an infantry officer of much promise, and was a bold, capital scouter and fighter before being an infantry officer. Wishing to resume the cavalry service, he resigned his position as Colonel of a Missouri regiment under General Parsons, and received permission to recruit a cavalry regiment. While about this work in his native State the following affair took place: At a point somewhere between Cassville and Fayetteville the road ran directly beneath an overhanging ledge of rocks, and behind these rocks Hunter stationed his men carefully to watch for a large Federal detachment known to be approaching from the south. Waiting in eager suspense an hour and more, the enemy were at length discovered riding merrily up in column of fours, laughing and singing unconsciously. Not a gun was fired until the Federal line reached from right to left of Hunter's ambush, when he gave the signal—a sharp and sudden pistol shot—and then the merciless fusilade opened. Eighty were killed upon the spot, one hundred more were wounded, while riderless horses and terrified men rushed frantically from beneath the deadly rocks. Hunter's soldiers were mostly armed with double-barreled shot-guns loaded with buck-shot, which will account sufficiently for the terrible effectiveness of their fire. The enemy called it a butchery and not a battle, but the warfare then carried on upon the borders of Arkansas and Missouri by the Federals was cruel and unsparing. Old men were murdered, women violated, and even boys were made to answer for the loyalty of their fathers. Those men pouring such volleys of death into the enemy's ranks were near their desolated homes, and had with them their starving families going southward for food. Hunter, when met, had more women and children with him than there were men, but he detailed some of the oldest from his detachment to accom-

pany the families further south, and turned back with the remainder to follow Shelby's troops, all enthusiastic and consoling themselves with promises of great things ahead. Fighting commenced the fourth day out and continued without intermission until within about the same distance of Arkadelphia on the return. A band of Confederate deserters and Union jayhawkers were first encountered in the mountains above Caddo Gap, which numbered two hundred desperate villains. Major Elliott discovered their lair about sundown, which he attacked at dark and carried at the sacrifice of one man. Seventy-nine were killed and thirty-four captured, among whom stood the leader, low-browed and sullen, a notorious Captain McGinnis. All but three of this number were tried by military commission and shot the next morning, and the country rid thereby of a host of cut-throats and marauders. This Captain McGinnis had much of the gloomy old Puritan blood in his composition. When led out to die he was allowed the ordinary time for prayer: "Oh, God!" he began, "bless the Union and all its loyal defenders; bless the poor ignorant rebels who persist in hardening their hearts and stiffening their necks; bless Mrs. McGinnis and her children; bless the Constitution, which has been wrongly interpreted, and eradicate slavery from the earth." "Come, hurry, hurry, old man," broke in the captain of the firing party, "the command has gone an hour, and I will get far behind." "I am ready, young man, and may heaven have mercy on your soul," were his last words on this earth. Six bullets crashed within his breast, and he fell back dead near the theater of his many crimes—he and his gang having murdered over twenty old men in the neighborhood.

Near the Arkansas river, and two miles from Roseville, Thorp, well in advance, came suddenly upon the 1st Arkansas cavalry, and detachments of three Illinois infantry regiments, strongly posted right across the road. This 1st Arkansas was composed principally of deserters from the Confederate conscripts in Arkansas, Union men, and runaway negroes. Thorp, hard pressed, yet knew his duty too well to fall back upon the main body, and fought for fifteen minutes at great disadvantage. Shelby, hearing firing in

front, dashed up in a gallop, rode down the three hundred Federals unconscious of all danger, and captured everything but a few cavalrymen, whose swift horses saved their riders. Among the prisoners were two women and three little girls—the oldest scarcely ten years of age. While the firing continued they all huddled closely behind a large white oak tree, and prayed and cried alternately in piteous accents. When their father was brought in pale and bleeding, such intense grief was distressing to behold. The little things crawled upon his breast, looked down into his face and called plaintively to the wounded man: "Father, father—do not die—father, don't bleed so—it makes you pale and sick," and the mother sitting by all the time wringing her hands and glaring down upon her husband with eyes too hot for tears. Strong men turned away, shuddering, and a purse was made up instantly, of genuine greenbacks for the helpless family. Happily the man recovered, and in the end his wound proved a real windfall. From the supplies taken, Colonel Shelby gave him at least twelve months' provisions, to say nothing of blankets, overcoats, and Confederate money showered down upon his bed in the leaves. On leaving, Colonel Shelby pressed a purse into the woman's hand, but what it contained he himself could scarcely have told. "But be sure the Recorder of his many actions knew, and reckoned it to the uttermost farthing when He wrote down the kind action on the credit side."

Whoever among the prisoners were identified as deserters were instantly shot; the negroes thrashed soundly and sent back to their masters, while the regular Federal soldiers received kind treatment, and were paroled the next night after crossing the Arkansas river.

Near Ozark the river was forded, and Colonel Cloud, with his often defeated Kansas 6th Cavalry, again encountered. This time, however, he was not disposed to measure swords, and retreated precipitately upon Lewisburg, which had been fortified and strongly garrisoned some time previously, while Colonel Shelby hurried on through the silent streets of Ozark, glimmering dusky in the tardy daylight, and up amid the gloom and solitude of the familiar Boston

mountains, so often the scene of former perils and triumphs. Here another jayhawking band was surprised by Major Shanks and utterly destroyed, fifty-four being killed and none wounded or taken. Indeed, so unerring were the blows struck by Shelby against these mountain plunderers, that ever after this remarkable raid his lines were given a wide berth, and the leaders fled from his presence as from the breath of a pestilence.

One day's rest amid the mountains—ten miles south from Huntsville—and no more. There shuddered out of the sky cold, gloomy weather indeed. The frosts fell and the ice gathered at night all about the zigzag edges of the dying streams, and on the yellow surface of the eddies where the scattered leaves drifted thickest and driest. A cold steel sky lowered above the naked trees, and the winds had a dash of snow, ominous of great bare prairies and northern storms. Every bird had fled from the apple trees along the route, but the pink and golden fruit hung thick for the gathering, not slowly done nor with unsmiling faces.

Huntsville saw the broad-barred banner just as the sun went down; but it gleamed on to Mud Town, where miles of telegraph were destroyed, and through the fire-blackened streets of Bentonville, where naked walls and crumbling chimneys pointed heavenward their accusing fingers, and asked for punishment upon Sigel and his bloody Hessians. At Bentonville, Colonel Coffee was met with about one hundred men; a battalion recruited by himself for border service. These, too, joined the invading forces and mingled their waves with the quick, impetuous stream. Here plans were formed and steps taken for immediate work. Three detachments under Brown Williams, Lieutenant James Wills, and Captain Lea—all splendid scouts, were thrown forward to the country about Springfield, and ordered to sever effectually all communication from St. Louis, while Colonel Shelby, secure in the rapidity and mystery of his movements, was to strike Jefferson City or Booneville.

Colonel Horace Brand accompanied Colonel Shelby on this expedition as far as Huntsville, Arkansas, under recruiting orders from Governor Reynolds. Energetic, brave and intelligent, and being de-

sirous of recruiting a regiment or more for the Confederate service, he sought and obtained permission to march at once for Northeast Arkansas, where recruits might be obtained in abundance. Colonel Shelby gave him a strong escort and orders to gather his men together rapidly and make a vigorous demonstration against Rolla, in Missouri, in order that the raid might have larger and freer scope. Colonel Brand, therefore, left Shelby on the upward march at Huntsville, and entered at once upon the discharge of his duty. His separation is introduced here that his sad fate may be reached by-and-by, and the black murder duly chronicled in its appropriate place.

At Neosho, twenty-five miles from Bentonville, lived a garrison of four hundred Federals, well fortified in the large brick courthouse, and having four or five hundred splendid horses, together with Sharpe's rifles, revolvers, cavalry overcoats *ad infinitum*. To capture the town cost a resolution, and a resolution with Shelby meant instant execution. George Gordon made a night march and surrounded the town on the east, Coffee on the north, Hooper on the west, and Shelby advancing from the south, with Shanks and the artillery, began the attack. Before separating, however, a single red sumac plume was displayed in each soldier's hat to prevent mistakes and afford instant recognition, the only uniform attainable out there and absolutely necessary, as so many of the ragged fellows had dressed up in captured Federal clothing, until the lines looked blue as indigo and loyal as "Bleeding Kansas." Had one mind pervaded the expanded battalions, and one man directed their movements after the separation, the result could scarcely have been more satisfactory. Shelby was in sight when Gordon, Coffee and Hooper joined hands and narrowed the circle around the doomed town. Gordon had stubborn fighting at first with a detachment conveying a large train, but Captain Charley Jones, Lieutenant Ferrell, Captain William Moorman, Lieutenant McDougal, Captain Judge, Shindler, and Captain Ben. Neale deployed their companions among the wagons, drove back the guards to the fort and closed up in time on the east. Glorifying in their massive fortifications and little

dreaming Harris was going then into battery not three hundred yards away, the Federals showed a bold front and shouted to their assailants to come on. The first shells from the three-inch Parrotts struck fairly and well, tore through the brick walls like pasteboard, killed five men in their headlong course, and exploded far beyond Coffee's lines to the north. Others followed in rapid succession, bearing death upon their flight, and boring great gaps in the frail shelter. Up from the highest steeple went a white truce flag, and four officers galloped down for parley. "Your terms, Colonel?" asked the leader. "Unconditional and immediate surrender," answered Shelby. It was accepted, and in half an hour the town had changed hands and the horses too. This capture proved a godsend. Four hundred fine fat chargers, four hundred new navy revolvers, four hundred Sharpe's rifles, and four hundred splendid cavalry overcoats, with pantaloons, boots, spurs, hats, under-clothing, medicines, blankets, socks, and commissary supplies all thrown in, with now and then rare demijohns of glorious Bourbon. To many readers this exultation seems mercenary and undignified, but to the members of Shelby's division, to whom the Confederacy never furnished a single garment, nor a pistol, nor a carbine, I need offer no explanation. Their country, very poor, bankrupt, and weak from starvation, could only say to them :

"I give you shelter in my breast—

Your own good blades must win the rest."

Attracted by artillery firing so unusual in this self-constituted domain of the Federals, a large scout galloped down from Newtonia to investigate matters, but Lieutenant Selby Plattenburg met them half way, killed their captain and fifteen of his worst mounted men, and rode on up to the gates almost of Newtonia. In the capture of Neosho the Confederates had but twenty-two men wounded, and seven killed; unfortunately among the former was the peerless, daring, generous Lieutenant James Walton. Torn from his command by a dangerous wound, and scarcely well, too, of the one received at Helena, he was left behind never to rejoin his comrades again. His high spirit chafed sadly under the blow, and prison bars held

the body while his thoughts were lingering amid the ranks of his tried brigade; but his memory was kept ever green through all the bloody months, and many earnest prayers went up for his safety and deliverance.

Short stay at Neosho—just long enough to parole the prisoners and then away to Bower's mill, a militia harbor, covered with the blood of murdered Southerners, and crammed with prostitutes and stolen goods. Fire is more powerful than water, and purified and drank up many ghastly stains not then dry in the valley. Not a house stood when the rear guard passed, and not one vestige of life remained except the terrified women clinging to one another in counterfeited dread. "Be sure your sins will find you out," has come down unto many hearts through the shadow of a great darkness, and it screamed in the flames that raged and crackled about the polluted houses, and went away shrieking upon the winds which carried the vengeance blow to Neosho and Newtonia.

All that long, cold night the march continued. Greenfield was surrounded at daylight, its garrison of fifty militia captured, its supplies taken, and its court-house burned, because it had been used as a fort by the Federals. Right on then to Stockton, which had witnessed Livingstone's heroic death, and the slaughtered innocence of gray-haired men. Twenty-five militia holding the court-house here were killed or captured, and the fine brick structure given to the flames. All along the road old men and women had brought from their houses every article of furniture and piled them in great heaps, expecting Colonel Shelby to kill, burn and destroy as he advanced. Not an article was touched nor a single private dwelling entered. The column passed sternly by all this want of confidence, and many hearts grew light, and many old matronly eyes filled with tears when they saw the last of Shelby's soldiers go down behind the nearest hill. Guilty and conscience-stricken, they justly feared that retribution would follow the many acts of barbarity practiced upon the Southern families in the neighborhood, whose houses had been destroyed and whose substance was divided among the spoilers. The desire for vengeance

was indeed strong, and it required all the iron will and determination of Shelby himself to restrain his men from bloody reprisals, as many of them rode by the places where once their quiet homes had stood in all the domestic beauty of that delightful country.

Humansville felt a surprise and blow which paralyzed and crushed its garrison. Gordon, swinging round to its rear, cut off the retreat of one hundred and fifty Federal cavalry, and they surrendered after losing seventeen killed. Every man, now superbly mounted, clothed, and armed, felt long of wind and fierce of mood as a bloodhound.

Warsaw saw next the strange and triumphant banner gleaming like a meteor in rapid marches, and its garrison, deployed along the banks of the Osage, showed a bold front. Gordon again put in practice his eminent flanking qualities, and crossing four miles below the town came upon the rear of the incautious Federals, while Elliott crossing above from the west cut off all escape in that direction. Hooper, dismounting his regiment to a man, plunged waist deep into the cold and rapid river, and charged across under a distressing fire, but carried the heights beyond in fine style, pursuing the enemy through the streets of Warsaw, where Gordon and Elliott joined in the chase, strewing the road with dead and dying for miles. Seventy-nine prisoners were captured here, besides vast quantities of stores of every kind and description.

The country around Cole Camp lay before the bold brigade like a beautiful panorama, flecked with goodly houses, prolific orchards, delightful fields, and inexhaustible supplies for men and horses. It was a German paradise before the devil came in the shape of Shelby's brigade, and drew its flaming sword upon the quiet inhabitants. The outlying scouts and the army of detached companies all around Shelby's line of march had glorious work. Dan. Ingram reveled in the delicious cider; Peter Trone made love to innumerable moon-faced girls; Dave Shanks devoured their sour-crust and patted the matronly frows under their double chins; Hooper chatted about crops and Bologna sausage, swearing his forefathers came from

Amsterdam, or Rotterdam; Langhorne traded saddles twenty times and got one at last to suit him; Blackwell sang "Villikins and his Dinah" over rousing bumpers of sparkling catawba; Plattenburg begged books, magazines, or newspapers; McCoy talked Irish to the Dutch and Dutch to the Irish; Toney wrote letters to his innumerable sweethearts in Missouri and made every house a postoffice; Gordon went in heavily upon cheese and Genitan apples; Judge Shindler discussed politics and the emancipation proclamation; Newt. Hart and Ed. Stonehill sought news from St. Louis, and inquired about the girls there; Coffee electioneered for Congress and explained his position; Maury Boswell bought wooden shoes to feed his horse in; Elliott stood aloof, a grim Saul among the prophets, listening only for bugle blasts and rattling musketry. The deceptions practiced upon the simple natives were often grotesque and amusing. Being clad in complete Federal uniform, for the soldiers had no other, and it was either blue or nakedness, the impositions were easily kept up. But for all this singular complacency on the part of the Confederates, they took ample pay. Great Connestoga horses came quietly in by droves; fat Devonshire cattle added to the commissary train; furloughed militia darted out from every haystack and brush patch to have one good shout for Lincoln before the awful truth was revealed, and hundreds of houses gave up their burnished Enfield rifles and new cartridge-boxes to the recruits flocking to the Southern standard. One tall, lank, kill-dee of a looking fellow darted out from the brush just in front of Shelby and stood looking with exultation upon the advancing column, a splendid Mississippi in his hand, and a new Colt's revolver around his waist.

"Well, boys, I'm glad to see you, sartin," he said, mistaking the blue coats for Federals. "I heerd Jo Shelby was coming this way, and I sorter made it up with Nancy to have a pop at him with this here weapon," tapping significantly the barrel of his gun. "Ah!" said Shelby, very quietly and repressing by a gesture the mirth of his soldiers, "what command do you belong to?" "Well, general—I suppose you are a general, from the feather in your hat and your big crowd behind—I does n't belong exactly to enny regiment, but I'm

a good Union man as anybody, and me and a parcel of the boys jist formed a kind of gurilla company for home service, you know, drawing our arms and ammunition from Warsaw." "Very well, and whom do you fight? There are no rebels here, I reckon." "Bless yer soul, plenty of them, and d——d bad ones too, but we have been workin' on 'em lately, and only day afore yesterday we killed old man Beasley, Tom Mays, and two of Price's men just home from the army." Shelby's face hardened instantly, and his lips closed firm and ominous. "Did these men make resistance, and were they lying out in the brush?" "No, not exactly that, but they were rebels, you know." "Precisely, just such rebels as you see before you, brave men and true men. You are a common murderer and a private thief. Major Elliott, place a guard over this man, and *take him to the rear.*"

The change that now took place in the poor wretch's countenance was pitiable to behold. He turned white, trembled all over, and tried to gasp out some apology, some excuse, but his lips failed to utter a syllable. Imminent death was written on every muscle of his face, and he handed over his arms with the sigh of a man who had looked his last on earth and sky.

Florence, with its pretty maiden name, lay right ahead, silent and completely deserted. Every man, woman and child had fled, no one knew where; the houses were left unstripped of everything, and the domestic animals were wandering about in seeming grief. All the stores filled with goods were locked in the usual manner, and pianos opened and prepared for music, stood covered with beautiful, new publications. A great dread seemed to have enveloped the deserted town, and its inhabitants had rushed away as if the lava waves of Vesuvius were about to overwhelm them. One peculiarity of the place struck every one with surprise, and it was the vast quantities of eggs in every house, store, barn and tenement. Hogsheads were filled with them, boxes, barrels, buckets, pans and baskets contained countless thousands, and yet the numbers were only half enumerated. It may be safely presumed that the frigid welcome destroyed no appetites, and that the old French proverb was in no manner

reversed that night, which says: "It is impossible to make an omelet without breaking some eggs."

Tipton on its railroad home next felt the shock of battle, and read a thrilling episode of war by the light of its burning depot and the flames from consuming cars. Its garrison thought once of defending the town, and ambushed behind the large, frame house belonging to Major Williams, poured a deadly fire upon Thorp's advance pressing forward through a narrow lane, but Gordon broke the fence on the left, and through the gap poured the avenging brigade, sweeping everything before it. Never a halt or a fire any more. Never a bold, brave heart in all their band to haul down the "good, old Stars and Stripes," that soon trailed in the filth and the mire of the streets. Far out on the prairie toward Syracuse the terrified Federals maintained their frantic gallop, and swiftly grew a lessening spot upon the gray surface of the level earth. The work of destruction was finished, the railroad torn up for miles, the necessary supplies taken and distributed, when Colonel Tom Crittenden came gayly down from toward Sedalia in quest of war and brave endeavor. Ah! but Shelby had prayed many times to measure swords with this Kentuckian he knew so well, and who had drilled in Lexington, Missouri, years before, and shouted himself hoarse the day when Sumpter fell in mistaken and counterfeited glee. Crittenden, in despite of disloyalty to his native South, had a keen eye for art and was ever tasteful and particular. He formed a long, blue line tipped with steel and dressed like a lady for a ball. Crittenden drew his sheathed sword too, harmless as a cambric needle, and decked, perhaps, with a scented bunch of bonny blue ribbon, and waved it toward Shelby's grim line forming in the front. Shelby looked at his antagonist with quiet determination, and his orders rang out above the hoarse preparations for battle.

"Colonel Coffee, hold your command well in hand for the reserve; Lieutenant Harris, charge with your battery as I charge, and unlimber when you see their line waver, for I'll ride it down like the prairie grass under foot." Not a shrub big as man's hand marred the level earth. One thousand men under the Stars and Stripes

faced one thousand men under the Stars and Bars, led by chieftains from the same State, associates in boyhood, but "fitting representatives of the races that have been antagonistic for four thousand years, Patrician and Proletarian." Time! Three lengths ahead of his bravest there rode Joe Shelby down upon the waiting Federals, his hat off, and his long, fair hair streaming in the battle breeze. "Charge!" But this one shout rang from right to left, and the spurs struck deep, and the revolvers gleamed dark in the sunlight. Bah! it was a sight to haunt one's dreams to see that gay line of Federals shrivel up before a pistol cracked or a saber whirled, and break away to the rear in groups of flying horsemen. And that man leading the press, ahead of his fleetest and swiftest riders, was the Kentuckian, the bold dragoon, the dashing Lieutenant Colonel Tom Crittenden. Harris opened fire as ordered and sent a few shells into the disordered mass, which only accelerated its speed and scattered its material, when Shelby reined up suddenly with a muttered curse: "By heaven, I thought that man would fight his men—a Kentuckian, too, a Kentuckian, and man to man with us!"

Captains Charley Jones and Wave Anderson, with only two companies, followed the flying Federals through the streets of Otterville, killing and capturing many of the badly mounted. No rest for criticisms now—no time for remarks upon the unexpected flight of this superb body of cavalry, but away to Booneville ere Crittenden's fleet steeds had carried tidings of the leader he did not dare to meet. Before reaching Tipton in the morning, however, Colonel Shelby had sent forward a scout under Captains Warner Lewis and William Edwards to reconnoiter the town. They gained the railroad some few moments before a locomotive, and, maybe, one car came rushing along toward Sedalia. Captain Lewis was a new hand, was not equal to the emergency, and did not know how to capture the train. Instead of displacing a rail upon the track, he attempted to check the speed of the iron horse by a volley, but it bounded away unhurt, bearing off its passengers, one of them being Lieutenant Colonel Crittenden, the very man, of all others, Shelby was after. Crittenden had time to reach Otterville and return with a large force

before his antagonist finished his work at Tipton, and Captain Lewis will remember to his dying day the lecture Shelby read him upon the capture of railroad trains. Crittenden, in the event of his capture, would have been treated hospitably, though, for many of his old Lexington acquaintances were there, and the worst fortune Blackwell and Shepard intended for him was a little horseback exercise for health's sake, and an opportunity to air his new regimentals in the land of roses and magnolias.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUDGE LEONARD, of Cooper county, had a fine legal reputation, and also many attributes which contributed to place him at the head of his profession. To his splendid farm the brigade marched after its affair on the prairie near Tipton, and encamped in its delightful groves in the center of rich pasture lands. The proprietor was, luckily for himself, in St. Louis, unless he had desired a trip to Dixie with an escort, but his absence had deranged nothing upon the estate. The Judge was not only a good judge of law and equity, but showed excellent judgment in his selection of mules, blooded horses, and English cattle. Major Lawrence thought so when he appropriated his gigantic mules for the ammunition wagons, and his great strong horses for the artillery. Major Dale, the incomparable commissary, thought so when he drove up to the shambles huge Durham heifers, fat and sleek as entries in the St. Louis Cattle Fair, and brought from their smoky hiding-places hams sweet enough for a *gourmand*. Such a feast as was held here the hungry brigade rarely ever enjoyed, and compunctions of conscience were easily mollified by savory ribs and tender and juicy steaks. Besides, Shelby ever acted upon the motto that war meant war, and war must support war. No truer philosophy has ever been uttered than that "there is nothing perfect in life." About nine o'clock a cold, heavy rain storm came roaring from the northwest, and lasted without intermission throughout all the long watches of the night. Fires that had roasted dainty tit-bits were quenched at a breath; blankets that had sheltered many dry forms before, were penetrated like sieves, and a hopeless, helpless darkness settled down upon everything, clinging to the men like blisters, and streaking the air with great gusts of shivering, sobbing, freezing rain. Not a single soldier was permitted to enter Judge Leonard's large house, although

it shone through the wet hair of the wild night with its warm, rosy lights and great comfortable fires that sputtered out in the darkness lurid temptations almost irresistible. A devoted Southern family living near Judge Leonard's sent pressing invitations to Colonel Shelby and staff asking them to supper. When he had perfected his minute and cautious preparations for the night, and hedged his tired soldiers around with numerous and sleepless sentinels, he floundered through the rain and the darkness to an elegant supper, voluptuous lights from chandeliers, and liquors good enough to "stir a fever in the blood of age." Music added its graceful charms to the pleasures of the entertainment; Southern songs floated out on the hostile air, and his merry officers, although they had ridden fifty miles and fought two battles that day, danced until long past midnight. Such scenes were unusual in the hardy lives of his followers, and served, like strong old wine, to bring out the genial sides of their natures. Captain Newton Hart, schooled in the polite society of St. Louis, and gay as a Frenchman, enjoyed himself to his heart's content, and expressed his thoughts forcibly the next morning to the effect, that "twenty nails had been taken from his coffin, and that he was well able to endure another year of beef and corn-bread."

The rain ceased at daylight, and nature awoke from its unquiet slumbers with a look of sullen gloom. The clouds shook their gray mantles over the sky, wrung out a few last drops of moisture, and trailed them dirty and confused behind the western horizon, while a few blue patches of sky, smooth and simpering as a school-girl's face, showed now and then, but wide asunder. A slippery, miry road stretched away blank, wide and yellow to Booneville, which soon became crowded with compact squadrons and stalwart soldiers. The march had a triumphal aspect. All along the route ladies waved miniature flags, offered loads of refreshments, and shouted in their sweet, feminine voices: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Ah! ladies, it was well meant, but rather too late in the season. When the first regiments crowded to the war it was all very good to decorate them with ribbons, and trin-

kets, and amulets, and talismans, but a dozen or two rough, red battles washed away all the love-knots, and shattered the shrines that contained images of Isabels and Genevieves. "True love is at home in the parlor and wonderfully likes his ease," and those old cuirassiers of Shelby's would rather have seen unromantic shirts and a pair or so of yarn socks, than all the heliotropes in Missouri or the tiny silk flags of Cooper county. Romance is good enough, and sweet enough, with a low moon hanging over the dark hillsides, and the tinkle of waterfalls breathing in the twilight, but drench it by a three days' rain, starve it by a three days' fast, shock it with a night attack and the hoarse voice of command shouting, "Every man to his gun," and it dies like a consumptive youth, pale and hollow-eyed. Thus, Shelby's men, while they were true as steel and keenly sensitive to the outgushing of Southern sentiment among their friends, had eyes better adapted to counting the number of guns in an ugly battery going into action than the flounces of a dress, and more thanks for substantial food and clothing than the coquetry of scarf and flag, even though they bore their chosen colors of red, white and red.

Booneville was almost in sight; Jefferson City had been the objective point, but General Brown covered it by eight thousand men—the same General Brown met nearly a year ago at Springfield and wounded so badly—and it were madness to attempt the capture, so Colonel Shelby modified his original plan from the force of circumstances and turned square upon Booneville. Before reaching this city a deputation came out bearing a flag of truce and made a formal surrender, asking in the name of the mayor protection for life and property. Brother Holeman, an Episcopal divine of some ability, and who was afterward banished for his extreme loyalty to the South, was holding forth to his attentive congregation, when the gray caps of Thorp's advance galloped into the square. No more spiritual consolation. The preacher left his text, the good sister her quiet nap by the comfortable stove, the devout elders the sanctuary of the amen corner, and crowded into the streets to witness the novel sight of one thousand daring Confederates debouching from

the hill above the town and pouring a compact tide through the city, of bronzed faces and soldierly forms. Beyond the river a Federal regiment was drawn up in plain view, and Colonel Shelby quietly gained the southern bank, opened on it at short range with grape and cannister. There was scampering in hot haste for shelter and a sudden evaporation of blue coats ludicrous to behold. Vast be vies of school-girls came down to see the sport, and clapped their hands in joyous glee upon every discharge of the cannon, laughing and cheering immoderately at the undignified efforts of the Federals to get beyond reach. A really true and heartfelt welcome greeted Colonel Shelby on his arrival. The pent-up Southern feeling, so long restrained and violated, burst all bounds, and exhibited itself in every species of demonstration—demonstrations unfortunately that cost some of the helpless dear penance and inquisition afterward. Wine poured in rivulets; provisions blocked the streets; stores were offered with their crowded contents; livery stables gave out elegant horses; and the German vied with the cavalier in unbounded expressions of sympathy. Short time for wine or sighing, though! General Brown, leading four thousand veterans, finding Shelby would not blunder into the pretty little trap set for him in Jefferson City, marched angrily up to Booneville to grapple the audacious rebel playing such havoc with his loyal tenants. His advance had reached the city limits almost, when right across his path there arose the grim forms of Hooper's regiment and bade him bear back. The fight lasted furiously until dark—long enough for Shelby to send his undistributed supplies to camp, two miles from the town, at the magnificent residence of Mr. Brown, an old friend of Colonel Shelby. Hooper was slowly withdrawn, leaving relays of pickets all the way from Booneville to the camp. General Brown also went into bivouac, and waited for daylight before pursuing his wily antagonist.

Colonel Shelby became ill at ease and slept but little during the night. To the incessant agony of his wounded and suppurating arm, carried constantly in a sling during all the extraordinary fatigue and cold of the rapid march, was added the peril of his

position. Booneville is directly in a small and contracted pocket formed by the Missouri river on the right, and the Lamine river emptying into the Missouri and encircling it on the left. A force in his front, and there was every danger of one—holding the bridge upon the Marshall road, with General Brown closing up the only outlet southward, made his existence, even, one of precarious possibility. This event could not be anticipated by a night march, for the rain of the previous evening prevented sleep, and his exhausted command required some hours' rest. So, relying upon the star of that destiny which never deserted him amid his greatest perils, and which always shone out brightest when clouds gathered thickest around his pathway, he gave the orders for a night of quietness, he alone of all the stern soldiers inside the pickets passing the sleepless hours uneasy and watchful.

The sun had been up nearly an hour; the golden haze in the east had slowly melted away; and a faint, universal stir of awakening life could be felt rather than heard in the pleasant morning air, and Booneville, with its dim towers and steeples, had long emerged, like a gigantic ship, from the mystery of the twilight, when rapid firing in front and rear announced that the day's work had commenced. Shelby, fresh and alert, calmly formed his brigade and waited until the attack became more fully developed. The pickets soon galloped in from toward Booneville reporting that Brown could be seen advancing in force, which determined Colonel Shelby to clear his front at once for the greater emergency behind; but only two hundred Federals visited him in that direction and these were charged so suddenly and so furiously by Colonel Hunter, that they lost eighty-nine killed and wounded in ten minutes' fighting. Brown's column could be heard yelling when it reached the deserted camp, and soon two fine cavalry regiments were dealing heavy blows upon the rear. But that was child's play, and practiced, too, upon men schooled to perfection in every species of warfare developed by the contest. Without moving faster than at common time, Colonel Shelby organized his companies of defense, and held them ambushed for the blows. So unskilled were the pursuers that they advanced upon

the nearest line laughing, singing, and wholly unconscious of their fate. Captain Lea struck first, and the foremost squadron went down almost to a man. Another pushed on and shared the same disaster from the cool riflemen under Toney. Another and another received a dreadful fire in their very faces, until the leading regiment gave way to the next. For ten miles this kind of fighting continued, and soon the dark, sluggish waters of the Lamine were in sight. Here Colonel Shelby prepared his *grand coup de main*. The banks of this stream were ten feet high at least on both shores, perpendicular and extremely slippery from the water carried upon them by the horses' feet in fording the river. After safely crossing everything and getting well closed up beyond, he ambushed Hunter's battalion, Captain Jones' and Langhorne's companies, and fifty men, under Captain Will Ferrell, upon the western bank. The horses were led beyond the range of bullets and securely tied, when the men, in skirmishing order, completely hid themselves behind trees, stumps, logs, and inequalities in the ground. Upon the side of the stream nearest Brown were stationed the cool and intrepid Lea and his company, with orders to fire one volley and retreat in disorder, as if demoralized and panic-stricken. His instructions were implicitly obeyed, and the Federals followed up their supposed advantage with shouts and a great rush. All the bed of the creek was filled by horsemen twenty and thirty deep, while more were pouring up from behind eager to become engaged. Into this solid, compact mass of human flesh tore the bullets from two hundred rifles not ten rods distant, while revolvers were used with incessant and deadly effect. It was a ghastly and horrible sight. Dying men, wounded horses, mutilated riders were struggling, screaming, writhing and drowning in the water and mud of the river, while those yet untouched rode down their unfortunate comrades in furious efforts to escape. Secure and still invisible the Confederates used their revolvers with cool precision until the enemy fled beyond range, when they mounted and rode leisurely off to overtake the main body. The leader of this attack—a brave young Federal major—dashed up the bank at the first onset and shot one of Langhorne's

men who had leaped out from cover to capture his splendid horse. That triumph was his last. Langhorne shot him from his saddle with his Sharpe's rifle against his breast, and the terrified and riderless steed galloped with a wild neigh into Shelby's ranks. This taught Brown a terrible lesson. One hundred and eleven of his best men lay dead or wounded in a space that might almost have been covered by half a dozen blankets, and the dash and *elan* of his pursuit completely crushed. Only one Confederate was wounded, and he through an excess of bravado.

No further trouble from General Brown occurred until the crossing of Blackwater just at sundown, when he ran a heavy battery to the front and opened fire at long range. Willing to humor him and give him an opportunity for a little revenge, Colonel Shelby answered its fire from his Parrotts, which almost immediately silenced the four guns opposed to them, and the march continued on unmolested until midnight, when the darkness becoming so intense and a heavy storm drawing rapidly nearer, the command was forced to go into camp at Mr. George Nave's, a worthy farmer living on the Marshall road.

A wet, clinging morning, cold and disagreeable—came at last, and Shelby began the march early for Marshall. There might be danger ahead and he expected it, but not so sudden and appalling. When within two miles of Marshall, Thorp sent a swift courier, Weed Marshall, back with information that a heavy body of Federals were forming in his front. "Charge them," was the laconic order. "But, Colonel, they are four thousand strong," replied the heroic Thorp, as he formed for the desperate attempt. "Ah, what," said Shelby, "four thousand devils—then we are in for it deeper than I expected."

True enough, just emerging from the little prairie town of Marshall, and forming their lines so as to cover it, could be seen four thousand Federals, of all arms, under General Ewing. This same Ewing was the author of that celebrated General Order No. 11, so well and so infamously known throughout Missouri. It required the depopulation of some of the finest portions of the State, and

the requirements were literally fulfilled. Hundreds of fleeing families were met all along the route from Huntsville, Arkansas, to Warsaw, Missouri, toiling slowly and painfully southward. Tender and gentle women, barefooted and shivering in the cold, were driving oxen and riding upon miserable broken-down horses, without saddles. Their only crime was sympathy, holy yet subdued, for their kindred and their cause.

Previous to Shelby's advance into the State, Quantrell had destroyed Lawrence, and annihilated Blunt's escort at Fort Webster, which concentrated a large force immediately to pursue him, and this force, after his escape south, had returned to meet Shelby and crush him wherever encountered. In conjunction also with Ewing came General Brown from Jefferson City with four thousand additional troops in the rear, and when at last Shelby was brought to bay, eight thousand soldiers girt him round with walls of steel. Two miles east from Marshall ran Salt Fork, a stream sometimes deep and rapid, but now offering small impediments against its crossing. A large bridge spanned it where the main road crossed, which he immediately destroyed after everything had safely passed, and Colonel Shelby then called up Major Shanks, commanding the rear battalion, and said to him very calmly but with the deliberate utterance of a man terribly in earnest: "Major, General Brown will be here in half an hour. How long can you hold this crossing with two hundred against four thousand?" "As long as you wish it, Colonel—an hour, a day, or a week." "Very well, I shall attack Ewing in front and endeavor to drive him from my path, but it is an up hill business, I fear. However, if it takes just two hundred of your two hundred men and yourself besides, never let go your hold on yonder stream until I order it; and, when you do come to me, come like the wind, for I shall be pressed to the wall before I cry for help." "Mounted or dismounted, Colonel had I better form?" asked Shanks, as if the most ordinary commission in life had been given him. "Dismounted for your horses' sake. They will all be needed."

Shanks threw forward two companies on either flank for a mile

up and down the river and waited coolly for the avalanche. Shelby galloped to the front, after grasping this peerless officer's hand as one he never expected to see again. The Confederate war for independence furnished no grander example of heroic courage and defiance than was exhibited this day by Marshall town. The battle-field, rent and broken by huge gullies, and covered with a thick growth of hazel-bushes was peculiarly unfitted for the desperate charge Colonel Shelby intended to make squarely upon Ewing's center, and he was forced to dismount his brigade and fight at a disadvantage. Hunter and Coffee were on the extreme right operating directly against the town, Hooper in the center and Gordon on the left. Ewing formed his lines in the shape of a V, the point resting upon Marshall, and the two prongs extending to the right and left of Shelby's position, thus enfilading his lines with artillery and musketry. Lieutenants Ferrell and Plattenburg, leading the skirmishers on the left, sprang away from Gordon's lines and engaged fiercely. Hunter and Coffee advanced upon the right through the dense bushes and under a dreadful fire, while Hooper and Gordon, moving up to support their skirmishers, the action became bloody almost immediately. Eighteen pieces of artillery concentrated upon Shelby's two guns a withering fire, and not a portion of his lines was exempt from the bullets of the enemy. A charge along the whole front drove Ewing back upon the town, forced him to change his position, and retire two of his batteries which were admirably served. He in turn concentrated upon Hunter and Coffee, and drove them a short distance with severe loss, but Hooper swinging round by a well-executed flank movement, swept Ewing's left wing bloodily back, and followed the survivors into the streets of the town. Fresh masses poured from the rear and made good the losses, and the battle raged evenly for two hours, eight hundred men fighting four thousand and driving them at all points. The Confederates fell fast, and Colonel Shelby saw go by him to the rear his best and bravest, now all pale and bloody, and the dark hour was on Saul. Ewing extended his cavalry to Salt Fork above and below and thus surrounded completely the little band of determined men fighting

for dear life. Look where one would, the prairie was dark with uniforms and bristling with glittering steel.

In the rear the conflict was darker still. Brown hurled his forces upon Shanks in wave after wave, that bursted in spray of skirmishers and recoiled before the grim shore beyond, held by two hundred desperate men. As the artillery fire deepened and rolled over the field, great cheers arose from the friendly ranks now closing and shouting around their prey. Shanks, enveloped and almost overpowered, fought on with a desperation rarely equaled. Brown brought up his artillery and swept the position with a hurricane of balls, but could not dislodge his enemies. Shanks asked for one piece of artillery to stem the hot tide, but it could not be given. Shelby only shouted back from his own gloom: "For half an hour, Shanks, for half an hour, until I mount my men." The wood-work of one of his Parrott guns had been shot into shreds, both wheels gone, and the trail clear broken. Even then he tried to save his darling cannon, and attempted to lift it into an ammunition wagon. The wagon, too, was shot away and eight men fell around it. From all sides now death came leaping and insatiate. Brown extended his lines beyond the utmost of Shanks' skirmishers and crossed Salt Fork three miles below the bridge, pouring up and joining Ewing by regiments. Fraternizing and shouting like devils, they came down upon the left as a vast torrent. But Shelby was prepared, his men mounted and closed up, solid and defiant, while the ammunition wagons had six drivers detailed to each team to whip them through with the charge. On the extreme left of Ewing's line could be seen drawn up across the only road at all practicable, a splendid Federal Missouri regiment, with infantry skirmishers in front in groups behind corn-shocks. Shelby determined to hurl his whole force full upon this regiment and crush it or double it back upon the center. The question was to break through the lines now strengthening every moment, even if it required the sacrifice of half the brigade. With this view he recollected Shanks and ordered him to fall back immediately, but the devoted officer was so hard pressed and crippled that he mounted his men with difficulty,

and had to form and fight three times before he traveled the half mile between his position and Colonel Shelby's. Meantime the danger thickened each moment, and Shanks had not arrived. Knowing he could well take care of himself, and believing that he would come up by the time the encircling lines of the enemy were broken, Colonel Shelby ordered the final charge in column, leading himself, though entreated not to take so much exposure. It was a fearful moment. The thin gray wedge dashed down full upon the enemy's line, receiving the fire of three full batteries, but killing the skirmishers behind the corn-shocks in dozens. The Federal regiment swayed slightly as Shelby neared it, and from both wings the infantry double-quickened for its relief. Too late! That column, fierce as a full-fed river, and canopied in powder clouds, as the men fired right and left, swung into line with the rush of a whirlwind and grappled with the foe, standing bravely to see the issue through. Short work and very bloody. A few first fell away from the flanks panic-stricken; the regiment then quivered and shook from end to end, until heaving and collapsing to an impulse as swift and vivid as the lightning's flash, it broke away toward Marshall, hopelessly rent and scattered. With this charge came the wagons clattering along as fast as the fastest horsemen, and went through the gap white and huge as the new sails of a staunch, fleet frigate. Daylight ahead now, for in that thundering charge the entire left wing of Ewing's four thousand men gave way in wild disorder, and but for the arriving masses of Brown's division the day would have been lost to Ewing. Colonel Shelby knew salvation to be near at hand and halted even there to wait for the devoted Shanks, giving time for new columns of attack to be formed against him, and fresh forces to join in the battle; but Shanks could not reach him. Surrounded, hemmed in, fighting hand to hand, and bleeding at every step, he turned directly east at the point where Colonel Shelby turned west, and cut through everything before him to the timber, bringing off the remaining piece of artillery in safety.

Seeing Shanks cut off and Brown throwing his whole force between them—Shelby determined to retreat toward Waverly, believ-

ing that Shanks' indomitable pluck and sagacity would carry him through, and whether they did or not, 'Shelby was powerless to assist him, and even his own safety could not entirely be counted upon as certain, for great masses of cavalry came thundering after him, evidently bent on mischief. Captain Reck. Johnson held the rear, and repulsed two severe charges of the enemy—but he too sent for help and received two more companies under Edwards and Crispin. With these he held the pursuers in check until darkness settled down good and black, and the brigade had gained the river road leading to Waverly. A short halt for three hours gave time for a little rest and feeding, when sixty rounds of ammunition were issued to the men, and the wagons, now perfectly useless, since all the cartridges had been used or distributed, sunk many fathoms in the Missouri river. Sleeping cosily in one of them there nestled Lieutenant Crittenden, a staff officer of Shelby. The cold waves woke his dreamy sleep, and he came swimming lustily to the shore, dripping from every angle and shivering from head to foot.

Just at daylight the column passed slowly through the streets of Waverly, and many looked upon their fire-blackened and destroyed homes with feelings of bitter revenge, fully gratified in after days. Turning here directly southward, Colonel Shelby made a rapid march toward Arkansas, leaving Warrensburg on the right and Clinton on the left, stopping two hours to forage between the two points, garrisoned by large bodies of Federals. Further stay in the State now became criminal and useless. The ammunition had been nearly expended, the country swarmed with enemies, the cold was intense, and many of his best men had been killed or left wounded in hospitals from Caddo Gap to Waverly. Therefore, when Shelby once made up his mind to retreat, he did it with his usual skill and rapidity. At this camp near Warrensburg, Captain James Wood and Captain Henry Stangel rejoined the brigade after a perilous and successful attempt to destroy the great bridge of the Lamine near Georgetown. These two daring young officers, with one company each, and having excellent guides, quietly approached the structure and found it held by two hundred regular Federal

infantry. Only five were on guard, however, and the rest quietly sleeping in a strong block-house covering the railroad at this point. Dismounting and dashing up to the entrance, Captain Wood, pistol in hand, demanded immediate surrender. Not a shot was fired, except enough to drive off the guard on duty, and soon the magnificent structure became one solid mass of fire, glarring red against the midnight sky, and illuminating the deep, dark stream for miles. Before the prisoners were paroled, the entire bridge was consumed, and nothing remained but a few blackened and rugged timbers floating and sputtering down the river to extinction.

The third day's march from Waverly brought Ewing's advance in force, and Captain Edwards was sent to the rear to engage it. Handled roughly, he received more help, and a running fight continued for ten miles to timber, when Colonel Shelby ambushed a regiment and killed five Captains and thirty-two men at a single discharge. This quieted pursuit for the day, and by a heavy march he gained Carthage and established camp at Mr. Kendrick's, where corn was furnished in ample quantities.

Major Pickler, commanding a portion of Coffee's detachment, requested of Colonel Shelby permission to occupy Carthage that night, as most of his battalion lived in and near the town, promising extreme vigilance and to rejoin the column at daylight. Much against his judgment, and fearful of the result, he consented, but Major Pickler neglected even to picket the approaches to his camp, and suffered severely for his temerity. A night of refreshing sleep had been gained here—the first since the camp at Booneville—but in the gray dawn of the morning a great noise and rumbling of artillery from the crossing at Spring river, over which the Confederates had passed the night before, announced Ewing's whole army to be near at hand. Soon rapid firing from the direction of Carthage sent in all the pickets and called every soldier to his feet. Hasty preparations in moments of imminent danger were part of daily drill and exercise for Shelby's brigade, and, in ten minutes, each soldier was mounted and in line. Throwing forward five companies in front of Ewing to fire upon his advance, Colonel

Shelby started immediately southward before even his position had been discovered, although his camp stood only half a mile from the ford. The five companies, under Lea, Tucker, Toney, Crispin, and Jones nobly carried out their orders, and held Ewing in check for one long hour, forcing him to go into line of battle and bring his artillery into action. Then breaking swiftly into column, and being well mounted, the Confederates galloped off in triumph to their comrades, actually bringing with them seventeen prisoners. Fugitives from Carthage now began to come up, and reported that Pickler, neglecting to guard a single road, and mistaking Ewing's advance for Shelby's, had allowed himself and thirty of his men to be captured. Most of them, however, with their leader, succeeded in escaping while being conveyed to Fort Scott, and rejoined the command the next week. Ewing was never seen again. Beaten and out-generaled at all points, he returned to the interior of Missouri to tell in flaming dispatches how eight thousand fresh and finely equipped Federals had suffered one thousand *rebels*—worn by heavy marches, surrounded, overwhelmed—to fight them five days, cut through their serried ranks, and escape proud, unconquered, and defiant. Crossing the telegraph road, leading from Rolla to Van Buren, near Crane Creek, a force from Springfield was encountered, sent down expressly to cut off this retreat. It was time lost and lives thrown away. Striking it about midway, and piercing the center like a pasteboard, both ends were rolled up as a woman winds a string of cotton. The poor fugitives rushed breathlessly into Springfield and Cassville, hatless and gunless, swearing Joe Shelby's men were not humans and could only be likened unto devils. A large party repairing the telegraph line was captured on this road, and whatever might have been the scientific attainments of its director, he certainly had no knowledge of English. To every question propounded he answered "*yah*;" and I verily believe the same reply would have been given if his death had been the stake, with a thousand to one on death. It was not proposed, however, and they were released minus horses and arms, which some seemed to love better than their

lives, for a bullet or two had to be used as a gentle argument for possession.

Safe at last and well ahead of danger, Colonel Shelby camped the seventh day on White river, near Berryville, to rest his men and horses, and listen for news from the unfortunate Shanks, still struggling in the toils of the enemy. The various detachments sent out at Bentonville on the upward march to destroy railroads and telegraphs, came rapidly in, reporting splendid success. Indeed, every indication qualified this. Five and six led horses, loaded with arms, blankets, and overcoats, to say nothing of elegant McClellan saddles, cavalry boots, and revolvers, told the story of their busy work. One detachment under Brown Williams, numbering twenty men, and another under Lieutenant James Wills, numbering fifteen men, had followed up the rear of a large column under command of McNeil southward from Springfield, and between them captured ninety prisoners, killed forty-three Federals, wounded nineteen, and brought safely to Colonel Shelby ninety-five horses, seventy-three Sharpe's rifles, one hundred and twenty navy revolvers, two six mule teams loaded with bacon and "hard tack," and any quantity of blankets and overcoats, besides destroying for miles the telegraph on three roads, and keeping the garrison at Springfield constantly on the alert for fear of immediate attack.

CHAPTER XIV.

How fared it with Major David Shanks, left alone to work out his salvation on that rough prairie by Marshall town, his leader gone and his bravest falling all around him? After turning squarely off to the east, a great huge wave of cavalry swept after him, but he stationed Captain Maurice Langhorne and Captain James Franklin, two of his truest officers, on the bank of a deep dry ravine, and bade them hold the pass until he arranged his column and his plans. For one long hot hour these devoted men stood firm against the leaden hail and drove back again and again every stubborn assault of the enemy, their leaders happily engaged in fighting Shelby. Shanks heard the noise of Shelby's guns growing fainter and fainter, and he knew his loved commander was safe, for he had everything behind him, and there lived not and fought not men that could crush his trained brigade by a rear attack. Night fell, the stars came out slowly and wide apart, the winds blew drearily, and yet Shanks had only marched *three miles* from the battle-field. But when the darkness came good and brown he grew again the wary, vigilant, daring cavalryman. He had been waiting simply to feed his exhausted horses, distribute ammunition, and strengthen the teams in his single cannon—the captured gun of Springfield. Colonel Hunter had remained with Major Shanks also, and being the ranking officer, he assumed command, though this was unknown until after escape had been certainly accomplished. When the night came, therefore, one bright star as a beacon was selected far away upon the southern horizon, toward which all faces were turned, and the march commenced at once very swiftly and very quietly. All that night and the next day it went on unmolested, but just after crossing the Pacific Railroad near Sedalia, Shanks encountered a large force of Federals

guarding seven forage wagons and two hundred fine fat mules. To see them and charge them required the work of a moment. The escort scattered in every direction after one fire, the mules scampered off furiously, and the wagons were stripped and on fire in a dozen minutes. This capture was made quite opportunely, for provisions were bountifully obtained, many mules taken for future emergencies, and the lone cannon good for heavy traveling yet.

From the railroad the march led directly through Florence, fiercely alive now, with every house illuminated as if for a festival. It was very dark and very late when the head of Shanks' column reached this town—the advance being commanded by Captain Sears, of Hunter's regiment, a daring, desperate soldier, and thoroughly acquainted with his business. Just upon the extreme northern edge of Florence, and hidden behind houses and in strong buildings, the Federals poured a deadly, sudden fire into the faces of Sears' men, which irradiated the dark shadows of the night with blazing flashes. The entire column charged massively down the principal street—for that one order *charge* had been stamped into nerves and brain during all the long trying march. Muskets crashed, pistols rang out shrilly, women shrieked, dogs barked furiously in the darkness, while over all and above all arose wildly and keen that peculiarly piercing yell of Confederate lungs—not a shout, nor cheer, nor battle-cry—but one long, ringing blast of hate and triumphant malice, cold and cruel as the grave. One fire was all the ambushed Federals gave, for, ridden over in the darkness, silently stabbed or as conveniently shot they were crushed in a moment, and many citizens rushing into the streets, attracted by the firing, shared a similar fate. This little town, so silent and so desolate as Colonel Shelby passed through on his upward march, and which was religiously protected, now, like the adder warmed into life at the cottager's hearth, darted out deadly fangs from its every portal. But short work was made of the combatants. Lights disappeared in a moment; women hushed their cries before the breath of a deadlier peril, and gouty old Germans suddenly left their stoops when the whizzing bullets began dancing merrily through the darkness. A silence as of death

rained down from heaven and settled upon the deserted streets, broken only by the steady tramp of the defiling squadrons, and the muttered curses of some heartless rider as his sensitive steed shied from the corpses strewn thick along the roadside. Darkness hid many ghastly sights in that quiet German village, and some slumbers would have been lighter and sweeter in eternity, if waking eyes had been kept from frozen forms lying stark and cold in the early morning.

From Florence and its bloody sacrifice, Shanks and Hunter continued the march with unabated speed and endurance. The position became one of extreme peril. At Warsaw, Cole Camp, and holding nearly every ford upon the Osage river for fifty miles from a given point, were the forces of General McNeil, who had recently succeeded General Brown in command at Springfield. The Osage was reached by a forced march of extraordinary speed, and forded in safety. Several miles beyond this point a large force of Federals, scouting down from Warsaw on the right, were encountered ambushed in a mountain gorge, having received notice of Shanks' approach in time to select a position of great natural strength. A close fire from the rocks halted Colonel Hunter, riding at the head of the column, and he coolly waited under the guns until Shanks came up. "You will clear the road, Major," said Hunter. "All right," replied Shanks—"nothing easier, sir. Captains Langhorne and Franklin, form your companies for the charge in column of fours. I'll draw their fire by a half dozen skirmishers, when you must break through, 'hap what hap.'" It was a picturesque and memorable scene. A sulky red sun was just dropping behind the great western wall of the gorge, seeming to kindle sparks in the underwood, glowering on the boles of the oaks, throwing crimson splashes on the cold gray rocks, and wisping a mazy, murky light about the deepening gloom of the brown stripped trees in front. They are coming up for the charge—those young bronzed veterans from Jackson county—an eager light in their eyes, and weapons bare. Not a word from the firm set lips as girths were tightened, and revolvers examined. Not a word when they mounted lightly in

the red light of a cold dry sun and spurred away, some of them into eternity. Shanks threw forward ten skirmishers in front, who were greeted by a sharp volley, when the stormers, Langhorne leading, dashed away like the rush of an express train, and close behind them the solid column in serried ranks. A halt and a leap at the barricade; a burning, shuddering crash of two hundred rifles, a wild, passionate cheer of victory, were all that came back on the wind as the advance went thundering through, shooting and trampling down everything before it. But one prisoner was taken—a mere boy—his fresh beardless cheeks paling at the thoughts of approaching death, and shivering with the horror of the scene he had witnessed in that fatal pass. Learning that he would be safe from all harm, and was among civilized beings—a fact very much doubted at first, from the horrible tales he had heard of Shelby's men—his composure gradually returned, and much valuable information was obtained from him. McNeill was at Bolivar with a large infantry force, and his cavalry on every road and at every ford upon the Osage. The march of Shanks had been signaled and the direction taken accurately described, while orders were issued only that morning to spare none of the "cut-throats," as the Confederates were stigmatized, so certain were they of capture.

Ah! but there's "many a slip between the cup and the lip," and none knew it better than Shanks and his followers. The command almost completely exhausted, ammunition running low, and starvation grimly in sight, turned off directly from the road, marched four miles west, found a plentiful supply of corn, killed half a dozen fat hogs, baked bushels of meal into hoe-cakes, and made a delicious supper for men and horses. Then carefully posting pickets around the entire encampment, the tired soldiers slept sweetly until daylight, many of them too fatigued to wash away the blood upon their faces, gathered at Marshall, Florence, and the Osage.

Reaching Humansville, the next day at sunset, and driving out a small force there holding the place, it soon became known that several thousand Federals had just left, going toward Bolivar. Darkness fell rapidly. The rear guard was ambushed, and Lieutenant

Rogers of Franklin's company captured with several of his men, gallantly striving to cut through to their comrades; and very soon, with an infernal din of bugles sounding clearly on the night air, McNeill bore down with his entire force and pressed the column fast and furious. Darkness favored the Confederates. Shanks organized rapidly his companies of defense, and remained with them until long after midnight, repulsing eleven distinct and renewed charges of the enemy, who tried in vain to break through and scatter his command. About ten o'clock matters looked, indeed, desperate. Hunter in front was ambushed and fired upon from all sides at once, and Shanks in the rear required all the firmness and tenacity of his character, seconded by officers Langhorne, Greene, Tucker, Lane, McKinney, Franklin, Winship, Soper, Hamilton, Mace, Ford, White, Adams, Grooms, Spainhour and Meadows, to beat back the heavy masses constantly hurled against him. But both triumphed in the end. Hunter, aided by the intrepid Hooper and his regiment, drove the stubborn guerrillas from the bushes in front, and Shanks came up about two in the morning to report that the pursuit had been abandoned.

The next night the men almost prayed for sleep, for nature had been completely exhausted during the long hours of incessant marching and fighting. A notorious Union man lived not very far north from Mount Vernon, who commanded a company of murdering Home Guards, and to his farm Shanks went for forage. The turkeys had scarcely been roasted, the horses fed and curried, the numberless bee-hives taken without brimstone, when, upon a road leading west from the camp, was heard a great firing and clattering about the outposts. Every sullen sleeper rose up alertly, and every tired steed was fast bridled and saddled. On picket, fortunately, in this direction was Lieutenant Columbus White, with details from other companies in his regiment. White, a cool, daring, capital officer, scarcely understood the word fatigue and was wide awake and merry as a lark when his videttes were engaged. On the extreme outpost, too, was a young soldier, Will Fisher, a beardless boy, but intelligent beyond his years and brave as the oldest and best in the brigade—

indeed, his Captain, Franklin, would have no other kind of men. Will Fisher returned the fire of the Federals with his musket, and, knowing the great fatigue of the men at the reserve post, and fearing that nature might have given way he retreated slowly before the pursuers, using his revolvers continually and making the most noise possible that his comrades might be awakened if asleep. White fought the same way for two miles to awaken the camp, and Shanks got the command in motion half an hour before the Federals reached his fires. The night was dreadfully dark; the horses were almost worn out; the men were nearly in the same condition, and the entire country was swarming with the enemy. Hunter, leading the advance, got lost and separated from the main body, owing to the officer in front of it falling fast asleep in his saddle, and no one seemed to know the country or have any idea of the geographical position of things. In this emergency Colonel Hooper rode to the front, taking with him Captain Lea, Toney and some others of the Southwesterns, and soon reduced all confusion to perfect order and extricated the men from their perilous position.

Making a wide detour, leaving Springfield to the left, and escaping two watchful detachments at Mount Vernon and Greenfield—for the ammunition was getting fearfully low—the wire road was at length reached the seventh day from Marshall, and crossed just ten miles above the place where Colonel Shelby had crossed five hours before. Here, two hundred Federal cavalry coming from Cassville were met and routed, the advance killing seventeen, and capturing thirty-three horses, which were a valuable addition, as many of the men had been dismounted in the incessant combats of the retreat.

Still ignorant of Colonel Shelby's fate, but hoping and believing for the best, Major Shanks, after crossing the Springfield road passed on swiftly toward Berryville, and camped within five miles of Shelby's position. During the night some of the scouting parties came upon his pickets and before firing had prudence enough to ask their command:

"Shelby's. And yours?" "Shanks'" was the eager shout, and the two friendly detachments rushed up for further conference.

No more sleep for Shelby that night. Arousing his entire camp he communicated the joyful intelligence, when such a shout went up as awoke the forest for miles around and scared the prowling beasts back to their lairs amid the crags and brakes. At midnight he marched to Shanks' quarters, and the two heroes, embracing in sight of both columns, set the example for cordial greetings among all the generous and reunited soldiers. That was a day these men will look back upon with reverence, for after all the perils and hardships of the march, the dangers and gloom of separation, the disjointed brigade closed up once more in safety, laurels twining thick about the brows of many saddened before by fears of dire disaster.

Moving slowly southward and resting at every convenient place for forage, the communicative and joyful soldiers marched gayly along, camping near Huntsville, Arkansas. A small detachment, under Colonel Hunter, was sent to this town that some companies of recruits on War Eagle creek, a large mountain stream near Huntsville, might be brought into the lines. Great glowing fires were built in a heavy strip of timber skirting a cold, frosty creek, and abundant rations of beef, meal, mutton, and salt issued, the first for many days. Through the lapse of years and from the cold, premature graves of trampled battle-fields, I can recall many faces gleaming bright and happy in the ruddy firelight. At the central fire, rough with great logs and crammed with seasoned rails, sat Shelby and Shanks, Hooper and Gordon, talking, smoking, and telling incidents of the march. Sears, with his long, fair hair and mild, kind face—one of the truest scouters who ever fired pistol. Yandell Blackwell humming some snatches of battle songs, and watching the blue smoke curling up lazily from his captured meerschau. Jim Wood, Conant, Charley Jones, Newton Hart, Stonehill and Carneal arguing the relative qualities of beef over mutton. Elliott, with his calm, staid courtesy, the battle light not gone from his eager eyes. Captain D. Williams polishing the barrels of the trusty revolvers he had used so well. Will Gregg, the gentle and the brave, thinking of his guerrilla days in good old Jackson; Ben Neale and Toney reading scented *billet doux* by the fitful firelight,

laughing in amorous glee as some soft melodious sentence came stealing up from "sweetest lips that ever were kissed." June Terry, with his languid air and metaphysical humor—the chief surgeon of the brigade—quoting Larry to prove the folly of amputations at the hip, and the difference between delirium tremens and mania-a-potu. Crispin, the tall cavalier, with the keenest zest for a sonnet and the archest smile for women in all the gay brigade. Lawrence balancing his certified accounts to cover "sundries," and scattering greenbacks in gusts for generous apple-brandy. Dale looking away to Carthage where his mill was burnt, and guessing the weight of Leonard's imported Durhams. Plattenburg reading some rare old story he had brought from Booneville, telling how in that "terrible charge at Eylau which swept away the Russian cavalry, three lengths ahead of the best blood in France rode the inn-keeper's son." Ingram and Pat Marshall filing notches in their pistol-butts for Federals killed 'in manly combat. Langhorne and Franklin comparing notes about the night attack at Humansville, and wondering upon the fate of Rogers. Captain Dickey binding up the ragged wound of Captain Lea, and pouring confidence into his comrade's heart. Grooms thinking of his North Missouri home, and vowing to strike as he did strike in after days before his brave, fond life went down in death. Crittenden, reversing the old axiom, and contending that to "the victor belongs *not* the spoils," though the overcoat upon his back and his horse standing near are captured property. Shepard, with his neat soldierly figure hid away beneath its great, blue cape, warming as true a heart as ever beat beneath the "banner of the bars." McCoy telling some galloping story of border foray, and how he went snugly into St. Louis and brought out seven hundred thousand musket-caps. McArthur rejoicing in the pleasant reflection that his pickets are all stationed and his hard work done. George Hall nestling at Shelby's feet—the boy orderly—but fierce as a lion in battle. Kephart parting his hair in the old coquettish way, and thinking of Wellington and his blue-eyed absent one. Trone preaching a patent sermon and giving personations of his inimitable acting. Harris, Kelley and Cloudesly draw-

ing up a petition for a new battery of Napoleons and Parrotts. Coffee and Johnson, McDougall and Charley Lewis, George Corder and Tom Ustick, Ab. Jeffries and Jerry Warren, Jim Kirtley and Tom Cordell, Jo. Knox and Bob Ewing; all happy in the calm, still night, and forming bright plans for the future, while the inimitable, agreeable, gasconading, irrepressible Morry Boswell—"Uncle Morry"—darting in and out amid the fires with a word and a joke for all. This man was a curiosity and a genius. Old, heavy, and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, he yet went on every exhausting march and on every headlong gallop. There was a quaintness in his appearance, in his manner of speaking, in his doing every description of thing, which distinguished him from every other man in the brigade. His energy was unlimited and his curiosity unbounded. He helped the pioneers to build roads; he fed the horses; he got corn where none grew; he had "flat" tobacco when it was more precious than rubies; he was a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a farrier, a carpenter, a horse-trader, a farmer, a lawyer, a magistrate, a Catholic and a Methodist; an artillerist and a preacher—there was no trade, calling or profession which he could not assume and personate to perfection. Years have passed since this night; many manly forms there then have gone away from earth in all their warrior beauty, but while the survivors live, while the memory of their immortal renown yet lingers in the past, their memories will be shrined as something time can not destroy nor defeat obliterate.

Colonel Hunter, sent to Huntsville, came rapidly back about daylight and reported McNeill occupying the town in force. Hunter had been engaged sharply with the Federal advance, but was driven out finally and pursued for several miles. This news occasioned no alarm, for Shelby had gained the mountains. With the enemy behind him, and having no possible way to inaugurate flanking attacks, he was in no immediate danger. It was not desirable, however, to await for a general engagement, as the ammunition had been reduced to ten rounds for each man, and there might be trouble ahead. Colonel Brooks and some four or five hundred hun-

gry-looking, seedy mountain conscripts, from Arkansas and Missouri, were met the second day's march from Huntsville, ignorant of McNeill's advance, and having on the whole no fixed or feasible plan. Some wanted to go South and some did n't; but all united in the wish that Colonel Shelby would keep the enemy away, which he proceeded to do by sending them a day's march to the front, with orders to make good time and abandon their innumerable wheezy, rickety wagons, filled with every description of plunder from a spinning-wheel to a wedding bonnet, trimmed with peonies and sun-flowers. McNeill soon came up and made a dash in his usual blustering way, but his cavalry was held in check as easily as a mother leads her little child to church, and never but once came near enough to be reached by the longest Enfield. Colonel Shelby went quietly into camp at nightfall—so did McNeill. Shelby moved on again at daylight to be followed at a respectful distance by the same cautious squadrons. Once and once only could they be lured to battle, and it was when Shelby had learned that there were no forces in front to oppose the crossing of the Arkansas river. Thirty miles from Clarksville, away up among the Buffalo mountains, lay hid away a little stream, pure and sparkling as crystal. Right upon its head, where it bubbled out fresh and freezing from under a huge rock, the brigade camped early in the day, Colonel Shelby remarking quietly: "If McNeill gets this water he must fight for it. Major Gordon, ambush your battalion two miles in the rear and wait until I relieve you." To gain this camp McNeill had to cross a long, rocky ridge, travel over four miles of bottom land, and up and over another spur of mountains before he could reach water, and the water then was that held by Shelby. Thinking naturally the Confederates would go further during the day, he advanced on until too late to retreat, and taking what he believed to be the proper horn of the dilemma—the fighting horn—found to his great surprise Gordon right across his only road and strongly stationed. His cavalry advanced feebly to be driven back by skirmishers; his infantry fared no better, and as a last resort his artillery opened a furious fire. So nerveless were his

efforts that Gordon refused reinforcements sent him, and Shelby went into camp and held the hill with six companies during the night. How McNeill fared for water was never ascertained, but judging from his efforts to obtain it, his soldiers were neither thirsty nor averse to doing for one night without their refreshing coffee.

Two days more of easy traveling brought the brigade to Clarksville, McNeill preserving his proper distance all the way. The next, Arkansas river was slowly crossed, and unmolested and perfectly at ease the march went on southward. Near Caddo Gap a furious rain and snow storm came up after an unusually warm day for the season, and the sufferings of the men were terrible for several days. Hogs were found, however, in abundance, which strengthened the soldiers somewhat against the cold, and gave rise to a quaint remark from some observing old sovereign shivering in one nipping morning to look after his corn accounts. Blackwell's company had camped nearest his house, and to Blackwell he thus addressed himself: "See here, Mister, mor'n five year ago the hog cholera passed along this here valley, and its ravages was powerful, sartin." Here he heaved a deep sigh as visions of departed porkers flitted before his bleared and watery eyes. "Well," said Blackwell, in his quiet way, "you didn't catch the cholera too, did you?" "No, no—not that; but that ar' disease left the hog whole you see, and now it takes all but the skin and head," looking sorrowfully down upon four or five bloody signs lying about the fire. "Yes," said Blackwell sententiously, "it gets worse and worse every year, and if this war lasts much longer these men you see around you will be eating babies and children." The old man evidently thought so too, for he quickly left the camp with a muttered malediction, and hurried home to call over the names and count the noses of his two dozen white headed urchins.

The beautiful little town of Washington, girt about with its ever-green pines and long, low ridges of oak, heard a faint whisper of the coming "raiders," and held its breath for very expectation. What were they like and how would they look, had been asked often

without any reply to satisfy the curious imaginations. Mr. Scroggins, fifteen miles north of town, first became satisfied with their appearance, and as he had some dozen or so barrels of excellent apple brandy for sale at reasonable prices, the brigade soon became satisfied with him. That was a jolly night among the pines—not a drunken man in all the camp, but every one feeling in merry mood, and happy that they had marched so fast, fought so hard, and this far back toward months of rest and needful preparation. The cold chilling rain of the next day did not dampen their enthusiasm as they marched through Washington, clad in magnificent overcoats, splendidly mounted, arms burnished and presented, and a proud light in every eye as the rapturous shouts of “well done good and faithful servants” came from each window and crowded balcony.

The raid was ended. The toilsome march was over, and in almost every breast its dangers and fatigues were forgotten. There were great gaps here and there in the brigade; many familiar faces were covered forever or seamed with agony in distant hospitals, but that elasticity which makes a soldier's life so fascinating, soon closed upon the ugly rents and banished but never destroyed the memories of the absent comrades. A brief recapitulation of events may enable the reader to take in the entire expedition at a glance, and see spread out distinctly before him the deathless glories of a gallant ride. In forty days fifteen hundred miles were passed over, making an average of about thirty-seven miles each day. Twenty garrisoned towns taken; eleven forts and block-houses burned; one railroad depot, six cars, ten miles of track, and thousands of yards of telegraph wire destroyed; three thousand Federals killed, wounded, and captured—thirty-seven battles and skirmishes fought; one piece of artillery captured and broken up for want of horses to take it away; three thousand splendid Sharpe's rifles and more than three thousand revolvers distributed among the men; the entire command superbly mounted and clothed; one thousand recruits enlisted and brought safely out mounted and equipped; the spirit of opposition in Missouri rekindled and reinvigorated; the great Southern heart of the people electrified and elevated by the heroic exam-

ple of its kindred; two armies met, fought, defied, broken through, out-generaled and defeated; distance annihilated; cold, hunger, and fatigue stripped of their terrors by physical courage and endurance; Home Guard companies swept away from existence; guerrilla bands exterminated in their own fastnesses; Union men, notorious for their persecutions of Southerners, warned and threatened into good behavior; and the fancied security of the Federals and militia in Missouri shattered about their ears by the thunder-blasts of cannon and the rattle of avenging musketry. This much is a plain, unvarnished statement of naked facts, and yet there have not been considered the daring and the desperation of the expedition. Seven hundred miles into the enemy's country, bushwhacked, surrounded, ambushed, overwhelmed, attacked hourly but never surprised, betrayed, imposed on, outlawed, cursed—this man, Jo. Shelby, with scarcely a thousand men, sick, wounded and suffering hourly, towered over all, fought, marched, starved, and triumphed. This young cavalry officer, known only as a captain in his own county, leading one thousand of his own trained soldiers, burst like a meteor into the heart of Missouri, dazzled St. Louis, terrified Jefferson City, took Booneville, eluded Brown, rode over Ewing, played with McNeill, and went away to Arkansas in his own good time—unharméd, unwhipped, with new laurels clustering around his brow. True enough he lost many good men, but when it is remembered how he fought, how set upon, how imminent the dangers braved, it seems like a miracle that all were not overwhelmed and destroyed.

Believing the expedition would be a failure necessarily, the *wise* authorities were unwilling to *sacrifice* more than eight hundred men. Gifted with a perspicacity sublime in its conclusions, they contended from the first that Shelby's ambition was unreasonable and foolhardy; that his discretion was weak and his temerity a passion. They did not know nor care to inquire about his genius, his dash, his valor, his iron endurance, the idolatry of the men who followed him, and their resolution to triumph or to die. "The enemy will get in your rear," said one military wisecacre. "Granted," replied Shelby, "but if I turn suddenly about will not my forces be in the

enemy's rear?" "You can't handle more than one thousand men," said another. "There will be less need for haste," answered Shelby, "if I have five thousand, and I can therefore take more time to handle five thousand." "It's madness—folly—criminal folly," shouted all—"You can do no good." And so, half mad and half glad, he galloped away, stormed Neosho, fought hourly, gathered in recruits, rode down everything in his way, and at last at Waverly, when the worst came about—when ammunition was fearfully low, when Ewing and Brown were pressing on fiercely, he had his men stripped of all superfluities and rode with them ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MILES IN EIGHTEEN HOURS. Search the annals of the Confederate war for such another feat and the inquirer will surely go unrewarded. After the dark, bitter fight at Marshall, Colonel Shelby gained Waverly and halted for an hour. Precisely at four o'clock in the morning he started southward. The next morning at precisely ten o'clock he took post beyond Clear creek, in Vernon county, having fought and repulsed on the march, after a brief combat, five hundred Federal cavalry. This speed has never been surpassed, and with such capabilities for endurance, and with such consummate nerve and abandon, it might repay some philosophical writer in making hereafter an estimate of Shelby's ability, to speculate upon what great results might have followed from the operations of eight thousand men instead of eight hundred.

Three days had scarcely been passed in camp near Washington when Shelby again was in the field. A Federal force advancing from Fort Smith threatened Lewisville, where were large factories for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods. Shelby, ordered to protect it, threw himself forward by extraordinary marches, but the enemy, learning how it was defended and by whose forces, turned short around and returned in hot haste, when he came back to Washington and a triumph.

During his absence many of his warm admirers among the citizens, foremost among whom were Captains Ferguson, Bouldin, Hannah, Mr. Block, Colonel Eakin, and numerous others, and his no less devoted friends in the army, made preparations for a magnificent

supper to be given in his honor. Everything that ingenuity could suggest or cultivated taste contrive was upon the table. Fair hands arranged great wreaths of flowers from the costly chandeliers, and spread out the elegant repast upon long tables decorated with silver and gold. Wine hid away for years in dusty cellars, sparkled into light and blushed rosy in the goblets pledged by woman's lips. Music swelled out in soft delicious strains upon the perfumed air, and gray coats and blue coats, gauze dresses and home-spun dresses mingled in and out upon the silk and satin edges of the throng. The banner of the Iron Brigade hung high over all, broad barred and flaunting—crowned with roses and the evergreens, for in the festive hour war's red terrors were laid away and only love and mirth held high carnival. General Marmaduke and staff came in to pass the happy hours, and pledge brimming bumpers to the beautiful and brave. Toasts were drank in joyousness and glee, the ladies used all the social graces of their sex to heighten the brilliancy of the entertainment, and all went merrily until two o'clock in the morning. The last star had almost faded from the sky; the purple hills away in the gloaming were emerging gray from the ocean of twilight; the last music ripple had broken upon the ball-room floor, and the last sigh had been breathed in the last voluptuous waltz, when Captain Hart read to the departing guests the story of "*Joe Shelby's Raid*," a poem too long for publication here, but filled with a recapitulation of the events of the march. Everything passed off delightfully, and the company separated filled with the pleasures and the enjoyments of the occasion.

About the middle of November, Marmaduke had concentrated his troops, consisting of his own brigade, under command of Colonel Colton Greene, Cabell's brigade, under command of Colonel J. C. Monroe, Dobbins' brigade, under command of Colonel R. C. Newton, and that portion of Shelby's brigade that did not accompany him into Missouri, under command of Colonel G. W. Thompson, at Princeton, preparatory to an expedition against Pine Bluff, then held by Colonel Powell Clayton, with twelve or fifteen hundred Federal troops. Colonel Clayton was an officer of activity and

enterprise, clear-headed, quick to conceive, and bold and rapid to execute. His success in the field had caused him, and no doubt correctly, to be considered the ablest Federal commander of cavalry west of the Mississippi river, and it was naturally supposed that he could not be taken out of his stronghold with impunity. Marmaduke, therefore, made his arrangements with more than ordinary care. His scouts felt well up in the direction of Pine Bluff, and reported everything quiet in that vicinity, and the Federal commander as being unsuspecting of an impending attack.

Marmaduke moved his column out from Princeton, filled with high hope, on a clear fall morning, intending by a rapid movement to reach, surprise, and attack the enemy by daylight on the succeeding morning. But the road crossing the Bayou Bartholomew bottom was found to be so exceedingly heavy, when cut up by the passage over it of thousands of horses, that the artillery could make but slow progress, and so much time was lost by the unavoidable delay that there occurred, that the head of the column did not reach the immediate vicinity of Pine Bluff until after the sun had risen. Marmaduke, impressed with the belief that Clayton, overawed by his superior force, would surrender without hazarding an engagement, and with a view to avoid as far as possible the useless sacrifice of his men, divided his command into three columns that were to menace a simultaneous attack. Colonel Monroe held the left, Colonel Newton the right, and Colonel Green the center. The attack was not to open until the different columns got into position, when two shots fired from the artillery in the center were to be the signal for the onset. The distance that the different columns had to move being unequal, Monroe got into position a half or three quarters of an hour before the others. As soon as the center column reached its appointed ground, Marmaduke sent in an officer with a flag of truce, demanding a surrender. The enemy refused to receive the flag, and the signal of attack was given. The surprise was in itself complete, but it chanced that the attack occurred on Sunday, and the whole force of the enemy was in line, undergoing the inspection usual on the morning of that day, and the

Federal commander actively employed the half hour of warning that Marmaduke's dispositions gave him, to erect hasty fortifications of cotton bales around the court-house and the public square, planting his artillery in the angles, so as to sweep the streets leading up to the central point that he occupied.

At the sound of the signal the Confederates drove the enemy rapidly before them into their fortifications. But having got them in, the difficulty remained to get them out again. The Confederates captured and burned the negro encampments above and below the town; destroyed or appropriated all the Federal commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance supplies; seized their cavalry, and draught-horses, and mules, and in many instances the personal effects of the officers, of which, however, they took only their public and official papers; and, in short, held the town and everything in it, except the small area inclosed by their cotton bales. In the meantime the main body of the troops were actively employed in attempting to dislodge the enemy. The soldiers took advantage of every kind of covering—houses, trees, and the inequalities of the ground—to pick off every man who exposed himself to view, while the artillery kept up a brisk fire at the court-house, and exploded their shells continuously within the fortifications. After five or six hours of fighting in this manner, it became apparent that the attacking force was making but little if any progress in the work of dislodgment; and, as an auxiliary measure, the efficacy of fire was determined on. The buildings on one side of the public square were fired, but the wind shifted, or they were too far removed for heat and smoke to seriously incommode the enemy, or from both causes combined, the effort proved unavailing.

No course now remained but to charge the fortifications along the streets swept by the enemy's artillery, and take them out of their stronghold by direct assault, or to relinquish the attempt altogether, and retire, content with the spoils already secured. Most of the officers, and no doubt most of the soldiers as well, were in favor of the course first named; but Marmaduke, after

some hesitation, considering that it would cost the lives of two hundred and fifty or three hundred of his best men to secure the possession of a place that he could hold at most only a few hours, and that there were no remunerative advantages to counterbalance this severe loss, except the bare name of victory achieved, concluded to withdraw his forces. The movement in retreat was made without difficulty. The enemy, however, with something of the spirit of bravado, threw out the Fifth Kansas cavalry (Clayton's own regiment) dismounted, to press Marmaduke's rear, and add as much as possible to his further discomfiture. The Fifth Kansas, though having a somewhat damaged reputation in the way of appropriating other people's goods and marauding generally, was, unquestionably, a dashing body of troops in battle, and prided itself upon never having met with a serious reverse. Marmaduke dismounted Green's regiment to receive it. The Confederates were drawn up along the edge of a small open field, through which the road passed. The enemy advanced rapidly and in line, and burst suddenly into the open space, confronting at the distance of sixty or eighty yards the Confederate line. The two commands were about equal in numbers, and both very determined. They delivered their volleys almost simultaneously, and both stood their ground firmly, and delivered a second and a third fire, and whichever gained the advantage, the Fifth Kansas made no further pursuit. In this deadly little episode among the Confederate loss was Lieutenant William Biser, adjutant of the regiment, and an officer of more than ordinary information and gallantry. Marmaduke also had his favorite horse shot under him—a horse known for his many warlike and fearful virtues, and that had the additional recommendation to his owner of having been presented to him nearly a year previously by the soldiers of Shelby's brigade.

