

LETTER NO. 1

Damon, Wayne Co., Mo., Dec. 6th, 1902

Dr. C. W. Peterson,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir- (pardon me for saying it) and Comrade:-

Yours of Oct. 22nd, 1902 is now before me, asking me to write up my "personal recollections of the battle of Pilot Knob, Mo., Sept. 27th, 1864 from participants in that remarkable fight". You say "This material will be preserved for the future historian, in the interest of truth." As an old soldier of the war of the Sixties, please permit me to return unto you my most sincere and heart-felt thanks for conceiving the idea. In saying this, I am quite sure that I voice the true sentiments of all of my old comrades and their children, together with the old Union men too old or too young to be in the service, like yourself; but our sympathies and sentiments were one, so that makes us comrades in the Great Cause for which we fought. Last, but not the least, I will also mention our wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and our sweethearts,-all as true lovers of the Union, as we participants in actual service.

In writing up my story of the War of the Sixties, I wish it remembered that, that awful war was a "bomb shell in the wheel" of my education,-so many orthographical and grammatical errors may appear in my writing. At my age;-19, when Fort Sumpter was fired on, I should have had a fair education: but, be it remembered, that I was born and raised (Except one year) in a slave state; and slavery and the public education of "the po' white trash", only to a very limited extent, did not work well together. The principle of Negro slavery, in the "Sunny South" was antagonistical to the public education of the masses. Ignorance was one of Slavery's strongholds. In fact, I think I am justified in saying that ignorance among the masses termed "po' white trash" was Slavery's strongest hold.

In writing my story, I have, after much thinking, concluded that it will be best to write in letter form, giving in each letter, things as they occurred, from the hot political campaign year of 1860 to the close of the war in 1865. When I read after a writer in whose writings I am deeply interested, I am always wearied with the question "Who is the he or she?" (as the case may be) until I learn something of the writer's history. So applying the "golden rule", I will first give a sketch of my life to the outbreak of the war.

My great grandfather, Neil Wilkinson, came from Scotland some years before the Revolutionary War and settled on Lock's Creek, Cumberland County, N. C. I now have two letters written by him to my grand father, Allen Wilkinson, in Smith County, Tenn. In those letters, one dating Nov. 15th, A. D. 1804, and the other bears the date of Jan. 31st, A. D. 1815,- he signs his name "Neil Wilkinson". The postmark on the last letter reads "Single leaf, 37 ½ cts." We cannot make out the postage on the first letter. In his last letter, I learn that my grandfather, Allen Wilkinson, was born A. D. 1768, in July.

Grandfather Allen Wilkinson traveled across the Cumberland Mts., to Tennessee in the very early days of the settlement of that state. Two of his brothers came about the same time,- Daniel and Archibald. Grandfather first taught school on Peyton's Creek in Smith County, Tenn., and soon married Rachael Hesson, a girl of 15. Her father came from Dublin, Ireland, sometime previous to the Revolutionary War. He was with Putnam

and Preston on Bunker's Hill, and continued in the "War for Liberty" until its close. He also removed to Smith County, Tenn. In a early day. He was a tailor by trade. Grandfather, after marrying, bought the beginning of the old "Wilkinson Homestead" on the headwaters of Peyton's Creek and began the life of a farmer and hunter. To them were born eight children,- John McBride Wilkinson, was the 5th one of the family, - the father of the writer,- born June 7th, 1813. About this last named date, grandfather enlisted a company to go to fight the Indians during the war of 1812-15. Edward Sanderson, a near neighbor was one of Grandfather's Lieutenants. Their time expired, however, before the battle of New Orleans. Of Edward Sanderson and Mary McMillen Sanderson, were born several sons and daughters, among whom was Lavana Sanderson, who married John M. Wilkinson, sometime in 1836. Of them were born five children. The fourth one was Henry Clay Wilkinson, born March 27th, 1842,- the writer. Mother died, Feb. 16th, 1844,- so I now have no recollections of my mother whatever. One baby brother was buried in mother's arms, so they told me. After mother died, father gave our only sister and myself to his mother to care for. He took with him my oldest brothers, Edward and Neil to Grandfather Sanderson's. So sister and I remained until the early spring of 1858. Father enlisted in Company C, 1st Tenn. Regt. Vols., commanded by Col. Wm. Campbell, in 1846, and went to Mexico, but on account of sickness, he was discharged before his regiment was engaged in battle. In 1848 father was married to Sarah Young in Lafayette, Macon County, Tenn. And soon after removed to Dardanell, Yell County, Ark., where he remained until early in the spring of 1856. While in Arkansas, he lost his wife and two children. He brought the oldest, a girl, back to Tennessee with him. Oh, it seemed so long to be away from father! Yes over 7 ½ years!

From my earliest recollections, I was expected to bend my back in the tobacco field and go to school occasionally, till the tobacco crops were "housed", -then, perhaps we would get to attend school a solid week and sometimes a solid month. The public schools (so called) were for only three months in the year,- but such schools. We sat in houses, if frame buildings, were only weatherboarded and a wide fireplace in a 'stick-and-dirt' chimney. Our school house, where I attended school, was built of hewn buckeye logs and was as open as the commonest stable, with no fireplace or stove! We warmed of cold days at a fire built out in the yard. Our seats were made of slabs from the saw mill, with four legs in them. We called them "benches". They were from about 7 feet long to about 16 feet, owing to the size of the house and where used in the house. As to "black boards" we never heard of such a thing. The "writing desk" was usually as long as that side of the school house where it was fastened to the wall. A log cut-out, with sometimes glass panes in a frame in place of the log cut-out, furnished light. At this "writing desk", we all sat on one long bench to practice penmanship. The teacher was always expected to "set copies" for us to write by. In going to and from school, we would watch the roads for good goose quills, out of which the "school master" would make our writing pens. To know how to make a good pen was one very important qualification in the teacher. The teacher? O dear! He or she could not now get a school for nothing, not even to pay for the privilege to teach in our public schools on 1902. He, or sometimes, she, always sat at the teachers' desk to hear us "say our lessons" and to "set copies" make or mend our pens, tell us "what this word is?" and "work" the hard sums of the "cipherers" whose blessed privilege it was to sit out doors under the shade trees or in the sunshine or by a "chunk fire" if it was cold. If they "got stalled" they

would bring their sums to the school master to “work”. Those studying grammar were also of this blessed privileged number. Sometimes one would be studying geography and would be permitted to “go out doors” too. The studies were spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar. The main things were spelling, reading and in particular “cipering” and writing. Our text books were Webster’s old spelling book; Smith’s, Smyle’s and Fowler’s arithmetics. The readers were McGuffey’s and Goodrich’s readers and the New Testament. Such a thing as a class, except in “spelling for heart” just before “play time” at noon and the last thing of the evening, was never heard of. We had the “big class” and the “little class” in these spellings. As to such a thing as uniform series of text books, we never dreamed of. In fact, to have required a uniform series of text books and to class the pupils as they do now in all of our schools would not then have been tolerated in school at all. If he, or she, as teacher had dared such a thing then, they would have been put down as a “blue bellied Yankee” and an “abolishioner”. When we studied our lessons, if I should say study, we were required to “spell out” and “read out”,- that is, to spell and read aloud and I assure you that when we came to “getting the spelling lesson”, we did “spell out” as loudly as we could hollow, - no we bawled! This spelling and reading out was the excuse for the “cipherers” and the grammar students to sit out doors; so when we began to “get the spelling lesson” we were often heard over a quarter of a mile, which was the signal for the “cipherers” and the grammer scholars to come into the school house to help “get the spelling lesson”.

I may be rather tedious in relating these things but my desire is to give the generations after me, some rather dim idea of common school life in a slave state before the war, which forever blotted out the enemy of public education in the “Sunny South”. Yes, “Future Generations”, the principle of Negro slavery, the great enemy of education and enlighten in the fair South, has gone “into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone”. We will never see it more, and who weeps? “Bless the Lord, O my soul!” That great debate at Freeport, Ill., between Steven A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858, in which Mr. Lincoln put this question to Judge Douglas, lighted the fuse that fired on Fort Sumpter, April 12th, 1861. It was: “Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior tot the formation of a State Constitution?” Mr. Douglas’ answer was, “It matters not which way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to this abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the constitution,- the people have the lawful means to introduce or to exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations.

This affirmative answer, I suppose we might term it, lost the South to Douglas at Charleston in 1860 and it also elected Abraham Lincoln President of the United States and the south seceded and the war came and now Negro slavery in the United States, is known only in history.

I well remember the exciting times during the summer and fall of 1856, when there were three men in the field,-Fillmore, Buchanan and Fremont. I remember that the defeated Fillmore men greatly rejoiced that Freemong ran so strong in the north, but then there was but little talk of war, unless Fremont had been elected, so the old people said. Well, as I close this letter, I wish it to go on record that I never directly or indirectly hired a single cent’s worth of “nigah Property”, but I can well remember how I would rejoice if

a run-away negro was not caught, but got safely away to a free state. I well remember also, how I would sympathize with the poor slave when beaten by his cruel owner. I was never at but one public sale where Negroes were sold at auction. There I beheld an old negro woman,- "Aunt Milly" parted from her baby girl, then about ten years old. One of my uncles bought the old woman and another man bought her daughter and so they were parted,- Aunt Mille to a good home and her little daughter to serve a hard master.

Very truly yours,

H. C. Wilkinson.

Letter No. 2.

Dear Doctor:

I am again seated to continue my story. I feel rather ashamed to say "I" and "Me" and "My" and "Myself" so often, but I cannot well relate my story as a single individual without it. In my former letter you can see that I belonged to that people in the South called "Po' white trash", because my ancestors were not slave owners. I am not a bit ashamed of it even to this day. My kin there in Tennessee were not considered "Abolitioners", but they were opposed to the principle of negro slavery. It was contrary to the mixture of the "Scot-Irish" blood, with a slight seasoning of English blood, in our veins, I suppose. One of mother's brothers married to father's youngest sister, and when father moved to Arkansas, in 1848, they took my brothers Edward and Neil to raise. Uncle bought three Negroes, one of whom was the "Aunt Milly" mentioned in my former letter. Father's brother, Peter A., had a negro boy and girl come to him by his wife's father. Afterwards Uncle Peter bought their father to keep him from being "sold south". These two uncles were solid Union men in the sixties, and gave up their negro property cheerfully, and were only too glad to do so.

After while, the spring of 1858 came along, and one beautiful Monday morning a four horse wagon drove up to Uncle Tom Sanderson's to haul our now re-united family to Nashville, Tenn., 60 miles south-west of our old home. I was then 16 years old but had never been over 12 miles from home that whole 16 years. It was a great event in my life as I was to see sights and hear sounds. I was to see my first steamboat and railway cars. I was to see cities. Oh, it was a great day with me, although I was bidding farewell to my own home and to my dear old grandmother, who had been my mother ever since I could remember. I then saw her and my Grandfather Sanderson for the last time. Among the dear ones to bid farewell was my constant companion, my dear little "Bobby", a little bench legged fice that had never owned a tail in all his life. Reader, did you ever own a dog that loved you as dear life and always trusted you as supreme, and had always obeyed you? Well, such was dear old "Bobby". We were raised "pups" together, so we loved each other dearly. Well, were you ever called upon to forever part with such a dear friend in good health? If so you can sympathize with "Bobby" and I. We had to part forever. The following summer poor little "Bobby" howled and dwindled and died of grief. We were two days reaching Nashville and at once boarded the "City of Huntsville", and were soon on our way to Schuyler Co., Ill. In traveling overland to Nashville we passed the "Hermitage" and saw Andrew Jackson's tomb. I had forgotten to relate that I saw father meet his old Colonel, Wm. Campbell, in Lebanon in Wilson Co., and the old Colonel tried hard to get father to go home with him near by and stay a

whole week. Father could not then accept the invitation. I remember that father told us that we were eight miles from Nashville when we first saw the imposing capitol of Tennessee on a hill about the city. It looked so small that I thought it was only the cupola. Going down Cumberland River we passed under the great wire bridge across Cumberland River, then we passed the new pier of the new railway bridge to soon cross the river from Louisville. It was to be a turn bridge so steamboats could pass up and down. I saw it in December '64 and in March '65. The turning span was then in operation, but the old wire bridge was gone. The wire bridge was destroyed when "On they kept going till they reached old Shiloh", after Gen. Zolicoffer was killed. They destroyed the wire bridge to save Nashville from the Yankees till they could get safely away. Grant had turned Bowling Green, Ky., by taking Fort Henry and Donalson. They had the "skedaddle" in good earnest.

At Paducah we boarded the "Highflyer", right from Cincinnati bound for St. Louis. She was loaded partly with dry hides and German emigrants, fresh from the "Mother country". I remember that as we were streaming up the Mississippi, close alongside the Iron Mountain Ry., I asked one of my fellow passengers what they were cutting away the bluff for. He said: "Yesem". He didn't understand English and I didn't understand German, but we parted good friends though. Soon we saw that immense cloud of smoke. They said: "That is St. Louis". Then here we are along the wharf or levee, and our boat was soon pulled into her place with the "capstand". Oh, such a crowd of steamboats. To look up or down the river, the chimnies, escape pipes & c. looked like a perfect wilderness of old dead trees in a clearing.

We soon boarded the "Sam Gaty" for Browning, Schuyler Co., Ill. This was early Saturday morning. The "Sam Gaty" was not to sail till late P. M., so we got to see some of St. Louis as it then was, spring of 1856. Why, I didn't know that there was a St. Louis till we reached Nashville, and then I imagined a little river town. Nashville just wasn't in it at all. The trip up the Illinois River was made partly in the night, so we couldn't then see a great deal. Through neglect of the clerk, we were carried by our landing, and father demanded of the captain of the "Sam Gaty" to return and land us, as it was then Sunday noon. The captain was a fine man and begged father to let him take us on the Peoria and back to Browning Monday night, telling father that it shouldn't cost him a cent, so we quieted down and went cheerfully along, and so saw more of Illinois. So, sure enough, we were landed at Browning Monday night, but got up Tuesday morning to find the ground covered with snow. Soon we were on our way out to friends and kin. The summer of '58 in Illinois was a warm political year as Judge Douglas and Abraham Lincoln were "stumping the state" for U. S. Senator. Be it remembered that they opened their joint debate at Freeport that year, which finally beat Judge Douglas for the Presidency two years after, as Mr. Lincoln then predicted. I remember that father and my oldest brother went with others to Beardstown to hear Judge Douglas speak. The next day I was at Browning and saw Judge Douglas on board the "Sam Gaty" on his way to Bath to speak again. I well remember how he looked, but, also, I remember that I did not join the crowd that had gathered at the boat landing when they cheered him.

Soon after Mr. Lincoln spoke in Vermont in Fulton Co., and father and my two brothers went in a wagon with others to hear Mr. Lincoln. I wanted to go so badly, but father said: "Edward and Neil are older than you, so you should let them go." Had I then known what I have since learned, I would have heard that speech if I'd had to walk that

ten miles all alone in the night. My brothers told me when they returned that father said to the men in the wagon: "Gentlemen, that man Abe Lincoln will be elected President in 1860. The Douglas men were about to dump him out of the (Democratic) wagon for saying so. It was not like that "Old Union wagon" of which we sang in the sixties. We sang: "And we'll all take a ride." Father told them to just wait and see. They saw that father was not a false prophet.

It was during this summer 1858 that the "great comet" appeared, which many claimed foretold war. When at its greatest brilliancy it was a fearfully beautiful object to behold in the evening sky.

It was during the winter of 1858-59 that I attended my first real public school. How I regretted to leave Illinois on account of the public school. I was deeply interested in my studies as then I first knew "system" in school. Then I learned what a blackboard was made for. They then had six months public school in Illinois, three months in the winter for the large pupils and three months in the summer for the small children. Then so strange, indeed, to find lady teachers. I then fully realized what an enemy the principle of slavery was to the free public school system. In Illinois we found the text books were uniform, and we were classed. Ray's arithmetic was the go there, so we could lay aside our Smyley's old thing, half of which was "pounds, shillings and pence." What use had we for English money? Then another thing we found, that if a man was a Republican, or even an out and out abolitionist, he could freely say so, without molestation whatever. This was a great wonder to us, because if a man dared to speak such sentiments in Tennessee he would have been treated to a coat of tar and feathers, or perhaps hung by a mob, with the "big fish" to back them in it. I could see that we did not then live in a free country and now I can understand Mr. Lincoln's utterances at that time that "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

The early spring of 1859 found us ready to come to Wayne Co., Mo., which will be related in my next letter.

Yours Truly,
H. C. Wilkinson

Letter No. 3

Dear Doctor:

As we found most excellent cooks in Illinois, it may be of interest to tell of the manner of cooking fifty years ago, when cook stoves were rare. "Cooking on the fire place" was the old way. The writer well remembers the first cook stove he ever saw, and the remark of its owner to an admiring neighbor. She said: "I wouldn't take a niggah fo' it." Corn meal was the main staple for bread. Beginning with the "Ash cake," we will tell how the various breads were made out of corn meal. The dough ready, a place was swept clear of ashes on the hearth and the dough was placed on the hot rock and covered with hot ashes till cooked. Then it was cleared of ashes by brushing and washing, then dried before the fire. The "Johnny cake" was baked on a board about 14 or 16 inches long and 6 to 8 inches wide. The dough was "pattied" out on the board until about an inch thick, and then placed before the fire until cooked and turned to brown. The "Hoe cake" was cooked, generally, on the inverted skillet lid, which was then made with three legs on the top side so that the fire coals could be put under it. When partly cooked it was then turned over and cooked till it would bear standing on its edge before the fire

with a support behind it, and turned until a delicious brown. The “Dodgers” were cooked in a skillet or oven, then were baked at once. The “Co’n Pone” was baked in the skillet or oven and was generally two inches thick, but few people used anything to “make up” the dough save cold water. Sometimes we got “Fatty bread,” which was made by adding lard and salt. “Punkin bread” was made by adding cooked pumpkins, and then baked as “Pone” or “Dodger.” “Corn light bread” was made by placing scalded meal in a vessel by the fire until it was fermented; then more meal was added; then it was baked in a deep oven to a black brown. Sometimes we got “Egg bread,” which was made by adding two or three well beaten eggs. Soda and salaratus were hardly known to the cook. The writer well remembers the first time he ever heard of such a thing as salaratus. One of our aunts, who lived near by, was assisting in the cooking for father’s “Infair” dinner, to be eaten next day after his second wedding. That was in 1848. Aunt said: “Go up to my house and tell “Kink” to send me the salaratus. Then another aunt came up and said: “Now, don’t forget it—s a l a r a t u s.” Sister and I hurried away to do their bidding, but we forgot the name. We could get “Sally” all right, but to save our lives we couldn’t get “ratus.” Cousin “Kink” guessed what was wanted and so gave us a semi-fluid in a bottle. Meats of all kinds were boiled in pots by the fire, or hung over it, or fried in the skillet oven or frying pan held in the hand over the fire. Meats broiled on fine coals were common. No such thing as browned coffee could be bought then. The main teas were made of sarsafra roots and spice-wood twigs and sweetened with honey, maple sugar or New Orleans sugar or molasses. The aristocracy used loaf sugar, which was put up in blue paper and was very hard and white. We learned that loaf sugar was made by packing the New Orleans sugar in an earthen vessel with holes in the bottom, and then place a large lump of wet clay or mud on top of the sugar. The clay would absorb the brown color of the sugar, leaving it white as snow. It is related that this process was learned from a pet hen walking over the sugar in the cooling vat. There were large lumps of clay sticking to the hen’s feet, some of which remained on the sugar. Soon someone discovered that immediately under the lumps of clay left by “Her Majesty” on the sugar were white spots. A discovery was made and turned to account, as loaf sugar began to appear on the market, but it was costly, so it was for the use of the aristocrat, and in medicines by the “Po’ white trash.”

Our biscuits had only four things in them, namely: Flour, cold water, salt and lard or fried meat grease. It took as long then to get the dough ready to bake as it does now to make the dough, cook it and set it on the table ready to be eaten. Some kept a “dough bench and dough meal” and made beaten biscuit. Light bread was made with what they called “salt raising,” a natural fermentation. “Frumity” was wheat scalded in lye, as “corn hominy” was made, and is yet. The wheat was then washed and cooked in water until done, and seasoned to taste. Some ate it like cooked rice, with milk and sugar, molasses or honey. Starch was then obtained by soaking wheat bran in water in a tub till fermented, then it was taken out and squeezed in the hands over a meal sieve into another vessel, then strained through a coarse cloth to clear it of the remaining bran, then it was left to settle and the water would then be poured off and the yellow starch on top was removed to make “sowins.” When boiled it looked somewhat like the stomach of a hog after being emptied and washed, and to the writer it tasted no better, but some folks were fond of it eaten with sweet milk. The smell wasn’t any more inviting than that of an old kraut barrel. The starch was thus washed through different waters till white. This paste

was used to stiffen our Sunday shirts. Our Sunday shirt and pants in the summer time were made of home grown, home spun, home woven and home made flax. Most all kinds of cloths were home made flax, cotton and wool and dyed in various colors. Indigo blue was made in a large pot set near the fire. It took an expert to make a good blue dye. The blue dye was "set" by taking weak wood lye, madder and wheat bran, put in the old "continental pot" till fermentation took place, the indigo was added by tying it up in a small rag or cloth, and , after soaking, rub out in the hand till the blue was of the right color. When the indigo was added the wheat bran would precipitate, but care was used to add a handful of wheat bran daily. The thread, either cotton or woolen, was left in this dye and repeatedly worked through the hands till the right color was obtained; either deep or pale blue was obtained. Sometimes a clouded cloth was desirable, or perhaps stocking thread. To produce this result they would tie bits of corn shucks around the "hunk" of thread, in spaces, so as to prevent the dye from penetrating. Some dyes were made of the roots of black walnut, or of the butternut or white walnut. Cloth died in this dye was called "Butternut," and was worn by the "Johnnies" in the sixties. Madder and Spanish brown were often used in the dyes. Coperas was used then, and the writer remembers that way back in the "Forties" the Democrats wore "Coperas yellow," and long hair parted on one side, and the Whigs wore the old old blue-"True blue," and short hair. The writer can just remember of wearing his old straw hat with "Henry Clay & Freeling Huyson" printed on paper and pasted on his old straw hat. He grew up to hate the coperas yellow and long hair. They told him that Democrats were "Coperas yellow and long hair," and taught him to say: "Daddy's gone to Texas to kill Democrats." (That was while father was in Mexico in 1846.) "Coperas breeches" was the name applied to the "Po' white trash" as they were first being enlisted into the Confederate army. The regulation Whig dress was the famous hunting shirt made of the regulation blue, a straight sack coat with a short cape like that on the soldiers' infantry overcoat, with a fringe around its border. Sometimes white fringe was used around the cape and the tail of the coat. In those days it was thought that the "old cart and steers" were indispensable on the farm, but "Yankee notions" in the form of the "two horse wagon" soon retired the old cart to the scrap pile and "Buck and Darbe" to the beef buyer. They have passed into history like "Free trade" and "Free silver." "States rights," as per Alexander H. Stephens, is there also to keep them company, "as we go wandering on." Well, this country of ours, is as big as all out doors anyhow, and we may expect many changes yet to come by 1950 A.D.

Yours truly,

H. C. Wilkinson,

Damon, Wayne Co., MO.

Letter No. 4.

Dear Doctor:

I will now tell of my experience in becoming a Missourian, "the fellow who cannot be told, you have to show him for he must see." It was probably early in March, 1859, when we boarded the "City of Alton" at Browning, bound for St. Louis. Our journey this time was to terminate near Cold Water on Cedar Creek in Wayne Co., Mo. It was a cold cloudy Sunday evening, and while waiting for our steamer we witnessed a

large baptizing in a small slough of the Illinois River. A big protracted meeting held in Browning was just closing out.

Soon the steamer hove in sight, above Wells' Landing, and soon we bid our friends and kin farewell and rounded out for St. Louis. We reached that city early next morning, and soon we were on board a large side wheeled boat bound for Cincinnati or New Orleans, I disremember, and in fact I have forgotten the name of this steamer. It looks rather odd now to visit the levee at St. Louis and see so few steamers, and I think back to 1958-59, and think: "Well, where are all of that great crowd of fine steamers now?" Well, many of them have gone into history to help cheer up poor old "Buck and Darbe" and their old cart. We might say that about nine-tenths of them have traveled that road. The railways have played sad havoc with the old river traffic. Wonder what will displace the railways? By the late P. M. our steamer rounded out for the lower country, and away we went. There were thirteen persons in our company now. Our family of six persons, and cousin John L. Stepp's family of seven souls. Besides these I had my two hounds and cousin's part shepherd and two horses. We also had a wagon to haul our living freight of women and children to Wayne County from Cape Girardeau, 60 miles. We reached the Cape Tuesday morning and stowed away our extra freight, taking the indispensables for camping on the road. We cooked and ate our first Missouri meal, dinner, at the One Mile Stone on the Marble Hill pike, then called Dallas.

Our first camp was not far east of that stone grist mill on White Water where Col. Hecker, in the summer of 1861, became so displeased with 'one of dem stones' that he returned with a gun and sent some solid shots through the stone wall. The mill fared badly, as it was burned. It was all caused by two of his "D---d lop eared Detch" being killed near the mill. This was what the rebels called Col. Hecker's men

The next day (Wednesday) we passed through Marble Hill, all soaking wet except the tender little ones and the ailing. We had encountered a very hard rain the P. M. and kept the little ones well covered in our covered wagon. We crossed Crooked Creek to camp, but afterwards found we were traveling the Greenville road instead of the Cold Water road. As we neared the Castor bottom, we had our first view of a pine forest way across Castor, west of us. We found Castor-way past fording at the "Mon Sitze ford," so there we had to camp for two nights before we could safely cross. However, we made Cedar Creek via Bear Creek that (Saturday) night, but found that we had traveled nearly ten miles out of our way. Now we sat down to try to make genuine Missourians of ourselves, and time comes up now and says that we made a complete success of the job.

We found deer, turkeys, coons, possum, rabbits, squirrels, quail and pheasants very plenty. That was well pleasing to the boys and father as well. Pine knots all around, and so handy and useful to read by, and to kindle the fires and to light us on our nocturnal rambles over the hills and rocks hunting 'coons'. How about church and schools? As to churches, they were reasonably plenty, but the schools—oh, dear! Old Tennessee over again, only worse by a hundred percent. The things then called school houses were also churches, and the church houses were also school houses. Some old benches, only the most of them were made of split timers with legs, contributed by the populace. Many of these benches would go over topsy turvy if you only touched them. The houses for public worship and for school houses were mostly weather-boarded shells, or old unhewn log cabins of the primitive kind. No public school fund, or so little that it was hardly felt. The schools were mostly, or in some places, altogether subscription schools. The

teacher, if anything, was far below the Tennessee teacher in education, and no method, but, as in Tennessee, there were as many classes as there were pupils. Every one took just such text books as they might have or could procure, or just any text book he or she might choose. "The sun of knowledge" wasn't up yet. We found an honest, open hearted, hospitable people in this part of Southeast Missouri. Whiskey was plenty and cheap and almost every one, old and young, drank whiskey more or less. There were a few persons who were looked upon as drunkards, but they were not so plentiful as one might suppose. Whiskey was free of any U. S. revenue, and anyone could make, buy or have made a barrel or barrels of whiskey, and sell by the barrel, gallon or quart, but the saloons had to pay a light revenue into the state and county funds. The people were generally agreeable. Sometimes a trouble would arise between two or more persons, but if it came to blows they generally settled it in a "fist and skull rough and tumble fight". If it was a "pitch battle" each participant selected his second, and each one made his half of the ring. Then they would cross their sticks and then throw them aside and "walk in." If one hollered "Nuff" the other would cease knocking or gouging. There was little cutting or shooting after the old land feuds were all wiped out, which were brought about by the man who had the money entering his neighbor's "Improvement" from under him. This caused much trouble for a while. The people were very liberal to help each other, in log rolling, hog killing, corn shuckings and even in the harvest field. The writer remembers once that word came up the creek that the St. Francis River had washed Bill Cobb's island field fence away and that his corn was exposed to all out stock. That was enough as a notice that the man needed assistance, so away we all went, old and young, many with teams and wagons, and soon his corn was safely fenced in again. It was Sunday, too, but we went and worked hard to help our neighbor in the hour of need. The sick were never neglected. If a man fell sick and his crop was coming to distress, the same help was rendered him like neighbor Bill Cobb's island field fence.