The event of this expedition subjected Marmaduke to some just criticism and to a great deal of unjust denunciation. His failure resulted, no doubt, in great part, from too great a desire to preserve

the lives of his men, and from his supposition that Clayton would be actuated by the same motive, leading him to avoid a useless effusion of blood. He thought it necessary only to surround the place to secure its immediate surrender; and in this he was probably correct, only that he did not foresee that the Federal commander would have his men in line undergoing inspection, nor that cotton bales would be at hand, ready to be used as a formidable means of defense. Had he not used his artillery as a means of intimidation, acting under this view of the subject, he would probably have left it behind in the heavy mud of Bayou Bartholomew bottom, with a sufficient guard for its protection, to have come up later in the day. In a rapid assault the artillery would have been necessarily almost entirely useless. Nor would he have delayed the attack of the different columns as they came into position, but would have ordered their advance at once, and thus have given the enemy sufficient employment to have prevented their raising breastworks, however convenient the material for doing so. The result under such circumstances can hardly be a matter of speculation; for though Clayton might have been able to hold in check, or even to press back either one of the columns repeatedly, yet the other column striking him successively in flank and rear, must speedily have demoralized his command, and have ended in their total destruction or surrender.

When he refused to take the place by assault, he understood thoroughly that the failure of the expedition would be used remorselessly against himself personally; but considering that he had failed to take it in the first place by miscalculation of his own, he declined to retrieve the error he had made by a deadly sacrifice of the blood of his men without any compensating advantages. If in this he erred, the error was not one of selfishness; and certainly his men would rather have paid the debt, heavy as it would have been, than have gone back worsted by an enemy inferior in numbers.

This battle at Pine Bluff occurred during Colonel Shelby's

absence in Missouri, and the author is indebted for its description, as he is for the accounts of the battles of Poison Spring, Jenkins' Ferry, and Ditch Bayou, to a young friend whose generosity is only equaled by his ability, and who, as a peerless young Trans-Mississippi cavalry officer, desired to have incorporated in their proper sequence those actions which reflected such renown upon that arm of the service.

CHAPTER XV.

JUST after getting comfortably settled into camp at Washington, General Kirby Smith came from Shreveport to Camden, intending to make a campaign against Little Rock and drive Steele across to Duvall's Bluff if possible. Colonel Shelby received marching orders immediately and broke up camp at once. The movement upon Camden was the severest one of the year. The night of the second day's march came in with a terrible snow storm, unusually heavy for the latitude, which, being followed by ten days of bitter, freezing weather, rendered traveling difficult and disagreeable. Through it all, however, the brigade struggled, and finally arrived at Camden to find the expedition abandoned because no rations and transportation had been provided by General Holmes, just as if the old man had ever provided anything in his life by the time it was needed. The garrison at Camden required meat, and General Fagan was sent across the river and even as far as the Saline to bring in large supplies of hogs from the rich pasture lands about Pine Bluff and Monticello. Of course Shelby had to go, notwithstanding the exhausting raid just triumphantly concluded, and he took post near Mount Elba Ferry, sending over Colonel Elliott with two hundred men to scout for porkers as he would do for Federals. Elliott had nearly finished his packing commission, when General Clayton, holding Pine Bluff, came suddenly down to break up the business with eight hundred of his Kansans and two pieces of artillery. The fight lasted two hours and was very hot and stubbornly contested. Elliott finally retreated, McCoy bringing up the rear with his old company in fine style.

The hog expedition, as far as the hogs were concerned, was a success, but not much glory accrued in a military sense. Clayton's force was inferior to Fagan's and should have been cooped up in Pine

Bluff while the live stock was being withdrawn from under his very guns. Small detachments, however, were only thrown across the Saline river, and these had no community of action nor depended upon each other for mutual assistance and advice. When one gained the advance of another, Clayton's force, concentrated and compact, dashed down upon it and drove it in rapidly, which would cause Fagan to concentrate all his brigades in expectation of a general attack. Clayton then made a few polite bows and retired in turn quite gracefully until some other weak and isolated detachment, following on his heels, aroused a hornet's nest.

Scouting parties sent from Shelby's brigade, although numerous and led by daring officers, could accomplish but little. Captain Oliver Redd, his aid-de-camp, took with him ten men—Clay Evans, Sam. Downing, James Kirtly, Elhanan Stafford, Jim Rudd, Tom Ustick, John Isbell, Felix Graves, Ab. Jeffreys and Lem Cochran, and met and attacked a Federal lieutenant, Greathouse, leading a rival party of twenty Kansans. Captain Redd charged and dispersed this detachment, killing four, wounding seven, and bringing five prisoners to General Shelby.

Captain Bob Adams, with fifty men, the next day, successfully encountered a superior force, charged and drove it pell mell to within four miles of Pine Bluff, returning with twenty captured horses and a dozen or so prisoners.

The restless and insatiate Arthur McCoy—whose energy and battle-intellect were Titanic—hovered around Clayton for three days, cut off two picket posts, captured seven wagons, killed a notorious Union bushwhacker living near Pine Bluff, and returned loaded with arms and accouterments. Thus, while the scouting operations were going on continually, great droves of hogs were crowding the road to Camden, followed soon by the forces of General Fagan.

Lingering three or four days among the pines around this frozen, winter-girdled town, enduring extreme cold without tents or shelter of any kind, the brigade at last went into winter quarters eight miles below, on the Washita river, where comfortable houses were built from green cottonwood planks, and a regular town laid out,

constructed, and inhabited in five or six days. The long winter months, broken by alternate snows, freezes, and thaws, were spent in hard drilling when the weather permitted, and upon the most meager and damnable rations imaginable. Every soldier sighed for active operations, and the chance once more to ride down some laden commissary train. A great sham battle at Camden gave the brigade an opportunity to burn a little harmless powder, and amuse some hundred or two curious ladies gathered from the country around about. This was the last battle General Holmes ever planned in the Trans-Mississippi, and it resulted as the others before it had done—in “noise and smoke,” except in this, there were no pale victims left to chide his folly. He soon left the department forever as a commander, and was succeeded in his Arkansas district by Major General Sterling Price. As Holmes rode from the undefended city of Little Rock, he remarked sententiously to General Marmaduke: “Steele will make no effort to pursue; it is not the wish of his government to disturb us now; *we are an army of prisoners and self-supporting at that.*” This last expression has been attributed to General Grant, but it was wrung from the despairing lips of Holmes as he marched away from a position needlessly given up, and from a city left undefended to its fate.

The days lengthened. The flown away birds when the last snow fell came back to the meadow bars and sunned themselves upon the warm hill-sides. The river, shrunken before as the heart of disappointed love, felt the Spring moons shining softly down over the great cottonwoods, and expanded visibly from bank to bank, now and then breaking into joyous ripples the sullen waves of winter. Hearing nothing—for military oracles never visited camp “John C. Moore,” and learning nothing from the customary channels—for not a soldier did duty about the outposts—the brigade remained in blissful and refreshing ignorance of all unreliable rumors and misbegotten reports; yet ominous preparations at General Price’s headquarters, who succeeded General Holmes in command of the district of Arkansas, told well and joyfully that the dreary camp-life was almost ended.

Suddenly, on the 23d of March, 1864, Colonel Shelby was ordered north of Washita river to garrison Princeton, hold the line of the Saline, cover all roads leading into Camden, and annoy the enemy in every disagreeable manner his known ingenuity might invent. Price's full brass-band escorted the Iron Brigade through the streets of Camden, and as the veteran soldiers marched along, conscious of their own glory and renown—impassable, firm, superbly armed and mounted—they contributed a spectacle more imposing and cheering than the desponding citizens had ever witnessed before. Many breathed freer when the river had been crossed and it was known that Shelby stood between Camden and its enemies.

Colonel Shelby was soon busy at work and having everything his own way. Captain Wilkinson crossed the Saline with fifty men, captured eighteen Federals and two hundred fat beeves. Lieutenant Wolfenbarger brought into camp seventeen prisoners, twenty-nine cavalry horses, and eleven sutler wagons loaded with everything a gourmand might wish, besides nineteen boxes of first-class cognac. Shelby had served too long as an old campaigner to waste these good things upon post and district quartermasters, so he only sent back to Camden the mules, wagons, and prisoners, and a dozen or two bottles of brandy for "Old Pap," and distributed the rest among his deserving soldiers.

Colonel Frank Gordon was stationed in Princeton with discretionary powers, and he, too, did good work. Ten or fifteen detachments sent to the front returned loaded with captured wagons, supplies, prisoners, and horses. The Federals had evidently not been aroused from their winter's sleep, and fell by hundreds into the traps laid by the wily Confederates.

In this connection, a dozen or so words for Princeton. Cosily nestled away among its green, prolific hills and quiet, refreshing valleys, it was filled brimful with some among the purest and best Southern people on earth. For the sick it had hospitals; for the timid it had words of hope and courage; for the brave smiles of exquisite grace and beauty. Out in front of Westport, along the low, rough fence at Newtonia—where Smith fell, and Shelby saved an army—

there were forms lying stark and still under the sober Autumn skies having close about their hearts the precious talismans given by the patriotic girls of Princeton.

Colonel Shelby determined to give Little Rock a wholesome scare, and selected accordingly Captains D. Williams and Bob Adams, with fifty men each, to make a night attack upon the 3d Missouri cavalry, keeping grand guards on the Camden road three miles from the capital. Their camp was surrounded and charged from all sides at daylight. Many were killed and wounded in the darkness, while the survivors fled on foot into the city, abandoning horses, arms, camp equipage and even the vital road itself. Williams and Adams separating, returned by different roads, but not until two more blows had been struck upon the enemy, now thoroughly aroused and in motion.

Captain Bob Tucker, on a scouting expedition above Benton, heard one evening of a ball to be given at some loyal man's house five or six miles from Little Rock, and he resolved to attend without even an invitation. Those who dance must pay the fiddler, says an adage old as the Plymouth Rock blarney-stone at least, and as Bob Tucker and his rascally dragoons did not dance they had nothing to pay of course. There were with him only fifteen men, but stalking the house in true pioneer fashion, he had it surrounded before a horse could be mounted or a pistol fired. Twelve stolid, simple looking Wisconsin infantrymen were picked up and marched off in triumph, and Captain Tucker remained behind just long enough to admonish the *amiable* hostess that in future, when such *recherche* affairs were to come off, it might be better to make her invitations a little more general.

Events gathered fast; war clouds clustered dark all about the horizon, and two armies started simultaneously for Shreveport. The largest under Banks, moved by Red river upon Shreveport; and the best, under Steele, by land upon Camden. The success of one necessitated the triumph of the other, and both had to be driven back or the Trans Mississippi Department was in danger. The time, too, for battle had arrived. The army, exasperated and dispir-

ited by continual and systematic retreats, must be fought or disbanded; and Smith concentrated his entire infantry strength upon Banks, leaving the cavalry to manage Steele and harass his movements until the issue had been decided on Red river.

Shelby lay along the Saline covering ground to the extent of fifty miles, his scouts traversing the entire country around Little Rock and Pine Bluff, and far down the river below. Steele's movements were admirable and precise. News came in from every direction that he was moving upon Camden, but in what force the best spies had not been able to determine. Gordon, right in his path at Princeton, covered his flanks and rear with scouts, but nothing reliable could be gained. Shelby, quickly gathering up his entire strength, waited quietly for Steele to pass when he intended to throw himself upon the rear and deal him heavy blows. The numbers of the invading army were yet unknown, and Colonel Shelby sent Lea, Toney, Wills, Spainhour, Wolfenbarger, Tom Walton, Adams, Dickey, Langhorne, Plattenburg, and a dozen more to determine definitely and surely before returning. They did it quickly, but the tale to tell had much about it that was dark and gloomy. Steele had passed through Rockport with thirteen thousand soldiers of all arms, and forty-eight pieces of artillery, being now well on the road to the Washita river. Immediate pursuit was ordered, and the brigade in splendid fighting trim took the broad big road trampled smooth by the feet of Steele's compact battalions. The Federals crossed at Arkadelphia—Shelby eight miles below, while a scout under Dan. Ingram dashed into the town and captured Steele's rear-guard of two cavalry companies, officers, horses, and all. Very good so far, and the first blood for the Confederates. The evening before the battle of the next day and ere the river had been crossed, Colonel Shelby received the first intimation that Congress had confirmed his appointment as Brigadier General. The information came in a kind letter from Colonel Colton Greene, than whom no braver nor better officer ever drew sword, and who was rising rapidly into fame and prominence just as the Southern sun went down in blood. He paid a generous tribute to his comrade's worth; wished

him future glory and success; and closed by saying: "Whatever laurels the future has in store for you, be sure none can be greener and fresher than those already bound upon your brow."

Promotions are not always given to the most deserving, and long months of active and successful service create sometimes no recognition beyond empty compliments and cheap notoriety in general orders. The capacity to do and to suffer is rare indeed, and can not be purchased without genius nor flattered by burnished sabers and glittering regimentals. The country—alas! for her desire and uses—had too many butterfly brigadiers, gyrating around correspondents and absorbing newspaper notoriety under the transient sunshine of congressional or executive favoritism. The remoteness of the Trans-Mississippi Department from Richmond; the lack of all official information concerning it; and a foregone intention to abandon it as soon as possible, made the merits of its officers little understood—their service and their victories ignored and unappreciated. Occidentals could do nothing right, nor could the mantle of genius cover many beyond the sacred precincts of West Point; yet, when the plain story had been told to Mr. Davis, and explained to Congress of how Colonel Shelby had fought, marched, bled, gained and triumphed—his appointment was confirmed and the commission made out with promising alacrity.

General Shelby was too busy with battle preparations to rejoice even over the proud but well merited promotion, for ammunition had to be issued in plentiful quantities; Collins' new splendid four-gun battery must be looked to with parental eyes; five days' rations were to cook and stow away, and every wagon but a small ammunition train sent to the rear. All these various duties were not finished until nearly sunset, when the brigade was assembled under arms, orders issued to move precisely at moonrise—which came just at twelve o'clock—and the war orders read to the eager and impatient men.

"*Soldiers of Shelby's Brigade*: You march in four hours to attack the enemy. He is strong, well equipped, and not deficient in courage, but I intend that you shall ride down his infantry and

scatter his battalions by the splendor of your charge. You have just four hours to say your prayers, make your needful preparations, and nerve your hearts for the onset. It will be desperate, because you are brave; bloody, because you are reckless; and tenacious, because I am to-day a Confederate Brigadier General. I have told you often about our homes, our country, and our glorious cause—to-day, I simply appeal to your ambition, your fame, your spotless reputation and your eternal renown. Strike as you struck at Marshall; charge as you charged at Marshall, and the day is won."

Then a great shout went up from three thousand soldiers when their hopes were at last realized, and their loved leader stood before them entitled to wear the wreath and the broad buff sash. Changes, too, had been made in the brigade during its winter's rest. Shanks was a full Colonel, Frank Gordon also; Thompson no longer commanded the 3d Regiment, and Smith had been elected in his place. Blackwell was Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st, and Captain George Gordon promoted to Major, while Lieutenant Colonel Erwin came in next to Shanks in the 2d, and Captain Vivion to the Majorship. Elliott had also recruited his battalion to a full regiment, and Captain Wash McDaniel was elected Lieutenant Colonel, with Captain Walton as Major. Heroic officers all, and tried in the fire of a hundred conflicts.

This battery of Collins' was one of the features of the old brigade, too, and the men had a species of tender love and reverence for the guns. They wanted them in their midst. They desired to camp around them; they swore to protect them, and they inevitably cheered them whenever their voices thundered out over the field. The artillery company was composed of merry, frolicking, devil-may-care fellows, ever ready for fun and fighting. First commanded by Joseph Bledsoe, brother of the celebrated Hi. Bledsoe, whose "Old Sacramento" was a household word in Missouri, and afterward by Captain Richard A. Collins, the battery was Shelby's pet. When not required elsewhere, he was always close up to his guns. He had a passion for artillery, and would frequently dis-

mount under the hottest fire to coolly sight and discharge one piece after another, although Collins would sometimes hint rather broadly that he had twenty men much better shots than their General. The organization also was peculiar, and the officers were possessed of various qualifications. On the field Collins was unsurpassable, and considered the finest battery commander in Smith's army. First Lieutenant Dave Harris possessed all the courage and iron firmness of Collins, with more of reticence and less of demonstration. Lieutenant Jake Connor was ornamental, stylish, and kept up its reputation among the ladies. Lieutenant Inglehart had the energy of Shelby himself, and a business tact peculiar and profitable to his company. Lieutenant Coleman Smith was cultivated and refined, studying artillery as a science, and coolly and effectively putting into practice on the battle-field the scientific facts and demonstrations he had delved from books in the silence and solitude of the woods. Lieutenant Luther Wayman, who afterward preferred the cavalry, had great ideas of dash and enterprise. His element was to gallop about rapidly with one gun, fire from sudden and unlooked for points, and then away again to another *outré* position. The non-commissioned officers and privates were always chosen because of something sturdy and daring about their character, and for some quixotic act accomplished. The escapades and mad-cap adventures of John Cloudesly, Joe Cooper, Jack Anthony, Joe Graham, Chas. Davis, Tom Pritchard, John Williams, Jimmy O'Grady, Jeff. Elliott, Silas Starkes, Ben. Hainline, Frank Ward, Billy Grigsby, Henry Grigsby, John and Alec Cooper, Dave Smith, Gus Armstrong, Joe Beale, John Graham, George Wilcox, John Paul, James Lindsay, Wm. Pollack, James Hamilton, Charley Tyler, and Wesly Beale would fill a larger volume than this. The bugler, too—Uncle Tommy Wilcox—was a genius. An old, gray-haired veteran of the Mexican war, he had lost none of the fire and courage of youth, but marshaled his men to the drill and to battle with a bugle whose tones were strikingly loud and harmonious.

Another peculiar feature of Collins' immortal battery was its *bear*—a veritable, good-natured, intelligent black bear. Shelby's

silence about the column now became fearful and thrilling with coming death.

Beyond the river the broad wire road from Arkadelphia to Washington lay before the brigade, cut into almost bottomless pits by the iron wheels of innumerable wagons, and abundant unmistakable signs told that the rear was near at hand. Thorp led the advance, and Shelby had ordered him to charge from the first, charge upon sight, and charge continually. At a large frame house on the right of the road, and just about two miles from where Steele's rear was overtaken, lived Colonel Boseman, a substantial farmer and strong Secessionist. Some two dozen ladies were congregated there in every temperature of excitement, for the hands of the spoilers had been laid heavily upon their goods, and as the house stood in a central position, they assembled for mutual condolence and sympathy. When the head of Shelby's brigade marched firmly and defiantly down the road so near to Steele, these poor women went frantic almost with joy and revenge. They cried, shouted, praised God, sang psalms, and one of the younger ones even went so far as to throw her arms around Captain Charley Jones and bid him march to the battle with a "firm reliance upon heaven and the right." "Heaven's a mighty good place for angels," whispered Jones, returning the ardent pressure of the beautiful devotee, "but this earth will do me very well just now, especially when I can gaze into such eyes as I do at this moment." Whether his bold, bad looks destroyed the spell or whether the religious fit passed off he could not tell, but true it was she broke away like some frightened bird, and fluttered off to the house in sweet confusion.

Ah! danger ahead. Thorp's quick eyes saw blue forms in the road above, and several hundred more swarming around a large, cool spring drinking by file. This was a heavy brigade of infantry covering Steele's rear, and led by a General Rice, never known before perhaps—but still General Rice commanding a grim brigade. "Steady, men, steady" were the low, calm words of Thorp as he dashed splendidly down upon the infantry in the road, the infantry around the spring, and the unseen infantry in line among the bushes

beyond. Through the ranks under a deadly fire sweeping the road on the right and left, sabering, stabbing, shooting the disjointed companies, Thorp thundered on, glorying in his young manhood, and that one word "forward" coming loud on the breeze from Shelby's lips. The infantry regiment in the rear rallied across the road and delivered one murderous, deadly fire. Thorp went down in the battle's van badly shot, his horse dead across his body, and by his side, in the blood and the mire of that fatal lane, were Kavanaugh, Little, Prior, Wills, Marshall, Levy, Smith, the brothers Lascy and twenty others dead or dying. Shelby heard the fierce roar of the battle storm in front and came on at a gallop. Rice retreated rapidly and gained a splendid position. On the right into the line went the brigade at a run, and advanced swiftly upon the crouching infantry in the woods—horses against steel; naked bosoms against logs and trees. Elliott, on the left in a large field, felt the whirlwind first, and three times he charged the woods, and three times he was repulsed. Shelby saw his devoted efforts and galloped to the front. "My gallant boys, it will not do, you have no backs to show. Once more—once more, and follow me!" Leading this heroic regiment upon the muzzles of two thousand muskets, General Shelby broke the enemy's line and poured his column through the gap. Gordon and Vivion charged so fiercely that numbers of horses fell bayoneted, and Captain Adams rode three times through the ranks, backward and forward. Collins had been busy too and fought his battery magnificently. The dead and wounded of the advance were tenderly sent to the rear, and General Shelby called to him Captain D. Williams. "I can not compliment an officer more pointedly," he said, "than by assigning to him a post of imminent danger. Take command of the advance so nobly led by Captain Thorp, and let me see you do good work this day." Williams did do good work, and wherever the firing was hottest and the bullets thickest, there were the forms of the decimated forlorn hope—there were Williams and his beautiful gray steed. Rice in full retreat, yet in admirable order, was pursued with a bitterness never before exhibited by the brigade, and he sent for immediate succor. Steele gave him another brigade

and one six-gun battery. With these heavy reinforcements Rice made a vigorous stand and fought desperately. The woods fired during the retreat of the Federals now blazed fiercely everywhere, consuming alike their dead and wounded. In the face of blinding smoke, heat, and whirling cinders from the dry trees on fire, the brigade advanced to the attack of this second position. The six-gun battery opened at once, but Collins silenced it by a dozen rounds, and the infantry and cavalry joined battle. For two hours it was evenly balanced, a brigade against a division. General Shelby lost another of his famous sorrels, his saddle holsters were shot away and blood drawn in two places from touching bullets, yet he hurled his whole force in one desperate charge upon Rice's right, rode over for the second time the 9th Wisconsin Infantry, and scattered the Federals through the woods like partridges. Until darkness stopped pursuit the chase went swiftly on. Prisoners were brought in by companies, the dead and wounded strown through the woods for miles in extent, and Rice shot twice, hatless and swordless, finally reached the main army, swearing he fought nothing but devils who rode horses upon his bayonets and shot his infantry in square with revolvers. Rice spoke simple truth and nothing more. But twice afterward and never before had Shelby's brigade fought so desperately and so persistently for eight long hours. Never, perhaps, in the war had a column of cavalry rode over veteran infantry in chosen positions among heavy timber, a strong wind blowing fierce flames in their faces, and the ground filled with ravines and streams of deep and running water. Not a company wavered nor a regiment faltered. The lines advanced with unbroken front and galloped into column when the chase was at its best. Many old soldiers fell in this day's battle—nearly two hundred—but the enemy suffered fearfully and the Confederates were satisfied. The last struggle took place after it became too dark to distinguish objects four rods away. Lieutenant Colonel Blackwell, Colonel Elliott, and Major George Gordon, with several companies nearest cut off three hundred Federals operating on their extreme right from the road which was on the left, and chased them helter skelter through the woods. They

were Dutch, and believing it to be death in the end made a desperate resistance; but they were at last killed or captured, and the survivors brought into camp late at night. Nearly four hundred prisoners were concentrated and sent to General Price's headquarters, with a brief statement of Steele's force, the operations of the day, and the probable destination of his army. This had been the first authentic news received, and it came to wondering and despairing hearts like the dew on a summer's hill.

Very tired and sternly bent on further fighting, General Shelby bivouacked upon the battlefield, waiting patiently for the morning. During the night trusty scouts brought tidings of Rice's junction, and of the massing of Steele's army ten miles in front. Citizens came in steadily bringing provisions and ministering to the wounded. They had tasted Federal occupation and found it bitter and disagreeable. There were a few stars in the sky and many shadows among the trees when the advance moved out early upon the road, along which numbers of the overpowered Federals were sleeping, broken down by fatigue and incessant marching. Steele's army was encountered in a line of battle two miles long, cavalry well in advance and batteries all along the front. He had mistaken Shelby's attack for the blow of an army, and waited to give general action. This mistake favored operations wonderfully, and Shelby immediately bore down upon the cavalry drawn up in a large field before the infantry line stationed upon the crests of a long series of hills, steep and precipitate. It seemed like child's play to drive back these timid horsemen, and General Steele soon sent forward a brigade of infantry, whose skirmishers advanced rapidly to the attack. The battle grew fierce in a moment. Smith's regiment had repulsed one sudden charge, and Elliott had nearly executed an admirable flank movement, when one of those sudden, fearful hurricanes came roaring out of the sky, so peculiar and so familiar in southern latitudes. The air became dark as midnight. The cloud billows, lashed to fury by the incarnate whip of the wind, piled higher and higher their sable masses all over the heavens. The blare of bugles and the clatter of musketry were hushed instantly in the valley below.

The power of Omnipotence thundered in the elements and stilled the puny strife of man by the shadow of a great darkness. Both armies paused in strife, and stood shudderingly in battle order. Shelby marked the roar of the coming hurricane and sent swift orders for Elliott to return, lest in the gloom and darkness his way might be lost. The skirmishers halted and rallied by fours, while Collins stood amid his silent guns listening to the blasts of heaven's artillery, more fearful than all the cannon on earth. Presently the hurricane burst in its fury and tore the trees into shreds of shivered, twisted wood. The hail was terrific and bent to the earth whole regiments crouching for protection against its stones falling heavy and hard as bullets. Two enormous oaks, torn from the firm earth, fell prostrate in Gordon's regiment, scattering the ranks not often broken, but its leader marked the yielding giants and gave a timely shout of warning. One huge, hot wave of wind, the lightning's keen spur in its naked bosom, tore down in front of Smith's regiment and mowed a ghastly swarth through the bending and terrified trees, piling the distorted limbs and trunks in one vast mass of interlaced and intermingled wood. For two hours this terrible storm raged with fearful power. On every side came the crash of falling oaks and the thunder of splintered timber. The murky air grew red with the hot breath of the lightning, making the darkness more dense and appalling. Horses reared and snorted in ungovernable fright, scared and aggravated by such bursts of thunder as shook the earth, and hurled the hailstones down harder and thicker. Slowly the air grew lighter—the wind became less mighty—and the sulphurous stench in the atmosphere died out by degrees. Forgetting the awful lesson of Divinity, and thinking only of blood and victory, General Shelby renewed the fight from amid the fortifications made by the fallen timber, and drove infantry and cavalry from the field below, back upon the main line on the hills. Steele not caring, perhaps, to uncover his front, and, doubtless, busy with preparations to cross the Little Missouri river, retired his forces, and left only a hard, naked line of massive infantry impossible to be penetrated by a single brigade of cavalry. General Shelby marched its

entire length in column, firing at every battery visible, and trying every species of bravado to draw down some opposing forces into the valley. Thrice artillery opened upon him at long range, but speedily retired as soon as Collins got into position, while some of his daring scouts went to the rear of the line and brought the pioneers engaged in making roads into camp. Night coming on, the brigade withdrew three miles for water and forage, ready to renew the fight the next day.

The last position taken before retiring—the position which preceded the last fight—developed a most curious and amusing incident. In front of the lines, and directly upon the crest of an abrupt hill, was a large log cabin, substantial in structure and surrounded by fruit trees and shrubbery. Below this house and nearer to the troops were probably ten or fifteen beehives, from the natural gum to the elaborate and more intricate box, with sliding panels and treacherous caps. Few noticed these little houses at first; but, by-and-by, a twelve pounder howitzer added its deep, sullen voice to the battle-din in front. The third or fourth shell exploded fairly and midway the line of hives—splintered two or three, knocked over as many more, and raised the very mischief with the fierce and vengeful inhabitants. Out they poured with wings all tense and daggers poisoned. First a swarm, and then a cloud—buzzing, singing, biting, stinging. All among the horses; in the hair and the faces of the men; in the rear, in front, on flanks—everywhere the mimic battle went on. For several minutes the cannonade of the enemy was forgotten, and the fatal bullets of his skirmishers unheard. Horses reared and plunged furiously; the men broke ranks and rushed ludicrously hither and thither, trying in vain to elude the torturing insects. Shelby swore and stormed, but at length he was attacked in turn and rode hurriedly into a clump of bushes to rid himself of the tantalizing pests, followed by the insatiate bees and the noisy laughter of his men. The misery of being literally stung to death was intolerable. The bravest flinched, and twisted, and dodged about with unsoldierly alacrity. The line was fast getting mixed up and the bees were reinforcing every moment. The officers

could only laugh immoderately and shout commands that were never heeded. At last, cutting the gordian knot by one stroke, Shelby ordered an advance much against his will, for he desired greatly that the Federals should march down further, and the entire line pressed forward with glad cries, really willing to fight a bloody combat rather than to endure five minutes more of such *stinging* misery. The battle ended with this episode, and the day's work was over.

The utmost caution was necessary now to guard against surprise, and the unusual desire of General Steele to avoid battle more than confirmed the opinion of his meditated strategy. Sure enough, about eleven o'clock at night, Lieutenant Wills, scouting toward the Little Missouri river, sent trusty messengers with the information that Steele's entire cavalry force had passed down to the left of General Shelby's camp, and taken position four miles in his rear, with the intention as the prisoners captured and sent in would testify, to attack him at daylight in the rear, while a heavy body of infantry was to engage simultaneously in front, and thus crush at a blow the "infernal tenacity of Shelby's bloodhounds," as Steele laconically expressed it. Shelby moved camp immediately beyond the road traveled by the cavalry column, withdrew his pickets as if retreating, and lay in line of battle until it was barely light enough to see his way over ravines and gullies, when he marched squarely against the old position taken the first part of the preceding night, and struck the cavalry column of Steele upon its march to the fancied surprise. So completely was it out-generaled and cut up that but few shots were fired, and in its frantic flight it rode over and stampered the infantry coming to its relief. The short distance from Steele's impregnable position alone saved the fugitives. Many were killed and captured, and the nice little piece of strategy fixed up so quietly recoiled upon their own heads with a cruel force.

In the hot charge made by Thorp on the morning of the first day's fighting, there rode by his side a young Lieutenant of Marmaduke's escort—fresh, blooming, a brave light in his fine eyes, and a manly smile, full of hope and high endeavor on his bronzed face. This peerless officer, Lieutenant Daniel Trigg, had been sent

by Marmaduke the day before with important orders to Shelby, and came safely through the perils of field and flood, successfully accomplishing his errand, and naturally proud, too, that the mission had been so thoroughly performed. When Thorp sounded his fierce shout of defiance, he dashed away with the advance, splendidly and recklessly, and, fighting heroically in the battle's van, fell dreadfully and mortally wounded. He was borne from the field to die—he the kind, the gentle, and the brave. The South offered up no purer sacrifice; the brigade mourned no truer heart; war claimed no prouder victim; and his friends wept over no more precious clay, crowned with immortality and the grief of an army.

General Steele crossed the Little Missouri river the next day with his entire army, after having been reinforced by several thousand troops from Fort Smith, under General Thayer, and General Shelby crossed the same river five miles below, marching to Steele's front and taking position on Prairie d'Ann, a beautiful stretch of smooth, level land bordering the bottom, in whose muddy and pestilential marshes Steele still struggled, having to corduroy every mile of ground before he could advance his huge train to firmer soil. Five miles in the rear of this prairie, General Price and General Marmaduke were fortifying, and determined, ostensibly, to make a fight in front of Camden. General Gano came from the Indian nation with several regiments of Texans and Choctaws, making the whole cavalry force, when united, about seven thousand. Three days passed slowly away waiting for Steele to get ready, broken by incessant skirmishing and occasionally a shock or two of outlying regiments. While basking in the sunlight on this emerald Arkansas prairie, two of General Price's staff came out to the front to see how Shelby managed out-post work and handled his troops in battle. These officers were Colonel T. L. Snead and Colonel J. F. Belton. There had been a long lull in the skirmishing before their arrival, which lasted an hour or so beyond, and they talked and looked around inquiringly. Colonel Snead believed Shelby to be a capital fighter—very brave and tenacious—and a kind of good fellow who had but little discipline and control over his men. Presently, Captain Frank-

lin, doing duty on the nearest outpost to Steele, became hotly engaged and reported a heavy advance of cavalry. Then Shelby astonished them. The quiet conversational gentleman changed instantly into a quick, nervous, vigorous soldier. The laughter and songs about the camps hushed instantly. Orderlies galloped away swiftly for a few moments; half a dozen bugles rang out shrilly and keen, when, as if by magic and in an inconceivably short space of time, the fires were abandoned and the formed and marching regiments were thronging quietly to the front, the artillery prepared, the position chosen, the lines formed, and Shelby coolly waiting for the attack. "I did not know him then," said the manly and gallant Sneed, "but never before have I witnessed such remarkable celerity and intelligence displayed by any officer. His camp seemed to have neither front, nor flank; but let a rifle crack or ten skirmishers fire a volley, and Shelby is in his saddle at the head of every man." No battle, however, took place this day, and the regiments returned silently to camp.

The next day about two o'clock in the evening, Steele came sure enough, driving everything before him from the timber and pouring line after line upon the naked prairie. Shelby was always ready, and having previously selected his position, about midway between the camp of Steele and the fortifications of Price, on the long crest of a little narrow ridge, prepared quietly for the desperate combat close at hand. General Steele advanced slowly, but in beautiful array. Far as the eye could reach might be seen the glitter of burnished arms and the proud flutter of embroidered banners. The skirmishers, deployed along the whole front in one unbroken line, kept exact time and distance. Dockery, on the left, soon quit the contest, for the force thrown upon him was very heavy, and nothing stood between the Federal hosts and General Price but the Iron Brigade, drawn up on either side of Collins' immortal battery. Shelby opened fire first with artillery, and, as if by magic, and before almost a shell had exploded, two magnificent six-gun batteries galloped up in advance of the skirmishers and concentrated a heavy fire upon Collins and the exposed horsemen bestriding their steeds

as calmly as if on dress parade. Collins fought on under a fire more destructive than even *he* had ever endured before. The two batteries, unable to silence his guns, were reinforced by another, and still another, until twenty-four pieces of cannon were pouring a hell of shot and shell into the ranks. Not a soldier moved or changed the position of his horse's head. Steele turned angrily to his chief of artillery and said: "If you can not silence those four guns of Shelby's yonder on a naked prairie, and break his simple lines of cavalry, you had best return to Little Rock—you can do nothing here."

For an hour and more the artillery fight continued. Every horse and seventeen of Collins' men lay dead and wounded among the guns. Great gaps torn in the cavalry regiments were coolly filled up—the nearest soldiers frequently having to dismount and tenderly remove some well known comrade from beneath the horses' feet. Then the skirmishers met in desperate battle. The cavalry thrown forward by Steele was shattered and driven back; three batteries changed positions twice, and finally left the front for repairs. Until night did this lone brigade hold thirteen thousand men and twenty-four pieces of artillery in check, repulsing three separate attacks. Two of Collins' guns were withdrawn by hand, and Shelby retired only after four distinct orders. "Tell General Price," was his unyielding answer, "I can not fall back—I am pressed too hard—send me ammunition and ambulances."

Darkness came down upon the vast prairie, yet the battle was not ended. Steele showed signs of advancing, and Marmaduke ordered Shelby to attack and check him effectually. Deploying his entire brigade, except Gordon's regiment, as skirmishers, he engaged Steele's whole army. The horizon, from east to west, was one leaping, incessant blaze of about six thousand muskets, lighting up the very sky and making night hideous with their screaming missiles. The batteries, too, joined in the combat and burst like volcanoes from the solid earth, throwing large jets of flame at every discharge; while from the gloom and distance came the wild yells of the Confederates as they drove a regiment here or gained an advantage

there. Steele at midnight had not advanced an inch when General Shelby withdrew his command. The next day he again went to the front and skirmished heavily, Steele positively refusing battle and remaining quietly upon the prairie, secure in his concentrated strength. It soon became evident that General Price would not fight in the position chosen—indeed the attempt, had the issue been made—could only result in severe defeat, and check the Federal army but a moment; so when General Steele advanced the third morning upon the fortifications he found only a few logs and shallow ditches. Yet much good had been done. The severe blows struck by General Shelby on both sides of the river; Colonel Monroe's brilliant and stubborn fighting near Okalona, which took place a short time before Shelby's attack upon the rear the first day; and General Marmaduke's vigorous efforts to contest the passage of the Little Missouri river, told upon General Steele's organization and the *elan* of his troops. The desperate nature of the fighting made him naturally cautious, and the rapid movement of the cavalry impressed upon his mind ideas of numbers having in fact no real existence.

Two roads at this time were open to General Steele—one to Washington and the other to Camden. Generals Marmaduke and Shelby proposed a plan of operations which necessitated the deploying of one division to cover the first point and one division to cover the other, so that in whatever direction Steele moved, troops were upon his front and rear. General Price thought Steele's objective point was Washington, and withdrew from the Camden road all opposition. Steele's quick eyes saw the outlet instantly, and he pushed immediately for Camden. To oppose his front again and make one more battle for the town was now General Price's desire, and Generals Marmaduke and Shelby, after a forced night march of great severity, accomplished the orders given for this purpose. The troops in the rear made no attack at all, the Federals doing some harmless shelling whenever the head of the pursuing Confederates got uncomfortably near the covering squadrons.

General Shelby, in advance, gained the front, took position on the main Camden road, at a place called Poison Spring, and pre-

pared for the morrow's battle. The preparations had been made by four o'clock in the evening, when General Marmaduke arrived with his brigade and sent it to a position in rear of Shelby's, remaining himself with those troops which would soonest meet the enemy. An hour before sunset a scouting party of Federals came into the Confederate lines, mistaking them for friends, and, in endeavoring to escape, the leader, a notorious spy, was killed, after a sharp chase, by one of the advanced skirmishers mounted on a superb race mare, while the rest of the detachment were taken prisoners at once. These prisoners informed General Shelby that they were the advance of a cavalry division, and General Steele's army would not arrive before morning—the cavalry, however, being just behind and looked for every moment. Instantly seizing the road by which they must advance, General Shelby had scarcely gone into line before the head of the leading regiment came gayly up, unconscious of the lurking danger. The premature discharge of a musket in the hands of some nervous soldier frustrated their complete overthrow; but the foremost regiment which had passed through the ambushade was badly worsted and followed by Colonel Gordon a mile or more. Nothing so far but disaster had accompanied General Steele; and his largest detachments, whether sent for forage or to cover a movement of infantry, were invariably cut off or driven back. Indeed, so notoriously inefficient and cowardly were his cavalymen, that their fighting became a by-word and reproach in the Confederate ranks. Steele's camp-fires were plainly visible a short distance in the rear, but Generals Shelby and Marmaduke slept quietly in a comfortable house at the extreme edge of the brigade, and moved leisurely a little before day-break to the hill selected the evening before to give battle upon. Directly upon the road crossing this hill, General Shelby masked Collins' battery by placing a thick screen of brush before it and removing the horses below its crest for safety. In the valley beneath, in the dry bed of a creek, were the regiments of the brigade dismounted. Captains Reck Johnson and Will Moorman, left purposely in the rear to bring on the fight, retired slowly before Steele's advance,

which, after firing the house occupied as headquarters by General Shelby, on account of the spy killed the day previously, came slowly forward, shelling the woods in front by rapid discharges from a mountain howitzer battery of four guns. These two captains passed on beyond the skirmishers and the concealed infantry in the ditch as if nothing were there, and the little battery halted within fifty feet of the advanced line without seeing a gray jacket amid the brushwood. Standing full in the road and shooting at random, it presented a beautiful target for Collins, having a keen eye for sport. Training his guns upon them and firing at command, the four pieces went off by battery, killed several of the horses, six men, and the Lieutenant commanding, while the skirmishers dashed out from behind a hundred logs and trees to drag it in triumph to the rear, but the Federals were too quick for them and got it safely off. There never was a fire more effective, and never a battery more rapidly silenced and driven away from sight and range. General Steele, knowing too well that Shelby must be again in his front, sent up battery after battery from the rear, and the artillery fire grew hot and deadly. Then the infantry advanced in splendid order upon the concealed ravine, filled, like the Grecian horse, with armed men. The first line staggered and recoiled, the second broke into confusion, and the third halted at long range and poured in many harmless volleys. Again they advanced to the charge, covered by eighteen pieces of artillery, but again Shelby hurled them back in bleeding masses. Then two heavy columns broke away to the right and left, and crossed the ravine above and below, while from the rear the reinforcements came up in such overwhelming numbers that Marmaduke was forced to fall back. General Shelby withdrew under a galling fire without pursuit, and after three hours' stubborn fighting General Steele was compelled to advance in line over a wretchedly broken country, losing heavily in killed and wounded. Marmaduke's brigade had not been engaged, being held as a reserve in case of accident, and the division, united, turned off the Camden road to the right for General Steele to pass, whose rear was furiously attacked and driven with con-

fusion into Camden by Colonels Lawler and Jeffers, where, of all places on earth, the Federals could do less harm and be more sure of ultimate defeat and destruction. In a bend of the Washita river, surrounded by a country exhausted of supplies, hemmed in by swamps and bayous, and invested by troops holding all the roads available for forage, the position must have been anything but pleasant for General Steele, and only chosen because forced upon him. The cloud long gathering burst suddenly and deluged the Federals with blood and agony.

As Steele was crossing the Little Missouri river, General Marmaduke sent Wiley Fackler, a young soldier belonging to his escort, with instructions to the troops watching and fighting the Federals in their efforts to get over. Wiley, ignorant of the localities and of all the changes which had taken place in the position of the Confederates, rode boldly on until surrounded by half a regiment of blue coats demanding his surrender. He complied gracefully; was sent to Little Rock; escaped on the road; visited Missouri and all his friends there; went on through Maryland and Virginia as a medical student, and finally reached Richmond after much danger and exposure, where Mr. Davis listened with pleasure to his story, complimented him on his daring and ingenuity, and sent him back to his command with the bars of a Lieutenant upon his collar.

The house occupied by Generals Marmaduke and Shelby, preceding the battle at Poison Spring, belonged to a worthy farmer and was destroyed wantonly and maliciously. The man killed in the evening and buried near it, fell in a desperate attempt to escape, and not until he had been called upon to surrender three distinct times. The circumstances were these: Before reaching the house in question, General Shelby sent Lieutenant Whitsett, Dan Ingram, Wallace Cook, Pleas. Hicklin, Pat. Marshall, Weed Marshall, and some six or eight others on an expedition to the left of his line of march, and ordered them to bring in as many prisoners as possible, as he wanted information of Steele's movements. About sunset they encountered an equal number of Federals accompanying this man who was killed—a Missourian—and a desperate and noted spy

and scouter. Both parties being on the alert, challenged simultaneously. Ingram's detachment dressed in blue overcoats and knowing the others to be Federals, decoyed them to within three or four feet without exciting suspicion, when suddenly bringing their revolvers to bear upon them, they captured and dismounted all but one, and he turned to run followed by two or three Confederates. Superbly mounted on a coal-black mare, the chase was a long one and a stern one. He fell shot from his saddle at last, though, and was brought back and buried near this house.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER the occupation of Camden, General Price took post at Munn's Mill, twenty miles distant, covering every road leading southward, waiting patiently until Banks should be disposed of. Shelby, ordered to report to Fagan, made a circuit of Camden, drove in all the Federal pickets on the east, and halted at Miller's Bluff until General Fagan arrived.

From this point Lieutenant Colonel McDaniel turned back upon Camden with one hundred men from Elliott's regiment, marched boldly up and attacked a large force holding an important bridge over a wide deep bayou east from the town, and alarmed the garrison greatly. Severe skirmishing lasted until McDaniel stirred up a perfect hornet's nest and drew down upon him a considerable force, when he quietly withdrew and galloped back to Shelby.

While Shelby was awaiting Fagan at Miller's Bluff, General Steele had received another damaging blow from the west. The second battle of Poison Spring was brief and bloody, with Marmaduke as the hero. After the capture of Camden, Steele quietly rested behind the fortifications so kindly erected for his use by the Confederates during the preceding fall and winter. There were two roads leading from Camden to Washington: the more southerly known as the wire road and the other passing more to the north, and by the way of Poison Spring. General Steele had entered Camden by the latter route. The Confederate cavalry was camped on the wire road, about three miles from Camden, with pickets of observation on the other road. It was known that General Steele was severely pressed for subsistence, and that he must replenish his commissariat from the surrounding country, or fall back to the line of the Arkansas river.

On the 20th of April, pressed by hard necessity, he pushed out a

foraging column on the Poison Spring road, consisting of some two hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, escorted by a section of artillery, a regiment or battalion of cavalry, and a force of probably two thousand infantry, including a regiment of negroes. Marmaduke was promptly informed of the movement, and that night passed across the country to the road the enemy were upon, with a view to intercept their return. He learned, however, in a few hours that the force of the enemy was stronger than he had anticipated; and he resolved to return to camp for the night, inform General Price of the condition of affairs, request a co-operating force from the troops camped further to the rear, and to renew the movement the next day. General Price promised the desired assistance. At daylight the column moved out. It consisted of Cabell's brigade and a portion of Marmaduke's brigade. A regiment and a battalion of the latter had been previously sent to Louisiana on detached service. Both brigades were greatly reduced in numbers, by reason of the hard and continuous service they had undergone during the preceding months. Of this force Marmaduke was compelled to leave a strong detachment to guard his rear from any demonstrations General Steele might make upon it from the direction of Camden. Early in the day the Confederate command reached the road, and pushed vigorously forward in the direction of the enemy. After an hour and a half's rapid marching, he was informed that the enemy were just beyond Poison Spring—an admirable point for a battle, and where a few days previous Shelby had had a furious and successful artillery engagement with the enemy—their wagons headed toward Camden on their return, and pushing forward rapidly in order to gain possession of the higher ground in the neighborhood of the Spring. Marmaduke understood the topography of the country thoroughly, and determined to be beforehand with them if possible. He ordered his escort company forward at speed to occupy the ground, and Cabell's advance regiment to support them at a gallop. The escort obeyed the order well, and when Cabell came thundering on the field with his whole brigade, sharply followed by Greene, the escort was found dismounted, and fighting

sturdily in front of the position they were ordered to occupy. Hynson's artillery wheeled into the position occupied a few days before by Collins' battery. The troops were dismounted and formed to the rear of the artillery, and beyond the view of the enemy. A skirmish line was thrown forward to attract their attention and give them pleasant employment, and Lieutenant Colonel Woods' battalion was retained mounted, and placed upon the extreme right of the line.

The arrival of the co-operating force promised by General Price alone delayed the opening of the attack. In the meantime the artillery fired slowly, and the skirmishers made only such demonstrations as were necessary to hold the enemy firmly to their position. The men seeing the enemy fairly before them, waited eagerly and excitedly for the order to advance, and chafed restlessly because of the delay which they could not understand. At this moment General Maxey opportunely arrived on the field. Marmaduke immediately reported to him as the ranking officer, explained his own dispositions, and desired to receive his orders. General Maxey refused to take the command, alleging that Marmaduke had proposed the expedition, and was entitled to command it, and was moreover well acquainted with all the advantages and disadvantages of the position. Marmaduke then requested him to send a staff officer and have his troops formed in line, perpendicular with the formation already perfected. General Maxey did so. The Confederate order of battle was thus in the form of two sides of a parallelogram, with the enemy inclosed in the angle between them. Marmaduke then explained that his design was to advance Maxey's command, which was yet masked, on the enemy's flank, and as they attempted to change front to meet the unexpected attack, to open upon them furiously with his artillery in front, and under cover of its fire, and while they were disordered by the effort to meet the attack on their flank, to charge and rout them with his Arkansas and Missouri troops. He asked General Maxey to ride with him to his own troops and order them forward. General Maxey declined to do so, saying that he yielded the entire command to him, and would him-

self retire to the rear and seek a little repose, being somewhat fatigued; but offered a guide to show him where the troops were. General Maxey retired, and Marmaduke rode to put his plans into execution. He ordered General Maxey's troops forward through the dense woods at a charge. They were Indians, and about as well fitted for a noisy demonstration, such as they were required to make now, as for any other movement in the art of war, unless, indeed, we except the plundering of a beaten field, and there their skill approached absolute and exquisite perfection. And after such an exhibition of their warlike prowess, logically came the necessity of going home to *cache* their plunder. For what was the use of fighting without getting the spoils, and what was the use of getting the spoils, without securing them in a safe place?

As soon as the enemy found themselves attacked from an unexpected quarter, they attempted to change their lines to meet it. In doing so considerable confusion ensued, and just at the most critical moment the fire of Hynson's guns increased in rapidity and violence with an angry storm of shot and shell, hurling and exploding in every direction among them, and at the same time the Arkansas and Missouri brigades, bursting over the crest of the hill, behind which they lay concealed, swept down upon their startled and disordered ranks in a wild, impetuous charge. The voice of the battle, that before had been like the tearing and shivering of timber, when the hurricane rends the forest, now swelled into a deep and steady sound, in which the heavy roar of the artillery was confounded and lost in the sharper ring of thousands of muskets. A fierce spirit of emulation animated the soldiers of the two States, as to which should first strike and shatter the enemy's lines. As they rushed across the open fields that lay at the foot of the hill, and into the dark woods beyond, they delivered their volleys in quick and terrible succession. The enemy, though staggered by the first onset, made a vigorous effort to recover from the shock, and to stem the tide of battle setting so strongly against them. They threw out their negro troops to the front, and when they recoiled before the fury of the Confederate fire, they drove them forward again with

musket, ball and bayonet. But it was impossible to resist the impetuosity of the Confederate attack. The enemy reeled backward from one position to another, firing useless volleys, and becoming more confused and broken with each successive movement. Their cavalry with the first reverse of the day, took to ignominious flight without firing a gun. Their artillery when pressed by the advancing lines, was driven into the woods, the horses cut loose from the pieces, and the guns abandoned. Their wagon train was in the utmost confusion. The wagons were jammed together or overturned—the tongues torn out—and the mules down, entangled and struggling in their harness. Many of the teamsters rushed to the train as to a place of safety, and were found secreted in the wagons among heaps of promiscuous plunder, or under them clinging to the running-gear, or dangerously mixed among the struggling and fallen mules.

When the Indians reached the captured train they were enchanted. As far as they were concerned the battle was over. They considered that the greatest victory of the war had been achieved, the power of the Yankee nation hopelessly broken, and the independence of the Confederacy placed beyond a doubt. Marmaduke, however, restrained them with stern orders. But the battle-field offered a brilliant opportunity for the display of their skill; and many a mountain of useless plunder was seen, beneath which reeled and swayed an invisible Indian.

Though the enemy were irretrievably broken and scattered through the woods, Marmaduke still urged on the pursuit, picked up prisoners, and completed at once his own success and their discomfiture. He dispatched couriers ordering forward Colonel Bob Woods' mounted battallon, but Woods, strangely enough, did not come. The dismounted troops had now pressed the pursuit several miles, and he deemed it inadvisable to separate them further from their horses. The bugles sounded the recall, and the men, weary and exhausted, slowly began to retire. Marmaduke hurried to the rear, and found upon his arrival there that General Maxey, with that large intuitive military perception that leads such men to be just where they ought to be, just at the right time, and to do just

what they ought to do, just at the right time, had taken command of the field, that is, the captured train, had countermanded his orders to Colonel Woods, and put his command, not much to their satisfaction it must be admitted, to straightening out the entangled train preparatory to withdrawal. Though this little exhibition of skill on the part of General Maxey prevented the Confederates from following up their advantage and securing several hundred prisoners, it was, nevertheless, deemed a remarkable evidence of genius and of military sagacity. For General Price shortly afterward arrived upon the field, and complimented General Maxey in courtly terms upon the brilliant success he had achieved, and that gentleman received the compliments bestowed upon him with such admirable complaisance, and returned them in such pleasant and skillfully diplomatic phrases, that Marmaduke, and Cabell, and Greene, and Monroe, and others, who were only the rough fighters of the army, sank at once into merited insignificance, and found none so poor as to do them reverence save only the ragged soldiers of the line.

The material fruits of this expedition were two pieces of rifled artillery, nearly two hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, twelve or fifteen hundred horses and mules, more than a hundred white prisoners, as many more white soldiers killed and wounded, and an uncounted number of dead negroes. The wagon train contained a general assortment of everything within the State of Arkansas. The enemy seemed to have acted with great fairness upon the double principle, observable in all their foraging expeditions, of taking with an equal hand whatever they needed, or whatever the people of the country needed—whatever it was convenient for them to take, or whatever it was inconvenient for the citizen to lose. The motley contents of their wagons showed not only every kind of provisions from the farm-yard, the pantry, the dairy, and the side-board, but men's, women's, and children's clothing, household furniture, gardening implements, the tools of the mechanic, and the poor contents of the negro hut.

The further advantage occurred to the Confederates of the de-

moralization that would naturally result to the forces within Camden from the adverse fate of the expedition—their *morale* already severely shaken by the hard and unremunerative campaign they had made. It struck off at a single blow the arm with which their commander had reached out in one direction to seize the supplies upon which his continued occupation of Camden depended. He would not again venture an expedition in the same direction. The chances against him were too great for him to hope for success in such an attempt, and his marauders had already despoiled the country too thoroughly to leave its resources an object of temptation. With crippled transportation, he must look to the north of the river for his supplies, and abide the storm gathering to burst upon him there.

After this bloody and severe conflict at Poison Spring, the chimerical brain of General Smith conceived the idea of sending General Fagan to Little Rock with three brigades of cavalry. The orders were issued and Fagan immediately, with Cabell's and Dockery's brigades, started, intending to form a junction with Shelby at Miller's Bluff. While all this was going on, General Steele suffered severely for provisions in his inhospitable town, and had sent three hundred wagons over the miry bottom between the Washita and Saline rivers to cross the latter at Mount Elba ferry, and thence on directly to Pine Bluff for supplies. This wagon train was escorted by two brigades of veteran infantry, three regiments of cavalry, nine pieces of artillery, and thousands of negroes impressed or seduced from the nearest plantations to work upon the muddy roads. When General Fagan crossed the Washita at Miller's Bluff with Cabell's, Dockery's, and Shelby's brigades he knew nothing of the existence of this convoy. A hard day's march had brought him to the vicinity of Mark's Mill on his way to Little Rock, when Lieutenant W. H. Ferrell, an excellent and sterling officer of Gordon's regiment, brought information of its locality, which was on the eastern edge of Moro Bottom. Unless checked, its passage across the Saline river would be certain the next morning, so Fagan determined to attack it and destroy it if possible. In any event,

the crossing should not be permitted. Fagan digested his plans during the night and executed them in the morning. The wagons were to be permitted to advance well on the road to the ferry; Shelby was to gain the front by a detour of ten miles and attack simultaneously with Cabell and Dockery in the rear. Associated with General Shelby for the attack was an Arkansas regiment under Colonel Crawford. These gallant fellows fought side by side with the veterans of the brigade, and charged manfully and well from the first. I regret that my limited acquaintance with the regiment renders it impossible to mention the names of the deserving. About twelve o'clock Cabell's skirmishers encountered the Federal rear-guard, and when the first guns were fired Shelby had ten miles to go over horrible roads, broken and intersected by innumerable deep and boggy streams. Starting in a round swinging gallop, the terrific pace never slackened, nor the speed diminished a moment. The weak and unserviceable horses fell out by the wayside, or came up at a more moderate pace. The wild notes of battle burst up from the rear shrilly and loud. But that one sound rang in Shelby's ears, and but one shout of "forward, faster," seemed all his lips could utter, as Cabell, in his dire extremity, prayed "would God, Shelby or night might come."

It was getting darker and darker for Cabell. The Federals, dreaming of no danger in front, turned fiercely upon him and commenced driving him back with heavy loss. Dockery, associated in the same division with him, had, by some misunderstanding of orders halted four or five miles from the battle-field, and commenced foraging. Fagan strained his hearing and rode rapidly about, waiting for Shelby's battle signal. Cabell encouraged his suffering men, and begged them to stand firm but ten minutes more. He knew the peerless soldier to be on the war-path in front, and that never in life had he been too late, or too slow, or too faint. The signal came at last. Two cannon shots rang out clear and sharp in front. Fagan heard the crashing volleys of rapid musketry; the exultant shouts of victory; the wild blare of advancing bugles, and then he saw the head of the brigade dashing upon the only organized thing left of

wagons, infantry, cavalry—that of a solitary battery on a solitary hill. General Shelby, knowing Cabell was hard pressed and certain to be whipped with the force against him, made the ten miles in *five minutes less than one hour*, and waiting not a moment for the brigade to close up, charged at the head of the advance to where the firing sounded heaviest, leaving orders for the arriving regiments to do likewise. Six squadrons of cavalry were covering the advancing train, and these went down instantly before Williams' unabated charge. The wagons were swept of their drivers and captured by hundreds, and the brigade arriving at this time, General Shelby formed one single line and bore down upon the terrified and demoralized enemy. The battle-field was sickening to behold. No orders, threats, or commands could restrain the men from vengeance on the negroes, and they were piled in great heaps about the wagons, in the tangled brushwood, and upon the muddy and trampled road. The 77th Ohio, disgraced at Shiloh and ordered to Alton for prison duty, was encountered upon this gory field, and all the prayers of outraged prisoners, all the cruelties of these cowardly abolitionists, and all the petty insults of their stay at Alton were visited upon the head of this regiment in withering volleys of avenging musketry. No insult or slow torture came from it now—no opposition or resistance either. After the cannon shots had been fired as a signal to their crowded friends in rear, the charge of the brigade became like the march of a hurricane. Lines went down before it at a breath, and entire regiments surrendered without a shot. Captain Lea, with one company, took two hundred prisoners, and in marching them to the rear had scarcely men enough to form a respectable guard. Colonel Blackwell, with only a few men had pressed too far ahead of his lines in his eagerness, and was suddenly surrounded by a Major and a hundred fierce looking infantry. "Surrender!" shouted they. "All right," said Blackwell, cool as an iceberg, "I am lost anyhow in this infernal woods, and will be much obliged if you will pilot me out." Just then firing commenced all around their position, and the unearthly yelling of the Confederates came shrieking through the undergrowth. Blackwell's bold face

blankly fell, and he shook in counterfeited fright as he turned his eyes toward these horrible sounds. "How now," said the Major, "what's that?" "Ah!" faintly answered Blackwell—"them's *injuns*—*injuns*, do you hear; and if we are caught not a man of us will escape alive!" "Let's get away then from this place as soon as possible," said the Major. "But where shall we go—the woods are full of Indians?" "Well, follow me, I know a road that will take us to the river, where we can cross and reach Pine Bluff, for if I'm caught with your blue coats, before I could explain myself, my scalp would hang dangling at the girdle of some loping Choctaw." "Are they really so bad?" asked the terrified Major. "The wildest things what are" (an army expression), softly replied Blackwell. The road taken to the river, by some strange freak of geography, ran directly into Gordon's regiment, where Blackwell turned over his captors and sent them to the rear, lest the *Indians* should be troublesome.

The hour of vengeance was hovering over the remainder of Rabb's magnificent six-gun battery, two of the pieces being with the expedition destroyed by Marmaduke at Poison Spring, and it was standing on a lone, steep hill, fighting as it fought at Prairie Grove and Cane Hill. Shanks and Gordon marked the bright, long James' and sprang away side by side to grapple them. A crash and no more. Horses, riders, cannoniers, sergeants, all fell at that one close, deadly volley, but its Lieutenant commanding, seeing the storm coming, fled disgracefully, being found captured afterward among the infantry. Only ten of its heroic defenders escaped—one of them an old French driver, unable to speak a word of English, sat upon the rear gun composed, indifferent, only giving a quiet shrug of the shoulders when the battery changed hands. The brigade was justly proud of its trophy, and the oath sworn solemnly before to annihilate this battery had been at last fulfilled.

When General Shelby first gained the front of the Federals and before he had ordered the charge, he detached Colonel Elliott and sent him down to the crossing of the Saline, to prevent any force coming from Pine Bluff, where a large garrison had been stationed

for many months. Encountering a heavy detachment at the river, Colonel Elliott, with his usual impetuosity, attacked it immediately. The work was soon over. Elliott drove the enemy from the ferry, took the boats, killed one hundred and fifty horses tied under the cover of the Federal guns, crossed over his regiment under fire, and ran the entire detachment pell-mell into Pine Bluff, killing and wounding in the chase one hundred and thirty-three.

Three hundred and fifty-seven wagons, thirteen hundred and twenty-five prisoners, twenty ambulances, and nine pieces of artillery were captured by Shelby's single, unbroken charge; four hundred and seventy-five white Federals were buried upon the field; and the black Federals, never considered and never looked after, could not well be numbered. Nine hundred wounded white Federals were safely provided for in hospitals, and this number embraced the commander of the expedition and many field and line officers. The victory had been the most crushing and overwhelming one in proportion to numbers, of any during the war. Again had the dash and daring of Shelby turned an almost positive defeat into glorious success, brought renown from disaster, destroyed two brigades of Steele's veteran infantry, chased off and dispersed three regiments of cavalry, broken up nearly the entire transportation of the Federal army, and raised the cavalry arm into vivid and instant notice.

General Fagan thanked him upon the field for his rapid march, his instantaneous attack, his prompt seizure of the fords on the Saline, and for saving his division from overwhelming disaster. Two regiments of furloughed Federals, coming down in the rear of the train, were heard of just at sundown, and General Shelby sent Colonel Hunter after them, who drove them back into Camden, being seriously wounded himself in leading a splendid charge against a bridge covered by their guns. Nearly all the wagons, all the artillery, prisoners and ambulances, captured in the battle of Mark's Mill, were sent safely back to General Price, with the request, also, that surgeons and supplies might be sent to the Federal wounded.

General Cabell's brigade suffered severely in this battle—having to bear the brunt for an hour and to resist the superior numbers of

the enemy. Cabell was equal to the task. A thorough soldier, brave, devoted, intelligent, and bluff and manly, he understood his work and did it well. His men called him "Old Tige," and he deserved the soubriquet as far as his fighting qualities went. His tenacity was conspicuous, and his firmness and unyielding courage well known in the army. He trained Monroe and made his regiment one of the best in the service, and his brigade was composed of as fine fighting material as the Confederacy afforded. Cabell schooled it, disciplined it, fought it, and his men worshiped him and followed him ever into battle with distinguished bravery.

Shelby's loss was thirty killed and sixty wounded. Among the former was Joe Alumbaugh, Company G, Gordon's regiment, a peerless cavalryman and one of Shelby's veterans. Splendidly mounted, he had dashed ahead of the skirmishers upon seven Federals crouching behind a large log before him, and called upon them to surrender. They obeyed at first, but seeing Alumbaugh alone, one of them raised his gun quickly and fired. The bullet sped truly and well, and Joe Alumbaugh fell heavily, shot through the head. His horse, seeming to feel the calamity, stood tenderly over his prostrate rider, and was looking down mournfully into his face when the Confederates rushed up.

While operating in Steele's rear, Captain Toney, who had been for several days on perilous service near Camden, sent to General Shelby a Federal captain and two lieutenants taken at some house where buttermilk ran abundantly. On the person of this captain—I think he belonged to the 11th Missouri Cavalry—Toney found a book—a journal—a record of atrocious crimes, which, in all due form, accompanied the captain into camp. A few extracts here and there read thus:

"April 3, 1864.—In advance to-day. Captured two men on the road near some timber. They were said to be bushwhackers. Didn't inquire much, had them shot in an hour. Died game and shouting for Jeff. Davis.

"April 11.—On scout with my company. Rations short and hard to get. Found a contraband who told me where some Secesh

lived having bacon hid away. Reached the house and inquired for something to eat. Had nothing—and especially nothing for the Yankees. Burned the house, killed all the poultry, and carried off all the old man's horses. Pretty dear refusal for one day.

April 12.—In advance to-day. Heavy skirmishing in front. Our Colonel said this morning no prisoners must be taken. I am not sorry—and killed two with my own hand.

April 20.—A big fight expected to-morrow. They say Banks is whipped, and that the d——d rebels under Smith and Price are within ten miles of this place (Camden), and will attack us at daylight. Orders just received to cross the river and scout toward Pine Bluff, as a train is coming or going, I don't know which. At any rate, if they fight like h—ll in the morning I will be safe."

It is *safe* to say that this was the last entry he ever made on earth, and that the Missouri captain burned no more houses nor shot any more prisoners.

An affecting incident occurred after the sun of Mark's Mill went down upon the torn and trampled battle-field. A lieutenant colonel of Shelby's brigade, one of his bravest and most accomplished officers, fought through the red, brief fight with his accustomed gallantry, and marched with his command the next morning, ignorant that anything dear to him was stretched in one of the lonely hospitals pale and suffering. A messenger sent by the wounded man sought out General Shelby, stated the case, and Shelby immediately called up his trusty officer and said to him: "Your brother fought us yesterday and is badly wounded. He desires you to come to him. Go nurse him, cure him, liberate him, and return when you have finished."

The sad, stricken officer galloped back, found his brother badly wounded, sat by him for weeks and weeks until he could travel, gave him an escort to Little Rock, and returned to his post, the same daring, desperate fighter as before.

While camping at Miller's Bluff, before the battle of Mark's Mill, General Shelby sent a detachment under Lieutenant Wesley Neale—a pure, spotless, and heroic young officer—to the neighboring county of Union, for the purpose of obtaining horses for Collins'

battery. Firm and steadfast in the discharge of his duty, Lieutenant Neale went on conscientiously in its fulfillment. Some Union citizens and deserters waylaid the little party, fired on it at midnight, and shot the leader dead at the head of his company. Though well avenged, and his murderers exterminated afterward, there could be nothing done to wash away the great shadow existing in his regiment, nor any spell potent enough to fill up the wide gap left in the hearts of his devoted company. The famous funeral oration pronounced over good Sir Launcelot, when they carried him away and buried him in Joyous Guard—the truest, noblest, simplest ever uttered—suited beautifully and well the fame of the young warrior, and the frank, genial honesty of his devoted ardor.

“Ah! Sir Launcelot, thou there liest that never wert matched of earthly hands. Thou wert the fairest person, and the goodliest of any that rode in the press of knights; thou wert the truest to thy sworn brother of any that buckled on the spur; and thou wert the faithfulest of any that have loved women; most courteous wert thou, and gentle of all that sat in hall among dames; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever laid spear in the rest.”

At Mansfield, the Federal freebooter Banks fought and was worsted—at Pleasant Hill he gave battle again and retreated. The first blow was struck by General Dick Taylor, and the issue was made contrary to orders from Shreveport. In the month of January, 1864, a wandering copy of a Memphis newspaper found its way through the lines. It contained some speculations on the plan of the coming campaign. Banks' expedition up Red river was foreshadowed, and the objective points stated to be Shreveport, Louisiana, and Marshall, Texas. With but slight modification, this was actually Banks' plan. In addition to this, the newspaper writer declared boldly that a regular bargain had been concluded between Smith and Banks, and that upon penetrating into the Trans-Mississippi Department, by way of Alexandria and Natchitoches upon Shreveport, the Confederate commander, after a show of resistance, was to surrender to the Federal. This newspaper account was republished by the Confederate journals of Texas, Arkansas, and

Louisiana, and invariably denounced as absurd and sensational. The people were not suspicious and were little given to entertain injurious thoughts about their leaders. While being pure, and as true to the cause as any officer in the army, the unfortunate dispositions and maneuvers of General Smith placed him in a position to be violently criticized, and this criticism not unfrequently took the form of abuse or denunciation. The failure to destroy Banks completely is due, in a great measure, to the feebleness of Smith's blows and the detached manner in which he fought his army. He appeared bewildered from the first, and uncertain whether to give battle or retreat, and only accepted it at the time because forced upon him by the hot stubborn blood of Taylor. As the commander-in-chief, General Smith had a perfect right to choose his ground, take his own time, fight in his own way, and maneuver as seemed to him best and the most promising of gratifying results. His refusal to offer battle anywhere between Natchitoches and Shreveport proves only that in his judgment the time had not arrived, and that it was desirable to lure Banks as far into the interior as possible. The attack of Taylor involves serious considerations of unfortunate impetuosity and rash and hasty judgment. It is by no means certain that a further advance of Banks would not have resulted in irretrievable disaster to him, by the entire destruction of his fleet and his army. It is quite reasonable to suppose that had Banks moved forty miles further over-land and then met with the same losses as were inflicted upon him during the two days' fighting, his retreat would have been more difficult and destructive. The fleet, too, was in danger from the first. Red river, never remarkably reliable for stability, was falling rapidly, and great uneasiness was felt and feared about the falls at Alexandria. Thus, while Banks may have fought with an army concentrated and alert, his fleet would have been useless and his enemies would have been overwhelming and all around him. The eagerness of Banks, too, favored Smith's plan of operations. He believed Shreveport to be in a measure undefended, and he hastened on to seize its fortifications and export its cotton. Mingled with his ambition as a soldier there were the instincts of

the thief, the mock piety of the abolitionist, and the atheism of the free-lover. Taylor had been ordered to fall back before him. He did it like a man who resolves to march forward five miles and march backward six. He was moody, discontented, desperate—and desperate men fight terribly and fast sometimes. Louisiana was his home; along his line of march were the white, cool houses of his friends, and with these and with everything else that would burn, Banks was playing dreadful havoc. Not content with the cotton bales, he took the silver ornaments and the valuable domestic utensils—the chafing-dishes, the spoons, the napkin rings, the pitchers for water and the goblets for champagne. The Massachusetts Puritan was a precious thief. He cultivated roguery as a science, and smiled in satisfaction when he graduated with *eclat*. He would have ravished virtue, but he lacked the virility. He would have ridden with his cavalry to see houses on fire and women stripped naked, but he lacked courage. He was a Nero without Nero's Grecian elegance and refinement. The one burnt Rome that the magnificence of the scene might appeal to his imagination; the other burnt Alexandria, because, living there were men who denied the martyrdom of John Brown and the immaculate conception of Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Banks came a twin brother in debauchery and crime. The euphony of his name was surpassed only by the repulsiveness of his features; and the atrocity of his orgies outdone only by the range and diversity of his pleasures. He was called Gottleib, Gottfried, Godfrey, or *G* something Weitzel. The name signifies his German descent, and this is the best point about his disgusting character. This wretch reveled in the delightful aroma of his negroes, and flaunted his vices conspicuously before the eyes of tender, innocent females whose houses he had seized for his revels and his *fetisch* performances. Weitzel burned, blasted, plundered, drank, caroused, and ravished as he came. Believing in neither God nor eternity, he lived as if life ended beyond the earth, and that he must crowd into it every species of crime and distress. Less nervous than Banks, he took more desperate chances. More vigorous than Banks, he drank deeper, swore louder, and de-

spoiled more remorselessly. Banks' arms were dabbled in crime to the elbows—Weitzel's to the shoulders. Banks had more heart unpetrified than Weitzel, but Weitzel's was the largest and all adamant.

So, on the 8th of April the soft, balmy skies of Louisiana dark with the smoke of a thousand fires, General Alfred Mouton held the rear of Taylor's retreating column. A Louisianian, too, was Mouton, and desperate and determined. His division was clamorous for blood, and Mouton said, "Wait a little, and you shall have one taste; but we must fall back afterward, you know." He formed to fight a bit, but his eager men went in fiercely and would not be held back. They were at last too far in to get out, and suffering greatly too—so Mouton told the tale to Taylor. Half glad, half mad, and thoroughly desperate, General Taylor turned like a lion, and dashed his whole army upon Banks, routing half his forces, taking thirty or forty pieces of artillery, thousands of prisoners, and great quantities of military stores and many wagons. Banks, terrified and demoralized, fled hastily back upon his rear corps and waited there for another day. His army was twice as large as Taylor's now, and he must have more cotton or more blood. Smith, convinced that Taylor's intentions were well meant, supported the movement and hurried forward to the front his reserves during the night of the 8th. Banks was attacked the next day at Pleasant Hill and severely worsted again. The battle closed upon his forces broken and retreating at all points, with immense losses of transportation and material. Then came the turning point in the campaign, and the actions of General Smith in the crisis exposed him to great denunciation, although in the minds of all his errors were reckoned as errors of judgment and military ability. Under General Magruder, an able and extraordinary soldier, there were about twenty thousand Texan troops, magnificently armed, splendidly equipped, and commanded by a man who, in his eagerness to reach Banks, had hurried his battalions forward from the far South by great and wonderful marches. These troops were panting for battle, had not yet fired a gun, and were within two days' march of the Federals. It was only

necessary now for General Smith to concentrate all his infantry, press his advantages, and destroy Banks completely. This he woefully failed to do. Walker's, Polignac's and Parsons' divisions were withdrawn from the pursuit to move against General Steele; Magruder was halted on the march, and the demoralized and terrified masses of Banks' bleeding army were only assailed by small and inadequate bodies of cavalry.

To justify these unfortunate dispositions of General Smith must suppose a greater peril menacing the department from Camden, and that danger was more to be feared from Steele's inferior and sorely tried army than from Banks with his fleet and his thousands. But such was not the case. Steele's army had been handled so roughly by the Arkansas and Missouri cavalry under Price, that he had thrown himself into the dungeon of Camden, and was without light and without food: Steele was starving. He had heard of Banks' rout from Lieutenant Wiley Fackler, and he credited it. This finished soldier and elegant gentleman, Steele, did not believe victories could be won by robbers and the insulters of female purity. Steele's campaign had been a failure, inasmuch as it depended greatly for success upon the capture of Shreveport by Banks. His seizure of Camden indicated weakness. It was the instinct of a staggering man who clutches for support, for something to hold to: Camden had strong fortifications, be it remembered. His communications with Little Rock were severed; Poison Spring had broken the right wing of his fleet forage train, Mark's Mill the left. The body could neither fly nor run—it must drag itself along painfully. Banks already demoralized, with the fight and the nerve beaten out from his heart, needed only pressing with the united infantry and cavalry to be utterly and everlastingly destroyed. Steele, wounded badly in material, harassed, surrounded, and taxed hourly to the greatest, was cool as snow, wary and determined. He had two days' fighting in him anyhow, if he could get bread.

From the beaten army—the larger, the more bloodthirsty, the more barbarian, Smith came without reason to throw himself upon a small force of hungry, quiet, desperate men. Steele only wanted to be

"let alone," and he would have retired with profound bows and sighs of relief and pleasure. Smith was eager and attempted too much. He relied on the cavalry to finish Banks, when his infantry and cavalry combined failed to strip Steele's front bare even of its skirmishers.

The cavalry pursued Banks to the best of its ability, and fought him with great vigor and tenacity. General Tom Green commanded it, an intelligent and devoted officer, bravely assisted by Generals William P. Hardeman and Bee, DeBray, and Hunter, and numerous Colonels commanding brigades. In this service General Green lost his life, and the Texas soldiers a leader whom they worshiped, and who also had written upon the banners of his State actions which will live longer than the memories of her Alamos and San Jacintos.

The operations of the cavalry, wanting in power as they must necessarily have been, affected Banks greatly, and added visibly to the terror and confusion of his soldiers. Enough was learned in this way to see in all its bearings the error of Smith. It was in his power to move upon the short lines, and concentration was perfectly feasible, for he knew thoroughly the condition of Steele. However, he withdrew the infantry almost in the presence of the discomfited enemy; marched first to Shreveport forty-five miles; thence to Camden, Arkansas, one hundred and ten miles, leaving the Federal forces to slip through Taylor's fingers, and abandoning the results of two victories. Most of the infantry except Magruder's, consisting of Walker's division, three brigades; Parsons' division, two brigades of Missourians; and Churchill's division, three brigades of Arkansans, moved at once upon Camden. So thoroughly was Steele shut up in his dungeon that he received no information of Smith's movement until he appeared in force before the works at Camden. This was a feint to cover the crossing of Fagan at Miller's Bluff preceding the battle of Mark's Mill.

Now that everything on lower Red river had been abandoned, and the fruits of two severe battles thrown recklessly away, it may be profitable to inquire how the campaign against Steele was conducted, and why he was not routed and destroyed. Smith's army

was jubilant and exultant. Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, the splendid fighting of Price's cavalry had injected new blood into their veins and given additional determination to their resolves. They had reached Camden by forced marches, but were eager to engage Steele at once and crush his hungry army.

General Fagan's duty now became clearly manifest. After gathering the spoils from the well-won field of Mark's Mill, he should have marched as near Camden as possible from the north; blown up every bridge; torn away the corduroys; felled gigantic cypress trees upon the only two roads leading from the town; broken and battered down the trestle-work running for miles over deep, treacherous morasses; and fought Steele, step by step, from hill to hill and valley to valley—with artillery and musketry, with Arkansans and Missourians, mounted and dismounted, by night and by day, until Smith's army hurled itself upon the rear. These exertions General Shelby implored and begged should be made. The Washita river was bank full. The two roads leading to Little Rock ran through an overflowed bottom five miles wide, and in many places passing over narrow causeways barely sufficient for eight men to walk abreast. Failing in all these things he should have crossed the Saline river, taken position on the other side, and disputed the passage of Steele's army at the sacrifice even of half his corps.