We found Twelve Mile Creek, East Big Creek, Castor River and Bear Creek were settled principally by North Carolinians. They were called "Tar Hulls" in some neighborhoods. In and around Patterson west of the St. Francis River were mostly Virginians. That region was called "The Virginia settlement." By some they were termed "Tuchahos." Cedar Creek was almost solidly Tennesseans, and mostly from Smith and Macon counties, our old home folks. They were called "Copenas Bruches." That was as we found this part of Southeast Missouri in 1859, and there were but little changes, only that new comers continued to arrive until after the war closed. Wonderful now to think back to our "little bit of unpleasantness", how soon we were to become deadly enemies, hunting each other, and shooting at each other whenever and wherever found, and now all living in peace again and our own sons and daughters marrying each other as though an hostile gun had never been fired in a great national strife. Here is a rich field for the historian, the philosopher, the philanthropist, the logician and the theorist, and I don't know that we are justified in slighting the poet and theologian either. The monotony of the summer, fall and winter of 1859 was relieved somewhat by the action of John Brown at Harper's Ferry in "Old Dominion". We watched the proceedings with deep interest, but as John Brown had little or no following here in his mad act, there was little or no discussion of the subject. There were two astronomical displays that caused some talk. One was the appearance of another comet. The other was a rushing noise in the upper air, or above it, that sounded like a covered buggy being run

rapidly over a smooth road. This happened one Saturday evening with a clear sky overhead, but nothing was seen or felt like an earthquake. It came from rather to the southeast and passed over rapidly to the north northwest. It was heard the same evening in Tennessee at our old home, and, strange to relate, it came from there in our direction.

1860 came around next. We began to realize that there would be a very hot time in politics that year. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and John Bell of Tennessee were nominated by their respective parties. Mr. Lincoln was chosen the standard bearer of the brave, fine, new Republican party. Mr. Bell represented the very last feathers in the last wing of the old Whig party. It was called the "Union and Constitutional" party, or something like that, but there was no denying it but that these "feathers" were of the dying Southern wing of this "Old Clay Whig Party". The Republican party had absorbed the bulk of that old party, although that "Know Nothing" arrival drove many in the South into "Buchanan Democracy."

As the clouds gathered over Charleston, S.C., we could plainly see that the "Old time honored" Democratic party would encounter a mighty storm. The South wouldn't swallow Judge Douglas' Freeport speech, called the "Freeport heresy" that Mr. Lincoln so logically forced out of him in 1858 in their joint debate. The "Free soilers" wouldn't just submit to give up Judge Douglas, so here was the "breaker" that would smash that old Democratic craft. Well, that storm came at last, and now methinks I can still hear the timbers of the old Democratic raft as they grind and churn on that awful Freeport "breaker". I well remember that we were reading "Harper's Weekly," and that I read a kind of burlesque report, given by a "Down Easter", who figured in his report as a vender of ginger cakes and cider. I am so sorry that I have forgotten his (fictitious) name. When the "Bust up" came he wrote a P. S. to the editor begging him to "Hold on to my letter for the thing's busted", or about these words. The editor informed him that he was too late, that his letter was already in the press. Soon we learned that there were two Democratic candidates in the field, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckenridge. Judge Douglas was claimed to be the regular nominee and Breckenridge the sectional nominee, or that was the claim in the hot discussions here in Wayne Co. There were strong Douglas men and strong Bell men on Cedar Creek, but there were few Breckenridge men in our community, but on Bear Creek there were very many Breckenridge men. If there were more than two Lincoln men at Cold Water, or more than two votes cast for Mr. Lincoln on Nov. 6th 1860, it was never made public. Now, in honor of these two men I doff my hat. One of them was a blacksmith then at work in P. L. Power's blacksmith shop, and I think, he was a Vermonter. I wish I could now call to mind his name so I could here and now write it down for the future generations to see and to honor. His given name was "Martin". The other man was born and raised in Macon Co., Tenn. Thanks to memory, I am able to write it down, for I knew of him from the time I was 8 years old. His veins were well filled with Scotch blood, and in the war of the great Rebellion no truer patriot, no greater lover of the country and the flag and no braver soldier ever shouldered a musket in that great strife to battle for his country than JOHN A. MCKINNIS. (Note— There were two John A. McKinnises living in Wayne Co., Mo., in 1860-61, and both were born and raised near each other in Tenn. They were near the same age and first cousins. This other John Allen McKinnis is also first cousin to the writer. He never took any open part in the war. He was a strong Southern man from start to finish. When the war broke out the writer's father and family lived on lands leased of this John Allen

McKinnis in '59, '60 and to the close of '61. Very hard feelings arose between the writer's father and his nephew, John Allen McKinnis, early in the spring of '61 on account of politics, so after and brother Edward enlisted in the "Haw Eaters" company in the fall of '61, Cousin Allen, as we called him, told the writer and his brother Niel that their vacant room on his land would be much better company than they were. Then brother Niel rode over to Camp Cole, situated on the Head farm west of the St. Francis River, a mile and a quarter above the mouth of Cedar Creek, where the "Haw Eaters" were then encamped, to lay the case before father, then Lieut. John M. Wilkinson. Not wishing an open rupture, it was arranged that we remove to a part of the Greenwood farm, just over the Wayne and Madison Co. line, but retain a part of the lease for another year's cultivation. (Mention will be made of the "Union" John A. McKinnis in his action in '61 and '61.) If any of his children or grand children, or his great grandchildren, or any of his descendants should ever chance to read this, let them bear in mind that he who now pens these words is one who knows. Through the summer and fall of 1860 there were very many hot personal encounters, but no blows. The summer was dry in part, and as a thunder cloud would appear, only to tear asunder, the Bell men would call it a "Democratic cloud, "cause it split", to the derision of the Democrats.

I hope I may be pardoned in pausing here to record another astronomical wonder. It was an immense meteor. It came from the south and passed over Tennessee on its rapid flight north. I wouldn't here interrupt the reader by relating the grand phenomenon had I not been an eye witness. I well remember that my oldest brother and myself were in a cornfield on a "coon hunt", and as it was after corn had passed from the roasting ear stage to the "gritting" stage, the 'coons were eating the corn in this particular neighbor's field, and we had paused to await the dogs to "find him if he was thar". The moon was shining, and, being between the first quarter and the full, she was high up over heads. All at once we saw a mighty light spring up in the south-east and soon died away in the north-east. I never heard of its being seen above the Eastern horizon in Missouri. Soon letters came from Tennessee telling of its awful appearance there. The writers described it as being the size of a tobacco or sugar hogshead, but to have given such a strong light it certainly was much larger than a large barn. To say the least of it, it was just immense.

Well, the election of Nov. 6th 1860, came along at last, but I don't now remember just how the two Democratic candidates stood in Cedar Creek township, but I know that Douglas had quite a vote there. Bell got a good vote. I think the most of the Bear Creek votes cast there were for Breckenridge. Well, anyhow, we soon learned that Abraham Lincoln received 180 votes out of 303 votes in the electoral college, giving Mr. Lincoln 57 votes over his three opponents. So now we had a "rail splitter" for president. How detestable he appeared in the eyes of the Southerners, even in Wayne Co., Mo. He was derided and mocked, and I suppose that if he had been in some parts of Wayne Co. the people would have spat in his face, as they did one who had gone before him, even the Lord Jesus. It was, indeed, a very bitter pill for Southern aristocracy to swallow. No, they wouldn't swallow this bitter pill. They would leave the Union first, because Jefferson Davis said so in September 1858, at Jackson, Miss. Mr. Davis said: "If an abolitionist be chosen president of the United States, you will have presented to you the question whether you will permit the Government to pass into the hands of your avowed and implacable enemies. "Without pausing for an answer, I will state my own position to be that such a result would be a species of revolution by which the purposes of the

Government would be destroyed, and the observance of its mere forms entitled to no respect. In that event, in such manner as should be most expedient, I should deem it your duty to provide for your safety outside of the Union, from those who have already shown the will, and would have acquired the power to deprive you of your birthright, and reduce you to worse than the Colonial dependence of your fathers.” And there we stood on Nov. 7th 1960, a little over two years hence, ready to behold these very things being done. How we held our breath. Could it be real that these things were transpiring? Will there be war? If so, who but the South would and did precipitate it?

Very truly yours,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.,
Wayne Co.

Letter No. 5.

Dear Doctor:

Once more we are seated, to face a new situation. Yes, it was a genuine situation, not a theory. We had come to be put into the crucible and tried by four long, long years of fire. “And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.” We had now come to the school that would teach us the meanings of two words: “Secede” and “Secession.” I think I can see ever so many hands go up over there in the children’s corner, and among the young ladies and gentlemen and the boys and girls announcing that they are ready to tell us the meaning of these two words. Well, we now give these young people, all, an opportunity to display their stock of knowledge. “Secede, to withdraw from fellowship.” “Secession, act of seceding.” Ah yes, my dear children and young folks, that is about correct as given in our small dictionaries, but right here let me tell you, dears, we learned these definitions of these two words in dictionaries too, but now, as we see the sun of 1860 sinking in the far west, we found that we must learn these definitions another way. It took us until way long up in July, (about the 21st, perhaps) 1861, before we had fairly got under way in our new kind of school to learn just what “Secede” and “Secession” really did mean. We suppose that South Carolina learned the true meaning of the word “Nullification,” taught them by the “Hero of the Hermitage,” Andrew Jackson, but we didn’t then have an Andrew Jackson sitting in the White House at Washington City, neither did we have a Wm. McKinley nor a Theodore Roosevelt, but we soon would have T H E M A N equal to the fearful ordeal of fire now upon us-the lamented A b r a h a m L I n c o l n. I didn’t then know, but I have since learned, that God, our great Creator, really loves this nation. I learned it from two things. One is that : “Whom He loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” Soon we began to receive our chastisement. God had heard the cry of the poor slave. The other thing is, that He gave us A B R A H A M L I N C O L N , the M A N O F T H E H O U R , and one of the grandest things about this man is that he then fully realized the fearful situation and the great responsibility resting upon him. But, dear children and young people, we cannot now pause longer to talk to you-God bless you-for the bugle has begun to sound the “General Assembly,” and the drums begin to

sound the “Long Roll,” and the pipes begin to scream: “Yankee Doodle,” and “The Red, White and Blue,” and “Hail Columbia,” and –yes, there is a new song with a new tune: “Yes, we’ll rally ‘round the flag, boys,

We’ll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We will rally from the hill side,
We’ll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurray,
Down with the traitors and up with the stars.

While we rally ‘round the flag, boys, we’ll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.” (From memory.)

Then soon we’ll have to fall in and march away to the field of battle to the tune of “The girl I left behind me.” Farewell children, farewell young folks, we go to war. So we sat down to await developments, but we hadn’t long to wait. We soon learned that S. C. had seceded (Dec. 24th, 1860). We sprang to our feet in--well, we will say, in astonishment--rather. The first talks were on this question: “How shall we act? How shall we stand?” The writer well remembers that his father wrote to John W. Noel, our M.C. and to Bill Stokes of Tenn., also in Congress. Mr. Stokes was an old personal friend of father’s. They both wrote in language about like this: “The American Union now and forever, one and inseparable.” Father at once took his stand for the Union. He and P. L. Powers, Jas. S. and A. G. McMurtry, Jas. Willmore, Wm. Wakefield, Dr. Edward Lawrence, John Dollarhide and his father, the Greenwood boys and many others began to talk and consult as to their stand in the coming contest. It was wonderful, indeed, to see their “Bellism” and “Douglasism” all hugh up in a moment, as it were. There was a little “Hang fire” sentiment still lingered as to which side to take, but soon the line was drawn, when Miss. Seceded on Jan. 9th, and on the same day “The Star of the West,” waving the Stars and Stripes, bearing also supplies to Maj. Anderson, then in Ft. Sumter in Charleston harbor, was fired upon by hostile guns. That drew the line. All other political questions and differences at once sank wholly out of sight. And the question then was: “Are you a Union man, or are you a Secessionist?” Oh, but we had stiring times now. Much newspaper comment on every hand. Some one way and some another. We were then reading the “Knoxville Whig,” edited by Wm. G. Brownlow in Knoxville, Tenn. He was very outspoken for the Union. We remember an editorial squib about S. C. He (Brownlow) said: “S. C. finds it like the fellow who got married. He said: “Its’s nuthin’ ter git married, but it’s h—I ter keep house.” Wm. G. was a Methodist preacher, and of course he ought to hang to the truth, and we thought he did, but we had our doubts about his right to handle “cuss words” so carelessly. Notwithstanding all of this, we say: All honor to all such men, true lovers of their country, as Wm. G. Brownlow.

Just about this time a new man appeared on the stage, that is, if we should call him a man. The neutral(???)_ man looks like, so far as the country in which he lives is concerned, he had better belong to the “neuter gender.” He was few and far between though, which was a mighty good thing. Under such conditions, the best we can say for the “neutral man” is that he is a man without a country. He is both cowardly and selfish. He is better described in the language of our last old war bed-fellow. The way he put it is this: “Me and my wife, my son Joe and his wife, us four, and no more.” Even to this day

we are made to blush with shame, as we sometimes hear this fellow boast and say: "I kept out of it. I didn't make the fight and I warn't goin' to fight, nor I didn't." We respect and honor the man who shouldered his gun, and "Went South," and fought us like a man, in what he thought was right. We know exactly where to find him, but we have no respect for this "neutral man."

February the first, 1861, told us of the seventh state to leave the Union. Yes, Texas had gone overboard. On Feb. 4th the Southern Confederacy was formed, and by this time we realized that it was a real "situation, not a theory." Calls were being made for expression meetings, and one day not far from this time we saw one James R. Willette in company with P. L. Powers, and perhaps one or two others, approaching our house. It soon developed that he was on a secret mission. We soon learned that his business was to find out, "Just who we can trust," he said. He was hunting men who loved the Union, and were ready to do anything to save the nation. He had come to the right place. We were well acquainted with this James R. Willette as a surveyor. He was then Wm. T. Leeper's deputy Co., surveyor, and was of Irish or Scotch birth, and was a thorough civil engineer. But now we were hearing him in a new field. We were learning him as one of the very first active, working, uncompromising Union men of Wayne Co. so in this secret council, it was agreed upon to call a meeting at Cold Water, which meeting was held in a few days, or perhaps in the next day or two. Willette went around to all of the then known Union men to arouse them to action. The meeting assembled, however, and Mr. Willette made us a speech, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions.