General Fagan gave as his reason for not doing so the orders from General Smith to attack Little Rock. Shelby urged that couriers should be sent to Smith with communications asking the adoption of one of the two plans proposed. They were sent; arrived safely at his headquarters; remained there two days and returned *without a line of anything in the shape of instructions*. But when General Fagan ascertained by actual trial and in a manner satisfactory to himself that the Saline could not be forded in his attempt to reach Little Rock, why not then, with the discretionary powers forced upon him by circumstances, march at once upon Camden? General Fagan had the courage, the devotion, and the desire to do great things, but in this instance he did not appreciate the importance of the movement, and lost an opportunity which

comes to a soldier only once in a lifetime of winning eternal glory and renown. Upon reaching the Saline river the fording was found to be deep, but by no means dangerous or impracticable. Shelby's indefatigable commissary, Major John B. Dale, assisted by his able subordinates, James Dunn and Columbus Catron, with many fatigued dutymen, had no difficulty in crossing and preparing abundant rations at a large mill beyond the river. General Fagan's horses were greatly overworked, too, and had been starving for twenty-four hours, so he turned squarely around from the river, marched across both roads open to Steele, and halted only when the vicinity of Arkadelphia had been reached, a town forty miles from the outlets to Steele's retreating army. This journey for forage and provisions occurred just as Steele was evacuating Camden, and after Shelby's scouts brought in prisoners from the retreating army.

General Smith also maneuvered horribly. Fate fought against the Confederates, that fate which the superstitious attribute to heaven—the practical to humanity. As soon as he unmasked his force before Steele, the Federal general saw the imminence of his danger and the exposure of his isolated column. The thunder of Fagan's guns at Mark's Mill; the splendid fighting of Cabell; the fierce gallop and fiercer charge of Shelby, had all been told to him by terrified and breathless fugitives, and he resolved to retreat at once upon Little Rock. His antagonist, having sufficiently impressed upon the Federals the importance of his numbers; having no further occasion for concealment; confident in the *morale* and enthusiasm of his troops, retired them to their old camp, *eleven miles south from Camden*, and left Steele unwatched and anxious for escape. The night of the day upon which Mark's Mill was fought, General Steele, after severe and incessant punishment, evacuated Camden. Almost destitute of transportation, he destroyed great quantities of baggage and ammunition; threw several of his fine batteries into the swollen Washita; burned his tents and the personal effects of his officers; tore up the bridges behind him, and delayed in every possible manner Smith's advance by using the very identical means so strongly urged by Shelby upon General Fagan.

The immediate departure of General Steele naturally was not known by General Smith for some time—the next day, and late in the day at that. When the information finally reached the somnolent headquarters of this Trans-Mississippi Department commander, he hurried forward his troops to Camden. Here, by some unaccountable and criminal oversight, the pontoon trains were a day's march from the Washita and still traveling; the river full as an inland sea and roaring and tossing its tawny crest almost upon the redoubts about the town. Steele was safely over and well on the road to Princeton. His movements at first were necessarily slow, for the bottom beyond the town was almost bottomless, and the bridges none of the best and strongest in the world.

The pontoons came at last, and, twenty-four hours behind Steele, without artillery, with scarcely any rations, General Smith pressed on in pursuit. General Marmaduke, for the same want also of this pontoon train, was forced to march east from Camden about forty miles—away from Steele—swim and struggle over the Washita at Miller's Bluff, the only available place for crossing in this manner; and then strain on and press on without rest or food to the Federal front. He failed simply to do an utter impossibility, and struck the rear of Steele's army at Princeton.

It scarcely belongs to the pages of this book to dwell upon the series of enormous blunders perpetrated; the tardy pursuit by Smith; the failure of Fagan to follow up the terrible blow dealt at Mark's Mill; the withdrawal of his cavalry from the *only two roads* open to Steele; the marching so far away as to be too late for the battle of Jenkins' Ferry; the failure to blockade a single road or destroy a single bridge; the unfortunate judgment which prevented the crossing and holding of the fords upon the Saline, but in a similar struggle, perhaps, the blunders of the past may be used to sharpen some battle-intellect, and render more vivid the inspirations of some military genius.

General Steele, believing and expecting to meet a large force in his front by every principle of ancient or modern warfare, had already contemplated the alternative of surrender, and made up his

mind like a man to the bitter resort if the worst came to the worst. His relief may well be imagined when every road ran open before him to Little Rock, with skirmishers nowhere to oppose the steady advance, nor one squadron of light-heeled cavalry to hang upon his flanks or startle him with the laconic "Halt!" As soon as Marmaduke got over the Washita he pressed on after Steele, who evacuated Camden on the 25th of April. He had halted a few hours in Princeton to refresh his men, and when he left two prisoners of Marmaduke's escort gained their liberty in a very shrewd manner.

The prisoners were all confined together in a large room in the court-house, with the guard on the outside. In this room was a rostrum, or judge's bench, raised somewhat above the floor, and the thought suggested itself to these two men to pull off some of the boards, crawl under the stand, and get their comrades to nail the boards on again. The thing was soon done. When the army moved the officer of the guard missed his two men, inquired for them, looked out of the windows, examined the rostrum, which gave no sign, and having but little time to spare, thought they had been spirited away as prisoners sometimes are, and left them in their cosy cage. As soon as the town became quiet, they kicked the boards off and came forth free Confederate troopers, ready for any duty or any dare-deviltry.

Marmaduke's failure to get in General Steele's front at Princeton, though a matter of regret to him and his command, was without influence upon the results of the campaign. His force was too light to have seriously checked the advance of the Federal column. He had far out-traveled his ammunition train, and the fifteen or twenty rounds that the men carried with them, and the small supplies in the limber chests of the artillery, would have been soon exhausted in a continuous running fight. Marmaduke took up the pursuit of the Federal column at once. He was here joined by that portion of his brigade that had been on service in Louisiana under Colonel Jeffers. The clouds had been collecting heavily during the day, and the threatened rain now began to fall in earnest. The rest of the day was dismal enough; the woods became deep and

miry; men and horses were thoroughly wet; and guns and pistols streamed with water, putting them in no good condition for use. But the rear and the advance guards of the two armies managed to engage each other repeatedly, but without serious results. Just before night the Federals disappeared in the wide, deep, and gloomy bottom of the Saline river, and prepared to camp and to erect their pontoons across the river, already rising under the influence of the falling rain. Their lines were soon established, and the Confederates, after skirmishing with them until dark, drew back to the bluff and went into camp as well.

For both armies it was a sufficiently miserable night. The rain fell without ceasing. The Federals in the deep mud of the bottom, surrounded by rising waters, labored continually to secure the means of their further retreat. The Confederate cavalry was either on duty, or lay under the trees without covering of any kind, drenched and muddy, and the infantry toiled heavily onward through the storm to reach the front. It was a night utterly devoid of any of the romance or pomp of war. Toward morning the head of the infantry column came up, and the day, long delayed seemingly, dawned at last. General Smith ordered the cavalry to find the enemy. Two regiments, Burbridge's and Greene's, were ordered forward, and discovered them in the position held the evening before. They were at once deployed as skirmishers, and tested the strength of the enemy's line and found them in force. General Smith rode over the field and reconnoitered the position. He then retired to the bluff, a mile and a half in the rear, and ordered forward General Churchill's division, to be deployed as skirmishers along the entire battle front. But neither Parsons' Missouri division, nor Walker's Texas division, were ordered down within co-operating distance. Before General Churchill had time to complete the execution of his order, the firing suddenly ceased along the line, and General Smith, not interpreting the movement that caused it, and imagining that the cavalry were only fighting a rear guard, and that the enemy had in fact withdrawn, countermanded Churchill's order, and directed him to advance his forces in column

down the road, keeping pace with that portion of his force already deployed as sharp shooters. The road held down the bank of a bayou usually without water, but now filling rapidly with the falling rain. It passed through an old abandoned field, without fences, and containing in the midst a dilapidated cabin. The Federals had withdrawn suddenly their advance line from the front of this field to their main line in the rear of it. General Churchill, in obedience to his orders, exposed his column terribly in this open space, and very naturally met with a severe check. He deployed his men and got them into line under cover of the woods, however, in good order under the circumstances. Churchill was then ordered, unsupported, to cross the open field, and right gallantly he made the attempt. But the enemy were too strongly posted, and he met with a reverse. The Missouri division was now ordered forward, and it, unsupported, made the attempt of the field and likewise failed. In the meantime, General Price was in command on the field, and General Smith, as at first, in the rear. In the beginning a section of artillery had been ordered forward, but the horses floundering in the mud nearly to their girths, and the pieces becoming unmanageable, it had been ordered to the rear by Marmaduke. Later in the day another section had been ordered forward by *somebody*, it was impossible even to tell exactly by whom, and *not* being ordered to halt, it was driven into the lines of a negro regiment, the horses shot down in their harness, and the men at the pieces, before they had fired three rounds, were indiscriminately bayoneted. The enemy used no artillery, but trusted the issue entirely to the musket.

A pause ensued. Walker's strong Texas division was brought into action. A portion of it, under General Walker, moved to the right, and attempted to turn the enemy's position in that direction. But two brigades were ordered, with the stubbornness of fatality, —directly into the open field. This field contained not more than two hundred acres, and by deflecting a little to the right might have been entirely avoided. But it was deemed by some kind of wisdom, absolutely necessary to cross it. When Walker advanced to the attack neither the Arkansas nor Mississippi troops were properly

in hand to support him. His division made a gallant but unavailing fight. They were beaten back, as the other divisions had been before them. Each division of the army had by this time been whipped in detail. The day looked gloomy for the Confederates. Marmaduke went back to General Smith, reported the condition of affairs, and urged that General to mass his whole army, and make a vigorous effort in force. General Smith gave him *carte blanche* as chief of staff on the field, and directed him to fight it out as he pleased. Marmaduke employed himself with the necessary preparations in reorganizing the different commands; but before he could complete them the enemy took advantage of the lull in the storm, crossed the river, destroyed his pontoons, and thus ended the battle. The Confederates retained possession of the field, and the wounded. Both sides lost heavily. The Confederates had two general officers, Randall and Scurry, of Texas, killed, and two, Clarke, of Missouri, and Waul, of Texas, wounded.

This engagement ended the Spring campaign of 1864 in the West. Notwithstanding the great successes General Smith's subordinate officers had gained, both the campaign in Louisiana, and that in Arkansas, was so managed as in the end to result in no practical good to the Confederate army. After General Dick Taylor had, in open violation of orders, utterly routed General Banks' column approaching Shreveport, and General Steele had been beaten and foiled in Arkansas, General Smith had so divided and weakened the pursuing forces, as to allow both armies to escape, crippled and demoralized, certainly, but still in a condition to be reorganized and to become formidable. Aside from the terrible blunder that marked the field of Jenkins' Ferry, intelligent criticism would probably decide that the battle itself was a *faux pas*. There were two routes leading from Camden to Pine Bluff; the one direct, and the longer one passing through Princeton, making with the other two sides of a triangle. General Steele chose the longer route, because it masked his intentions, and left it doubtful whether his objective point was Little Rock or Pine Pluff. General Smith, by taking the shorter route could have reached Pine Bluff before General Steele, and then

be in a position to destroy his line of communication and of supplies with White river, and render the Arkansas valley untenable in his exhausted condition. Possessed of the Arkansas, the road lay open to a vigorous and effective campaign in Missouri.

The official report of the bloody and horribly managed battle of Jenkins' Ferry gave the Confederate loss at one thousand and twenty-three killed and wounded, and it is probable that General Steele suffered equally as much. Several splendid exhibitions of courage were given by officers of all grades and arms. At one time when the Missouri infantry were falling back from a sudden and a terrible fire, Marmaduke and his gallant aid-de-camp, Captain William Price, snatched two standards from their bearers, rushed in among the troops, and by their bearing and exposure restored order to the line and led it forward with conspicuous bravery.

Lieutenant John Lockhart, of Ruffner's battery, was ordered forward, by some unknown officer, with one section of guns. No point was designated, and this daring officer, as willing to fight an army as a battalion, continued to advance until he found the enemy. This was done speedily. Two fires upon a charging regiment at ten paces, and his guns were swept bare of men and horses. He was wounded and captured, the most of his men were killed, and his cannon were taken off by the Federals. He stood to the last, though, and was endeavoring to load when he was stricken down.

Colonel R. H. Musser, leading his splendid 9th Missouri Infantry, in the charge across the fatal field, saw instantly that the line had become disarranged and somewhat broken in toiling through the treacherous mud of the bottom lands. The fire was hot and pitiless, yet he halted his regiment, rode out ten paces in its front, and, mounted on a conspicuous horse, clad, himself, in conspicuous regimentals, his sword drawn and his deep voice rising louder and deeper as the musketry increased—ordered his men to "mark time" after the line was dressed, spoke a few calm, energetic words, and then dashed them superbly upon the timber line held by five thousand crouching Federals.

After Steele got well over and was moving to Little Rock, Colonel

Elliott, who had crossed the Saline river at Mount Elba after the battle of Mark's Mill, came upon his rear and pressed it heavily with his regiment. The demoralization was great. In the retreat arms, ammunition, clothing, and medicines had been abandoned lavishly. Many prisoners were picked up, and many of the slightly wounded, unable to continue further, had fallen down despairingly by the roadside.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM Saline river, General Shelby moved with his brigade to within a short distance of Arkadelphia; General Smith encamped his army around Camden, and General Steele reoccupied his old quarters at Little Rock to repair damages and sum up his losses. Short rest for one of them. Shelby's impatient soul, thirsty and longing for glory, asked permission to march to White river, gain Steele's rear, organize the vast number of conscripts there into serviceable commands, and inflict such punishment upon the enemy as might be possible, looking in the end to another formidable expedition into Missouri.

After much debate as to its peril and expediency, and a succinct explanation of the good results to follow by Governor Reynolds, one of the most thoroughly comprehensive minds in the department, General Shelby received his orders, twenty-five heavily laden ammunition wagons, four pieces of Rabb's "naturalized" battery, and a useless caution to be prudent and circumspect.

Smith came with his grim Southwesterners; to the front rode Shanks with the young gallants from Jackson county; the knightly Gordon marshaled his scarred veterans; and infused with the fire of Elliott, there followed his new but battle-trying regiment. Williams led the wary advance right royally, and Collins' quick eyes had scanned and lingered lovingly upon his beautiful guns. Far away upon the fertile banks of White river lived girl-idols whose memories had been shrined deeply in manly bosoms, and the cuirassiers "would a-wooing go."

Sore from heavy blows, weary from three weeks of incessant fighting, the Iron Brigade yet fell in merrily that soft May morning when the bugles rang *reveille*, and led by its worshiped leader spurred away for Batesville. Through Princeton, with its goodly array of beautiful and patriotic girls; through Rockport, on its river

home, desolate and in decay; across the Saline river, up amid the rugged scenery and wild grandeur of the Petite Jean mountains, and over the cataracts and cascades of the Fourche la Fay, the brigade hurried on. The second day's march from Rockport brought heavy skirmishing with mountain guerrillas. One band, led by a notorious Confederate deserter named Carter, was surprised and almost exterminated. Added to the killed, which amounted to thirty-two, seventeen were captured and shot in two hours after establishing their identity. In sifting the wheat from the tares, and in separating the white sheep from the black, the women were of the greatest use and never failed to define the proper *status* of a prisoner, at least well enough to secure release or immediate punishment. One instance I remember as remarkable for its interest. A man, gray-headed, hollow-eyed, but a perfect bundle of nerves and muscles, just such a man as Wise described old John Brown to be, was brought in with a number of others captured skulking in the mountains. Nobody knew him, his looks were in his favor, and it had been decided to release him when it became prudent to do so. Still marching with the column under guard, the prisoners and escort stopped at a respectable-looking house on the roadside for rest and water. The lady, a careworn, grief-stricken looking matron, glanced occasionally at the group of prisoners with eyes that had but little expression, and scarce anything of eagerness. Suddenly her gaze became fixed upon the old man's features, the blood rushed to her brow, she went nearer, nearer as a snake sometimes draws the fascinated bird, and at last uttered one wild, piercing shriek, which could be heard from one end of the brigade to the other, and then fell upon the ground in complete nervous prostration. Her story was soon told, however. Four months previously, this old man, looking now so respectable and innocent, had, at the head of a murderous party, attacked the lady's house, killed her husband and eldest son, robbed the premises of everything valuable, and driven away the only cow spared by the ravages of war. This crime had been but one of a series perpetrated by these guerrillas, and this old man was a kind of a fiend-god among the wicked. "Madam, would you like

to shoot the murderer of your husband with your own hand?" asked the captain of the firing party, as the men were being told off for the duty. The lady thought long and earnestly, and the struggle was intense. Once her brow corrugated and the lips set stern and ominous, but her woman's nature finally triumphed, and she answered: "No, I can not kill him, but I can stand by and see him die as I did my husband and my poor, poor boy." She did watch him with wild eyes half-glazed, but fearfully cold and tearless, and turned away without a shudder, when his body fell pierced with eleven bullets, his hoary hair floating upon the tide of his own blood. Truly, war has sometimes such terrible calamities that nature is obliterated, and even woman will give a serpent when you ask for a fish.

On one of the many tributaries putting into the Fourche la Fay river sailed quite an array of flat-boats, laden with all manner of trinkets, provisions, goods, etc. It was the fleet of the Union guerillas, and plied up and down among the mountains, rendezvousing occasionally at Dardanelle or Lewisburg for the purpose of refitting and renewing supplies. The flag-boat of this squadron had a most peculiar banner and recognized by all nations—it was a woman's petticoat. Captain Will Moorman, with a hundred men, bore down upon this fleet, stood off awhile for broadside and broadside, then boarding the anomalous crafts simultaneously, brought them, their freight, and fifty prisoners, all under the suggestive flag, into a Confederate port. An idea presented itself to General Shelby instantly. He immediately impressed four wagons, hoisted the boats upon them, and with this pontoon train advanced to the Arkansas river. One or two points were accessible for an attack, either of which promised big results to the conqueror. Dardanelle and Lewisburg, strongly garrisoned and well supplied, might be taken by surprise with all their armaments and ammunition. Lewisburg, located on the north side of the river, was, consequently, more difficult of approach, but General Shelby determined to attack it because it had a larger garrison, and was, therefore, the richest prize of the two. The river was reached four miles below about eleven o'clock

in the morning, but, as the march had been heavy, and but little sleep enjoyed for four nights, he resolved to rest until dark and force a crossing then. Sentinels were carefully posted, the men slept quietly until four o'clock, when a sudden dash of five hundred cavalry from toward Dardanelle aroused the camp instantly. General Shelby desired above all things to conceal his force from the enemy, hide the artillery, and convey the impression that only a small scouting party was hovering about the river. To do this he could simply oppose to the attacking Federals a very insignificant body of men, and maneuver as if he were wary and uneasy. The ruse succeeded admirably. Hooper and Williams held the enemy in check quite easily, and repulsed their charge with a single volley, when Lieutenant Simms followed the retreat and captured seven prisoners, who were released after being informed in a casual manner that a Captain somebody was after them with a hundred bushwhackers.

On this campaign there came to General Shelby and volunteered as an aid upon his staff, a Methodist preacher named Mobley, a most devout and worthy man, thoroughly capable as a guide, and fearless as David. Everybody knew him, especially the ladies, and he knew everybody, especially the ladies. Jo. Shelby, though by profession a stout Episcopalian—I wish the same might be said of his practice—had great toleration for differences in creeds, and made himself particularly agreeable to the Methodist divine. The tenderest chickens were laid upon his plate—though some were uncharitable enough to suppose that this attention arose from a peculiar taste he had heard of these gentlemen possessing in his younger days—and the best brand of cognac passed first invariably to Brother Mobley, which, to his credit be it spoken, he never refused nor pushed away untasted. The godless, devil-may-care soldiers of the brigade rarely ever spoke harshly in his presence, and the roughest voices were hushed into respect when his attenuated and worn figure glided among their camp-fires. I never knew Shelby to forget himself but once in his company, and it was when standing by his battery when Captain Collins called his attention to two shells with damaged fuse and perforated by a dozen

holes. "It will be dangerous to use these, General, for there is every probability they will burst in the gun," said Collins. "May the devil fly away with the traitor who tampered with them," was his hot answer; but seeing the mild blue eyes of Brother Mobley looking reproachfully into his own, he qualified the curse, by adding, "if God is willing."

The Federals, on being repulsed with ten killed and twenty-three wounded, hurried back to Dardanelle. Night soon came down, and the thin, sharp edge of the waning moon could be seen, scarcely illumining the sky with a pale and doubtful glimmer. It was a region of cottonwoods. Not a breath of wind whispered among the branches; not a night bird twittered or fluttered amid the foliage; only from distance to distance was heard the tinkling of the bell hanging at the neck of hog or cow—they bell hogs in Arkansas—and the continuous murmur of the waters running along their sandy channel. Slowly and silently the brigade moved out into the night, and down upon the river bank for the crossing. Captain Shaw, of Granby, surnamed "Commodore," a jolly soldier as well as sailor, had charge of the little fleet and launched it upon the river. The dim shore beyond could scarcely be seen through the glimmering darkness with its black outline of trees, and nothing could be heard except the rush of the river, and the sound of the waves breaking upon a huge bar midway the channel. Volunteers were called for to swim over and reconnoiter. Fifty naked figures sprang out to the front and disappeared suddenly in the gloom. Then Colonel Elliott manned two boats with fifty picked riflemen in each, and steered away also in the darkness. For half an hour the silence was unbroken except by the slight creaking of the muffled oars and the painful breathing of some tired swimmer. Finally Colonel Elliott reported that the crossing was impracticable. Half way the channel stood a bar, and to avoid this the boats were carried upon a large island, between which island and the main land ran a deep, rapid arm of the river. The boats, therefore, would have to land everything upon the island, then be drawn upon and carried across to the other side, launched and re-embark the brigade—an opera-

tion requiring a night and a day. The naked skirmishers were recalled from the opposite bank, which they had reached and thoroughly explored; Elliott came back after much exertion, and the command, without a single accident, moved rapidly toward Dardanelle.

At four o'clock on the evening of the second day, General Shelby was within twelve miles of Dardanelle. The best scouts returned without definite knowledge of the numbers of its garrison, and rumor reported large reinforcements constantly arriving. The question of simple attack had been settled from the first, and it remained now only to be considered whether it should take place in the day or the night. Revolving the two plans anxiously and sending out additional scouts, delayed General Shelby until nearly sundown, when a pale, girlish, but fascinating woman rode up to his headquarters and offered to go into Dardanelle and bring back the desired information. Nobody knew her. She was a stranger in the country, and the dilemma was greater than before. At last General Shelby, relying upon his knowledge of human nature, which was, indeed, acute, gave the girl an escort and started her upon the mission, following himself with the brigade in half an hour, resolving, if she were treacherous, to attack before the town could be evacuated or the defenses strengthened. True as heaven, the fair, proud Confederate heroine rode boldly into Dardanelle, counted its garrison, impressed upon her mind the positions of the fortifications, and came rapidly back to inform General Shelby of the result. Compensation and thanks she hastily refused, and remarking, just as she rode away, "What I have done may seem imprudent in one of my sex, but I regard it as a high and holy duty. General Shelby trusted me and I have not betrayed him. If I were a man I would glory in following his standard, but as I am I can only pray for the success of a command whose heroic career I have watched for many months," and she was gone with a sudden flush on her pale face, leaving a void of wonderment and curiosity not easily filled. It became afterward ascertained that she was the daughter of a respectable Southern farmer living in Clarksville,

Arkansas, who had been killed by some deserters, after which she, with her mother and two smaller sisters, removed to the neighborhood of Dardanelle. Her name was never learned, though the brigade treasured the memory of her brave deed as one of the many devoted acts Southern women performed for their struggling and bleeding country.

The advance under the intrepid Williams had halted four miles from Dardanelle, in order to give the column time to close up and rest half an hour. The men were dismounted and resting in groups, trying to snatch a few moments' sleep, the videttes well to the front, when the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, one thousand strong, came down the road and received the fire of the ten men on outpost duty. Judging from the number of shots that only a guerrilla party was ahead, this regiment swung into line and delivered a steady volley, which swept down the narrow and crowded lane with an effect certain of fatality, had not the soldiers been lying flat upon the ground. This volley sealed their fate and lost them Dardanelle. Williams mounted and charged furiously and blindly upon the unseen enemy, fearing nothing and caring less. Shelby, at the head of the brigade, sprang away after the advance, and the race went shrieking and clattering through the night. Lights flashed from windows, dogs bayed fiercely, frilled night-caps and flannel night-caps peered out from balconies, but the stern gallop of horsemen went thunderingly on, living flames leaping from busy muskets, and shouts and groans of agony swelling on the air. The road was dreadful. Broken by decayed bridges, rough with the streams of Spring, and muddy to unknown depths, pursuers and pursued rushed on under the midnight stars through the yellow, splashing pools, over hills and crazy bridges—the prize was life, the forfeit death. Woe to the unfortunate rider losing seat or saddle, woe to the stumbling horse too slow for the rapid leap, for trampled into the miry clay, all semblance of form or face was stamped out by the feet of three thousand steeds in motion. Three times the Federals halted for a checking fire, and as often was their rear swept away and their destruction hastened. Darkness hid many revolting

sights, but if the burial bugles had sounded next morning, heaven knows the 3d Arkansas would scarcely have had men enough to bury the dead.

Even with the tremendous pace, Collins held his battery to it, and General Shelby going right into line at a gallop was advancing upon the town before the last of its covering regiment had gained the fortifications. Cutting off all communication above and below by sending Elliott to the left and Williams to the right, there only remained for the garrison capitulation or the river in the rear. One thing Jo. Shelby never did in all his long career—demand the surrender of a defended position. Moving against it with all the impetuosity of his peculiar attack, he left it with the enemy to make the first propositions and lift the first truce-flag. If these were done, very well—they were religiously received and respected; if not, still very well, the besieged must bargain for their own terms. The troops holding Dardanelle preferred to cut their way out, and the attempt was made. Going up the river Elliott received them with a sudden, deadly volley and they fled back upon Williams even more advantageously posted than Elliott, and certainly fully as eager to be in at the death. Failing here, as a last resort, two large flat-boats were manned, filled with human freight, and drifted out into the stream. But Elliott watched through the gloom the hasty preparations, and opened a calm, deliberate fire upon the crowded boats. The result was inevitable and heart-rending. A wild, despairing cry rent the midnight, dark forms leaped frantically in the raging waters soon to be followed by prayers, and shrieks, and gurgling moans of strong men in their agony. It was finished. The Arkansas, swollen by heavy rains, swept swiftly away the struggling victims. Some reached the opposite side in safety, many were killed in the passage across, and more went down to lie amid the fishes until the great resurrection morn. Two hundred and thirty-three of the garrison, however, preferring surrender to death by field and flood, hid away in houses until the anger of pursuit was over, and then gave themselves up in squads. These prisoners reported that the town would have capitulated without resistance had

the garrison known Shelby was attacking, but thinking it must be a detachment of bushwhackers they deemed death preferable to a surrender. Daylight came soon after occupation, which revealed a heavy stockade and formidable earthworks almost around the town. These might have been successfully defended until morning, when the Federal officer in command could have at least seen the extent and imminence of his danger; but the wild, unceasing charge upon the 3d Arkansas, the unchecked advance of Shelby's column, the imaginative dangers of a night attack to weak nerves, and the sudden seizure of all roads leading from the city, completely turned the head of Colonel Fuller, a gasconading coward, and caused him to sacrifice his command almost without a manly blow or a rational effort in its behalf. Two hundred and thirty-three prisoners and three hundred and seventy-four killed and wounded from a force two thousand strong, besides those of the 3d Arkansas left dead upon the roadside, and those of the garrison drowned in efforts to escape, were indeed a fearful aggregate. In the town were eighty-six released Southern prisoners, one hundred and fifty valuable mules, eleven army wagons, four sutler stores filled with everything, and commissary supplies and impressed negroes in great abundance. The negroes, mules, goods, wagons, salt, sugar, molasses, rice, tobacco, whisky, and blankets belonging to the United States Government were sent south after the brigade had been supplied, and Dardanelle was soon stripped bare of all its garrison plumage. General Shelby, in this brilliant dash, had only two men wounded, Lieutenant Colonel Hooper and one of Williams' advance—Tom. Daniels.

Two days in Dardanelle gave sufficient time to parole the prisoners, distribute clothing, and pay the usual devoirs to the ladies, when General Shelby, after again launching his fleet under the indefatigable Shaw, proceeded to cross the Arkansas river, now very high from the Verdigris running out full, which, as the citizens explained, gave it the strong impregnation of salt—so salt indeed that it was unfit for use by the soldiers, but drank with avidity by the horses. Langhorne went over first, met a scouting party of

Federals in the little village of Norristown, engaged them a few moments, and drove the detachment toward Lewisburg with the loss of four killed and seven wounded. The brigade crossed without accident and camped near the river. Early in the morning four hundred Federals came up again from the direction of Lewisburg and drove in the pickets on that road. Making no stand whatever when attacked in force, they retreated rapidly to the town, followed by two squadrons. General Shelby avoided Lewisburg with fear and trembling. Two hundred small-pox patients were quartered there—though this fact was unknown until after the capture of Dardanelle—and the very air seemed filled with the disease. True, its garrison fled toward Little Rock almost as soon as the fugitives from Dardanelle carried thither the news of disaster, but the stores were filled with vast quantities of valuable supplies which would have been sent south had not an enemy more powerful than man held its deserted suburbs and rendered everything safe within the grave-girdled precincts. In the eagerness of pursuit the two squadrons under their young, reckless leaders, Randolph and Crispin, dashed into the infected place and brought away several prisoners and articles of clothing, but General Shelby reproved them severely for their temerity and kept them a mile in rear of his brigade for two weeks.

Among the prisoners captured at Dardanelle was an officer—a lieutenant—who formerly belonged to Fagan's Confederate division. When asked an explanation for this fatal facility he had of serving two masters, he exculpated himself by declaring that being ordered upon the Arkansas river for recruiting purposes, he had been captured, sentenced to death by the Federals, and only escaped execution by joining their ranks and taking their uniform. No one credited his story but General Shelby, and a request was made for his trial. Shelby talked to him often, cross-questioned him like a lawyer, studied his countenance well—and, finally, believing firmly in his own power of character-reading, released him and permitted him to join a company in the brigade. His estimate of the man was perfectly accurate. He fought faithfully to the end, was elected a

lieutenant in the cavalry, and fell badly wounded leading his company upon the enemy in the last disastrous raid into Missouri.

After Dardanelle surrendered, Captain Maurice Langhorne, riding slowly down the principal street, saw upon the levee a suspicious object creeping and dodging about among some hogsheads. Galloping up to it and calling out for it to stand, a huge Federal leveled his gun instantaneously within four inches of Langhorne's breast and fired. The bullet carried away a large bunch of Maurice's whiskers, and the powder burned his eyes and eye-lashes severely. Notwithstanding the nearness and imminence of the danger, his wonderful nerve remained unshaken, and not a muscle of his arm quivered as he covered the would-be assassin with his unerring "dragoon." As Langhorne rarely ever missed his aim, this surely was no exception, and the cowardly skulker met a well merited fate.

Lingering near the river for several days in hopes of capturing some of the passing boats, three scouting parties of Federals were picked up or destroyed, and no communication permitted between Little Rock and Fort Smith, until at last for forage the brigade moved to Dover. Here a long procession of young and beautiful girls came out to meet the brigade and scatter flowers before its leader. Songs of triumph and redemption were sung by the ladies; the great patriotic mass of the people seemed stirred into vigorous life by the presence of conquering soldiers; and from the houses in the town and from the hills and valleys around there came the sounds of merriment—the pleased shouts of joy and happiness.

Here Colonel Jackman was met with a few men, and here was formed Shelby's Missouri cavalry division. Jackman, a stern, able and devoted soldier, had been authorized, in conformation with orders from General Smith in Shelby's possession, to recruit a brigade, and went immediately to work with an energy certain of success. Clarksville, twenty miles distant was at this time occupied by seven hundred Federals. Shelby attacked the town just at daylight, surprised its garrison, killed and wounded three hundred and nineteen, captured twenty-one, and followed the survivors in every direction

amid the mountains. After these heavy blows struck at Dardanelle and Clarksville, besides a dozen more equally severe, although lighter, Shelby and Jackman separated—the former to press on to Batesville and the latter to gather up his recruits and follow after.

When within two days' march of Batesville, Colonel Shanks surprised and captured seventy mountain "boomers," a peculiar Arkansas organization, which, acting ostensibly with the Federals, yet used this cloak to commit under its covering crimes the most enormous and outrageous. There was a shooting-match this day, and four counties in Arkansas thanked God at sundown that Shelby had avenged at last neighborhoods desolated and old men butchered.

White river was crossed fourteen miles above Batesville, where thirty-two of the same specie of "boomers" were taken and the town reached by a forced march. The hands of the Vandals had indeed borne heavily upon it. Deserted houses, now filthy and reeking with the litter of the barracks, defaced walls, and bruised and dying trees all told the sad tale of Federal occupation and negro amalgamation. But the hearts of the women beat with the old patriotic thrill, and they came out in the night to show their happy faces, scatter flowers among the soldiers, and sing in proud, rich voices that grand old air of "Hail! to the chief who in triumph advances."

General Shelby's advance and seizure of White river had nearly the same effect upon the Federals holding the various towns upon it as the swoop of a large hawk into a well-filled barn-yard of fowls. There arose sudden clamorings, a dart and a dash for cover, and the whole space so lately alive with strutting bantam and unwieldy shanghai became silent and deserted. From Batesville the garrison went to Jacksonport, followed in two days by General Shelby. Taking water at Jacksonport, the Federals embarked on three steamers all their horses, dogs, furniture, stolen goods, negroes, and courtesans, and struck out for Duvall's Bluff, but ran hard aground at Grand Glaize, sixteen miles below. Shelby followed with his "long gallop that could never tire," intending to blow them out of the river if overtaken for their crimes had been

enormous, and the orgies of their winter's occupation frightful and obscene. Fortune favored the devil again, and he, by some power or other invisible to all, floated the boats from the bar and gave the swift steamers two hours' start of the horsemen, who reached Grand Glaize at daylight, wet, cold, hungry, dreadfully fatigued, and the tawny sand gleaming yellow in the misty morning, the oar marks not obliterated by the waves, and the river still uneasy from the wheels of the steam birds.

Pursuit was abandoned here. General Shelby surveyed his field of operations, and commenced work with an acuteness and iron will hardly to be supposed were contained in a nature where there existed so much of recklessness and nervous energy. Ten thousand men within the conscript ages—Texans, Missourians, Arkansans—were scattered along the valley of White river—three and four at a house drinking, gambling, smuggling, trading cotton for Memphis whisky, and swapping sweet-potatoes to the Federals for flat tobacco and pocket-knives. This country had been the deserter's paradise and the coward's retreat when danger grew imminent. A sort of free-masonry existed between these *quasi*-Southrons and the Federals, which simmered down presently into an understanding that boys sometimes make when doubtful of each other's prowess: "I'll let you alone, if you'll let me alone." Mob law, supremely triumphant and always brutal, ground the peaceful citizens into the dust and paralyzed industry and the cultivation of those cereals so essential to the maintainance of the department. Horses were taken from their plows and negroes from the furrows whenever it suited the convenience or pleased the fancy of these professed Confederates spending their time in rioting when the country bled at every pore. Officer after officer had been sent to organize these elements and make them useful in cementing the temple sought to be erected in the name of Liberty, but all of them retired in disgust or fell into the habits of the masses, which defied their authority and laughed at their appeals. From the camp at Grand Glaize rough hands were heavy with the idols, and a keen, pitiless knife was busily cutting away the hideous ulcers. The first blow came

like the blast of a bugle, and startled the cormorants into attention. Thus read the daring, defiant order :

“*Men of Northeast Arkansas*: The land of your birth is struggling in the grasp of a giant, and you are cold to the consequences and indifferent to the results. I have come among you to appeal to your manhood before I appeal to the sword. Every inhabitant of this valley owing military service by law to the Confederate States Government must immediately enroll himself in some company; companies will as rapidly join regiments; and the regiments will be assigned to brigades as please the wishes of Lieutenant General E. Kirby Smith. Choice of organizations will be allowed until the 10th of June, after which time you shall be considered as conscripts and treated accordingly. I know your past history. I have heard of your disgraceful fraternizing with the Federals. I believe you have committed crimes and treason against your country, but I am willing that you shall take up arms and wash out dishonor in the blood of a common enemy. I call upon all good men to support me, but as plain statements will save future trouble, and as I had rather act than talk, I here announce to you, upon the faith of a soldier and the truth of a gentleman, that all who refuse to rally to their country's flag shall be outlawed, hunted from county to county, and when captured hung as high as Haman. You shall fight for the North or the South. I will enlist you in the Confederate army; or I will drive you into the Federal ranks. You shall not remain idle spectators of a drama enacted before your eyes. I have ammunition for your muskets, and these shall be taken from the enemy. I come with veterans to fight for your homes, but you must fight, too, or the homes will be desolate and your own blood shall be spilt upon the door-sills. Events gather fast. There is no time to argue now, and I command you to rush at once to arms. Every officer with recruiting papers will report at once to my headquarters, and colonels or generals professing to have regiments or brigades will come immediately to receive orders and instructions for future operations. I do not condemn, but I threaten; I do not bully, but I strike. This beautiful valley shall

be quiet and peaceful, or it shall be desolated with fire and sword. If the snake can not be scotched it shall be killed. No more smuggling, no more stealing of cotton, no more dodging conscription and harboring deserters. Come up like men, or go to General Steele like men, but whatever you do, remember the 10th of June."

This proclamation spread like wild-fire. From every house, hill-side, bottom, brake, bayou, river, the men came swarming forth. They knew the man, they knew his soldiers—and both were terribly in earnest. Colonel T. H. McCray, sent months before by General Smith, but powerless for good or for evil, received his orders and commenced in earnest to organize a brigade. Dobbins, from the swamps about Helena, between whom and McCray a feud existed, came next for authority and instructions. Freeman, with his half-clad mountaineers from near Pocahontas and Powhatan, wheeled complacently into line, and took his cue from the hands of the wizard throned in simple but imposing pomp upon the river. Companies multiplied into regiments, and regiments into brigades. Camps sprang up suddenly in every healthy locality, and drilling, marching, parading went on from day to day with eagerness and enthusiasm. Shelby was everywhere, and his staff and escort rarely unsaddled. Inspecting a camp here, mustering in regiments there, and drilling brigades yonder, he infused the exuberance of his confidence into the breasts of his officers, and stimulated the men by showing the steady ranks and scarred visages of his own veterans. The country became quiet in a week, and old farmers, encouraged by the protection and security given, renewed their youth and made a fresh start in the path of agriculture. The robber-bands drifted into good soldiers or joined the Federal army, as interest or feeling dictated. The 10th of June arrived and dawned upon a peaceful district, filled with happy, self-reliant soldiers, and farms teeming with promises of a plentiful harvest. One man did all this. In such emergencies personal qualifications in the commander always tell. If there is in him that mysterious but all-powerful magnetism that calms, subdues, and inspires, there results one of those sudden moral transformations

that are among the marvels of the phenomena of battles as well as of administration and discipline.

During the winter occupation of camp John C. Moore by the troops of General Shelby, information was brought to the effect that Colonel Horace Brand, in the faithful discharge of his duties, had been cruelly murdered. Active and important military operations taking place immediately after the report was circulated prevented an investigation of the matter; but upon his arrival in Batesville, General Shelby determined to know the truth in regard to it. Colonel Brand, after leaving Shelby's expeditionary forces at Huntsville, Arkansas, proceeded with his accustomed energy to Northeast Arkansas, and recruited, in a remarkably short space of time, eight hundred soldiers. Anxious and eager for work, and in obedience to his orders, he marched at once into Missouri to make a diversion in favor of the raiders stirring up such excitement in that State. At Warsaw, on the upward march, Colonel Quin Morton, commanding seventeen hundred men, with two pieces of artillery—an officer of experience and courage, who had won reputation at Shiloh—came upon Shelby's rear with the full determination of pressing it to the best of his ability until a junction was formed with General Brown. Colonel Morton's column, however, had other work just then, for Colonel Horace Brand, with his eight hundred recruits, had thrown himself toward Rolla with great speed and with consummate ability. Thinking Rolla in danger—as Colonel Brand's forces had been largely overestimated, and really not knowing but what another and formidable detachment was approaching from the south—Colonel Morton marched directly east to meet Colonel Brand. After accomplishing thoroughly and well his mission, and after fighting and gaining several severe skirmishes, Colonel Brand returned to Northeast Arkansas, intending to consolidate his regiment and incorporate it immediately with the army. Commanding, unfortunately, in the section of the country to which this officer had hurried, was the phantom Brigadier General, Dandridge H. McRae, who desired nothing better than to reign supreme among the lawless and corrupt elements then carrying everything before them in that beautiful but

deserter-cursed valley of White river. He naturally disliked every species of discipline, and made instant war upon this devoted officer seeking to promote the country's good. Having but few men with him, for Colonel Brand had furloughed his eight hundred troops in order that they might obtain fresh horses and additional clothing from their homes—and anxious to finish speedily his work, he had obeyed one order of arrest from McRae and reported himself accordingly. Released without even the accusation of having done anything wrong, he commenced again to gather up his recruits. McRae, still dissatisfied with himself and eager for more arbitrary measures, sent for him a second time, and to enforce the second order he sent fifty well-armed men. Colonel Brand and six or eight of his soldiers were encountered by the leader of this party, a man whose name was never ascertained, and acquainted with the order for his arrest. He refused positively to obey it, and calmly replied that he and his party would fight to the death first. McRae's officer, unwilling, perhaps, to resort to fighting, and naturally averse to the unsoldierly work required of him, entreated for submission. But Colonel Brand, feeling himself grossly outraged, prepared for the conflict and drew his pistols. After a few moments of hot, swift fighting, he, together with four of his soldiers were killed. McRae was satisfied, and dead upon the peaceful, murmuring river was his dauntless victim, who had fought fifty battles for the South and not one against her. Colonel Horace Brand had been General Price's adjutant general in the Missouri State Guard, and was a singularly gallant and accomplished officer. Fearless in the discharge of every duty, daring almost to excess, and tender and gentle in bearing as he was reckless in battle, he risked his life and lost it rather than yield to what he considered harsh and ungentlemanly conduct on the part of his superior officer.

In the same section of the country, but at a later period, were killed Lieutenant Colonel Walter Scott, of St. Joseph, Missouri, and Captain William Edwards, and five of his men, from Shelby's brigade. Colonel Scott's death was also a most sad and brutal murder. Some of his soldiers had been guilty of indiscretions—taking horses

and saddles most probably—and were arrested. They gave Colonel Scott's name as their commander, and he was sent for to identify them. Sternly opposed to everything like insubordination or rascality, he condemned their actions, yet in order to obtain their release—knowing they had been influenced more from the surroundings than from dishonesty—declared himself responsible for them. This generosity cost him his life. Without warning or without preparation, he and his comrades were deliberately murdered. Elegantly mounted and armed, it was supposed that the richness of their accouterments tempted the cupidity of their captors, and that they were sacrificed to an unholy and unnatural lust for plunder. Colonel Walter Scott was a young officer of great promise, and gave every indication of becoming an effective and brilliant cavalry leader. He had served with distinction in the old State Guard, and was scarcely well of a severe and painful wound received some months previously in Missouri. He gave up his life for his men because, actuated by that high and holy friendship which makes comrades-in-arms so sensitive to the punishments of one another, he was unwilling to leave them unassisted and uncared for. Captain Edwards and his men were veterans from Shelby's brigade, and true and tried soldiers. Every effort was made to discover the murderers of these devoted officers, but without effect. Those directly engaged in it in all probability joined the ranks of the Federal army. McRae was cashiered by his government for disgraceful conduct upon the battle-field, and was never heard of afterward. Indeed the condition of Northeast Arkansas upon Shelby's arrival was such that the only wonder seemed to be how any honest, patriotic soldier could live without being constantly exposed to danger and death.

Colonel Dobbins and his men were true and brave soldiers, but were too far removed from the ulcer to cut it away, and were busy in protecting their own homes about Helena from the rapacity of the robbers and Federals. McCray had no arms and wanted but few, if any. To some men nominal command is pleasant, empty rank desirable, but hard work and blows tiresome and disagreeable. Captain Rutherford, a brave and conscientious partisan near Bates-

ville, fought often and well, but his numbers were too small to exert much influence, and he could do scarcely more than threaten and occasionally strike. Captain McCoy, another partisan leader, further away toward Searcy, stood up stoutly against the horrible anarchy and kept his hands clean and his house in order.

Colonel J. R. Freeman had been operating here for some time before Shelby's arrival, but had gone over to Croly's ridge, across Black river, for supplies. He had returned once, however, to deliver battle, and as the fight was a close, deadly one, and belonging properly to a *resume* of the condition of affairs, I relate it in this connection. A Federal general, Anderson, leading fifteen hundred men, came up White river, landed at Augusta, and immediately started into the interior on a pillaging expedition. The convoying gun-boats not being amphibious, of course, remained at Augusta. Freeman, duly informed of the expedition, met it about four miles from this town, in a dense bottom, attacked fiercely and drove it in confusion back upon the iron-clads. In the fight Colonel Freeman was severely wounded, as was also Major Shaver; and Captain Bland, a gallant young officer from Augusta, with some twenty others, were killed. The Federals abandoned their dead and wounded, amounting to one hundred and seventy-eight. Anderson retreated hurriedly down the river, and the naval officers of the expedition, dissatisfied, doubtless, with the unimportant part performed by their service, fought a sham battle for a dozen miles or so, firing at every substantial-looking cottonwood and into every dark stretch of matted cane. Very soon after this battle, another and a larger detachment of Federals returned for more negroes and more cotton. Freeman fell back before them across Cache river, followed soon by an enterprising scout. This he drove away without difficulty, killing many and causing the rest to recross the river hurriedly. The Confederates then dispersed, each commander choosing his own theater of operations. Rutherford went to the mountains about Batesville; Colonel McGhee to the vicinity of Memphis; and Freeman remained yet a little longer near the theater of his exploits, endeavoring to raise a brigade. Colonel E. T. Fristoe, a truly deserving and intel-

ligent officer, joined him with a regiment; Lieutenant Colonel B. Ford came with a battalion, and at last Colonel Freeman had about seven hundred effective men—a brave brigade truly, but better than none, without doubt. These operations had all been conducted under the *regime* of General *D. H. McRae*, and now came Colonel *T. H. McCray*, with a multitude of orders from Shreveport, and the last Mc. superseded the first Mc. To place the royal seal of purity upon his documents—which must be ever with a soldier blood-red and battle-crested—Colonel T. H. McCray concentrated his available forces for an attack upon Jacksonport, then held by a slight Federal garrison. The attack was a novelty in its way: Approaching the town during the night, the lines were formed by day-dawn, and were in open ground and quietly resting at ease. Amused, probably, but certainly not alarmed, the Federals formed speedily and marched out to attack. McCray ordered a retreat, qualified so as to require now and then a checking fire from his own forces, and now and then a halt. But this soon grew into fast and furious racing, until his badly-handled and willing soldiers were safely behind Village creek, twelve miles from the *intended-to-be-assaulted* town. Here another separation took place, and each commander returned to his old haunts.

Then General Adams came and superseded T. H. McCray, as he had superseded D. H. McRae. Adams, having no faith in investments, except cotton investments, perhaps, led no army to besiege Jacksonport, and concentrated no horsemen from the mountains and the bayous.

Then Colonel Dobbins followed Adams with commodious powers, and issued his orders and defined his bailiwick. The people got tired at last; the soldiers had been disgusted long before. No order, no system, no fighting, no anything save incessant wrangling, orders and counter-orders, proclamations and protocols, devouring of substance and devotion to anarchy. The Federals held the towns; the robbers held the country. Every thief who could “impress” an ox-cart and steal a cotton-bale was soon on his way, outward bound, to Memphis—trading and trafficking. Predatory

bands from afar, attracted by the immunity from danger and the wide scope for scientific roguery, made constant inroads upon the community, and despoiled the good citizens recklessly and remorselessly. Presuming upon the future from the experiences of the past, these deserters, robbers, thieves, Unionists, and Federals were making extensive preparations to inaugurate a delightful summer campaign, and to crown the record of infamy by devastating and depopulating.

Swift, fierce, eager to hang and stern to execute, Shelby and his brigade threw a great sword into the other scale—a sword rough with the blows of victory, yet keen and flecked with blood-drops.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER issuing the proclamation already referred to, and after becoming convinced that the heaven was at work, General Shelby thought it necessary to strike the enemy a sudden blow to encourage the efforts of the recruits and give them confidence in his ability and prowess. During the formation of the various camps of instruction, "Commodore Shaw" had been busy at Batesville constructing a bridge of boats, which was floated down to Jacksonport, thrown across the river, and covered with thick, heavy flooring—making an excellent and speedy causeway from bank to bank. Without disturbing a single battalion of recruits, and leaving McCray, Dobbins, and Freeman to their parades and daily drills, General Shelby crossed the pontoon at Jacksonport, and hurried on to Augusta. Heavy and incessant rains delayed him in its vicinity several days, but wading Cache bottom, ferrying over Cache river, thence on through mire and water to Bayou de View, he crossed this crooked, treacherous stream after great exposure, and galloped away to Clarendon. Above this town, perhaps fourteen miles, was Duvall's Bluff—the point nearest to Little Rock on the river, and connected with it by a railroad—the only one then in Arkansas. This railroad supported General Steele's army. Duvall's Bluff was strongly fortified, guarded by gunboats, and heavily garrisoned, for indeed it was the heart which supplied the Federal arteries of Arkansas with blood; therefore, General Shelby determined to grapple the river at a point below this town, black mail it with his battery, and kill the patient by striking the most vital part.

Clarendon was selected as the *point d'appui*, because it was easy of access, easy of getting away from, and of good position. All that portion of Arkansas was a swamp, however; it was springtime, and it was raining incessantly, which will tell the whole story of

roads without bottoms, streams without bridges, and swamps without boundaries.

But Clarendon was reached late one sultry afternoon, and cautiously the advance reconnoitered the town, the river, and the woods. There, sure enough, not ten rods away from the wharf, stood a dark ironclad, grim sentinel of the place—lowering, defiant, and “nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

The town was encircled with a cordon of scouts—hid from all sight though—who arrested and confined every human being going in or coming out, for it was resolved to surprise the vessel that night and blow her out of the water if necessary.

Every disposition had been made by dark, and the tired warriors laid down under the gigantic cottonwoods to wait for the opportune time. It came quietly. Just at midnight the battery drew up in the road leading into the town and advanced silently to its outskirts, when the horses were taken from it, and a hundred eager hands grasped it and dragged it with the same noiseless motion to within fifty feet of the water's edge.

Crouching and clinging to the shadows of the houses, a long line of dark figures came stealthily—with eyes to the front and guns at a trail. This was the outlying picket waiting for the coming daylight!

Clear cut against the naked sky, and solid as a wall of steel, stood the old brigade waiting for the coming daylight!

Somber as an iron island, with all her red lights in gloom, and the deep peal of her time-bell sounding solemn and chill, the doomed craft sat upon the water unconscious of the coming daylight!

A low, large moon, lifting a realm of romance out of the waves, lit up the scene with a weird light, and crested the “stars and stripes” that flapped in melancholy motion against the painted gaff.

Silence, like a tired queen, brooded in the whisperings of the leaves and in the suppressed breathings of the Thug-like warriors, glaring on their victim with eyes that never yet meant well to Federals.

General Shelby went close up to the boat—only a little blue

band of water, smooth and pliant as a woman's necklace, lay between the lion and his prey. The drowsy sentinel paced his narrow beat, little dreaming that the fierce avengers of blood were on his track, and that four loaded cannon were almost touching him with their sinister muzzles.

It was a complete surprise. A gunboat surprised having an armament capable of sweeping from the bank every vestige of man, cannon, and opposition.

Heavily and wearily the time sped on. The soft waves sobbed on the beach, and curled and sparkled in sheer wantonness around the iron beak of the river falcon. The giant trees hushed the rustle of their leaves in sober expectation, and not a cloud waved a pennon across the mild June sky.

Faintly and daintily the white hand of morning put away the screen of darkness, and up from the east little shreds of daylight were tangled in masses of dun and sable shadows.

Then General Shelby, with victory in his eyes and battle in his heart, gave the eager order.

A yell of one thousand exultant men, a sharp, deadly crash of one thousand muskets, the roar of four pieces of doubly loaded cannon, and the thunderbolt crashed against the iron sides of the *Queen City*.

Again and again—the earth a volcano and the water red with a battle light—did the helpless vessel receive in her vitals a hurricane of shot and shell, until, rent, disabled, shattered—her scuppers running blood—she whistled defeat and struck her flag.

Magnanimous in victory as terrible in combat, General Shelby took possession of his prize without boasting, and ordered assistance and surgeons to the wounded.

Thus, without the loss of a man, this gallant young leader surprised and captured one of the enemy's finest iron-clad war vessels, armed with thirteen heavy Parrott guns, and containing a large and desperate crew of devil-may-care Irishmen.

The complete surprise, the romantic surroundings—a little field battery of four guns, grappling on an open beach, one of the most

formidable vessels of the enemy's gigantic navy, the muffled approach to within twenty feet of the boat, and the terrible suspense of four hours of face-to-face waiting under the yawning muzzles of thirteen guns, form one of the most daring and brilliant episodes among many of the Confederate struggle.

But, already the news of defeat and disaster had spread. The sullen alarm guns of the fleet above were borne on the winds from Duvall's Bluff, and there was to be hot work and heavy work before the sun went down.

Taking two thirty-pounder Parrotts from the disabled boat, and putting them in an improvised battery on shore, General Shelby determined to blow up the *Queen City*, as she could be of no further use to him or his cause.

In twenty minutes more, after all that was valuable had been taken from her, the earth reeled and the trees trembled under the shock of the final destruction of the *Queen City*, and the terrified water closed over the last remains of what had been, two hours before, a gallant mail-clad vessel. Major McArthur, of Shelby's staff, an old and experienced steamboatman, laid the mine and applied the torch.

No blame could possibly attach itself to the commander, Captain Hickey. Every naval regulation had been strictly observed. The vessel was anchored in the stream, steam well up, the lookout man at his post and vigilant, the guns all loaded, and the reliefs stationed constantly and in order. Nothing but a cavalry patrol on shore could have warned him of his danger—and even with his seamen, just at nightfall, Captain Hickey had ordered a reconnoissance through the streets of Clarendon, which was thoroughly made and narrowly escaped Shelby's advanced skirmishers watching them with an almost painful intensity.

Imagination can scarcely paint the feelings of surprise and the terrible shock which must have swept over the slumbers of captain and crew, when the tearing, grinding, exploding shells howled through the bunks, shattered the furniture and the mirrors of the cabin, and killed at least half a dozen in their furious course. The cook fell horribly mangled upon his stove in the very act of light-

ing a fire, and one poor little powder-boy, fresh-faced and beardless as an infant, lay almost cut in two by a shell. Not a line of pain marred the repose of his countenance, and the eyelids seemed covering eyes which would soon open again upon the beauty and the joys of earth. While the boat was coming to, several leaped overboard and made their way in safety to Duvall's Bluff, but the captain, an honorable man, soon stopped this violation of surrender, and gave everything in the hands of the captor, together with ten thousand dollars in greenbacks, just drawn a few days before by the paymaster. Shortly afterward, Captain Hickey, officers and crew were sent to Helena and paroled.

The fresh, early winds lifted the fog slowly after the night attack, and the river glowed like a green ribbon against the woods beyond now stirred gracefully by the mute fingers of the invisible breeze.

The pale dawn of a June sky floated away in a sea of amber and gold, and the sun came up hot and vigorous as a young god to a feast.

With the sun came rapid and ominous preparations for battle, and, ever and anon, the shrill whistle of the leading boat, signaling the hindmost vessels to close up and keep well in order.

General Shelby separated the pieces of his battery to prevent a fire being concentrated upon them—the two Parrotts taken from the *Queen City* were in position—the matches were lit, and the old brigade deployed as skirmishers, lined the bank of the river.

An hour went by slowly—an hour of eager suspense and anxious waiting. Hotter and hotter glared the sun, and louder and louder sounded the dull puffing of the advancing boats.

Away up the river, a mile or more off, a dark, solid object loomed suddenly in sight—followed by another, another, and still another, until four iron-clads came full in view, with banners streaming out gayly to the wind, and huge volumes of smoke floating up skyward, heavy and dark in the clear, young morning.

The leading boat, gigantic and desperate, forged slowly ahead, every port closed, and a stern defiance on her iron crest. It was the *Tyler*, scarred and rent in previous fights, but wary and defiant still.

The gunners stood by their pieces on shore waiting for the word,

and the tirailleurs on the right commenced the rippling shots of the skirmish fight, which would frequently burst out in a spray of bullets.

A white puff of smoke burst suddenly from the bow of the Tyler, and curled gracefully in thin wreaths far astern. In a moment a one hundred and sixty-four pound shell passed overhead with a noise like an express train, and burst in the river half a mile away. It was the battle-gage thrown in the face of the waiting land-battery.

The three boats behind closed up rapidly, yawned a little shoreward, and opened with a hurricane of balls that plowed the earth, shred away trees like stubble in the woods half a mile away, and now and then made sad gaps in the unprotected infantry.

The match was made. General Shelby rode from gun to gun in his quick, impatient way, and his voice fired his men like a torch passing along a line of ready gas lights. His order rang out sharp and clear above the rage and roar of battle: "Concentrate the fire of every gun upon the Tyler."

Full broadside to the wharf she stood sullenly at bay, giving shot for shot and taking her punishment like a glutton. For half an hour three thousand muskets and six pieces of artillery fought almost muzzle to muzzle with the grim boat, her three consorts pouring in all the time an enfilading fire of grape and cannister.

A noise like the rush of five hundred steeds in motion, and the two-gun battery disappeared in a cloud of smoke, and dust, and splinters, having been literally destroyed by one terrific broadside.

Hard hit and bleeding fearfully, the Tyler staggered over the water like a drunken man, every officer killed but one, two thirds of her crew dead and dying in the hold, and took up a position at long range, dropping now and then an occasional shell.

But three more closed up immediately, and for two hours the combat raged with unabated fury, Shelby everywhere among his guns, cheering on his men to continue the desperate contest.

On the naked beach—without a tree or stump for shelter—the old brigade with their unprotected battery fought for three hours—flesh against iron, nerve against steel.

Of the three boats engaged after the Tyler retired, one was sunk, one riddled by shot, and the other had to tow off her disabled comrade.

The fight was over! The fleet retired to a safe place above the town and kept up a fierce cannonade at intervals, for a heavy land force was coming down to be disembarked under the cover of its guns.

Gathering up his dead and wounded, and firing a last broadside of defiance, General Shelby retired two miles from Clarendon to prepare for the second day's fight.

Almost as the fierce combat ended, Colonel Shanks received his third wound. Encouraging his men by voice and example, and conspicuous in the coquetry of his new regimentals, he was a mark at once noticed and prominent. Although bushels of grape shot had whirled and twisted around him for three long hours, still, one tore through the overcoat behind his saddle at last, through the saddle also, and buried itself in his thigh, inflicting an ugly and horrible wound. He was borne from the field suffering greatly just as the Tyler fired her last broadside of defiance and left the scene of her deadly defeat. Kind hands and warm hearts ministered unto Shanks, and he soon got well again.

The boats engaged after the Queen City met her death, were the Tyler, the Fawn, the Naumkeag, and the Sunbeam, numbering at least twenty-six heavy guns, and commanded by experienced officers. The battle on Shelby's part had been desperate—one of those fights men shudder over afterward and wonder why any escaped.

Shelby formed his lines early for the battle of the second day, and took position just in the outskirts of Clarendon beyond the range of the vessels and waited silently for the onset. The white hair of the river mist, after being blown about fantastically upon the wrinkled face of the huge bluff and upon the green plumes of the great bottom-trees beyond, settled down heavily and chill around the dark undergrowth under which were ambushed the eager Confederates.

Brigadier General Carr, commanding six thousand Federals of

all arms, came down from Duvall's Bluff escorted by five iron-clads, landed unmolested under their guns, took ample time to form his lines, and started gayly out from the wharf at Clarendon to measure swords with Shelby, patiently waiting until he got ready. A few shots first far to the front, a slight yell of fifty or so pair of lungs, a long, ragged, broken shout, and then a close, solid, deadly volley told that both lines were hard at work and mutually bent on killing. Collins, firm in the middle of the broad, white road, met the advance by a withering fire and drove the cavalry back with scarcely an effort. The infantry rushing furiously to the front, drove in Shelby's skirmishers and made a deadly and persistent effort even upon the main body, while three full batteries concentrated upon Collins and annoyed him greatly. Ike Shelby, the heroic standard bearer of Gordon's regiment, surrounded by the no less devoted color-sergeants, George Collins, Bob. Catron, Jim Kirtley, and Lem Cochran galloped fifty yards toward the enemy, planted the flag in the earth and quietly formed around it. Catching fire from the brilliant example, the regiment precipitated itself upon the left of Carr's line and drove it back upon the town, while Hooper and Erwin struck the right squarely and dealt it such heavy blows that Carr's entire line gave way and took refuge under the cover of the protecting fleet. Reforming the scattered ranks and increasing them by additional reinforcements, Carr again came fiercely out and grappled Shelby with rough, impatient regiments. The battle now became bloody and desperate. Shelby, very advantageously posted and determined to hold on to the last, fought his best and lost without stint. The battle raged unchecked for three hours, now furious and rapid—now calming down to artillery firing, and skirmishing more deadly than either. Gordon and Hooper suffered much. Jim Gordon, of Company C, Gordon's regiment, was badly wounded, after being attacked by five Federals and after killing four of them. Ahead of the skirmish line, forgetting or unwilling to fall back when his comrades did, he was surrounded yet refused to surrender, and fought his way out with a bullet through his manly breast, from the effects of which he never

recovered. Little and Flenner, and a dozen other men were badly wounded from Company E, while the other regiments suffered in proportion. The second time Carr was forced back to his gunboats, and for the third time reformed his lines and came again to the contest, stubborn and conscious of his superior numbers. It had become a military necessity to drive Shelby away, and either he must be forced to let go his hold upon the river or General Steele must abandon Little Rock.

Just as the battle was growing hot again, a dusty courier, covered with the dirt and the mire of the swamps, dashed up to General Shelby and informed him that a large detachment of Federals, numbering three thousand, had landed at St. Charles, and were marching rapidly to gain his rear. No time to lose now. Either the road must be passed leading into the line of retreat or the brigade must be surrounded, hemmed in, captured and annihilated, with a thousand to one on annihilation, for few of Shelby's men were ever at this time taken and treated as prisoners. Calling in the skirmishers, and fighting for half an hour longer to give Collins time to get his battery well ahead, Shelby deposited his wounded, buried his dead, and fell back rapidly before the pressing Federals, now coming on with great cheers after the lines receded.

Thinking there could be no more danger at this time from the Confederates, Carr had the beautiful little town of Clarendon fired in a dozen places, and soon almost every house was entirely consumed. It seemed strange, too, that this act of vandalism should have been committed by an officer bearing Carr's reputation for kindness and humanity. It may, possibly, have been the work of some of his skulking soldiers after he went to the front, but history must ever hold him responsible, as the commander of the expedition, for the blackness and darkness of the deed.

All day General Carr pursued—not furiously, but just strong enough to make vigilance unceasing and a pleasant march out of the question; yet before night the dangerous road had been passed and every troublesome thing thrown in the rear. Early the next morning, just after the brigade had resumed its march, General

Carr made a severe attack, and rather surprised the first Confederate picket line, but Captain Turner Gill, at the reserve post, mounted his detachment on their horses without saddles, not having time to get ready, and charged the Federal advance so viciously that the rear guard gained ample time to form and organize resistance. The position was anything but hopeful. This day's march would bring the brigade square up against Bayou de View, impossible to ford, but which must be crossed *volens volens* unless Carr could be defeated. Colonel Smith, late in the day, galloped up from the rear and reported Carr pressing him hard—so hard that he must have help. Lieutenant Colonel Hooper and Williams, with the advance, were carefully posted in a large body of heavy timber on the edge of a pretty little strip of prairie, and ordered to hold the Federals in check until the artillery could be safely carried over a large swamp directly in the road. Hooper had a brief, bloody fight of half an hour, which checked Carr completely and gave ample time for the crossing of the deep, treacherous Bayou.

This sudden and brilliant fighting of Hooper, and the appearance of the advance on the right flank of Carr's forces, conveyed to him the impression that Shelby had been largely reinforced and was about to turn upon and envelope him. He retreated precipitately, and Captain Bob Tucker, one of the most daring and intelligent officers in the brigade, and one of Elliott's most reliable captains, followed him several hours with his splendid company, stampeding his rear guard and running it in furiously upon the main body, returning at last with nine prisoners and fifteen horses.

Before closing this chapter it might be well to chronicle a few ludicrous events preceding the fight at Clarendon, and others which really occurred while the two days' battle lasted. Upon approaching the town, and after in fact hiding the brigade completely from sight, Shelby stationed Lieutenant Wm. Simms, Cam Boucher, Tom Daniels and a dozen others of the advance upon all roads, byways and hog-paths. Simms heard a great laughing, shouting and chattering of voices approaching his position and he made dispositions to capture the owners of these voices. Waiting a few

moments in great curiosity, he found himself surrounded by a young lady returning from her daily duties as school-teacher, accompanied by about fifteen boys and girls of all ages and sizes—some half grown and some not much bigger than a man's hand—with ragged jackets, barefooted, unkempt hair, and a great horror upon all of them as Simms laughingly surrounded the little urchins by two or three fierce looking soldiers. The lady shrieked, the girls huddled together about the leader, the boys bellowed, and kicked, and shouted, until the whole air was rent by every variety of shrill and infantine sounds. Finally Simms convinced the school-mistress that he wouldn't harm any of them for the world, but that it was necessary to go with him and remain with him until the expiration of a certain time. Procuring a large room, Shelby, after much difficulty stowed away his strange prisoners, and soon the little things were tolerably reconciled and dreadfully hungry. When the brigade marched to attack the boat, many of them, worn out by fatigue, were fast asleep and lying thick as little pigs in the sunshine.

One of the guns of the battery, before firing on the *Queen City* at daylight, was stationed just before the door of a huge brick house, and no doubt shook it from top to bottom at every discharge. About the third or fourth round an old lady came tearing out, wringing her hands, her bosom unbuttoned, and the strings of her night-cap flying white in the moonshine, shrieking at every step:

“Do n't shoot—do n't shoot—there is a gunboat right out in the river here and it will kill you every one. Take your gun away, for God's sake, before you wake up the gunboat!”

Wishing to drag the battery over a wide bridge about thirty yards from the boat, it became necessary to throw upon the planks something to destroy all sound, for the danger of discovery grew momentarily more imminent. Close at hand, and tall and rank, great patches of dog-fennel grew all along the road. Having exhausted all but one, and approaching it for the same purpose, a large, fierce dog, disturbed in his nocturnal slumbers, disputed the ownership, and neither threatening, coaxing, nor entreaty could

induce him to move an inch. It was suicidal to shoot him, and so he retained his pre-emption right, and the soldiers went elsewhere for dog-fennel.

After the capture of the *Queen City*, and while the labored puffing of the *Tyler* and her consorts could be plainly heard, Shelby asked for half a dozen volunteers to cross the river and ascertain what delayed the boats so long in coming down, and how many boats were on the way. White river, at Clarendon, makes a bend of thirteen miles, and the point between the two streams of water is only some half a mile in width, so by walking this distance the scouts would have traversed the same distance by land which took thirteen miles to make by water. Captain George Winship, Captain Jim Meadows, and about six other daring spirits from Shanks' regiment, manned a yawl from the captured boat and pushed off. Before reaching the opposite bank, however, the *Tyler* rounded the point above and cut off all retreat back to the Clarendon side. Nothing daunted, the little crew took positions behind large trees and opened on the *Tyler* a diminutive fire. A detachment sent from this boat to pick up the yawl, consisting of six seamen, were killed instantly at the first fire, and the *Tyler*, in revenge, shelled Winship's party for half an hour without damage.

After dark the erratic soldiers built a raft, put their guns and clothing upon it, and swam over some distance below the town, having suffered much from hunger, fatigue, and mosquito bites.

CHAPTER XIX.

THIS bold, successful blow struck at Clarendon, and the comparative ease with which Shelby fought and eluded a much larger body of the enemy, inspired the recruits with great ardor and ambition—and this blow was only the commencement of a series—each one to be more brilliant and successful than the other.

Colonel McCray, who had been dispatched to the Mississippi river, prior to the attack upon the gunboats, for small arms *in transitu* from the Cis-Mississippi Department, made the journey in safety, after suffering great hardships, and returned without the loss of a man, bringing back about one thousand muskets. The pledges of his proclamation were now being redeemed by Shelby, and it was not long before every man had a good gun and a good supply of ammunition.

After the capture of the *Queen City*, and after the battle with the *Tyler* and her consorts, a man presented himself to Shelby's picket line, weak, emaciated—but wary and defiant—his clothes dripping with moisture and covered by the mire and the sand of the swamps. Not recognized by the officer on duty, he was sent into camp. When the dirt was washed from his face, and his long lank hair combed out, he proved to be Captain Arthur McCoy, before spoken of as one of the most daring, debonair, heroic scouts and fighters in the whole brigade. His escape had been romantic, and in every way characteristic of the indomitable Confederate. Captured several months before, on an expedition toward the Arkansas river, because his horse had been shot dead under him, after his five men had fought seventy-eight Federals for eleven miles, he had been carried first to Pine Bluff, where Clayton, although a Kansan, treated him soldierly; thence to Little Rock, where the penitentiary was too good for him, had finally arrived at Duvall's Bluff, on

his way to Alton, and maybe that *dark*, mysterious death suffered by so many.

The roar of Collins' guns, which had shattered the life out of the *Queen City* and the fight out of the *Tyler*, told to McCoy's quick ears the tale of Shelby's attack, and the rumors about the town, and the hasty mustering of the garrison, told equally well that the attack had been successful. He determined at every hazard to escape, and was greatly favored by some friends on board the boat upon which he had been confined, and the mention of whose names here can do no good. The time for action came. He stood on the hurricane roof of the boat in earnest conversation with an engineer—his friend and his accomplice. Suddenly the engineer exclaimed to McCoy, who had dressed himself in the working suit of one of the hands of the boat:

"I tell you we can not move from the wharf unless the thing is fixed"—mentioning the name of some part of the machinery.

"And I tell you," answered McCoy, "that the d——d thing can't be fixed until you send to the Little Rock foundry."

"I know better," replied the engineer. "Come with me and I will prove it."

The guard, calmly pacing his beat during the time of the conversation, had heard every word, and naturally enough supposing they were two engineers disputing about some machinery needing repair, scarcely noticed them as they went below. Quick as lightning McCoy descended through the wheel-house and into the water with a noiseless motion. Floating quietly along, his head barely enough above the waves for respiration, he passed the lowest boat, the lookouts on the batteries, around a bend in the river, and at last beyond sight, without his escape being noticed. At length, wearied from incessant exertion, he drew up on the nearest shore for rest and observation, when, horror of horrors, a grim iron-clad lay quietly at anchor about three hundred yards below. To go back was simply impossible, to take to the woods seemed madness, as White river spread out ten miles wide at this point, and the bottoms on either shore were a wilderness of water—so McCoy gathered a large

bundle of dry canes, launched them very quietly, and boldly floated past the gunboat in safety, and for eight miles further, until he reached the shelter of his old ark, worn out, haggard, and exhausted.

Three days in camp furnished all the rest he required, and after this time had been spent lazily, it was ascertained that in the Mississippi river about thirty miles above Helena, a large steamboat, the *Mariner*, loaded with coal for the fleet, stood hard and fast aground, and that by a little wading she might be captured. Taking seventy-five picked men, he made a forced march, surprised the guard of five men on the bank watching the steamer, waded waist deep two hundred yards to her, and finally gave boat and cargo to the flames—sending the officers and crew on board to the commanding general at Helena.

After McCoy returned with his spoils in the shape of two or more dozen fine carbines and revolvers, Captain Langhorne was sent south toward Searcy to look after a large Federal force coming from Little Rock overland, strong enough, too, to work mischief. This force was met near the little town in question, under a Missouri Federal Colonel named Guigher, and of the 12th regiment, probably, who took but few prisoners from the Confederates—although this made but small difference with Langhorne. Guigher's advance, consisting of four squadrons, was routed by Langhorne with only thirty men, driven in furiously upon the main body, having lost thirteen killed and seven captured. Langhorne in turn had to give ground, but it took a regiment to make him do it, and then it was so badly done, that he got three more prisoners and brought them with his first seven back to Shelby's camp near Jacksonport, losing, however, his junior Second Lieutenant, Columbus White, one of the most promising and enterprising young officers in the brigade. Exposing himself to imminent danger, he was surrounded, shot, and finally captured—but recovered at last from his wound, though not in time to join his command again.

The circumstances of his capture attest the chivalry of his disposition: The little squad under him was pressed greatly, though

fighting manfully and well. Jim Crow Childs, brave, cool, and determined, but badly mounted, was in danger of being overtaken, as were the Kritzer brothers, John and Martin, splendid fellows and unsurpassed as soldiers. Lieutenant White halted in the rear alone to check the Federal advance, and to gain for his men time that the exhausted horses might reach timber. White's own horse was powerful in speed and strength, and he believed he could save himself after saving the others. Firmly planted in the middle of the lane, he awaited the onset and fought the oncoming Federals singly and with conspicuous bravery for a brief period. His horse fell at last, shot beneath him; he was down and bleeding, and the tide swept around and past him. Yet his perilous bravado accomplished its mission, and his comrades were safe and well ahead of pursuit.

Everything went on well now. Six thousand recruits at least were in camps of instruction, and every Federal had been driven from the district, except those holding the fortified positions of Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock. McCray, Dobbins, Jackman, and Freeman, had each fine brigades, while additional regiments were in process of formation.

CHAPTER XX.

“Now what would 'st thou do, good my squire,
That rides beside my rein,
Wert thou Glenallan's earl to-day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?
My horse should ride through their ranks sae rude,
As he would through the moorland fern,
And ne'er let the gentle Norman bluid
Grow cauld for the Highland kerne.

A WEEK after Langhorne's foray, the 10th Illinois Cavalry came gayly up to Searcy as it had been in the habit of doing periodically for at least two months before Shelby arrived in the neighborhood, and sent a challenge this time for any one regiment in the brigade to come down and fight it. The poor fellows were brave enough, but so unwise and so little used to warfare. Gordon was selected to maintain the honor of his command, and he took with him Williams and his advance, with a detachment from Jackman's brigade as seconds in the affair—just the simplest and easiest thing on earth to be adjusted. One heavy night march, and no more. At early daylight preceding the morning of his departure from the camp near Jacksonport, Colonel Frank Gordon, led by a trusty guide, burst wholly unlooked for and terrible as a destroyer—full upon the unwatched camp of the 10th Illinois. The four sleepy foot guards died at their posts like men, and their comrades, many of them in deep slumber and wrapped in blankets, made scarcely any resistance. Only two companies, bivouacked away from the rest of the regiment, fought or formed, and this resistance was so feeble, and so hesitating, that it simply called down destruction. Almost every man, surely every horse, gun, and pistol, fell into Gordon's hands. It was one of the most complete surprises and captures of the war,

and the poor Illinois men looked very woe-begone two days afterward when they were marched under guard into Jacksonport.

As Company C charged home, led by the noble and devoted Captain Judge Shindler, a fair-looking Federal sprang from amid his horses' feet and shouted quarter. Judge reined up, dropped the barrel of his revolver and said: "Go to the rear—I take your word for surrender." The Federal made no reply to this, but threw off his cap and down upon his shoulders fell a great wave of dark hair-tresses, and from his feet there were cast away the rough cavalry boots, until he stood before the wondering eyes of Captain Shindler as bright a Yankee girl as ever wore in her bosom the red, white, and blue tri-color. She bowed low, smiled sweetly enough to send the blood coursing through his veins like the sap in the maple-trees, and pleaded: "You have my lover prisoner. Please release him, and permit us to go to Little Rock."

Captain Judge Shindler could not be surpassed in Shelby's division as a reliable, conscientious, daring officer, but to his eternal honor be it spoken he had none of Joseph's attributes. He made his best Waverly bow, held the stirrup of his fair conqueror as she mounted to ride away with her *lover*, and sent Bob Hagood, as gallant as his captain, and Sam Van Metre to see them through the lines. Bob did his devoir as a true knight—in Shelby's division he would not have dared to do otherwise—and came back with a midnight tress of hair and a soft message for the sighing captain.

The surprise, because of its completeness, gave the Federal commander at Duvall's Bluff the idea that his detachment had been betrayed by some of the citizens of the town of Searcy, and he threatened them with extermination, conflagration, and many other horrible things. General Shelby informed him very coolly that an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" would be demanded for every injury inflicted upon those guiltless people. The threat had the desired effect, and Searcy escaped its promised fate.

Comfortable and cozy hospitals for the sick had long ago been established in the pleasant little river town of Jacksonport, and there may have been in them some dozen or so indisposed soldiers,

suffering principally from ague and diarrhea; yet, as small as the number was, the chaplain of Shanks' regiment, "Uncle Bob Rennick," as he was familiarly called, visited them unceasingly, and administered apostolic consolation as well as physical consolation—for Uncle Bob was a preacher, a soldier, a scout, and a fighter, who believed all were doing God's service in the struggle for the South, and that every Federal killed was only a sacrifice required by divine justice.

Well, in one of the hospitals there lay on his soldier's bunk a long, hatchet-faced Missourian, who had been a month down with diarrhea, and who was so thin and emaciated that he seemed a real skeleton. Uncle Bob, who had reserved all his religious diplomacy for the last, took a seat by his bedside and commenced: "How are you to-day, my friend?" "No better—wus and wus." "Ah! I am afraid you don't pray." "No, I don't. I don't know how—I never larn't that." "How long have you had this diarrhea?" "Ever sence roastin'-ear time." "Well, well, you will get better—you must cheer up—you must have hope and wrestle with the Lord in prayer."

Here the dying man's thin form half raised itself from the bed; his blue, watery eyes expanded, and a smile of ineffable incredulity passed over all his wan and sickly features. Throwing down the blanket and exposing two legs shrunken and wasted to a thread almost, and looking Uncle Bob full in the face, he said: "Russell with the Lord, did you say—rassell with the Lord—and with these here legs—why he'd flirt me to h—ll the very first pass!"