The writer cannot now call to mind who all of the committee were, but one man, Jas. S. McMurtry, was one of them. We also remember that the resolutions were for the Union-strong. This meeting also made the top rail on the fence so sharp that you couldn't sit on it any longer on Cedar Creek. It was common then to say of some men or man: "Well, he is on the fence." That was that the man was undecided about which way to go, for the Union or "Go South." This meeting defined the line so plainly that there was now no mistaking the situation. A very few men on Cedar Creek staid away from our meeting because they leaned South. About three, or perhaps four, such men we then knew of on Cedar Creek. This was the first Union meeting ever held in Wayne Co., or at least the first public meeting. We soon found that we had many trusty friends all around us. We may say, as we now remember it, that our influence extended from Brunot on the west to Castor River on the east, then some on Bear Creek and other nearby streams. Twelve Mile Creek, north of Cedar Creek in Madison Co., furnished such staunch Union men as James P. and John Ellis and Edward P. Settle and his father, Rev. Wm. Settle, a veteran Baptist preacher. We found that our "patch," so to speak, was over 18 miles east and west, and about 10 miles north and south. However, there were many staunch Union men scattered all over Wayne and Madison counties. Also on Lost Creek we had such men as the Johnsons, the Davises and the Bennetts, and others whom we cannot now remember to tell their names. Wm. T. Leeper, now living on the St. L.I.M. & S. Ry. between Leeper and Mill Spring, was of the kind of Union men who made themselves FELT later on.

Then came the call of the Governor of Missouri for an election to be held to elect delegates to a state convention, to be held at once, to decide Missouri's stand, either to stay in the Union or to secede. We well remember three of the candidates in our Senatorial district, Wm. T. Leeper of Wayne, Sam Collier of Madison and Lawyer Pipkin

of Iron. Canvassings and speakings were now in order, and we further remember that as Cedar Creek gathered strength "for the Union," it was determined that we must hoist a Union flag. The pole must be 76 feet high above ground. The most active and leading men in this enterprise were P. L. Powers, Jas. S. and A. G. McMurtry, John M. Wilkinson and sons, John W. Adams and Dr. Edward Lawrence, so willing hands soon brought the pine pole from the woods and got it ready, while others dug the hole for it in Granddaddy Jones' horse lot on a very prominent knoll or hill, then christened as "Union Hill." The flag was made by our dear women folks at the near by house of Jas. S. and A. G. McMurtry. The "Peter Wright" anvils with the "mouse holes" in their bottom sides were brought from the blacksmith shop of P. L. Powers, not a gun shot away. These were to make our cannon for the occasion. All things being now ready to hoist the pole into position, and as there was a grand gathering of us there that day, we had no lack of help, and that by willing hands, so up went the pole, and, as Dr. Edward Lawrence's brother, another doctor, was present from Illinois, he insisted in being permitted to drive home the final fastening pin, which he was permitted to do, so, as he hit the three last strokes, he said: "Lincoln, Douglas and the UNION." The flag was brought out, 30 feet long and 10 feet wide, and these words in the middle: "The Union. It must and shall be preserved." It was then adjusted to the hoisting rope and, as John M. Wilkinson already had the "mouse hole" full of gun powder and the other anvil face down, crossways on and over the powder, and his firing iron hot in the fire all ready, up goes our banner, and as it got fairly started Union Hill shook with the detonations of our improviso cannon. Then as he reached his place at the top of the pole,"boom," went the second gun. Then came one mighty cheer for the Union. The firing was kept up until there were about one hundred guns fired. Dusk drew on at length and with it came Wm. T. Leeper on his speaking tour. He came from the East and had spoken at least once that day, but were we don't now remember. One thing we remember is that, as he passed along the road at the base of Union Hill, we "fired on him" and gave three cheers for Leeper. He was then on his way to our church house, half a mile to the west, where he was to make us a rousing Union speech that night, or rather to begin at "early candle light." He was well known to us as a strong Union man.

Soon that roomy house was filled to overflowing to hear the speech. We hadn't long to wait as Leeper was soon in the old pulpit, with the candles already lighted and fastened on either side of him with melted tallow furnished by the burning candles. Leeper then began his mighty speech for the Union, which was listened to with deep interest, but the silence in his audience was often broken by applause and cheers. As the cheering died away as Leeper finished his speech someone, perhaps Leeper himself or Jas. S. McMurtry, introduced Lawyer Pipkin of Arcadia, also a candidate, as already noted. He came unexpected, as we had no previous notice of his coming. He began his speech, but soon it was discovered that he was a "Conditional Union man." He warned us of the North and related a story of a slave owner who had been "up North after his fugitive slave," and that it was arranged with the engineer on the train bearing the slave owner and his captured property that, at a certain station along the line, a mob was in waiting to take the captured slave from his master and free him again. So the engineer was to whistle down the brakes but the brakemen were to understand that they were not to turn on the brakes, but that they would go by the station at full speed, which, said Lawyer Pipkin, they did, and the slave owner got safely home with his captive. Hardly

had Lawyer Pipkin's last words died away, when a mighty shout broke forth from the throats of perhaps 300 men and boys calling" "Leeper, Leeper, Leeper." Pipkin now saw that he was in the wrong pulpit. Leeper arose to beg that he was tired and hungry, as he had been speaking so much that day and had eaten no dinner. However, he gave us another short but warm speech, and we shouted again. Leeper told us the story of some great man, who, when he found himself surrounded by robbers, drew his sword and, placing his back against a rock, said: "Come one, come all." Leeper said he was in that position then, with his back against the "Rock of the Union" "and now I say: 'Come one, come all.'" Then rose the cry of McMurtry! McMurtry! McMurtry!. Then our Jim McMurtry rose and before he finished we thought that if we were in Pipkin's place we had rather be conspicuously known in that crowd by our absence. Not a man or boy there that night who had the least spot of sympathy for what it was apparent that Pipkin represented. No, we were all unconditional Union men. Even the "Neutral gender" man was very conspicuous there that night, by his absence.

The election soon came and we remember that about the time the polls were about to open the old wiser heads out doors held a kind of caucus, by election, to select the best and strongest candidates, whose loyalty to the Union was not questioned. Of course, the name of Wm. T. Leeper was the first one. The object was to concentrate the votes of all the "Best Union men." The convention assembled and Missouri staid in the Union.

As we read in the papers of some of the delegates' weeping as they were voting their states out of the Union, such as, Alabama, Georgia & c., the ghost of old "Paddy" Hesson would rise up in us and say: "Faith now, I wonder if thim southern gintlemen didn't put tobacco crumbs in their eyes to fetch the tears to hilp on the program." Well, my dear sir, this letter may seem to be a bore to you, but not being a painter ourself, because we know black, white, yellow and blue (if you keep purple out of light)_ only, when we see them, we have tried to furnish the "pigments" of things that were transpiring all around us and everywhere, so the painter can blend the colors to suit his taste. We have written this letter as illustrative of the "Formation period" of our definition of the work "Secession." Yes, "Secession" was now on paper as expressive of what was in the heart of the "Sunny South." The exciting news of the fall of Ft. Sumpter was soon read. Blood had been spilled for the Union, and the war was surely upon us, but we never once doubted but what the Union would be preserved.

Very truly yours,

H. C. Wilkinson,

Damon, Mo., Wayne Co.

Letter No. 6.

Dear Doctor:

In our last letter, we found ourselves at the completion of "Secession" on papers, as expressive of Secession in the heart of the "Sunny South". There came that rather useless tarrying, while waiting the action of the Peace congress. The best we can say of the acts of this Peace Congress is, that it showed a liberal willingness on the part of the National Government. It left the "Sunny south" no excuse whatever, and now, it looks like President Lincoln had foreseen all of this when the storm of Secession broke upon the nation. A Costly pause! Now, that we had Secession arming itself to fight us right

before our faces,-there was to come another period of something else,- ORGANIZATION! Yes, we must organize, arm and equip for the fray. It was surely upon us! As already said, we had no other thought whatever, 0 but that we would win the day,-but when? There was one mistake on both sides, or so it seems. That mistake was the estimating each others' strength as compared with our own strength. It was the boast "down South" in the beginning of the arming and equipping the volunteers, that "One Southern man can whip two Yankees!" It was plain that the Department at Washington had a very low estimate of the prowess and strength of this new "Southern Confederacy", or at least it was rather manifest in the first call to arms of only 75,000 men for only 90 days! Why, that number of men would hardly be enough men to do picket and "chain guard" duty for Gen. Grant's Army of the Potomac.

The spring of '61 wore along, but getting hotter all the time. We read of the establishment of Camp Jackson at St. Louis and we could hear the rebel drums at Patterson, Wayne County, and the firing by file of their guns, as they began there to organize Cap. John Kemper's company for Col. Lowe's Regiment of Claib. Jackson's Militia. The writer well remembers that about that time his father came home from somewhere down on Cedar Creek, probably a wheat cutting and he was very highly excited and began to mould bullets for his old long deer-gun. He told us boys that he had heard at the small gathering of men where he had been that day, that one, Jesse Farmer, a Baptist preacher, then pastor of the Cedar Creek Church, had been appointed by Claib. Jackson to enroll the military strength and to assess a direct tax to aid in arming his Militia. Father then reloaded his old long "four-footer" and told us boys to be sure to not handle that gun. He said something like "cussin". "D—n him, if he shows his face on this place, I'll shoot him as sure as he is a man!" Father told us that the other men present when this news came, declared war also. We afterwards learned that the Rev. Farmer got wind of how matters then stood in the "Black Hole", as that was the name Cedar Creek had won with our friends(?) over the way, and Cedar Creek even bore that name as long as the war lasted. Anyhow, the Rev. Framer did not visit Cedar Creek as an enrolling officer and as an assessor of direct taxes. Then the writer remembers that it was then the talk that Gov. Claib. Jackson had put his hand down into the Missouri Public School Fund and taken out money,- some or all, to arm and equip his State Militia to carry Missouri out of the Union,-but we don't know if this is really true or not, altho' it did create quite an excitement among the Union men at that time. Seeing no account of this in later days, we thought perhaps that it was "grape vine telegraph news".

About the 10th of May, we read with exultation, of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon's brilliant move onto Camp Jackson at St. Louis, and things began to look more hopeful for the Union in Missouri. Gen Harney proved too slow and compromising. In a few days thereafter, we had James R. Willetts with us again. A "Union Home Guard Meeting" was appointed and Willetts was one of the speakers and we well remember what a glowing account he gave us of Capt. Lyon's brilliant move onto Camp Jackson and how he ordered them to "Bluff, boys! Now Bluff!" "And" said Willetts, "They bluffed. At this meeting there was one "Union", John A. McKennis, who voted for Lincoln the past November, as noted heretofore,-who took a very active part in the Home Guard organization. As to the most active leaders and prime movers, we will mention the names of such as we now remember;- P. L. Powers, Jas. S. and A. G. McMurtry, John M. Wilkinson, James Willmore, James T. Sutton and others not now remembered. James

T. Sutton was elected captain, and being then rather backward in the old militia drill, he had but little to tell us. John A. McKinnis took hold of us and put us through a brisk, old fashioned "Scott's tactics" drill, which was common in Tennessee in our early boyhood days. They then had a day of "Petit Muster" once or twice a year and Battalion drill, or "Muster" as it was then called, once a year. Our organization was completed and ready for anything small that might come our way. The Union men about Patterson, but few in number tho', organized under Capt. Hawkins, James R. Willetts and perhaps Wm. T. Leeper. Then soon we heard of a Union Home Guard on Lost Creek in rather Southeast Wayne County. Next we heard of Capt. Cochran and "his men". They were then living in Bollinger County between Castor River and Dallas (now Marble Hill). He and his men gave valuable aid to the Union army. The men composing these organizations were all solid and outspoken Union men. Many of them finally served in the Union Army, either U. S. Vols. or M.S. M. Vols. All, or almost all of them saw service in one way or another during the war. As well as we now remember, some companies of these Home Guards were furnished arms and accouterments, but our company received no arms, save our own, mostly the hunting rifle. The "Secessionists" as we then called them (Later on we did not have the time nor breath to spare to get out more than "rebs") were active in their organizations also. Quite a time they had in Fredericktown, we learned, when they organized there,-all Secessionists, of course. The Claib. F. Jackson Militia was formed in a brigade, or perhaps a division, and was commanded by one Gen. Watkins, who lived on his farm down in Scott or Mississippi County, or somewhere in that region. We may be doing him an injustice tho', by saying he commanded the Militia, as we never heard of his taking any active part in the whole war. We heard it strongly hinted at, that his sympathies were not with the Secession movement. At least, he made little or no hostile demonstration. Then we heard of the "Booneville route" of the Jackson Militia,- then of some kind of a fight at Farmington in St. Francois County, but could not learn of how affairs went there. Then Glory! Pilot Knob, Ironton and Arcadia were taken possession of by the "Feds". (When the Secessionists got busy and had no breath to spare, they termed us "Feds") We learned with delight how these "Feds" gave our lawyer Pipkin, previously noted, a good race, as he ran from them. They captured him but did not wound him in the chase. We then learned that the Union troops rather stole a march on the three towns, or actually one town three miles long. Then it was that we began to feel pretty large to our size. We then had a place nearby that we could rely on for help in the hour of need and to run to, to rally when scared. So the "rebs" then began to look on the "Knob" as a "Black Republican stronghold". A short time later on, Fort Carlin was built on a knoll-hill on the north side of Arcadia, with Stout's Creek flowing along the north base. Ironton stood prominently to the north across Stout's Creek. Pilot Knob still north of Ironton, beyond the gap between Mt. Shepherd on the west and Pilot Knob of the east. This fort had a pretty fair range, as it commanded the Arcadia Valley, on the north of it. It was mounted with about three 32 pounders, siege guns, and perhaps about three 24 howitzers and two mortars. It had no moat. At that time, Bloomfield, in Stoddard County, was the rebel stronghold and so remained more or less until in 1863. They had splendid works there, all earth-works they were. These works lay mostly to the south of Bloomfield and were probably 100 miles long. They were named the "Swamps". The guns these earth works mounted were almost all muzzle loading shot guns and rifles of

numerous calibers. Lowe's men, later on, brought a full battery of these guns to Wayne County.

Sometime about the last of May, or perhaps the first of June, '61, it was one certain Saturday, a "drill day" of the Home Guards at Cold Water, a panic was brought about by exciting speeches and recitals of how the rebs were doing in below us. We rather thought then or a few days afterwards, that this panic was rather designedly planned, but do not know for sure. There were two strange men there that day with their rifles, purporting to be Union men from Bloomfield. They had a woeful story to tell us of the doings of the rebs at and around Bloomfield, of how Union men were being treated. Later in the afternoon, one Joe Snader, came post haste (?) from David Bollinger's Steam Mill over near Castor River, in the northeast corner of Wayne County. He had a big scared story to tell of matters over there. In the excitement, Jas. S. McMurtry mounted a horse and went for Ironton for assistance. There was more or less excitement through-out the night, and a big scare the next morning and some one hallowed out- "Disperse from here!" We ran and scattered like a covey of quails when a hawk makes a dive for them. It was ludicrous indeed, to see us run, - from nothing. We were assembled on Union Hill, under our flag, when this scare came. As the day wore on, until the afternoon, we assembled at the Church house, one-half mile west of our flag. There was now quite an armed crowd of us, all highly excited and some eight or ten "bosses". Crowd? Yes! Did you ever see a flock of frightened sheep, all crowding to the center? Well, if you did, you have us. The dangerous enemy was supposed to come from Bear Creek where the "Fire Eater" Dr. Jim Ward lived. So all eyes were restively turned in that direction. We can now look back and shake our sides over these scenes,-panics and stampedes. In after years, we have talked over those old times and have had many a hearty laugh. John H. Wilkinson was then on a scout mission down into the extreme west end of Tennessee. Had he been present, we think matters would have had a better shape. He was then thought to be "spunky". Soon however, we saw a messenger coming from towards Ironton. He had glorious news to tell. "The soldiers will be here in a few minutes!" Was not that grand tho' our saviour now in easy reach. Yes, they had halted down at Tom Miller's, three-quarters of a mile below to leave their borrowed (?) horses and to farm and rest a few minutes, as they had come on the "double hurry", as one of them told the writer. He was a son of Erin,-(our distint relative).

We had not long to wait, however, as we soon saw Jas. S. McMurtry and Adjt. Gantt come riding up the rode. We moved down near the road to meet him. He dismounted and took a pair of Colt's "eight inchers" out of the holsters and placed them in his sword belt. He was a fine looking man and wore a military cap. This was the first U.S. Military officer that we had ever seen, or at least, the largest part of us. It beat any elephant show that we had ever beheld,- a real, live, genuine soldier of the Union Army! O, but he was precious to behold! "Yonder they come, boys!" some one said and sure enough, there they came. They were divided into three squads of probably 20 men in each squad. Orders were to not cheer aloud, but as they crossed the nearby creek, one did pull off his cap and say, "Hurrah for the Union!" we silently replied by waiving our hats. Well, they were a detachment of the old 6th Mo. Vols. (then) Inf. The writer remembers that the commander of one of these squads was addressed as "Lieut. Miller" by Adjt. Gantt. They were armed with "Minnies" carrying conical balls,-68 caliber. During that week we saw the boys firing in drill and these "minnies" would hardly fail to kick a man

a “quarter left wheel backwards, one step to the rear!” The boys said they would “kick you down and then kick at you after you were down.” To some, this all may seem to be rather small history now, but just at that time of the making thereof, it looked to us who were then making it, as big as all out doors. Then came the order,- “Attention Company! Shoulder ARMS! Forward, MARCH!” These were the first commands the writer ever heard issued to United States soldiers by a United States officer in command and so he now thinks that they should go down on Record because they had real genuine “Union” in them, which means true “patriotism”. Each squad, in its turn, received these three commands by its commanding officer. The boys were wet and tired and hungry. They had taken a heavy rain that day, but were yet minus the regulation blue, as clothing, save the blanket, haversack and canteen, had not yet been issued to them, but they told us that they had brought with them from Jefferson Barracks, plenty of blood kin,- old, old regulation (?) army gray backs! The boys were soon housed in the church house and our good women fell to, to cooking good things for these hungry boys. How they boasted of the “Good Citizens here”, as they gulped down the victuals as a hungry soldier can. With Jas. S. McMurtry’s help, Adj. Gantt soon drew a hasty map of the place (Cold Water) and the principal roads leading thereto. Then, he called the Home Guards and sent them in squads on the approaching roads, to do our first picket duty. Our post was a “Vidette” post on the Bear Creek road, approaching from the south. And oh, my! They placed us away over towards that awful Dr. Jim Ward’s residence and on a direct road there! All went quiet through the night, so far as we ever learned. Our post came out all right, tho’ we were quite moist when morning came, as we had taken a shower, but wet as we were, we could boast that we had actually done picket duty for the United States Army.

Morning came and All were called in and a scout had been organized, part mounted and part as infantry. Several of the Home Guards went along as guides. Destination, that awful “Fire Eating” Dr. Jim Ward’s residence! When the scout arrived there, the bird had flown. He had warning of the approach of the scout, as we had seen some two or three men whose loyalty we then doubted, mount and ride away from Cold Water and go in that direction. The scout returned that evening and reported “All quiet on Bear Creek! Soon other troops arrived from Ironton as Adgt Gantt returned. Two companies were commanded by Capts. Temple and Bywater. We fear that the last named never got through the war as we put him down as a virulent tyrant among his men. The first man we ever saw on the rail “horse”, Capt. Bywater ordered there for some slight provocation. He was also a “distint rrelative”- being from Erin. Capt. Temple was well beliked by his men. These soldiers scouted into the “enemy’s country” as far east as the Bollinger Mill. On the following Sunday all were assembled again on Union Hill under our flag with Lieut. Col. Blood of the 6th Mo. in command and also a Capt. Boutell, or Boutwell, we don’t now remember which. It was told of him that he was at the “Booneville fight. Capt. Hawkins with his Home Guards was also present. Jas. R. Willetts was there with some six to ten mounted men,- one man’s name was John Woodmancy, afterward wounded in a forlone hope charge in Louisiana, in 1864, and being permanently disabled in left shoulder, he was discharged. Capt. Hawkins had boxes of arms for his Home Guards, but more arms than men. There was a “bone of contention” up among the officers, via; Jas. R. Willetts, Jas. S. McMurtry, and Capt. Hawkins. Col. Blood made us a warn Union enlisting speech and some probably 25 of our Home Guard were sworn in by Col. Blood. Capt. Boutell spoke also, urging us to

enlist. From what we gathered from Jas. R. Willetts' sharp talk, using many "cuss" words, we made out the case; that; the three men, McMurtry, Willetts and Hawkins, were trying to enlist as many of our Home Guards as possible, and so, with Capt. Hawkins' men, form a company for the 6th Mo. And – "Who shall be captain?" That's the way we then sized up the "bone of contention". Jas. R. Willetts was outspoken, saying "I don't want any Home Guards. I want United States Volunteers!" Willetts vigorously opposed the "blind gull".

Well, this smashed the prospect of enlistments for the resent at Cold Water. We record right here that Jas. R. Willetts was right. Guards went along, but found out that they were being "gulled into the U. S. Volunteer army" and soon came home. Well, seems like some men insist and persist in being – strange animals anyhow! The writer greatly desired to enlist, but his father said, "Henry, you are not able to stand it. I tried it in Mexico, and it came near killing me and I know I can stand more than you can. I want you to stay and help take care of home while Ed and I are gone. You will get enough before it ends." And we did.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 7.

Dear Doctor:

In our last letter we saw organization well under way and so we pass on to something else. We are endeavoring to draw real life pictures, just as they occurred, as we saw them and remember them. This is our apology to those who may complain that we are tedious. We try to write as we would talk.

After the detachments of the 6th Mo. Vols. had left Coldwater, we felt rather lonesome, as the Rebs began to grow pretty bold, and bolder still. At length that awful 21st of July, 1861, came and it was in tears and deep gloom we read of our defeat at Manassas Junction in Va. Oh, but it was bitter. Our men were defeated. We now speak of it as it then appeared to us. We now wonder that some cartoonist didn't rise up and show "Uncle Samuel" just waking up after a morning's nap, in which he had rather greatly overslept himself, and as he rubbed his eyes open and scratched his head, and as he got his eyes wide open look out over Manassas and say: "Gol darn it Abe, you'll have to pull off your coat an' gin 'em a good thrashin. So ye'd better be at it er got licked yerself." Well, it was an "awakenen" and an "eye opener" for sure. The two St. Louis papers then mostly read in Wayne Co. were the "St. Louis Evening News" and the "Missouri Republican." The "Evening News" was a staunch Union paper, but the "Missouri Republican" had it between the lines and in the lines that it was as rank a Seseessionist paper as it then dare be. It was full of glory all over and throughout for the defeat of the Union army at Manassas Junction in Va. That was a twenty years old boy's view and opinion of the "Missouri Republican" at that time. Twice twenty years more, we fear, have wrought no changes in his opinion.

Now we hear the bass drum in Lowe's camp at Patterson, where he camped probably a day or two on his way up from the earth works south of Bloomfield in Stoddard Co. A regiment of Arkansas cavalry was with Lowe, armed with Hall's rifles.

They were breech loaders for cap and ball. They used powder flasks and bullet flasks. The chamber tipped up and the powder poured out of the flask into the chamber. Then the ball was dropped in on top of the powder from the bullet flask. Then capped with common musket caps. They also had bayonets. This regiment was commanded by Col. Bowlin. Lowe's men-well, we refrain! We only say that every fellow furnished his own gun and ammunition wherever he might find it. We kept ours "hid out."

Soon these two regiments moved toward Ironton as far as Brunot, about 8 miles farther north. Then the "Feds" sent some one or more regiments, including the 6th Mo. Vols., down to what was then known as "The Polk Place," on the Ironton road, about 12 miles south of Ironton perhaps. So they were just spoiling for a fight, but didn't get it as Lowe and Bowlin soon turned off to the right for Fredericktown in Madison Co. While at Brunot they held Horace T. Bailey a prisoner as he was, and ever, a strong Union man, then living at Brunot. Wiley Hinkle, another Union man living near by, was brought in and held a prisoner also. His awful crime was his patriotism and loyalty to the Union. Other Union men near by "refuged" to Cedar Creek, and all started for Ironton, but as it was dark we went to an empty cabin, rather in the woods, and slept off our scare, all save Jno. A. McKinnis, who went on to Ironton.

Lowe and Bowlin made the trip to Fredericktown and then fell back to the Belcher farm on Cedar Creek. We took the hills on them and watched their maneuvers almost a whole day. Lowe's men built brush tents. The next morning after they arrived at Cedar Creek they sent down the creek a detachment and broke open the store of Jas. S. McMurtry and his brother A. G., and took the goods up to their camp, and, of course, confiscated them to their own use. One man, who had formerly worked in the blacksmith and wagon shop for P. L. Powers, took a hand hammer and broke Powers' large new grind stone. He was a patriotic (?) fellow. His name was Farmer. Along about then an ugly black cloud began to rise in the direction of Fredericktown, and Lowe and Bowlin fell back to the farm of Judge W. F. Short, about 5 miles south of Cold Water. We visited the deserted camp at the Belcher farm next day after the Rebs had gone, and it is no use to try to tell what we all saw there. One thing we feel pretty safe in relating is that we saw as many deserted home made knives, made of old files, and almost everything small of steel, as a common man could shoulder with hard lifting. They were of all kinds of savage shapes and about 15 inches long. They first claimed that they would shoot the "Yanks," then throw down their guns for the fellows behind who had no guns and draw these savage knives and just walk in. We never afterwards heard of them walking in that way. Bullet moulds of all sizes and descriptions were there. We saw one pair of these bullet moulds fashioned to mould the hollow ended "Minnie" balls. As we saw no patent marks on these moulds we supposed maybe the maker had rather infringed on old man Minnie's patent. Beef bones and pork bones were also plenty on every hand. They ate beef, pork and corn bread, and drew their supplies not from Pilot Knob. Their commissary was as large as the four points of the compass.

Gen. Hardee then lay at Greenville and in one of the scares in Lowe's camp Hardee took a reinforcement and one gun to Lowe's camp on the W. F. Short farm. While encamped here on this W. F. Short farm the very first blood of a Union soldier was spilled that was spilled in Wayne Co. We are so very sorry that we have forgotten his name. He had a brother, a doctor and perhaps a surgeon, in the Union army at Ironton then. We heard father relate afterwards that he saw and talked with this doctor and told

him all he knew of this brother's death. This man was detected in Lowe's and Bowlin's camp and arrested as a Union spy, which no doubt was true. The officers took him aside to the "sweat box," as the lawyers say, but he only said: "Gentlemen, I will die before I will tell." He then made a dive for liberty, attempting to snatch an officer's sword as he dashed by, but failed, and, as the poor fellow was going over the fence a wicked pistol ball struck him in the left loin bone, but only blued the skin in his left groin, not passing through. He got away, however, but in a few days he was heard hallooing at the home of James Wilmore, some three and a half miles north of the Rebel camp. It was before good daylight. Wilmore found him lying in the branch, where he was trying to keep down gangrene, but unsuccessfully. Wilmore took him to his house, and for safety he put him on a bed up stairs. He was dying and gave all of his pocket belongings to Wilmore for his people. Wilmore, it was soon found, incurred some risk in caring for him, but Wilmore was a man of iron with steel nerves. After he was dead a gang of Reb's rode up and told Wilmore that if they had found him alive they would have shot him. The poor fellow soon died and was buried in the grave yard on the Belcher farm. Some years back this man's brother, the doctor, had Brant Wilmore to show him the grave, which he kindly did, and the citizens turned out and gave their assistance in exhuming his remains. Young Wilmore told the doctor how he would find everything, as he had assisted in caring for and burying him. The bullet hole in the left loin bone was found, as Young Wilmore had stated, and if our memory is correct they found the bullet also. His brother took his remains home for burial.