Never before in his whole life had Uncle Bob been so completely nonplussed. His quotations were forgotten, his balmy sentences mixed with worldly things, and the solemnity of his voice and look quivering with suppressed mirth. Let us all hope in charity that as the poor fellow would not "rassell" with his attenuated legs, he escaped the fall he so much dreaded.

To three preachers the Confederates of Missouri owe much—the Reverend John R. Bennett, the Reverend J. M. Minchell, and the Reverend Robert Rennick. Mr. Bennett had the keen, aggressive intellect of Paul, and varied his labors by fighting a little and preach-

ing a little. He believed wonderfully in prayer and wonderfully in gunpowder, too. His was the practical faith of that grim old Cromwell, who shouted loud over the gathering waters: "Put your trust in God, my boys, but *keep your powder dry!*" Mr. Bennett held up his manly, steadfast hands and blessed Shelby's company on the eve of its reorganization into the Confederate service, and that prayer was surely heard in heaven and registered there, for the company expanded into a division and its captain saved a beaten army from destruction.

Mr. Rennick and Mr. Minchell were with Shelby's division from the beginning to the end, and preached, prayed, encouraged, exhorted, and fought. "Uncle Bob" was an excellent skirmisher in battle, and his eyes were as steady when looking through the sights of a rifle as when the bowed congregation was listening in respectful homage to the pure, earnest Christian pouring out his whole soul in devout supplications to the great Jehovah. A cool Christian was brother Minchell, too, and went right up to the front as brave as the best of them. Uncle Bob's peculiarities were known, and all had some joke for him, the most rascally one, however, being perpetrated by Collins' battery: Shelby, deeming Collins' company in need of a little spiritual consolation, asked Uncle Bob to preach for them. He did so earnestly and fervently. Silence reigned supreme—the auditors appeared under some spell more potent than eloquence—more profound than religion. The preacher finished admiringly, and congratulated Captain Collins upon the remarkable behavior of his graceless battery. "Give the devil his due, Uncle Bob," replied the mischievous Collins—"the men have been an hour asleep."

It was again determined to pay Clarendon a visit and try another grapple with the gunboats, although news came from one or two directions that the Federals were preparing an expedition at Des Arc to get into Shelby's rear, break up his camps of instruction, destroy his reserve ammunition train, and force him to return south for additional supplies. Waiting long enough for the movement, and no blue-coats appearing, Shelby concentrated his old brigade suddenly one dark, damp night, crossed Cache river at three o'clock

in the morning, Bayou De View the next night, and then away for White river, this time twelve miles below Clarendon.

Harvey Richardson, a notorious bear hunter, scout, sheriff, and the man of that entire country upon whom the Confederates looked as a mentor and guide, was the pilot—and a better one never watched the moss on the trees nor tracked the great black bears, when the deep snows came,

“Through tangled junipers—beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the serpent feeds.”

Through the vast, miasmatic solitude of a great wide bottom, he led Shelby by no road, but with unerring skill. The scouts had reached the river for twelve miles above and below to report whenever a vessel should pass ascending or descending. Collins' battery had toiled through the cane and the cottonwoods to within two miles of the position selected, when swift horsemen galloped up and told how three gunboats and three thousand men were advancing directly from Des Arc to Shelby's reserve camp near Jacksonport. It was a trying moment. Two transports and one iron-clad were reported as coming down by the scouts above, and their capture was easy and almost certain; but if the ammunition trains were lost, everything was lost. Shelby decided the question in ten minutes by Richardson's watch—and in ten minutes more the counter-marching brigade was hurrying away to Augusta.

It was well, indeed, this decision was taken, and it was better, indeed, that never rein was drawn until the next evening at Augusta.

The expedition from Des Arc proved more formidable than was at first supposed. Reaching Augusta unmolested on transports, the commander disembarked his troops, determined to press on twelve miles above by land, and seize and destroy everything within his reach, cross by Shelby's pontoon bridge, destroy it, and thus have a swollen river between his forces and danger. It was well conceived, but badly executed. Shelby was upon him before he had heard of his retracing his steps, and although the brigade had marched sixty miles without halting and without eating, it was thrown immediately upon the Federals at Augusta. About half of

them, however, had re-embarked on the transports, for when Shelby reached a point within about five miles of the town, his advance had been signaled by some negroes, and the warning was heeded well.

Sending Williams three miles below Augusta to ambush the crowded steamboats as they retreated, Shelby charged the town, drove everything before him into the river, or upon the boats, which deserted many of the unfortunate soldiers on land, and hurried down stream in disgraceful haste. Fifty-five lay dead in the streets and on the wharf: thirty-eight wounded were cared for in a large house, and the drowned were never seen, and therefore were never counted. Seventy-eight prisoners were also secured, and sent afterward to General Steele.

Colonel Williams reached his place of ambush in time, and hid his one hundred men so completely that not a musket-barrel glistened, nor a gray cap peeped above the copsewood. The commander of the Federals thinking, perhaps, that Shelby's whole force had engaged him in the town, took no precautions whatever against a hidden enemy, and actually passed within ten feet of the bluff bank behind which lay Williams and his one hundred men—the roofs, decks, and guards of the steamers blue with densely packed soldiers. Two hot, deadly streams of lead leaped full into the human masses, and rent them in ghastly gaps and apertures. Men unhurt sprang frantically in the river; others were crushed beneath the feet of their comrades, and many poor wounded fellows were drowned, because an arm or leg had been disabled, making it impossible to swim after falling overboard. Williams followed the boats five miles and poured in many additional volleys, but none so deadly as the two first. It was reported by the Federals themselves afterward, although it is not vouched for here—that one hundred and thirty-seven men were missing from the three boats on their arrival at Des Arc.

Thus the great secret expedition ended, nor ever again was the attempt made to destroy anything Shelby might stow away in his rear for safe keeping.

Six days after the Federals returned to Des Arc, fifty picked men were sent to approach Duvall's Bluff as closely as possible,

and learn what its garrison might be about. These merry madcaps under command of Lieutenant Fulkerson, of Williams' old company, approached from the side opposite the fortifications, encountered a scouting party of twenty Federals, charged, killed and captured every man after a long chase, attacked the Bluff and its three thousand defenders—the river between them, however—and maintained a deadly fire of fifty Sharpe's rifles for two hours, until a regiment was crossed above and below the point, and their escape endangered. At one time during the fight, the Federals opened upon Fulkerson with six heavy guns from the earthworks and the enfilading fire of two gunboats, all of which could not drive him and his men from their cover of cottonwoods. He returned in safety, after swimming White river twice, and brought back eleven prisoners, seventeen carbines, and twenty-three horses.

This daring dash stirred up the garrison furiously. Five thousand men were crossed over and moved out, perhaps, ten miles in the direction of Jacksonport, when contrary counsels prevailed, and they went back behind their fortifications without a fight.

Successful in every encounter, Shelby now determined to strike a blow more daring than any other, and light a martial spirit in his recruits that would blaze into a general conflagration. Clustering all above and below Helena, were innumerable United States Government plantations—that is, the extensive farms of loyal Southern men who had been driven off, that imported Boston harlots might live at pleasure with the negroes they pretended to teach, and that orthodox Yankee officers might work the same negroes, ostensibly for this same United States Government—but in reality using them for their own benefit, and making the plantations grand depots from which to ship cotton, furniture, jewelry, and every article that would bring, down east, a ten cent postage stamp. Well, clustering around Helena, as we have said, were these filthy, somber spots on the pure, proud bosom of Phillips county, where lived many of the noblest and best Confederates on earth, and Shelby determined to wipe them out clean and clear as a saber cut. Colonel Gordon received marching orders at four o'clock one evening—at

four the next morning his squadrons were in motion. With the marching orders came others equally as laconic, and read somehow thus :

“Find Colonel Dobbins, report to him, and; united, both of you will strike simultaneously the United States Government plantations in the neighborhood of Helena. You may have hard fighting, and it is expected that you will do hard fighting; and whatever you do, leave not one stone upon another.”

Gordon found Dobbins near the little town of Trenton, about twenty miles south from Helena, reported to him as ordered and both camped there for the night. The next day early an advance of Federals from the city, numbering one thousand four hundred, was encountered at the crossing of Big creek, a large country stream running directly across the road. One thousand of this force were negroes, commanded by a Swedish or Norwegian officer, who spoke but little English, but, perhaps, splendid African—at any rate, he never spoke either language again after this fight. Gordon, in advance, charged squarely across the creek and drove in the leading Federal squadrons with severe loss, and pressing on with his usual impetuosity, encountered the entire force in line of battle, and protected by a pile of logs made into fortifications months before. Gordon and Dobbins both dismounted their commands and moved immediately upon the enemy. Twice the negroes, by a sudden and almost uncontrollable impulse, threw down their guns and attempted to run for Helena, distant about six miles, but were rallied and brought back by the heroic exhortations and examples of their officers, who insisted that every one would be killed unless they fought to the death—a fact no one among the Confederates doubted for a moment. The Federals had two pieces of artillery, with “*Dubuque*” on the caissons, and these two cannon were well served by the whites and gave much trouble. The Confederates fell fast as they went over the open plain below, and faster still as they clambered up the rough, steep hill, crowned by its long, low line of logs, canopied by powder clouds, and dotted thick through the smoke by the black, shining faces of the poor negroes.

When near enough at last, a close, deadly fire was poured in, and they dashed on through the gloom with revolvers. But the Federals were wary and determined, too, and broke away from their redoubt in full retreat toward Helena, leaving about half their arms, two caissons, four wagons, and all their baggage behind, with eighty killed, among which was the colonel commanding, one lieutenant colonel, one major, and seven captains, including the captain of the artillery. Dobbins pursued on foot as fast as possible, until Gordon mounted his men and relieved him. A desperate race was maintained to within sight of Helena, and one hundred more negroes and whites were killed and wounded. Halting until Dobbins came up, and exchanging the last few words of direction, the two columns separated again upon a common work of destruction.

Two miles below Helena, Gordon struck the first plantation belonging to Uncle Sam. It seemed, too, that Uncle Sam had become doating in his old days, because there was the neatest little cottage ever seen, vine-crowned and rose-embowered, for a Massachusetts "school-marm," named—so Sergeant Parnell said—"Harriet Beecher Stowe, jr."—but one thing can be spoken in her favor—she was much better looking than the original Harriet, not half so black in appearance, totally devoid of that sour, pious, painful expression so characteristic of the Boston hermaphrodite. In addition to this pretty little cottage and its pretty little bird, there were long rows of less assuming ones, where the *enfranchised* lived, and eat, and slept—dreaming their first dreams of unalloyed freedom—never to be dreamed again in Arkansas. Suspiciously near the cottage of Miss Stowe, jr., there were the chapel and the *parsonage* of the preacher, who might have been named "Henry Ward Beecher, jr.," upon the reasoning of Sergeant Parnell. Gordon's grim regiment circled around Uncle Sam's doomed paradise, and Eve saw that she was naked and hid herself. The little woolly heads crowded thick about the doors and windows, and looked on in curious and frightened wonderment. The preacher arranged the folds of his white cravat, whiter than his eyeballs turned heavenward, ere they set forever. The armed guards came running from the cotton-

fields to never watch another confiscated estate, and the Government store-keepers surrendered the keys of the doors that would never be locked again. Ready! Five hundred rough hands, red with the blood of the morning's battle, plied five hundred torches to cotton, houses, plows, harrows, dry goods, negro quarters, store-houses, and everything that eye could rest upon bearing any impress of the United States Government. It was a scene of stern and unpitied desolation. The flames arose high in the balmy Southern air, and the black smoke, in great volumes, blew into the very eyes of the lookouts upon the parapets of Helena. Half an hour sufficed for the work of destruction, and the regiment spurred away for another theater.

The second plantation had the same acquisitions, varied only by the uses made of them. Perry Catron, one of the old brigade's Ajaxes, with a heart as big as his body, and a supply of life and fun as big as both, entered the cottage of this negro teacher and found her at a piano singing and playing, "*Do they miss me at Home?*" She was a short, fat, dumpy thing, and Perry thought they did miss her about meal time, and most everybody knew that she would soon miss her piano—which had been stolen for her express and pious use from a neighboring plantation—and also her neat little school-room; and that the assiduous attentions of her devoted scholars would cheer this pure and disinterested "invader" no more.

The third plantation had news of the approach, and the male inhabitants all hurried into the church, carried in beds and blankets, darkened the windows, ran up a yellow flag, and stationed an old decrepid man at the door, whose looks contained the memories of fifty epidemics. Thinking all was not right, Lieutenant Colonel Blackwell, with a squad of men, rode up to the door and asked what it contained. Sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, and working his face into concentrated expressions of terror, the old man slowly murmured, "Small-pox." "Bad?" asked Blackwell, a queer look in his bold eyes. "Dreadful, massa—sartin. Ten buried last night." "How many to-day, uncle?" "Dunno, massa—we buries after dark." "In their uniforms, uncle?" "What,

massa? We poor niggers—do n't know much." "Well," said Blackwell, drawing a long sigh, "it won't do for any one to enter *this* house—the small-pox is so bad—*unless* some of you have been afflicted with it." "Why, Colonel," spoke up Varner, of Crispin's company, one of the deadliest and the driest soldiers in the regiment, "I've had the small-pox three times, and I rather fancy it—it tickles so, and by your orders I believe I'd like to get it again." "Go ahead," said Blackwell, "and count how many are to be buried to-night."

Varner entered with a pistol in each hand, stripped back the blankets from the nearest bed, and there—sure enough—was as pretty a Federal uniform inclosing as stout a soldier as Varner had ever seen in battle line. From the fifteen beds there were brought forth fifteen similar patients, and it was difficult to tell which seemed the most surprised, Blackwell or the Federals, that is—if we take his counterfeited fright for real earnest. This kind of work went on uninterruptedly for ten miles, and every plantation laid as bare and black under the sunlight as a prairie after the fall fires sweep over it.

Colonel Dobbins also fulfilled well his orders, and as Phillips county contained his home and the homes of most of his men, there were but few memorials left in their line of march to show how prosperous had been the occupation of this lovely land by the Federals.

It will be good to know in after life, when the stories are told of Sheridan's desolation, of Sherman's march with fire and sword, of Rosecrans' death order in Missouri, that now and then some Confederate officer rose above the trammels of red tape and fought the devil with fire. General Shelby was one of those who looked upon the contest as a gigantic war waged for civilization, for social position, for honor, manhood, property, and he constantly advocated the employment of all resources and the resort to any means necessary to check the vindictive warfare of the enemy, and teach them that fire was an element capable of being used in defense as well as in aggression.

Tired from incessant destruction, and having in fact not much more work to do, Gordon gathered up his regiment and marched back in sight again of Helena, bearing to Shelby's camp hundreds of negroes, mules, wagons, and enormous amounts of clothing and supplies. The negroes were returned to their masters, and the Federal prisoners were sent to General Steele, at Little Rock. The commander at Helena, two days after the Confederates retired, sallied out with great pomp and display, visited the desolated plantations, wept perhaps a few sympathetic tears with the school-mistresses, swore terribly that blood should be shed for the day's work, and then quietly returned to his fortifications.

Before closing the record of the "Plantation Raid" it may be well to narrate an incident occurring—so ludicrous and yet so really in earnest that but few of the actors will ever forget it. A young mulatto girl came to Ben Bowdry, one of Gordon's keenest, bravest soldiers, with her dark eyes swimming in tears and in great agitation and excitement: "Master," she said, "I know you are a Southern man and therefore a gentleman, and I want you to help me out of a scrape." "What can I do for you?" asked Ben, interested in her grief and really sympathizing with her—for she was pretty and well formed. "Make that white man marry me," was the answer, as she pointed to a neat, trim, sanctified individual, with irreproachable pantaloons and a spotless cravat. "Marry you, Dinah—and for what? are you engaged." "We was engaged, master—but he's fooled me." "Ah! poor thing," said Ben, "and what did he *after* he fooled you." "Called me a d—d nigger." "What, the *preacher*?" "Yes, sir—the preacher—they are different from *our* preachers, master. They say a nigger is as good as a white man—heap of them much better—and he told me he would marry me, take me up Norf with him, and make me as big a lady as the white folks—but he's fooled me, sure," and great sobs choked her further utterance.

Ben took one long, searching look at the suppliant; came to the conclusion that she was really in distress, and then made his plans as rapidly as he used to circumvent the enemy on the skirmish line.

Calling Tyler Floyd, Pack Bowdry, Will Fell, Varner, Will Moorman, Seb Plattenburg, Tom Ustick, At Persinger, and a dozen other young, reckless and daring spirits, he told them quietly the girl's story, and suggested they should take the preacher a hundred yards or so away from Gordon's sight and force him to marry the victim of his teachings. The proposition was hailed with shouts of glee, and two of the party immediately waited upon him to say they needed his presence for a few moments beyond earshot of the regiment. The guilty scoundrel believed it a plan to murder him, and he plead manfully for his life as he went to his destiny—but rallied and grew impudent when he stood face to face with his victim, and began to understand the intentions of his captors.

Ben Bowdry spoke first—very calmly, and dreadfully in earnest. "Mr. Pomeroy," this was the preacher's name—Goliah Pomeroy—"you have seduced a young and innocent girl by promises of marriage; you have cast her aside after your unholy passions were satiated and cursed and abused her. Will you marry her? yes or no." "See here, misters," answered the precious hypocrite, "it is not exactly fair for you Southern people to make a white man marry a 'nigger'—whatever he may have done." "This comes with an extremely poor grace from your lips, Mr. Pomeroy, when it is remembered that for ten years you have been preaching the equality of the races, and for the last year putting your preaching into practice by eating, sleeping, and associating with stolen negroes on a stolen plantation." The devil and the Puritans are argumentative, and the Reverend Goliah unbuttoned the two lowest buttons of his vest, drew up his pantaloons, which by the way, were faultless in cut and cloth, and began to argue his position. Ben stopped him short—rudely, perhaps—but convincingly. "You have five minutes, sir, to make up your mind. It had been our intention to hang you as we have the rest of your fellow-workers in this moral vineyard, but out of respect for the young colored girl, we are willing to spare your life upon condition that you marry and treat her honorably and kindly. Five minutes, Mr. Pomeroy—close round him, boys!"

Then the wild Confederates formed a circle around the now frightened parson—he the center of the group, very pale and perspiring profusely. “Two minutes more;” growled Pack Bowdry, gently unbuttoning the flap of his revolver, “I propose we shoot him as many times as he has letters in his name. It may keep his worthy relations from giving the coming Pomeroy less unpronounceable cognomens.” “He should be shot, anyhow, for being called Goliah,” suggested Seb Plattenburg. “Let me be his David,” pleaded Varnier. “Marry her!” shouted Tyler Floyd, “or by the God you have mocked and forsworn, I will kill you with my own hand.” “One minute more,” softly whispered Ben, showing his fine, white teeth, and motioning those behind the worthy divine to stand a little to one side as he shot. “Oh! gentlemen,” shrieked the horrified Pomeroy, “do n’t kill me—for God’s sake, do n’t kill me—I am not ready to die yet. I will do anything on earth—I will marry her—send for a preacher—I am ready—quite ready, gentlemen.” “Brother Persinger, proceed with the ceremony,” said Ben; and At Persinger stepped solemnly from the outer edge of the circle, book in hand, and a pious frown on his ungodly face. The lovers joined hands, At repeated such of the marriage service as he remembered in deep, solemn tones, and wound up finally with the decided declaration pronounced over man and wife. The really proud, pleased girl smiled gratitude through her tears, and the wretched Pomeroy squirmed and twisted, and hummed and hawed, but the pitiless soldiers held him to his duty, and made him give a loud and positive assent to every question requiring it. “Now kiss your injured wife,” commanded Ben Bowdry, after the last words had been pronounced by the Reverend Mr. Persinger, and the girl put up two full, pleading lips to his own with a smack heard above the laughter of the witnesses. “Very well, Mr. Pomeroy,” continued Ben, “you have acted more like a sensible man than I gave you credit for, and I would fain offer a little piece of advice before separating: This girl is much too good for you, although your skin is the whitest and your speech the most cultivated. She will be an ornament to the society of your friends and relations in the North, taking you as an

example, and I would advise you, if not satisfied with the way in which rebels tie a knot, to have the ceremony performed to your liking as soon as possible; but remember one thing—and from what you have seen of us you will believe it, I think—if we hear of your treating her unkindly or with harshness, and if any of us can ever lay hands upon you again—your last sermon on earth will be preached this side of eternity. Be wise in time.”

The bugle here sounded a recall, and the delighted bride followed her deliverers to their horses and bade them farewell with a simple, childish eagerness characteristic of the race. Sure enough, about two weeks afterward, an announcement of the marriage of the Reverend Goliah Pomeroy and Miss Dinah Hoskins was duly chronicled in the Helena papers.

Shelby was too busily engaged with preparations for another expedition to laugh over, or even listen to, Gordon's recital of this forced marriage. Events were crowding thick over the military horizon, and every breeze from the South came bearing softly the pleasant notes of activity and preparation. About the time of Gordon's dash around Helena, Major Lawrence had been sent through manifold dangers of “field and flood” to urge upon the authorities of Camden and Shreveport the necessity of making a bold, desperate and gigantic expedition into Missouri. Failing in this, Major Lawrence was instructed to ask that permission be given General Shelby alone, who intended and had mapped out a campaign which was to crown the edifice of renown he had reared after a long year of bloody and ceaseless activity.

Lawrence communicated freely through the trusty couriers accompanying him, and General Price sent hasty word that on or about a certain day—the 18th of July—he would cross the Little Rock and Duvall's Bluff Railroad mid-way between the two points with his army, and that General Shelby must attack the line heavily, make a strong diversion to enable the long ammunition-train to get over unmolested, and destroy at the same time as much of the iron upon the road as possible. The orders from Price came one night about twelve o'clock, and the next evening at two o'clock, Jackman's,

McCray's, and Dobbins' brigades had been concentrated from a radius of twenty miles and were marching to the work mapped out.

The second day's march brought a view of the beautiful green prairie, streaked by its one long sinewy railroad track, dotted with little fortifications, and checkered all over by groups of mowers gathering hay for the winter stalls of Steele's stabled cavalry. To get this airy glimpse of nature's unfettered empire, Shelby had to cross Big Cypress, a remarkably treacherous, miry, and troublesome stream, now bankful and very swift. At the crossing a single bridge spanned it, with none above or below for thirty miles or more. From Little Rock, heavily garrisoned, it was nearer to this frail structure than the point on the railroad upon which Shelby determined to hurl the weight of his eager squadrons, and a rapid, vigorous column seizing hard hold of the bridge and keeping hard hold of it—as the Federals always did when having the advantage—would work much damage and maybe death upon the bold intruders going down to stir up a hornet's nest about the railroad and the mowing-machines. Shelby knew this better than his wisest officers could know it, for he had more at stake—and interest is a wonderful mentor—so he stationed Colonel Dobbins, with his brave and valuable brigade, full upon the dangerous point and bade them keep it as grim Horatius kept a larger one across the “yellow Tiber.”

There was a coolness and nonchalance about Shelby's movements as he approached the railroad which made some of the new hands think he did not understand the nature of his business or the imminence of the danger dared. Slowly in column of fours the old division and McCray's brigade marched leisurely along, with Collins' battery half way the line; then the two ammunition wagons; then a small guard, maybe three squadrons, behind the wagons; and, altogether, the whole thing looked exactly like a Federal expedition returning carelessly from a four days' scout.

The reapers and the mowers whetted their hot scythes in the hotter sunlight, and the lazy horses drew slowly to the ricking place great loads of the sweetly scented hay—cut and cured days

agone. The drowsy sentinels lolled languidly in the narrow shadows of the sturdy parapets, and the idle flags drooped wearily and sad in the listless air—like women's skirts with the starch all gone and the crinoline left at home. Four angular works grew low and bold up from the level of the great green prairie, yellow and faded, and tipped or crowned at intervals with a yawn or two of cannon, that looked sinister and chilly even in the July weather. The grazing mules tinkled soft, low bells away in the distance, and indolent smoke wreaths from five hundred indolent fires wound slowly heavenward in protest against the energy and appetite that unappeased must cook upon such a sultry day.

To face Duvall's Bluff on the left, and which might be troublesome as the fight waxed hot, Hunter and his regiment were detached and ordered to take post two miles from the operations of the main body, and hold everything in check that wished to come into battle from that direction. This movement, rapidly executed, woke the noon-day sleep of the look-out men, and shocked the hay-gatherers into flight and panic. Drums beat furiously, bugles rang out shrill notes of warning, and blue uniforms started into life—alert, intelligent, and well to the front. A great, deep silence then as of preparation; the old Iron Brigade shook a few folds out of its broad barred flag, quivered and galloped as if around some imaginary object, and spread out—away, away—into a long straight line two deep and dressed to the shadow of a sword blade.

Shanks was well up from his ugly Clarendon wound, but rode lightly on the saddle, and held the bridle with a soft, winning grasp, as if he knew great speed and rush must come right royally. Shelby marked the hay-cutters struggling over stubble and wind-row, and he threw out a net of two hundred meshes by the lone note of a bugle blown by Benjamin Crowther, and the simple fish were brought in to the number of seventy-five.

The first fort, held by three hundred of the 1st Nebraska Cavalry—they were infantry when fighting Shelby a year and more ago at Cape Girardeau—grew vicious in a moment, and noisy even to a bullet demonstration. Gordon got his orders positively for the

charge, and got his start for the gallop before the words grew cold in the sultry air. Only a moment and no more. To the rear marched the Nebraskans, and to the blue skies overhead went the flames of the fort on fire, as it had been built of hay bales dry as powder grains.

Redoubt No. 2 saw all the terror of Gordon's charge, and threw its garrison forward to the shelter and the strength of No. 3, but only too late again. The steeds of Hooper, which all the long, hot forenoon had been champing impatient bits on the battle prairie, dashed away in a mad, fierce gallop over, among, and down upon the swift runners, and fifty more victims were added to the mowers and the Nebraskans. Six cannon shots drove No. 3 to the wall, and proud in its massiveness, glorying in its strength, No. 4 opened its gates to receive the debris and the garrison of No. 3. Veteran Illinois infantry were there—the re-enlisted 54th of the line, led by Colonel Mitchell, who laughed grimly, looking over the parapets of his low redoubt, at the forming horsemen in his front. Collins opened fire upon No. 4 with fearful precision, and Shanks received his orders to charge it after a dozen discharges from the battery. It was done, and well done. The Illinoisans stood to their guns manfully, and many of the old brigade fell dead or hard hit as they went up to the grapple, but the survivors, leaping the ditch, poured a deadly fusilade into the crowded earthworks. Three times a white flag went up for quarter, and three times some bold, proud hand snatched it down to renew the fight, Shanks still shooting and killing, caring very little whether they concluded to let it stay up or not. Finally it went up again, broad and white above the low powder clouds clinging to the crest of the work, and Shanks marched Colonel Mitchell and six hundred of the 54th Illinois Veteran Infantry in triumph to the rear. The fighting for ten minutes was over, and the old brigade reformed for a few brief moments of rest. Down from Little Rock a long black column came hurrying at the double-quick, batteries in the interval and curtained by a cloud of cavalry skirmishers. From Duvall's Bluff another black column more solid and massive than the other one, struck Hunter fairly

and squarely and bore him back very slowly but painfully and wearily to him—for his men fell too fast for his weak and battered regiment. Before the arrival of these two fraternizing hosts, two hundred men had been busy with the railroad, with the mowing machines, with the great ricks of winter hay, and marring the smooth glossy surface of the glad prairie were great heaps of smouldering timbers, burnt and twisted iron, and vast masses of charred and smoking provender.

The column from Little Rock and the column from Duvall's Bluff came rapidly together like two huge thunder clouds—and the artillery going into action seemed also like the short, sharp bursts of the two clouds as they meet in mid-heaven. Shelby gathered up his fatigue dutymen and opposed front to front though overlapped a mile or more. Bullets from the oncoming ranks struck splinters from the ties in the faces of the men destroying them, and the shells exploded in the great stacks of cord wood being prepared for the flames. Hunter, McCray and Jackman formed on the left; the skirmishers and detached squadrons were gathered up on the right, and Shelby moved upon the enemy determined to gain the essential advantages inferior forces always obtain in being the first to attack. Twice the Federals were borne back across the railroad track, and twice they reformed and advanced again to the fight. It was not Shelby's intention now to continue the battle with the large odds against him only long enough to enable McCray to withdraw his less disciplined brigade, with the wounded, prisoners, wagons, and artillery; and when these were disappearing in the distant timber skirting the prairie, he ordered a charge along the entire line, stripped the Federal front of its cavalry and skirmishers bare as a winter's forest, and then broke into column and galloped off with impetuosity, receiving, however a dozen or more precise shots from accurately-served cannon.

Before twenty shots had been fired upon the railroad, a small swift scout was sent across the track southward to ascertain whether General Price had crossed the Arkansas river, and whether it would be necessary to fight longer for a diversion in his favor.

McDaniel led it—always daring and always successful. Returning as speedily as he went, after fighting and eluding a dozen detachments, he reported no Confederates moving at all from that direction, and then Shelby knew the forces for the expedition to Missouri would come by the western route—by Lewisburg or Dardanelle—instead of crossing at Pine Bluff, east of Little Rock.

The day had been a busy one, too—and crowded by successes more brilliant than any since “Mark’s Mill.” The railroad, destroyed for twenty miles, prevented easy communication between Little Rock and White river, and therefore the concentration of any large body to follow the retreat. Four forts, with garrisons amounting to one thousand one hundred and seventeen men and officers, embracing the 54th Illinois Veteran Infantry, and the 1st Nebraska Veteran Cavalry, were captured, together with enormous quantities of supplies, ammunition, and arms, all of which were carried safely away in the face of rescuing friends; the forts leveled to the earth; the garnered hay of a long month’s gathering was consumed in an hour; the thunder of “rebel” artillery shook the battlements of Little Rock; and the waving of “rebel” banners terrified the sight of the alarmed commander at Duvall’s Bluff.

As Shelby’s retreat continued the Federal cavalry became bolder and bolder—so bold indeed that they hurled the leading regiment—a Wisconsin one—hard upon his rear to crush it, returning in column. For one brief moment the melee was dreadful, and fifty or sixty on both sides fell dead or wounded—but Shanks, swinging round to succor the rear, under Elliott, struck the right flank of the Wisconsin regiment like a catapult, cut it half in two, killed seventy-three in five minutes’ fighting, captured twenty-eight, and hurled back the pursuers for two miles or more. Uneasy about the bridge over Cypress, and fearing lest Colonel Dobbins might have been overpowered and destroyed, General Shelby pressed on with unabated speed and endurance, reaching it about eleven o’clock at night—having marched forty miles, fought six hours, captured over eleven hundred prisoners, destroyed four

forts and twenty miles of railroad track. Heavy work and well done, truly. Colonel Dobbins and his trust had not been molested, fortunately, and Shelby stationed Gordon and his regiment at the bridge, marching on with the rest of his command to higher and drier camping ground, five miles away.

Gordon's tired, hungry soldiers laid down complacently in line of battle, in the mud and the water, the center of the regiment resting on the bridge, the horses saddled and retired from the flanks, and skirmishers well to the front across the stream, with orders to fall back upon the approach of the enemy without firing a shot. Captain Will Moorman, cool, wary, and intelligent, held the extreme outpost and heard the Federal cavalry coming on gayly with songs and boisterous merriment, so different from their usual silent, cautious advance. Nearer and nearer—then a halt and a great stillness followed. The night waned slowly; the stars twinkled softly and dimly; the dark, sobbing waters rushed away to the full-fed river below; and the simple ghost of a July breeze stirred the silken misty hair of the night up against the bold brow of the skirting timber and the weird, skeleton prairie beyond. Captain Moorman, as soon as he heard the rattle of scabbards and the dull, heavy thudding of trained horses, sent Clay Floyd, a young, brave, eager, boy-soldier back to Gordon with the information that the enemy were within hearing, and to make ready for a charge. Gordon, always ready, walked swiftly along the regiment's front, spoke a few short words to each captain, and went back again to the bridge, everything as fully prepared as if he had been there for a year.

Away from the front there came a single shot—a solid, sharp, quick volley—a dull, heavy shout—and then the rush of a thousand steeds in full gallop. "Down with every gun!" thundered Gordon through the gloom, and the regiment heard it from one end to the other. "Down with every gun until our skirmishers cross the bridge." True to orders, hard pressed, and running for dear life, the Confederates rushed back without firing a shot, and the yelling Federals came on desperately—blindly to a cruel welcome. Never

before or since that night, during the whole career of Shelby's command, were the enemy known to charge a concealed force in the darkness, without even skirmishing or feeling the position, and a bridge to cross in the face of five hundred muskets. The leading files were half way over the tottering structure and the road beyond was blocked and crammed by the dense column, when as one man Gordon's regiment delivered its fire and charged on foot with drawn revolvers. From the darkness and the swamp beyond the bridge came cries and groans of agony—but even in the first moments of the dreadful surprise, the desperate Federal cavalry stood long enough under fire to take up and carry off the dead and wounded and reform the shattered ranks. Then retiring beyond range, a six-gun battery opened furiously upon the concealed Confederates and shelled the position for half an hour without effect, the aim being poor in the darkness and the accuracy of the fire very indifferent. The cannonade gradually became less rapid, broke out again spasmodically at intervals, then ceased altogether; while the hoarse words of command could be distinctly heard as the lines were being formed for another charge. Gordon held on to the bridge with unyielding grasp, and waited in calm expectation for the second attack. Half an hour passed slowly away and the silence grew oppressive. Not a breath stirred the cottonwoods, and there was upon the damp, moist air a scent of powder and battle, when from the left of the regiment, where Company G kept watch and ward, there arose shrilly on the midnight the loud, long, piercing, perfect crow of a rooster, and all was still again. The effect can hardly be described. In the sober front of battle, waiting eagerly for a death-struggle, some reckless, devilish soldier rang out this note of defiance, so ludicrous, so strangely out of place and tune that the entire regiment raised a great, boisterous shout that might have been heard for miles, and struck up in unison and with a mighty roaring voice the beautiful national song of Dixie. Whether these singular proceedings had any effect upon the enemy, or whether they guessed the numbers of the Confederates by the volume of sound, were never known, but the expected

attack did not take place, and when Gordon retired late the next morning not a blue uniform could be seen as far as the eye might reach across the vast prairies.

The losses in the division were heavy and necessarily so at the railroad fight, as forts had to be charged and large odds encountered. Two hundred and eleven Confederates were killed and wounded; and as all were borne from the field the number was accurately ascertained. Shanks' devoted regiment suffered most, then Hunter's, then Hooper's. Among the killed were Lieutenant Warren Stone, of Shanks' regiment, and Lieutenant Dickey, of Hooper's regiment. These two young and accomplished officers were among the best in the command, and had been complimented and promoted for gallantry in a previous battle.

Major Lawrence, shortly after the command had returned from this expedition, joined headquarters with information that General Price, at the head of a large cavalry force, was moving by way of Dardanelle for Batesville, and that a desperate effort would be made to enter and hold Missouri. Shelby stock went up to the skies among the good Arkansas people after this brilliant victory, and the recruits became veterans in spirit and resolution. McCray's brigade acted admirably upon the railroad and gave evidence of future firmness and soldierly bearing. Colonel Mitchell and his hitherto well-fed comrades felt considerable hunger and fatigue for some days after their heavy marching, but cheered up wonderfully when Shelby's inspector visited their open-air camp, supplied with solitary roasting-ears (all the rations Shelby could offer to his prisoners as well as to his own men), and paroled them preparatory to their journey North. Colonel Mitchell had a holy horror of the guerrillas known to be operating about the Missouri line—and maybe with some reason, too—so he asked for an escort to conduct him safely through. It was given cheerfully by General Shelby, who, furnishing horses for the officers, in addition to a liberal supply of new corn whisky, the entire body went away to their friends with cheers, delighted at their treatment and suffering from only three days' detention and starvation.

Out of sheer revenge for the work upon the railroad, General Steele massed a heavy force under Colonel Wood and sent it up after the daring Confederates operating in his rear so desperately and so successfully. Wood made a great show of strength, which betrayed his timidity, and after harrying two or three plantations, stealing a hundred negroes or so, and stripping of all its souvenirs and household relics the hospitable and delightful residence of Mr. Thomas Hough, of Augusta, one of the purest and best of Arkansas' many true and tried patriots, returned to Duvall's Bluff ingloriously. The soldiers of this expedition plundered every house, barn-yard, poultry-roost, and cabin on the line of march. Mrs. Hough drove three or four from her pantry and private sleeping room, but not before they had taken her jewelry, ambrotypes, and many other objects of interest and value because of associations. Several ladies were halted on the streets and made to deliver over rings and watches; and wearing apparel and baby-linen all went into the insatiate knapsacks of the Dutch and the Yankees, the officers making but little effort to restrain them.

A young guerrilla, Captain Rayburn, operating near Des Arc, and noted for the boyish look of his fresh, beardless face, and the deadly precision of his movements and attacks, took advantage of the railroad fight to strike a large scouting party of the enemy, killed thirty-four, captured ten officers and thirty men, and brought to headquarters a vast drove of horses and mules, now greatly needed for the Missouri expedition.

Shelby set out in earnest for the campaign ahead; brought Freeman down from Pocahontas; drew Dobbins in from Helena; concentrated all the fatigue detachments; distributed what arms, ammunition, clothing and supplies remained on hand; destroyed his pontoon bridge at Jacksonport; and marched up to Pocahontas with his entire army to await the arrival of General Price. From this point I will survey the field of his late operations and recapitulate the exploits and the successful adventures of the man. Two hundred miles from the Confederate lines, in rear of twenty thousand Federals well supplied with every appliance of war; in a country

destitute almost wholly of subsistence and intersected and cut up by rivers, innumerable swamps and bayous, he yet marched, fought, moulded, recruited, ruled, reigned and triumphed over all. Five battles and fifty skirmishes were gained; three thousand Federals killed, wounded, and captured; one gun-boat blown out of the water, one sunk and two crippled; six thousand recruits raised, organized, armed and equipped within the enemy's lines; peace and prosperity restored to the most lovely portion of Arkansas; protection and justice administered with unerring hands; robbers and jayhawkers hung up like scare-crows to keep the bad away, and everything that was good and patriotic encouraged and protected unto the end.

Before closing the record of all these bright events, and before leaving a theater decorated with so many pleasant memories of Confederate glory, I would fain speak one good word for General Frederick Steele, commanding the Arkansas District, with headquarters at Little Rock. Brave, intelligent, generous, high-toned, and chivalric, he made every exertion in his power to mitigate the severities of war and ameliorate the condition of the poor, ruined families seeking his aid and assistance. True and sincere in the exercise of the duty and obligations of the side he had espoused, he yet saw in captured Confederates only prisoners of war, and treated them with courtesy and refinement. This course, invariably pursued, begot corresponding leniency on the part of General Shelby, and the connection with Steele's army was the passport for all Federal officers or soldiers to certain and immediate release. The families of the Union men and Union soldiers in Shelby's lines were religiously protected, and shared alike with the Confederates in the distribution of supplies. The remembrance of these courtesies, though few and far between, may serve to throw a little sunshine upon a struggle otherwise so dark and rugged.

There had been sent from Mexico to General Shelby a magnificent *sombrero*, or hat—one of the peculiar hats of the country, and worn principally by the *rancheros*, or men owning large haciendas. This hat, costing probably two hundred dollars, splendidly worked with golden flowers and adornments, and having a large, wide golden band,

was destined and set apart for General Steele, but one unfortunate day, after taking it from its box to show to some visitors, a heavy gust of wind carried it out of the tent and deposited it midway between two burning logs, so disfiguring its beauty that Shelby would not send it to the gallant Steele. However, Steele must take the will for the deed, and give the division credit for at least a desire to bestow upon him some appreciation of its respect and admiration.

About the same time that Colonel Gordon and Colonel Dobbins made the "plantation raid," Lieutenant Colonel Erwin, of Shanks' regiment, was sent to the Mississippi river, with a detachment of one hundred and fifty men, to gather up some recruits there, bring in the necessary horses for the dismounted men, and strike any blows he could make convenient and sure. Erwin was a gallant soldier, but without much frontier experience as a cavalry officer—though afterward his exploits were brilliant and promising in the highest degree. Colonel of a cavalry regiment in the Old Missouri State Guard, he made, in 1861, near Morrystown, Cass county, a desperate fight with the notorious Jennison, routed him completely, and killed and wounded many of his jayhawkers. Reaching the vicinity of the river and accomplishing his mission most thoroughly, he halted one day for foraging purposes. Not anticipating danger, the usual precautions taken against surprise were neglected. The men were scattered in every direction over a large corn-field, gathering into blankets and sacks sufficient quantities of corn for the horses, when four hundred Kansas and Missouri militia charged the separated and powerless Confederates and put them to flight. Fourteen were killed in the field—in every instance after they had surrendered—and twenty more were taken in pursuit by some individual Federals merciful in victory, but they were stripped of everything and treated inhumanly. Two, left for dead, recovered—one of them shot five times after giving up his gun, and the other—James Smith, an unsurpassable soldier—after surrendering also, was shot through the head. The nephew of Colonel Upton Hays, poor Sam. McMurtry, the Colonel's life and courage within his

youthful breast, was also murdered and mutilated after death. The fugitives escaping were finally rallied and reunited to their regiment. Colonel Erwin had been unfortunate, but Shelby did not censure him; he had been surprised, but Shelby argued that the cavalry service was a warfare of surprises, retreats, sudden shocks, and inevitable melees. He gave Erwin the opportunity to redeem himself in the eyes of his soldiers, and when Shanks charged Redoubt No. 4 upon the Little Rock Railroad, one of the first to leap the walls was Lieutenant Colonel Erwin. Ever afterward his wariness and devotion were remarkable.

While General Shelby was so successfully operating in the rear of Steele, Marmaduke's brigade was not idle. About fifteen miles above its mouth, White river spreads out two arms, one reaching over into the Arkansas, the other extending down to the Mississippi. Between the two is an island fifteen or twenty miles long and twelve miles broad. On this island stood a strong stockade, garrisoned by some hundred and fifty white and black soldiers, kept there to protect cotton-stealers and speculators. Colonel Colton Greene, commanding Marmaduke's brigade at the time—its General being away on leave of absence—ordered Colonel Lawther, of the 10th Missouri Cavalry, to surprise, if possible, attack and destroy this viper's nest. Lawther moved with three hundred and fifty men, crossed two hundred over the Arkansas in canoes and upon logs, made a forced march of eleven miles through mud and water knee deep, and gained the vicinity of the fort after great exertion. Lawther was ignorant of the existence of this fortification, but concluded to charge it, at all events, after getting in such close proximity. The gallant Lieutenant Colonel Merrit Young led one detachment, the heroic Major Bennett another, the skillful and courageous Captain Davidson the third, and the fourth was commanded by Lawther in person. From given points these leaders pressed steadily onward through the fallen timber; five pickets were killed at their posts the first fire, and then a great rush came for the fort. Between the attacking and defending soldiers were several houses, filled with supplies and occupied as quarters by the Federal officers. The

inmates, surprised but determined, hurried away to safer lodgings. In the race several more were killed, and Colonel Lawther shot a captain with his own hand. Those in the fort stood to their work well. The Confederates got close up to the stockade—so close, indeed, that the protruding guns were stricken down in the very act of firing. Only one aperture existed through which entrance could be made, and this opened upon the river, enfladed by the two gunboats, and swept continually by grape and cannister. Captain Barry, leading his brave company, made a decided attempt to enter and was repulsed. Lawther finally retreated, without effecting the object of his mission, losing fifteen men in killed and wounded. The enterprise was skillfully planned, but, based upon the supposition that no fortifications were to be encountered, failed, therefore, of success. The fighting done by the Confederates was excellent, the retreat well conducted, and they safely recrossed the Arkansas river unpursued by the cautious enemy.

Long before this expedition, however, Marmaduke's brigade had been ordered to the Mississippi river, in the extreme southeastern part of the State, for the purpose of interfering with the commercial navigation of that stream, and impeding the transportation of men and supplies over its waters. He moved by easy marches across the Saline river, and through Monticello, in the direction of Chicot county. At the Saline he received the order of General Smith announcing his promotion, with that of Fagan, Parsons, Maxey and others, to the rank of major general. His promotion, however, was made to date from the field of Jenkins' Ferry, while that of General Fagan dated from the affair at Mark's Mill; thus making the latter gentleman the ranking officer by a few days. Though Marmaduke now held the position of a major general, and was entitled by rank to a division, his command was practically cut down to a brigade for the first time west of the river, except for a few days when General Price was in command at Little Rock. An unnecessary sub-division was also created, to which General Fagan was assigned, with his headquarters at Monticello; and Marmaduke found himself, as usual, under General Price's administration of

affairs, with about as much discretionary power as ordinarily pertains to a colonel commanding a brigade.

Marmaduke proposed to approach the river in the vicinity of Gaines' Landing, and sweeping suddenly down it, hoped to capture a trading-boat, and thus put an immediate quietus on the cotton trade, that was doing much to sustain and enrich the enemy and to demoralize the Southern people. With this object in view, he ordered several of his best scouting companies and most active captains in advance, and directed them to closely picket Bayou Bartholomew and Bayou Mason, to prevent all communication between the interior and the river, to contradict all rumors of his marching in that direction, and to mislead public opinion as far as possible in regard to his movements. They did their duty so well that they got possession of some documents not intended for the eye of the military, and in which the discrepancies between the statements and protestations the writers had made to the general, and the private advice and instructions they gave their friends and agents on the river, placed them in an awkward and ludicrous position.

Captain John Jacobs, of Burbridge's regiment, in pursuance of his orders, cautiously approached the river, and found there a trading-boat, richly laden, but anchored a hundred yards or such a matter in the stream. Captain Jacobs was an officer of great sagacity and fertility of resource, and withal daring to conceive and quick to execute. He determined to get possession of the boat by strategy, since it could not be done by force. He kept his company closely concealed, and watched for an opportunity to make a demonstration. After laying in wait for half a day, he saw the yawl put off from the boat with half a dozen citizens in it, who had been on board quietly transacting their little unlawful business. He at once made arrangements to seize the citizens and get possession of the yawl. Fortunately the yawl landed behind a point several hundred yards lower down, and removed from the sight of those on the boat. The citizens mounted their horses, hitched near by, and started homeward with a sense of perfect safety. Jacobs had opened his lines, and when they had passed safely through the first, the company closed

upon them, and they found themselves in a perfect net, with no alternative but to surrender at discretion. The yawl had been seized as soon as the citizens left it; and Jacobs now with eight or ten picked men, disguised to look as much like citizens as possible, and keeping their arms concealed, got into it and pulled directly for the boat. The success of the maneuver, indeed their lives, depended upon reaching the boat without being suspected; for there were men enough and arms enough aboard to utterly destroy them, before they could either reach the point of attack, or escape, if their true character was once known. A burly negro was washing clothes on the hurricane deck, who turned several times and observed them closely as they approached, and at each inspection gave Jacobs a cold chill. But whatever his suspicions, he gave no alarm, and in a few moments the yawl ran alongside, the men sprang actively aboard and seized the arms, stacked, heavily loaded and ready for use, and the boat, and all she contained, was in their possession. Jacobs ordered her run into the shore, took off several wagon loads of the most available plunder, and rather precipitately burned her, fearing lest she should attract the attention of a gunboat, and he should lose his prize. It was reported afterward, and no doubt correctly, that the owners went to Shreveport, and by specious representation induced General Smith to pay them for the boat and cargo, not in Confederate money, but in specie.

This little episode created intense excitement and painful agitation among the cotton speculators, each one of whom was armed with a permit from General Smith to sell and export from the country a certain number of thousand bales of cotton, in consideration of their doing certain things in return, which they were always very careful *not* to do. And as these commercial gentlemen usually kept count themselves of the number of bales sold, the permits amounted, in fact, to a *carte blanche* to sell any amount they chose or could, during the continuance of the war or their natural lives. The citizen was debarred the privilege of selling his cotton, and had no alternative but to let these speculators have it on their own terms, or to retain it to be seized by Federal scouts, who always

strangely came after that cotton which its owner would not sell. They now rushed from every direction to Marmaduke's headquarters in hot haste to complain of the injury that would inevitably be done to their interests, if boats were allowed to be captured and burned, and to produce an order from General Price directing Marmaduke not to interfere with the cotton trade. Marmaduke heard them quietly, and replied that the order they had produced had been in his Adjutant General's office several days, that he had no desire to interfere with any trade permitted by the Government, and that his business there was to fight the enemy; consequently, that they could proceed with their business, and he would with his, which was to sink all the boats he could, and to burn all he caught. This interview, together with a pleasant intimation on the part of the soldiers that they would hang any speculator they chanced to catch, effectually dissolved all relations between the military and commercial branches of the Government in that part of the Confederacy.

The next day the brigade moved to the river near Gaines' Landing, and held its course down the stream in search of adventures. Citizens said, and infantry commands that had served short campaigns on the river corroborated the statement, that the artillery practice of the gunboats was particularly deadly. They asserted that if a person exposed himself, they skillfully mangled him with a round shot, and if he took refuge behind the levees, they deftly dropped a shell over upon him and blew him off. The command was, therefore, naturally inclined to approach them cautiously. During the earlier part of the day they had several short affairs with the enemy, and were something more than surprised that nobody was killed. Toward evening the brigade had worked its way several miles below Columbia, when Marmaduke was informed that four transports and three gunboats had gone around a bend of the river twelve or fifteen miles in length. The distance across the neck of the bend was not more than a mile, and the road a good one, leading through a level plantation. He determined to give them an open fight when they came out, and to decide at once, without the protection of levees or any other kind of shelter, who

was to control the river. The bank just there was covered with a growth of heavy timber, and by the time Hynson's and Harris' batteries—ten pieces of artillery—had got into position, partially masked, and the men had been deployed to support them, the leading gunboat turned the point and steamed past. A large transport shortly followed, and was no sooner within good range, than the ten guns opened simultaneously upon her. The sudden burst of fire shocked and startled her so greatly that she stopped her engines and rang her bell furiously. She was evidently at a loss whether to go back or to attempt to run the gauntlet of fire before her. Neither course was without danger, and while she hesitated the batteries poured upon her a storm of shot and shell. The gunboats hastened to her relief, and one of them, lashing on to her, dragged her out, for she seemed unable to do any thing for herself. The engagement now became fast and furious, and in the midst of it the other transports attempted to pass. But as soon as they came within range, the batteries concentrated their fire upon them, and themselves received the fire of the gunboats. The channel was quite narrow at this point, and whenever the gunboats came near enough, the men opened upon them with their rifles, frequently causing them to close their port-holes and cease firing until they could get out of range. Harris' and Hynson's guns were evidently doing good execution, for their shells could be seen bursting within the boats. All the time the gunboats kept up a furious cannonade, but firing too high, they merely tore large limbs from the trees, and otherwise scarred and defaced the beautiful forest. The engagement lasted three quarters of an hour. One transport had worked her way past, but the other three had to be dragged out of the line of fire by the gunboats. The Confederate loss was one man killed and three or four wounded, most of them in the rear with the horses. The artillery suffered the loss of one of the toes of one of its lieutenants.

Directly this affair was done, the command turned back in the direction of Columbia, and had gone some distance across the neck of land toward the river above, when a courier came at speed to

inform Marmaduke that a gunboat and steamer had passed Columbia, and were coming down just behind him. Marmaduke put the artillery to a gallop to intercept them, but the steamer was too fast, and passed before the guns could get into position. The gunboat escorted her by and then turned back to offer battle. Marmaduke ordered Hynson's battery outside of the levee to meet her. It was a fair open fight on both sides—a six gun battery against a light clad gunboat, such as the Federals used to patrol and hold the river. The men were dismounted behind the levee to the right and left of the battery, but being curious to watch the progress of the fight, they soon perched themselves on top of it for the better view. The engagement lasted half an hour, when the gunboat backed out, afraid to expose her wheel to Hynson's fire, and retired amid the shouts and jeers of the command. The Confederates did not have a man injured, and the damage to the boat could only be conjectured from the fact that she retired from that part of the river for several weeks, probably to have her wounds dressed. These two affairs utterly destroyed the prestige and name of terror of these boats with the soldiery; indeed, so little did they come to care for them, that while the batteries were engaged, the soldiers not on duty did not interrupt their game of cards, or other amusement of the moment, though sharply exposed to their fire.

Marmaduke now prepared to go regularly into the business of fighting gunboats and disturbing the navigation of the river. He located his headquarters at Lake Village, and encamped the brigade a few miles below the town, on the banks of Old River lake. This lake is nearly thirty miles in length, of a crescentic form, or rather that of a horse-shoe, the horns of the crescent, or the points of the shoe, nearly reaching to the Mississippi river. This location secured him from surprise, and gave him abundant opportunity to maneuver if the enemy attempted to land a force above or below him. The batteries took alternate days on the river, and a regiment supported each battery regularly in its turn. The rest of the command not on duty had nothing to do but enjoy themselves as best they could, cultivate amicable relations with the citizens, or

when tired of the monotony of the camp, ride down to the river and watch operations there. The opportunities for social enjoyment were more than usually favorable. Chicot county was the richest county in the State, or, indeed, in the United States, at the beginning of the war, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. The lands were rich and well improved. Everywhere extensive plantations, stately family mansions, beautiful grounds, and every appliance that tends to add elegance and refinement to social life, met the view and charmed the senses. The planters were wealthy and hospitable, the ladies beautiful and cultivated, and, living immediately on the river, were well provided with all those household supplies that were become a thing of remembrance only in the more interior portions of the Confederacy. This was a combination of delightful circumstances that the rugged and ragged officers and soldiers were entirely unable to resist, and many a stout trooper and gallant leader became a willing prisoner there, who before had defied captivity and mocked at chains. Like the indulgences of Capua upon the hardy Carthagenians, the pleasant surroundings of the command made serious inroads upon its discipline, and officers and soldiers, always prompt for duty before, now sought excuses, even to absolute sickness, to avoid the march or the scout. At the same time many an independent, careless soldier was seized with an ambition to become a hero, and only regretted that there were neither bards nor troubadours, in this degenerate age, to sing in lady's bower of knightly daring and deeds of high emprise, but that such achievements only found stupid mention in officers' reports that were never read. Married men sorrowed that they were married, and single men only wished to reach that happy estate.

While the fair inhabitants of Chicot were making such dreadful havoc upon the tender sensibilities and susceptible natures of the soldiers of the brigade, from the cautious general in command to the most enthusiastic private in the ranks, they were reciprocating, as well as they could the damage they received, upon the shipping of the enemy. Hardly a day went by without an affair of more or

less magnitude, and hardly a transport attempted to pass without being destroyed or disabled.

Floating about in the vicinity of the Confederate field of operation, was what was known as the brigade of Marine Cavalry, under the excellent leadership of Colonel Ellet. This worthy band of warriors were wont to travel on steamboats, horses and all, and by making their appearance at unexpected points, capturing non-combatants, frightening women and children, stealing cotton, and an unlimited use of bravado, had managed to impress the country people with an exalted idea of their prowess. They claimed that they had lately put General Wirt Adams' command to flight on the east side of the river. Marmaduke was anxious to test the quality of these amphibious heroes, and laid many covert plans to induce them to venture fairly on shore; but they were evidently in the cotton rather than the fighting line of business, and steadily declined all his shrewd overtures.

The spirited warfare carried on rendered the use of the river for commercial purposes almost valueless; and it was deemed essential by the enemy that Marmaduke should be driven from his position. Inasmuch as Colonel Ellet and his valiant brigade, could n't or would n't do it, it became necessary to organize another force for that purpose. Consequently intelligence soon reached him that a large fleet of steamboats were being collected at Vicksburg, for the purpose of transporting General A. J. Smith's command up the river; and it was actually inferred that they would pay their compliments to the command in Chicot, as they passed, Marmaduke determined to be as obliging as they were, and that they should not be disappointed if they sought an engagement; but he greatly desired to increase his force as much as possible, in order that he might the better entertain them; and therefore requested General Fagan to reinforce him with Cabell's brigade. The brigade was promptly sent, under command of Colonel Monroe, with Captain Huey's battery attached. The enemy made their preparations deliberately, and seemed in no hurry to begin their campaign. So great was their tardiness, indeed, that General

Fagan concluded that they had abandoned the expedition altogether, and accordingly dispatched to Marmaduke that he had reason to think that the enemy meditated a movement upon him from Pine Bluff, and that they had abandoned their expedition from Vicksburg; and directed him, if his information from below was to the same effect, to move his whole command at once back to Monticello. Marmaduke replied that his information was exactly the converse of General Fagan's; but that he would put his command in motion for Monticello at sunrise the next morning. General Fagan sent a second dispatch telling him by no means to withdraw from his position on the river; but to order the return of Cabell's brigade, retaining the battery. The next morning Monroe took up his line of march for Monticello, not at all pleased, for a fight always delighted that dashing officer, and he was persuaded that an engagement was imminent with the force on the river, and that there was no likelihood of such a thing occurring at Monticello.

A week passed and the enemy still delayed their coming, though Marmaduke's batteries were all the while active in their operations; and being able to see the effects of their shots, were improving so steadily in their practice, that Lieutenant Williams, of Harris' battery, on one occasion, out of sixty shells fired, succeeded in exploding four-fifths of them in the steamer he was practicing upon. But at the end of a week the scouts from below reported the enemy ascending the river with twenty odd boats, filled with troops. They landed that night at the lower point of the lake, and held themselves in readiness to advance at dawn the next day. During the night and the next morning the rain fell in torrents; but the enemy advanced promptly notwithstanding, and were as promptly met by Burbridge's regiment, and their passage disputed from point to point. The Marine Cavalry accompanied the column, but through extreme modesty could not be induced to take the advance, and contest the route with Burbridge. Marmaduke's brigade at that time was severely depleted by hard service and the numbers it had lost in killed and wounded, and could not muster more than a thousand men. One hundred of this number

were sent, under Major Bennett, to the upper end of the lake to resist any demonstration from that direction, and to give Marmaduke timely notice if the enemy attempted to land above and inclose him between two forces. Another hundred probably were on scouting service in the direction of Arkansas river and of Lake Providence. This left him only about eight hundred effective men, with whom to meet an enemy, whose force was not less than four or five thousand infantry, strongly encouraged, of course, by the presence of the Marine Cavalry. To compensate for this weakness in men, however, he had fourteen pieces of artillery; and it became an object of the first importance to select a field on which his strength in artillery could be made available. A mile below where the troops were camped was an artificial ditch, known as Ditch Bayou, cut to draw off the redundant waters of Bayou Mason into the lake. The banks of Ditch Bayou were abrupt and steep, very muddy from the effects of the rain, and partially filled with water. Marmaduke decided, notwithstanding the weakness of his force, to give the enemy battle at this point. By seven o'clock the sound of artillery down the lake warned him that the enemy were approaching, and mounting with his staff and escort, he rode rapidly to the field, to find that Colonel Greene, commanding the brigade, was making preparations to receive them at the point indicated, and that Burbridge's regiment and the head of the opposing column were already in sight. The Bayou at the point of its junction with the lake, crooked considerably toward the enemy; and by planting several guns there, though the position was an exposed one, he could secure an almost enfilading fire on the enemy, whenever they attempted to charge his line. The other guns he scattered at considerable intervals along the bank of the Bayou. The men were deployed in skirmish line and ordered to take shelter behind the trees that thickly covered the bank on the Confederate side; though on the opposite side were open fields, that afforded no protection to an advancing line, except some slight ditches, made to drain the land, that presented a good cover for their sharpshooters. The lake secured the Confederate left; but they were com-

pelled to extend their line, slight as it was, to a dangerous extent, to prevent the enemy crossing the bayou above them on the right.

The enemy opened the engagement by throwing forward a heavy line of skirmishers, who advanced cautiously and slowly from point to point, availing themselves of every inequality or break in the surface of the ground, and firing steadily as they advanced, picking off now and then a cannoneer, or shooting an artillery horse, and presenting themselves so indefinite a front that the artillery could not be used to advantage against them. The Confederate skirmish line, however, answered their fire promptly and with effect, and as they came nearer made it so warm that they recoiled without gaining possession of the ditches nearest the bayou. The promptness with which the Confederates checked this movement indicated to General Smith that they were in earnest, and that more vigorous measures must be taken to drive them from their position. The Federal forces were at once formed for a charge, and with loud cheers rushed forward to the assault. The Confederates, partially under cover, opened upon them a steady and destructive fire. The artillery, that had only spoken before by single pieces, and at irregular intervals, thundered a deadly chorus to the sharper ring of the rifles. The enemy pushed their way almost to the brink of the bayou; but each step that they advanced brought them more entirely under the enfilading fire of the guns on the left, while the guns more directly in their front tore through them at short range with grape and cannister, and the fire of the musketry never for a moment slackened. The enemy struggled before the fury of this storm, halted a moment, reeled heavily backward, then broke and fled across the open field, cut down by the Confederate fire as they retired. The only advantage they gained by this attempt was to advance their skirmish line to within a hundred yards of the bayou. They gained possession of the slight ditches already mentioned, and held them during the remainder of the day, and from the cover they afforded galled the Confederate artillery severely.

A considerable hesitation ensued on the part of the enemy. The position was defended more stubbornly than they had anticipated,

and it became prudent to make their preparations to sweep everything before them, before they hazarded another attack. With an increased force they advanced again to the assault. Again the battle awoke from its temporary lull: the forest trees quivered in the fierce concussions; and the smoke that lay heavily on the earth in the damp atmosphere, shrouded the field and almost hid the combatants from each other. But beneath this smoky canopy the thunder of guns rolled out slowly and heavily, giving evidence that they were working under an oppressive fire, but they were working steadily and with effect. Above the din and turmoil arose the shouting of the adverse lines—the high, passionate commands of the officers and the wild, fierce cheers of the men. The enemy held on long and hard; fought up to the edge of the bayou; but were too weak to attempt to cross it; were broken and reformed more than once under fire; but at length, their strength utterly exhausted, were compelled to abandon the attack and retire. Twice again they renewed the assault, and twice again retired discomfited. A growth of cane, just behind the Confederate lines was cut almost as with a scythe. Each time the Federals advanced and retired they extended their lines further up the bayou, thus compelling Marmaduke to weaken his already thin line to meet their extensions, and prevent his flank being turned. After they had received a check for the fourth time, they resolved to use their superior numbers on him in earnest, and for that purpose threw a force a mile above him. The Confederate position was no longer tenable, and some of the guns at the same time having exhausted their supply of fixed ammunition, Marmaduke gave the order to withdraw, though the enemy were not then making any demonstration against him, further than the fire of their sharpshooters was concerned.

Thus, after an engagement of six hours, between eight hundred dismounted cavalry on one side, and four or five thousand infantry and a considerable force of cavalry on the other, the enemy entirely failed to drive the Confederates before them, and only succeeded in dislodging them by resorting to the tactics only to be used by a greatly superior force. Had Cabell's brigade been allowed to remain

as Marmaduke wished, the probabilities are that the Confederates would have succeeded in holding the field, and in driving the enemy back to the river by the same road they came. The Confederate loss, in proportion to its strength, was serious, in both officers and men. Shortly after the engagement began, Major Charlie Rainwater, of Marmaduke's staff, was severely wounded through the thigh, while superintending the working of a battery; and of four remaining staff officers on the field, three had their horses shot under them. The Federal loss was exceedingly heavy. They buried their dead upon the field of battle, in three trenches, each sixty feet in length, and also buried at their hospital half a dozen who died during the night. Their number of wounded was not known; but that they had been severely handled was evident from the fact that they insisted that they had been fighting from three to five thousand men.

The Confederate wounded, as the fight progressed, were taken to the residence of a hospitable citizen some distance in the rear, where they received every attention. The kind lady of the house tore up her household linen for surgical purposes; and several young ladies, who were visiting her, lent their aid in doing everything that was kind and gentle, and bore the sight of the wounded and mangled with heroic equanimity, until Major Rainwater and Lieutenant Ambrose Hulett were carried back severely shot, when the youngest, a beautiful, blue-eyed maiden, burst into tears, and exclaimed: "It must be horrible, indeed, when they shoot down *officers* in that way."

Captain Mhoon, of the engineer department, had, under Marmaduke's direction, thrown a number of rough bridges across Bayou Mason, and the Confederates moving up the lake road a mile or so, deflected to the left and crossed the bayou. The enemy showed no inclination to follow. They moved up to Lake Village, and there, in the most unamiable of moods, went into camp for the night. The Confederates, having the bayou in their front, bivouacked quietly and prepared their rations, having been without food during the day. Just before night they moved again, intending to recross the bayou at a bridge lower down, and fall upon the Federal rear as soon as

they began to move in the morning. The road following down the bayou bottom, through a heavy growth of timber, was winding and crooked, and so very heavy from the recent rains as to be nearly impassable. The night was cloudy. The rain still fell at intervals, and the darkness lay on the earth like a solid substance. The advance regiment, under Colonel Lawther, succeeded in getting through the bottom; but the main column, with the artillery, got confused in the darkness, and the forces getting constantly out of the road, became entangled in the woods. Under these circumstances Marmaduke ordered torches to be made, but the wood, growing in the humid bottom, was thoroughly saturated with water, and would not burn; and when, after wasting most of the night in a vain attempt to get forward, the command bivouacked on the roadside, the fires that they built burned with a pale, blue flame, that was only a mocking of light, and that did not dispel the darkness for ten feet around.

The early dawn saw the column again in motion; but the enemy moving at the same hour, and having but ten or twelve miles to march, reached their boats at the upper end of the lake before it came up with them. Lawther's regiment, however, attacked their rear repeatedly, and they were content to beat them off without any disposition to follow. Even the chivalrous marine brigade were content to pursue their march in peace, protected by the infantry. Lawther followed them to the river and annoyed them as they embarked and after they were on their boats. At the river he captured the horse and pistols of Colonel Ellet, but that hero was not with them. The loss of the horse he no doubt regretted, because of its intrinsic value, and being besides a very valuable adjunct to a speedy retreat; but as the pistols were merely a military ornament, going to increase the pomp of his soldierly presence, and as he never found other use for them, he could contemplate their loss with greater equanimity.

That evening the brigade went into its former camp, and the next day resumed its old business of harassing the enemy's transportation on the river. The result of this movement on the part of the enemy left Marmaduke nothing to fear for several weeks to come,

and he consequently applied for a leave of absence for the purpose of proposing to General Smith at Shreveport the outlines of an expedition into Missouri, and at the same time of visiting Texas on private business. The brigade remained under command of Colonel Colton Greene, who continued operations on the Mississippi until he was ordered up the Arkansas river, where he signalized himself by the activity and vigor he displayed in checking the navigation of that stream.

CHAPTER XXI.

AS SOON as the expedition to Missouri was determined upon, General Smith set about finding the proper officer whose rank was sufficient to lift him above all others, and prevent any lukewarmness arising from a junior officer being appointed over the heads of those entitled to command by reason of seniority. General Buckner was offered the position, but declined it on account of his unwillingness to lead cavalry. General Magruder was indispensable elsewhere; Generals Marmaduke and Shelby were too young to go up over the ranking officers necessary to be sent with their forces, and therefore General Price was selected to command the expedition. Another reason which lent additional weight to this preference, was the supposed influence of Price in Missouri, and the popularity of his name. He was, unquestionably, very popular with the masses; but a younger man, trained with a view to cavalry results, and possessing the active qualifications of either Marmaduke or Shelby, with their rapidity of movement, and that readiness to decide, and stubbornness to enforce a decision, which were two of Shelby's most remarkable characteristics, would, as large numbers upon this expedition thought at that time, have accomplished more satisfactorily the objects of the invasion, and have been more fruitful of good to the Confederacy. General Smith, in the selection of a leader was, from the first, positive and not positive. He indicated Buckner as the man once, then hinted at Magruder, asked Marmaduke to take command, and finally selected General Price, after stating positively to General Marmaduke that he would not do so. He felt the great necessity of doing something, but from the vast quantity of materials around him he could only select after weeks of puerile hesitation, doubts, and perplexities. Shelby, the youngest general on the

list, had his choice, it is true, but was willing to go with any one proposing to enter Missouri, stay there, and conquer there.

Prompt and decided action on the part of General Smith had become vitally necessary. Lee was staggering at Petersburg under heavy and incessant blows; Johnson had been removed from the army of the Tennessee; Sherman was marching to Atlanta, and Hood, with a heroic desperation which, though immortal, was too late to retrieve the fortunes of the dying Confederacy, had hurled himself northward toward Nashville. A diversion in Missouri would employ thousands of soldiers already ordered to Thomas; arouse the State to a man for another effort, and probably be strong enough, if swift enough to seize St. Louis and Jefferson City. Much reliance, too, was placed, especially by Generals Price and Marmaduke upon the secret orders of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or Golden Cross, or Copperheads, or whatever other fanciful and appropriate name they might adopt. Periodical installments of these well dressed, sleek looking gentry came among the rugged veterans of four years' service, with mysterious books, innumerable signs, grips, signals, passwords, and incantations sufficient to get up a dozen of Macbeth's witch dances. Few of the soldiers, however, believed in such tomfoolery. Four years had been a long time for these men, so terribly and intensely Southern, to remain with their blue lights, and greased poles, and Golden Circles, which should have been brass—at a period, too, when the Confederacy was bleeding deathfully, and her best and bravest heaping the earth with graves from the Potomac to the Gulf. The stay-at-home Southerners in the Border States were very much like the inhabitants of many prairie-dog villages between Leavenworth and Fort Laramie. When the coast is clear and nobody in sight, there is the most infernal barking, chattering, yelling, cavorting, ever witnessed; but let a shadow darken the horizon, or a rifle crack in the distance, and, in a twinkling, every furious dog among them is burrowing deep in close communion with owls and rattlesnakes.

Before this expedition of cavalry to Missouri had been determined upon and organized, General Smith was in possession of

positive orders from the War Department requiring him to send his entire army to Richmond immediately. The Mississippi river must be crossed—a difficult undertaking at any time for large bodies of men, burdened with supplies and incumbered with all the materials of war—but trebly so at this time when the department was destitute of boats and the river in possession of an enemy whose iron-clads might have rendered the boats useless even if possessed. Smith had, nevertheless, heavy artillery, excellent artillerists, plenty of transportation, and a large river running from Shreveport to the Mississippi. Slowly and with evident disinclination to obey his orders, or, at least, to render them abortive by indifference, General Smith set in motion some brigades and divisions toward the point at which he intended crossing. General Dick Taylor, relieved from command after the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill at the request of General Smith and his own desire, moved up, opposite this place of crossing, from the Cis-Mississippi side and telegraphed to General Smith that as he had been assigned to the command of the troops upon their arrival on the east side of the river, he would insist upon speedy and complete movements. Smith hesitated and reflected. When a vain, weak man hesitates he invariably falls. The muscles of the lion are relaxed only after the leap, and the coil of the rattlesnake is unwound after the blow. The gunboats of the enemy were in the way, and the troops indicated by their expressions an unwillingness to cross over under fire. General Magruder was consulted. He was a soldier by education, an artillerist by assignment, and a gentleman from the inherent instincts of nature, cultivation, and birth. If he were “Prince John” in the old army, he was Prince Rupert in the new. To crush out every vestige of mutiny, he shot a Texan captain and ten of his soldiers for talking, and *then* threatened. He had struck, however, *before* he threatened. Then a plan was proposed for crossing over the troops, and if it was not a successful plan, it certainly was not unsuccessful because it was never tried. At a given point Magruder said station a heavy battery; below that another, below that another one still, and so on until six batteries were disposed

of. Then a clear place for five miles from this given point, with only batteries at greater intervals along, when another mass of heavy guns were to be posted, protected by earthworks, and fought until "somebody was hurt." Another fact Magruder insisted upon, viz: With but few exceptions the Mississippi squadron were wooden boats or tin-clad boats, with here and there an iron-clad, and unfit to grapple the heavy Parrotts of Smith. Magruder continued: Build one hundred flat-boats with oars and rudders; crowd them with infantry; launch them after nightfall at a given signal from one hundred given points, and push them over "hap what hap." As a practical artillerist, he argued that in the confusion and the darkness, and under a concentric and enflaming fire, the Federal boats would shoot wildly and without effect. General Smith listened without answering, and abandoned his intentions without a reason. The troops were recalled; the orders from Richmond were disobeyed; and to compromise with his duty and to lull the gnawings of his injured patriotism, he adopted the cavalry expedition. The map of the United States might have been changed and the fate of the South less dark of hue, had Smith complied with his instructions and marched his sixty thousand men to Richmond. He did not believe the crisis so imminent, and he procrastinated. His mind refused the aid of the only lamp shining upon his pathway—the calm, clear order from the War Department—and he stumbled through the darkness of ignorance, and took the wrong road because he refused to see the right one.

General Magruder was again consulted. This time the old man broke through the studied ceremony learned at West Point and the calm, staid courtesy of his nature—he swore a little. The raid can do no good, argued Magruder. Its blows may be rapid but they will be therefore light. Its grasp may be quick and powerful—but the object to hold is too large and the grasp will be therefore nerveless. Its movements may be brilliant, but the sky is so dark that after the meteor the darkness will be appalling. Send everything into Missouri except the old men, the women and the children. March to St. Louis, seize it, and force Grant to take his

hands from the throat of Lee. The sixty thousand veterans will gather to them sixty thousand recruits, and if a demonstration in Missouri does not attract the calm, cold eyes of Grant, cross the Mississippi river, march through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio into Kentucky, and on to Richmond then. Lose sixty thousand men if necessary—they will be lost anyhow. Lose one hundred and twenty thousand men if necessary—they will be lost anyhow ; but yonder at Richmond—grave-girdled and famine-worn ; yonder at Petersburg, powder-blackened and battle-scarred, the immortal defenders of a nation's life are daily wasting away and falling before the insatiate scythes of sap and siege. This was the programme marked out by General John B. Magruder, eloquent—the condemned of President Davis, the ubiquitous defender of the Peninsula, the battle-spirit of Malvern Hill, the battery commander in the city of the Montezumas, who returned the Archbishop a lady's glove found in his palace, and curled his perfumed hair under the pitiless fire of Chepultepec.

Replied General Smith : "I have no *depots* of supplies for my infantry on the route." "D——d all depots of supplies," shouted Magruder ; "take cattle, gunpowder, and salt."

However, the army to invade Missouri concentrated at Tulip, Dallas county, Arkansas, on the 30th of August, 1864, and consisted of Fagan's division, composed of Cabell's and Slemmon's brigades, and Marmaduke's brigade, which, when getting up with Shelby, would be raised to a division by the addition of McCray's and Freeman's commands, and all were led by Major General Sterling Price.

With the separate movements of each division, their fights, halts, bivouacs, battles, and skirmishes, I have nothing to do except to give a running chronological statement, in order to keep up the connection and pilot General Price to Pochontas, where General Shelby impatiently awaited him.

August 31st, September 1st, 2d, and until the 12th, General Price occupied in reaching Batesville, where, resting one day, the army joined Shelby's forces on the 16th. When the entire forces

had been concentrated, there were three divisions, led respectively by Fagan, Marmaduke, and Shelby. The Arkansas troops, Cabell's, Slemmon's, Dobbins', and McCray's brigades formed the 1st division, commanded by Major General James F. Fagan, and was about four thousand strong, with four pieces of artillery. The 2nd division, composed of Marmaduke's old brigade, commanded by General John B. Clarke, jr., and Freeman's brigade, with four pieces of artillery, had probably three thousand men, and was led by Major General John S. Marmaduke. The 3rd division was commanded by Brigadier General Shelby, and consisted of his old brigade, commanded by Colonel David Shanks, and Jackman's brigade, with four pieces of artillery and three thousand men, making in the aggregate about ten thousand horsemen and twelve pieces of artillery.

Four days were spent at Pocahontas in shoeing mules and horses, issuing ammunition, and arranging everything necessary. On the 5th of October, General Price started, Shelby on the extreme left, Marmaduke on the right, and Fagan, with the commander-in-chief, in the center. Shelby soon had work in front. Approaching Current river, the little town of Doniphan was found in flames, a large detachment of Federals having come down from Patterson on a mission of pillage. Following up the enemy, who had fled at his approach, he surprised them at daylight the next morning, rolled up in their blankets, killed about forty, and captured and sent to General Price forty-three—the first offerings of the expedition. Captain Henry Burt, of Smith's regiment, a brave and skillful officer, led this surprise party and did his work well.

Before leaving Pocahontas, Governor Reynolds came to General Shelby's headquarters and volunteered upon his staff as an aid-de-camp, rendering, throughout the entire campaign, distinguished services both in the field and in the councils of his young *protege*.

Captain Ed. Burr, a young Arkansas officer, came also to Shelby here and was assigned to duty with him. He had been the hero of a recent daring act, and was eager for fresh adventures upon the prairies of Missouri. No better nor wiser than the young crusader

Rinaldo, he had lingered too long around a certain paradise in Chicot county, near the Mississippi river, until he had been "crowned with flowers and intoxicated with perfumes." Ellet's amphibious Marine Brigade threw out a dozen or so of its hybrid horsemen and fastened upon the gay captain. He was taken upon a gunboat pending his transfer to some available prison, and the day wore peacefully away. Burr was talkative, fascinating, and repentant—so much so, indeed, that he gained the privilege of going about over the boat unaccompanied. While laughing and talking his mind had been made up to a desperate venture. About nine o'clock at night, and suddenly and swiftly he sprang from the upper deck into the river. It was a bold leap, truly, but Burr was young and daring. An excellent swimmer, too, he floated along some moments in silence, when he struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached after great efforts and completely exhausted. Shelter, and warmth, and safety were near at hand, and he gained all speedily, soon forgetting his dark leap and darker struggle with wind and wave in the swift Mississippi.

At the camp at Pocahontas, also, General Shelby received the present of a magnificent sorrel stallion—a beauty, by the way, and strong, and fleet, and docile. The same friends who had welcomed him to Washington, Arkansas, by an excellent supper, met one day and resolved to send him a war horse. Captain Ferguson and Captain Bouldin were the secretaries of this committee of the generous citizens about Washington, and they were tried and true patriots, too—determined and unconquerable to the last, as were all in this rare and sturdy old county of Hempstead. The letter accompanying the horse paid a high compliment to Shelby's valor, to his devotion to the cause, and to his many administrative as well as fighting qualities, closing beautifully by expressing the wish that the fleet limbs of the gallant steed might carry him often and well to universal victory. Shelby replied feelingly to his generous friends, and thanked them with a soldier's gratitude. For weeks and weeks the petted horse was led carefully along—never a saddle on his broad, bare back—never a bit in his proud, firm mouth. It was a

dark hour there by Westport town when the sorrel was led up for his death wound. It came at last, though—that death-grapple. There the battle's wreck was thickest—where Elliott's dead lay sorest, after his wild, fierce charge was done, there struggled the beautiful sorrel, death busy with the quivering nostrils and the glazing eyes.