While Hardee was at Greenville, not far from the time this Union spy was shot, some of his men went on Lost Creek and attacked the Union men in the field while they were thrashing wheat, and several shots were passed and one or two Union men were wounded, and perhaps some of Hardee's men also. This was the very first blood drawn from a Union man resident of Wayne Co. by the Rebels, because he was a Union man. It was then thought for a short time that there would be a clash of arms between Hardee and the Federal forces then at Ironton, but soon Hardee disappeared, but Lowe and Bowlin lingered near by for some time, camping at different places, among which was David Bollinger's steam mill. Then they fell back to the lower country and Wayne had a space of rest, or comparatively so, but no so elsewhere in Missouri. Early in July the boys had been out to Carthage "Fighting mit Sigel." A little over a month hence we mourned the loss of our noble brave General, Nathaniel Lyon, at Wilson's Creek, Mo. Still a month later we remember that day that P. L. Powers came to us in the tobacco field and brought us the paper that told of the unavoidable surrender of the brave Colonel James A. Mulligan at Lexington, MO. The writer well remembers the story as told in the "St. Louis Evening News." We all sat on the ground as father read aloud the sad story, and how that father completely broke down as he read, and how the tears pursued each other down those old iron cheeks. We all wept with him as he read. How we did blame the commander at St. Louis for not reinforcing Col. Mulligan and his four brave regiments as they battled Sept. 13th and 17th to the 20th, and when completely exhausted, and overpowered by Gen. Sterling Prices's 25,000 men and 15 or 16 guns they had to surrender. Such heroic efforts against such fearful odds, and that for three bloody days are not often heard of as that of Col. Mulligan and his little handful of men. Well, without any prejudice or any ill feeling whatever as we turn to look back through history, we say that it now looks like Gen. Sterling Price, as a commanding general, could get

more worstings, rendered him by such little bands as Col. Mulligan's, and at the same time have at hand such overwhelming forces of men and guns, than any other General north or south. We are sure of one thing, though, that Gen. Price as a retreator was excelled by no other General in that war of four long years. No one ever dare say though that Gen. Price was cowardly, but luck was not often his. His men seemed to have entire confidence in him as a commanding general, and they surely dearly loved him. "Old Pap" Price was their idol.

About the time of the fall of Lexington, Mo., P. L. Powers, Wm. T. Leeper, John M. Wilkinson and Edward P. Settle had begun to contemplate the organization of a company of State Vols. called out by the Government. We think it was the Provisional Governor, Gamble, who made the call. These State Vols. were intended to assist the Federal Government in clearing out the Rebel forces and holding Missouri, or at least hold what had been possessed and gained. They were to act with the Federal Govt. in this work, and were to be wholly made up of volunteers. While Missouri had already given a large number of volunteers to the Union cause, considering her strong secession element, there were many thousands of solid Union men yet at their homes. Now it appears to the writer from what he then saw and observed that these Union men realized that there was no need to seek a foreign market for fighting when they then had plenty of that article, and to spare, right here in the home market. So this new call for volunteers to serve the Union in Missouri only answered the purpose admirably to enlist these Union men to serve at and near their own homes. This call was for six months only, which was soon found to be a mistake.

By the last of September, 1861, the above named men had enlisted a company of the Mo. State Vols. We never knew just what the correct title of this troop was. This company had Pinkney L. Powers for captain, John M. Wilkinson for 1st Lieut. And Edward P. Settle for 2nd Lieut. We think there was some injustice done Wm. T. Leeper in not giving him a commission in this company, as he had brought quite a little following of volunteers with him from the west end of Wayne Co.; then, besides, Leeper had all along been an active worker for the cause of the Union, as already seen. We mention this here because we think it is due him.

This company rendezvoused at Ironton just previous to the battle fought near Fredericktown in Madison Co. We regret that we cannot now give the names of all of the members of this company as there was no roll of them preserved by the company officers. We will give their names as well as we now remember them, although we may make a few mistakes, on or two perhaps: Jas. H. Barker, C. A. Bennett, Allen Ballard, Calvin Butts, Abraham Bess, Drury M. Carter, Bart Carter, Lish Carter, James Cole, Jacob Costner, Wm. Epley, Ben Finger, John B. Graham, Harmon (old Man) Crockett Linville, Wm. T. Leeper, Fred Lowrance, Dr. Sylvester Miller, ----- Mador (old man), David Manning Sr., David Manning Jr., John A. McKinnis, William Morris, Isaac B. Paullus, Peter Price, Sidney Peterson, Zack Picker, Benjamin Picker, Warren Roberts, William Reese, John Rickmar (or Rickman), Malchi Rhodes, John L. Stepp, Joe Short, Frederick L. Sherry, Russell K. Sweazea, Jas. R. Sullivan, Edward A. Wilkinson, fortyone men, rank and file. There are some of these men who the writer remembers, but cannot call to mind their names, as he was with them in camp only one day and night. These names we have retained in memory only, but there is one thing sure about every one of them, and that is, they were reliable Union men. They were armed with the short

Enfield rifle, 58 calibre, with savor—bayonet. They were an excellent arm. They had previously been drilled in the Home Guard to some extent, so they could the “right dress” at least.

Gen'l M. Jeff Thompson, with Lowe's and Bowlin's regiments, and perhaps two guns, and with other troops, but we don't now remember the number, had, about the time that Capt. Posers' company had drawn their arms, passed up by way of Marble Hill and on to Fredericktown, and perhaps farther north, so before Capt. Powers' boys had put on their uniform dress they were called out to march to Fredericktown to salute Gen. Thompson. That the Federal troops whom they accompanied would not mistake them for Rebs and open fire on them, they tied a strip of white cloth to their left arms, and soon the Federal soldiers dubbed them “The Rag Boys.” This name they wore until they were approaching Fredericktown, when the command was halted to rest and for consultation. A staff officer inquired for Capt. Powers, and his men pointed him out as he sat on his horse under a black haw tree, eating the then ripe fruit. Then the name of “The Rag Boys” was dropped and they then took the name of “Haw Eaters,” which name they were ever after proud to wear. A part of these “Haw Eaters” were ordered back to Ironton, but Capt. Powers and a part of his men were retained with the command, as they were well acquainted with Fredericktown and its surroundings. This town is beautifully situated in a rolling upland country, comparatively level.

As the Federal forces approached Fredericktown they were met by Col. Ross with an Illinois Regt. of Inft., and probably two Ill. Regts. of Inft. The forces last named were direct from Cape Girardeau. The forces from Ironton consisted of the 1st Ind. Cav. And one or two Inft. Regts. of Illinois men, one of which was probably the 21st Ill. Vols. Inft. When they came together at Fredericktown they found not the “mouse, Jeff Thompson, between these two little bands of “Uncle Samuel.” No, he had skedaddled to the south, but it was soon learned that he was not far off. There being no general to command these Federal forces, there was a short hitch before the oldest commission could be found. Col. Ross held it, and so assumed command of the whole Federal forces. Col. A.P. Hovey commanded the 1st Ind. Cal. So now the march southward began, and they found the Rebs about one mile south. We learned from the Rebel boys that, as they left Fredericktown, they began to curse and swear at not being permitted to whip the “D—n lop-eared Detch.” This they kept up until they reached the head waters of Twelve Mile Creek, some seven miles south of Fredericktown. Lowe's men were very loud in their denunciations of Gen. Thompson for not fighting. Thompson then ordered a halt and told them they should have fight to their fill, so he left his beef cattle-walking commissary- and wagon train behind and marched his men back toward Fredericktown. He advanced Col. Lowe to a drain, or branch, running west and at right angle to the road, a mile south of town, to soon be traveled by the “Detch.” This position was most admirable indeed- for Col. Lowe's sure defeat-as there was a field sloping to the south behind Col. Lowe and his men. (Gen. Thompson was mad at them.) So, as it is seen, Col. Lowe had no support behind him that could reach him without fearful slaughter from the Federal lines sure to advance down the low hill in front of his position. But they had already spoiled for a fight. Soon Col. Ross came in sight, and one of the “Haw Eaters” told us that when the enemy was discovered in force, on the hill front of him, and back of Lowe, Col. Ross said: “Ah, here they are, boys, Well, we'll go at it.” Soon the force was thrown on either side of the road and the Federals began to deploy into line of battle. Then the guns

of Thompson opened fire from the hill south of Col. Lowe, and the boys in blue fell to the ground and then the true "Southern yell" set in. They said they thought that discharge had cut down the whole Federal line, but their dead men all came to life in a twinkling. The Rebel shots cut the tops out of some trees that stood on a hill east of the road, and were 25 or 30 feet too high. These trees were still standing when last seen by the writer. Then it was that three of the "Haw Eaters" advanced themselves forward to a hay stack, or perhaps a straw stack, out in the open field, and with their Enfields opened fire on Gen'l Thompson's battery. They troubled Gen'l Thompson's artillery men so that they could fire no effective shots at all. These men's names, then acting independently of general orders, are as follows: Allen Ballard of near Brunot, Wayne Co., James Cole of near Cold Water, Wayne Co., and Sid Peterson of near Gravelton in the northeast corner of Wayne Co. (Peterson lived over in Madison Co.) Soon the firing became general and the Federal guns soon had Thompson's battery all to smash. One gun, the boys told us, had been struck in the muzzle and split. Lowe's men fired their "battery" of shot guns and hunting rifles, and soon Col. Lowe fell pierced in the head by a 58 calibre Minnie, and he fell dead. Lowe's men at once fled up the sloping hill through the corn field, passing the El Spivy home, and they dropped in a hurry in killed and wounded as they ran. The Federals had a fair sweep at them as they ran up the hill. Capt. Powers and several of his men told the writer that that hillside field was well spotted with the dead and wounded, reaching to probably a hundred men or more. We have forgotten the number of dead and wounded that Cap. Powers said he counted. Both sides tell of one large portly man who was killed as he was crossing the fence, and he was shot so dead that he remained on top of the fence. The "Haw Eaters" laughingly said: "That fellow is yet on the fence. That is the way we spoke of the "Neutral gender" man early in the outbreak- "He is on the fence." As the Rebs fled the 1st Ind. Cav. Charged them in column by fours, and the advance suffered pretty badly. They lost Maj. Gavitt and Capt. Hineman (or Hindman) and some one or two more. One man lost an arm in that charge. They recoiled when their brave Major fell to rise no more.

Had the Federals pressed the pursuit, which they did not do exceeding only a short distance, they would have completed Gen. Thompson's ruin, as they did not retreat but they just ran in a rout. The Federals had not the cavalry force to prosecute a vigorous pursuit at that time.

That same night, near midnight, the writer had arisen and "Went to the dogs." They had treed a coon, we thought, but, making a "water haul," he was hurrying back to finish his well begun sleep, and soon his attention was attracted by the "Hurry!, hurry! hurry! of cattle drovers, and a countless number of cow bells tinkling. At once the truth flashed across his mind that "Gen. Jeff Thompson had got licked." These cattle were Gen. Thompson's "walking commissary," and soon the boom and rattle of very many wagons came floating in the midnight air. That proved to be Gen. Thompson's fleeing wagon train. They were first heard some two miles to the north, coming down the Hammock hill, but soon we heard them pass down Cedar Creek, a mile west of us. At daylight the writer and his brother hastened down to the Belcher farm, but only in time to see the ragged end of Gen. Thompson's fleeing men. They hardly halted till they reached their earth works at and south of Bloomfield. Gen. Thompson, being much fatigued, and his horse more so, stopped at Mr. Belcher's to take a little rest, and his horse was so weary that he sank down on the ground by the door of the Belcher residence. However,

Gen. Thompson arose and pushed on before daylight, and early next morning one of Mr. Belcher's sons discovered one of Gen. Thompson's holster pistols, a Colt's Navy caliber 36. It was all steel bound and had this inscription on the curve of the handle: "Gen. M. Jeff Thompson. From a few Memphis Patriots." Gen. Thompson never more saw that revolver, but soon after one certain Lieut. John M. Wilkinson did see it. He finally sold it to some Federal officer at Ironton, and gave the Belcher boy the money, \$25.00. Lowe's men found that Gen. Thompson was a man of his word that time. The three "Haw Eaters" were not cashiered for their bold dash forward to the advanced straw stack without waiting for orders. If they were ever court marshaled for their bold act they were not so informer. Gen. Thompson kept going on over his earth works-the "Niggah Wool Swamps," till he rallied at New Madrid.

Soon after the battle of Fredericktown in Madison Co., Mo., the "Haw Eaters", at their own suggestion, moved down to a church school built of hewn logs, and the cracks were chinked with timbers and then filled or "painted" with lime. They cut loop holes in case of a fight. They were now about 25 miles south of their base of supplies, which was Ironton. They quartered in this building, answering the double purpose of scout duty and an outpost to Ironton. Now they were a company, battalion, regiment, brigade, division or a whole army corps, as one might choose to term them. They never saw their regiment and so had no letter for their company. They then took the more correct name of "Wayne County Cavalry." They acted independently as their officers, whoever was present, was the commander of the post. Very many prisoners, Rebels and straggling Rebel soldiers were picked up by them and turned over to Ironton. Here it was that they passed through the measles, with the final loss of only one man from measles. And right here we pause and hold up our hands, begging pardon. We had forgotten one John Breitenstein (or perhaps Brightenstein). His camp name was "Hecker.": He had a long scar on his abdomen made while fighting under Col. Hecker in Germany. He was a soldier to the bottom and could make any goose or gander "take de ote," or take their heads off with his sabre. Almost invariably their heads came off. He was "not long up, but he vas dig oudt." Game getting rather scarce west of Brunot they moved, as soon as the measles passed through them, to and established "Camp Cole: on the Head farm east about 3 miles of their old post. Now they were just west of the St. Francis River, and in easier reach of the Castor River country. Here they build breast works with fence rail wall, filled with stones. On one of their Castor scouts under Capt. Powers and Lieut. Settle they lost by capture Sid Peterson and John Rickmus and, perhaps, one or two more. This was caused by Capt. Powers imprudently scattering his men. The writer was at Camp Cole when they returned and Lieut. Wilkinson was so angry at Capt. Powers for his venture that he swore like a trooper. These boys were taken to New Madrid and held prisoners for quite a while, when at length young Peterson personally applied to Gen. Thompson for paroles, which were granted and they returned loaded with other company, the "regulation (?) army gray-backs."

The company was recalled to "Log Town," about 2 miles south of Arcadia, some time before Christmas, and they were ever after engaged in "scoutin' down below" in company with the "Indiana Hoosiers," as they called the 1st Ind. Cav. Many were the straggling Rebs that they picked up on these scouts. They were discharged in the latter part of the winter 1861-61, but had rendered very valuable aid to the Federal forces at Ironton as an outpost, and for scout duty and for guides. They were thus discharged to

make room for a better and more permanent organization known as the “Mo. State Militia Vols.” to serve three years or during the war. Of this branch of the U. S.. military service we may have several occasions to speak—of their bravery and loyalty to the Union and their usefulness in the field.

While closing this letter we will record one incident that happened to a scout of this new M.S.M., as related to the writer by one John Braime, a staunch Union man, now living in Carter county. He got the story from the Reb, the hero of the incident. The story is this: “Johnny Reb” had come home on furlough of one kind or another, maybe a “French furlough,” that is, make it yourself. This “Johnny Reb” thought that away over there he was safe, and so went in home and stripped for a good night’s rest on a “goose hair” bed. He was having a fine rest, but about midnight here came the “Yanks” and surrounded his house, ordering him to come out. His pants were under his pillow and he snatched them up and made a successful dive for the bush, pants in hand. He said it was “bang, bang, bang, and the bullets flying all around him till he got well into the bush. Then he concluded to put on his pants, but behold! He held one corner of his pillow in his hand. It wouldn’t put on worth a cent, he said. His pants were still at the house on the bed. The boys were shooting at the white pillow.

Yours truly,

H. C. Wilkinson, Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 8.

Dear Doctor:

As 1861 closed and the year of 1862 dawned upon us, it found Missouri clear of any formidable force of the Southern army. The scene of bloodshed had moved to Northern Arkansas and Missouri could sit down to rest, but she must now take care of herself as far as possible. So, as the Mo. State Vols., including all arms, such as the “Haw Eaters” or Wayne Co. Cav., were being discharged in the closing days of the winter of 1861-62, as noted in letter No. 7, the new organizations began to form. In fact, before the “Six Months Call State Vols.” were discharged, this “Missouri State Militia Vols.” was rapidly taking on shape. As Capt. P. L. Powers and his “Haw Eaters” were discharged, they turned over their Enfield rifles and accoutrements to now Capt. Wm. T. Leeper, who had organized Co. B 12th M.S.M. Vols., as they were ever after designated. This M.S.M. Vols. branch of the U. S. service were just the same as U. S. Vols. and fared the same as to supplies and equipage, arms and ammunition also. Being volunteers they were made up of the most intensely loyal union men. A large number had already seen service and many of them were sufferers, made so by the hand of the Rebels, being driven from their homes by the Rebels in almost every county in the state of Missouri. So now we had a new arm of the U. S. service in Missouri, so far as loyalty to the Union was concerned, which was wholly reliable and trustworthy. Their officers in general were of the bravest and best men in Missouri, and generally men of talent. They were also paid by the U. S. gov’t, but were to serve in Missouri only. Here we pause to note a bit of history found in the War History of the United States written by Sam’l M. Schmucker L.L.D., revised and completed by Dr. L. P. Brockett, which was published at the close of the great Rebellion.

On Page 841, Chapter 66, he says: "The necessity of raising a large force for Sherman's Meridian expedition, and after that general became commander of the Military division of the Mississippi, the gathering of the larger part of his troops for the campaign in Georgia, compelled the reduction of the force in Missouri to the lowest number which would suffice for holding the position. The old Missouri State Militia, a part of which had proved unreliable, had been disbanded, and but few of the enrolled Missouri Militia, a more loyal and efficient organization, were now in service."

Now, every man now living of the old M.S.M. Vols., and, we might also say, every man then living in Missouri, either Union or Southern, who are still alive, and at all acquainted with military affairs in Missouri during the war, full well know that, so far as the reliability of the two classes of men included in Schmucker's History is concerned, precisely and exactly to the opposite of the above statement is true. We cannot for a single atom of a moment think that this error was designedly made, but that it was a mistake made in the writing of this history. The "Enrolled Missouri Militia," organized after enrollment, of which we will notice in its place was designated in abbreviations "E.M.M. Vols." So we conclude that Drs. Schmucker and Brockett were misinformed or in writing got the two confused, consequently we feel it our duty to here set forth the fact, which we have tried to do, in honor of the old M.S.M. Vols. No matter which side he was on in that fearful strife, all full well knew, so far as reliability is concerned, the difference between the men who offered their lives as sacrifices upon their country's altar because they loved her and the flag, and the men who remained at home until the pressing needs of their country compelled her to enroll them into their militia, and then tell them that they must go out and serve their country.

Now, with this new M.S.M. Southeast Missouri soon found herself able to take care of herself, measurably, and so the U. S. Vols. began to press to the front. For the most part the M.S.M. were made up of cavalry, with U. S. horses and equipments. The infantry, of course, were used to man forts and were trained to handle heavy guns and to guard railroad bridges, while the cavalry did scout duty and outpost duty. In fact the spring of 1862 found Missouri a vast military police field. The Guerilla and the Bushwhacker must be seen to, then the picking up of Confederate soldiers, who were continually stealing in to their homes, either on genuine furlough or "French" furlough, and the men who were stealing south to join the Southern army, and the stealing through our lines supplies, such as ammunition, revolvers, medicine &c., and also letters and messengers bearing the enemy information of the movements &c. of the U. S. soldiers in Missouri. In these latter things the women, whose sympathies were with the South took an active part, so while we had among the Missouri women some who were most intensely Union, some were most intensely Secessionist, which, of course, is according to human nature.

The harborers of the guerillas, bushwhackers and such like were to be watched, so it is seen that the new M.S.M. had plenty to keep them busy all the time.

As 1862 came upon us we found ourselves, as a nation, in the business of making history at a rapid rate. That new history then being made was most cheering to the lovers of the Union and the flag, but most disheartening to the lover (?) of the Southern Confederacy. After "Uncle Samuel" woke up next morning after the battle of Manassas Junction, Va., he moved things as no one else but him can. All the boys were then "for three years, or during the war." The long term in a war is always the most satisfactory to

the soldiers and officers engaged in it. Some of the things that cheered us in the early days of '62, including the spring, are these: Gen Grant made a good fight and withdrawal at Belmont, Mo. Gens; Geo. H. Thomas and Scharp had thrashed Gen. Felix Zallioffer and killed him, and had driven his scattered force south from Somerset, Ky., opening up East Town. That was most excellent news. This was Jan. 19th, 1862. Then the writer well remembers how we chafed because somebody didn't smash the Rebel stronghold at Bowling Green, Ky. At length the 5th of February came along, and Fort Henry on the Tennessee River fell into our hands. Then, by the 16th, the strong position of Ft. Donalson on the Cumberland River, 12 miles farther north, was in command of Gen. U. S. Grant. Bowling Green, KY., next, we thought, but no! Gen. Grant's successful moves onto Forts Henry and Donalson flanked Bowling Green, Ky. We then sang with glee, "And on they kept going. Till they reached old Shilo." They left Nashville in the bowels of Gen. Buell, not even waiting to shake hands with him. Then along there Gen. Jeff Thompson was driven from Sikeston here in Southeast Missouri across his earth works, "Niggah Wool Swamps," back onto New Madrid, losing six of his guns. Then among the very best of all, Gens. Curtis and Sigel completely wore out Gens. McCulloch, VanDorn and Price at Pea Ridge, Ark. On March 6th, 7th and 8th, 1862. Then, on March 10th, Gen. O. M. Mitchel occupied Huntsville, Ala. Then, beginning on March 15th, Island No. 10 was attacked and Gen. Pope began hammering at the gates of New Madrid just below. This was a long trying time on our patience, but April 8th found Gen. Pope in undisputed possession of both New Madrid and Island No. 10. Then, the 28th of March, Gen. Butler began tugging at the great chain that obstructed the Mississippi River below New Orleans, and by April 29th New Orleans was in command of that brave old general, even if they did call him "Beast Ben Butler" because he put a stop to the ignominious low down treatment of his men at the hands of the women of that city. Then came the awful battle, against heavy odds, of Gen. Grant's command against A. S. Johnson and Beauregard on April 6th and 7th, 1862, at Shiloh, and Buell's advance to assist Gen. Grant. Not only these were coming fast to cheer us, but many, very many more, such victories and achievements came along with them to spice our pie. So the old proverb of, "He who laughs last laughs best," held good in our case. The Secessionists laughed over Ft. Sumter, Manassas, Wilson's Creek and Lexington, Mp., in 1861, but now, in 1862, they wavered as we did in 1861, and we laughed. Our end of the "see-saw" was now on the ground. In our enthusiasm we have overlooked some Southeast Missouri history, to which we now give attention.

As the months of January and February, 1862, passed along, Ironton and Pilot Knob became an advanced or secondary base to St. Louis, as the Iron Mountain Ry. then terminated at Pilot Knob, then an active iron mine camp or town. The conical mountain, Pilot Knob, and Shepherd's Mt., a little to the southwest, furnished the iron ore for the smelting furnace at the north base of Pilot Knob. As troops poured in they advanced south to Patterson, here in Wayne County, 40 miles south of Pilot Knob. As Patterson became an advanced important post to Pilot Knob, the road to Pilot Knob was repaired. Big Creek, 7 miles north of Patterson was bridged. "Corduroy" was laid in the bad places in the road, and the telegraph wire came along also. Then Greenville, the capitol of Wayne Co., 9 ½ miles southeast of Patterson, was occupied, threatening Bloomfield in Stoddard Co., 40 miles southeast of Greenville, which was occupied, occasionally, by Gen. Jeffries with some four or five companies, more of less, of Confederates, and

perhaps some of Gen. M. Jeff Thompson's men. Then, when these "Confed" would venture northward on scouting expeditions, they were almost always accompanied by a lot of "Bat men," that is, men who would do like the bat in the great war said to have once raged between the animals and fowls. Sir bat was a genuine fowl till he saw the tide of war turn in favor of the animals, then he drew in his "India rubber wings" and put out his foot, and said: "See! I am an animal now." So with these "Bat men", then living down scattered over Jeffries earth works, the swamps. They would take their shot-guns and rifles and go along with these scouts, as Southern soldiers, and take such clothing from the Union citizens as children's shoes, hats, stockings and all other children's clothing; women's wear, dresses and all kinds of under clothing, bed quilts, blankets, sheets &c. Then anything else they chose to take, such as, knives, forks and spoons; men's clothing of all kinds were considered contraband goods. On returning to their homes all loaded with their spoils of war, these "Bat men" would draw in their "wings of war," and when we would go scouting down below they would poke out their citizen foot and say: "Oh yes, we are for the Union, but we dasn't say nuthin down here." The Mingo swamp extending from Castor River southwest to the St. Francis River, some 15 or 16 miles. Mingo swamp is 6 or 8 miles wide next to Castor, but narrows down to about 4 miles next to the Ste. Francis River. When both rivers are high to overflowing there is a solid sheet of water all over this Mingo bottom, extending from river to river and is from 3 feet to 15 feet deep. About the middle, or perhaps some nearer to the Ste Francis, is a low swag 4 miles wide, and about as long in the middle of which is a still lower swag called the head of Mingo Creek, which is very crooked and flows southwest into the St. Francis. When the waters are low this vast bottom of land is dry, except the pond at the head of Mingo Creek. During wet weather, but the rivers not overflowing, there is a lake in the above mentioned swag and it becomes filled with fish. The banks of Mingo Creek are high and get higher next to the Ste Francis River, and in very low water and dry weather this creek becomes dry, or nearly so, after the lake has emptied, but in wet weather the lake fills up to find a drain down Mingo Creek into the Ste Francis, until the rivers overflow. Then the current in Mingo Creek is reversed and the Ste Francois River waters rush up Mingo Creek as it begins to fill up to overflow the whole of the Mingo bottom or swamp, which is covered with a heavy growth of cypress and tubler gum and swamp oaks. Next to the Ste Francois River the Mingo Creek has a bridge on the Greenville and Bloomfield road, about 20 miles southeast of Greenville and about as far northwest of Bloomfield. So it is seen that it was in 1862 rather risky business for the Union troops to cross the Mingo Creek in small force. "Crack Skull" our men got pretty badly worsted in Feb. 1862. The men engaged in this unsuccessful advance on Bloomfield marched from Greenville, all cavalry. We will here listen while old Comrade Henry V. Mabrey, now probate judge of Wayne Co. and living in Greenville, tells of this affair, and, as he was there, can tell all about the defeat and hasty retreat to Greenville. Comrade Mabrey says: "Yes, I was at the Mingo or 'Crack Skull' spat Feb. 24th, 1862. I was then a private in Co. B 12th M.S.M. Cav., commanded by W. T. Leeper. Capt. W. T. Leeper and nearly all of his men were present taking part; also the Capt. Hawkins Co., (I believe) F 6th Mo. Cav. Vols. I don't remember who commanded that company. I do not think Capt. Hawkins was there. Maj. Clendenning was in command, but I think in the spat the surprise was so complete and sudden that he lost his wits and was so near paralyzed that he made a complete failure.

“We had, I think, two, perhaps three, companies of the 1st Ind. Cav. Vols. with us, of whom one Sergt. Was killed near Mangrum’s house. We had 4 or 5 companies, while Jeffries had 4 companies, besides what citizens (“Bat men,” H.C.W.) were with him. Jeff Thompson was said to have a company or two there but was not there in person. The enemy came behind us in the heavy woods and waited till we mounted to advance towards Bloomfield. The Capt. Hawkins company mounted and took the advance. Our company were mounted ready to move next, and the companies of the 1st Ind. Cav. Were about ready to mount, when all of a sudden the Rebs opened fire on our backs. Our company dismounted to fight. The Capt. Hawkins Co. instead of making a military maneuver wheeled about promiscuously and came dashing back, running over some of Leeper’s men, knocking many of them away from their horses. Capt. Leeper among the others lost his horse. I managed to hold my horse. Capt. Leeper then began to fall back across the field toward the Mingo Creek, firing on the enemy as they fell back. Capt. Leeper had nine bullet holes in his clothing, but no blood. John Cowly was shot through the right side, the ball, a musket or “Minnie”, entering below the right shoulder blade and came out above the right nipple. He recovered and was able for duty again. Charley Flynn was shot through in a similar manner, only not so deep and through the left side. He recovered. John Ellege was captured the evening before (23rd) while pickets were being posted. During this melee of the 24th our (Leeper’s) company lost Ruben Whitt, Rufus Moore, Levi Legrand and Mark Hughes, taken prisoners. Poor Mark Hughes, I passed him on my way out. He was on his horse, but hurt so badly he couldn’t let his horse go fast enough to make his escape. Wiley Mangrum kindly took the wounded boys into his house and treated them very kindly.