From Doniphan Shelby dashed into Patterson, captured forty more state militia, killed seventeen of Leper's company, and pushed on rapidly to Fredericktown, where seventy-three surprised Federals stacked arms without firing a shot. From Fredericktown, after waiting a day for General Price to come up, he marched swiftly northward, met a large body of Federals near Farmington—which had been taken the day before, with its garrison, by Captains Reck Johnson and Shaw—and drove the enemy, with heavy loss, through the town. Pressing on that night to the Iron Mountain Railroad, Colonel Elliott was sent to destroy the large bridge at Irondale, and Colonel Gordon the one at Mineral Point. Elliott went to work with his usual energy, burnt the huge structure, fought four or five hundred Federals coming to attack him from every direction, and returned from the left toward Shelby, burdened with prisoners, yet destroying the railroad thoroughly as he came. Gordon found a brigade of A. J. Smith's corps at Mineral Point, attacked it fiercely with his single regiment, drove it with severe loss toward St. Louis, burnt the bridge, with two other smaller ones, and came back from the right destroying everything before him.

Meanwhile, Shelby, in the center, between these two regiments, seized the railroad at a point four miles from Potosi, attacked, but was too late to capture a locomotive and four cars loaded with three hundred infantry (the advance having Captain Rayburn wounded and two or three killed), and commenced the dreadful work of destruction. All the long day it continued. The iron was torn from the yielding ties, twisted and rent into ungainly shapes and piled upon the sleepers to be ruined by fire. Telegraph poles, wires, cattle-stops, bridges, trestle-work, depots, cars, cord-wood, ties, and heavy timbers were given to the flames, which swept everything in their

intensity. Great, dense columns of smoke wound slowly up among the clouds and darkened the air with falling cinders and charred fragments of wood. A brigade was deployed at a time upon the track; each man stood at the end of a tie; the rails were broken above and below, when, with one vast exertion of concentrated strength and with a mighty upheaving, the entire bed of the road was torn from its firm foundation and hurled—grinding, crushing, crashing down steep embankments into the mud and water below. For an extent of many miles nothing remained but the yellow earth where once ran rapid trains and freight-loaded cars.

From the ruin and desolation of the railroad, General Shelby made a dash at Potosi, drove its garrison into the court-house and ordered Collins to unlimber at a distance of three hundred yards. Eight Parrott shells decided the struggle, and up went a white flag, whiter than the faces of twenty-two dead sleeping quietly below. Four hundred Federals surrendered. Shelby camped in and near the town, and after dark the various scouting parties sent out in the morning to work mischief, began to return.

Lieutenant Selby Plattenburg, with only thirty men, had been up toward Irondale and met a hundred and fifty Federals escorting eleven wagons loaded with supplies. Undeterred by the heavy odds against him, he charged the detachment, dispersed it, captured forty-two, and returned to camp bringing with him the prisoners and the teams. From every direction they poured in. Officers Toney, Dickey, Adams, Lane, Crispin, Will Moorman, Tom Walton, Will Gregg, Charley Lewis, Franklin, Gillett, Marchbanks, Kelly, Sears, Meadows, Coyle, Burt, Redd and Langhorne brought the terrified and surprised militia to General Shelby, until eleven hundred blue-coats were huddled together awaiting, as they fully believed, immediate death. The fine depot at Potosi, with the branch track, cars, and machine-shops were given to the flames. Vainly awaiting at Potosi, for orders from General Price, General Shelby grew uneasy and restive. He had swiftly and decidedly executed the work marked out for him, and had remained twenty-four hours for instructions which were due upon his arrival. Still not hearing, he turned back toward

Pilot Knob, intending, if not communicating with General Price, to march on to that place, which he knew had been attacked. At Caledonia the advance of Marmaduke's division was met in pursuit of Ewing's forces, which had, by some mistaken generalship, been allowed to escape from Pilot Knob. It seems that General Price moved against Ironton on the morning of October 26th, and drove the Federals into the town, but they evacuated Fort Curtis, an unimportant work between Arcadia and Ironton, during the night, and took position in Fort Davidson, at Pilot Knob, one mile from Ironton. This was an ugly, angular fort, too, surrounded by a deep, wide ditch partially filled with water, almost impossible to get over at any time, and doubly difficult, certainly, under the fire of artillery and musketry. General Price's determination to attack was made suddenly and against the wishes of his subordinates. Marmaduke, far east from Fredericktown, was ordered to march west to this place, where upon his arrival were further orders bidding him prepare for the assault upon Pilot Knob.

On the 27th, the skirmishers were driven from Shepherd's Mountain, and portions of the two divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke charged the fort right gallantly. The assault was repulsed with loss, but the investment and the fire from the assaulting lines continued until dark, and all the day of the 28th. At nightfall Ewing silently destroyed his magazines and retreated with his whole force toward Rolla, very much surprised, no doubt, at finding his road perfectly open and not a sentinel to dispute the passage. Pursuit was not attempted until the night following the next day, when Ewing had passed through Caledonia on his life or death retreat. Had pursuit been at once ordered and Shelby notified of the escape, Ewing could have been crushed like a nutshell between two divisions and the defeat at Pilot Knob fully avenged. But getting no orders at all, nor even hearing of the success or defeat of the rest of the army, Shelby returned like a true soldier to where he thought danger the greatest, and arrived too late to meet Ewing before he had turned from the road leading to Potosi. When at last ordered to pursue, General Marmaduke advanced rapidly with Shelby from

Caledonia, and, after a short rest, the two divisions pressed on all the long and weary night of the 29th. Ewing's rear was struck about daylight and vigorously attacked, but retreating over a splendidly defensive road—for it ran between two large streams, often flanked by perpendicular cliffs of great height, he could not be reached at all except by charging down upon the rear in column of fours; yet, under the many great disadvantages, General Marmaduke pressed him sorely until nearly night, when Shelby took the lead and made a last grand charge upon the tired Federals. It was too late, however. Darkness came down thick and impenetrable. Ewing reached the Southwest Branch at Leesburg, and threw up heavy fortifications during the night. Not desiring possibly to attack him the next morning in a splendid position, and behind formidable works, with men who had marched forty-eight hours and fasted twenty-four, General Marmaduke withdrew toward Union, destroying all munitions of war falling into his hands that were not needed in the equipment and supply of his own troops.

Pilot Knob, barren and harsh as its aspects were, had yet lavished upon it much of noble blood. Fighting in the front as he always fought, fell Major G. W. Bennett, mortally wounded. His name had been associated ever in his brigade with deeds of knightly daring, and the purity of his stainless life had endeared him to all. Tears fell fast about the bleeding soldier, borne from his last battlefield to die, and many powder-stained lips murmured tenderly:

"Ah! soldier, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Lieutenant Colonel John C. Bull, a dashing young officer, and who had fought his way step by step up from the ranks, was severely wounded while leading his regiment gallantly upon the fortifications.

Colonel Monroe, another splendid officer, of Cabell's brigade, was severely wounded, as was Major Thomas, Fagan's able and popular chief-of-staff. Cabell's brigade suffered greatly in the charge upon

the earthwork, the General himself having his horse killed. Among those conspicuous for their dashing courage in this assault, none towered higher than Major John C. Moore, of Marmaduke's staff. At one time, having to carry an order over a rocky and precipitous hill, swept continually by the bullets of the enemy at point-blank range, his death appeared inevitable. Refusing to dismount at the entreaty of his friends, he coolly rode along the entire ridge, receiving the fire from five hundred muskets, seeming to be exhilarated by the danger and bent on accomplishing his bravado.

It has been asserted by some of Ewing's officers that, upon the appearance of General Price's forces, a consultation was held to consider the question of surrender, and that the alternative was to be chosen in the event of the investment being made complete. General Price failing in this by leaving open one broad main road—the very road of all others most desirable for Ewing's purposes—he simply marched out and away without the least difficulty. General Ewing fought splendidly, too, after getting well on his retreat. He had great advantage in the formation of the country over which his road ran, yet his pursuers greatly outnumbered his little band, and might have ridden over it a dozen times after it was overtaken. General Marmaduke's failure to do this arose from the fact that he desired General Clark, who was new with the cavalry, to learn something about its management, and, therefore, gave into his hands the entire control of the pursuit. This was unfortunate, and prevented the capture of Fletcher, whose election it was most desirable to prevent. After Shelby moved to the front it was too late to accomplish anything, and Ewing escaped handsomely, as he deserved to do after his exhibitions of such indomitable pluck and endurance.

The execution of Major Wilson at Pilot Knob was an act of eminent justice, for he was a common murderer, and entirely destitute of manly and soldierly feelings. It is by no means certain that his death was authorized by General Price, although, as the commander-in-chief, he was, to a limited degree, responsible for it. Colonel Reeves, at whose door the *sin* lies, had a heavy score to

settle with all those southeast commanders, and Wilson was hung first, or shot first, because he was captured first. General Shelby camped his command one night, on the upward march, around the house of Captain Leper, and, after taking charge of his forage and supplies, looked also to his papers and his official correspondence, among which was an order signed by this Major Wilson, directing Leper to take eighty men, dress them in "*butternut*" clothing, march with them to White river, find out the intention of the "rebels" under Shelby, and on his return *burn every mill, building, grain stack, and hay rick on the road*, closing mysteriously with the following words underscored: "*And you know I do n't like to be troubled with prisoners.*" Among other letters were quite a number from the *Hon.* Charles Drake, United States Senator from Missouri, urging Leper to do his work *thoroughly* and well. These letters, together with Wilson's, are now in the hands of ex-Governor Thomas C. Reynolds, at present residing in the city of Mexico, but who will, in due time, present them to the world, with other startling and damaging facts concerning the atrocities perpetrated by Federal soldiers in Missouri. Six brave and innocent soldiers, privates Jas. W. Gates, Geo. T. Bunch, H. H. Blackburn, John Nichols, Chas. W. Minnikin, and Asa V. Ladd, were taken from the prison in St. Louis and executed in retaliation for the death of Wilson. Three of these—Gates, Bunch, and Nichols—belonged to Shelby's division, and were true and splendid men, always in the regular army, and never, at any time, acting with guerrilla organizations. Blackburn, Minnikin, and Ladd were fearless Arkansans, and regulars of four years' service. Young Minnikin was from Batesville, and an excellent and worthy man. Young Nichols belonged to Shanks' regiment, where he had a brother, and where he had made many friends. They all died as they had lived—manly, courageous, and steadfast. Rosecrans may have made Wilson's sleep sweeter in eternity by his wanton and barbarous cruelty, but how about the slumbers of *those Federals* executed for the six men murdered in St. Louis? They sleep in unknown graves from Jefferson City to Newtonia, clinching with an argument stronger than

life the trite philosophy which makes a rule a poor rule unless it works both ways.

The army again reunited at Union, which had been attacked before Shelby arrived, by General Clark, who permitted the garrison to escape probably because he did not know how to capture it. And why should he? Recently promoted from the infantry, he had little of that sprightliness and dash so essential for a cavalry officer.

At this place the division was strengthened by a regiment recently recruited in Southeast Missouri and commanded by Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback. It was composed of a lot of dashing, fighting young fellows, and led by a young and brilliant officer whose exploits before had been noted, and whose daring actions upon the battlefield had been conspicuous. He liked war for its pomp and circumstance, and courted danger for its fascination and its perils. Thoroughly devoted to the cause; every feeling of his heart and every idea of his active mind thoroughly alive to the struggles and intentions of his country, he aimed constantly at that which would give her the most advantage and her arms the most renown. Braving many dangers and making many sacrifices, he penetrated with a few chosen spirits into the very heart of Missouri—far into the enemy's lines—and harassed, surrounded, fought and outlawed—he yet rose superior to his enemies, gathered around him a good, brave regiment and brought it to General Shelby that he might place it side by side with the tried and scarred veterans of the old brigade. Shelby knew that the men commanded by Slayback would soon come up to the proper standard, and this confidence was never betrayed. On many bloody fields their deportment and devotion were remarkable. They immediately began the arduous detail duties of veterans, drilled on the march, and in the hurry and fatigue which marked nearly all the rest of the campaign, they never once faltered in the fight, nor failed to keep up their end of the line. They readily assimilated themselves to the men of the other regiments, and shared with them their characteristic devotion to the cause and their cherished leader—for Shelby had a

magic power over the hearts and the affections of his soldiers which was as powerful as it was mysterious.

To this regiment the sturdy and gallant Captain Prewett brought a company, as did also the able Captains Woods, Price, Whalen, and six other young soldiers from Missouri. Earnest and energetic, and by constant drill and discipline, they soon gave to the new regiment its veteran ardor and its steady bearing.

From the town of Union, Shelby's division again led the advance, stormed Linn and captured its garrison of three hundred and seventy-two Federals, scouted the country for miles around, and struck terror into the Dutch and militia, surprised almost into idiocy. From Linn, Colonel Shanks was sent with the old brigade to destroy the gigantic bridge over the Osage river, which he did in fine style, dispersed and put to the sword its defenders, fired the wood-work, and beat the blind old piers prone into the water. Then coming swiftly back he reunited at Westphalia with Shelby, who had taken the town, driven out its garrison of one regiment, and made many prisoners. General Price coming slowly on—too slowly, alas! for the nature and success of the expedition—ordered Shelby to force a passage of the Osage and drive in all outlying detachments into Jefferson City. Four miles above the point selected for the essay was stationed a regiment of the enemy, at a little ford known as Castle Rock. To this point Gordon was ordered, with instructions to get over *volens volens*, disperse the defenders, and march down immediately to attack in flank the real opposition in front of Shelby. At the main crossing on the direct road to the State capital, General Shelby, silently and unobserved, masked his battery just on the edge of the southern shore, formed Elliott in column to dash across under cover of the guns, then Shanks was to advance with the rest of the brigade while he followed with Jackman in reserve. Heavy fighting was expected at this vital avenue to the city, and much precaution was necessary. Nothing could excel the terrible accuracy and rapidity of Collins' fire. The enemy beyond, startled into consciousness of danger by the exploding shells, gave back for one single moment and abandoned their strong positions on the

river. That moment became dreadfully fatal. Elliott sprang away waist deep through the water covered by Collins' fire, gained firm ground beyond and went fighting into line at a gallop. Shanks followed with no less eagerness, and it was time. The Federals massed on Elliott and bore him back slowly but painfully, his best men falling all around him. Shanks ordered a charge along the whole line, rescued Elliott and drove back the defenders of the crossing with heavy loss. The enemy, largely reinforced, "would not drive worth a cent," as poor Shanks afterward expressed it, death almost shadowing his pale brow with its dark wings, and he reformed his lines for another charge. The word was given, and Shanks leading far ahead, his hat off before his own Iron Brigade, and his eyes abaze with a battle-light, cheered on the fight. It was hot and pitiless while it lasted, but the Confederates triumphed; the enemy's lines gave way, and just in the very moment of victory, just as a wild shout of joy went up to sober, ashen skies, Shanks fell dreadfully wounded, a Minnie bullet through his dauntless breast. It would have been difficult, I think, to have found another, among living men, both by constitution and temperament, so inaccessible to physical terrors as David Shanks, and when he fell heavily to the earth, shot clean and clear from his saddle, the old light was in his eyes and the old smile upon his face. There he lay bleeding fearfully upon the cold, damp ground, the red sun of autumn shining fitfully upon his upturned face, pale and drawn with agony. Away to the front, that regiment which loved him so, and that brigade which he had seen created but would never lead any more, were rushing on with wild shouts of vengeance. I do not know whether he heard them then, for he seemed to be listening eagerly for another voice and straining his eyes in another direction. Very soon General Shelby came to the fatal spot, and all Shanks' features, wan and worn with pain, were lighted up with a tenderness and joy inexpressible, as his loved leader bent over him with a heart too sick for words. There lay the great Federal giant, not four rods away, who had shot him, mortally wounded by Shanks' own hand before he fell. The parting was solemn and

deeply sad. A few words of hope he did not feel; a few tears hot and scalding from eyes unused to weep—a long, lingering, fond good-bye, and Shelby rode swiftly away, not daring to look back upon the spot where he had left his flower of chivalry; his steadfast and unwavering friend; the chosen leader of the old brigade; the reckless fighter; the tender heart; the generous comrade; the tried warrior; the accomplished soldier; and the Ney of the division. Devoted companions like Lute McKinney remained to share his fate, and he was gently carried from the field never to rejoin his command again. But his fall had been well avenged. No more halts, no more reinforcements checked the headlong gallop now, and the Federals, ridden over and dispersed, finally escaped by fragments into Jefferson City.

Gordon, at Castle Rock, with the indefatigable Captain Will Moorman in advance, had hot work, too. Encountering three companies on the south side of the Osage, he attacked and drove them into the water, where few escaped death by bullet or drowning. His passage was contested stoutly, but crossing fifty men above and below this point—they came almost simultaneously upon the flanks, and the Federals thinking an entire brigade upon them, hastily abandoned the position, pursued by Gordon to the road down which were retreating the enemy driven before Shelby's furious squadrons. Gordon soon learning how matters stood, came on toward Shelby, hemming in between them a battalion of infantry, too hard pressed to retreat rapidly, and destroyed it with scarcely an effort.

General Price, notified of the passage of the Osage, advanced during the night, while Shelby camped in line of battle six miles from Jefferson City, having slept little and fought hard for three days and nights. Even here he received orders to cover the front, and sent Jackman's brigade forward for the purpose. Before the army had reunited again in front of Jefferson City, Cabell's brigade had burned the railroad bridge at Franklin, over the Merrimac, and repulsed a brigade of Smith's corps; while General Marmaduke, on the 4th of October, burned the bridge over the Gasconade and

captured a large train on the Pacific Railroad, loaded principally with arms and ammunition.

Early on the morning of October 7th—Fagan's division in front, and Cabell's brigade in advance—General Price moved against the capital of his State, and, after severe fighting, drove the outlying Federals full into their works. Fagan lost severely, and some of his best officers and men were killed and wounded. The city, invested from the west, lay plainly in sight, its huge capitol dome, crowned with the stars and stripes, rising in grim defiance heavenward. Every one felt sure that the works were to be assaulted at daylight on the 8th, and accordingly said his prayers very quietly and waited for the word. Shelby, holding the extreme left, sent a heavy force, under Lieutenant Colonel McDaniel, to the Pacific Railroad, who destroyed the telegraph and several bridges, and drove back into the city, with loss, a large detachment of Federal cavalry. Daylight came and the sun rose broad and clear, yet no forward movement was ordered, and finally, about ten o'clock, instructions were received to march westward. On picket from Shelby's division, and almost within the corporation limits of Jefferson City, stood the grim old warrior, Colonel J. A. Schnable. When ordered to withdraw he was furiously attacked by two cavalry regiments and had to fight alone for dear life. Twice he charged the enemy swarming out to surround him, falling back step by step, and at last, shot three times, his horse killed, eighteen of his detachment dead, he reached his division bloody and covered with the dust and dirt of the fall. All the day of the 8th, the Federals followed the rear of General Price's army, General Cabell protecting it in admirable style, and heavy skirmishing ensued continually; but they gained no advantage and retired back to Jefferson City at dark. The abandonment of the attack upon the capital was certainly fortunate, for the army had somehow concluded that the city could not be taken, although its garrison consisted of militia, utterly worthless for sober fighting; while the prestige of the event would have contributed largely to the success of the plan of operations for which the expedition had been inaugurated. A fatal policy was commenced, however, in its very inception,

and like the shirt of Nessus, clung to it until irretrievable ruin and disaster swallowed up the whole. This policy consisted of a slowness of movement and fickleness of purpose totally incomprehensible. A formidable body of cavalry, well armed and mounted, made at the highest only twelve miles per day up to this time, accompanied by at least five hundred wagons and five thousand "dead-heads," loafers, and amateur cavalry gentlemen. By a rapid march from Pocahontas, at the rate of thirty miles per day, and the leaving of Pilot Knob unattacked, General Price might have surprised St. Louis and found Jefferson City without a garrison.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEPARATING again from the main army, General Shelby took California, burned the depot and several cars, galloped on to Booneville, drove in its pickets and invested the court-house, held by four hundred State militia. This building was well fortified, surrounded by a stockade, the streets were barricaded leading to it, and the walls pierced by innumerable loop-holes. A charge upon these obstructions would cost too many precious lives, and he prepared to bombard it, as the night was gathering and time was valuable. Matrons having sons there and beautiful girls having brothers and sweethearts there crowded about General Shelby, and implored him in melting tones and with streaming eyes to send a flag of truce demanding surrender. They declared that most of the garrison were impressed into the ranks, and anxious to lay down their arms. The struggle with Shelby was severe, but ended as every one expected, and he consented—although he had sworn over and over again before that white flags should always come from the enemy. The mission to the fort was a perilous one, and Captain Thomas W. Shields volunteered for its accomplishment. As he went down to the barricades, waving a little white handkerchief over his head, the confusion within was unprecedented in a besieged garrison. Some cried shoot him and leveled their guns—some shouted truce and knocked the guns up. Shields never wavered a moment, nor lost his wonderful nerve and self-possession. When at last heard he stated his mission, and demanded immediate and unconditional surrender in the name of Brigadier General Shelby. After a little parleying, and a visit to General Shelby in person by a delegation from the fort, the terms were arranged as he dictated, and then the Confederates were in quiet possession of the town—the second time in two years it had delivered its keys into the merciful hands of Shelby. Among the

many valuable things captured was a large steamboat, soon to be used in crossing and recrossing troops. Price arrived the next day, and the entire army camped in and around the town. The following morning the bushwhackers began to pour in. Anderson, the hero of a recent brilliant fight at Centralia, brought probably three hundred men. Quantrell came over to compare notes, and the hitherto quiet town of Booneville put on its holiday attire, while gay uniforms and rich regimentals were everywhere to be seen, and over all and above all waved a flag "that was new to the seas."

The guerrilla organization of Missouri needs a word in its defense, although its warfare was pitiless, its banner the black flag, and its battle-cry the fearful monosyllable *Death*. Composed of men driven to desperation by the unceasing persecutions of Federals and militia, they had been outlawed and hunted from county to county as rabid animals. Their scalps commanded a premium, and their mutilated bodies were denied sepulture. Revenge is believed by philosophers to be one of the strongest passions of the human heart, and when stimulated by grievous wrongs, and fanned into flame within the bosoms of men having Western ideas and developments, it naturally becomes cruel and unsparing. It made honorable men desert the army, that they might lose the uncertainty of regular battle, and have the grim satisfaction of knowing that death followed the shots of their own revolvers and the thrusts of their own knives. They accepted the black flag as an emblem, because it suited their ideas of murder—and having no hope themselves, they left none to their victims. In an association composed of men driven from all natural feelings by numberless outrages, some crimes would creep in, and often innocent persons were killed and Southern families plundered; but as a general thing the leaders, like the gladiators under Spartacus, only shouted, "Kill, kill!" upon the bodies of their persecutors. Quantrell had the memory of a murdered brother; Anderson the image of a fair-haired sister crushed among the falling timbers of a house where she had been imprisoned by Yankee hate; and Younger saw in his dreams a father's hoary hair all dabbled in his blood. Shelby only condemned guerrilla warfare

as it called down destruction on the helpless, and when they were with the regular army they were invaluable as scouts and spies. A nation to be free must be willing to use "the knife, the cord, the bowl," and what was fair for McNeill, Sheridan, Butler, and Lyon, was fair for Quantrell, Poole, Todd, Anderson, and Blunt.

A great howl went up over sacked and desolated Lawrence, but not a pious Puritan marred the platitude of his sleek, meek face by frowning at the enormities in Jackson, Bates, Cass, and Johnson counties in Missouri. White plethoric eyes rolled horrified heavenward when Anderson's death charge rolled over that lone prairie by Centralia town—terrible as the yawn of' an earthquake—but those same eyes glittered gladly with a sanctimonious twinkle when Palmyra's butchery was done, and McNeill had smeared his hands in innocent and accusing blood. A brief relation of this horrible affair may be read with a mournful interest. Colonel Porter captured Palmyra late in the fall of 1863, and during his occupation of the town one Andrew Allsman, an ex-soldier of the 3d Missouri Federal Cavalry, and a spy, informer, guide, traitor, and scoundrel generally—was spirited away, no one ever knew how nor where. McNeill re-entered Palmyra upon its evacuation by Colonel Porter, confined ten worthy and good men captured from Porter's command, issued a notice to Porter dated October 8th, informing him that unless Allsman was returned within ten days from the date thereof, the prisoners then in his possession should be executed. W. R. Strachan was the Provost Marshal, and was just as cruel and just as bloodthirsty as his master. Allsman was not returned—indeed, Porter never saw this notice until the men were shot—and even had it been placed before him, the rendition of Allsman was an impossibility, for he knew nothing whatever of the man required to be produced. Deaf to all petitions; steeled against every prayer for mercy, eager and swift to act, McNeill ordered the execution at the end of the appointed time. Ten brave, good men—Willis Baker, Thos. Humston, Morgan Bixler, John Y. McPheeters, Herbert Hudson, Captain Thomas A. Snider, Eleazer Lake, and Hiram Smith—were led out for the death shots. Fearless, proud and noble in their

bearing, these innocent and excellent soldiers were sacrificed to the whim of a butcher, and to satisfy the cravings of a foreign and brutal soldiery. They met death without a shudder, willing to yield upon their country's altar the lives that had been devoted to her service. A young Spartan—one of the above mentioned men—volunteered to take the place of an old man whose family was large and helpless; was accepted, and untouched by the heroism of the boy, and indifferent to one of the finest exhibitions of chivalry upon record—McNeill and Strachan ordered his execution with the rest, thus covering their names with everlasting infamy.

The workings of Providence are generally mysterious, and curious ways are taken sometimes to repay that vengeance which "belongeth to the Lord." Upon McNeill's head no bolt fell—one reason, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that he studiously and persistently kept that head away from danger—and the history of mankind is filled with instances of hired bravos like Strachan living to a good old age; but a useful lesson might be learned from the following: About daylight, on the morning of August 20, 1863, Quantrell, with three hundred men, dashed into the streets of Lawrence, Kansas. Flame and bullet, waste and pillage, terror and despair were everywhere. Two hundred were killed. Death was a monarch, and men bowed down and worshipped him. Blood ran in rivulets. The guerrillas were unerring shots with revolvers, and excellent horsemen. General Lane saved himself by flight; General Collamore took refuge in a well and died there. Poor Collamore! He should have kept away from the well upon the principle that actuated the mother who had no objection to her boy's learning how to swim, if he did n't go near the water. Printers and editors suffered. Speer, of the *Tribune*; Palmer, of the *Journal*; Trask, of the *State Journal*, had n't time even to write their obituaries. Two camps of instruction for white and negro soldiers, on *Massachusetts* street (of course), were surrounded and all their occupants killed. Every hotel, except the City Hotel, was burned. Other property, valued at two million dollars, was also fired and consumed. The women were not molested in any manner, and some of them,

by their courage and presence of mind saved those who were dear to them. A Miss Stone there—supposed, at first, to be Lucy Stone—was sought for that she might deliver a short lecture upon the efficacy of fire as applied to Kansas cities, but not wearing breeches, and being really handsome and elegant, the wrong Miss Stone was left undisturbed. Massachusetts street was made a mass of smouldering ruins and crumbling walls. Sometimes there is a great deal in a name—in this instance more than is generally the case. After killing every male inhabitant who remained in Lawrence, after burning the houses in the town and those directly around it, Quantrell very quietly withdrew his men into Missouri and rested there, followed, however, at a safe distance by General Lane, who made terrible threats, but miserable fulfillments. Two hundred white abolitionists, fifty or sixty negroes, and two millions of dollars worth of property were fearful aggregates of losses. Truly, McNeill's butchery was bearing terrible fruit!

Riding and slashing promiscuously about the State until late in September, always killing and surprising the enemy, Quantrell moved southward for rest and recuperation during the long, cold winter months. On the 6th of October, General Blunt, his band, escort, and baggage train were encountered near Fort Webster by these same destroyers of Lawrence, charged—the escort routed—and its members, together with the musicians, teamsters, and cooks, were all killed. Blunt saved himself only by the swiftness of his horse. His Adjutant General, Major Curtis, was among the captured. "Spare me," he pleaded to Quantrell. "Look at this," replied Quantrell, drawing from his pocket an order from General Curtiss commanding his soldiers to put to death any and all of Quantrell's men, no matter where or when. This order was signed also by Major Curtis, as Acting Adjutant General. Quantrell continued, drawing his pistol: "Did you write this?" "Yes." "Would you have obeyed it?" "Yes." In two moments more Major Curtis fell heavily, shot clean and clear through the forehead. With him was one of Frank Leslie's artists—a Mr. O'Neill. He had among his sketches a half finished picture of some hypothetical

battle, in which, as was usual for Leslie, were to be seen rebels in flight—panic stricken and overwhelmed—with valiant “boys in blue” slashing about heroically with sabers, and spitting the lagging Confederates with bayonets as a French cook spits an ortolan. Poor O’Neill! He had seen his last Donnybrook Fair, and painted his last battle-scene for the conscientious and accurate Leslie. Blunt lost his battle-flag—a magnificent silk standard, given by the ladies of Leavenworth—his sword, and one hundred and thirty-two of his best men. Quantrell had two men killed. But, after this digression, it is necessary to hasten back to Booneville.

General Marmaduke had a pretty little fight at California with a large column of Federal cavalry, and handled it so roughly, after he got at it, that the horsemen were fain to scamper away in hot haste.

At ten o’clock, on the 11th, the pickets on the Tipton road were driven in, and General Pleasanton made a bold push for the town. Fagan met him, and at last drove the enemy several miles back upon the road. Shelby, who had formed in expectation of a general engagement, asked permission to make a circuit, gain Pleasanton’s rear, and destroy him. General Price gave the order, but after a forced march of fifteen miles, it was discovered that the enemy had definitely retreated. Jackman’s brigade, however, was left on the Tipton road, with orders to move at daylight, on the 12th, ten miles toward that town, and attack the enemy wherever encountered. Jackman had scarcely advanced half the required distance, when he met Pleasanton in full force, and a severe battle began instantly. It lasted two hours, with uncertain success, when Jackman drove everything before him for five miles by a splendid charge, killing and capturing many of the enemy. His own loss was heavy, but the punishment inflicted upon Pleasanton this day made him ever afterward timid and cautious of attack.

During the occupation of Booneville, Captain Shoemaker, the commander of the garrison captured by General Shelby, was taken from his house and killed—when, too, he had a parole in his pocket, and was under the protection of the plighted honor of a Confederate officer. Shelby became justly indignant and used every means

in his power to discover the offenders, but without success. That Shoemaker deserved death no one there would deny; but that he met it after his surrender was accepted and his arms taken from him, every honorable soldier condemned as unfortunate and calculated to work injury upon the helpless Southerners. The assassination was planned and probably executed at the instigation of some citizens, and it was urged as an excuse for the act that Shoemaker and a squad of his militia had hung a gray-headed old man in Cooper county.

The three days spent at Booneville were certainly delightful, but fraught with time misspent and delays pregnant with disaster. Clark and his brigade were sent across from Booneville to the other side of the river, and ordered to march into Northwest Missouri; operate on the North Missouri Railroad; recruit from every source of supply; and take such towns and make such battles as he deemed prudent and necessary, while the rest of the army moved directly west on the south side. Arriving at Salt Fork, in Saline county, without seeing a Federal, General Price again went into camp.

Before reaching the position at Salt Fork, General Price was assured of large bodies of troops concentrating to crush him, and of Rosecrans having taken the field in person. It was necessary to recall Clark before he had effected much, that the forces of the expedition might be well in hand and prepared for emergencies. General Clark, in the vicinity of Glasgow, which was held by a strong garrison, and having, beside, a large force in his rear, must cross soon or be pressed to the wall, and, unfortunately—Glasgow was the only available point. He resolved to attack it and hazard the consequences of repulse. Luckily, indeed, that its defenses were commanded by an officer without experience, destitute of tenacity, and filled more with the wiles of a politician than the energies of a soldier. General or Colonel Chester Harding, jr.—it is hard to tell which—for the shoulder-strapped *militia* of Missouri were more proverbial for titles than for wounds—had succeeded General

Ford, of Colorado regiment notoriety, and held Glasgow with about eight hundred soldiers. This force, with the covering of the houses and the fortifications, was ample to hold the town, and in the hands of Ford, or any other skillful and stubborn officer, entirely competent to repulse the attack of General Clark.

General Shelby received orders late in the evening of the 14th to take two pieces of artillery and two hundred men, reach Glasgow precisely at daylight and open fire upon the town. Jackman's brigade was on the north side of the Missouri river under Clark, its leader having sought and obtained permission at Booneville to take his battle-scarred regiments through their own country that their ranks might be refilled. General Jeff. Thompson, too, who had been assigned to the command of Shelby's old brigade, after the fall of the lamented Shanks, had also been ordered to attack Sedalia, destroy the railroad, and strike the left flank of any Federals approaching Lexington from toward Warrensburg. Thus Shelby's division, though doing incessant and bloody service collectively, was divided into three or more parts in order that each one, still retaining the fire and devotion of the whole, might invigorate and encourage other commands less used to hardships and peril.

General Shelby was ahead of time, and when had he ever failed to *understand* an order or to execute it to the letter? Not surely on this campaign. The march had been wearisome and bitter cold. Over the vast fertile prairies of good old Saline, his little band, guided by veterans of his old regiment, whose homes were even in sight—Elliott, Haynie, Bruce, Thompson, Ridenbaugh, Darr, Garrett, and many others of old Company E, stole unawares upon the sleeping town of Glasgow, the dark steamboats lying quietly at the wharf, and the domes and spires gleaming faintly through the river mist. Just above the town bright camp fires gleamed over the water, obscured now and then by dark forms aroused from fitful and chilling slumbers. Collins carefully trained his guns upon these smouldering fires, knowing too well that many manly forms were lying wrapped in blankets all about the cheery embers. It seemed

like sacrilege to rouse the dreaming city by burst of shot and scream of shell. What hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows, what pains and pleasures were covered there with the kind sweet mantle of darkness, and lulled softly to rest by the mute wooings of invisible sleep. Gray heads peacefully at rest on the smoothed pillows easy with age; tired children dreaming of apples on the morrow and rabbit-snares out in the woods where the frosts have fallen; maiden innocence in rosy slumbers smiling as some voice sweeter than others are breaks on her ear in silvery speech, telling through lips of bearded bloom the soft low tales she loves the best; false coquettes—darkness “hanging down in the length of their hair and shadowing their perjured lips,” and the newly married dozing away the halcyon honeymoon nights, as the husband puts out his hand through the air of the perfumed room to fondle his wife’s long electric strands and tell her the pleasant story of the four year’s war.

The necessities of the case here admitted of no delay. Ordered to make a diversion in favor of Clark, General Shelby knew too well the value of surprise and the sudden panic given to sleeping soldiers by the noise and crashing of exploding shells. The houses most exposed to artillery were those used for barracks, officers’ quarters, and quartermaster and commissary supplies. Upon these the guns were directed and every pains taken to avoid striking the private dwellings. Besides, the fire upon the camp above the town and upon the steamer opposite was kept up sufficiently long to give the non-combatants, most endangered, an opportunity of escaping beyond range.

Collins opened fire just as daylight came tripping over the purple hills, and the bursting shells tore through the silent camp, scattering coals and blazing wood among the living and the dead. The garrison soon turned out in force, having recovered from the first effects of a night attack when learning that a large river ran between danger and the town. Collins and his skirmishing supports, under Langhorne and Schnable, were deployed upon a naked beach of sand, in

plain view of Glasgow, and the river at this point being very narrow, the fire concentrated upon them from concealed sharpshooters was quite severe. As General Clark had not arrived, and as this kind of fighting could avail but little, Shelby determined upon making an effort to carry over his own troops and capture the town.

Having this purpose in view, McCoy, Ed. Burr, Wave Anderson, Shelby's ordnance officer, Lieutenant Selby Plattenburg, and Lieutenant Carrington, a gallant young Arkansan, attached to the staff, manned a large skiff found somewhere along the shore, and put off under fire for the nearest steamer, intending to get up steam and ferry over the soldiers. He had sent to General Price for ammunition and reinforcements, which would arrive in the evening probably, thus giving him until night to perfect his arrangements. McCoy's adventure became one of extreme peril. Bullets hissed around the frail bark and flecked the water with little spurts of foam flying up white in the sunlight; but the boat was reached in safety only to find her machinery purposely deranged by the engineer, when his flight had been hastened by the roar of artillery. The boat soon became too hot for McCoy and his bold companions, and they paddled back again in safety under a rapid but harmless musketry fire. On reaching the steamer the first object which met McCoy's eyes was an Italian, perfectly pitiable in his helpless fright. He had piled some half a dozen cane-bottom chairs in an uncouth barrier in the cabin and was crouching behind them moaningly, his swarthy features livid and convulsive. "Lie there," said McCoy, soothingly, "Collins has n't a shell in his limber box that will penetrate your chairs."

Directly, Clark's guns were heard away over in rear of the town, and the garrison evinced feelings of uneasiness and alarm. The cavalry dashed about the streets, seemingly without purpose and under no definite orders, peppered continually by Shelby's steady marksmen. Harding marched out to meet the new danger, and took a strong position covering the approaches to his trust. Jackman attacked him in fine style, drove him at all points, and followed the advantage rapidly, supported by Clark's indomitable

brigade; but such was the hasty retreat of Harding that those eager soldiers could scarcely get near enough to deliver fire. When close to the town General Clark halted to reform his lines, necessarily much broken and scattered from the peculiarities of the country. His battery was inefficient, owing to the horrible condition of its ammunition, which had been purchased at Matamoras, Mexico, by one of Smith's criminal agents, after it had been condemned as worthless by the French artillery board. The gallant commander, Captain Pratt, raved and swore, but without avail—his shells *would* explode a dozen rods from his guns and his cannister *would* burst among the ranks of the skirmishers deployed in front for protection. During the lull in the battle, a delegation waited upon General Clark, headed by the great Radical tobacconist, Lewis, and asked the privilege of going into the town and impressing upon Harding's mind the necessity of surrender. It was granted, and after some further parleying for the arrangement of terms, the garrison laid down its arms and General Clark took quiet possession of the place. During the negotiations, however, many large buildings, containing valuable supplies, were fired by the Federals, and many of the cavalymen, well mounted, escaped by a road leading up the river.

One of the first victims of Collins' deadly fire was a Methodist preacher, Mr. Caples, known to be a devoted Southerner, and who was asleep in the moment of receiving his death shot. This sorrowful event cast a shadow over the attacking forces, and the grief could scarcely be assuaged even when considering the nature and requirements of the public service.

Accompanying General Shelby on this rapid gallop to Glasgow, were Major Richard Morrison, of General Price's staff, and Captain Joe Thomas, of the pay department. These two gallant and jovial officers had been longing a great while for an adventure with Shelby's rough riders under the midnight stars and by lonesome roads in sudden hours. To Morrison the career of Shelby had ever a charm and delight. His eyes would flash with pleasure when recounting the actions of his ideal of a soldier, and there was poetry

in his imagery and magic in his voice, when recounting some charge or dash of Shelby's horsemen. So he and Thomas came eagerly from their tents upon Salt Fork, chatted and laughed away the night as they rode along, and all the hot morning of the fight fought side by side with Shelby.

General Clark recrossed the Missouri river at Glasgow with his entire force, including Jackman; General Shelby returned to camp at Salt Fork; and then General Price broke up his bivouac and moved to Waverly, in Lafayette county.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DANGER gathered fast. Rosecrans had assembled a large army and was advancing from Sedalia; additional cavalry forces were coming from the direction of Booneville, while Kansas was ablaze and her cruel militia swarming to the front from the far west. Price must move on and get these forces in his rear, or be surrounded, overpowered and destroyed. Before leaving Pocahontas, General Price had asked for a spy to go into St. Louis, and Shelby gave him one. Whenever a man for dangerous and intelligent enterprise was needed, the soldiers of his division were nearly always selected. No commander on earth ever "knew his man" better than Shelby. If a scout within the lines of the enemy were required, or a decoy party, or a small, plucky and effective force to cut telegraph wires, or destroy railroad connections, or to act as spies within the camp of the enemy, Shelby was certain to be called upon for a detail, and such was his remarkable penetration, that the party selected by him rarely, if ever, came to grief, or failed of success. There was scarcely a day of the time that Shelby's division operated, that he did not have his soldiers about the very headquarters of the Federals in St. Louis, and in the various camps and forts along the line he was watching. The adroit answer, the self-possession, the coolness and nerve necessary to a man who ventures into places where he may be certain that recognition would be death, and discovery might stare him in the face at any moment, require that peculiar address and daring which few men possess, and in which no soldiers ever excelled those of Shelby's command. The hair-breadth escapes and cunning exploits of such men as Brown Williams, Arthur McCoy, James Wills, Newton Hockinsmith (taken finally in Clayton's post at Pine Bluff, Arkansas), George McCready, Phil. Wilder, Sid.

Martin, Ed. Ward, or any one of a dozen more I might name, who were usually detailed for these missions, would fill a larger volume than this with truths that might appear stranger than fiction.

It was soldiers of this division who went all through Blunt's and Herron's camp the night following the Prairie Grove battle, and returned just at daylight with exact information that was wonderfully obtained. The Federals frequently had obnoxious prisoners tried and shot as "spies," but those were not Shelby's spies. Often, when just at the point of capture, a reckless and desperate resistance "saved the bacon" of a chap who had no other escape, but somehow they always came back to camp, or "turned up" at the right place.

The spy asked for by General Price, and given by Shelby, was private James Ward, a brave and intelligent soldier of the advance under the wounded Thorp and the daring Williams, and who was afterward a captain in the Old Brigade, in Slayback's regiment. General Price gave him his instructions minutely. He was to visit General Rosecrans' headquarters in St. Louis, learn everything relating to troops and military movements possible, ascertain the sentiment and dispositions of the people toward a general uprising, and report at some point on the Missouri river. Ward started and gained Helena in safety. Leaving his arms and horse near this town, he entered that post afoot. He was quite young, almost a boy, in fact, and was readily permitted to take passage on a steamboat as a fugitive from the conscript law. He went in this way as a cabin passenger, the "higher civilization" folks from the North only discovering in him a specimen of the *green* Arkansas "swamp-rat." At St. Louis he reported directly to General Rosecrans, had several personal interviews with him, and from him and those around him got the very information he was sent to seek. He then applied for permission to go to Iowa "to attend school." This he was permitted to do. Taking the cars on the North Missouri Railroad he reached Chillicothe, where he found Major Deagle in command, and greatly exercised about the taking of Carrollton. From there he made his way to a camp of recruits, and with them rejoined

the main force and reported to General Price at Waverly, having accomplished his hazardous undertaking exactly to the day and to the utmost satisfaction of his officers. This may seem a very simple thing now, but in those days it was no child's play, and the penalty of detection, especially if the papers he bore on his person were found, would have been certain death. This James Ward otherwise greatly distinguished himself, and his brother, Edward Ward, was another member of the advance, who allowed nobody to "outsoldier him," as it was expressed in camp phrase. They were from Barton county, Missouri, and their mother and sister suffered long and weary months of shameful imprisonment in St. Louis at the hands of those who, not daring to meet these brave boys in battle, yet had no heart to spare the helpless. The dastardly cowardice and meanness of the Missouri Federals in this respect, is a subject too full of shame to be broached here. The heroism of Missouri women during the war is a book of itself that abler hands than these will write.

A beautiful and accomplished sister of the young soldiers—Mrs. Theodosia Smith—was a heroine beyond comparison. Elegant, fascinating, and diplomatic as Talleyrand, she made a dozen visits through the lines, braved many dangers with remarkable coolness, avoided numerous snares with great skill, and never failed once in the accomplishment of her mission nor in obtaining the most complete and valuable information.

The military budget brought by young Ward was important and known only to General Price.

While in this connection another daring deed of "service within the lines" may illustrate fully the genius of Shelby's soldiers. Although at an earlier period, and having no connection with this last expedition, it is worthy of recital.

Marmaduke was resting after Springfield and Hartville, preparing for Cape Girardeau. Musket caps were fearfully scarce in the department and none anywhere in reach nearer than St. Louis. The detail came originally to Shelby for a lieutenant and ten men, and he sent McCoy, who had been twice before into St. Louis. McCoy

reported to Marmaduke and suggested that two men were sufficient, as the chances would be better for getting through and accomplishing the object of the mission. A young St. Louisan, brave, cool, wary and accomplished, Captain John W. Howard, was selected by McCoy to accompany him, and about the 13th of January these two devoted officers started northward through the snow and the ice, with no passport save their wonderful assurance, and no diplomatic documents in addition to several hundred letters from Confederate soldiers to their friends in the *loyal* States.

Slowly and painfully they toiled through the drifted snow and the barren wastes along the dreary road until after three days' hard traveling the State line was reached. Davidson's cavalry division was scattered and roaming about in squads promiscuously over the country, and caution became not only necessary but so extreme as to be absolutely painful. At Current river a scout of fifty were encountered, but they were avoided by taking to the woods. Near Pilot Knob an old man was seen who mistook the two Confederates for Federals, as they were dressed in complete Federal clothing, except the pants of Howard, which were gray. The old man was very glad to see the "boys in blue;" had two precious cut-throats in the militia, and wanted Mc. to take some letters for him into Pilot Knob. "Money in them?" asked Howard. "Oh! no, only on business." "All right," said Mc., "the d—d Secesh might rob us if it were supposed we had valuables." They further imposed upon him by making inquiries about some sick Federals they had accidentally heard of as being in the neighborhood, and he gave them ample directions for a day's journey. In Washington county they were hard put to it. The militia were swarming, and for information they called upon Mr. Pleas. Johnson. Mr. Johnson had gone to a funeral somewhere, and nothing could be found out there. All one night was spent in riding around Potosi—they were four miles south of it at dark and were four miles north of it at daylight. After daylight came broad and good they called upon another Mr. Johnson, and he sent them to a Mrs. Smith who had two sons in the militia, but was a true Southern lady. The tired,

hungry men asked for food and sleep. In a short time her militia sons returned, but only to stand picket over the sleeping Confederates, and after three hours of sleep, they were awakened, fed, and sent on their toilsome way. The next house visited belonged to a Mr. Stovall.

Mr. Stovall gave them food and fire-water. Howard watched the horses and McCoy did the talking. "Are you a good Union man, Mr. Stovall?" "As good as the best, captain." "Well," said McCoy, "have you seen pass here lately a red-headed man riding a little shave-tailed mule?" (He had heard of this fellow two houses back from Stovall's). "Yes," said the host. "Well, he is a deserter from General Davidson's forces. I am after him hot, and must have a guide on the most direct road leading to St. Louis." "I can't go myself, captain, but my neighbor, Captain ——, has a good horse and is long in these parts." "Go for him," said McCoy sternly. The captain soon came, splendidly mounted, armed, and equipped. He was a vicious militia man, too, and McCoy's eyes had a bad look when resting upon him. "You are a good guide," I hear, said McCoy, "and I desire you to accompany me." "I can not," replied the Federal. McCoy straightened up, towered over the militiaman and drew out a huge paper in an official envelope, though it was a love letter from some despairing Rebel swain, and said ominously: "General Davidson has given me this document for my authority; it empowers me to impress and to kill; I shall do one or the other, or my name is not Captain McKeever." This threat had its effect. A little before dark they started in a terrible rain storm, which penetrated to the skin, although opposed by heavy and excellent overcoats. The Federal captain did his duty well, and took them to within eight miles of the Merrimac river. Before reaching the point of separation a Federal scout bivouacking was encountered. The rain which had been cursed and blasphemed, saved the two spy heroes. God does not always destroy those who violate the seventh commandment, or from an army of fifty thousand there would scarcely survive ninety and nine. This rain had driven the cavalry from the road to the shelter of the

timber, some thirty rods away, yet they halted loudly when the party came in sight. "Trot fast," were the low, calm words of Howard, his right hand toying with the heavy dragoon under his coat. "No, no," replied the Federal, "we must halt; they will fire else." "Let them fire and be d—d," sneered McCoy, "do you suppose I would halt in such an infernal rain as this. Close up, Howard."

Howard struck the Federal officer's horse fiercely with the long reins of his bridle, and altogether, the three steeds bounded off at a sharp canter.

Carondolet was reached about three o'clock the next day, and the town was full of soldiers. The two dare-devils dismounted leisurely, got shaved, and then went sauntering into a public bar-room. Twenty Federals were drinking—they were infantry bear in mind. "Hallo, infantry," shouted McCoy, "come and take a drink with some of the crack fellows of Davidson's cavalry." This bluff frankness told well with the soldiers, and the infantry came crowding around with five hundred questions about the Rebels in Arkansas—about Price, Marmaduke, Shelby, Kitchen, the bushwhackers, and what not. A brawny, burly fellow, with rough cheek bones and a bright, bad eye, peered long at Captain Howard, with some straggling instincts of recognition. "Who are you?" he asked at length; "I have seen you in St. Louis." Howard knew the fellow well, yet his composure was wonderful, and his voice clear and distinct as the ring of a silver anvil: "Likely, comrade; I have been there often. I am Captain Beard, of Hubbard's 1st Missouri Cavalry Battalion." The rank imposed upon the crowd—they had never been to the front and were privates—so they became reticent instantly. After another drink at Howard's expense—the two improvised Federals rode boldly for St. Louis, which they entered without remark or comment, passing within two feet of the sentinel at the arsenal mechanically walking his beat.

Once inside and these gay gallants threw away almost the simplest precautions. Both of them had fine Confederate cavalry uniforms made, which, consistent with regulations, were gaudy and

attractive. "I'll get the caps," said McCoy, "but I must have some fun." One night the two were enjoying an hour's *tele-a-tele* with five or six Rebel ladies, when in came two Federal majors. McCoy felt invigorated by some rare old Krug, and the devil danced about his cold gray eyes till they sparkled and glittered. Excusing himself a moment, he stepped into an adjoining room, unpinned the skirts of his uniform coat, threw off the great blue overcoat, and burst back upon the astonished Federals in all the glory and horror of buff and gold lace. "This farce of being Yankee is about played out," said McCoy; "please give us Dixie, Miss ——" The beautiful girl, catching inspiration from the sight of the "darling gray," sprang like a witch upon the piano, and tangled her white fingers in among the keys until the air gave out Rebel infection and the whole house joined in the chorus. The officers started simultaneously for the door. "Not this night," said McCoy; "we have no desire to hang for an useless frolic. Be quiet, gentlemen, and let's make a night of it," and his pistol and Howard's were out in a twinkling. The Federals, who were really sensible fellows, remained quietly, drank deeply, and were finally carried to bed in a state of blissful ignorance.

Long before day the Confederates were moving. Two splendid horses had been procured, forty thousand musket caps were stowed away in saddle-bags. Howard carried from the city an elegant saddle and bridle for General Shelby, and, after seeing McCoy well on his way southward, returned quietly to organize and take out to Arkansas a company of recruits.

At a bridge some twenty miles from St. Louis, McCoy met trouble—one company of Federals held it. He was on the bridge before he discovered the guard, and almost right on him. "Halt!" was the challenge. "Well," says the unabashed adventurer, "what do you want?" "I want you to get down and show your pass," says "the boy in blue." "What, sir!" says McCoy in a voice of thunder, "do you dare to insult an officer of the day, with his saber by his side, by such a piece of insolence as this? Can't you see my rank, sir?" "Well," says the abashed Federal in an excul-

patory tone, "I was only trying to obey the orders of my captain." "Your captain, eh! Where is your captain, sir? Had he did his duty this thing would not have happened to you. He should have taught you to say, 'Halt! Who comes there?' and let me answer the challenge in that shape. Instead of that you halt me improperly, and show at once that you have not been well instructed. Where is your captain, sir?" "He has just passed the bridge with the rest of the company to put them on picket." "Very well, sir," said McCoy, somewhat mollified, "I can excuse you, but I can not overlook such negligence in your captain. I will go and see after him." And thereupon he put spurs to his trusty steed, and rode off past the guard at a brisk canter. As soon as he came to a turn in the road he darted out into the woods and fields, every foot of which he knew too well to venture upon giving "that captain" the lecture he had promised, and made his way safely to Shelby's headquarters in Batesville.

Of course there must have been staunch Southern sympathizers in St. Louis, or McCoy and Howard would have gone to the wall; and to two men these officers went for *material aid*—Mr. John King and Captain William D. Bartle. It would be difficult to make an accurate estimate of the assistance furnished by these two devoted "Rebels." McCoy was in St. Louis three times during his connection with Shelby, and John King upon every occasion gave him money, pistols, horses, and, better than all, information, for he is a keen, observant man, and a shrewd tactician. So also did Captain Bartle. St. Louis is filled with generous people who aided the Confederates in every possible manner, and who, many of them, endured exile for their sympathies; but there are none who excelled these gentlemen in the secrecy of their operations, the munificence of their gifts, and in the indefatigable manner by which they equipped and hurried to the army young men unable to purchase the necessary accouterments.

But to proceed. General Jeff. Thompson rejoined the division near Waverly, after successfully carrying out the orders given him. Sedalia was attacked, charged, captured, and the prisoners taken

paroled. Colonel Elliott rushed one of the first into the fort, actually leaping his horse over the ditch and embankment, revolver in hand, shooting as he came. Nearly seven hundred prisoners were captured, the railroad depot, and other property destroyed, and wild havoc dealt upon the innumerable negro towns skirting this then fashionable terminus of the Pacific Railroad. Captain James Wood again destroyed the bridge over the Lamine at the same spot where a year ago he had surprised a block-house and captured its defenders. Coming back by way of Sedalia he was closely pursued and had some difficulty in escaping, but falling in with Colonel Blackwell and gaining his regiment, he avoided the danger.

Shelby was at last in his old home of Waverly. Many changes had certainly taken place. The rude hands of war had stripped from this quiet little town much of her wealth and beauty; many goodly trees were down and many comfortable houses destroyed, among which were his factory, his dwelling house, and every other habitation supposed to be his; but her true Southern heart swelled with pride as the bronzed faces of her warrior sons gleamed through the streets. And Dover, too—this pretty little village so peaceful and so calm—had put on her gala dress to welcome the army and crown with garlands her returning braves marching in the advance of Shelby's division.

These same Dover girls cost some of Shelby's soldiers dearly, indeed. Lingered behind to gather a few more smiles and bind a few more soft love whisperings around hearts soon to be separated, were Captain Charley Jones, Captain Ben. Neale, Captain Will. Redd, Lieutenant Seb. Plattenburg, Sid. Martin, Dennis McNamara, Sam. Downing, and one or two others. Songs, music, patriotic toasts, and wooings without number stole the night away, and continued until the cold October sun had risen red and ominous the next morning. About eight o'clock one hundred or so Federals dashed into town and opened a furious pistol fusilade upon everything in sight. Seb. Plattenburg and Will. Redd were three hundred yards from their horses, in a house at that, and busy with the girls. Jones mounted his men and fought awhile to enable the two

unfortunate cavaliers to regain their steeds, which they did and escaped from Dover in safety. The enemy then pressed Jones rapidly up the Lexington road, shot his horse, ran Sid. Martin out of his saddle, but were finally distanced in the race. Plattenburg and Redd made a detour around Dover in order to gain this same Lexington road and came squarely upon the Federals, who had halted in pursuit of Jones' party. Mistaking them for friends, as almost all the Confederates wore blue overcoats at that time, they rode boldly into their ranks, remarking: "It's all right, boys. The d——d milish are beaten at last." The mistake, however, soon came rudely home to them, and they were dismounted and disarmed. The two captured officers were heard from afterward at Johnson's Island, and Captain Redd sent back to his friends a despairing verse somehow so:

"My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly all they taught me."

Meanwhile General Lane, coming down from Leavenworth, had occupied Lexington in force, with every indication of giving battle, and Shelby, having the advance, gained the glorious opportunity for which so many prayers had been said, of meeting these jayhawkers—these robbers, who for four years had desolated Missouri with fire and sword. It was right and proper, too, that a Lafayette regiment should strike the first blow for the county and the city of their homes. Lane's troops were soon encountered on the Salt Fork road and battle joined instantly. Slayback's, Crisp's, Gordon's, Hooper's, Erwin's and Elliott's regiments and Jackman's brigade fought from the first with conspicuous gallantry. Almost all of these regiments were composed of men having wrongs to avenge, blood to be dried up with blood, homes destroyed and farms ruined and desolated. No prisoners were taken, and why should there be? It is one of the most pleasant memories connected with Shelby's division that Kansas jayhawkers and Missouri militia were rarely ever burdened with paroles to be violated. A deadly fight went on over the fields and in the timber tracts along the road, but down went the Kansas men

before that one long, unceasing charge led by Shelby; and gathering up their reserve in Lexington, they fled toward Independence, the old brigade following them with unabated rigor until long after dark. Colonel John T. Crisp, who had formerly commanded a company in Coffee's southwest regiment, and who had now the nucleus of a fine battalion of recruits, fought his little band like Spartans, and no sound rose louder above the rage and roar of battle than the sonorous and powerful voice of Colonel Crisp. He was a genius, too, of remarkable individuality. The form of Apollo and the features of some Grecian boy-god were his. He was a military politician, persuasive, provoking, erratic, brilliant, yet he had a great deal of common sense, and many quaint ideas of military glory. No one who has ever heard him will forget his expression, thus: "I had rather be John T. Crisp living than Albert Sydney Johnston dead." However, when in the field, Crisp was a good soldier, and covered himself this day, as General Jeff. Thompson forcibly expressed it: "all over with glory."

Before General Price's arrival in the vicinity, Lexington had been occupied by Captain George S. Rathbun, leading a large party of officers, sent by General Shelby from Sulphur Rock, Arkansas, on recruiting service. Captain Rathbun took quiet possession, issued a proclamation assuring to the citizens protection, and during his administration of affairs used every exertion to quiet the people, and was earnest and strenuous in his efforts to preserve life and property. The advance of Lane's forces obliged him to retreat, and he rejoined his regiment to render as important services in the field as he had rendered to his fellow-citizens of Lafayette county.

Lexington held out many fair hands and offered many faces rarer than others are, inviting the army to linger about its hospitable mansions and its garnered delicacies; but a stronger power than love of pleasure urged General Price forward—it was not physical but moral fear.

In connection with Governor Reynolds and Captain T. J. Mackey, one of Price's then staff officers—a hard story was told on Lexington, but in defense of this beautiful, hospitable, enlightened city, it

is necessary to state that every one believed these worthy gentlemen missed the location, and that the lady, understanding so little of physiognomy, must have lived somewhere else. However, be this as it may, the tale was that Mackey and the Governor went into a neat, comfortable looking house on one of the streets in Lexington, and asked an intelligent and handsome lady who met them cordially at the door, if supper could be obtained. "Certainly," she replied, "walk in, gentlemen." After an elegant repast had been served and partaken of, Captain Mackey, rather fond, good naturedly, of the reverence a little rank gains, asked the lady if she had any idea of the position of her guests. "No, sir," she answered. "Well, but, madam—if you had to say what would be your opinion?" "Really, sir, I could not tell." "But, madam—guess." "Well, stranger, to tell you the truth"—here she looked hard at the Governor—"I honestly believe you are both jayhawkers."

As every soldier expected who had served six months and been on picket six times in his life, the crossing over Little Blue was held by a large force and covered by obstacles of formidable dimensions. The entire country seemed traversed by heavy lines of rock fences, behind which the Federals took successive positions and fought from one to the other with that stubbornness men always feel when shooting away without being shot at in return, for the shelter was equivalent to this.

General Marmaduke in advance on the 21st of October engaged the enemy heavily at the ford, and finally drove him far enough from it to effect a crossing; but the work had just begun. From behind their rock walls, trees, and hill tops the Federals poured in tremendous volleys. General Marmaduke led his steady division to the attack again and again, until three horses had been killed beneath him and his regiments had suffered much. Still he would not bear back an inch, and urged on impetuously the bloody conflict. Then General Price sent hasty word to Shelby in the extreme rear to gallop to the front and reinforce General Marmaduke. Right and left upon the roadsides the troops of Fagan's division, charged

with guarding the train, turned from the way, and the men dashed ahead with cheers to where the firing every moment grew hotter and louder. It was soon over when Shelby formed on Marmaduke's left. Leading their united divisions squarely against the first line of rock fences everything went down before them, and the Federals, pressed for life, rallied no more until reinforcements met them five miles from the crossing. General Marmaduke's division having exhausted its ammunition by three hours of severe fighting, halted until the wagons came up with new supplies, and Shelby, in conjunction with Freeman's brigade, of Marmaduke's division, pressed the Federals fast and furious into and through Independence. During the retreat two Colorado regiments were often encountered, but fighting well, and rather new at the business of meeting regulars, they suffered heavy losses. Captain Todd, of the bushwhackers, was also killed, while recklessly exposing himself in the very front of danger, and his men, really valuable auxiliaries, both on account of their courage and their useful woodcraft, joined General Shelby under David Pool, Mark. Belt, and the inimitable William Yowell. David Pool was a dashing dare-devil, by the way, but pitiless as a famished Bengal tiger. A terror to the Federals, he fought desperately on all occasions, for no prisoners were ever taken, and the black flag waved alike over both. He had been outlawed, hunted from county to county, ran down, wounded, and almost captured, but still fought on. It was his custom frequently to visit the neighborhoods or settlements where the Dutch militia lived, and very often he found many of them at home on furlough. Upon one of his raids, having a company of some forty picked men, dressed in full Federal uniform and carrying a captured Federal flag, David Pool rode up to a house where lived a Dutch-militia-man, who had only two weeks before murdered three old, unoffending Southern citizens in his neighborhood. The Dutchman was at home and came out immediately, manifesting great joy at beholding "de boys mit de plue glose," as he termed them before he began to tell his troubles: "Oh! gabin, id maigs me bery glad to see de old flaag. I vish dat you vash bin yere de oder day ven cooms yere tat tam

Tavid Bool mit hish stheal pand un shoods der peoples un dakes ebery tinks vat he shall vant, un dakes ebery tinks vat I shall haive doo; but he vas knowin dat I vash not yere—if I vas yere I'd show him some dings, eh? But who's der blame? de Govermand. I vish I vas Abe Lincoln just vun week." "Well," said David, "what would you do?" "I'd gill ebery tam Rebel vat is," said the Dutchman. "But we are Rebels," quietly answered Pool. "Oh! mine Gott—mine Gott, vat vill becum mit me? But den I vas vun Rebel do—I just cust der Rebels becais I tought you be vun dam militia." "I don't know, old man," replied a bushwhacker, "but where's your money?" When the word "money" was mentioned the thoughts of his real danger vanished immediately, and he began again furiously. "I godt no monish: who said I got monish: show me de man vat said I got monish—monish, eh? Gott for tam!" "Come with me," said David, a fierce light in his wild black eyes, "and I'll show you the man vat said you had monish." The old man was led to some haystacks about two hundred yards from the house where another Dutchman was hanging high and dry on a stout oak. Pointing to the dead militiaman, David said: "He told me you had money." "Oh! mine Gott, mine monish is up stairs in mine plack britches buckets done up in vun little vite raag." Pool's pistol now gleamed ominously in the eyes of the doomed man, and the muzzle almost pressed against his breast. "I'm David Pool, old man—say your prayers." "Tavid Bool, Tavid Bool!—mine Gott—Tavid Bool"—slowly ejaculated the German, horror at the name and approaching death falling upon the tinder of his fear until his face was fearful to behold. When seeing the pistol slowly covering his heart, he half averted his face, continuing to plead until he fell back dead, a childish sort of whine escaping his lips continually. "Do n't do dat, Tavid Bool—oh! Tavid Bool, do n't do dat—do n't do dat."

When David Pool first took the field, he proposed to conduct the warfare upon regular principles and to capture and to exchange. The Federals would listen to no such offers, nor tolerate for a moment any such arrangements. Lieutenant Mark. Belt, a wary,

intelligent, and most amiable soldier, was, in conjunction with many other sterling soldierly qualities, the adjutant of Pool's battalion. On two or three occasions he made written overtures to the Federal authorities at Lexington, asking that an exchange might be made between them—even offering Federal soldiers for Southern citizens. They were laughed at, and Captain Pool was given to understand that he should not receive, nor need he expect the least bit of mercy. Then the worst came about speedily. Fighting for dear life, Dave Pool, Mark. Belt, Yowell, Frank Gray, Wade Morton, John Pool, and fifty others in this stalwart, desperate band fought terribly and swift. The black flag was forced upon them and they accepted it.

So close were the Federals to the rear of General Price's army after it left Lexington, about twelve o'clock the day following the night of its capture, that when some of Shelby's soldiers crossed there from the opposite side—absent on recruiting service—they were picked up by the advance of the enemy holding the city. Captain Will. Moorman, Tyler Floyd, and Ed. Stafford fell into their hands here—men whose places could not be easily filled, for they were among the bravest and best of the brigade. With Captain Moorman's party were taken six other Confederates, who were dressed in blue clothing. Rosecrans' General Order required their death, and they were taken out and instantly killed. Lieutenant Selby Plattenburg, one of the most devoted and chivalrous officers in the old brigade, narrowly escaped a similar fate. His faithful comrades, however, formed a screen around his body in prison, and he was enabled to slip on unperceived a pair of citizen's pantaloons furnished by Ed. Stafford.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT the crossing of the Blue, Governor Reynolds constantly exposed himself to danger and bore himself with conspicuous bravery. Indeed, from the beginning of the expedition he had proved himself in downright earnest, and bent every energy of his body and mind to the accomplishment of a great purpose. He came to Shelby's headquarters at Pocahontas because, he said, Shelby would lead the advance, and he deemed it the duty of the Governor of Missouri to enter his State with the first troops. When remonstrated with by General Price, near St. Clair, against still continuing with Shelby, whom "I intend sending on a dangerous mission," said the General, Governor Reynolds replied, "My duty requires me to go among the troops wherever there is danger, and to fulfill this duty I will hold nothing back, not even my life." When Shelby attacked the Iron Mountain Railroad, he had almost to force Governor Reynolds from the field, for the peril was imminent and near. Everyone counted surely on taking Jefferson City, and not to have a Governor convenient to inaugurate would certainly have been unfortunate.

The army camped in and around Independence during the night of the 21st, Captain Maurice Langhorne being the first man to enter the town, and as it was his former place of residence, he can be pardoned for the pride and bravado which prompted his hot charge through the streets. The morning of the 22d came cold and raw, with a dry northeast wind and a breath of gloom in the air. Very early Shelby sent his laconic order to Jackman, thus: "Move forward immediately, Colonel, and attack anything and everything before you wearing a blue coat."

Jackman had but a mile or so to go before he had plenty to do. The Federals, driven out of Independence the night previous, were to be known by a large patch of red flannel on the left shoulder,

which proved a more fatal badge this long, fierce day than the brand upon the brow of Cain. At the passage of Big Blue, on the main road, he became heavily engaged. Gordon crossed his regiment several miles below, Thompson his brigade above, until finally the Federals were driven into the large prairie beyond and the lines of both reformed in plain view of each other. Thompson moved away over to the right to attack some Federals trying a flank movement against Price's wagon train, and Jackman and Gordon, under Shelby's immediate eye, pushed the enemy before them all the long day, fighting heavily and greatly outnumbered. Toward night Westport loomed up dimly across the great, blank prairie, from which fresh troops and additional artillery poured out to make headway against Shelby's wearied but advancing soldiers. A fierce, short combat occurred just at dark, ended by Gordon and Jackman rushing together upon a Federal battery and two infantry supporting regiments, capturing the guns, one a twenty-four pounder howitzer—and leaving in one ghastly heap upon the lone prairie two hundred and seventeen dead Kansas Jayhawkers, who had burned their last house and harried their last county in Missouri. Two hundred and seven prisoners were sent to the rear, though deserving instant death, and well for them that Gordon's regiment had not seen the sight it was forced to see three days after, when Lieutenant Colonel Blackwell, forming in the jaws almost of death to cover Smith leading a heroic charge, saw his dismounted men sabered and shot without mercy and without quarter.

The capture of this battery was every way characteristic of Shelby's genius, and his sudden determination in moments of extreme peril. Gordon was hard pressed, Jackman had all he could do to hold his own, and the enemy's guns annoyed them grievously. McCoy galloped up and reported that reinforcements were necessary. "Go back to Gordon and Jackman," said Shelby, "and order them to charge and silence the guns." McCoy hastened to obey. Meeting Captain James Wood on the way he said to him: "Shelby has ordered a charge and it will be made. Yonder are two flags—I will take one, can you take the other?" "If I don't," answered

Jim, "you must bury me to-night"—meaning he would be a dead man if he failed. The word was given. Away dashed Gordon and Jackman. McCoy, Wood, Major Manning M. Kimmel and Captain Ben. Von Phul, of Price's staff, Captain George S. Rathbun, Major Gordon, Captain Wasson, Nichols, the heroic lieutenant colonel of Jackman's regiment, Adjutant Shepard, of Gordon's regiment, Frank Jackson, Henry After, William Thompson, William Conklin, Kavanaugh, McNamara, Lieutenant Charley Lewis, Lieutenant Rhodes, Bill Fell, Henry Rice, Jim Rudd, Bob Ewing, The. Pogue, George Goodwin, Gib Oliver, Major Clendennin, Perry Catron, Ab Jeffrys, Jno. Ross, Tone Oliver, Reube Smith, Wm. Prewett, Bill Wilson, Dave Rutledge, Baysinger, Gideon Haygood, and twenty others were in the wreck and melee about the guns. McCoy led by half a length; Rathbun next; then Wood; then the tall form of Gordon; there the handsome Kimmel and the plumed and scarfed Nichols; yonder Shepard, cool and quiet-eyed. The prairie shook, the trampled grass, cut and whirled into yellow dust, rose up in clouds of smoke and minute particles. Not a shout, nor yell, nor battle-cry as the men neared the blue spot, coiled and massed like a group of rattlesnakes. Down went the Federal infantry to a man, rear rank and front rank, and a forest of bayonets seemed growing there and waving in the weird twilight. Death was everywhere, but no one saw him. Only the gaping guns vomiting grape—only the infantry and cavalry heating the air with bullets were before the eyes of the fierce Missourians. One swift, short, hungry yell now and no more. The Federal cannoniers were devoted soldiers and deserved a better fate; the supports beyond fought well at first, but in the murderous pistol combat they were no match for the Missourians, and rushed away toward Westport, disorganized and broken. McCoy killed the color bearer and grasped his flag—Wood had his; the race went on until nightfall, when Shelby sent a courier to General Price telling him of the issue.

The rest of the old brigade, under Thompson, had hard fighting, also, and joined the division very late in the evening, after driving the enemy into his fortifications at Westport. In General Price's

rear the Federals were coming up like great waves "when navies are stranded." Pleasanton, leading ten thousand cavalry, and well ahead of General Rosecrans, commanding his infantry in person, attacked Cabbell at Independence and was repulsed; but when Cabbell moved on with his brigade, Pleasanton struck him in flank on the march, captured Hughey's battery and cut off two regiments, which were, however, safely led through to the army by General Marmaduke, who happened, fortunately, to be in the extreme rear at the time. The limits now were indeed narrowing around General Price. All this day, at the head of the column, he could see the desperate efforts of his divisions, fighting in front, rear, and upon both flanks to save the organization of his army, and the immense train dragging its huge body over the prairie slowly as a gorged anaconda.

At Independence, Marmaduke lost two splendid officers—Lieutenant Colonel Merritt Young and Captain Frank Davidson—the first killed and the latter badly wounded and captured. In the rear when Cabbell was attacked, they formed and fought with their usual gallantry. Colonel Young was stricken down with a mortal wound, and while being borne, dying, through the streets of Independence, the litter was stopped and some greedy ruffians attempted to strip from the suffering soldier his uniform. Through the strenuous exertions of the noble women this indignity was spared him, and he was permitted to die in peace. The South had no better nor braver soldier than Merritt Young, and in battle he was considered one of the most reckless and desperate fighters in the army. Captain Davidson was taken to prison suffering greatly, but finally recovered from the effects of his ugly wound.

Shelby unsaddled and went into camp upon the spot where he had fired his last gun, stationed his sentinels, renewed his ammunition, and tried to sleep supperless and thirsty just as he had done twenty times before under skies almost as dark. This night saw the turning point of the entire expedition; this night General Price slept four miles in rear of Shelby's division, which covered the entire front and right flank of his army; this night Rosecrans came up fresh and vigorous as a lusty swimmer; this night Gen-

eral Price rested when he should have strained every nerve of physical endurance to place forty miles between his army and the overwhelming force of Federals. He may not have known his danger, he might have been ignorant of the masses in his rear, but he certainly did know that his enormous train would seriously embarrass his operations on the morrow in case of retreat under fire, and that at least should have been sent forward. The army, too, had only marched ten miles from Independence, after a sound and refreshing sleep the night before, and was thereby in better condition to make the terrible marches soon rendered necessary by events.

After the charge with its crimson laurels; after the two banners, plucked from the crest of battle, had been presented to the commander-in-chief, General Shelby sent for Major Kimmel, who came to him covered with the dust and powder of the melee. Shelby said to him: "Major, I wish you would ride to General Price and suggest to him for me that immediate retreat is almost necessary to the salvation of his army. Rosecrans will arrive during the night; the train is long and burdensome; and rapid evolutions to-morrow in the presence of immense cavalry will be impossible." Manifestly, Shelby had no right to do this thing. He violated military etiquette, and he presumed to advise his superior officer without being required to do so. But he relied upon the perfect obedience he had rendered in all things, and he had some hope that his reasoning, in conjunction with other division commanders, would have the required weight. Kimmel galloped away on his mission, but he never galloped back again *that* night.

In sight and around the dreary heap of dead Kansans, lying pale and distorted in the full blaze of a cold October moonlight, General Shelby's worn and battered division kept watch and ward for the sleeping army. The air was thick and hazy, and the wind blew very cold. Hunger and thirst added to the misery of the bivouac, but the men hoped to satisfy both the next day in Westport.

The chieftains under Price had marched far and fought little for this night's bivouac upon the plains of Missouri. The fleet of

horsemen had anchored in mid-ocean, and the sails were all furled and the pennons were still. In the dead calm of the admiral's slumber there was no white line of breakers seen to the westward; and the hollow mutterings of the storm rolled no angry waves from the North. Confidence spread a great sleep-hunger over all the soldiers and they banqueted until sunrise. A fitful, gusty, moaning night was half of it, too, when the elements portend calamity and death. Grouped around the dead Kansans were Shelby's warriors, indifferent, tired and hungry. They neither knew nor dreaded their danger. Shelby takes us in and Shelby can take us out, they argued, so sleep, boys, while you may. Poor fellows, in the utterance of this simple confidence they knew not the sorrow it gave to the impatient leader, lying among his guns and peering out through the darkness toward Westport. Away over to the left yonder, where a few fickle grass fires leap like *ignes fatui* into light, is crouched the wary Marmaduke, anxious, nervous, but prepared for great things to-morrow. He, too, has seen, and felt, and argued; but nothing came of it all. That great fused, welded mass of shadows around him is his old brigade; further away a little the long, irregular zig-zag fire-line marks the borderers under Freeman; and nearer than both, with its little blue, silken banner, fringed and fabricated by one of the whitest, queenliest hands in Arkansas, is his escort, under the intrepid Stallard—Shelby's gift to Marmaduke. In the rear of these two folded, dormant wings, two miles off, stands a large frame house, jubilant with dancing lights and moving figures, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. The handsome cavalier, Fagan, is there with his tried Arkansans, and the wind toys with the long locks of the soldier and ruffles the gold lace on his elegant uniform. Fagan had ever a keen eye for nature, and he enjoyed the delightful scene—a land ocean, with armies for fleets and stars for beacons. The brave, proud Cabbell is uneasy in his massive repose, yet he thought only, as the smoke curled up from his bivouac pipe, how he would fight to-morrow, and how he would hurl his splendid brigade back to regain his battery.

And over all in front of Westport there, the glad, bright sky

spread a tearless mantle; the wind blew itself to silence; the night waned slowly; and sweet sleep put its sickle in among the soldiers and reaped tenderly a soft harvest of harmonious dreams.

Just about daylight, the 22d of October, General Shelby received orders to attack and capture Westport and open the road for the train to march southward. He had been waiting calmly an hour for just such instructions, and immediately went straight toward the enemy, drawn up in a heavy growth of timber and covered by innumerable rock fences.

His first charge was desperate and bloody, for it had to be made under many disadvantages and in face of a terrific fire from rock fences. The Federals were driven from fence to fence, through a skirt of timber, and into Westport beyond. Thus far the road southward lay open to General Price, but he traveled it too slowly, not seeming to think that all the brave fellows falling around Shelby were so many useless human sacrifices. The position now stood thus: Shelby, four miles to the right of the main road traveled by General Price, held Curtis and his eight thousand soldiers in check with a single division; in the rear General Marmaduke fought the advance of Rosecrans' entire army for two terrible hours, and the heroism of both Marmaduke and Shelby was merely exerted to save a train that might have been saved beyond peradventure fourteen hours before. As long as General Marmaduke could hold the road upon which General Shelby had to retire in order to gain Price's line of march, Shelby was comparatively safe; but should Marmaduke be forced beyond this road, then, indeed, the position in front of Westport became one almost of destruction. The enemy, re-enforcing from Westport, came out to attack Shelby, and for two hours the hardest battle of the campaign raged with unabated and determined fury. Charge after charge was hurled upon his division, but were spent against the stone barriers held by the Missourians, or hurled back like huge waves breaking into spray on the rocky face of beetling cliffs. After General Price crossed his lengthy train over a deep, rocky stream four miles upon his road from the last camp, he ordered Shelby to retire upon the rear

of the wagons. The message came just after he had repulsed a furious attack by the Federals, and when another fresh line was pouring upon him: "Tell General Price I can not fall back now. If he would help me he must send me reinforcements. Every man shall die at this wall before I leave my wounded or give up a single piece of artillery." "But, General, you will be surrounded and cut to pieces." "Leave that to me—I will save this army yet."

How little was thought then of a reply so lightly spoken. General Marmaduke from the rear sent impatient word that he could not resist Rosecrans' advance much longer, and would be compelled soon to fall back beyond the road on which General Shelby was fighting. This sounded frightful, but matters were no better, until finally, by a desperate charge, to rescue Gordon, who was isolated and almost enveloped, time was gained for other regiments of the division to reform and press forward. This charge was made by Colonel A. W. Slayback, leading his new but battle-trying regiment. Jackman's brigade had just closed a fierce conflict in the woods near Westport to the left of Shelby's line of battle, in which he had been handled roughly and lost without stint. Smith, Erwin, and Elliott were further to the right battling nobly to prevent a flank attack, and were being forced gradually back before superior numbers. Gordon, in the center, had remained firm until the two Federal wings by advancing had almost gained his rear. Shelby had galloped to the right where the danger was most imminent, and Slayback had just returned from a bloody assault upon a large brick house, which he carried with the revolver, and which was the key almost to Shelby's position, overlooking and commanding as it did the left of his center. Riding up with young James Ward by his side, who was acting as his aid, he saw with alarm Gordon's efforts to escape the coil gradually strengthening around him. "Aint they true," said Ward, with dilating eyes and a flush of battle-pride on his face. "Yes," said Slayback, "and by heaven they shall have help!" Without orders—almost contrary to orders—he turned to his regiment, pointed to the valley below, and in a voice heard above the roar of musketry, shouted: "Forward, to the

rescue!" Not a man faltered. Down upon the masses surging and shouting around Gordon, Slayback dashed with his regiment like a full-fed river, he on the right and the gallant Prewett on the left. Everything gave way before this splendid advance, and the two regiments, mutually cheering and shouting to each other, drove the Federals once more back to Westport. Gordon was saved and thanked his generous preserver; Shelby congratulated him upon judgment and dash; Jackman renewed the fight, inspired by the scene; Elliott, Erwin, and Smith pressed on again stubbornly, until Shelby, hastily collecting his skirmishers and dismounted men, made a rush to overtake Price, heaven only knew how many miles away—for time was not noted in those terrible five hours' fighting in front of Westport. The fortune which had invariably followed his standard cheered him now, but with weak and sickly smiles. The Federals at Westport, reinforced by the army fighting Marmaduke, pressed Shelby furiously, and quick as he had been, they were also as fast. Line after line poured out from the town, and battery after battery galloped to the front and opened at half range. Collins fought like a tiger, and Shelby's old brigade seemed resolved to perish where it stood. Smith turned once fiercely and charged the nearest brigade of the enemy, three lines deep. His single regiment went through and through them in that wild, mad gallop, but only to rush upon a wall of solid infantry. Lieutenant Colonel Blackwell, at that moment in command of Gordon's regiment, seeing Smith fighting alone—hemmed in and broken—formed his own command firmly across the road, barred the triumphant advance of Curtis, and alone rescued his comrades and brought out the disorganized regiment until it could reform its shattered ranks. These two charges cost Shelby a hundred of his best and bravest. His wounded men were killed by the Kansans, and those having horses shot were murdered in the very act of asking quarter. It grew desperate in the rear, and desperate in the front at the same time. The advance of Rosecrans, having no longer Marmaduke to oppose it, came down at a gallop to cut Shelby off from the only narrow road between his command and safety. But he won at last. Brave,

and good, and proud in his utmost peril, he formed that old Iron Brigade which had never wavered during all the bloody hours square across the two roads to meet the tide from Westport, while Collins' battery and Jackman's were sent further to the right to meet the tide from Rosecrans.

It was a grand and beautiful scene. Away beyond the house where General Price slept so quietly the night before, and for which General Shelby was thus left here alone, abandoned and almost surrounded, a long line of infantry could be seen pressing steadily forward and looking like a black ribbon. Four or five houses were now in flames, two thousand haystacks burning at once, caissons blowing up, shells bursting, and the slopes and hill-tops covered with gray and white specks, each man in agony or in death. The cavalry came right onward. The front division in three bodies in front of Jackman crowned the ridge and came down at a charge, yelling and shooting. Jackman dismounted his men, ran out two hundred yards in front of his horses and knelt to receive the shock, without the glitter of a bayonet in all the line from right to left. Collins opened with grape and cannister. Jackman waited until the foremost ranks were but twenty feet away, and he shriveled up that gaudy division into one mass of blind, struggling, frantic horsemen.

"Glorious!" shouted Shelby from the left, "but gallop to the rear, Collins—this is no place for you." General Fagan rode up to Jackman and Collins, and grasping their hands in generous emotion, said: "This is the finest exhibition of courage I ever saw."

The tumult of voices from the Kansans as they bore down from Westport had something dreadful about it—a roar that is never to be heard save in some such agony of battle. The artillery from seven full batteries swept every portion of Shelby's lines, and rent horses and riders into shreds of quivering, bleeding flesh. Not for miles and miles could a friendly line be seen, and the blank prairie gleamed away southward cold, cheerless, and desolate. Horses without riders careered among the wounded, who were crawling all over the plain; dismounted dragoons dragged themselves to the

rear; and men came pulling themselves along in such numbers that they seemed like a broad fringe to the edges of battle. Curtis was near enough at last, when with a great shout of revenge Shelby's brigade, Elliott leading, dashed upon the hated Kansans. It was pitiless as the grave—this five minutes' battle. Shelby reeled back over the prairie from the contest, faint and bleeding, but those alive at their posts were undaunted and unconquered. Two miles in front a huge stone wall rose up from the level earth and stretched away for miles and miles. Shelby marked it with eager eyes and ordered a gallop as swift as the bullets of the enemy. The Federals charged by Jackman had rallied now, and came down upon the rear with redoubled speed. Curtis hurled forward two huge waves of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery played upon the torn and battered division fighting at such fearful odds. The wall was reached. Over it went the foremost line and formed behind it. Lieutenant Perry Catron forms first and gives back a sweeping fire. Doctor Spencer Brown shouts out his notes of defiance and fires every barrel of his deadly revolver. Elliott, Smith, Gordon, Hooper, Erwin, Langhorne, Blackwell, Neale, Robert Ewing, McDougall, John and Frank Cheatham, Slayback, Wyatt Webb, Ward, Burch, McCoy, Ab. Jeffries, Jones, Wave Anderson, Clemm, Dickey, Tucker, Franklin, Adams, Renfro, Marchbanks, Wasson, Toney, Wills, and two hundred others—officers and men make the last desperate hand to hand fight over and around this vine-covered, moss-grown fence. The fight was made chiefly with the revolver and the saber, and every man stood upon his individual merits. The unerring pistol-shot was worth a life, and to miss was to be a victim—cool nerve, and cool nerve alone told the tale. Retreat was useless now—the lion was at bay. Strategy and skill had been expended at Westport—there was no time nor place for either here. A grim, sullen, steadfast, unconquerable decimated division of desperate men held the wall and they meant to die there. Curtis can not take it, and he dares not try but once. Rosecrans' advance of two heavy divisions charged it twice, but melted away before the stubborn defense, until at last Shelby reformed his bleeding divi-

sion and rode slowly off unmolested to overtake the retreating army, which he succeeded in doing about sunset. This 23d of October cost Shelby somewhat over eight hundred men, many of them bearing the scars of three wounds, and nearly all of them veterans who had followed him in all of his battles. Some friend has published an account of this conflict, which will sum up and condense it in a very short space, and I take the liberty of inserting it here :

“ We will never forget the impression made upon our mind when we saw General Shelby coming out of the fight at Westport without a hat on his head, his sandy locks streaming on the wind, his six-shooter in his hand, and his gallant division, after three days of hard fighting, overpowered and cut to pieces, but still not whipped, gathering around their beloved chieftain and ready to turn at a moment's notice on the rapidly advancing enemy. Perhaps in the whole history of the war there is not a more interesting battle-field than that of Westport. General Price had moved along at a snail's pace—think of cavalry marching at the rate of fifteen miles per day!—until a mighty host had gathered in his rear, and a large army in his front. His own force consisted of perhaps ten thousand fighting men. At Independence it became evident to all that we were getting in a *fix*. Still General Price, against the remonstrance of nearly all, if not all of his subordinate officers, persisted in the original plan of going west to Fort Leavenworth before he turned his face south. Before leaving Independence, however, he opened his eyes. The Federals overtook his rear-guard and handled it so roughly that it soon became a question how he was to escape from the “Tartar” he had caught. General Shelby was in front, and had for days with his veteran division been driving Blunt and the Kansas troops before him. We could hear his cannon twelve miles ahead thundering away night and day. We felt secure in that quarter, for we knew Joe Shelby was there. But what was to be done with the twenty thousand men in our rear, with our vast train to be guarded, consisting of five hundred wagons, and five thousand head of cattle, and three thousand unarmed men,

sick and wounded? General Price with coolness and intrepidity calmly surveyed the situation. He determined to move in a southward direction, and ordered Shelby to move in a southeast direction, thus forming with the two divisions of his army the letter V.

“Just at the angle of the V formed by the two retreating columns of Price’s army there is a magnificent amphitheater formed by a semicircular mountain, through a narrow defile in which it was General Price’s intention and only chance to escape. It required a long time to pass this defile with a large train, for just at the base of the mountain a beautiful, but rocky and deep creek wound its slow length along, like a lovely fairy queen sleeping in the arms of a monster genii. In the front of this natural amphitheater there were beautiful farms inclosed by stone fences. Here General Price halted to hold the Federals in check. It was a pleasant moonlit night when we were ordered to bivouac, and General Price could easily have pushed his train forward through the defile that night, and held the pass with one brigade against the whole Federal army. But that was not his *style*. All the hosts of the North could not disturb his composure or break his purpose of repose. So we slept on the prairies, with the cool, bracing atmosphere of Kansas playing upon us, and the deep blue of heaven bending lovingly over us. The morning sun dawned quietly and radiantly on a lovely autumn day, and it was several hours before we realized that a great fight was impending—a fight not for victory on our part, but for life itself, for escape, for the pleasure of seeing once more the homes and the loved ones awaiting our return in the far-off Dixie.

“We first heard the thunder of Shelby’s cannon at Westport, and then the roar of small arms. The battle became terrific, but the enemy advancing from Independence on the front of our right wing soon engaged Marmaduke’s division. For hours the fight continued. After prodigies of valor Shelby’s heroes were gradually borne back. But in the meantime the train had crossed the mountain, and Cabbell’s brigade, about one thousand strong, was guarding it while crossing. A large party of Federals—seemingly larger than Price’s entire command, had been sent around to the right, flank-

ing the mountain, and intended to seize the pass by which alone we could retreat. Just as Cabbell's brigade ascended the brow of the mountain, a long line of blue-coats could be seen across the prairie, marching up to forestall us. Seeing the defile guarded they paused, and, strange to say, made no attack on the train, which was stretched out for two miles, and only guarded by a handful of men. Had they moved up boldly all would have been lost. They fell back and disappeared over the hill, and soon Marmaduke and then Fagan and Shelby came sweeping by—the defile was passed and the train saved. We all breathed easier. We had fought a hard fight, and the result was a victory to us. But we had left many a brave soldier in the fields about Westport. Shelby was the hero of the fight. Never did nature form a grander battle-field, and never were the principles of military science so sadly abused and ignored as by General Price in the first place, and the commander (whoever he was) of the Federal flanking party in the second place. General Price could have passed the defile the night before, and saved the lives of eight hundred of the bravest soldiers who ever swung around their shoulders a Sharpe's rifle. The Federals could have secured the pass. Both blundered in generalship, but the battle-field still lies there in its natural grandeur and loveliness, for the study of the future strategist."

In the morning of this day's fight, General Fagan and a portion of his division were engaged. The intrepid Dobbins held his brave regiment well in hand, and McGhee's battalion made a fierce charge down a narrow lane in front of Westport. Twenty-seven of his gallant Arkansans fell before the deadly fire, and those inevitably wounded in the *melee* were horribly mutilated by the Kansans. In this hot charge Colonel McGhee and Major Grider were badly wounded. The charge itself was an useless exposure of life and could result, possibly, in no good. A narrow lane ran straight ahead for half a mile, flanked by heavy rock fences on both sides extremely difficult to break down. At the end of this lane, nearest Westport, was a Federal battery, and protecting this battery were

at least two regiments of Kansans, deployed on either side behind the fences. To capture these guns was McGhee's intention, and he dashed down the fatal pathway splendidly and recklessly. Shelby advised strongly against it, and warned him of the concealed infantry behind the walls. But the rush was made, and while "it was magnificent, it was not war."

In this fight in front of Westport, Shelby had with him four boys, the oldest of whom was not in his sixteenth year. Two of them, Alexander and Edward Barnett, were his cousins; another, Tecumseh Shelby—was his brother-in-law, and the last—Charles Hall, was a dashing little fellow from Waverly. Edward was killed, Alexander was wounded, Tecumseh was captured, and Charley, by hard work, got safely through to Texas. So desperate was the nature of the fighting and so nearly surrounded was his division, that Shelby could not save these boys from the perils of the bloody field.

The "wag" of Gordon's regiment, Dennis McNamara—a model soldier and versatile, courageous, intelligent, and humorous—was desperately wounded almost in the streets of Westport. His genial smile and ready Irish wit were missed long and sadly by the survivors of "old Company A."

After the battle, many of Shelby's recruiting officers returned to him. Captain D. Williams, the well tried leader of the advance, who had gone from Booneville to Northwest Missouri on recruiting service, came in with a splendid regiment, after taking Carrollton, its large garrison, its vast quantities of supplies, and many heavy detachments of scouting Federals. With Williams were also his field officers afterward—the young and gallant Hodge and Merrick, both of whom had fought their way up from the ranks, and had been complimented on a dozen bloody fields for skill and valor—the soldier's truest compliments.

Lieutenant Monroe Williams, a brave and promising officer of the advance, had been captured—before his brother Colonel D. A. Williams arrived in northeast Missouri—while recruiting for his command, and he, together with seven of his men, were led out, after

their surrender had been accepted, and brutally murdered. When Colonel Williams took Carrollton, some of these assassins were there and were recognized immediately. By every law of warfare on earth he was justified in his retaliation, which was ample and satisfactory; and those men who, but a short time before dyed their hands in innocent and gentle blood, had forced upon them the fate meted out to their helpless victims.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER the terrible fighting of the 23d, General Price moved on nearly all night and halted just long enough to enable the famished soldiers to cook a hasty meal. On the 24th, thirty-five miles were made, and the army camped near the Maries de Cygnas, Cabbell in rear on the north side of this stream, and advanced well from the bivouac in case of attack. Throughout the night his outposts sent in word of strong columns concentrating near them, and he and General Marmaduke urged upon General Price the necessity of sleeping a few hours and pressing forward again vigorously. It was not heeded. The Federals attacked slowly at daylight but were repulsed, and the march was resumed at sunrise, General Marmaduke taking the rear. Shelby moved this day with his division in advance, making desolate a broad track through the fertile fields of Kansas, and leaving behind him long trails of fire and smouldering ruins. Scattered militia were captured at nearly every house, and McCoy, with one hundred and fifty men, stormed Fort Lincoln, took its garrison of one hundred prisoners, burned it and all its surrounding houses, and returned to the column loaded with horses and supplies. Fort Scott was the objective point, and well for its inhabitants and well for the houses there that events in the rear rendered a change of route necessary.

Although repeated notices had been given by Cabbell during the night that the enemy were in sight in heavy force, the long, unmanageable train did not move until broad sunrise, and Turkey creek ran only five miles from the camp, a deep, treacherous stream, broken and rendered almost impassable by precipitous banks. As every one believed, the train was hours in crossing. The enemy appeared in great numbers and moved rapidly upon General Marmaduke, who, soldier and hero as he was, and determined to obey

his orders at any sacrifice—had no alternative to save the wagons, as he had been strictly commanded to do, but to form on horseback north of this creek and wait for the attack of vast columns in a fearful position forced upon him because the property he had to defend was slowly crossing the ford, and no entreaties or threats could inspire the sleepy drivers with anything of hurry. General Marmaduke requested Fagan to assist him. This generous officer, although his forces were without much order and were resting in confused masses upon the creek, made every effort to give the required help. Marmaduke had been fighting stubbornly all the morning, and falling back with consummate ability before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy pressing continually upon him. The Federals advanced without halting a moment for the artillery fire, crossed a large force above or up the creek from the position taken by General Marmaduke, charged in front and on the right flank, and routed the entire command. It would be difficult to say which regiment gave way first. Freeman's brigade had gone, men were falling off from the flanks constantly, and the fire was deadly. General Marmaduke had ordered Colonel Jeffers to make a charge, which this heroic officer immediately made with decisive effect, being accompanied by Marmaduke himself, when a large body of soldiers was discovered advancing from the right and rear and firing as they came on. Marmaduke shouted to them to cease firing, thinking they were reinforcements marching to his succor and had mistaken his own men for the enemy—he having sent to General Price several times before for help. The Federals, well informed themselves, knew their business and kept up the merciless fusillade, closing on the Confederates still firm around Marmaduke. Then each man went his way as his ideas of escape dictated. The escort company under the gallant Stallard was the last to leave the fatal field.

Above it and above the tumultuous waves of the fight there had floated all the morning the little blue flag given to General Marmaduke by Mrs. Jordan, one of the loveliest and proudest daughters of Arkansas. Around it were grouped and fighting the heroes of Company D, the remnant of John Clark's immortal company. The

cool Stallard, John Lewis, and Add. Lewis, and Billy Lewis, and George Nuchols and Barbee, and Martin, and Justo and White, and the rest of the company were there and fighting as their General fought. The little banner rose and fell, and danced ever and anon upon the uppermost verge of the dubious battle. The talisman placed there by its angel giver, and the spells wrought about by her fair, lithe hands were potently pleading for its safety. Those in the rear watched "its crest's ascendancy," and felt hope and faith yet. From all sides now the triumphant Federals came firing and yelling. The banner went down at last, the blood of its bearer upon the silken folds. Marmaduke was dragged from his horse in the *melee*, his best men fell thick around him, and the survivors, broken, rent, decimated, crossed Turkey creek as best they could. Fagan's division was also routed, and with it the entire rear was broken up and destroyed.

Even after their terrible punishment, by far the largest portion of Marmaduke's old brigade rallied on the south bank of the stream and made a bold front, vainly hoping that their loved leader would yet make good his escape. But Marmaduke was a prisoner, and had then yielded that stainless sword which had so often flashed back the beams of victory. He fought, as he always fought, until the last. He simply bent his plumed head as the tide of disaster swept over it, for he knew full well that his duty had been done, and that he stood by the ship as long as one piece remained upon another. His advice had been disregarded, his representations of danger disbelieved, his caution misconstrued—therefore, with the fine, sensitive feelings of a gentleman, and a devoted soldier as he was, he simply closed his visor and barred his evantyle, rode into the fight as stout King Richard went up to the breach at Ascalon, fought as Richard fought, and at last went away into captivity. Marmaduke was mourned as soldiers seldom mourn for leaders lost or captured, and a great horror settled down upon Shelby's division when the dreadful news came from the rear on the wings of the wind. Five hundred soldiers and seven pieces of artillery, all in the two divisions, were captured at the same time. I can not close

here the sad termination of Marmaduke's career without offering a few reflections upon his character.

The event of this engagement completed the discomfiture of the retreating forces. The newly organized regiments and brigades, that before had made but an indifferent show of discipline, and were disposed to assert their free-born right to march as they pleased, and to wander over the country at will, were now seized with the wildest panic, threw away their arms, and gave not the slightest heed to the commands of their officers, whose authority, indeed, had only been nominally exerted at any time.

Not the least among the disasters of the day was the loss or capture of a large number of officers of rank and reputation. Colonel Jeffers, a gallant and skillful soldier, was a prisoner; Lieutenant Colonel Ward, Major Parrott, and Adjutant Coleman, of the same regiment, and all equally brave and meritorious, were wounded. The first through the neck, the second through the thigh and fatally, and the last through the leg. Colonel Slemmens, commanding an Arkansas brigade, was a prisoner, Lieutenant Colonel McGhee, of the same State, was wounded, and other commands had suffered as heavily. But the loss that affected the whole army most nearly was the capture of Major General Marmaduke and Brigadier General Cabbell. The last named officer had gained the admiration of the soldiers by his splendid exhibitions of dash and courage on many a battle-field, and had won their affection by the frankness of his temperament, and his free, out-spoken, and manly career. They felt his loss deeply. But to Marmaduke they were still more warmly attached, and when it was known that he had fallen or was a prisoner, every soldier's heart was thrilled, as by an electric shock, and he felt that he had met with a personal loss, and the army with a great misfortune. He had been their cavalry commander, almost without intermission, since they had been in the service. They had fought with him on half an hundred fields, and if not always successful, they had never met with serious defeat; and they had come to have unlimited confidence in his judgment, skill, and capacity. And he was worthy of their good opinion.

Eminently kind in his disposition, and honest and truthful in his nature, he treated his soldiers with dignified courtesy, and never, under any pretense, attempted to delude or deceive them. The leniency, yet firmness of his discipline; the urbanity, yet reserve of his manners; his reckless exposure of his person in time of action; his position always with the foremost line in the front of battle; the grace and elegance of his horsemanship; and even his defective sight, that sometimes led him into useless and dangerous proximity to the enemy, had caught their soldierly attention, and elicited their heartiest applause. But he had yet other and stronger claims to their confidence. They had learned from long service under him to believe that he always had a reason for what he did, and never got into a position from which he could not extricate himself. In this they were correct. As a soldier he was essentially intellectual and logical. It was against the mental instincts of his nature to trust to chance. He reasoned closely and consistently, and advanced from point to point, if not by brilliant flashes of intuition, yet certainly by an equally sure, if less rapid, process of steady progression. He studied his campaigns with care, and always had a clear conception of what he wanted to do, and how he proposed to do it. The logical tendency of his mind probably detracted somewhat from his power as a cavalry leader, and fitted him better for the infantry arm of the service, for it is true that cavalry movements frequently depend for their successful issue rather on audacity of conception, rapidity of movement, and impetuosity of attack, that bewilder and confuse the enemy, than on carefully-studied and well-digested plans. If, however, he sometimes failed in the use of this skillful principle of recklessness in advance, in retreat he was unsurpassed. He foresaw and provided for everything; he was sagacious to fathom the designs of the enemy, and prompt in the use of the proper means to counteract them; he held his troops well in hand, marched usually with his rear-guard, and was always present in time of danger to direct their movements and inspire them by his example; and when, pressed too closely, he turned for battle, he fought with stubborn and deadly determination.

He sought no showy, splendid triumphs, barren of results and gained by a useless effusion of the blood of his men. He preferred to forego his own prospects of advancement rather than secure them by a sacrifice so bloody. Indeed, he understood and sympathized in an uncommon degree with the feelings and opinions of his soldiers; he appreciated the courage and spirit of allegiance to the truth that led them to relinquish their social comforts and the indulgences of home, and assume the duties and undergo the hardships of the life of a soldier in the ranks; he lived as they lived, and shared with them the fatigues and dangers of the camp, the bivouac, the march, and the field. His treatment of his subordinate officers, whether of high or low degree, was appreciative and magnanimous. None who had merit but found an opportunity for its exhibition; and in his official reports and private correspondence he never failed to award the full meed of praise to those who deserved it. With his military judgments his private feelings had nothing to do: his words of commendation were as strong, if not stronger, in behalf of those who were personally hostile to him than of those who were his closest friends. Fearing, indeed, lest his prejudices might lead him to discriminate to their disadvantage, he frequently tended to the opposite extreme, and discriminated unduly in their favor. With every department of his command he made it his business to be intimately acquainted; he kept himself advised at all times of its strength, its sanitary condition, and its general *esprit du corps*; and studied with attention the mental aptitudes and peculiar capabilities of his different officers.

During his military career he had many and unusual obstacles with which to contend, both in military circles and in public sentiment. From the first he developed a capacity to command, and an ambition to rise in his profession, that awoke the hatred and envy of the whole mediocre class above him. In the public estimation he was credited with means greater than were ever at his disposal, and commensurate results were expected from his operations. The misapprehensions that thus arose were magnified and circulated by his enemies; some through ignorance, and some through malice.

From the time of the battle of Booneville, in 1861, he had incurred the active enmity of those who claimed to be the peculiar representatives and champions of the honor and glory of Missouri. He was misrepresented to the department commander, and his name was persistently followed with obloquy to Richmond. His existence, and that of his command, was ignored at army headquarters, as far as arms, clothing, transportation, and, to some extent, ammunition were concerned. His enemies amused their literary leisure and exercised their capacity for invective, by continually framing against him malicious and fictitious charges. Passers of counterfeit money and Federal sympathizers petitioned the Governor of Arkansas for a called session of the Legislature to protect the country from the depredations of Marmaduke and Shelby. Fictitious officers, who never held a commission, nor heard the stormy music of the battle's voice, sent grave memorials to Richmond, saying that if these officers were not brought under some kind of discipline, they would be compelled to leave the service; that their moral sensibilities could not stand the shock of such associations. These men, though without character or influence themselves, reflected the sentiments and wishes of those having power: and their complaints were loudly re-echoed, their charges assumed to be established truths, and every petty aspirant, who wished to be in favor, or hoped to increase his reputation for wit, lent his voice to swell the general chorus of indignation. The chief of military factions, who knew better, heard his name sullied by detraction in silent acquiescence, and taking thence the hint, all the brood of creeping things, whose nature it is to fawn and slander, were open and continual in his denunciation, and exerted their bitterest ribaldry to the defamations of his character.

But notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances by which he was surrounded, and by which his energies were cramped and his career retarded, he rose gradually but steadily in military reputation, and in the confidence and affections of his soldiers. He was without friends at Richmond, and without a political or military faction to support him in the West. Indeed, with all such combina-

tions he was at open war. He chose to stand or fall alone; and trusting neither to reciprocal alliances in the army nor to covert political associations out of it, he addressed himself earnestly to the performance of his soldierly duties, and was content to let his reputation and advancement wait upon the labors of his sword. It was only natural, then, when he was made a prisoner, struggling manfully to save the endangered army, that every soldier should have felt that he had lost a faithful friend and the service a skillful commander.

Marmaduke's staff, in the hot, swift moments preceding his capture, had been dispatched everywhere over the field with orders, entreaties, threats, and commands. There was deep grief on Ewing's bright young face as he rode back from the fatal field; Price's handsome features were wet with tears; and the peerless Moore, cool and grim outwardly as a Paladin, felt sick at heart and sorrowful. Moore met General Price not far away and was questioned thus: "Where's Marmaduke?" "Killed or captured." "And the troops?" "Captured or dispersed." "The artillery?" "All gone, General, all gone, sir."

The old General was grieved sorely, and seemed to doubt even the evidence of his senses. At last he ordered fiercely: "Ride for Shelby for your lives—ride instantly!"—or something to that effect, and an aid-de-camp dashed like lightning toward the dark columns of smoke marking Shelby's line of operations in front.

Shelby was leaving Kansas and taking terrible adieus. He was fighting the devil with fire and smoking him to death. Haystacks, houses, barns, produce, crops, and farming implements were consumed before the march of his squadrons, and what the flames spared the bullet finished. On those vast plains out west there, the jarring saber-strokes were unheard and the revolvers sounded as the tapping of woodpeckers. Shelby was soothing the wounds of Missouri by stabbing the breast of Kansas. For the victims of Lane and Jennison he demanded life for life and blood for blood. The interest had been compounded, but he gathered it to the uttermost farthing. Fort Scott lay before him like a picture, mellowed by haze

and distance, and the orders for its destruction had gone forth. As Quantrell destroyed Lawrence; as Sherman, Columbia; as Montgomery, Rome; so would Shelby, Fort Scott. Kansas towns burn as comfortably as Georgia villages, and if Sherman were an incendiary, Shelby was a worthy pupil of Columbia's conqueror. I know not what feelings this exultation over fire and pillage may awaken in the breasts of Yankees and I care not. It may efface some scars in Georgia's mangled frame; it may hide some grief in South Carolina's broked heart; it may restore some idols to Virginia's shattered altars; it may stir the blood in Louisiana's outraged daughters; it may reconcile Arkansas to her desolation and Missouri to her fate to know that there was one leader and one division of Confederate soldiers who demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Lee was a Christian and a soldier. His heart was tender and affectionate, and he spared Pennsylvania. Morgan had been reared almost in sight of Cincinnati and he spared Ohio. Shelby was an enthusiastic iconoclast, and he laid his hands upon the synagogues which had held John Brown and dragged the abolition priests from their pulpits. If the crows could not fly over the valleys of the Shenandoah without carrying rations, the buzzards of the prairies had no need of haversacks. If the bummers of Sherman have been immortalized by success, the "destroying angels" of Shelby have found no hotter fires than their war beacons lit on a thousand hills. He estimated the war at its worth, and labored hard to dig such a gulf between the two sections as could never be bridged without the bodies of the conquered. He left effect for politicians, leniency for Christians, appearances for old fogies, and the wisdom of his actions for posterity. Time has demonstrated the strength of his judgment. Stevens has abated not one jot of his hatred; Wilson not one sentence of his abuse; Sumner not one stroke of his malice, lashed to fury by the incarnate whip of Butler; and the South, despite the sentimental ravings of her delicate generals, will be crushed and ground into powder under the ponderous wheels of a brutal and successful North.

It was a war of races and he knew it. It was Puritan against

Cavalier; Patrician against Proletarian; grim fanatics, who, like Cromwell's followers, carried bibles in their belts and iron pots on their heads, against the descendants of those men who died for Charles the First, and shed blood like water rather than forego a rollicking song or sing psalms through their nostrils. He knew that constitutions were paper and political parties mere wills-of-the-wisp before the blood of rival parties struggling for an idea and heated seven fold by gunpowder and civil feuds. He accepted the issue, though, and only asked that it might be fought out to the death.

As an evidence of how the Kansas soldiers did their work in Missouri the subjoined letter is published just as it was written, punctuated, constructed, etc. The "Rebber" General Shields referred to by this amorous Abby lived near Lexington and was a gentleman whose only crime consisted in being fearlessly and uncompromisingly Southern. He went to the war when Sumpter fell, and he and Colonel John Reid, another true and devoted Lafayette man were nearly all the "original Secessionists" among the politicians of this county who buckled on armor and fought as they had taught—practiced as they had preached.

NEAR LEXINGTON, Mo., Oct. 19, 1864.

Dear Wife, I address you now as I have the time but do not know where I can mail it as we cannot go to town, but will have it ready to send the first opportunity I am well and in as good spirits as I have ever been since I left home and I hope you are well and in good spirits we had a hard march, from Mound City night and day till we got here do not know how long we will stay we are under marching orders we got here yesterday and are living fat of from the Rebels the boys has gon in on the Rebels here hev cleaning some of them out intirely there is reports of strong Rebel forces near here and we have ben expecting a fight every day but I do not think the Rebels will be strong enough to stand we have about two thousand cavalry and nine pieces of light artillery and when marching it makes a line over a mile long we live on milk and honey this morning they is strewn all over camp and the best preserves that the rebel General Shields house can furnish with silver spoons to eat them with. We have not one wagon in the whole comand are ordered to subsist on the country we camp by a field carry out feed and kill our meat get supper and start it is soldiering in earnest and I like it well but do not have no time to write to you so you must not worry when you get no letters. I will write as often as I can the 15th K. V. C. and 3rd Wis, and 11 K. V. C., and other scattering companies are here I would be glad to stay here a while but do not know whether we will stay an hour or a year I will close now Your loving Husband

JAMES D ABBY

INDEPENDENCE Mo Oct 21 1864

Dear wife fifteen minutes after closing the above the bugle sounded the rally and we was on the field in five minutes formed line three times found price too strong and retreated after a short fight our command lost a few men as the rear left town our

company just got out in time to save ourselves We run all night and got here yesterday and last night was the first sleep that I got for a week. I feel well now will get breakfast of a citizen and probably start to Kansas city do not know Curtis is trying to make a stand this side of Kansas city I think we will get old price this time the militia is all over the country and Curtis is getting them organized do not fret I am in good sperits have had a hard time but stand it Your loving Husband

JAMES ABBY

address Mound City Kas.

There came a messenger from the rear now with tidings of disaster. He spoke low and calmly, and added as he turned away: "General Price presents his compliments to General Shelby, and orders him to countermarch in a gallop. You alone can save the army, said General Price, and you *must* save it."

Shelby *did* it. Without waiting even to recall his detachments from every side he galloped the long weary twelve miles in some little time over an hour, and barred the triumphant pursuit of the Federals with those iron ranks they could never break.

He immediately assumed command of the rear by the inherent right of genius and of superior skill and courage. He at once brought into requisition all his eloquence, activity, and aroused energy, and labored to reduce the chaotic mass into some kind of order and to take advantage of the timid pause the enemy had made in their attack, and in the meantime the rest of the army, forming two thirds or three fourths of the whole, drove recklessly and confusedly before the storm, without even the instincts of order and self-preservation that characterize a herd of buffalo when dashing forward in the wildest paroxysms of fright and rage. The only inducement that could tempt them to a moment's stay in their mad flight was to plunder some stalled or abandoned wagon, with the useless contents of which they delighted to overload their already worn and jaded horses. The sight in the rear when Shelby took his first position was simply disgusting. As far as the eye could reach demoralized and frenzied masses were pouring a hundred deep over the brown and level prairie. Arms had been thrown away, hats lost, eyes and features were distorted with fear, while the wagons, hitherto forever blocking up the road, seemed endowed with wings that bore them along faster than the wind. The Federals saw plainly the confused and struggling host crowding away to

the rear and came on with great shouts of scorn and derision. His thin, worn division—with the remnant of Marmaduke's heroic brigade and some devoted Arkansans refusing to yield to the panic—met them hand to hand and checked the advance for one bloody hour. An elaborate line of battle was formed to overwhelm the division, and a dozen batteries opened at once, but Shelby slowly retired to another position, formed, and fought again. Step by step, from hill to hill a desperate defense was kept up. Away thundered the train in frantic flight followed by the sick, wounded, footmen, horsemen, and broken artillery carriages. Seven times Shelby turned sullenly at bay, seven times he dressed his battered ranks between pursuers and pursued, and for hours held the rear unbroken and defiant; but each time getting weaker and less able to cope with the enormous masses constantly pressing on.

Ah! it was a goodly sight to see this young leader now, black with smoke and worn with fighting, interpose his battered shield between the great giant and his prey. Shelby's troops knew as well as he did the frightful extent of the disaster, for behind them everywhere were the remnants of an army utterly demoralized, fleeing, and despairing. But the indomitable courage of the men, the electricity coming out from his actions like balm, the heroic devotion of his officers, and the unconquerable chivalry and discipline of his division triumphed. He seemed endowed that day with the intellect of Napoleon and the recklessness of Murat. All the glory of his soul shone in his eyes when the cry came for him to save the army. Every hill-top was a battle-field, and every bottom stretch drank the blood of some of his soldiers. To Elliott he would say at one time: "We must die here;" to Gordon: "Expose yourself recklessly, colonel, it will stimulate your men;" to Erwin: "If you hold on half an hour longer you shall wear Shanks' stars;" to Slayback and Williams: "You have new regiments and you must give them their baptism of fire and blood;" to Jackman: "Well done, colonel; talk to your men—tell them we will carry them out;" to Smith: "I never knew your value before, colonel, you are heroic; but steady your men; hold them to it yet a little longer."

Thus up and down his lines, riding four horses to death—two falling shot beneath him—his hat off, his face black with perspiration, his shirt open at the throat and his long hair blowing back in the cool autumn wind, he seemed inspired with the very mania of battle; he was the embodiment of calmness and desperation—of great resolves and terrible executions. All the day he fought them thus—disputing inch by inch. At last the dark hour gathered its thunder clouds about him. One more immortal stand must finish the dreadful work or his division must be destroyed. He had fallen back to his last ditch and had fired almost his last cartridge. The fierce pursuit was so rapid that the distribution of ammunition was impossible, and his dead and wounded were left where they had fallen. He had grown strangely calm now, but none of the apathy of despair was there. He had been thinking for four hours too—thinking how to make the sacrifice; thinking whether to immolate that division which would follow him booted and spurred into eternity or to take it quietly out upon one flank and ride away with it southward unmolested as he knew so well how to do. What was the train worth compared with such precious blood as he was spilling lavishly upon every mile of the crisp, sere grass, and why should he care for the terrified fugitives fleeing away from him in the death struggle? Nothing. But discipline, that iron angel, held him there. Honor, manhood, fame, the fame of Joe Shelby, the fame of the old brigade, of the division held him there, and he devoted all to the sacrifice then.

A round blunt hill rose up strongly from the prairie, not high but elevated somewhat above the surrounding ground, falling off upon the left to a creek, and to the right to some heavy fences skirting a farm. Here under General Thompson he gathered the old brigade. Away to the left and upon the creek where it was deeper, Slayback was holding in check a large flanking detachment of Federals under a most distressing fire. Jackman, five hundred paces in the rear, was waiting for the word to advance or retreat, as Shelby ordered. Collins, too, had received his last instructions, upon the issue of which depended his battery, and, may be, his life. Captain Redd

carried them to him thus : " Form for action, Captain Collins. General Shelby orders that you will fight your guns to the last. Give the enemy grape and cannister until they are upon their muzzles, and then make the best of a desperate bargain. He can not help you, for when your battery is captured he will be either killed or with the remains of his decimated division fighting in the rear." Collins' bronzed face hardened a little, but he never turned another wheel southward then ; he formed as he would for parade and waited for the shock. His was the last battery left to General Price.

The preparations were made now ; the Federals were almost ready too, with their elaborate lines ; the sun shone red far down the western horizon, when Shelby sent his message to General Price asking him to form his entire army for one last grand stand in some available position, if he wished to save the train, urging him also to make a show with the unarmed men while he fought the enemy. Thanks to the heroic efforts of General Price himself, Governor Reynolds, the chivalrous and impetuous Morrison, the cool and impressive Shaler, the wounded Provost Marshal, Colonel Bull, the vigorous and expostulating Taylor, Von Phul, and Perry, who were everywhere upon the field, threatening, pleading, swearing, and commanding, the stragglers were gathered up, long lines were formed on the crest of a large hill, and every preparation made, just as if General Price intended to stake all upon the issue of a single heroic blow.

Between these reserve lines and the enemy were the two other lines just described, very small and very weak—the two brigades which had saved an army. Jackman had been moved forward three hundred paces while General Price was forming, and was to charge home when the time came. These extended preparations for battle had the desired effect, and imposed upon the Federals much of caution and more of wariness. For twenty minutes Shelby's first line suffered heavy shelling from three full batteries, but he rode up and down the front encouraging his men to stand firm, for this last stand would decide the issue. Then the heavy masses of cavalry came within long range distance and opened a terrible fire of small arms,

without, however, doing much execution, and finally, with the clangor of a thousand bugles and the wild cheering of the exultant soldiers, the Federals, five thousand strong, dashed full upon the Iron Brigade, lapping it right and left by fully a division front. Shelby shouted "Charge!" and his brigade met them half way with the roar and the rush of a hurricane. For nearly ten minutes revolvers flashed incessantly in men's faces, and guns were clubbed all bent and spattered with blood.

Slayback, no longer pressed by the detachment his orders required him to neutralize, took an original plan to reinforce Shelby. Instead of rejoining him, he stationed his regiment somewhat in the rear of Jackman's brigade and dashed off alone to the head of Dobbins' regiment. This gallant officer had his men well together considering the pressure, and countermarched at a word from Slayback to assist the defenders of the rear. When Shelby charged, Clark, who had been pressing to the rear all the time to do his devoir, Jackman, Slayback, and Dobbins bore down in a great thundering gallop to the rescue. The melee and the hot, close storm of pistol-bullets were awful. An entire division of Pleasanton's cavalry was crushed as easily as a girl crushes a flower, while Elliott, inspired by one of those sudden flashings of genius which come only in the awful, supreme moment of battle, broke through the regiment opposed to his own, turned short around as if by the exertion of his will, and commenced a rear attack that shattered the Federal ranks on the right and drove the entire force back upon the artillery and reserves. The day was won, the army saved, the train menaced no longer, and all night ahead to retreat in—but at what a fearful sacrifice of heroic soldiers. Before the fever and hot passions of the strife had died away Shelby knew not his heavy losses. It remained for the cheerless and dreary bivouac of the next night to disclose how many familiar faces were left cold and white on the bleak prairies of Kansas, and how many stalwart soldier-lives had been laid down for a valueless train burned after the sacrifice had been offered up.

Cannonading at long range followed the last bloody repulse of the Federals, and the army slowly retired under cover of darkness from

the field, leaving General Shelby to face the enemy and cover as usual the retreat.

Everywhere over the bare stretches of prairie vast waves of fire skirted the horizon as far as eye could reach, lit up the sky with lurid flames crested by volumes of dense black smoke, and roared and raged around the road, and threw tufts of burning grass and sods upon the tired, worn, and veteran ranks of Shelby's division marching rapidly southward.

All night, with the exception of an hour's halt, the march went on. During this halt nearly all the wagons were burned, vast quantities of ammunition destroyed, and the medical supplies and necessary articles for the sick and wounded men consumed in one mass of smoking, smouldering ruin. This march was unparalleled for fatigue and endurance, and the army never drew rein until on the 27th, Carthage had been reached, sixty-two miles from the battlefield of the 25th. General Price moved south on the 27th fifteen miles and camped again, and on the 28th after another march, the army halted at Newtonia for rest and forage. A council was held here to discuss the propriety of remaining three or four days or marching on immediately for Arkansas. General Shelby alone advocated the halt for several days, and said: "It is much better to lose an army in actual battle, than to starve the men and kill the horses." "But Rosecrans will pursue vigorously," remarked some one, "and we will have the same fight to make over again." "No infantry on earth can make the marches we have made lately, and as for me, if their cavalry alone attack, and nothing but cavalry is available, I shall dismount every man in my division and meet them on this open prairie. Let me hold the rear, General Price, and I promise that we shall rest here two days with perfect impunity."

Shelby's advice was listened to under protest and would not, in all probability have been followed, had not the condition of both horses and men made a halt absolutely necessary. Hardly had the army gotten well into camp, and hardly had corn been gathered and fed to the jaded animals, before some of Fagan's division came into camp and reported the enemy advancing in heavy force. Shelby's

division immediately got under arms. Collins took position in front of Jackman's brigade, and all waited, hungry and sleepy, until Blunt should attack. An hour's waiting brought no Federals, and the battalions were ordered back into camp. Shelby knew the enemy were coming, but he thought his men might have time enough probably to get breakfast, and he saw them return willingly, but with instructions to be on the alert and ready at a word. The day before Captain Dickey with fifty men had been posted on a large stream eighteen miles north of Newtonia, and this experienced officer reported constantly that he was falling back before the advance of a heavy body of cavalry, that they would soon be in camp, and that immediate preparations should be made to welcome them. True enough, Dickey was right, and with the 2d Colorado leading the enemy dashed into the town of Newtonia, drove out its garrison of observation and pursued it nearly within the skirmish line of Price's army. The guns of Newtonia were scarcely heard before the division had taken position, waiting certainly this time for what all knew was at hand. Jackman formed on the right covering Collins' battery, and Shelby's brigade was drawn up on the level prairie behind a large, new rail fence, the end of which rested upon a fine brick structure used as a hospital, and over which a yellow flag soon waved to protect it from the shells of the enemy. The 2d Colorado came down in fine style to receive one fire, and to shrivel up like some old garment in flames. Blunt had drawn up before Shelby just five thousand men—men who had been picked for courage, speed, and endurance—and sent forward with no other purpose than to capture Price's army, or drive it in utter ruin from the State of Missouri. This would have happened most assuredly had Shelby not luckily held the rear, for every other officer decidedly opposed a battle, and made no hesitation in saying openly that the army was too much demoralized and depleted to make a fight at all. Shelby thought differently, and marched out to meet Blunt on foot, having, like Cortez, burned his ships behind him, and telling his soldiers: "I will carry you so far from your horses, that in your efforts to reach them, if you are defeated, you will be either killed or

captured. We are able to whip Blunt, the safety of the entire army depends upon it, and by the grace of God it shall be done."

This was the proudest day in his whole military career, and here his actions, if the past even had not been crowded with victories, proclaimed him equal to any emergency. At Mine Creek he had enthusiasm, ambition, pride and vanity to support him—here nothing but the cold truth reality offered that a desperate fight was absolutely necessary. Physical and animal endurance had well nigh been taxed to the uttermost. It was merely a question of time how long his division could endure such incessant marching, fighting and fasting. He proposed to end it at once and speedily. With now and then an exception, no help could come from the confused and chaotic masses of General Price's army—they were powerless for good or for evil, for attack or defense. Stagger Blunt by a swift, fierce blow and everything was saved; the retreat southward, the passage across the Arkansas, and some quiet days to rest and feed the exhausted horses. There is a kind of fascination about this bravado of Shelby's at Newtonia which attracts and terrifies. In it is the inspiration of genius and the recklessness of the soldier—the cold calculation of chances, and the resolution to offer the sacrifice even as Abraham would have given up Isaac. So when the far front guns of the covering cavalry hushed the clatter of the mess gossip and the hiss of broiling beef, Shelby had marshaled his division for the last battle in the Trans-Mississippi Department. No parade, no quick, short words of comfort now. The eyes of the men were red and contracted from watching, and bodily endurance had hardened their muscles to iron without its elasticity. They followed him from habit, from love, from adoration. They were going to fight desperately too, but without ostentation and without the usual coquetries of battle. It was an autumn conflict, and the banners looked sere, the tread of the advancing regiments sounded heavy and chill.

At a word his brigade leaped the fence and made a grand rush squarely upon the enemy's ranks, Shelby leading and every man at his post. Blunt stood the shock well, and for an hour the two ranks

fought almost hand to hand. Williams, Cundiff, Cravens, Langhorne, George Gordon, Blackwell, Bob Tucker, Jones, Captain Lucien Major, Slayback, Gordon, Jim Tucker, Perry Cafron, Wasson, Shindler, Neale, McDougall, Adams, Toney, Renfro, Wills, Franklin, Crispin, Burt, Collins, Captain Elliott, Rathbun, and twenty other officers were conspicuous for their daring, and seemed to be inspired now by the bearing of their leader and the importance of the victory. Step by step Blunt gave way. Langhorne and Thraikill, everywhere upon the field, had twice charged the 2d Colorado. Thraikill lost two horses, Langhorne some of his best men, with one of his Lieutenants, John Crump, badly wounded.

A reinforcement judiciously thrown in now would have destroyed Blunt and captured his artillery, and Shelby sent repeatedly to General Price, stating that he had engaged the enemy with his division and had driven him three miles toward Newtonia; that his losses had been severe and his ammunition was almost expended; that he could not order Jackman to his assistance because Jackman was necessary to protect the artillery and to succor him in case of accident, and, therefore, he asked that a brigade might be sent forward immediately to complete the overthrow. It was not done until too late. General Clark came after Blunt had withdrawn, and Shelby's triumphant but bleeding division was returning from the scene of its last glorious victory.

From the staff of General Price and from the staff of General Clark there came to Shelby when the battle was fiercest, Major R. T. Morrison and Major John. C. Moore. These devoted officers rendered him great service and were conspicuous for their fearless bearing during the hot hours of the decisive conflict.

The division suffered much, and many old familiar forms were cold in death. Colonel Smith, while gallantly leading his regiment into the fight fell mortally wounded, and some three hundred more were either buried upon the field or left well cared for in the hospitals. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this victory. The army was a mob, all discipline gone, hunger and thirst were unappeased and ravenous, and fatigue almost insupportable, while

the men had lost confidence in their officers and the officers in the men. Five thousand daring, well-trained cavalry under such a leader as Blunt, hurled upon the rear of the impotent mass gathered about Price, could have but the one single effect of utter and complete overthrow. Shelby knew all this better than any man there, and he determined to sacrifice his command if necessary, check Blunt's advance in its very inception, and save the army as he had done once before. He dismounted every man, tied the horses securely to trees in the timber about the camp, marched out two miles on a level prairie, fought four hours, drove the enemy away from Newtonia, held the field all night, cared for the dead and wounded of both armies, and finally the next day covered the retreat of the army as it continued its terrible march southward.

From that mass of stalwart, veteran soldiers who were grouped around him at Pochontas, how many had fallen upon the battlefields of Missouri and Kansas. McNamara, Clay Floyd, Campbell, Willie Carter, Barnett, and two hundred others at Westport; Captains Thompson, Neale, Tucker, Downing; Lieutenants Ridge, Dye, Charley Lewis; Major Koontz, and a thousand other officers and men from Westport to Newtonia were killed or wounded, and more were yet to die with pestilence and famine from Cane Hill to the borders of Texas.

The advance, composed of two hundred volunteers from all the regiments in the brigade, and a superb body of soldiers they were, lost one hundred and twenty in killed and wounded. It was led by McCoy. At Newtonia, Slayback from three hundred and twenty men lost in killed forty-nine, besides a large number wounded. These statements may show to a small extent the sacrifices Shelby was called upon to make.

Before the battle at Newtonia, and before Shelby's division had gained the town, a young soldier came to Colonel Slayback who led the advance of the column that morning and wished to pass ahead. Slayback refused as his orders required, but the soldier importuned so greatly that his reasons were asked for the request. "In that town," he said, pointing to Newtonia, "is the murderer of my

father, the preacher, the jayhawker, Bob. Christian, and I want above all things to kill him with my own hands." "Go ahead, then," said Slayback, "I can not interfere in family matters." The soldier, Lieutenant Moore, with about fifty of his partisan company, all men who had lived in the neighborhood and suffered for years from the atrocities of this reverend butcher, galloped away to the town. The Federal Captain Christian was a desperate villain. On a dozen occasions he had deliberately dissected the skulls of his murdered victims, carefully extracted the brains and paraded them in horrid mockery upon the breasts of the mutilated corpses. He had heard of Shelby's approach and became wary and vigilant, so Moore's rapid advance was signaled, and the precious scoundrel had at least a mile's start before his flight was discovered. After an exciting race of eleven miles his band was overtaken, charged, and every man except three killed immediately, together with their fiend leader. He was shot after surrendering, scalped, and dragged into the camp of the bushwhackers by ropes after life was extinct. No doubt this ghastly trophy of gratified hate and vengeance was carefully preserved and kept in the family as a valuable heirloom. Such things, indeed, were done often on the border by both parties, and the name of Bob. Christian had been linked not with "one virtue but a thousand crimes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

OCTOBER 29th, 30th, 31st, and November 1st were spent in long and heavy marches, with but little food and scarcely any forage for the horses.

Two days before reaching Cane Hill, Arkansas, it rained very hard and the day after it suddenly became bitter cold, snowed violently, and then the greatest sufferings of the army commenced. The 2d of November, General Fagan made an attack upon Fayetteville in order to drive in its garrison and give McCray and Dobbins the opportunity of passing with their brigades, by way of Huntsville and Yellville, to Northwestern Arkansas. Shelby loaned Fagan two pieces of artillery and eighty men from Elliott's regiment to enable him to carry out his orders. The day of attack was very cold, the snow lay two feet deep, and the dejected men, thoroughly demoralized and starving, had no other object in view than to pass Fayetteville and get back once more to Nancy and the baby. Fagan boldly assaulted the town with its two forts, but only Elliott and a few others were with him, and neither supplications, threats, nor commands could induce the larger portion of his force to attack and carry the position. General Fagan, however, finally succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, that of passing the two brigades of his command beyond the road leading to Springfield, and Elliott's and Langhorne's men returned with him to Cane Hill loaded with very acceptable rations of flour and salt.

General Blunt, after the terrible blow dealt upon him at Newtonia, followed in pursuit so slowly that he had not overtaken General Price on the 4th of November, although three days had been spent at Cane Hill in alternate cold and hunger. Toil, agony, privation, sickness, death and starvation commenced this day with the poor, untried, and unacclimated recruits just gained in Missouri, and the

most of whom had probably never been beyond the neighborhoods of their birth. The snow fell and froze rapidly; the northwest winds tore out of the sky and curdled the blood and numbed the limbs around the cheerless bivouacs; diarrhea came with its wan, ghastly visage, stalked in among the young conscripts and thinned their ranks sadly; while dejection, despair, and a universal homesickness rendered them unable and almost unwilling to bear up bravely against defeat and disaster. Always in the rear, covering with an iron shield the struggling and demoralized army, the heroic efforts of Shelby's division on this fatal, desolate retreat deserve more than a passing notice. Other ranks were broken, all other commands straggled and dropped out by the wayside, and murmurings of discontent were loud and outspoken from other organizations, but day after day Shelby's true and tried soldiers fell in behind the black plume of their leader, marched solidly and compactly as when on review, mounted guard, held inspections and dress parades morning and night, and neither threw away a gun nor broke a platoon during the entire march. If details were needed for extra duty, Shelby furnished them; if guards were required for special services, Shelby was called upon, and, indeed, his command *alone* preserved its high discipline and held its ranks unbroken and unshaken to the last.

The Arkansas river was reached near Pleasant's Bluff on the 6th, and a crossing made safely on the morning of the 7th, where an elegant and plentiful supper of beef was obtained, although eaten without bread or salt. In the passage through the Cherokee nation many Pin Indians were encountered, and the right hands of Maurice Langhorne and John Thraikill had so far recalled their cunning that an old chief and eleven of his braves were killed, and a good supply of salt, apples, dried-beef, and ponies brought to Shelby's headquarters.

After crossing the Arkansas the worst stage of misery came upon the army, and the sufferings were intense. Horses died by thousands; the few wagons were abandoned almost without exception; the sick had no medicines and the healthy no food; the army

had no organization and the subordinate officers no hope. Bitter freezing weather added terrors to the route and weakness to the emaciated, staggering column. Small-pox came at last, as the natural consequence, and hundreds fell out by the way-side to perish without help and to be devoured by cayotas without a burial. The agony of a great fear palsied the new soldiers and unnerved great strapping Milos large enough to fell oxen—only Shelby's division rejoiced in its iron endurance, in the example of its commander, and in the practiced hardihood of the men.

The 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th were passed with only two rations of beef for the army, and it was no fault of theirs that the men got wolfish and desperate. Shelby believed something was necessary to keep his soldiers from actual starvation, and so on the 9th of November, knowing that it was General Price's intention to continue his desolate march to Boggy Depot, and knowing furthermore that nothing whatever to eat could be obtained upon the road, he waited upon the General and asked permission to halt upon the Canadian river where there were wild cattle in abundance, kill and jerk sufficient beef to last until supplies might be reached, and come on after him in a week when the horses were rested and his division fed. General Price consented after much reluctance. Shelby turned off squarely upon this beautiful, solitary river, and the Arkansas troops struggled on, starving and dying at every step, toward their homes far away from this depopulated Choctaw nation.

Upon the lone and tree-crowned banks of the Canadian river, and where the feet of white men had probably not trodden for years, were found the finest, fattest, and wildest cattle ever seen perhaps on earth. But the cunning of soldiers who had outwitted Yankees and outguessed true Connecticut men soon circumvented these lords of the forest. A brigade at a time deployed in regular line of battle, sent skirmishers ahead, started the game in droves, when the deep, silent woods thundered like a battle-field until hundreds of steers were dead upon the ground. The first night the various companies engaged in the hunt bivouacked by their prizes, and did nothing but cook and eat continually. Splendid grass and

cane were also found in abundance, and the horses improved wonderfully during the six days General Shelby remained upon the river. This Canadian bottom seemed a hunters' paradise. Turkeys, deer, pheasants, partridges, rabbits, raccoons, opossums, bears, and wild cattle filled the woods as far as one might walk or ride, while black and red haws, walnuts, luscious grapes, delicious persimmons, and apples about the abandoned houses of the Choctaws furnished all the bread and dessert desired.

No one but hungry soldiers, weeks and weeks without salt or bread, as was the case often on this expedition, can appreciate the blessings of these wild fruits and nuts, and the delightful flavor hickory ashes and gunpowder give to beef broiled upon the coals. Indeed, nature has so many secrets learned only through dire necessity, that one must think often before saying there can be any condition in life unaccompanied by something of comfort and pleasure.

Six days of welcome feasting and rest rolled swiftly by. General Shelby sent back a reliable detail of men to gather up the bones of the dead soldiers and bury them carefully, together with the bodies not devoured by the wolves. After all this had been done the division, in high spirits and health, reached Boggy Depot after several days of marching through intense cold and bitter, freezing rains, where Dr. Russell generously supplied it with a large amount of medicine and many hospital supplies. General Shelby had lost his horse several days before halting at the Canadian, and for almost a week marched on foot at the head of the division to encourage the dismounted soldiers, although any and every horse was at his service, and many were persistently and pressingly offered to him.

Amid all the horrors of the small-pox on the retreat, the fatigues and sufferings of sleepless nights and weary days, the devoted surgeons of the division stood by the sick, and encouraged them in every possible manner by example and attention. Dr. Spencer Brown, the gentle and the brave; Dr. John B. Wood, the generous and the faithful; Dr. Tisdale, Dr. Dobbins, Dr. Collins, Dr. Fulker-

son, Dr. White, Dr. Austin, the soldier-surgeon, Dr. Webb, and Dr. Dunn all vied with each other in acts of charity, and exhibited a devotedness worthy of eternal praise and emulation.

Nothing occurred deserving of mention for the next week. General Price, after crossing Red river, took position at Bonham for several days, and finally selected Clarksville, Texas, for his headquarters, to which point Shelby was ordered with his command. At Bonham, a generous Texan, Captain Collins, hearing that Shelby had lost his horse, presented to him a magnificent milk-white stallion—worthy to have been ridden by a king, and for which Captain Collins paid five thousand dollars. Governor Reynolds left the staff here and went to the gubernatorial mansion in Marshall, and the great expedition to Missouri, begun in joy and high expectation, terminated in this little Texan village, in doubt, misery, and despair. Its most sanguine friends could not claim for it either the genius of comprehension or the force of execution. General Price's unfitness as a cavalry commander was painfully and fearfully exhibited on the raid. Although possessing many personal qualities of the very highest order, and many qualifications as an infantry leader, he was entirely too slow, too inexperienced, too cautious, and too lymphatic to handle thoroughly a numerous array of horsemen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DURING the expedition to Missouri, General Magruder had been assigned to the command of the District of Arkansas, and was now at Washington reorganizing the cavalry, which reorganization simply meant a sweeping system of dismounting. Shelby had been in camp scarcely three days before orders came to him to report with his division at once for inspection and reorganization. Magruder was known to be a strict disciplinarian, very tenacious of obeying all orders, and almost sure to carry out to the letter his instructions from department headquarters, which read laconically, thus: "Reduce the cavalry." To counteract a previous unfavorable impression on Magruder's mind, and to save Jackman's young but heroic brigade, was now Shelby's chief care, and so, to make in the start a certain character for promptness, he lost no time in marching at once for Fulton, four miles from which town were General Magruder's headquarters.

The night before reaching the ferry the following peculiar and ably written letter was brought into camp and extensively read by both officers and men. It is reproduced here as one of the documents connected with or rather growing out of the expedition, and will serve, in all probability, to satisfy many readers of the actual publication of such a letter, of which so much was heard and said, but which was really read by so few in Missouri beyond those of her children in the army. The letter in question was addressed by Governor Thomas C. Reynolds to "The Public," and printed originally in the *Marshall Texas Republican*. It read as follows:

GENERALS PRICE, MARMADUKE, AND CABELL IN THE MISSOURI
CAMPAIGN.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, December 17, 1864.

Hearing of reports industriously circulated, charging Generals Marmaduke and Cabell with drunkenness in the battles last October, near Independence and the Osage river, and putting on them the responsibility for disgraces and disasters which the almost unanimous opinion of the army at the time justly attributed to the glaring mismanagement and distressing mental and physical military incapacity of Major General Sterling Price, I deem it merely my duty, as executive of the State to which those captive officers have rendered important services, and of which the first named is a native, publicly and officially to brand those charges as base and baseless.

From my own observation of General Marmaduke at Independence, and the statements of several gentlemen who were with him or General Cabell in the actions referred to, I can confidently assert that in both they were perfectly sober and fully sustained their high reputation for ability and chivalric courage. Having had in the late expedition to Missouri frequent continuous intercourse with them, on the march, in camp, and in the field, I owe it to them to declare that I have never seen, or heard of, any deviation by either from the strictest sobriety throughout the campaign, and that they are generally and justly regarded as ornaments to their profession, enjoying the unbounded confidence of their commands.

The affair at Independence was thus explained to me by General Cabell the day after it occurred: As General Marmaduke was ably and successfully checking the enemy in our rear, a body of Federal cavalry, coming unobserved on a by-road on our flank, dashed into that town. The numerous camp-followers, dead-heads and stragglers there, loitering, carousing or plundering, incontinently fled and suddenly burst, in wild panic with shouts of terror, on the two brave and disciplined Arkansas regiments, which, marching in soldier-like regularity, composed the rear of Cabell's brigade. Unprepared for this furious charge of our own friends on their rear, those regiments were unavoidably thrown into confusion, and in the disorder the Federals captured Cabell's cannon. The enemy being checked by the prompt and skillful dispositions of General Fagan, our scattered troops soon rallying, rejoined the main body with little loss in men or arms. Thus the license occasioned by the neglect of General Price to control his army, was the direct and palpable cause of that day's misfortune, which powerfully contributed to demoralize the troops.

Of the disgrace and disaster which befell our arms near the Osage, the facts are too well known, both in the Federal army and in our own, to make concealment of them a matter of policy. A determined foe to all whitewashing, and having long believed that our cause has suffered not only from failures to encourage meritorious young officers, but also from concealments and even imprudent denial of misconduct of generals and troops, I consider our true public interest to demand a pitiless disclosure of the real causes of that defeat.

Despite the brilliant results obtained by General Price's juniors, when sent on expeditions away from the main body, his immediate command had produced not one indisputable success, and numerous incidents which necessarily became more or less generally known to the officers and troops at large, had produced a widespread, and scarcely concealed distrust of his leadership. He chose a circuitous route by Dardanelle to the Missouri frontier, when the direct road east of Pine Bluff was open to him: took twenty-three days to get over only three hundred and eighty miles between Camden and the border, and with all this slow progress his army was marched, camped and led so unskillfully that teams and cavalry horses were nearly broken down and his train much damaged. His want of proper acquaintance with the district he had so lately commanded was remarkable. He took the wrong road on the first day out from Camden, and lost nearly two days by going first down one bank and then up the other of the Fourche La Pave; he was ignorant that the enemy had a telegraph line along the Arkansas river, and apprized of there being three hundred pounds of telegraph wire at Dardanelle, he

left it there uninjured; designing to cross the Arkansas river where it abounds in fords, he incumbered himself with pontoons, which were never used; and in approaching White river he greatly damaged his train by leading it over several miles of rocky precipices, miscalled a road, while Fagan's division, pursuing the usual route, suffered no inconvenience. He lost several hundred of his best soldiers in the repulsed attempt to storm the well ditched fort at Pilot Knob, which the Federal commander abandoned, as the St. Louis papers previously stated he would have to do as soon as our artillery could command it from the neighboring mountain. The garrison, unobserved, evacuated the place by night, carrying off its field artillery, and no less important a personage than Colonel Fletcher, then Lincoln candidate, and since chosen for the position of Federal governor of Missouri, well known to be there with his regiment. General Price refused to order immediate pursuit; Shelby left for eighteen hours to await orders at Potosi, reached Caledonia only two or three hours after that force had passed through; the brigades tardily sent after it were wisely withheld, when worn out by a forced night march, from attacking it in the entrenched position it had found time to construct; and it thus effected a complete escape to Jefferson City, in time to reinforce the garrison there before our army reached it. The dilatory march from Pilot Knob to Jefferson City; the failure to destroy any portion of the North Missouri or Hannibal and St. Joseph railroads, almost unguarded, though that section swarmed with guerrillas glad to obey an order to do that work; and the consequent reinforcement of that garrison by troops sent rapidly over those roads, all diminished our chances of securing the capital. The confused operations before it may be judged by the facts that our ammunition train came near being led into the Federal lines, and when the army encamped at night, neither of the two officers next in rank to General Price, Fagan and Marmaduke, was informed, or could learn the location of any division but his own, or of General Price's own headquarters. The city could have been taken the day he neared it: it was then defended mainly by raw militia, most of whom our friends said were anxious to surrender or even to join us. The State house, with its lofty dome, lay that day in full view of a gallant army confident of victory; next morning, whether wisely on correct information that large reinforcements had reached the enemy in the night, or unwisely from hesitating generalship or mistaken policy, General Price suddenly ordered a retreat, on the road to Springfield.

The considerations which had led the executive of the State to suggest, and the sagacious commander of this department to sanction so seemingly hazardous but in reality perfectly practicable a campaign, had proven more than well founded. The enemy was wholly unprepared. The State had been stripped of troops to sustain Grant and Sherman: to put down even petty bands of bushwhackers, official appeals had been in vain made to the inhabitants to organize military companies. The Unionist militia had become demoralized and partially disbanded; everywhere it had offered only a feeble and reluctant resistance. The Federal troops in the North were more than fully occupied with the enforcement of the draft, and Missouri itself was intensely agitated by that measure and an exciting political canvass. The audacity of the expedition made both people and authorities incredulous of its reality. General Rosecrans was meditating a pleasure trip to the Hermann fair on the 15th of September, when he received news that General Price was about to "invade the State with five thousand cavalry." The only reinforcements on which General Rosecrans relied to meet them was A. J. Smith's corps, about four thousand strong, which Marmaduke's old brigade alone, under Colton Greene, had whipped last summer on the Mississippi, and which was yet to come from Tennessee, thoroughly demoralized in repeated thrashings by Forrest. On the 23d of September, our advance, under Shelby, had entered Frederickstown, within three days' quick march of St. Louis; and it was not until the 26th that Rosecrans, doubtless discovering the inadequacy of his forces, and avowing fears of the mines "secret conspirators" were about to explode under his feet, sank pride in wisdom and issued his general orders number one hundred and seventy-six, piteously imploring "every citizen" to "bring arms if he had any, horses if he could, and ride and fight as scouts." He cried, "the case admits of no delay." Discharged and furloughed soldiers he "appealed to in this crisis." Business was suspended in St. Louis; guerrillas were reported to have entered the county itself; cautious men were sending away their families and effects. There were symptoms of lukewarmness and discord. Citizens in forming a company published a resolution that they would not march beyond the city

limits; the Germans refused to serve under General Blair, and Rosecrans had to yield by placing them under Colonel Brown. The McClellan men suspended political meetings for fear of being suspected of rebellion. Anderson's butchery of two hundred Federal soldiers in North Missouri a few days before had spread a black flag panic among the citizen soldiery. On the 27th, eighteen hundred men, chiefly Iowa troops, said to be of A. J. Smith's corps, evacuated Mineral Point, about fifty miles from St. Louis, on the approach of less than two hundred of Shelby's men. Opinions were freely given in our army, and by officers of calm judgment, that in the panic, mutual distrust and confusion of the Federals in that great city, either Marmaduke or Shelby, with a division of their old troops, could have dashed in and taken it, liberating its thousands of Southern sympathizers, and opening a door to the four hundred thousand "rebels," an official report to Mr. Lincoln asserts to be secretly organizing in the Northwest. At this juncture, when active boldness would have been consummate prudence, our army remained at Frederickstown till the 26th, blundered at Pilot Knob till the 28th, and then took the road to Jefferson City. And now that even the capital was to be left without a serious effort to occupy it, the disappointment of the army was marked.

Turning off from the Springfield road it was headed toward the Missouri river. It suffered a surprise at California, when the prompt sagacity of Marmaduke and a daring charge of Kitchin, with his regiment of new recruits, saved it from a dangerous attack in flank. It was again surprised at Booneville, where a force, estimated by those who fought against it at only fifteen hundred cavalry, came unobserved on to the very edge of the town, near enough to have shelled General Price's own headquarters; and when his generals proposed to go out and disperse or crush it, his timid policy permitted its undisturbed retreat. That night he removed his ammunition from the fair grounds, whereby the question naturally suggested itself to everyone whether the wisdom thus shown evinced any in having placed it there, within convenient shelling distance of the opposite bank of the Missouri river. These and many other incidents of equal importance had confirmed the distrust previously felt.

Other facts less generally known or noticed had a tendency to increase it among those whose confidence if gained, might have imparted itself to all. Before his entrance into Missouri, he refused the offer of an accomplished officer to form the dismounted men into infantry as the nucleus of a larger organization of that arm of service, indispensable in effecting his avowed purpose of holding the State; nor did he at any time attempt such an organization, though it was asserted that many of the troops would have readily entered into it. Captured bayonets were thrown away, and after his attention had been called to this abuse, it remained uncorrected, so that for want of them infantry could not have been formed later in the campaign, had he at last ordered it. While his highest general officers rarely knew his plans, the enemy often discovered them; when he talked at Independence of consulting his division commanders about attacking Leavenworth, St. Louis papers several days old, contained a dispatch from Rosecrans to Curtis, coolly informing him of that design as one declared by General Price himself. In consequence of that and previous similar information, the militia of Kansas were already gathering in mass and making forced marches to meet him at their frontier. How he found his way in a country or got his ideas of its topography was an enigma, for he sneered at maps and declared he never looked at them. He availed himself little, if at all, of engineering or reconnoissances, and even neglected the simplest pioneering. Supplied with numerous staff officers of high repute for efficiency, he neither guided, sustained nor controlled them, so as to derive from their talents the greatest benefit to the army. He could not know the strength of his own forces, for returns were neither made nor insisted on, and the new recruits were not even mustered in until after he had returned to Arkansas. His indecisive policy so paralyzed everything that, even with a chief commissary of great energy, his private soldiers were kept on half rations of bread and meat in the Missouri river valley, teeming with supplies, and at Pilot Knob he left behind shoes enough for his whole army. Even his well known claim that his name would draw recruits, proved a delusion. It soon became manifest that the ten thousand new soldiers who in about three weeks had rushed to our aid, and the still greater number of others who, in that heroic uprising of the noble Missouri people, were preparing to join us, were impelled solely by love of liberty and devotion to the great Confederate cause: while his leadership was a positive drawback among men whose past sufferings made them keep vividly in mind the

fact that twice before in this war, he had headed on the Missouri river an enthusiastic, martial people, and whatever the causes or excuses, had as often been driven away from it.

Nor were his military habits, conspicuous to every one, calculated to inspire confidence. His regular course was to sit in his ambulance at the head of his train on the march, rarely mounting his horse; to sip his copious toddy immediately after going into camp, and in view of the soldiers passing by, and soon after generally to take a nap—a mode of life entirely virtuous, but not precisely in accordance with established conceptions of the kind of hero needed to free an oppressed people. His somnolency was marked; although his practice was to make no halts for rest in the days' march, yet one day on the road from Camden to Dardanelle, he stopped the whole command for about half an hour and took a nap on a carpet spread out under a tree. On the whole campaign, as far as I observed or could learn, he never reviewed or personally inspected even in a cursory manner, any portion of his army, its camps, or even its sick and wounded, or its hospitals. On the field of battle his movements and countenance unmistakably indicated, not the activity or fire of genius, or even the calm of routine generalship, but only puzzled bewildered anxiety. His outfit was on a scale that even Federal generals dare not adopt. Three vehicles with fourteen mules carried him and the personal effects and camp equipage of his mess. Of course his staff imitated, though to a far less extent, this ill-timed luxury; and that bold and hardy cavalry, accustomed to leaders who sleep in storms under trees, and cook their simple, scanty rations on sticks and boards, gazed with unconcealed amazement on a pomp and circumstance which to their shrewd minds foreboded anything but glorious war.

The disorder in his army was terrific, and the main cause of it palpable; he could not enforce laws, regulations or orders, because he conspicuously violated them himself, or permitted his immediate officers and attendants to do so. Even his camps had no sentinels or efficient police, if any. But perhaps nothing contributed more to throw everything into confusion and harass and fatigue his troops than his singular order of march, sometimes called the tail foremost or topsy-turvy system of moving an army. The regulations permitting the order of regiments in brigades and of brigades in divisions to be changed "for important reasons," he not only made this exceptional course, the rule, but applied it to the order of divisions in his immense cavalry force. On the day's march the division which had marched and camped in the rear the day before, passed to the front, the other troops halting till it had done so. When the hour for march was dawn, the rear division of the day often could not move until midday, and as often got into camp near midnight; and some ingenious mathematician is said to have ascertained, by patient calculation, that with two more divisions this system would bring the whole army to a permanent dead halt, unless the rear division should begin its days' march, on the day after—an expedient actually adopted by Shelby's division in the first (afternoon) march from Booneville. In this Virginia reel of regiments, brigades and divisions, bewildered stragglers and new recruits got completely lost, until at last, a common sense cutting the Gordian knot of military blundering, they gradually ceased attempting to find their companies, and adopted the regular practice of bivouacking to themselves in what was well known as the "stragglers' camp." The origin of this system of marching is obscure; but a gentleman who witnessed its effects in the Missouri State troops under General Price in 1861, has hazarded the plausible conjecture, based on the similarity of operations and results, that it is merely an enlarged application of the mode in which that renowned warrior, Baron Munchausen, killed the lion by thrusting his arm down the animal's throat, and turning him wrong side out by pulling his tail through his mouth.

Under such management of an army, of course outrages and crimes could not be repressed. I cheerfully testify to the strenuous efforts of the commanders of divisions and brigades, and the officers generally to preserve discipline and order. Nor should any one judge harshly of private soldiers yielding to the combined temptations of a rich country and an almost total withdrawal of restraint. It must also be remembered that the chief reason why many of the soldiers themselves finally joined in the universal pillage was their consciousness that under a weak and suspected administration of the army, thieves following it were appropriating the very goods which the Government desired lawfully to procure for the legitimate use of those troops or the comrades left behind them; and even then the real fighting men did little injury, sneaks and dead-heads

being the principal plunderers. It would take a volume to describe the acts of outrage; neither station, age nor sex was any protection; Southern men and women were as little spared as Unionists; the elegant mansion of General Robert E. Lee's accomplished niece and the cabin of the negro were alike ransacked; John Deane, the first civilian ever made a State prisoner by Mr. Lincoln's Government, had his watch and money robbed from his person, in the open street of Potosi, in broad day, as unceremoniously as the German merchant at Fredrickstown was forced, a pistol at his ear, to surrender his concealed greenbacks. As the citizens of Arkansas and Northern Texas have seen in the goods unblushingly offered them for sale, the clothes of the poor man's infant were as attractive spoil as the merchant's silk and calico or the curtain taken from the rich man's parlor; ribbons and trumpery gee-gaws were stolen from milliners, and jeweled rings forced from the fingers of delicate maidens whose brothers were fighting in Georgia in Cockrell's Confederate Missouri brigade.

It was not until days after the incidents above given and many like them, had notoriously occurred, after the outrages had got almost beyond control, and his own staff loudly murmured their disgust and alarm at the condition of affairs, that General Price, in the fifth week of the campaign, ordered the organization of provost guards. To the control of these, a position requiring the most energetic activity and relentless sternness, he assigned a youthful officer of amiable disposition, who had been recently wounded and being thus disabled from riding his horse, was compelled to make the rest of the campaign in a buggy.

The natural result ensued, and the disorders still continued. They may be judged of by the facts that at Booneville, the hotel occupied as General Price's own headquarters, was the scene of public drunken revelry by night; that guerrillas rode unchecked, in open day, before it, with human scalps hanging to their bridles, and tauntingly shaking bundles of plundered greenbacks at our needy soldiers; and that in an official letter to him there, which he left unanswered and undenied, I asserted that while "the wholesale pillage in the vicinity of the army had made it impossible to obtain anything by purchase, stragglers and camp followers were enriching themselves by plundering the defenseless families of our own soldiers in Confederate service." On still darker deeds I shudderingly keep silent.

Under his unmilitary management, numerous wagons which the soldiers believed to contain untold wealth of plunder by staff officers and dead-heads, had dangerously augmented his train, so that it numbered over five hundred vehicles, and, shockingly controlled and conducted, often stretched out eight or ten miles in length. Marched in the center of the army, flanked, preceded or followed by a rabble of dead-heads, stragglers and stolen negroes on stolen horses, leading broken down chargers, it gave to the army the appearance of a Calmuck horde. The real fighting soldiers, badly fed, badly marched, and getting little rest in a noisy disorderly camp where their horses, blankets pistols and even the spurs on their boots were often stole from them in their sleep, scarcely disguised their apprehension that the odious train would occasion disaster to the army, and they were plainly reluctant to shed their blood to save the plunder it conveyed.

All these causes, and many others it would be tedious to mention, had visibly affected the tone, spirits and efficiency of the troops. Military men had forebodings of disaster to an army that General Price's mismanagement had converted into an escort for a caravan; God-fearing men trembled lest, in heaven's anger at the excesses which had marked the campaign, some thunderbolt of calamity should fall upon our arms.

It did fall, and like a thunderbolt.

As the army left the Osage or Marais des Cygnes, Marmaduke's division and Fagan's were in the rear of the train, Tyler's brigade guarded it, Shelby's division was in the advance. A force of Federal cavalry, estimated by most who fought with it at twenty-five hundred, and without artillery closely followed us. To gain time for the enormous train to pass on safely, it was deemed necessary to form rapidly, and, without dismounting receive the attack; the ground was unfavorable, but the alternative was to sacrifice the rear of the petted but detested train. The two divisions were mainly the same heroic Arkansans and Missourians, well disposed and readily disciplined, who had, under the immediate direction of their own officers, aided in driving the well trained troops of Steele from the Washita valley; but under General Price's direct command they had become seriously demoralized. The enemy, not mounted riflemen but

real cavalry using the saber, charged our lines. It matters little to inquire which company or regiment first gave way; the whole six large brigades, were in a few minutes utterly routed, losing all their cannon, Marmaduke, Cabbell, Slemmons and Jeffers were captured, "standing with the last of their troops;" Fagan, almost surrounded, escaped by sheer luck; Clark owed his safety to his cool intrepidity and his saber. So of other officers of less rank.

Seated in his ambulance, in which he had remained most if not all of that morning, at the head of the train, General Price was six or eight miles off when all this happened. Cabbell had informed him the night before that the enemy was actually attacking our rear; he believed that experienced officer mistaken. Marmaduke had sent him word that morning that about three thousand Federal cavalry threatened our rear; he thought that Marmaduke, having called on Fagan for support, could manage them. After a day's march of only sixteen miles the army was ordered, to the general astonishment, to go into camp on the Little Osage, and had already commenced doing so, when news of the route reached General Price. He sent for Shelby and besought that clear-headed and heroic young general to "save the army."

And Shelby did it. Like a lion in the path of the triumphant Federals, he gathered around him his two brigades, depleted in previous successive fights, harassed and weary, but still defiant. Those merry madcaps were in fighting trim; chased a few days before by an overwhelming Federal force they had luckily disembarassed themselves of all demoralizing superfluities. The astonished foe recoiled before Jackman leading a reckless charge of his fearless brigade; Jeff Thompson, commanding Shelby's own, displayed his fire and dash as in 1861; Fagan and Clark rallied their scattered divisions. Both parties retired from the field as the setting sun cast his rays on the Camden of our revolution. No wiser or better than our forefathers, who reviled Washington, we also have our Gates.

Thus much has been necessary to protect the reputations of our captive generals, and show that no blame can attach to them. But the present is as fit an occasion as any to allude to some other points of that campaign.

I leave to some more graphic pen than mine to describe the horrors and perils of the long retreat—General Price's sweeping reduction of all transportation but his own; the security given us by Fagan's forethought in obstructing the fords of the Marmiton; the frantic flight of the train for over sixty miles, from the Marmiton to Carthage, without a halt to feed or water; the abandonment of the entire stock of salt for the private soldier, medicines and spirits for the sick, and bandages for the wounded, while headquarters' messes preserved their cushions and pillows, their coffee and whisky, their pots and their pans; the defeat at Newtonia of the very force which had so lately defeated us; brave soldiers dropping dead from exhaustion, neglect, sickness and famine, and lying unburied on the prairie; weary stragglers slaughtered by the savage Indian; war-worn veterans feeding for days on beef without salt or bread, or eating steaks cut from mules fallen dead in the road, or starving altogether; sick and wounded soldiers deprived of a Government wagon, in order to carry negroes in it; small pox showing its ghastly face; staff servants and slaves brought along on speculation, fattening on wheaten biscuit, while sick soldiers were hungering after bread; General Price, smilingly sitting in front of his headquarters in a house, and sipping his toddy, while his medical department had no spirits wherewith to revive the failing strength of the sick and wounded, lying in the open air in the damp Arkansas river bottom; these, and many other equally strange events may attract the attention of some future historian. He would not do full justice to his subject unless he ascertains and reports whether in that dreary march of weeks over mountains and desert prairies, in snows and storms of bleak November, General Price ever left his cushioned ambulance or well-sheltered quarters to inspect, visit, or mingle among his faithful troops, suffering from war, pestilence, and famine, to cheer their sinking spirits by word, look, or gesture, or above all, ever observed in any way the noble maxim of Napoleon's general, Marshal Marmont, that "the chief of an army must provide for the well being of the SOLDIER, and know, on important occasions, how to partake of his sufferings and privations."

Nor should that historian fail to note the warm, liberal, and hospitable reception of our war-worn army by the noble people of Northern Texas, at the very moments when they had to guard their stables nightly against the sneaking thieves who infested it or ran away in advance of it, to sell (for specie only), the goods and chattels they had

stolen from Southern homes; and even when they were forced to listen to the ungrateful tirades of some army demagogue, who had made that long campaign without a graze on person, horse, or clothes.

It would be affectation to conceal the consciousness, that the statements here made, will appear almost incredible. State pride, old political and personal association, and confidence in the assertions of General Price and his friends, concerning his military habits and abilities, especially in connection with a Missouri campaign, had led me to disregard the almost universal judgment of military men upon him, and to exert with persistent zeal, as the President, Secretary of War, and Commander of this department well know, whatever of official or personal influence I had, to obtain his transfer to Arkansas, and his assignment to the command of the late expedition to Missouri. I had never previously been with him on a campaign; and no one who reads of the facts here stated, can be filled with more unmixed amazement than I was, on witnessing most of them and having evidence of the others. Stupendous as has been the boldness of the attempts to mislead the press and forestall public opinion concerning that campaign, the main facts are gradually leaking out in such hideousness, that any attempt of official reports to veil it, of a court of inquiry to whitewash it, or of a court martial to bury it, will only recoil. But having aimed at the most impartial accuracy, and desiring to do injustice to no one, I am perfectly willing to take General Price, if he desires it, before his own troops, and, freely discussing his campaign, call out from among his own officers and soldiers, witnesses of what has here been stated, and much more besides.

Though the expedition has failed to accomplish the grander objects aimed at, yet the good results inevitable under even the worst management, have been obtained. It produced some diversion in favor of Forest, and enabled thousands of our citizens to join our ranks; some came out with the army and others are gradually finding their own way to our lines. Thus the army of the department is really stronger than ever. The old troops will, with proper discipline, soon again be the magnificent brigades which in September last crossed the Missouri line. They will be even improved by disasters which have shown them, not only as Holy Writ teaches, that "the robbery of the wicked shall destroy them," but that it also endangers an army that tolerates it. The blow (it is to be hoped, a mortal one), which the disasters of the expedition have given to that system of LOOSE DISCIPLINE, which has occasioned all our defeats, will greatly improve the efficiency of the whole Trans-Mississippi army; and the total collapse of General Price's military reputation may mitigate the nuisance of politician generalship.

The moral power of our State in the Confederacy is vastly increased by the fact that thousands from our sister States, for the first time visiting our populous central counties have heard the pulsations of the great heart of Missouri, and cheerfully testify, that it is sound and true to our cause, even after three years of oppression by the enemy, and imagined desertion by their Southern brethren.

Events have made my official station one of oppressive responsibilities. Elected in time of peace, in a poll of one hundred and fifty-four thousand of Missouri's voters, I am, of all the officers now recognised by either party to this war, the only one whose authority is both derived under her ancient constitution and based on a direct vote of her whole undivided people, while no other political authority now in existence can exhibit either of those special marks of republican legitimacy; and the recent expedition has fully disclosed the fact, before partially known, that thousands even of the Unionists of Missouri, and some in high position, still recognise her ancient government as the only legal one. As the head of that government, though exiled from her soil, and while always advocating just and stern retaliation for wrongs done to its supporters, I can not look calmly on, while the fair State, whose constitution makes me protector of the legal rights of even the vilest criminal within her limits, is made the scene of such excesses as attended that expedition. Usage forbids my here stating what official action I shall take in reference to it, on the facts here stated and others, some of which, the public interests may require to be kept secret. But though powerless to prevent lawless violence heretofore by the enemy or by others, I trust that action will not be unbecoming the constitutional chief magistrate of a civilised, but deceived, insulted, plundered, and outraged constituency.

No wise government will visit on masses of men or subordinate officers punishment, or even marks of displeasure for misconduct, which the former were led into by the

absence of control, and the latter endeavored to prevent. But the statesman and the soldier will alike predict, that if the inhabitants still in Missouri are to believe that the generalship and discipline exhibited in the late campaign are the best our Confederacy can furnish, her fate is sealed, and the next Confederate army entering our borders, will be met, even by our own friends, as a band not of brothers but of robbers. The language, if stern, is true. But should the Confederate Government, by some signal public act, evince a deep disgust at the management of that expedition, they will yet rise again to greet our coming; Missouri's stalwart sons will again rush to uphold the Confederate banner; the gentle, but resistless attraction of a just and firm government, discriminating in its punishments, and the subtle political wisdom of a Christian forgiveness, will harmonize the better elements of her population; and at no distant day, regenerated and disenthralled, the noble State will lift her mighty arm, and casting her huge sword into the balance of contending armies, end at once this desolating war.

THOS. C. REYNOLDS,
Governor of Missouri.

The publication of Governor Reynolds' letter brought out the following cards:

A CARD.

In the *Texas Republican*, of the 23d of December, 1864, there appears a communication over the signature of one Thos. C. Reynolds, who pretends to be, and styles himself in it, the Governor of the State of Missouri.

The communication purports to defend two gallant and distinguished officers against charges alleged to have been made against them, but which I had never heard made by either officer or soldier. In reality, it was intended to be a violent and malignant attack upon myself, as the officer in command of the late expedition to Missouri.

So far as the communication pays tribute to the gallantry displayed by the officers and soldiers engaged in that expedition, I heartily concur in it. So far as it relates to myself, however, I pronounce it to be a tissue of falsehoods.

STERLING PRICE.

GOVERNOR REYNOLDS ON GENERAL PRICE'S CARD.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, January 12, 1865.

In the card published by General S. Price in the *Shreveport News* of the 10th inst., after his departure from that city for Central Texas, he silently declines my offer in my letter of 17th of December last to "take him before his own troops and call out from among his own officers and soldiers witnesses of what has there been stated, and much more besides." After such a shrinking, his coarse general denial will have less weight with thinking men, than a specific answer to even any single allegation in that detailed statement of his campaign, and is in fact merely a specimen of the bluster by which he has been accustomed to keep down discussion of his public acts. That farce is about played out.

As to the existence of the slanders on Generals Marmaduke and Cabbell, I refer to their staff officers.

He concurs in my tribute to the gallantry of his officers and soldiers. It was made at his expense; I am glad he bears it cheerfully.

General Price describes me as one who "pretends to be Governor of the State of Missouri." The Federals take the same view of my position; but he has the distinction of being the first man in our lines to publish his concurrence with them in it.

As the Missouri executive recognized by the Confederate Government I have deemed it both my right and my duty officially to publish, in reference to the late campaign in that State, a statement of facts which are admitted to have shocked the public conscience. I reaffirm it. To the Confederate authorities it belongs to determine whether a truculent denial by the accused is, in their system, an acquittal, or whether they will take any action on it.

THOS. C. REYNOLDS,
Governor of Missouri.

When Governor Reynolds' letter was published, the news of Sherman's success in Georgia had not crossed the Mississippi river. On the contrary the general belief was that his army had been ruined, dispersed or captured on the "march to the sea," and the army was speculating on the prospect of another advance into Missouri. The subsequent intelligence of the fall of Savannah chilled all hopes, and greatly diminished the public interest in a controversy the result of which would decide whether General Price should retain his former influence in affairs. No answer to Governor Reynolds' letter was attempted until, some weeks after it appeared, a Methodist clergyman, Dr. Kavanaugh, published a letter claiming, with the tone of an eye-witness, to give an account of the campaign as a brilliant success, and containing much abuse of Governor Reynolds personally—even to the general disgust and indignation, charging him with being a mere cowardly "dead-head" who stuck with the train, "and therefore knew nothing of the campaign." General Shelby, considering it his duty to vindicate the conduct of his voluntary aid, published a letter on the subject in which the personal conduct of Governor Reynolds in battle and his untiring energy for good were placed above dispute.

The first letter from Governor Reynolds created the most profound sensation, and gave rise to much comment and discussion in the army. As far as Shelby's division was concerned but one opinion prevailed, and to it there were but few exceptions. It was, that the statements contained in the article referring to the military movements of the army, were true in every respect.

Correct military criticism is the most difficult species of composition upon earth. Relying as it does upon complete information and accurate statistical acquaintance, the necessities are great for charity and lenient observations concerning faulty dispositions and imprudent exposures to unnecessary disaster. As in nature, art, the faces and forms of things, certain general features are marked and perceptible, so also certain beaten roads can be safely traveled, and certain traditions of maneuvers, justified by success, can be reasonably insisted upon. There are two plans supposed to exist

for all campaigns—the good and the bad. The good sometimes fails from circumstances beyond the control of man; the bad occasionally succeeds from the caprice or malice of fortune. A peculiar warfare, having nothing in common with the teachings and illustrations of history, requires a third plan, or, rather, no plan at all, but an ability of genius capable of mastering rapidly emergencies as they arise, and forming from the chaotic mass of incessant events, resolutions worthy of triumph and strong with the logic of feasibility. No consummate strategist, however brilliant his inspirations, can hush the elements and contract the swelling veins of a full-fed river, but he can bridge the stream and make art superior to nature. No devoted general, however reckless his courage, can avert the sweep of a pestilence, but science reveals to him many truths for its mitigation and final destruction. Peculiar fitness for peculiar work is an element which pervades all arts, and pre-eminent, certainly, above all of these is the art of war. The engineer with his mathematical head plans redoubts, and reduces to exquisite science the mysteries of circumvallation; the cold, wary, independent frontiersman, familiarized with surprises and alarms from boyhood, leads well and truly the exhausting advance; the tenacious, intelligent, reticent soldier, educated to arms, glories in the evolutions of his massive infantry divisions; the rapid, daring, dashing, nervous cavalry officer draws inspiration from the tread of his impatient squadrons, and hurls them to the front or flank intoxicated with the glamour and delirium of the charge.

The pigeon is swifter than the wren; the fox-hound has more of wind than the mastiff. Cavalry requires in its leader intelligence, skill, indifference, hardihood, and almost ubiquity. Between the operations of trained horsemen with large armies and the fashionably termed *Raid*, there are great differences. The leader in the first can be plodding if he will, slow, exact in maneuvers, and precise in regulations, and not sacrifice even a single platoon. To carry out the latter with eclat or even life, he must be iron of frame, lithe of limb, and eager as a blood-hound; he must have a brain of fire, muscles of steel, and that glorified courage which shouted with Michel

at Waterloo: "*La garde meurt, et ne se rend pas!*" The Raider is a new piece upon the military chessboard, and to play the game the piece must be abolished, or provisions must be made for its incorporation among the bishops and kings. A successful raider should be a magnificent *athlete*, a gladiator like Spartacus, if you will, but a gladiator who could have matched Cicero in the forum and Cæsar in the defiles of Pharsalia.

In the "Captivity of Napoleon," by General Count Montholon, there occurs this philosophical assertion: "The presence of the general is indispensable; he is the head, the guiding star of the army; it was not the Roman army which subdued Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthagenian army at the gates of Rome which made the Republic tremble, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army which overturned the Empire of Persia, but Alexander; it was not the French army which carried the war to the banks of the Weser and the Im, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian army which defended Prussia for seven years, but Frederick the Great," and carrying forward the parallel, it was not the Missourians who saved Price at Mine Creek and Newtonia, but Shelby.

It requires a peculiar fitness and schooling to do great things with cavalry too. As well give a carpenter an adze and a jack plane to make a watch, as to place a general in command of five thousand horsemen, who never stationed two dozen pickets in his life, nor had his rear attacked by some swift, superb body of light dragoons. As well make a pillar of a wet sheet, and attempt to support an edifice tottering "from turret to foundation stone," as to send an officer one thousand miles into the enemy's country, unless he could ride forty miles a day, fast, starve, sleep in the saddle, read by moonlight, fight every hour in the twenty-four, dazzle by speed, and electrify by the triumphs of physical endurance as well as by his genius.

A brilliant military reviewer, most probably Jomini, who was nearer correct than most war critics, from the fact of his stealing the Great Napoleon's ideas and dressing them up in fanciful attire, attributed the failure of the Russian expedition in 1812, to the faulty manner in which Murat handled his cavalry. The orders for

the march, specifying the exact time, were communicated to the divisions simultaneously, and, as a natural consequence, all the ten thousand horsemen were ready and mounted at the appointed time. Of course those divisions whose position was in the extreme rear, were required to wait patiently until the front divisions marched, and thus for several hours the men and horses remained standing, fatigued and impatient. A judicious calculation of the necessary time required for one division to get well under way, and a graduation of the periods to cover the marches of the others in proportion, would have caused almost a spontaneous movement of the entire column, and avoided the great source of wearisome watching and waiting which reduced the horses to such an extent in strength, that the first snow storm after leaving Moscow killed thirty thousand in a night.

The movements of the cavalry under General Price were similar in this respect to those which were so unfortunate to the Emperor Napoleon, and his orders coming to the three divisions to march at the one moment, as they always did, the same weary waiting naturally ensued. This fact, however, can scarcely be considered important in a review of the expedition, for as fast as the horses became unserviceable they were replaced *ad libitum* by fresh ones.

The delay at Pocahontas in the very inception of the march was probably justifiable, for much work had to be done, and the materials concentrated there were quite crude and incomplete. But once on the way, what excuse can justify the marches of ten and twelve miles per day, the early camps, the late morning slumbers, and the gigantic train of useless, wheezy, rickety wagons? Missouri was almost destitute of troops. A. J. Smith's corps, badly demoralized previous to Ditch Bayou, had been bloodily repulsed there by a handful of Missourians under Colonel Colton Greene, and were returning to heal its wounds, regain its discipline, and spend some weeks upon an allotted furlough. With this exception no regular troops were in the State. The militia, composed for the most part of Union men, unwilling to fight under any circumstances, from sheer lack of courage, and of "Southern sympathi-

zers," amiable and condescending as long as they could escape both armies, were justly considered as containing no elements whatever of danger, and were despised as being hybrids with the beard of men and the weakness of children—the regimentals of the soldier beneath the petticoats of the woman.

By the exertion of great speed and endurance this condition of things was susceptible of infinite aggravation. St. Louis and Jefferson City in possession of ten thousand Confederates; recruiting officers in every county; appeals all over the State from General Price, who was the most popular chieftain with the troops, asking for one more effort for Lee and Johnson; the great terror struck to the Federal authorities by the rapidity of the movement and the magnified numbers of the invaders; all the railroads in his possession or destroyed; a small, compact column of two thousand cavalry across the Mississippi river to break up the roads in Illinois and get back or be sacrificed as the emergency demanded, would have produced incalculable results. Recruits from every quarter, carried away by an uncontrollable enthusiasm which stirred into flame all their latent heat of secession, would have flocked by thousands to the Southern standard, and formed regiments and brigades with an alacrity commensurate with the revolution. The Knights of the Golden Circle were in agitation and swarming like bees in a hive. Although destitute of stings like drones, their actions could scarcely fail to inspire the masses and retain for a longer period the fever heat within the bosoms of the excitable.

The snail's pace from Pocahontas to Jefferson City placed any one of these results beyond the reach of the liberating army; and from the unnecessary and unaccountable delays along the road, Rosecrans drew hope and energy. The furloughed soldiers were recalled; levies *en masse* of militia were made; the fortifications were armed and manned; and to the threatened points every available infantry battalion and every lank squadron of home-guard cavalry were hurried by forced and indiscriminate marches. St. Louis bristled with bayonets; Jefferson City was puffed out, as an incipient volcano, with fortifications; and from below and from the

north the untiring muscles of steam and iron were taxed into perspiration and strained into agony by the weight of hurrying reinforcements. The days fraught with grand results passed like a dream about the cool streams and great apple orchards of Southeast Missouri, and the best blow struck for the South was a long look toward St. Louis and a cold bow to the grim redoubts at Jefferson City.

The resolution which required the attack upon Pilot Knob was unfortunate; and the attack itself was followed up so nervelessly that it became at once a grave disaster. Concluded upon after hasty reflection, it was as hastily assaulted and as hastily abandoned. That principle which demanded the destruction of all fortified places in the rear of an advancing army should have had no weight in this instance, for the troops, from the very nature of their mission, had neither established rears nor flanks from the very moment hostilities commenced. Pilot Knob might be behind the column one day, in front the next, on the right or left the day after. Its garrison, even when operating in the field, was diminutive and of but indifferent force; but behind the tough, wicked little redoubt there, was stubborn and hard to dislodge. The operations of Shelby upon the Iron Mountain Railroad had completely isolated it from St. Louis on one road, and the Southwest Branch was nearer to the Confederates than to the Federals. The surest way to dispose of it was to let it alone, and the best way to render the snake powerless was to draw its fangs by destroying the two railroads.

The unnecessary delay at Booneville gave time for the Federals to concentrate in large force, and the expedition to Glasgow proved that this concentration was ignored or unknown at headquarters. After the State once became thoroughly aroused and detachments of the enemy were moving from all sides to a common center, it was manifestly General Price's plan to keep his troops firmly together, operate with extraordinary celerity, and strike *all the blows of the campaign* against the isolated and confused battalions seeking to make connections with the main army. Thus at Booneville, Pleasanton might have been overthrown, and at Sedalia, Rose-

crans himself was in danger of serious disaster. It needed a safe warfare to restore the *morale* of the army so rudely shaken at Pilot Knob, and the fruitless and spasmodic dashes of the separated Confederate divisions only wasted precious time, exhausted the men, and brought to the ranks no healthy knowledge of good things accomplished.

General Price was in no manner responsible for the lawlessness of the soldiers. Among the younger troops of the expedition, unrestrained by the bands of an iron discipline, the species of warfare in which they were engaged had irresistible attractions. Fresh from a country destitute of every luxury and almost of the necessities of life, it would have been strange if the appetites were left unappeased and the temptations to gather finery resisted to success. Incessant marching and fighting might have worked wonders, but days of idleness and comparisons overcame many good intentions and latent feelings of honesty. No man more condemned the wholesale plundering than General Price, and his failure to apply the remedy arose from the fact that he knew of no remedy to apply.

Even after the sky grew black with portentous clouds and the mutterings of the storm were heard all around him, there was time to scatter them and get one good glimpse of the sun again. At Waverly, Shelby or Marmaduke should have been hurled back upon Jefferson City or past it to St. Louis, which would have attracted Rosecrans away from Sedalia, and scattered to a certain extent the Federal forces. The rest of the army then should have maneuvered around the infantry column at Warrensburg, and bewildered the enemy by the rapidity and audacity of its movements. Every wagon, except those containing ammunition, should have been abandoned, and those retained distributed in proportion to the strength of the three divisions. The time for fighting had arrived. Then or never was the true object of the expedition to be accomplished—then or never was the diversion in favor of the army of the Tennessee to be made. If Missouri were a race-course for the Confederates to walk and gallop over, why cumber the steeds with

ammunition, sabers, and all the paraphernalia of war? If the raid were to be a mere clattering of shields and fanfaronade of horsemanship, why grapple Pilot Knob, invest Jefferson City, storm Booneville, surprise Glasgow and charge Sedalia?

Now comes the main question after all: Had the cavalry a leader sufficiently experienced to master the exigencies of the situation? Those having the most at stake must answer for themselves. General Price was comparatively an old man; much of the fire and vigor of youth were gone; he lacked the physical ability to head five thousand men, march forty miles, fight six hours as Shelby did at Ashley Station, and march fighting back forty miles more. This was a great thing to be able to do. Times had changed too since he had entered Missouri at Pocahontas. Every town was a garrison now and every county had its militia—not much, truly, but still capable of fighting old men and women, with now and then a dash upon obstreperous boys or debonair and patriotic school girls. He was bold when he needed unbounded fear, cautious, when he required the temerity of Palafox. Hard as he tried, he could not handle cavalry. They would get away from him in spite of his efforts, or tangle themselves up, or stampede, or fall back without fighting, or become demoralized by plunder. He had no fixed plan, either, or rather no fixed purpose, to stay in Missouri until he had sacrificed his command or saved the army of Johnson. By lightning marches from Pocahontas it was possible to prevent the concentration of Rosecrans' troops, which were mostly militia. In default of these being made, he should have separated his divisions after the Federal army was concentrated and waged a common war all over the State. His speed was on the wrong end of the line, and commenced when there were no fresh horses to be gained and no enemy at its terminus.

General Smith had no correct idea himself of what was necessary in Missouri. He had slept too long in Shreveport among the perfumes of its wonderful flowers, and beneath the soft languor of its delicious skies. His ideas of geography were not the best in the world, either. He had heard that such a place as Missouri was

upon the map, and had probably seen it there, but what it needed, what kind of general would be best able to fight for it, and the best way in which the battles should be fought, never entered his mind. He knew something was required of him with his ninety thousand men, and so he held his breath hard while he huddled together the ten thousand horsemen, and breathed free again when he had commanded them to go into the State—cavort, slash, race, chase, fight, run, or surrender—only go and let my conscience feel good again and my pet spotted pointers circle the fortifications about Shreveport for the tawny partridges.

There was one man who had been to Missouri, fought over it, bled over it, triumphed over it. He knew where the bad spots were; he knew secret ways to get over the "Ouse and Tyne," although the fords were deep; he knew how to scatter his men and bring them together like the jaws of a steel-trap; he knew how to coil himself around the columns of an enemy and sting them to death on flank and rear. It was Shelby, who had been fighting Steele so hard that war was his element, who was supple, lithe, and eager. But Shelby was too young! Too young for what? What principle of war is it which renders the man who saves an army unfit to lead it? Why can not a man who battles for days and days; spills blood like water; gives up his idols; leads forlorn hopes; maintains his discipline; saves his artillery; brings every thing out intrusted to him—turns and fights and fights and turns; never weary, never desponding; always like a tiger in battle, always like an eagle in speed; never surprised; never whipped—why, I say can't such a man lead an army even if he were younger than Desaix, who gained Marengo at twenty-six? Red tape did it all. Not West Point, for the West Pointers were the iron-clads in our wooden navy; but simply a puling, sickening, boyish whim about rank and age when a nation's life was at hazard.

Smith never knew the difference between war and revolution. He was reading "Baxter's Saints' Rest" when inspirations were to be drawn from the lewd, red lips of the beautiful Theroigne as she knelt to kiss the garments of royalty, and from the deep emotion

of the butcher Santeere as he gazed upon the regal grief of Marie Antoinette. He reduced everything to science as the evolutions of a battalion, and made no allowance for passion, enthusiasm, novelty, ambition, pride, and the habits of the masses. His intellectual joints had been so long in the position of a soldier that they had grown stiff; and the breezes of popular applause and popular wishes ruffled the placid surface of his face no more than the swinging of Cleopatra's fan might have furnished the treacherous breeze which bore her away from Actium.

The line of retreat adopted was forced upon General Price after the fight at Westport, and only then. The avoidance of this battle and a march of fifty miles from Independence without halting would have placed it in his power to fall back leisurely through an extremely fertile country west of Fort Scott, cross the Arkansas river west of Fort Gibson, thereby sacrificing but few horses and fewer men. Westport was the turning point in the expedition. While up to this time nothing of consequence had been accomplished, after it were the horrors of defeat, hunger, and the pestilence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL JOHN B. MAGRUDER, throned in imposing military dignity at Fulton, was approached by Shelby with considerable awe for it was necessary to break a lance with him in the tournament of diplomacy, and old soldiers are not proverbial for either sophistry or political etiquette. Nevertheless, the first meeting was harmonious. Shelby exerted all the tact and daring of his nature, and before he rode from Magruder's quarters at midnight, he had received permission to retain his cavalry division intact.

Magruder had been a hero himself recently in the fighting line, and it was presumed that he would lean, as far as his orders warranted, to the fighting division of his bailiwick. In the month of January, 1863, he surprised the Federal fleet at Galveston, Texas, attacked it with five cotton-clad boats manned by riflemen, and, after a brief contest, captured the *Harriet Lane* by boarding, killing Captain Wainwright, Lieutenant Lee, and many of her crew. Two barges loaded with coal fell into Magruder's hands. The *Westfield*, flag-ship of the blockading squadron, was blown up, and with her Commander Renshaw, Lieutenant Zimmerman, and all the crew. Colonel Burrill, stationed in the city with five hundred and eighty-four men of the 42d Massachusetts, was captured with his entire command. The affair was a brilliant one. The five steamboats were carefully cotton-clad; General Tom Green commanded the infantry on board detailed as sharpshooters—having bravely volunteered for the purpose—and General W. P. Hardeman commanded the force attacking by land. The vessel striking the *Harriet Lane* penetrated so far into her that a withdrawal was exceedingly difficult, and the position perilous in the extreme, for of the four remaining Confederate vessels two were aground and two were valueless. Not engaged, heavily plated, and well out to sea were the

Federal iron-clads *Clifton* and *Owasco*. As soon as the *Harriet Lane* was struck, and after a dozen shells had been fired into these two gun-boats, they hoisted white flags and whistled defeat, at the same time striking the stars and stripes; but finding the Confederate vessel engaging the *Harriet Lane* disabled by a too close embrace and the others unserviceable, they immediately sailed out to sea, the truce flags still flying, and in utter violation of their previous surrender.

Later in the same year, 1863, General Banks organized quite a formidable expedition against Texas, and sent it under command of Major General Franklin to capture Sabine Pass. Franklin had twelve thousand men and two gunboats. The gunboats were sunk from the mud fort at the Pass, about four hundred men were captured, including the naval officers; and General Franklin returned with his transports to report having swept the fortifications with his heavy guns, and slaughtered many, but then he found the Pass too heavily fortified and garrisoned to be successfully attacked. So far General Franklin's report to General Banks. Now for the facts, as capable of proof irrefragible. Sabine Pass, at that time, had a mud fort manned with four guns. Lieutenant Dick Dowling, now of Houston, Texas, and known there as the prince of good fellows, and by courtesy, "General Dowling"—with forty-one men—himself making the forty-second—composed the garrison. Lieutenant Dowling and his men were Irishmen, every one of them, and every drop of their blood. There were no reinforcements for him nearer than Houston, a hundred miles overland. Dick Dowling and his gallant men, on consultation, agreed to fight it out, though the water was swarming with Federal forces. The two gunboats took position and opened fire on the fort. One of them, however, got aground, and Dowling had all his four guns trained to bear on it. The other gunboat in attempting to get its companion off, was instantly put *hors du combat*. General Franklin got up steam and was off with his transports to make his famous report of the formidable defenses of Sabine Pass. The Legislature of Texas voted thanks and medals for signal gallantry to each of the forty-two Irishmen that had thus repulsed over ten thousand Federals.

Magruder was a wonderful man—such as are rarely to be met with in these “lonesome, latter days” of shoddy and petroleum. He was a Roman in size, as one might imagine Horatius to be when his shout rang through the Janiculum: “Now who will stand on my right hand and keep the bridge with me.” Tall as Wallenstein, straight as Tecumseh, strong as Porthos, noble as Athos, debonair as D’Artagnan, he could fight, dance, speak, write, plead as a lawyer and command as a despot. The honesty of the man was as powerful as the grasp of his hand, and the generosity of his nature as unbounded as the scope of his imagination. To the granite of his frame was added the adamant of a mind deep, quick, penetrating, strong to grapple and swift to master. His patriotism was a passion and the South a mistress, whose beauty had intoxicated him and whose misfortunes had aroused all the chivalry of his soul. A soldier from boyhood, he had grown gray from long years of exposure to battle, blast, and storm. With the incorruptible manhood of his nature there existed an exquisite enjoyment for the pleasures of society and the grace and glitter of fascinating war. He loved magnificent uniforms and magnificent talkers; and when the time came he loved to see the uniforms soiled with blood and torn by bullets. Shelby knew his passion for the elegant and costly, and he attempted the difficult feat of making a profound impression upon a man who had much of vanity, but more of hard, dry, caustic sense. However, this Shelby really did, and he won with the card so handsomely played.

Among the most soldierly and dashing of the young officers interested in keeping their men mounted, and particularly concerned, too, because the orders from department headquarters required all the new recruits to be dismounted, was Lieutenant Colonel Caleb Dorsey, of Slayback’s regiment. Dorsey had been very active as a recruiting officer, and was well skilled in the cavalry service. Among his many daring exploits, he had frequently lingered around St. Louis in his numerous scouts, and among the brightest trophies of his service in the enemy’s lines, was a magnificent pair of dragoon revolvers, ivory-handled and plated with gold. Some fair

lady had smuggled them into his camp during his adventures after recruits. Such elegant pistols were curiosities with the Confederates, as they seldom had opportunities to capture those dress-parade chaps among the Federals who could afford to wear such jewels, and there was no other means of getting them. Dorsey particularly prided himself in the possession of these pistols, and had refused to take five hundred dollars in greenbacks for them. He had also an embroidered Morocco belt to correspond with them in elegance, and his showy plume, and his regulation uniform, were the envy of those gallant fellows who loved to dress well and to fight well. Withal he was a brave, dashing, intelligent fellow and felt highly complimented when Shelby required that he should accompany him in a visit to General Magruder and have an interview concerning the dismounting question. As they rode along, Shelby said: "Dorsey, I am afraid I will lose you; I do not believe General Magruder will permit me to retain this new regiment, although there are fine cavalry materials in it. I sent for you to go with me to Magruder's because I wished to produce as good an impression upon his mind as possible. That is a splendid pair of pistols you wear." "Yes, sir," said Dorsey, lifting himself to his full height in his stirrups, "a lady brought these pistols out from St. Louis to me, while recruiting in Missouri." "Dorsey, I have been thinking of something to captivate Magruder, and these pistols are the very things. What will you take for them?" "I would not sell them for a mint," said Dorsey, quickly. "Very well," replied Shelby, "I was thinking of making a present of something to Magruder, and if you will let me have the pistols I will pay you their full value in greenbacks, and present them to the General as a joint gift from both of us. He will consider it a mark of respect, and will value them very highly coming in that way. What do you say to it?" "No, sir," said Dorsey, emphatically, "I would prefer to show my respect for him in some other manner." "Well," answered Shelby, "just as you say. I would hate to see your regiment dismounted, though." "So would I," replied Dorsey, and they rode on without further conversation. Reaching Magruder's head-

quarters, they received that stately, courteous, but exceedingly formal treatment for which Magruder was proverbial while on duty. Dorsey was introduced to the veteran Major General, and an earnest conversation, lasting about an hour, followed, when Shelby arose and Magruder stood up and asked: "Is there nothing more, General?" "No, sir," said Shelby, "I believe not—ah, yes, General, before I go there is one thing—Colonel Dorsey and myself wish to have the honor of presenting you with a mark of our esteem for your kind efforts in behalf of the cavalry since you assumed command of this district, and we beg as a favor that you will accept this pair of pistols"—(Here Magruder bowed so low that he did not see the frown of dismay and perplexity on poor Dorsey's face, and kept bowing as Shelby, with a bright, wicked twinkle in his eye, continued)—"this pair of pistols which Colonel Dorsey brought from Missouri. Dorsey is the Lieutenant Colonel of the new regiment in my old brigade," etc. Here followed a eulogy upon Dorsey, all of which he deserved, poor fellow, and at last Dorsey found himself mechanically unfastening his belt and delivering up the coveted beauties, as if he were surrendering some dear, sweet darling to the caresses of another. But the agony was over, and he recovered his good nature during the ride back to camp under the rallying laugh of Shelby, who would have died had he been compelled to keep as "good a thing" as that, and upon his arrival at his own camp, where he was surrounded by a few of the merriest of his "field and staff," he told them the joke. Dorsey joined manfully in the laugh at his own expense, and after the first flush of his bereavement passed away, enjoyed it as much as any one. It was a notorious fact that Shelby could take more liberties with his subordinates and his men, without ever for one moment losing his dignity or his command over them, than any officer in the Trans-Mississippi Department. A thing that was "all right" if "Old Joe" did it, would have raised a mutiny or caused a dozen duels if attempted by any one else. He seemed to have an authority over his men that was wonderful and unique—a control that was as magical as Prospero's enchanted hold on Ariel, and it was a circle that "none save he

dare walk in." Toward his superiors in rank he was cold and respectful—always polite—always reserved. It was among *his* men that his genial nature shone out through a glow of kindness and bluntness that concealed his hidden pride. His haughtiness was not for them, though toward an evil-doer he could be all adamant at times. Never lived there a Marmion to whom was more applicable than to Shelby, Scott's celebrated lines :

" For tho' with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he—
Yet trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the hardy soldier's heart."

The weary inspections, dress parades, and extra field days were over at last, and the division, reconstructed and rejuvenated, returned to Clarksville, Texas, for rest and winter quarters. Clarksville is a beautiful little Texas town, not far from Red river and in the very inmost heart of a rich, fertile, and delightful country. Here two long months were spent in happy peace and plenty, the soldiers enjoyed themselves and fattened on palatable beef and gigantic sweet potatoes, which, perhaps had constituted the staple food of the inhabitants of this part of the country since the time of David Crockett.

Six days in any one place were long enough for all the sociable officers in the command to know the entire number of girls within twenty miles of camp, and many were the merry-makings and country balls held during these long, rainy winter nights. Jake Connor, Peter Yourie, Bob Adams, Frank Gordon, Ras Woods, Eli Hodge, Toney, Dr. Peter Austin, Kit Moorman, Captain Oliver Redd, and maybe one hundred more of like ilk, not forgetting the irrepressible Ben Neale, held high carnival in and around Clarksville.

An incident occurred here about this time which illustrated fully the overpowering qualities of Shelby's men and the existence of those individual traits which, properly combined and developed, made the division invincible in love and war. Jack A., a young, athletic, intelligent, and gallant sergeant, of Collins' battery, became

enamored of a beautiful widow with broad acres and half a dozen children or so. Jack wooed and wooed but made no perceptible progress. Finally, he resolved to lose all or win all. He commenced: "Madam, I love you!" "True enough, Mr. A., and I love you." "Then why not marry?" "The war is going on—you might be killed." "So much the greater reason why you should make me happy now." "I have six children." "I will be a second father to them." "I am old." "I see only beauty in your face." "Well," hanging down her head at a loss for further reasons, "I—I—am—well." Jack saw his triumph in her swimming eyes, in the moist, hot flush upon her brow, and in the nervous twitchings of her fair white hands. He extended his arms and she fell into them to bury her head upon his breast and sob out: "I told mother I could n't refuse you—nobody can refuse Shelby's men anything anyhow, and its turned out just as I expected."

It turned out with the division also just as everybody belonging to it expected, and very hurriedly the comfortable cantonments were broken up, and war's "wrinkled front" loomed up beyond the Washita in horrible contortions to the eyes of those not used to it. From a speck as large as a coquette's fan it reached Washington broad and bare as a naked wave, and come on to Clarksville on the wings of the wind, swelling and growing like a cloud in pain.

General M. M. Parsons, at Camden, telegraphed to Magruder at Lewisville that the Federals were advancing in force, that his pickets had been driven in, and that he expected to be attacked at daylight the next morning. Magruder, at Lewisville, telegraphed to Fagan, at Washington, that a battle was imminent, and to concentrate immediately for defense. Fagan, at Washington, commanding a cavalry corps, telegraphed to Shelby at Clarksville, to abandon everything in the shape of log houses and comfortable corn piles, and come on by forced marches to the relief of Camden, despite of "Moray, Mar," or anybody else. Shelby was ready in six hours, and marched to obey his orders in the midst of a terrific rain storm and over roads almost without bottoms. Each stream between Clarksville and Fulton had burst its banks, the swamps were over-

flowed, and the woods were wildernesses of water. Over all and through all the division marched with closed ranks and unbroken columns. The first day eleven creeks were swum, the second day nine, and the third the waters had so far subsided that it was only necessary to swim seven; but for four long nights neither Shelby nor his men slept under dry blankets nor had on one dry garment. Fulton was at length reached, and a fearful storm of rain, hail, sleet, and even snow was warring and raging around it. The full-fed and ravenous river moaned and surged under the inky heavens and hurled its tawny and vicious crest almost above the banks; but the undaunted pioneers, under their wary Captain Gillespie, soon threw a strong rope from bank to bank and hurried over the division, suffering extremely from cold and hunger. Every hour on this terrible march Shelby received order after order to hurry forward, and at Fulton he was directed to leave his division and gallop on himself as rapidly as possible to the front. Gordon received his instructions to complete the crossing of the river as soon as possible and come on after him, while he, with his staff and escort, dashed like a meteor through the streets of Washington and on toward where the breezes brought such dreadful tidings of death and danger. Fifteen miles beyond Washington, General Shelby received orders to return to Fulton, recall from the lower road his division advancing under Gordon, and take post there until further instructions. Very well. Everything was done without a word—as all good soldiers should ever obey orders—but a little curiosity was naturally manifested to learn the cause of the great alarm, the frantic haste urged from headquarters, the unceasing cries of faster, faster! and that unfortunate information which cost Shelby one hundred good horses and at least two months' needful and vitally necessary rest for his animals.

As nearly every one in Arkansas knows, Camden is on the Washita river—beyond this river about two days' ordinary ride is the Saline river, and between the two rivers is a low, flat bottom, generally overflowed during high water and traversed by numerous and impassable streams. Perhaps two hundred Federal cavalry

crossed the Saline and made a dash at the few Confederate horsemen covering the front of Camden. How the report then started about an immense army was a mystery surely, but so it was that General Parsons telegraphed for help; and Magruder, in Lewisville, telegraphed for help; and Fagan telegraphed for help; and Shelby to help them all marched night and day for five days, killed one hundred horses, laid up one hundred soldiers with pneumonia and ague, and found at last that two hundred Federals on a little private stealing expedition, had alarmed more generals, broken more engagements, destroyed more flirtations, and engendered more good jokes than anything else for some time—although the fun that was “fun for the boys was death to the frogs.” Ten minutes of sensible thought would have prevented the whole thing, for not only was the Washita bankful, but the entire bottom beyond was two feet deep in water, which made the town itself as safe from hostile attack as a child asleep on its mother’s breast.

General Magruder commenced about this time the organization of a secret corps for operations within the enemy’s lines, and, as usual, Shelby was called upon for some of his best and truest men—those he had trained, hardened, and schooled in every species of desperate and reckless warfare. McCoy plead so earnestly for the mission that General Shelby—whose own ambitious heart was ever soft and yielding to the daring wishes of his men—gave it to him. McCoy took fourteen men—Jim Kirtley, Sam. Redd, James Cather, Dan Franklin, Jim McGraw, At Persinger, Nick Coil, Bob Allen, Sam Downing, Asa Tracey, John Manion, Sid Martin, Ed Ward, and a little boy scarcely fifteen years old—Lem Stevenson—but acute and intelligent to a most wonderful degree. His fresh, guileless face and soft, amiable manners made him invaluable as a spy, and McCoy used him constantly to great advantage. A record of the adventures of these daring Confederates would be marvelous, indeed, and almost beyond belief. McGraw spent most of his time at the Federal naval station, near the mouth of White river, and managed always to keep McCoy posted regarding the movements of all detachments sent out for his capture. Sid Mar-

of the butcher Santeere as he gazed upon the regal grief of Marie Antoinette. He reduced everything to science as the evolutions of a battalion, and made no allowance for passion, enthusiasm, novelty, ambition, pride, and the habits of the masses. His intellectual joints had been so long in the position of a soldier that they had grown stiff; and the breezes of popular applause and popular wishes ruffled the placid surface of his face no more than the swinging of Cleopatra's fan might have furnished the treacherous breeze which bore her away from Actium.

The line of retreat adopted was forced upon General Price after the fight at Westport, and only then. The avoidance of this battle and a march of fifty miles from Independence without halting would have placed it in his power to fall back leisurely through an extremely fertile country west of Fort Scott, cross the Arkansas river west of Fort Gibson, thereby sacrificing but few horses and fewer men. Westport was the turning point in the expedition. While up to this time nothing of consequence had been accomplished, after it were the horrors of defeat, hunger, and the pestilence.

tin, another boy, about eighteen years of age, but cool and wary as a grenadier of Napoleon's old guard, went twice into Memphis and once into St. Louis, and brought back to his captain, in addition to valuable information, twenty-three revolvers and a large sack filled with Ely's pistol caps—more precious than greenbacks. He was captured twice, but on both occasions eluded his guards and returned to camp riding the best horse in the squad having charge of him. Lem Stevenson visited St. Louis twice, was lionized, petted, spoiled, and concealed by the Southern ladies there and returned each time with a great budget of news for Magruder. Ed Ward, James Cather, At Persinger, Jim Kirtley and Sam Redd did the scouting from Napoleon to Pine Bluff; Coil, Sam Downing, and Asa Tracey, were the river detail—especially commissioned to burn transports and trading-boats. Two fine steamers and three little Yankee coasters—loaded with jews-harps, gew-gaws, and, maybe, a few wooden nutmegs—were given to the flames, the crews were given to the sword, and the supplies that were valuable distributed to the suffering and heroic Southern women in the neighborhood of the captures.

Such was the terror and annoyance inspired by the reckless and unceasing efforts of McCoy's partisans that General McGinnis, the Federal commander in that portion of the country, sent daily detachments in quest of them. Major Davis, of the 15th Illinois cavalry, leading a squadron one day in this kind of pursuit, was ambushed by Ward, Cather, Coil, Persinger, Redd, Downing and Tracey, at the mouth of a long lane and completely routed. It happened just at dark, and five men falling at the first close, deadly fire, the Illinoisans were seized with a panic, thinking they were outnumbered and enfiladed, and fled frantically back followed by the seven Confederates shooting everything they could overtake. Superbly mounted, they overtook many, too. Captain Norris, of the same regiment—the 15th Illinois—came out the next day and fared even worse. He had twenty-two men killed, five wounded, and lost ten horses and fourteen prisoners. This time McCoy had his whole force concentrated and on the alert.

Mrs. Douglass, an estimable and hospitable Southern matron, living in the heart of the "dark and bloody ground," had her house used as a hospital for both parties—and often wounded Confederates and Federals would be lying side by side in the same room, receiving alike from her hands nourishment and sympathy. Her young and beautiful daughters emulated the example of their mother, and tried to outdo her in acts of mercy and benevolence. They often deprived themselves of their scanty supplies of provisions for the soldiers, and were in every particular angels of good deeds.

Cotton speculators, Yankee agents, itinerant preachers, and psalm-singing schoolmasters fled from McCoy's scene of operations in ludicrous haste, spreading the most frightful reports of guerrillas, demons, giants, and what not. McCoy once suggested to a Federal Colonel, under flag of truce, that, as the vocabulary of epithets had been exhausted upon his men and himself, he would ask thereafter, as an especial favor, that they might be called *gorillas*.

Until the downfall of the Confederacy, McCoy's little hand kept watch and ward upon the river, keeping General Smith advised of every military movement upon the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE camp at Fulton was delightful, amusing, instructive, and retired. Shelby never relaxed for a moment the vigor of his drill nor the manly exercises of his troopers. The short cavalry Enfields were here distributed to the troops, and the two brigades were splendidly armed, with the exception of Slayback's regiment, which had lances, tipped with steel and decorated with gay flags made by fair hands. This was one of General Magruder's ideas, and Shelby, to retain Slayback mounted, readily espoused it, and distributed the pikes among the men, fully determined, however, to arm them as well as the others upon the occasion of another battle. It seemed very much like going back in the service of warfare two hundred years to see these fine, athletic Missouri marksmen handling the clumsy and unwieldy lances, more dangerous to horses and the rear ranks of a column than they could ever be to the enemy, even in the opinions of their most sanguine advocates.

The reckless dare-devils of the division began, by and by, to grow restless and yearn for the dangers of the war-path and the excitement of actual conflict—so much so that it required all of Shelby's iron firmness and resolution to restrain now and then some madcap frolic. Once, while he was away, half a dozen or more came to Fulton on passes and concluded to have a general egg-nogg. It was necessary to be very circumspect, for Lieutenant Miller Wilds was doing provost marshal duty in the town, and Captain Maurice Langhorne, commanding the escort, was cantoned just below headquarters, both vigilant officers and very Jeffries in the execution of their duty. However, Frank Gordon, D. A. Williams, Charley Jones, Henry Belles, Dick Berry, John Brinker, John Thrailkill, and several others, not forgetting the inimitable, sociable, agreeable, witty, and gallant Joe Moreland, had an elegant supper prepared at Madam

Mourner's, the keeper of a very fashionable and first-class restaurant, which supper was to be washed down with great bumpers of egg-nogg in lieu of champagne. Bob Lawrence was the moneyed man, and invested just one thousand Confederate dollars in five gallons of as fine new corn whisky as ever ran through a smuggled still escaping the fierce edict of Lieutenant General Holmes. The party concentrated at nine o'clock, and, after a neat little speech by Moreland, the attack on the viands commenced, which lasted two hours, and then the drinking began. C——, a protege of Moreland's was close beside him and as some spirits went down others arose in proportion.

The night sped, and the low, unearthly glimmer of a waning moon shuddered in through the open windows and upon the wrecked argosy of the supper-table. Either history or romance tells us that the great love of Cardinal Richelieu for Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII, was turned into greater hate by her promising him that if he would dance the *Saraband*, an Oriental dance, in appropriate costume with turban and bells before herself and maids in waiting, she would smile upon his guilty and consuming passion. He did so to their intense amusement, but the giddy Queen violated her obligation, and laughed at the ridiculous Cardinal. No one could ever tell what inspired Moreland with the mad freak, but sure it was that he insisted upon C——'s dancing the *Saraband* too, and commenced to wind the folds of a huge table-cloth around his head and to smear his flushed face with yellow ochre to give it the true Oriental tinge, the rest of the company dancing and singing around in great glee. C—— looked about him with imploring eyes, seeking sympathy, yet found none. Fortunately the door was open, and as a last resort he made a dash for it, the improvised turban trailing behind and the ochre gleaming yellow in the moonlight. "Halt!" shouted Moreland, but C—— rushed on, and bang went a pistol shot sharp and shrill upon the night air. "Halt!" again cried Moreland, but C—— merely swerved a little as the bullet whistled past, and three other shots followed in quick succession. Dark, dank, broad-rimmed, and treacherous, a huge tan vat lay

directly across the track of the flying racer, and barred it with an unknown depth. Short time for reflection. Before was hope, help, succor, safety—behind a deadly revolver echoing through the midnight and a pitiless voice shouting: "*Saraband, Saraband!*" One moment and no more. Straight and upright as a war-horse he leaped out into the darkness and disappeared for a moment beneath lime, ooze, half tanned hides, and the smell of a charnel house. There came a wild shout from the reckless crowd, a plunge and a snort of a lusty swimmer, a scramble in the gloom, and all was still again. The alarm had been given. Wilds and his guards swarmed out to see what the matter was; the rollicking rioters dispersed in every direction—for Shelby was known to be unusually severe on his officers of late for drinking, and only Moreland was nabbed on the scene of his exploit—caught red-handed in the very act.

Moreland was marched off in triumph to the guard-house, where all the ridicule of his position flashed upon him, and he sent for Colonel Buster, commanding the post, to ask him for release before Shelby arrived. Buster soon came, and for two hours Moreland amused and delighted him with his varied and brilliant conversation.

"Sit down, Colonel," he said, with the old habitual politeness of manner, and a humorous light in his fine black eyes, "and I will explain to you the science of electricity and the important part it performs in animal and vegetable life." From electricity he went on to describe what purported to be the maelstrom off the coast of Norway, "But, sir," he said, "no maelstrom exists there; Bayard Taylor traveled over the entire sea and didn't find a whirlpool big enough to engulf a man who refused to dance the *Saraband*." From whirlpools he went to wines, and told about Metternich and his Johannisburg; Madame Cliquot and her Champagne; the Mumm and the pale Anjou; from wine to women was an easy transition, and he described "Edith of the Swan's neck; the wife of Harold; how the Lady of Beauty, so faithfully and so tenderly, in loneliness and in ruin, loved her apathetic, senseless, discrowned King Charles VII;" the Medici with their pills and philters; the female Pope and the male nun of Italy; Guenever and her guilty loves; and then

compared the relative merits of Tennyson's "charge of the Light Brigade" with that by Judge A. B. Meek, of Alabama, winding up his eloquent discourse by asking: "If it is entirely consistent with your duty, Colonel, and I presume you have discretionary powers in the matter, it would be a personal favor if you will release me before 'Old Joe' gets back." Buster laughed heartily in spite of his official dignity, and asked why he had shot at C—. "Why, really, Colonel, he refused to execute that most remarkable dance, the *Saraband*," and drawing nearer and speaking in a low, confidential tone: "I only shot at him some four or five times." It is needless to say that Moreland was released, and the affair kept hid as long as possible; but Shelby hearing of it as he heard of everything going on wrong, administered a rebuke to the entire party few of them will ever forget.

A chronicle like this of a graceless frolic should never be tolerated in literature, only as it may serve to show the inner working of a division which carried its chivalry and *abandon* to the very summit of perfection. Shelby knew he commanded Southern volunteers, and to foster their pride and independence, he overlooked many acts that would have gained disgrace for the offenders in the "Old Army." The code was recognized, dueling tolerated, insults were to be avenged, and an insulted officer must either fight or resign. It is easy to understand then why the men gloried in their organization and held its honor as a priceless gem. By just such a system of administration was he enabled to school them for great things. It was pride which held them at Mine Creek, pride at Newtonia, and pride which carried them from every desperate position into which they were rushed on more than a dozen occasions.

Had the Confederacy been rich enough, Shelby would have had for his soldiers splendid arms, magnificent accouterments, silver spurs, scarfs, plumes, and all the pomp of war. It would have been a household division—an *elite* corps like Napoleon's cuirassiers of the Old Guard, and he would have so impressed this upon them that the charges and assaults would have been irresistible.

A volunteer who has no romance in his disposition, and who has no pleasure in the reckless frolic or the daring escapade, soon sickens and dies with lumbago or pleurisy. He must be always ready to dance, drink, fight, flirt, race, and be shot at. He must look upon war as an accomplishment, in which every gentleman should excel, and be prepared at all times to draw his sword for love and for duty. The French were attacking some castle upon an island in the Rhine during the wars of the Fronde, says the author of *Guy Livingstone*, and it was hot work. The black musquetaires of Louis XIII, clad in all the coquetry of lace and fringed scented gloves, stood saucily by, laughing loud and boisterously at each successive repulse of the lines-men. Finally the infantry shouted to the gentlemen to advance—they wanted to see the crack corps beaten also. Right up to the breach went the musquetaires and carried it, leaving two thirds of their number upon it, too. The general made the entire army defile past their guidon and salute it. This was the kind of spirit Shelby infused into his own ranks, and this is why the officers were ever ready for fun and frolic.

The division here was perfect in its organization, drill, equipments, and household arrangements of all kinds. The advance had been reorganized. Captain Tuck Thorp, well comparatively of his wounds, came back to his first love with an eagerness increased by separation and rendered exquisite by the soft languor of sickness. Under him as officers were Captain James Wood, Lieutenants James Meadows, Thomas Butler, Arch Whitsett, Dan. Ingram, and Nick Coyle. Captain Wood, although badly wounded that terrible day in front of Westport, still kept his place in the ranks, and was unsurpassed by any soldier in any army for supreme daring and unbounded recklessness. His frame was all iron and his nerves all steel. He had as soon charge a regiment as a single dragoon, and would ride over a precipice as quickly as he would ride down a skirmisher. Shelby knew well the qualities of the man, and he was given a company in the advance. Meadows was cool, brave, and politic; Butler, once a private in Thorp's company, and a splendid

soldier, too, was a dashing, handsome, debonair officer; Whitsett was brave and steadfast; Ingram was enterprising and untiring; and Coyle was rapid, swift to plan and to execute. Thus was the new advance organized for another year's work.

Here, too, was organized Shelby's escort. Company E, of Shanks' regiment, was selected for the purpose, commanded by Captain Maurice M. Langhorne, one of the best and bravest officers who ever doffed plumed hat to his lady-love, or wore a bunch of bonny blue ribbon as the colors of some rare and radiant one. This company was beautifully uniformed, armed with sabers and revolvers alone, and was to do duty as couriers, as rear-guard also, and often and often was required to do some desperate fighting beside, as at Independence, Westport, Mine Creek, and Newtonia. Langhorne was a perfect soldier. Tall, lithe, a knightly seat in the saddle, brave as Lannes, swift with the saber and deadly with the revolver, he had a heart as big as the cause he had espoused, and a fresh, young, smiling face that never was marred by one shadow of deceit, nor dark at the presence of friend or comrade. Passionately devoted to Shelby, made an officer for wounds and desperate fighting, he would have done his duty even as Torquil of the Oak. And had a battle ever required the sacrifice, no sound louder than his rallying cry would have echoed over the stricken field: "*Bas air son Eachin!*" Grouped around this stalwart young Missourian there are yet in imagination the fresh faces and fearless forms of Lieutenants Crump, Hickman, and Marley; the peerless soldiers John Kritzer, Martin Kritzer, Jim Crow Chiles, Wood Noland, Pitcher, Vines, the brothers Kinchelo, Dick and Ike Berry, John Ross, Ed. Barnett, William Yowell, Joe Chinn, Zan. Barnett, and fifty others, whose names would be given if they could possibly be recalled now.

To show, also, the bloody and deadly nature of Shelby's fighting, the names of those killed and wounded among his field officers are given. Not one went through the war unhurt, and some bear yet upon their bodies the scars of many wounds.

Killed: Colonels M. Smith, Upton Hays, Chas. Gilkey, and Lieut. Colonel Koontz. Majors George Kirtley, Bowman, and Pickler

Wounded: Colonels Jackman twice, Coffee, Thompson, Hooper twice, Shanks four times, Jeans, Elliott, Frank Gordon, Williams, Hunter twice, and Slayback. Lieutenant Colonels Cravens, Erwin, Vivion three times, Blackwell, George P. Gordon, McDaniel, Hodge, Dorsey twice, Nichols twice, and McFarland. Majors Lea twice, Walton twice, Merrick, Thraikill three times, and Newton.

The advance was first led by Captain Ben. Elliott, then by Captain Tucker Thorp, then by Captain D. A. Williams, then by Captain Arthur McCoy. Elliott was wounded and promoted; Thorp was wounded and nearly disabled; Williams recruited a fine regiment; while McCoy held on to it through the last expedition to Missouri losing nearly all of his men. It had for its Lieutenants from its organization to its surrender, Fulkerson, Sims, Monroe Williams, Arch. Whitsett, Ingram, Coyle, Thos. Butler, Ed. Ward, Jas. Meadows, Thorp, and two young Arkansas officers whose names are not remembered. Four were killed and the balance wounded, some of them three or four times.

A list containing the names of the killed and wounded among the company officers, the non-commissioned officers, and the privates of the division would also be given here, but unfortunately all the records were destroyed when the command separated at Corsicana, Texas. As an average of the losses suffered in the various regiments, I append the names of all the members of Collins' battery, with a statement also of the casualties in this superb organization:

R. A. Collins, Captain; J. D. Connor, Brevet sen. First Lieutenant, wounded; D. M. Harris, brevet jr. First Lieutenant, wounded; C. T. Smith, sen. Second Lieutenant; J. E. Inglehart, jr. Second Lieutenant, wounded; J. T. Webb, Surgeon; J. S. Williams, Orderly Sergeant; piece No. 1, Charles Simmons, First Sergeant, wounded; Silas Starks, First Corporal, wounded; piece No. 2, Chas. Tyler, Second Sergeant; Anthony Smith, Second Corporal; piece No. 3, Jack Anthony, Third Sergeant, wounded; Aleck Cooper, Third Corporal, wounded; piece No. 4, John Cloudsly, Fourth Sergeant, wounded; George Pill, Fourth Corporal, wounded; Color Bearer, John Cooper, Fifth Corporal; Bugler, Thomas Wilcox, Fifth Sergeant; A. Q. M. Sergeant, Peter Hamack; Artificer, Thomas Alcorn; Blacksmith, Peter Ham; Commissary Sergeant, Luke Hampton. PRIVATES—John Paul, killed; Robt. Alcorn; Wm. Grigsby; Geo. Graham, killed; Jno. Hutchinson, wounded; Thos. Graham, killed; Ben. Hainline, wounded; Peter Youree, wounded; John Mooney; Jas. Cloudsly; Jos. Beal; Alfred Jones; Wesley Beal; Chas. Davis; Thos. Minner, killed; Wm. Coop, wounded; James Lindsay, killed; Thos. Peltz, wounded; John Belt; James Pollack, killed; Eugene Steiger, killed; Thomas Smallwood, killed; William Bateman; John Nimmeyer, wounded; Joseph Cooper, wounded; Frank Ward, wounded; Thos. Pritchard; George Wilcox, wounded; Lum. Elliott, killed; John Jackson, killed; John Ricketts,

wounded; J. Henderson, wounded; Jas. Helms; Jas. O'Grady; Wm. Ray; Wm. Camden, wounded; Jeff. Elliott, wounded; John Fitzgerald, wounded; Wm. Starks; Jas. Monroe, wounded; Jonas Lewis; David Smith, wounded; Wm. Foster; John Clark, wounded; Wm. Thomas, killed; Geo. Alexander, killed; W. M. Smith, killed; Jas. Hamilton, wounded; Jas. Albinson, wounded; John Dennis, wounded; Ivan. Nolan, killed; Gus. Armstrong, wounded; Fred. Miller; Wm. White, killed; Thomas Brittenham, wounded; Alfred Bishop, wounded; Chas. Bishop, killed; Wm. Peters; Jos. Lartimer; Thos. Windsor, wounded; Evan McManus, killed; John Doyle, killed; Patrick Slade, killed; Ed. McKeever, killed, and Henderson Simpson, killed.

Thus it will be seen that from a battery composed of eighty-seven rank and file, twenty-one were killed and twenty-nine wounded—something over one half. The question, therefore, naturally arises, how could General Shelby sustain this continual and vital drain upon his ranks, and how could he keep his division always the largest in the Trans-Mississippi army? In the regiments the average mortality was as great as in his battery, while the number of soldiers dismounted was much greater in proportion. The answer is easy—by wonderful energy on the part of himself and his officers. When the three old first regiments were becoming sadly depleted, he started out Elliott who soon recruited a full regiment; then Hunter next; then Jackman; then Slayback; then Williams, until by constant exertion, by desperate forays into Missouri; by sudden and rapid raids he filled up these new organizations and filled up at the same time the old companies. Never a man nor a squad did the Confederacy furnish to Shelby, and the soldiers gained by him were taken from the enemy's lines and only after hard and stubborn blows. In the same manner were horses and arms obtained for his recruits. Elliott, Williams, and Slayback were only Captains when selected by Shelby for their perilous work, yet he had tried them often and often, and they were found to be thoroughly competent.

Not satisfied with what had been already done, General Shelby determined to add another regiment to his division. He selected this time a young officer not connected with his command, but one possessing in a great degree the qualities of nerve, energy, and intellect. Colonel John C. Moore, of Marmaduke's staff, anxious to re-enter the line, made up his mind to the bold attempt of penetrating the enemy's lines as far north as White river, Arkansas, to

recruit from the numberless elements there a full regiment. Shelby gave him as an escort about thirty of his most capable and most resolute soldiers. These were well mounted and abundantly supplied with ammunition. The peril of the expedition appealed to all the romance in Moore's character, and the caution and strategy required to be exercised kept his vigorous intellect sharpened and attentive. Facing many dangers, avoiding many, and defying many when no other alternative remained, he reached Batesville at last after swimming three or four rivers and fighting seven severe and desperate combats. General M. Jeff. Thompson reigned supreme in Northeast Arkansas, with "headquarters in the saddle" or in some vast and interminable swamp. Moore found him, reported, and was soon at the head of a large and enthusiastic regiment anxious to march to the army and to be incorporated into Shelby's division. The news of the destruction of General Lee's army had the same effect there as with the other troops, and General Thompson entered into negotiations at once for a surrender. Moore refused to enter into any plans looking to such an unfortunate occurrence and openly announced his intention of marching back to Shelby with all who would follow him. His old comrades, and some few recruits inspired by the enthusiasm and determination of the young soldier, placed themselves unhesitatingly under his guidance and started for Texas. After manifold dangers and desperate combats Moore led his little band safely through the Indian Nation; had a pow wow with Stand Watie; fought and whipped a detachment of Kansans after Smith surrendered; pressed on through Texas; crossed the Rio Grande at Matamoros; joined the French contra-guerrillas at Monterey under Captain Ney, nephew of the immortal Marshal; fought six months with Dupin the Quantrell of Mexico; and at last rejoined his old Commander Shelby upon his ranche at Cordova.

The administrative capacity of Shelby's staff officers was admirable, and contributed largely to that harmony and adhesion which made the division as contented as some powerful and happy family. The first Quartermaster, Major G. D. Page, afterward upon the staff of General Marmaduke, was an energetic, sterling officer—well

skilled in the science of his bureau, and quick to ferret out and to supply. His successor, Major R. J. Lawrence, was one of the best business men in the army; fertile in resources; unlimited in ingenuity; rapid, nervous, accurate in transactions—he could obtain more forage, horses, wagons, supplies, and clothing than almost any other man. Major John B. Dale, Chief Commissary, was another sturdy, conscientious, reliable officer. An eventful and busy life had made him acquainted with almost all kinds of business, and he was a miller, a farmer, an engineer, a drover, and a merchant. Upon his installation in office he made accurate calculations and surrounded himself by skillful assistants. Commissaries Catron, Duncan, Dugin and those of the other regiments were perfect in the management of the supply department. Sam. Collins attended well and thoroughly to the killing of cattle; Kerfoot and Peterman watched perpetually over the herd, and never a mill within twenty miles of a given camp but echoed to the tread of Dale's busy foragers. If rations were to be had anywhere in the country, Dale found them; if forage and clothing were to be obtained anywhere in the country, Lawrence invariably had them.

The First Assistant Adjutant-General, Major W. J. McArthur, was a disciplinarian of Bowen's severe school, an able officer, a thorough business man, and a most practical soldier. He taught the young volunteers much at Newtonia, and was always just and discriminative in the enforcement of his orders. Captain Anderson, the first ordnance officer, knew the caliber of every musket in his brigade, and to a dozen the number of cartridges in his ammunition wagons. He was a living arsenal-encyclopedia. His successor, Major Jo. Moreland—practical, brilliant, concise, and thoroughly educated—studied his profession diligently and passed an examination worthy of a West Pointer. He had a passion for artillery and an extravagant fondness for all the paraphernalia of his office—shell, round shot, sabers, muskets, and saber-bayonets. The Assistant Inspector, Major John Clendennin, had onerous and exhaustive duties to perform, but he was ever equal to the emergencies, and never at any time had one of his picket posts forced or sur-

prised. Thus, by bringing around him young, athletic, intelligent men, Shelby lessened to some extent his own arduous work by putting it into the hands of officers upon whom he could fearlessly rely.

Before leaving Fulton news came of the death of Colonel Shanks in the Federal hospital at Jefferson City. The entire division mourned him as one lost to it forever, and all who knew him had some kind word to say about his many manly virtues. Not until long afterward was the information contradicted and the truth brought out that he was still alive and getting over his terrible wound.

About this time General Fagan contemplated a movement against Little Rock, and issued orders to make immediate preparations. For some reason it was abandoned never to be agitated again.

The District Court Martial was in session at Washington, and every now and then sent down some wretched culprit for execution. The first two were sentenced for horse-stealing and were launched into eternity in a truly scientific manner. Having several ex-sheriffs in the command—and the first victims being denied the honor of dying by musketry—a rope was procured and the disagreeable job finished in short order. The third was a deserter whose sentence required him to be shot between the certain hours of a certain day. Two hours after the execution a courier galloped up to headquarters, his horse covered with foam, and handed to General Shelby an order forbidding the fusilade, as the man had been pardoned. Too late. The poor creature, pierced by a dozen bullets, had been buried two hours before. Some of the court martial gentry complained that the execution was not staid, forgetting that the first order was peremptory and explicit, and that the second order did not arrive until after his blood was dry on the earth. They were quietly informed that if prisoners were not to be shot an absence from Fulton was vitally necessary.

Major J. F. Stonestreet, quartermaster of the old brigade, received a large lot of clothing, and by a laudable chicanery of some kind got a second large lot destined for some other command, which furnished the entire division and placed it once more on a thorough war footing. And in the event of another revolution, and

supposing another division will require a capable quartermaster, I would fain put on record here the peculiar qualities and attainments of Major Jacob Stonestreet. Polite, educated, untiring, never sleeping apparently, he knew invariably where the Government had the most available supplies and where his command could receive the best clothing or the most palatable provisions. And by surrounding himself with such officers as Stonestreet, Dale, Lawrence, Lewis Neale, Columbus Catron, Dugin, Marg Jacobs, Ben. Hays, Geo. Moorman, Renfro, Smart, Duncan, McDonald, Dunn, Burton, and others, Shelby had always the best the country afforded.

The agreeable camp was soon to be broken up. No more fine, fat fish, no more trystings on the banks of the murmuring river, no more sociable games of poker where the winner came out loser after the supplies and whisky; no more gay parades of burnished lances, and no more protection against the cold spring rains under hospitable roofs.

General Magruder had been ordered back to Texas many weeks before, and now from where the southern gulf washed the shores of Galveston he sent for Shelby's division to help him drive back a threatening expedition of the Federals. General Smith ordered the march immediately, and in two days the columns were in motion, Frank Gordon commanding the old brigade and Jackman his own.

Colonel D. A. Williams, by untiring energy, and the exercise of rare courage and endurance, had recruited a splendid regiment during General Price's expedition into Missouri, and this was assigned to Jackman's brigade, which raised its strength at once to a most satisfactory standard. Shelby had a peculiar *penchant* for boys, and at one time he had a great idea of incorporating all of them belonging to the division in one company and placing boy officers over it. In this new regiment many of them found proud positions. Tom Cordell and Jim Ward, young, beardless fellows, brave, erratic, and high-spirited, had fine companies, and with them were associated John Isbell, David Bell, Wm. McKee, Lev. Bland, Levi and John Davidson, Moses Carpenter, Peter West, McMinchell, Luther Ison, and all the old veterans of Company D. Among the officers were

Captain Vaughn, Captain Heber Price, son of General Sterling Price, Schull, McIntyre, Sims, Fulkerson, Cordell, Ward, Burch, Cottingham, Lewis, Temple, Sitton, Williams, Jacobs, Moorman, McCutcheon, Cook, and the field officers Hodge and Merrick. Williams was a splendid officer, devoted, intelligent, skilled, experienced, and courageous. Only the sad termination of the Confederate war prevented this large and magnificent regiment from winning unnumbered laurels. It had, however, received its baptism of fire and blood, without which no soldier considers himself entitled to honor or preference.

The march was long, muddy, and dreadfully severe upon the horses. Going through Lewisville the staff picked up Captain Joe Thomas, of Lexington, Missouri, and if ever a man knew where "creature comforts" most abounded it was surely Joe—so Joe Thomas and Joe Moreland formed a conspiracy and the result of the conspiracy was to introduce a wooden barrel into the camp of Shelby. Both of these officers had a wonderful knowledge of sacred and profane history, and argued if a wooden horse contained armed men might not a wooden barrel contain corn whisky? So it was the wooden barrel came in and its contents came out in a remarkably short space of time into canteens, jugs and bottles. A good thing never hurt anybody and everybody said the best prescribing physician in Shelby's division was the genial Joe Thomas.

After swimming innumerable creeks, building possibly twenty-five bridges, fasting a day and a night in one gigantic swamp, the command gained firmer ground and the beautiful town of Jefferson, Texas, where a grand ovation awaited the heroes whose reputation had preceded them. At one time it looked very much like Bob Adams, June Terry, Si Crispin, and John Thraillkill would be left, but a special order from division headquarters covered the cases of all the gentlemen, and they hurried in to report looking as if every friend on earth had been swallowed up and they were left to live and love alone. The effect of a petticoat upon a soldier has something about it peculiar and astonishing. There were John Thraillkill and Ras Woods, men who thought nothing of leading a

forlorn hope or charging a battery, sending huge bouquets and writing poetry by the quire; and June Terry, who had been known to whistle "Oh! ain't you mighty glad to get out of the wilderness," while cutting off a man's leg, actually swam two bayous and broke his mare's leg in a rickety bridge to get a bunch of blue ribbon and a tangled perfumed lock of hair.

At Marshall orders awaited Shelby to march to Pittsburg at once, away up in Northern Texas, and take post until communicated with again—so the whole expedition collapsed into nothing. Magruder was premature about his announcement of danger, and the Federals did not come at last to harry Galveston and confiscate cotton by the hundred bales.

Two days' rest at Marshall were sufficient, but these two days had crowded into them much of pleasure and happiness—such as only veterans know how to snatch from the fleeting hands of to-day and bind about their hearts for the memories of to-morrow. Balls, parties, picnics, and church going kept the gallants busily occupied until the bugles rang "boots and saddles," and the compact column defiled northward through the town.

Pittsburg was reached at last—a dreary, forlorn, helpless little town hid away among the pines, where everybody went to church and the girls sang psalms on Mondays. Not all the influence of the division could change the monotonous channel of its life, nor scatter a single rose leaf upon the stream which was bearing them away from the world, its joys and its pleasures.

The condition of the Trans-Mississippi Department at this time gave great alarm to the army, and to all the patriotic citizens supporting the country and its defenders. The invariable habit of falling back southward as supplies were exhausted or the enemy advanced, had a visible and unhealthy effect. Men argued imbecility on the part of the commanders and made rapid preparations to take care of themselves. These preparations, as a general thing, were neither disinterested nor strong with unshaken loyalty and devotion.

A ruinous depreciation of Confederate currency had gradually

taken place until at last the money became not only worthless, but a by-word and reproach. To supply the vacuum created by having an issue little better than no issue at all, greenbacks were sought for with avidity, and to get greenbacks no efforts were left unmade, and no conscience or love of country left unsacrificed. The true and only cause of the downfall of the Confederate Government was the horrible and unprecedented condition of its finances, which went on steadily from bad to worse, with scarcely an effort being made to restore or give faith in the currency, and in the Trans-Mississippi Department it became more rapidly and more alarmingly depreciated than east of the river. In Texas, so great was the repugnance to it, that none would be taken at all where there were no troops to enforce its circulation, and even then it was received with every token of contempt and disgust. All these evidences of a want of confidence on the part of the people had a damaging effect upon the army. Many of the soldiers murmured openly, or discussed the prospects of victory and their officers, which was worse. An army ever should be a machine, perfect in all its parts—dumb, soulless, brainless, with power only to be moved, to throb and to pant, to crush and to grind at the bidding of one supreme engineer, who knows when to apply the steam and to set in motion all its thousand springs and axles of gigantic strength.

To prefer greenbacks to Confederate money, and to stigmatize and lower the worth of one that the other might be considered valuable and preferable, simply said in so many words: there is no faith in the Government and no hope that the war for independence will be successful. To get these greenbacks so much coveted, men deserted the regular army and formed guerrilla bands ostensibly, which were composed, however, of highwaymen, robbers, indifferent in greed as to the nationality or principles of their victims. Other men avoided the army that time might be gained to trade and traffic with the enemy. Produce of all kinds was hidden away from starving Confederates in lonesome places, and every petition and excuse imaginable were offered as reasons for discharges and details from the service.

Along the northwestern border and throughout the nation of the Choctaws, great numbers of undisciplined and worthless horsemen were riding and raiding, making races over the green, rich prairies in summer, scattering about over Texas and inhabiting houses when the deep snows came. Cooper was a brave, white-haired chieftain, but he commanded a phantom column, armed with immense *sombreros* and musical, tinkling spurs, whose bugles were the simulated Comanche yell, whose courage was to break refractory mules, and whose skill was to stalk the bonny, sleek deer. To this empire of unfettered service, to this happy hunting-ground of dusky maidens and buck-skin leggins, many veterans, tired of drill and marching, went rapidly. The ulcer grew and grew, and was offensive and destroying. General after general went to apply the knife, but terrified by the spread of the epidemic, came hastily away. Bankhead failed; Steele despaired; Maxey hoped against hope; Cooper's benevolent face was horrified; Stand Watie mixed English oaths with his Choctaw, but still the "yellow-haired borderers" wore their glittering beads, still the uncertain Indians came thronging to Cooper with, "Good morning, Mr. Cooper, me going home, maybe so me stay two weeks, maybe so four—good-by, Mr. Cooper."

The cotton trade, as conducted by General E. Kirby Smith, was another fruitful source of demoralization and distrust. A cotton bureau had been established and placed under the direction of a man who has been more unjustly abused than any other officer in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Colonel William A. Broadwell was a gentleman of sensitive, tender feelings, a scholar of refined and elegant cultivation, a financier of wonderful ability, and a patriot of Roman virtue and integrity. Mixed with the speculative and mystical lore he had gained from his German studies and continental travels, was a broad, compact, iron bar of common sense which marked in his mind the line between duty and pleasure. His was a proud, imperious nature too. What he did was from the purest motives and from the soundest reasons, and he made no explanations and listened to no reproof. His habits were retiring, but his operations were living and pregnant with great results. President Davis

had looked into his calm, dark eyes, and read his genius there. The starving and naked army under Van Dorn at Des Arc wanted supplies—Broadwell fed and clothed it. Beauregard at Corinth asked for beef and corn meal—Broadwell gave him flour and bacon, salt, sugar and molasses. The Confederacy had no money that would pass current with the people—Broadwell made for it, on two millions of dollars invested in sugar, a vast depot from which were drawn provisions for two years of war. Complimented by his President, thanked by his generals, earnest for work and conscious of unspotted honesty, he came at the bidding of his Government from the East to the West—from the theater of his triumph and his fame to a land filled with sixty thousand self-supporting prisoners of war.

In the beginning, even, his views were singularly clear and circumspect. He demanded the sole charge of the cotton bureau, it was promised. The enthusiasm and rapidity of his work prove that, guileless himself, he expected the promises to be executed. He wanted all the cotton in the department purchased or taken by the Government; collected at convenient points and exported as the exigencies of the country demanded. Before his arrival, there had been opened with the enemy, by permission of both Confederate and Federal authorities, a licensed trade in cotton on Government and private account. The condition of this traffic required that a certain amount of army and family supplies should be admitted through the lines. The country was so exhausted that wearing-apparel and luxuries brought almost fabulous prices. Governor Allen proposed to establish a State store, based upon cotton exports. Arkansas followed the example of Louisiana. Goods were imported, and cotton cards were furnished in abundance, and at comparatively reduced prices. In both of these States, the Missourians were treated as citizens and natives of the soil. The women vied in acts of devotion with the men, and spun and wove their own dresses of home-made goods. This licensed cotton trade was a ready means of *espionage* for the enemy, and the troops looked upon it with disfavor and suspicion. They regarded it as furnishing sinews of war to the Federals in exchange for articles of luxury

and enjoyment. Several trains loaded with cotton had been destroyed by some cavalry detachments, and other trains returning loaded with supplies were found to contain fine liquors, oysters, sardines, and other articles of little or no value to the army or the masses of the people. The soldiers in the field were suffering for the want of absolute necessaries, while these things were coming through in exchange for cotton. With citizens the judiciousness of this traffic was always a matter of question. The planters had a present and tangible interest in its results, and they besieged Smith for permits to buy and export. Colonel Broadwell bitterly opposed all such proceedings, and labored earnestly to reduce the cotton trade to usefulness and discretion. He favored the bringing of all supplies through Mexico, and the closing of every avenue of approach against the Federals. A man, named McKee, was arrested, tried for having criminal intercourse with the Federals, sentenced to death, and escaped only upon some technical quibble. Broadwell did much—the work of a giant, even—but he was furiously set upon and abused. Governors of States asked for separate bureaus, and obtained them. Private parties sought for permits, and obtained them. Citizens were seized with the universal mania, and thronged around Shreveport for contracts and permissions. Smith could refuse no one. Speculation became the absorbing idea of the country, and war, principle, trials, independence were forgotten by thousands of men owing military duty to the Confederacy. Every contractor for the Government was entitled to a sufficient number of hands to manage his train, and wagon-masters, directors, teamsters, and even cooks were detailed from the ranks of the army, and sent to swell the fatal number of “dead-heads,” increasing fearfully in Texas and Louisiana. About the towns and cities of the former were hundreds of men, tired and disgusted with the army, who had been furnished with details of exemption as belonging to some real or imaginary cotton district or contract. The raising of needful supplies, such as wheat, corn, oats, etc., was persistently neglected for the “king” staple; and starvation might have been a probability for the army to consider, had the war lasted another year.

Broadwell labored continually and strenuously to bring order from the chaotic elements surrounding him, and single-handed he fought against avarice, greed, cupidity, disloyalty, influence, family-connections, and State intrigue. He desired to secure for his country alone the entire advantages of the cotton trade, and he was assailed by every species of malice. He was accused of realizing fabulous sums for his own pocket, and laying up abroad vast quantities of the precious staple. His contracts were scrutinized closely, suspicioned, and often rejected. He was thwarted and opposed at every step. The promises his unanswerable arguments gained one day were violated on the next, and around him everywhere, faction reared its hydra-head, and perfidy hampered and controlled his movements. The honesty which could not be intimidated by threats was assailed by corruption. Men offered tempting bribes in boxes of delightful otard and baskets of delicious champagne. The brandy was returned unopened and the wine untasted. Right on, fearlessly and frankly, did this simple, sturdy officer proceed with his duty, and under his able hands the arsenals were filled, the manufactories fed into plenty, the soldiers armed and equipped, and the country placed in a condition soon to become self-supporting. The division of spies and leaches upon the rivers were starved into flight, and the lighter bodies of inland speculators scattered to the winds. When the war ended, this man, so talked-about and impugned, went calmly from his country without a dollar upon his person or a cotton bale to his credit in any foreign port. The controller of millions, he was penniless. The great central figure in a gigantic trade, he rode away from the temptation with clean hands and the proud consciousness of duty done and honor untarnished.

Smith's inaction had paralyzed everything. Sixty thousand available men lingered about Shreveport, month after month, anxious to fight, eager to be led against the enemy, but were suffered to wear out and become demoralized from sheer lack of healthy exercise. Distrust was upon all men's minds. Speculation ran like a giant over the country; the army murmured at first, then settled into hopeless, sullen apathy; prominent staff-officers at department

headquarters turned politicians and wrote insufferable communications to village newspapers, predicting the overthrow of the Confederacy and the destruction of her institutions; the war-cry of Liberty which at first had aroused the people like the eruption of a volcano gave place to the newer one of cotton, and a great itching mania came to possess it, export it, and to dabble hands in it which had been clenched firmly before upon swords or muskets. That Richmond legislation, which sent military monstrosities to Shreveport, was bearing legitimate fruit. Nowhere in high places was genius, intellect, will, nerve, or enthusiasm. Orders inundated the districts. The pen was mightier than the sword, and attempted to write campaigns with ink when the crisis demanded blood. Smith by his actions at one time seemed a poor blind pilot in an unknown sea, and he neither grappled with the winds and waves bearing him to destruction, nor exhibited one manly effort to escape the coils gathering around him. Sultan in the heart of a magnificent country at other times, surrounded by sixty thousand devoted guards, he yet had no bowstrings for the incapable Pachas, and no Bosphorus for the thousands of traitors spreading their disaffection and their lies almost upon the steps of his throne.

His patriotism was all heart and no brains. His ability all uniform and no frame. His mind all theory and no practice. He was not responsible for being decked out in the robes of power, and he labored faithfully to preserve those robes clean from the stains of battle and the dust of conflicts. He succeeded. Before his eyes, one after another of the South's warriors fell trampled to the earth. He heard their shouts for help. Jackson's death knell shook the battlements about his pleasure grounds; Johnson turned his despairing eyes westward, but no friendly banners came, and thus, without one puny blow for the land which gave him birth, without one glorified sacrifice for the homes of his kindred and his dead, he abandoned the conflict, abandoned the department, and left eternal disgrace upon the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Orders reached Pittsburg finally for Shelby to go back to Arkansas again and report to Gen. Fagan, organizing an expedition against

Little Rock, but before this could be obeyed, Lee's surrender burst like a thunderbolt upon the Trans-Mississippi Department and shattered the firmness and decision of many of its leaders, as the lightning strikes the pine to earth. A great horror came first, then unbelief, then fleeting resolutions of hate and defiance, then a great reaction, followed by timidity and despair. In the first thrill and novelty of conflicting emotions, many prominent officers stood forth to demand unyielding warfare and to promise united counsels and united efforts against the common foe. The plan proposed was simple enough, and looked boldly and squarely to desperate fighting as the only means by which Johnston and Taylor might be aided, and in the event of a surrender by these officers, then favorable and lenient terms for all.

Shelby filled with all the agony and darkness of the Confederate position, gathered around him his devoted Division, felt its tried heart which had never yet beaten but with loyalty and pride, told them calmly the dark tidings, and issued an address to his soldiers which exhorted them to heroism, faith, hope and endurance. It read as follows:

SOLDIERS OF SHELBY'S DIVISION!—The crisis of a nation's fate is upon you. I come to you in this hour of peril and of gloom, as I have often come when your exultant shouts of victory were loud on the breezes of Missouri, relying upon your patriotism, your devotion, your heroic fortitude and endurance. By the memory of our past efforts, our brilliant reputation, our immortal dead, our wrecked and riven hearthstones, our banished and insulted women, our kindred fate and kindred ruin, our wrongs unrighted and unavenged, I conjure you to stand shoulder to shoulder and bide the tempest out. In union there is strength, honor, manhood, safety, success—in separation, defeat, disgrace, disaster, extermination, death. I promise to remain with you until the end. To share your dangers, your trials, your exile, your destiny, and your lot shall be my lot, and your fate shall be my fate, and come what may, poverty, misery, exile, degradation, Oh! never let your spotless banner be tarnished by dishonor. If there be any among you who wish to go from our midst when the dark hour comes, and the bright visions of liberty are paling beyond the sun-set shore, let him bid farewell to the comrades whom no danger can appal and no disaster deter, for the curse of the sleepless eye and the festering heart will be his reward, as the women of Missouri, the Peris of a ruined Paradise, shall tell how Missouri's braves fought until the Confederate Flag "by inches was torn from the mast."

Stand by the ship, boys, as long as there is one plank upon another. All your hopes and fears are there. All that life holds nearest and dearest is there. Your bleeding mother-land, pure and stainless as an angel-guarded child, is there. The proud, imperial South, the nurse of your boyhood and the priestess of your faith is there, and calls upon you, her children, her best and bravest, in the pride and purity of your blood, to rally round her altar's shrine, the blue skies and green fields of your nativity, and send your scornful challenge forth, "The Saxon breasts are equal to the Norman steel."

Meet at your company quarters, look the matter fairly and squarely in the face. Think of all you have to lose, and all you have to gain. Watch the fires of your devo-

tion as you would your hopes of heaven. Stand together, act together, keep your discipline and your integrity, and all will be well, as you strike for God and humanity. I am with you until the last, and Oh! what glad hosannas will go up to you when our land, redeemed, shall rise beautiful from its urn of death and chamber of decay; the storms of battle and the anguish of defeat floating away forever!

If Johnston follow Lee, and Beauregard and Maury and Forrest all go; if the Cis-Mississippi Department surrender its arms and quit the contest, let us never surrender. For four long years we have taught each other to forget that word, and it is too late to learn it now. Let us meet as we have met in many dark hours before, with the hearts of men who have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and resolve with the deep, eternal, irrevocable resolution of freemen, that we will never surrender!

If all the regiments in this department go by the board, if coward fear and dastard treachery dictate submission, we will treat every man who leaves his banner now as a base recreant, and shoot him as we would a Federal. *This Missouri Division surrender*—my God! Soldiers, it is more terrible than death. You, the young and the brave of poor Missouri, who have so often marched away to battle, proudly and gayly, with love in your hearts and light in your eyes for the land you loved best, you who are worshipped by your friends and dreaded by your enemies; you who have the blood of Cavaliers in your veins—it is too horrible to contemplate.

No! No! We will do this: We will stand together, we will keep our organization, our arms, our discipline, our hatred of oppression, until one universal shout goes up from an admiring eye, that this Missouri Cavalry Division preferred exile to submission—death to dishonor.

After distributing this address among his troops, General Shelby sent Major Lawrence and Major John Thraikill, two tried and trusty officers, to Shreveport for orders, ammunition, and additional artillery, resolving, if his men remained true around their colors, to fight the enemy step by step to the Rio Grande. Four days after the departure of these officers he went himself to Marshall that he might be nearer department headquarters and obtain a better view of the rapidly passing events in order to take advantage and derive benefit therefrom.

Let a brief recapitulation be made: General Price, after his return from his disastrous raid, reported to General Magruder at Washington, Arkansas, and obtained leave of absence to visit his family at Washington, Texas. In passing through Shreveport, General Smith received him coldly—with much of reticence and none of demonstration. Reports made Smith say that the expedition had been brilliant, and in seeking to know why the hero of a brilliant expedition should be denied warmth and vigor of greeting, General Price called upon General Smith. The letter from Governor Reynolds had been read and extensively circulated; to this letter reference was made as the draught which had poisoned General Smith's mind. If the letter was not poison, it was at least

unpalatable, for it was bitter as aloes. Caustic is none the less severe because applied by white, delicate hands; and the lithe, fierce steel of Saladin bites deeply and well as the ponderous blade of the Lion-hearted.

General Price suggested to Smith that an opportunity should be permitted Reynolds to prefer charges against him (Price), and that the matter of a dereliction of duty should be referred to a court-martial. General Smith insisted upon a court of inquiry. Between a court-martial and a court of inquiry there are wide differences. The first is cold, pitiless, exacting, blind as the fabled justice, and covered with a great mantle of blood; the last is easy, polished, averse to cutting throats without administering chloroform—to stabbing military reputation without convincing the victim that he had no reputation to stab. The army disliked the latter—extolled the former; but then an army is naturally cruel—it is more, it is selfish and exacting. As a compromise, General Price selected the court of inquiry. In justice be it said, he was opposed to this white-washing tribunal—it glossed over and covered up too many faults. It was esteemed a shabby reputation in most cases that required its manipulations. The court was composed of Brigadier Generals Drayton and McNair, and Colonel Philip Lockett, all officers of junior rank, but men of fair, manly, and impartial judgments. Major Oscar Watkins, an officer of fine ability, a soldier of distinguished courage, and a lawyer by profession, was appointed Judge Advocate. General Price selected as his military friend Colonel Richard H. Musser, of the 9th Missouri Infantry, of the 1st brigade, a scholar of extensive erudition, a man eminent for attack and defense; a cool, wary, skillful diplomatist—versatile in the cabinet and in the field.

The court met upon the appointed day. After some skirmishing about the *status* of the assembly, and a declaration on the part of Colonel Musser, that although General Price had objected to this form of investigation, he would not shun a full and free examination, witnesses were called in and questioned. Captains Mackey and Taylor had testified for the defense, as had also Colonel J. R.

Shaler. As a civilian, Governor Reynolds refused to testify—the law could not, therefore, require it. General Shelby's turn was approaching, and considerable interest was manifested to hear his opinions regarding the management of the expedition. With a man of Shelby's fire, vitality, dash, and headlong speed, there could exist but one idea concerning the pace of the expedition—it was better than a snail's to Lexington—faster than a comet's to New-tonia. He had chafed, and panted, and quivered, like a deep-chested, nervous racer, under the iron reins of discipline which held him back from St. Louis, and there were gloom and disappointment about his vision.

In a man of Shelby's exquisite battle nerves, the panic and the overthrow of the Confederates—the helpless generalship which knew neither how to march nor to fight an army—jarred upon them remorselessly, and he was sure that a great failure had been consummated. Step by step he had pulled one foot after the other up the bloody and slippery ladder of success—in the broad, good sunlight, in the growl of the angry elements, and he had a right to think and to speak.

Before he had time scarcely for either, Lee was a prisoner, President Davis a fugitive, and the Confederate Congress scattered to the winds.

The people became uneasy at once and disheartened, too, though a great effort was made to stimulate their drooping spirits. A mass meeting at Shreveport was ordered, and speakers were appointed to address the soldiers and citizens from each State. There was a large concourse of men and a great number of ladies. The ladies were more patriotic than the men, more determined, more uncompromising, and more devoted. Their beauty, exalted before, now grew divine. Their voices, soft and sweet before as an infant's prayer, were now distinct as silver bugles and clamorous for war. With a Palafox there *might* have been a Saragossa; with a Wurmser there *could* be only an Ulm.

General Harry Hays spoke for Louisiana; General Hawthorne, for Arkansas; Colonel Flournoy, for Texas; and Colonel Musser, for

Missouri. The speeches were in favor of further resistance, and expressed hopes that the army would keep the field—as Texas was vigorous with supplies—and be joined by numerous soldiers from the disbanded armies of the Cis-Mississippi Department. The enthusiasm exhibited was demonstrative, and several other speeches were made brimful of war and vengeance. Colonel M. L. Lewis, of the 16th Missouri Infantry, declared “by his red right hand” he “would never surrender.” The meeting consumed the greater part of a beautiful spring day—there was flutter of laces, clatter of drums, and the undulating, dim, nebulous swing of burnished bayonets.

One man did not speak, though—the brown-bearded, fair-haired fighter Shelby. Under great pines about Pittsburg he brooded, waist deep, in shade and foliage. Visions of heroic warfare gleamed before his cold, gray eyes. He was not whipped, nor scared, nor broken. He marked out a campaign which, had he been backed and breasted, would have saved the Confederacy or gained an empire. It would have borne upon its banners the bars of Republican Davis, or the eagles of Imperial Maximilian. Still thinking unutterable things he flung himself upon his sorrel stallion and spurred away for Shreveport—rain, mud, crazy bridges, swimming streams naught before the western wizard, with spurs dripping blood and uniform stained with the mire of the dark lagoons.

While the great meeting at Shreveport was in progress, the flag of truce boat arrived from lower Red river. It brought important news, magnified by military newsmongers—mystified by military oracles.

At the close of the meeting, Governor Allen, of Louisiana, invited a few gentlemen to his office—General Hawthorne, Colonel Flournoy, Major Watkins, General Price, and Colonel Musser—just six in all. The meeting was impromptu and suggested itself to Governor Allen after he had heard the news brought by the flag of truce boat. He had consulted with Colonel Flournoy, and invited the others to attend, that Flournoy might do the speaking as he was a popular orator. After the officers had all assembled, Colonel Flour-

noy astounded the company with the announcement that the boat had brought dispatches from the station at the mouth of Red river to the effect that Colonel Sprague, chief of staff to General Pope, was there with a demand from his commander for a surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and that General Smith intended going down the next day to meet Colonel Sprague for that purpose. Colonel Flournoy stated that General Smith had shipped cotton aboard the boat to the amount of several millions, and that the proceeds were held subject to his order, and that he had made arrangements to withdraw himself and family from the country, thus leaving the Confederacy to its fate. This announcement fell like a bomb-shell—and a Parrott shell at that. Colonel Flournoy continued, and said that he had seen the papers and the orders upon which he made this statement, and that he had also seen the sign-manual of E. Kirby Smith attached to *some* of them. What these papers were or their precise nature, he did not intelligibly explain.

Governor Allen supported Colonel Flournoy in his statements, and the grave charges were deliberated upon and General Smith's career in this department freely discussed. The charges made by Flournoy were evidently believed by him, but no future revelations ever proved in any manner that General Smith made one dollar by his position or sent abroad for his individual use one single cotton bale.

General Smith had expressed a determination to meet the Federal Commissioners at the mouth of Red river and issued the necessary orders for his departure the following morning. Meanwhile it was agreed upon by the officers in the army, in conjunction with some civilians led by Governor Allen, that a surrender at this time was impolitic and unnecessary, although General Smith had neither by thought, word, nor deed, exhibited the least intention of surrendering. By request, Governor Allen waited upon General Smith and advised him that prudence required his presence in Shreveport, and that some department staff officer would be more fitting for the mission, intimating very plainly that in the event of his still determining to go the flag of truce boat should remain at the wharf. Governor

Reynolds also urged upon General Smith the propriety of remaining in Shreveport. He, however, mingled no delicate threats with his arguments, yet the velvet glove hid the steel gauntlet. Allen was bluff, earnest, terribly in earnest, quick and decided; Reynolds, calm, polished, thoroughly self-possessed, wary as Tallyrand, stubborn as Massena. The two Governors were alike though in patriotism, energy, and devotion. Smith yielded gracefully and Colonel Flournoy went to confer with Pope's envoys.

About this time General Price arrived and a council of six was called at the house where his headquarters existed. This council had for its object the arrest of Smith should he *prove troublesome* and continue in his intention of conferring with the Federal Commissioner. The arrest being well over, what then? Somebody must command surely, and in anticipation of just such an event, Shelby had sent Lawrence and Thrailkill to Shreveport. Thrailkill had been a bushwhacker and a bad one too. He was an iron man, with steel muscles, and with eyelids which never grew heavy. He was a Hetman Platoff and he should be the courier. Lawrence was the diplomatist, the keen, polite, politic, elegant, refined soldier quartermaster. He would curl his perfumed hair and whiskers to-day, make listless love under a chandelier to-morrow, and the next day ride eighty miles, swim two rivers, elude twenty Federal detachments, and bring dispatches from Price at Camden to Shelby at Batesville, as he had done six months ago. He was the war correspondent. He should send by Thrailkill the latest bulletins, and when the time came Shelby intended to hurl his splendid and massive division upon Shreveport, seize the reins of government, call upon the good and the true, march at once against the enemy and attack him for courage's sake.

Among those composing the council I remember the names of General Price, Colonel R. H. Musser, and Colonel Lewis. It was merely held to enable General Price to ascertain from the leaders the condition of the troops and the probabilities of their sustaining him in the event of the arrest of Smith. The political and military horizon lowered black and gloomy now, with not one single ray of

sunshine anywhere all over the rough and rugged sky. Weakness, trembling indecision, and imbecility made headway in the army fearfully; the citizens shuddered and plead for peace; demagogues and Union men pictured ruin to the country if hostilities continued, and nowhere could there be found among the leaders a bold, heroic man ready to stake all and lose all if need be upon a single cast. The generals of brigades and divisions temporized or promised reluctantly future acquiescence in plans of defense; and a paralysis, unaccountable and wanton, because so unnecessary, settled down upon officers, soldiers, and citizens. In the midst of all these discordant and disagreeable elements, Shelby and his staff and escort arrived in Marshall, the town in which resided Governor Reynolds, and in which were arsenals, military manufactories, and large depots of supplies and ammunition, Lawrence keeping him well informed through the indefatigable Thrailkill. The arrest of Smith, had it been attempted, meant simply the death of Smith, for he remarked very quietly afterward to Governor Reynolds, when informed of the plot to seize him, that he could have been killed, but never arrested. A calm, pure, God-fearing man, yet weak and indolent, willing to die for the right, and conscientious in the discharge of every duty as he interpreted it, it is fortunate that the attempt was never made, and that in the last sad days of the Confederacy some of her gallant defenders were not induced to cover their hands with innocent blood.

Shelby finally came to Shreveport, called upon General Smith frequently, obtained orders for cannon, ammunition and clothing, and received from him also, the gratifying assurance that he would never surrender the Trans-Mississippi Department. "If my troops will stand by me," remarked General Smith, one day with emphasis, "I will fight unto the end. I have received outrages from the enemy yet unavenged, and it is nothing more than a supreme duty that I should hold out at least until President Davis reaches this department, or I receive some definite orders from him."

Shelby returned again to Marshall, whither came General Smith, to meet the Governors from Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Mis-

souri, consult with them upon the means best calculated to continue the fight, and ask of them all the moral and physical support possible to be given in accordance with the circumstances. This meeting was held with varying expressions and ideas of duty under the existing position of affairs. Governor Reynolds openly and firmly advised the blending and concentrating of every element of resistance, and meet the issue like Romans; but the others temporized and asked time to consider. While the meeting of Governors went on another meeting had also been called, and to it came General Churchill, General Hawthorne, General Shelby, General Preston, Colonel Flournoy, and several other officers of similar or lesser grades. This meeting held at the house of Colonel Flournoy, had for its object the arrangement of some definite and well understood plan of action, which would replace the reign of indecision carrying everything before it, and give the people and the army some tangible determination to take hold of and rely upon. Various projects were discussed, until finally General Shelby proposed that General Smith should be waited upon, and told frankly that a change of commanders was necessary; that he must turn over his troops to General Buckner; send General Preston to Mexico to learn how matters stood between the Liberals and Imperialists; order the concentration of the entire army on the Brazos river, and fight step by step to the Rio Grande, when, in the event of everything else failing he was to take service with one or the other of the contending parties in Mexico and establish either an Empire or a Republic. These suggestions were unanimously adopted, and General Shelby was requested to wait upon General Buckner, inform him of the wishes of the meeting, obtain his consent to the programme, after which the whole matter was to be placed before General Smith.

Baffled often, and encountering much difficulty, Shelby obtained an interview with Buckner at last, stated comprehensively the wishes of the committee, urged the great necessity for prompt and decided action, and asked for an early and definite answer. Before separating, however, and after some further conversation, General Buckner accepted the offer made to him, and agreed positively to

take command of the troops and fight the issue out. The entire party then called upon General Smith about ten o'clock at night. Shelby as the leader told him firmly that the army had lost confidence in him and desired a change of commanders; that General Buckner had been selected as the proper officer to lead the troops, and closed by requesting him to furnish General Preston with sufficient money in gold to defray his expenses to Mexico, that he might make advantageous arrangements in the event of total overthrow in the trial of arms. This proposal affected General Smith to tears. He replied at last with a voice full of emotion, in which pride and grief struggled hard for the mastery. He felt great sorrow, he said, that his soldiers in the last trying hour should express fears of his leadership, as he had invariably done all possible for the common weal and the country's good. It had never been his intention for one moment to surrender, nor could the clamor and cries of those who tried to hide their own cowardice and throw doubts upon him, ever induce a surrender upon his part. He was willing and anxious to fight, and only asked for sympathy and support.

General Hawthorne answered by saying that no one for a single moment questioned his sincerity and patriotism, but, in view of the feelings of the army, and an almost universal desire for change, he thought the sacrifice should be made for harmony's sake and for the good of all. General Smith then turned to Buckner, who was present as his chief of staff, and ordered him to issue the necessary orders for the concentration of the troops upon the Brazos, the relinquishment of all command by himself, and the instructions and authority necessary for Preston in his Mexican mission. Buckner did as desired, and the conference ended with a *full and free understanding on the part of all, that no surrender should be resorted to, and no steps taken whatever, looking to an abandonment of the contest.* The next morning, Shelby returned in high hopes to his command, which had moved during his absence to the rich prairies around Stony Point, in Kaufman county, Texas.

Before General Smith, however, had sought advice from the Governors at Marshall, he received the following communication from

Major General John Pope, of the Federal army, through the hands of his Chief of Staff, Colonel John J. Sprague. Not wishing to act without advice in an emergency so urgent, General Smith, after replying to the letter from Pope, placed the letter itself before the Governors and asked the opinions also of the officers commanding troops at and near Shreveport and Marshall. From first to last General Smith exhibited manly and sincere patriotism, and with but one or two exceptions, he was abused and denounced for even hesitating as to whether he would surrender or not. Pope's letter read as follows :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI, }
St. LOUIS, MISSOURI, April 19, 1865. }

Lieutenant General E. Kirby Smith, Commanding Confederate Forces Trans-Mississippi Department :

GENERAL:—I have the honor to transmit inclosed for your information, by the hands of Colonel John J. Sprague, United States army, the chief of my staff, certified copies of a correspondence between Lieutenant General U. S. Grant, General-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and General R. E. Lee, General-in-chief of the Confederate armies, leading to the capitulation of the latter, with the army of Northern Virginia.

Official communications received to-day inform me that negotiations leading to the same result are now in progress between Major General W. T. Sherman, commanding United States forces in North Carolina, and General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding Confederate forces in the same section of country.

Authentic, though not official information has also reached here of the surrender of Mobile, with its garrison, to Major General Canby, United States army.

In view of these results, accomplished and in progress of speedy accomplishment, I am authorized by the General-in-chief of the armies of the United States to offer to yourself and the army under your command the same terms accorded to and accepted by General R. E. Lee.

It seems not improper for me to invite your attention to the fact that a large part of the great armies of the United States are now available for operations in the Trans-Mississippi Department ; that they are sufficiently strong to render effective resistance impossible ; and that by prolonging a contest, now manifestly hopeless for any of the purposes for which it was inaugurated, you will be made responsible for any unnecessary bloodshed, and for the devastation and suffering which must follow the movement of large armies into Texas, and extensive military operations in that State.

By accepting the terms proposed you will preserve Western Louisiana and Texas from the devastation and misery which have been the lot of nearly every Southern State east of the Mississippi, and you will aid in restoring peace to this distracted country.

The duty of an officer is performed and his honor maintained when he has prolonged resistance until all hope of success has been lost. Any further continuance of hostilities simply leads to the certainty of inflicting upon a people, incapable of successful resistance, all the horrors of violent subjugation.

Wisdom and humanity alike require that this contest, under the circumstances, be brought to an end without further suffering or shedding of blood.

I am unwilling that it should be charged upon the military authorities of this military division, that they omitted a single effort to restore peace without further bloodshed.

In all good faith and earnestness, therefore, I proffer you the terms accepted by your General-in-chief, and beg to express the hope that you will accept them and spare the necessity of further hostile operations.

Colonel Sprague is empowered to make all necessary arrangements in perfecting the object of his mission. I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

JNO. POPE, Major General commanding.

Reply of General E. K. Smith to the foregoing communication, declining to accept the terms proposed therein :

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, }
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, May 9, 1865. }

Major General John Pope, Commanding Military Division of the Missouri, St. Louis :

GENERAL:—Your communication of the 19th ult., by the hands of Colonel Sprague, United States army, was received last evening.

Your propositions for the surrender of the troops under my command are not such that my sense of duty and honor will permit me to accept.

I regret that your communication should have been accompanied with a threat, or that you should have supposed that personal considerations would have influenced me in the discharge of my duties.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

Immediately after the delivery of the above communication to Colonel Sprague, General Smith issued a circular letter to the Governors of the four States embraced in the Trans-Mississippi Department, inviting them to meet and confer with him as to the most desirable steps to be taken to meet the emergency which had so suddenly been brought upon them by the different surrenders which had taken place in the Cis-Mississippi Department; below we give the circular :

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, }
SHREVEPORT, May 9, 1865. }

GENTLEMEN:—The surrender of General Lee, and the perilous situation of the armies in North Carolina and Alabama, seem to preclude the probability of successful resistance in the States east of the Mississippi. The army under my command yet remains strong, fresh, and well equipped. The disparity of numbers, though great between it and our enemies, may be counterbalanced by valor and skill. Under these circumstances it is my purpose to defend your soil and the civil and political rights of our people to the utmost extent of our resources, and to try to maintain untarnished the reputation which our soldiers have so nobly won in many fields. In order, however, to accomplish this great object, it will require the perfect concord of the civil and military authorities, the application of all our energies, and the united and devoted support of the people.

The Trans-Mississippi Department is so separated from the States on the eastern side of the Mississippi that communication is suspended. Since the evacuation of Richmond the seat of Government of the Confederate States has not been fixed, and it may be transferred to the western side of the Mississippi.

It is impossible to confer with the President so as to meet the exigencies of the times, and questions of grave political importance beyond my military authority may arise, and require prompt decision. Intending to uphold the authority of the Confederate Government by arms to the utmost, I yet feel that I should carefully avoid any appearance of usurping functions not entrusted to my discretion. Under these circumstances I esteem it my duty to consult you in the absence of the President, as the chief magistrates of the States within this department, touching such important matters as are not embraced in my powers as commanding general, and as may conduce to the common defense and welfare. I therefore desire to confer with you in order that I may furnish any information in my power which may be useful in your deliberations: and without proffering suggestions, ask you to indicate such a policy as you may deem necessary to maintain with honor and success the sacred cause in which we are engaged.

I have the honor to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

The conference resulted in the preparation of the following document, which met the views of Governor H. W. Allen, of Louisiana, Governor H. Flanagan, of Arkansas—and of Colonel Guy M. Bryan, the representative of Governor Murrah, of Texas, the governor being unable to attend in person on account of ill health—Governor Reynolds not voting:

MARSHALL, TEXAS, May 13, 1865.

Mem.—We advise General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, to accept the following terms, in order that peace may be restored to the country:

1st. On or before the — day of — that the commanding general will disband his armies in this department. Officers and men to return immediately to their former homes, or such as they may select within the existing lines of the Confederate States, or the United States, and there remain as good citizens, freed from all disabilities, and restored to all the rights of citizenship. The United States troops and authorities not to advance within the Confederate lines until after that day.

2d. Guarantees to be given that no officer, non-commissioned officer—private or citizen, shall be prosecuted in any courts for offenses committed against the United States during this war.

3d. That permission be granted to all persons (officers, civil and military), soldiers and citizens, to leave this department within — days, through its ports or boundaries, with their arms and effects, unmolested, and go to any place, State or country beyond the limits of the United States.

4th. That the present State governments in this department now in arms against the United States authority be recognized until conventions can be called, with the view of settling any and all conflicts between the people of the respective States.

5th. That on or before the — day of — all military authority shall be surrendered to the several States, and that each State shall keep and retain — number of men to act as a guard, to preserve good order and to protect the lives and property of the people. That a safe-guard, to extend for — days, be granted to the officers of the State and others to leave the country, in case they wish so to do.

The above terms will be acceptable to the people of Louisiana.

HENRY W. ALLEN, Governor of Louisiana.

A surrender upon the foregoing terms will be acceptable.

H. FLANAGAN, Governor of Arkansas.

May 13, 1865.

Memorandum for General Smith:

If the fourth article of the proposition presented by Governors Allen and Flanagan should be rejected on account of conflicting State governments existing in Louisiana and Arkansas, then the provisions of said article shall be asked for Texas, as there is no such conflict of government in that State.

GUY M. BRYAN, Colonel and Commissioner.

After having received the foregoing documents explanatory of the views of the chief magistrates of the States composing his department, General Smith prepared the following memorandum for Colonel Sprague, United States army, to present to General Pope, commanding the military division of the Missouri:

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, }
 SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, 1865. }

The terms proposed by General Pope, considering that my army was menaced only from a distance, that it is large and well supplied, and in an extensive country, full of resources, were not such as a soldier could honorably accept. An officer can honorably surrender his command when he has resisted to the utmost of his power, and no hopes

rest upon his further efforts. It can not be said that the duty imposed upon me has been fulfilled to the extent required by the laws of honorable warfare. To have conceded the terms demanded would therefore have dishonored the commander who submitted to them.

It is not contended that the Trans-Mississippi Department can, without assistance, accomplish its independence against the whole power of the United States. It is conceded that its people, its army and its commander desire to avoid the unnecessary effusion of blood, and the attendant devastation of the country. It must also be conceded, on the other hand, that they desire to maintain their honor, without which life would lose its attractions. As commander of the military forces, I can not accept the terms which will purchase a certain degree of immunity from devastation, at the expense of the honor of its army.

While we do not expect to win, unaided, the independence of the country, it must be conceded that the army can be beaten and the country overrun only after great and expensive preparations by the United States—affording opportunities for the development of political combinations, which it is the interest of the United States to avoid.

If, then, it be an object on the one hand to avoid the devastation of our country, it is equally an object on the part of the United States to bring about the complete pacification of the country, and the restoration of their authority without cost to themselves, and without incurring the risk of political complications.

It is thought that a proper course on the part of the United States would accomplish this result.

An army which is well appointed and supplied, not immediately threatened, and with its communications open, can not afford to surrender as prisoners of war. They must first be placed in such a position that their capture is a necessity. The demand to surrender, under present circumstances, is not deemed reasonable, and it is not in accordance with the laws which custom has made binding among nations and military men. The effect of such a demand is to leave an impression that there is a wish on the part of the victorious government not to pacify the country, and lead to a restoration of former relations, but to humiliate a people who have contended gallantly in behalf of principles which they believe to be right. It is thought that correct views of state-manship would induce propositions on the part of the United States, which, while they saved the honor of the Confederate army, would also lead to the speedy pacification of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

It is the determination of the military authorities not to submit to ignominious terms: it is their wish also to hasten the pacification of the country by every means consistent with their honor.

The following propositions are of a character so reasonable, under the circumstances, that it is difficult to conceive of any objection being urged to them.

1st. The United States Government to grant immunity from prosecutions for past acts to all officers and soldiers and citizens in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

2d. On the granting of this immunity, all military resistance to the United States Government to cease.

3d. The Confederate army to be disbanded, and its officers and soldiers to be permitted to return to their homes; transportation to be furnished as far as practicable.

4th. Such officers and soldiers as choose will be permitted without molestation to leave the country, with or without their arms, in a reasonable time.

5th. The same permission to be granted to citizens.

Many examples of history teach that the more generous the terms proposed by a victorious enemy, the greater the certainty of a speedy and lasting pacification: and that the imposition of harsh terms leads invariably to subsequent disturbances.

The propositions above mentioned contain terms which the Trans-Mississippi Department can rightly claim, and the United States Government can justly concede.

E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

General Smith also wrote the following letter to Colonel Sprague:

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, }
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, May 15, 1865. }

COLONEL:—I have had the honor to return my official reply to the demand of Major General Pope, under instructions from Lieutenant General Grant, for the surrender of this department.

An unofficial conversation ensued between us in which I frankly admitted the force of recent events in the States east of the Mississippi, and you expressed a warm and benevolent desire to avoid further effusion of blood, and the infliction of useless suffering upon the people. I had, before your arrival, convened the governors of the States composing my department, for the purpose of consulting with them in reference to public affairs and questions more properly belonging to the civil than the military authorities. Having expressed a desire to ascertain the result before your departure, you were invited to remain.

Since that time I have conferred fully with the governors of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, the governor of Texas being ill, was represented by one of his State officers. The governors so assembled have, after consideration, presented certain measures which they deem necessary to the public order and the proper security of their people, and which, if accepted, would authorize me to relinquish further resistance.

Governor Allen of Louisiana, with whom you had a conference before the meeting is fully informed of the views entertained by himself and the governors of the other States. Believing it to be the most expeditious way to arrive at a definite understanding, as to the course to be pursued, it is desired that he should accompany you for the purpose of presenting to the proper authorities the terms for their consideration.

In the event that the terms proposed by the governors should be accepted by the authorities of the United States, I shall deem it my duty to support those views.

It is expected, in the event of the propositions conveyed by Governor Allen being considered by the authorities of the United States, that aggressive movements against this department should be suspended.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. KIRBY SMITH.

To Colonel Jno. T. Sprague, U. S. Army.

The foregoing letter was given Colonel Sprague at its date: the memorandum, undated, was given him on his subsequent departure from Shreveport. General Smith states that the propositions in the memorandum were considered fair by Colonel S., and in some particulars were made at his suggestions; he (Colonel S.) expressed the opinion that the U. S. authorities would approve them. This however was wholly unofficial on the part of Colonel S., as he had no authority to modify the terms proposed by General Pope. These negotiations came to naught upon the departure of Generals Price and Buckner for New Orleans to conclude the surrender of the Department on the 26th of May, 1865.

It is true that General Canby on that occasion told General Buckner that had the surrender been delayed twenty-four hours afterward, it would not have been received, and the United States forces would have advanced on Texas.

The following letter was addressed to Colonel Sprague by General E. K. Smith, informing him of the destruction of the army—and requesting the U. S. authorities to adopt a liberal policy toward the people of his department:

HUSTON, TEXAS, May 30, 1865.

COLONEL:—When I gave you at Shreveport a memorandum which I hoped might be the basis of negotiations with the United States Government, I commanded an army of over fifty thousand men, and a department rich in resources. I am now without either.

The army in Texas disbanded before my arrival here. From one extremity of the department to the other the troops except Shelby's heroic division of Missouri cavalry, with unexampled unanimity of action, have dissolved all military organization, seized the public property, and scattered to their homes. Abandoned and mortified, left without either men or material, I feel powerless to do good for my country, and humiliated by the acts of a people I was striving to benefit.

The department is now open to occupation by your Government. The citizen and soldier, alike weary of war, are ready to accept the authority, and yield obedience to the laws of the United States. A conciliatory policy, dictated by wisdom, and administered with patient moderation, will insure peace and restore quiet. An opposite course will rekindle the flames of civil war with a fierceness and intensity unknown even in this sad and unfortunate struggle.

I myself shall go abroad until the future policy of the United States Government toward the South is announced, and will return to my family only when I can do so with security to my life and person.

Thanking you for your kindness to my wife, I remain, Colonel,
Your friend,

E. KIRBY SMITH.

To Colonel Jno. T. Sprague, U. S. Army.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have information that the Missouri and a portion of the Arkansas troops still retain their organization. E. K. S.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN the preceding chapter, all the official documents relative to the surrender are given, and in spite of the heroic courage and fortitude of some, in spite of the brave resolutions formed at Marshall, in spite of promises given and sworn to, the hand of heaven came down heavily upon the Trans-Mississippi Department, and shattered all the elements and germs of opposition.

The *privates* in the Trans-Mississippi Department were willing to continue the contest, had the leaders exhibited one single emotion of genuine courage and enthusiasm. The infantry at Shreveport clamored for war. The Missourians refused to cross the river dreading a surrender. Months before Governor Allen had dispatched General Polignac with communications to Napoleon III. Emperor of the French, and it was desirable, above all things, to keep the Confederate flag afloat yet a few months longer. It has since been ascertained that two or three months more of resistance would have brought recognition and the salvation of the Confederacy. Oh! impotent and disaffected leaders, what a long, black record will some impartial historian write against your names when he tells how, with hot hasty hands for surrender, you strangled Liberty and signed away a nation's life. The officers talked to the men and poisoned their minds by representing how hopeless was the struggle, and pictured horrible sights of ravaged and desolated plantations should hostilities continue. The citizens howled long and mournfully in Texas as the cayotes upon their desolate plains, and held up gouty hands as if praying heaven to avert some terrible calamity. It never entered their minds that poor, dear benignant "Uncle Sam" would free their negroes and administer upon the remains of their State's rights. It never occurred to her galloping, spur-jingling, half-horse, half-alligator Yahoos, that some bas-

tard Federal lieutenant would erect branches of his negro bureau in every available town, and through the magic of a shoulder-strap whisp away the half dozen revolvers girt about them, and the fearful yells with which the long-haired man-eaters were wont to extinguish the "Yankees" and devour the "Dutch." Where now are the "three-foot" bowie-knives? Where the coiled lassoes for fancy work about the skirmish lines? Where the unterrified, unextinguishable, unadulterated, *unutterable* Tex-i-ans, who swore as an excuse for clandestinely disbanding, that if the "Yankees dared to pollute the sacred soil of Texas, every rivulet should run with blood and every bayou should be a battle-field?" Herding harmless cattle in the sunlight, and promising great things some day—subjugated, oppressed, trampled upon, and despised by the very "Yankees" to whom they marched three hundred miles to surrender, and for whose sakes their guns were consumed in the prairie grass, and their swords beaten into plowshares.

In the conference held at Marshall, Shelby had plead, begged, and entreated for a prolongation of hostilities—if for no other purpose, just to *save the honor of the Trans-Mississippi Department*. He represented Texas as a great granary of supplies, dotted with arsenals crammed with ammunition, vigorous with organized regiments never yet to the front, and containing in vast abundance all the elements necessary for desperate resistance. He appealed to the romance, to the poetry, to the chivalry of Buckner's disposition. Amid the pines about Pittsburg he had matured his plan and to Buckner he developed it thus: I will see General Smith and force him to resign. The army has no confidence in him—he has eaten out its patience and its very life almost, by inaction—and it will hail with enthusiasm any new man who proposes now, in the last trying hour, to strike one final blow for the South. You are a favorite, General Buckner, with the troops; you are considered a brave man and a competent man—take command of the army, then, evacuate Shreveport, fall back to the Brazos river, remove behind you everything like war material, defy the Federal Government to its worst, fight terribly and rapidly. A reaction will come. The

South has only to get one good taste of Yankee rule, to grow sick and to strike again. We can muster sixty thousand men, and sixty thousand more, maybe, will come over with our President. If we are beaten, let us fall back fighting to the Rio Grande, march to the city of Mexico and strike hands with the Empire or the Republic. Thus he talked, nervously and passionately, to General Buckner at the Marshall meeting, and General Buckner seemed to feel a transient enthusiasm and a momentary glow of ardor.

Shelby was the hero, then. Eager as a boy lover, he ran from Fagan to Churchill, from Churchill to Hawthorne, from Hawthorne to Reynolds, from Reynolds to Smith. He did tell Smith what he promised Buckner he would tell, and to succeed then he would have marched his division to Shreveport and *seized the reigns of Government*. Every one promised a stubborn warfare, every one pledged his troops and his State. Shelby was to go at once for his division, march to Shreveport and commence operations against the nearest Federal forces. As long as he was with his brother officers, he could infuse them with some of his own fiery and impetuous nature, but the very moment he galloped away full of the visions of great deeds to be done, the disheartened leaders settled into listless apathy or open clamors for submission.

The Texas infantry first felt the pressure, met among themselves, resolved to disband and go home, and openly made preparations for a general break-up. A few honorable exceptions occurred, however, and some regiments and brigades stood by their colors until a formal surrender could be made by Buckner and Price. The cavalry went next, and entire squadrons left in a night, plundering the country of every thing on the line of march. Anarchy reigned supreme in Texas. Government stores, warehouses, manufactories, and treasury offices were sacked, destroyed, or fired. Quartermaster and commissary trains were charged in regular line of battle, and mules, wagons, tents, and even the baggage of the officers plundered or carried away. Private dwellings and private stores were rifled remorselessly, and no citizen dared expose his horse or mule to the eyes of the greedy ruffians. Vast parks of artillery,

imported at enormous cost, stood abandoned upon the prairies by officers and men, stripped of every animal, and pitiful in utter desolation. Arsenals were entered and their precious contents scattered wantonly over the country or fired off to celebrate drunken and infernal orgies. A mania for plunder and pillage seized upon the minds of all classes, and the women attended in crowds to urge on the robbers and quarrel among themselves about the spoils. Organization, discipline, pride, honor, manhood, dropped speedily away, and the country was filled with innumerable bodies of armed men without leaders and without restraint. History must damn to all eternity these last days of the Trans-Mississippi army, when it tells how sixty thousand well-armed, well-appointed, well-fed, healthy and well-officered men, with not an enemy nearer than two hundred miles, spontaneously gave way to a universal desire for desertion, and disgracefully surrendered everything, without the exhibition of a single heroic impulse or the exercise of one manly virtue with which to crown their previous honorable endurance and well-earned reputation.

Amid all the waves of the strife; amid the treachery and demoralization all around him, Shelby held his iron ranks together, proud, defiant, and massive to the last. Citizens came to his camp to spread their treachery and their lies, and he drove them out with the revolver. A dozen or more "new issue," that is recruits gained on the last expedition to Missouri, mutinied one day and whined to go home, but he tied them two and two and sent them under guard to the nearest Federal post, as men who had mistaken the command and enlisted in the wrong army. Every requirement of military service was faithfully exacted, and every point of discipline more rigorously required than ever before.

The large arsenal and gun manufactory at Tyler was threatened by some disbanded soldiers, and he sent Colonel Blackwell with a hundred men to defend it as he would against the Federals. Blackwell took his stand, as he always did, firm as a rock, and the country round about and the soldiers coming up from below, gathered in his front to demand surrender. "We have yet to understand that word,"

replied the heroic Blackwell; "these are Joe Shelby's soldiers, and therefore you are mistaken." The robbers insisted. Blackwell formed his veterans for the attack, Jim Franklin, Jim Ward, Tom Cordell, Clay Evans, Dan Franklin, Tom Collins and McDougall girding him around with forms unused to fear. Then with all the courtesy of his calm, staid manner, Blackwell addressed them: "You have been soldiers, and you wish to deter soldiers of your own cause from doing their duty. It is a long time since we tasted blood, and you are welcome to Tyler and all its contents, if a man among you dare to march five paces forward to an attack. Steady men." Not a skulker moved. Shrill female voices from the outside of the mob urged on the cowards, but one by one they dropped away, no doubt heartily ashamed of their conduct, and influenced in a great measure also by one hundred desperate soldiers, with weapons bare and eyes to the front. After quiet had been restored, Major Lawrence commenced work in earnest. Wagons were impressed, teams hired, and even mules bought to carry to Shelby's camp great loads of shell and canister, grape and shrapnell, Enfield cartridges, revolvers, caps and accouterments of all kinds.

Waxahatchie, tyrannized over by Union men and deserters, sent pleading supplications for help. Shelby hurried off to its support fifty swift cavalymen who swept it bare in a night of the petty bullies, and enabled Southern men and women to look one another again in the face, and bless the name of one manly, devoted Confederate. A large train threatened near this town by the robbers, and which belonged to a gentleman named Douglass, living in Mexico, but freighting for the Confederacy, was rescued and sent into camp heavily loaded with elegant flour.

Lieutenant S. P. Cochran, of Slayback's regiment, a cool, wary, intelligent officer, was in Waxahatchie gathering up flour for his division. Ominous groups about street corners told plainly to Cochran that trouble was at hand and that his operations would be interfered with. His resolution was taken in a moment. Sending out three of his six men he instructed them to ride a mile from the town, then turn squarely round and gallop back with a furious noise and clatter.

They did so. A large crowd gathered around the dusty couriers immediately, when one of them handed Cochran a portentous dispatch which read to the effect that Shelby's advance was within a mile of the town, and that his whole division would camp there for the night. This ruse of Cochran saved the large quantities of flour there, and Douglass' large train also.

All over the country now, for miles around his camp, Shelby established posts and exerted himself strenuously for law and order, appealing to the good sense and honor of the people and promising them protection as long as they deserved it. These were the grandest days of his whole military career, thick as it had been crowded with triumphs, joys, successes, and ambition gratified. Alone in an ocean of doubt, dismay, despair and demoralization, he reared on high with all his ancient ardor, the banner of his country and made the force over which it waved the asylum of the weak and the terror of the strong and wicked. Supporting him, too, and drawing closer and closer as the dangers thickened, the Old Division maintained all the chivalry and power of its organization intact and unbroken. Step by step he quieted the entire country within his influence; day after day he gathered supplies and ammunition and labored unceasingly to mobilize his division for a terrible and impetuous campaign. Detachments were sent for clothing to Houston, and Captain Jim Meadors and Captain Jim Wood leading them, reached the depot in time to see the flames devouring it, and a hungry mob swaying and howling around the prey escaping them. A fine battery came at last from Shreveport, followed by sufficient ammunition for six months' service, and then all was ready.

The Arkansas troops, to their eternal honor be it spoken, as worthy sons of one among the noblest States in the Confederacy, held out faithfully and behaved like soldier patriots as they were. No State suffered more, bled more freely, exhibited more genuine and self-sacrificing devotion than Arkansas. The battle-field for both of the contending Governments, she was lavish of her blood and treasure. From Richmond to Vicksburg, from Helena to Matamoros, her children sleep thickly in premature but glorious graves. Aspirations

for liberty were suggested by her gigantic mountains, and the pure, limpid streams of her hills murmured forever the stories of struggles won by fortitude and endurance. Texas, without a battle-field, shuddered as a frightened woman when the war clamors approached her borders. Arkansas, great with the gloom and the glory of fifty desperate fields, still lifted her battered shield high above her timid sister, and dressed her worn ranks for another fight. Sister of Missouri, too, she was a mother to Missouri's orphan children. Young and brave, and beautiful, Queen of the South and regal nurse of strong, heroic men, her banner borne so long triumphantly, went down at last untarnished by the stain of panic and untorn by the needless, bitter, damning hands of cowardice and treachery.

General Smith went back to Shreveport from Marshall and so did General Buckner, the latter no doubt intending to do battle yet a little longer, but the spontaneous separation of the largest portion of the Texas army made it impossible to any reasonable extent.

Sickening confusion reigned in Shreveport after the Marshall conference, and during the time of Shelby's absence with his division. The news of the killing of Lincoln came like a thunderbolt, and the soldiers fired salvos of artillery and shouted glory to God. It would be useless to deny that the soldiers rejoiced over it, for they did—the Missourians especially—but General Smith hushed the cannon: he could not hush the exultation however.

Then the news of Johnston's surrender followed swiftly, and the leaders at Shreveport were stupefied. Lee's surrender had shocked them, Johnston's surrender paralyzed them. The cause was deemed hopeless now, and organization, discipline, and determination gave way speedily. The Texans anticipating this, took time by the forelock as they imagined, and went every man his own way. The Missouri and Arkansas infantry petitioned General Buckner to surrender them properly and remained organized until the necessary arrangements were made. The Missouri infantry, in connection with the veteran and immortal 3d Louisiana regiment, maintained splendid order in and about Shreveport, and closed the record of a soldierly career by remaining true to law and discipline.

Preceding all these events, General Smith had ordered General Price to Washington, Arkansas, that the investigation of the court of inquiry might be resumed, and General Price left at once. It seems, though, that this was only a ruse to get rid of General Price, who was supposed by Smith to be striving after a revolution in the army which would dispossess him of the chief command. In the event of hostilities continuing, and if General Smith had rescinded the order placing Buckner in command, it is very probable something of the kind would have been attempted. Governor Allen had been chosen as the head of the civil government, but the leader of the army in the field was by no manner of means so clearly designated. As the game grew desperate, none were so certain of winning as desperate and ambitious men. Shelby was undoubtedly the most popular man in the Trans-Mississippi Department at this epoch, and he was undoubtedly the most desperate man too. It can effect no good to tell now what Shelby *intended to do* had such and such things occurred, and what he said to his devoted division one hot, sultry evening, on that great prairie by Corsicana town, when one might read bad thoughts in the men's faces, and hear bad words about the little splashes of shade where they grouped to brood and to mutter; yet, had General Joseph E. Johnston fought for only two weeks longer, great things would have been attempted in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

General McNair, of Arkansas, informed General Price at Washington, that the order requiring his presence there was only given to remove him from Smith's immediate vicinity, and General Price started at once for Shreveport. When within about thirty miles of that place he received an order, based upon the supposition of his still being in Washington and which commanded him to remain there. General Price coolly disobeyed this latter one and hurried on to Shreveport. Smith had left a short time before for Houston, and everything was collapsing as fast as a patient in the last stages of cholera. General Price at once waited upon Smith's Adjutant General, Colonel S. S. Anderson, and demanded all the papers relating to the court of inquiry. An objection was made to their rendition

by Colonel Anderson, but General Price intimated promptly and plainly that if they were not forthcoming at a certain designated hour, he would use force in the matter. At the appointed time the documents were given into his possession, and the matter ended there.

It is proper to state that General Smith, in assigning Buckner to the command of the *army*, still retained command himself of the *department*. His intentions, no doubt, were good to continue the contest, and his resolution against a surrender was firm and determined, yet the army took the matter entirely to itself and cut short all communication by destroying the object of correspondence. While General Smith was not responsible directly for the destruction of the army, he was most assuredly for the causes which led to it. During his entire administration, he had neither marched it, fought it, encouraged it, nor sought to make it invincible, by stimulating its pride and making tangible the efforts of its patriotism. With an army greater than Lee's and Johnston's combined, with a wild wealth of supplies, arms, and ammunition, with a broad macadamized road open for his attacks upon the enemy, he scarcely ever stirred from his comfortable quarters, and surely never fought a battle, small as it might be, without blunders which made him ridiculous, and without an indecision and weakness that was as fatal as it was pitiful. The army had not the least confidence in him. Totally destitute of enterprise, without the faint whisperings even of ambition; slow, nerveless, indifferent; more of an Episcopalian preacher than a revolutionary leader, he demoralized the entire department, mildewed the army, disgusted his subordinates, and when the time for action came he was left almost alone—powerless for good or for evil. His sixty thousand men melted away like snow in a thaw; his great department was converted into barrack-yards for Yankee regiments; his military star went down behind a cloud, and the drama closed upon a bent and irresolute pilot who had been all his life at sea without studying the compass, and whose hands were so delicate and soft from inaction, that when the storm came fiercely and vast, they could neither reef the dangerous sails nor put the trusty helm hard up before the wind.

General Buckner, too, had a glorious field open before him, filled with war, romance and reputation. It is to be presumed, however, that he saw it only as one sees through a glass, darkly. It is reasonable to suppose, too, that those who write poetry would be attracted to a brilliant and adventurous career, such as Shelby offered Buckner; but if the strength and fervor of his romance depended upon the beauty and elegance of his poetry, then, indeed, was General Buckner unfit to lead the last forlorn hope of the Confederacy. His enthusiasm was short lived, his determination was never compact, his romance was a practical kind, and he had the mournful satisfaction of surrendering the first and the last army of the subjugated and destroyed South.

At last all was over. The terms of surrender were published, and the troops from all quarters who had remained organized to the end marched toward Shreveport for the final dissolution. Shelby heard with feelings of bitter regret the abandonment of the intention formed at Marshall, and proposed, as the only thing left to his division, a stern, pitiless warfare upon the enemies of the country until constantly increasing numbers drove them beyond the Rio Grande, when terms could be made either with the Emperor Maximilian or President Juarez, which would at least secure homes and asylums for all. He believed that thousands would come to him from all parts of the Confederacy, and that Texas, after enduring for a brief space the oppressions of Federal rule, would rally as one man for life and salvation. But the men who had never heard his voice before but to obey; who had followed him to constant victory; who had endured, and suffered, and bled without a murmur at his bidding; who had carried his name as a talisman upon the frozen prairies of Missouri, and as a guardian angel among the fever swamps of Mississippi and Arkansas, no longer obeyed the inspiration of his presence nor felt the electric thrill of his swift, impatient voice. It was natural, too—but in their abandonment they parted as families that are riven and as children sob out the last farewell

over dying parents. They deemed the struggle now hopeless and lost forever. They had loved ones, many of them, suffering privations and distress in far away Missouri and nature yearned for the wives and little ones at home. They had unto the last—until the bitter cup ran over—obeyed all things, hoped all things, believed all things, surrendered all things into his keeping—and now, the last organized body in the entire Trans-Mississippi Department, the last division which had listened to no disaffection and resorted to no crime, the last division which held proudly on high the Banner of the Bars, they requested that General Shelby should take leave of them and help them on their way to Shreveport, as they desired to die as they had lived—proud, manly, honorable, and chivalrous to the last.

The separation took place on the 2d of June, 1865, and was sorrowful almost to agony. I do not desire to dwell upon the leave-takings, the tears glistening in strong men's eyes, the last, long embraces among comrades who had shared the same blankets for weary years. Let time wash away the memory of this bitter parting—let oblivion cover it with a midnight pall so that only future fancies and recollections may linger around SHELBY'S MISSOURI DIVISION as a living, breathing, terrible body of compact horsemen. "To build up a life's happiness is a work of time and labor, aided by great good fortune: to ruin and shatter it utterly is a question of a short half hour, even where no ill luck intervenes. It took months of toil to build the good ship *Hesperus*, though her timbers were seasoned and ready to hand; it took hours of trouble to launch her when thoroughly equipped for sea; but it took only a few minutes of wave and wind play, to shiver her into splinters, when her keel crushed down on the reef of *Norman's Woe*."

APPENDIX.

THINKING that perhaps a brief statement of General Shelby's movements after his separation from his division might be interesting to the survivors of his command, they are herewith condensed and presented in the shape of a concise Appendix:

After the sorrowful separation at Corsicana, Texas, Shelby—surrounded by five hundred officers and men determined to follow his fortunes to the end—halted a day and a night for the purpose of maturing his plans and determining definitely the steps necessary to be taken. General Herron was then at Shreveport with some six or eight hundred Federals, and upon this force Shelby proposed to throw himself. The project was earnestly debated and finally abandoned from the fact that as by far the largest portion of the army had clamored for submission it would be useless to prolong a contest which would end only in calling down misfortune upon the heads of those who were really worthy and conscientious soldiers.

Shelby had in his little camp of five hundred four splendid new rifled cannon; one large train loaded with flour and bacon; two thousand new Enfield muskets; forty thousand rounds of small arm ammunition; six hundred rounds of artillery ammunition; bushels of gun caps, pistol cartridges, and five hundred heavy dragoon sabers. The men from the leader down had a splendid Sharpe's carbine and four navy revolvers each—with one hundred and twenty rounds for both to the man. In the condiment train of nine twelve mule wagons there were whisky, molasses, rice, dried fruit, pickles, preserves, and delicacies of all kinds. This train was encountered the second day after the separation, going to Shreveport, in blissful ignorance of the surrender, flight, panic, and so on. Its appropriation revealed most convincingly the system of cotton exports, and it was no longer a question of discussion how irresponsible and unprincipled men obtained enormous contracts from which there only flowed back vast masses of nick-nacks for the insatiate and yawning appetites of the delicate-looking, gold-laced tape-worms about the bureaus at Shreveport.

General Preston had started weeks before for the city of Mexico, and General Shelby determined at last to follow after, and from Corsicana he marched rapidly to Waco. Here a large Mexican firm—the Messrs. Gonzalez—were threatened by the lawless and disbanded soldiers—so Shelby gave them a guard, wagons enough to remove their goods, and started them, southward bound, rejoicing.

Shelby's men were magnificently mounted, armed and equipped, and presented an appearance only to be acquired after long years of rigid drill and iron discipline. They were looked upon as belonging to another sphere, and terrified citizens either avoided the column or crowded the doors and balconies to satisfy their curiosity as to whether they were really like human and ordinary soldiers.

From Waco to Austin was a delightful journey and the command encamped just southward from the town. Taking advantage of the proximity of Shelby's forces and

cunningly calculating that the blame would rest upon them, some thirty or forty Texans from the neighborhood of the town—led by a notorious Captain Rabb—made a furious sledge-hammer and cold-chisel onslaught upon five large iron safes in the treasury house there, in which safes were some forty or fifty thousand dollars in specie belonging to the public school fund. The gigantic blows upon the iron resounded through the streets of Austin. Bells rang furiously, drums rattled the long roll, and the citizens, brave unto death for their money, marched to attack the court-house, in which were the robbers. Rabb had his pickets well posted and fell back before the mob—which proved him a most worthless soldier; but one of his party, too far gone in whisky, remained like a maniac clutching the doubloons and the bright, fascinating twenties. He had his pockets full, his hat full; he was cramming the gold in his boots and his drawers when the leading files of citizens fired upon him through the windows, not six feet away, putting three bullets through his greedy body. He lived several hours, but would confess nothing and died like a stoic. He was, however, well known by the citizens, who recognized him as one of Rabb's company, and a most desperate and determined man. Rabb had time to get away with about fifteen thousand dollars. A large blanket which had been heaped full of silver was snatched up hurriedly by two horsemen when the alarm came, and not drilled, probably, to the exact nicety required to preserve the exact balance, the blanket was gradually pulled from the hands of the lagging rider until for a mile the shining dollars were scattered along the road.

Shelby was called upon immediately for a guard and one was immediately sent, which took possession of the money, house, safes, and all. Many of the citizens advised him to take the money and divide it among his penniless and deserving soldiers, but he strenuously refused and rode away from the tempting prize without a dollar as did also his men. Captain Rabb made no effort to renew the attack, and the night passed away quietly.

Captain A. B. Miller was met here returning inland from San Antonio. He was one of the most remarkable men of the century. An energy Titanic in its grasp and comprehension seemed to possess him. He was a magnificent *athlete* in the supply department and a great giant in manufacturing and developing. His trains upon the roads from Matamoras to Shreveport were thick as vessels in a harbor, and the hats and shoes given out from his steam houses at Tyler and Gilmer were enough for the army. In the field he would have been overpowering; in the bureau he was the most valuable man west of the Mississippi. Under his administration guns, cannon, ammunition, clothing and supplies of all kinds poured into the department; and thoroughly devoted to the cause he went down with his country without a dollar. Operating with millions, he rendered strictly under Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. Weeks before Captain Miller had sent urgent requests to Shelby asking him for two squadrons to seize the sub-treasury at San Antonio and appropriate the gold there for the purpose of paying the soldiers. Such was Shelby's unwillingness to commit any act which even looked toward encouraging violence that he refused the soldiers until it was too late. A horde of hungry Texans, wild as prairie wolves and as relentless as Cossacks, spread themselves over the town, swallowed up the money, devoured the supplies, and scattered or appropriated all that belonged to the Confederacy and much that did not. These soldiers, too, had never been to the front, and had never seen a Federal except in their dreams. It would have been well, perhaps, had the advice of Captain Miller been followed. As the money belonged to the Confederacy, surely none had a better right to it than those

of her defenders who had fought and stood up for her as long as one plank of the gallant vessel rested upon another.

From Austin, where the citizens with old Mr. Bouldin at their head had supplied Shelby with abundant forage and supplies—he hurried on to San Antonio. This little town was breathing fitfully and hard as a fevered sleeper, for it was tyrannized over by some three or four hundred desperate Texans who had levied *prestamos* and collected assessments *ad libitum*. Shelby soon restored its equilibrium and gave safety and quietude to the deserted streets. Some Confederates of high rank were there in disguise, afraid to appear upon the plaza lest they should be maltreated and robbed. An insane opinion seemed to exist among the greedy ruffians that every prominent officer had unbounded wealth the possession of which depended solely upon a swift horse and a good revolver. General Smith was heard of as quietly hiding himself in some citizen's house and Shelby serenaded him, made a speech to him, begged him to come forth and enjoy himself, and placed the five hundred men at his disposal, saying to him in conclusion that "he was still his superior officer and he was as willing to fight the robbers at his order as the Federals." All breathed easy now, and happy faces and joyous countenances once more circulated briskly like new coined money.

Many exiles were awaiting Shelby's tried and true soldiers at San Antonio. Among them were Generals Smith, Magruder, Hindman, Lyon, of Kentucky, Leadbetter and Wilcox, of Leo's army; Governor Murrah, of Texas; Governor Morehead, of Kentucky; Governor Allen, of Louisiana; the gray-haired old Christian Governor and soldier of Missouri, Trusten Polk, and about fifty or seventy-five other officers of lesser grades. Gathering in these recruits who had once worn the purple, and remaining at San Antonio four days to enable them to procure supplies and horses—General Shelby marched away to the Rio Grande. Military discipline was rigidly enforced, and pickets and camp guards rode their beats and tramped their rounds with all the precision and steadiness of the proudest martial days. The men, by the most perfect and pleasant obedience, seemed anxious to convince their leader of their unalterable devotion and respect. From San Antonio to New Braunfels—a little German town which is just on the edge of an almost desert running to Eagle Pass—not one sheaf of oats was taken, nor would he impress anything for his men and horses. He foraged upon the prairies, paid for all the supplies required, treated the citizens with the greatest courtesy, and carefully repressed anything looking even like lawlessness. He determined to leave the State and the country without one single stain upon his own untarnished reputation and that of his soldiers—and by uninterrupted watching and energy he succeeded.

The Germans at New Braunfels gave him an ovation and lager beer ran in rivulets. Pressing on to within ten miles of the Rio Grande, General Smith asked for an escort to precede the column. It was given, and Captain Maurice Langhorne, with ten men, saw the commander-in-chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department safely beyond the Rubicon.

Eagle Pass is a little town on the American side of the Rio Grande, and Piedras Negras is a little town on the Mexican side. In Eagle Pass, Shelby therefore bivouacked, threw his guns into battery bearing upon the Mexican shore, stationed his pickets, and went comfortably into camp. By and by a little skiff shot away from the shore at Piedras Negras, bearing two greasers and a white flag to the American side. The bright yawning James' had terrified the Liberal garrison over the way greatly and the commander sent a polite request asking time to remove the women and children, fully in-

tending doubtless to remove himself at the same time. His fears, however, were soon explained away, and General Shelby with a few of his escort crossed over to negotiate for the sale of the arms and ammunition. The Governors of the States of New Leon and Coahuila came to Piedras Negras; runners were sent post haste over the surrounding country for the prominent rancheros, and for two days the pow wow went interestingly on. Then the uninitiated had ample opportunity to thoroughly understand the remarkable ease and rapidity with which Mexican hands squeeze the last dollar from plethoric and horrified Dons. After much pressing and assessing—threatening and expostulating—eighteen thousand silver dollars were at length concentrated. For safe keeping they were deposited in the office of the collector of customs. Engaged in this office as a clerk, translator, spy, anything required in fact—was a Louisiana Creole who had served on General Canby's staff in New Mexico, but who had in all probability deserted the service when the work became heavy and hot. He was a rare polyglot. French, Italian, Spanish, German and English rattled off from his tongue in soft, persuasive accents, and his bows and studied politeness were as seductive as Chesterfield's. However, the night before the eighteen thousand dollars were paid to Shelby this amiable interpreter very coolly abstracted one bag containing two thousand of the bright silver dollars, and was the most uproarious the next morning in denouncing robbers in general and Mexicans in particular. He certainly was the most finished scoundrel ever encountered, and deserved the bag of money for the superb affability with which he ingratiated himself into the confidence of the Confederates.

So for the cannon, the arms, the ammunition and the accouterments, Shelby received sixteen thousand dollars in cash and some sixteen thousand more in "Juarez script"—which never brought a farthing and, perhaps, never will. The money received was divided out among the officers and men *pro rata*, and with it—small as the amount was to each man—they started their march of a thousand miles into a strange and foreign country—ignorant of the language and of the habits and customs of the natives.

After the Liberals had received all the munitions of war and before General Shelby had given orders for the march from Piedras Negras—five skulking Dutchmen from Texas who had hurried into Mexico when the war commenced in order to avoid conscription, concluded to make a nice little raid upon the Confederates as a matter of speculation. Paying some thirty or forty of those elegant brigands—the Liberal soldiers—a good round sum to "stand by them," the Dutchmen boldly marched into the plaza where Shelby's horses were picketed and laid claim to all having Mexican brands upon them. Mexican law requires the owners of all horses having brands about them other than their own peculiar marks, to be armed likewise with a bill of sale which testifies particularly to the brand, and when and where the animal was disposed of. Shelby's men had no bills of sale other than carbines and revolvers, so when some watchful scout brought word to Shelby of how the game was going he resolved to end the lawsuit speedily. Six bugle notes and the five hundred Confederates were mounted and in line, waiting but for a half nod from their leader to begin a terrible scene of murder and pillage. They were justly exasperated to see the very Mexican leaders—to whom had been given almost a splendid cargo of war materials—turning upon them and backing up the voracious robbers. Mexican drums beat the long roll. The excitement in Piedras Negras was intense; women rushed frantically into the streets; weapons were bare; the Americans were clamorous for a fight, and Shelby was taxed greatly to restrain them. The order of battle was agreed upon. Half the command were to re-

capture the arms and the other half were to ride down the six or eight hundred Mexican half-breeds—Dutch, negroes, Indians, and Leperos. The Dutchmen who claimed the horses ran away furiously when Shelby's bugle sounded and the Mexican detachment with them whined and begged piteously for quarter. Very soon, however, Governor Biesca arrived upon the ground, had the Mexicans and Dutchmen arrested, and showered upon Shelby and his men protestations of eternal love and admiration.

The next day Governor Biesca with the Governor of New Leon waited upon General Shelby with great pomp, and offered him the unlimited command of the two States of New Leon and Coahuila. Shelby consulted his officers a majority of whom were Imperialists and opposed to fighting for the Liberals—and the proposition was therefore respectfully declined. Juarez had expressed himself very favorable to the project, and there is a very little doubt but what Shelby's acceptance at that time would have brought to him ten or fifteen thousand disbanded Confederate and Federal soldiers, and with this number his voice would have been powerful in the politics of Mexico to-day, and his influence would have been sufficient to save the ill-fated but chivalrous and devoted Maximilian. His men all regret now that their interest was made secondary to the principle involved in a contest which appealed neither to their honor nor their feelings.

And now a sad scene occurred before the Confederates marched southward from this Mexican city. The old tattered battle-flag of the division was brought from its resting-place and given once more to the winds. Rent and bruised, and crimson with the blood of heroes—it had never been dishonored. Missouri breezes had felt the flapping of its silken folds; woman's imperial hand had decorated it with battle-mottos; sweet, coy victory—her locks heavy with the dust of conflicts and red with the blood of martyrs—had caressed it often and tenderly; ambition had plumed it with the royal crest of triumph; fate and dear dauntless hearts had borne it flashing like a meteor upon the rough stormy waves of battle waters; shining like the face of a struggling king, it had gleamed grandly through the smoke and the sorrow of two hundred desperate fields; and broad barred now, and worn, and old—it was displayed once more to its followers before the swift waves of the Rio Grande closed over it forever. It was yet early morning on the 4th of July, 1865. The picturesque mountains of El Paso del Aquilar were in full sight, and imparted additional grandeur to the ceremony thus solemnized by the romantic chief, whose exploits with his Missouri Cavalry have shed the luster of renown upon the pages of his country's history. With bare, bowed heads, Shelby's soldiers gathered around the dear old banner. It had been all to them, and they worshiped it. Colonels Elliott, Williams, Gordon, Slayback and Blackwell held it up for a few brief moments above the rushing tide; the sun shone out broad and good upon the upturned faces of those engaged in silent prayer—and at last, with not a dry eye among all those five hundred stern soldiers, the Battle Flag of Shelby's division was lowered slowly and sadly beneath the water. Colonel A. W. Slayback has immortalized the event in poetry, and as a requiem above the grave of the buried banner, I reproduce it here. There are lips yet, sweet and pleading, to sing the sorrowful song, and there are hearts yet to glow and grow strong when the mournful measure has been ended :

THE BURIAL OF SHELBY'S FLAG.

A July sun, in torrid clime, gleamed on an exile band,
 Who, in suits of gray,
 Stood in mute array

On the banks of the Rio Grande.

They were dusty and faint with their long, drear ride,
 And they paused when they came to the river side,

For its wavelets divide,
 With their flowing tide

Their own dear land, of youth, hope, pride,
 And comrades' graves who IN VAIN had died,
 From the stranger's home in a land untried.

Above them waved the Confederate flag, with its fatal cross of stars,
 That had always been

In the battle's din,

Like a pennon of potent Mars.

And there curved from the crest of their leader a plume,
 That the brave had followed in joy and gloom,

That was ever in sight
 In the hottest fight

A flaunting dare for a soldier's tomb,
 For the marksman's aim and the cannon's boom,
 But it bore a charm from the hand of doom.

Forth stepped that leader then and said to the faithful few around,

"This tattered rag

Is the only flag

That floats on Dixie ground.

And this plume that I tear from the hat I wear

Of all my spoils is my only share ;

And brave men ! I swear

That no foe shall dare

To lay his hand on our standard there.

Its folds were braided by fingers fair ;

'T is the emblem now of their deep despair.

"Its cause is lost. And the men it led on many a glorious field,

In disputing the tread

Of invaders dread,

Have been forced at last to yield.

But this banner and plume have not been to blame,

No exulting eye shall behold their shame ;

And these relics so dear

In the waters here

Before we cross shall burial claim ;

And while yon mountains may bear a name

They shall stand as monuments of our fame."

Tears stood in eyes that had looked on death in every awful form
 Without dismay,
 But the scene that day
 Was sublimer than mountain storm f
 'T is easy to touch the veteran's heart
 With the finger of nature, but not of art.
 While the noble of soul
 Lose self-control,
 When called on with flag, home and country to part,
 Base bosoms are ever too callous to start,
 With feelings that generous natures can smart.

They buried then that flag and plume in the river's rushing tide,
 Ere that gallant few
 Of the tried and true
 Had been scattered far and wide.
 And that group of Missouri's valiant throng,
 Who had fought for the weak against the strong—
 Who had charged and bled
 Where Shelby led,
 Were the last who held above the wave
 The glorious flag of the vanquished brave,
 No more to rise from its watery grave !

As soon as it was ascertained that Shelby had disposed of his arms and ammunition to the Liberals, and was going on blindly into the Imperial lines, the most of those whom he had guarded and protected through Texas, fell away from him. Swinburne's stricken leper "in the wattled house" was not more an object of complete aversion. As he marched to Monterey—held by the French General Jeanningros with six hundred of the Foreign Legion—direful reports came back of threats, and preparations for their immediate execution. Jeanningros had promised to shoot Shelby, hang his men, and make generally a dreadful example of the Confederates. Magruder, Hindman, Price, and the steadfast and heroic ex-Governor Trusten Polk, stood by Shelby to the bitter end. They called upon Jeanningros, but the erratic Frenchman fumed and *sacre'd*; he would not tolerate such malicious sympathy with the "dissidents" as the Juaristas were called, and Shelby must suffer the penalty. Boldly and swiftly—fearlessly and defiantly—Shelby marched to within four miles of Monterey, halted his command, drew up a statements of his actions in which he asserted that, penniless and homeless, his men were forced to sell their arms and ammunition to the Liberals in order to get bread; that he was responsible for them; that he was their leader; and that if their actions did not suit the views of General Jeanningros he had only to say so. This communication was sent by a flag of truce. Raney McKinney, a youthful member of his escort, beardless but keen and intelligent to a most remarkable degree—bore it, accompanied by Major John Thrailkill. Raney was selected because he had preceded the column to Monterey, and had rapidly mastered the situation of affairs. Shelby intended if Jeanningros was still stubborn and vindictive, to return at once to Piedras Negras, organize a strong expedition and attack him in his quarters. The truce flag caused quite a commotion in Jeanningros' camp for a few moments, but as

soon as he learned the nature of Shelby's communication, and the whereabouts of his men, he expressed himself delighted and swore any number of times in his broken English that Shelby was the only soldier who had yet entered his lines. He at once gave him permission to enter the city; congratulated him upon his boldness and his soldierly manner of doing business, and finally gave him a splendid supper, over the wine of which he fought again his crimson battles and that swift, hot campaign of Italy. Jeanningros was a soldier who had been thirty years in the army, who had been wounded thirteen times, and who would sacrifice to his profession every natural feeling of the heart. An occurrence which took place in Monterey during Shelby's stay there, will serve to show the terrible discipline of the French army, and the grim mercy of Jeanningros: A young lieutenant of the Chasseurs-à-pied, crazed from the unlimited use of absinthe, deserted the garrison one night while under delirium and made good his escape. Recovering his senses the third day of his absence, he deliberately retraced his steps and delivered himself into the hands of the French outpost. He was tried at four o'clock one evening, and sentenced to be shot at six o'clock, the next morning. Distantly related to the Empress Eugenie, he briefly stated the fact to General Jeanningros, and asked that he might not be the means of disgracing his family. He was wealthy, and to die by musketry as a deserter, would deprive his mother of all his effects—they going to the Government. Jeanningros answered never a word. At sunset an orderly delivered to the doomed Frenchman a bottle of cognac and a loaded revolver. The morrow's sun gleamed in upon the suicide—the empty bottle—and the revolver with its two discharged barrels. He had calmly made his will, drank his brandy, taken written leave of his friends, and—scattered his brains upon the dreary stones of his cheerless dungeon. Jeanningros considered it a great favor in permitting him to commit suicide, and the poor lieutenant evidently thought so too.

At Monterey the command separated. Some went to Sonora and joined the Liberal chief Corona; some went to California; some to British Honduras; some to Brazil, and many joined the French contra-guerrillas under Colonel Dupin, and those who did so did it with the intention of avenging the murder of General M. M. Parsons and party between Matamoras and Monterey. The circumstances of this terrible tragedy as nearly as could be ascertained, were these: General Jeanningros had sent a train of merchandise from Monterey toward Matamoras, convoyed by a regiment of Imperial Mexican cavalry. With this train were General M. M. Parsons; his Assistant Adjutant General, Colonel Standish; a member of the Confederate Congress from Missouri, Hon. Mr. Conrow; and three Irish soldiers who had belonged to Parsons' division. The wagons were ambushed by the Liberals in a narrow gorge, their convoy was driven back, and the journey for the time abandoned by the soldiers. General Parsons, anxious to reach Monterey, left the escort and attempted to travel alone with his party through a country as thick in crosses to mark the spots of murders as there are bees in well-filled hive. As an inevitable consequence they were captured before proceeding a dozen miles, disarmed and closely guarded. The party making the arrest was a portion of the Liberal detachment which had fought the Imperialists in the morning. The leader, a Mexican who spoke tolerable English, was riding a splendid horse—in fine condition and remarkably fleet. General Parsons also was superbly mounted—and his horse, being an American horse had double the speed and strength of the others. A race was proposed—for the prisoners up to this time had retained their horses. Forth dashed General Parsons and the Mexican, and for a short distance it was closely contested.

At length the American horse gained rapidly on his rival, and disobeying three or four orders to halt, General Parsons made good his escape from his captors. Fate frowned upon him, however. He had scarcely traveled five miles before he rode directly upon another and larger party of Liberals who again arrested him, and brought him back to the detachment from which he had just succeeded in escaping. After a short parleying on the part of his captors, he together with Colonel Standish, Colonel Conrow, and the three soldiers were brutally murdered, stripped naked, and left upon the wayside. Some generous Mexican citizens living in the neighborhood buried them, and afterward, when eighty-two of Shelby's men, led by a trusty guide—and having a *carte blanche* from their captain, Ney, to demand blood for blood—arrived upon the scene of the butchery, these same citizens pointed out fifteen of the murderers and the houses of eleven more. The vengeance blow was terrible, and fire and sword made all the amends possible, while the graves of the murdered Southerners were carefully marked and preserved by their sorrowful countrymen.

From Monterey, General Shelby and fifty of his men marched on through Parras, Matehuala, San Luis Potosi, San Miguel, Queretaro, and the City of Mexico, finally settling in the Cordova Colony of Carlotta.