“A few of the boys who did not lose their horses made it into Greenville that night, but the next day there were some dead horses. My horse, being a long legged jumper, leaped the fence with me, and on we went to the Black Mingo Creek. Our “Stuttering” boy passed saying: “F-‘f’f’f y-y-y-ou d-d-d-don’t w-w-w-want tttto g-g-g-go t-t-to h-e-ll, j-j-j-jine th-th-the a-a-a—army.” The Mingo bridge was impassable for horses, the water too deep to ford, but, as there was no time to parley, we just simply rode on without a halt and pressed on our way, not rejoicing over the victory but very glad to escape. Poor Dan Davidson, one of the Capt. Hawkins Co., was burnt by a ball passing through his clothing, and rubbed the skin just enough to burn, but not enough to bleed more than a spoonful or so. Being well acquainted with him, we rode together as we fell back to Lost Creek, he complaining that he was shot through the right side. I asked him if he was bleeding much. He said: “Not on the outside. I’m afraid it is bleeding on the inside and will kill me.” It was real funny to see the blank look in his face when we halted on Lost Creek, and the boys all anxiously stripped off his clothing to examine and care for his wound. It was found the skin was only seared about 6 or 8 inches.

“Poor Joe Shrader, one of Hawkins’ men, in crossing the Mingo Creek, after successfully swimming his horse over, was hung in the bridle or halter of a loose horse and pulled off his horse in the mud, and was ran over and trampled by horses with men on them going after ammunition (?). Poor Joe was ever after a cripple for life. As it was not a favorable time then to take Bloomfield, we fell back to Greenville next day, the 25th.

Bloomfield remained in rather undisputed possession of Gen. Jeffries and Col. Sol Kitchens till January 1863, and then off and on till the middle of the summer of that year, which we will notice further on in our story.

Yours truly

H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 9.

Dear Doctor:-

As the Nation was making history in the year of 1862, it will be remembered that Southeast Missouri, contributed her share,-according to her ability and circumstances. Sometime in the early part of the summer of 1862, the Provisional Governor of Missouri, ordered all able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years to be enrolled into companies and formed into regiments, brigades and divisions, known as the "Enrolled Missouri Militia". There was no dodging this enrollment only by going south or to Illinois,- or going into the guerilla hordes or to volunteer into the U. S. Service or the M. S. M. This now included "ours truly",- the writer. We felt rather large then! Among this class of militia we had all kinds of men. Some were of the most intense loyal men, some were "neuter gender" men, some rather moderate Union men and some, would have thrown up their hats and shouted themselves hoarse if Jeff Davis had gained the day. Many here in Wayne County and surrounding counties, lay out in the woods to evade this enrollment. They were hunted after by Capt. Powers and his men later on, and were made prisoners and so held until they were willing to enroll and be sworn in as E. M. M. These "lay out" fellows were put into companies rather by themselves, but were never trusted with arms though held subject to the orders of Gov. Gamble. One Company (D) of the 68th Regt. E. M. M., was called into active service and armed, in December, 1862, and soon it was found that the orderly sergeant was planning a muting, or rather planning to seize the arms and ammunition of the company and make south, with a many men as he could carry with him. Capt. Morgan Mace commanded Company D, 68th E. M. M., and in good time he discovered the plot and fell at once to weeding out the badly affected "secesh" element including his orderly sergeant. They were at once mustered out without honors. Capt. Mace and many of his men were good, loyal men. Capt. Mace was very active during the war, in giving his assistance to the cause of the Union. His home was then about one half mile south of Arcadia, where he lived until he died after the war was over.

The 68th E. M. M. was organized and commanded by Col. James Lindsay, of Ironton; Capt. C. R. Peck of Ironton, was Adjutant: Robert Lindsay of Ironton, Major. Company A was commanded by Capt. Bob Adair of St. Francois County: Company D by Capt. Morgan Mace, as above mentioned: Company F (I think) was commanded by Capt. Henry Finley of Madison County: Company B by Capt. Belkin of Fredericktown, perhaps: Company K by Capt. P. L. Powers of Wayne County. These companies were all of the 68th Regt. that were ever called into active service, uniformed, armed and equipped, now remembered by the writer. The strong Union sentiment was predominant in these five companies, and they made fairly good soldiers, or the majority did. The writer now remembers of three other companies of the 68th E. M. M. that were organized

but saw little or no active service. The letters of these companies were never known to the writer. One company was commanded by Capt. Jas. E. Davis, of near Patterson, Wayne County; another by Capt. Joseph Wilson, south side of Madison County, Col. Jas. Lindsay bought and attached three very light field pieces, about two inch guns. And placed them in charge of a Lieutenant whose speech "betrayeth him" to not be far from the "lop-eared Dutch". We were sure that he was a loyal man. If memory is correct, this Lieutenant and his men belonged to Capt. Bob Adair's company. If not, he belonged to Capt. Belkin's Company. The writer will never forget his old friend, Fritz Rickus, who had charge of one of those little guns. They moulded lead, elongated conical balls for them and used canister also. The last we ever saw of these pretty little guns was in old Fort Davidson on the night of Sept. 27th, 1864, after we had given Price such a thrashing, and we suppose they went up with the explosion of our magazine, or were taken away by Price next day after we evacuated the fort and blew up the magazine.

The heading of the Muster-in-Roll of Company K, 68th Regt. E. M. M., reads as follows: "Muster-in Roll of Captain P. L. Powers' Company (K) in the Wayne County Regiment of Enrolled Militia, State of Missouri, commanded by Colonel James Lindsay. Organized by direction of Hamilton R. Gamble, Governor of Missouri, and under General Orders of Brigadier General Schofield, No. 19, Headquarters Missouri State Militia, July 22nd, 1862."

The date of the muster-in given opposite the men's names, is July 28th, 1862, at Greenville, Missouri, by Maj. Lazzar. This company was not called into active service at that time, but were required to meet for drill some two, three or four times in the month. On one or two occasions, it was called into service for a few days at a time, to do scout duty and as the summer closed and autumn set in, there were several details for scout duty, to catch up small bands of roving rebels and rebel soldiers visiting their homes, generally from Gen. Jeffries' men at Bloomfield. "Watch all the time" was our pass word.

Along in the summer of 1862, the "Knights of the Golden Circle" was organized and in the southern part of Madison County, it was pretty strong. As the summer of 1862 wore along, the Union Army had left Southeast Missouri mostly in care of the M. S. M. There were no troops at Patterson by the middle of July and only two companies of the M. S. M. in Greenville. Then at Fredericktown, one or two companies. The forces at Pilot Knob was then very low in numbers. This was a favorable time for the "K. G. C." to organize and operate, which they did in earnest. It was Capt. W. T. Leeper's company B and Capt. A. Dill's Company G, 12th M.S. M. doing scout and outpost duty at Greenville in July, 1862, Col. Miles Ponder and Tim Reeves and a lot of "bat men" concluded to make a raid on Greenville here in Wayne County. My neighbor, John C. Kerr, then a young lad, told the writer that he then lived with Miles Ponder on Current River, at Ponder's Mill, and Ponder said to the men living around him, "Boys, all of you that choose to go along, can have all you can get." So quite a number of "bat men" volunteered to go along, - to take, - not steal, of course. We learned that, on Saturday, July 19th, 1862, one Russell K. Sweazea discovered something not right away over southwest of Greenville, in the neighborhood of Reeves' Station on Black River, in Butler County, and he came in and reported to Capt. Leeper that Tim Reeves was coming. Also we heard that Capt. Leeper's brother came in from Black River and reported the same. So two women did the same, so we heard. Capt. Leeper was in

command at Greenville, but he treated their stories as “grapevine telegraph news”, as they had halloed “The wofe! The wofe!” so often and no wolf there, that he took no precautionary measures, only to draw in his pickets closer. One was called in to the court house in Greenville, as Capt. Leeper’s camp was above town and nearly a quarter of a mile north of the court house. All retired to their quarters as usual, as night drew on and the men undressed and went to “blankets” and slept like soldiers until morning, and now we will listen while old Comrade Henry Y. Mabrey, then orderly sergeant of Capt. Leeper’s company tells of what happened. He says:

“About our little ‘spat’ at Greenville, July 20th, 1862, there were two companies of us. Company B, 12th M. S. M. Cav., under Capt. W. T. Leeper and Company G, 12th M. S. M. Cav., under Capt. A. Dill, Capt. Dill was not present, I think. Maj. Ponder with four companies of Tim Reeves; men came in on us at daylight, having surrounded our pickets. (the enemy crossed the river below the pickets and came around and charged from the east. H.C.W.) They had quite a number of citizens (“bat men” H.C.W.) joined in with them, with shot guns, squirrel rifles and such arms as they could gather up. Of course, it was a surprise to us. They were within about 100 yards of us when I discovered them and I called ‘Company B! Fall in!’ Our camp guard fired one shot and we that could, ran for life. Some of the boys were not up yet. Two of them, Dick Faggerty and Tho. Armstrong, were killed outright in their tents. Joseph M. Stephenson and Jas. A. Proffit were badly wounded and afterwards died of their wounds. Josiah C. Wilson was shot through the leg below the knee, rendering him a cripple for life. Samuel R. Kelley (afterwards a 1st Lieutenant, got a shot in the shoulder, taking the lead with him to his grave. There was a general ‘skedaddle’ of both of our companies, but Lieut. Purcell was shot through the toe and captured. Hamlet Clark slipped and fell as he started to run, just at that juncture about a dozen shots were fired at him,-none of them touched him, but in his wisdom he lay still and they came and took off his belt, arms, etc., boasting what a fine Yankee they had slain. Old Hamlet lay still, until 17 of us, including Capt. Leeper and Lieut. Francis got together and putting on a bold front, we raised the “rebel yell”, dashing back toward them, firing as we went. That gave old Hamlet an opportunity to rise and get away. While we had the attention of the enemy engaged, Lieut. Purcell managed a little strategy and made his escape out of their hands in a shower of lead. He said that Col. Ponder was talking to him and told him that “Right here under this apple tree, you die!” The lieutenant said, ‘Well, I suppose that in a hundred years from now, it will be all the same.’ Then he told Ponder he had a request to make of him before being shot. Ponder told him to ‘Out with it then!’ He then told Ponder that “I have some valuable papers here in my tent that I want to hand to you to give to Mrs. Bedford, down in town so my wife can get them.’ Ponder told him to ‘Hurry up, and be quick and get them!’ To accommodate the colonel, the Lieutenant went on the run for his tent, so as not to keep Ponder pondering, but bad luck for Ponder, Lieut. Purcell just missed the door of his tent and shot like an arrow behind his tent then down the steep bank into the crooked drain, then stooping as he ran, till he came to the St. Francois River which ran close by, and then he ran across the river into the heavy timber on the island. Not another shot touched him.

“We then played hide and seek with them for about thirty minutes, during which time Charley Flynn, whom they had captured, crawled into a tent of oats and took a good sweat for his health and when he crawled out, the ‘secesh’ had gone and left him. When

our game of hide and seek closed, we left rather suddenly. As we started, one of them, as though he did not care to hurt one of us, or perhaps to see if we would run, fired after us with a load of buck shot, hitting Elijah Clark with a buck shot in the rear of one ham. Capt. Leeper being in command, of course we crossed the St. Francois River at 'Leeper's Ford', which extended all the way from where the Wilson barn now stands down to the Greenville cemetery, (about a quarter of a mile H.C.W.) The St. Francois River was navigable for boats that morning. How many of them were hurt, I never knew definitely. One man by the name of Collins, of the enemy, was shot through the breast, too badly hurt for them to take him away. He soon died. The citizens of Greenville told me of as many as half a dozen that were wounded, some pretty badly, but all able to ride away on horseback. Madison Wilson slipped and fell as he went down to the ford and ruptured himself.

"The enemy got all of our horses, but five that broke loose and two or three that were killed during the fight. They got about 40 guns (Enfield rifles with sabre bayonets) and some ammunition. They also got our good clothing, -not sparing my best shoes, my best time piece and even took my brace of holster pistols!"

It was late afternoon on Sunday July 20th, that word of this Greenville affair reached Coldwater, and word also came to the writer that a gang of men were seen on horseback on our creek. We at once spread the alarm and Cedar Creek was well picketed all that night by the citizens then already enrolled militia men. At about 3 A.M. Monday morning, father was taking his turn doing guard duty, when we were aroused by his challenge "Halt! Who goes there?" Out we tumbled, guns and revolvers in hand, ready to fire on anything in human shape. In the starlight we saw a small group of men on horseback in the lane close by. They were in a hurry to give their names, but were none too soon, for father said his finger was almost pressing the trigger of his gun. It was our old tried friend, James P. Ellis, now of Coldwater, whose voice we recognized, as he answered, "We are friends. Don't fire!" The other two men with him were Capt. Lee Wybark and Sergt. Willis Potter of the 12th M.S.M. (if we are not mistaken) just from Fredericktown with re-enforcements for Capt. Leeper at Greenville. The writer and his father rode with them down to the main road, where Capt. Wybark's boys were on picket also, learning nothing further, father and the writer returned home. Capt. Wybark rode to Greenville as fast as he could on a 40 mile ride, and as he came in sight of Capt. Leeper's camp he drew up his men for a charge, as the men he saw were all ragged and dirty like "bat men". He was just in the act of giving the command "Charge" when he saw Capt. Leeper come out of his tent with his dress coat and shoulder straps on, and at once recognized him, -so it is seen that Capt. Leeper's nearest accessible support was Capt. Lee Wybark at Fredericktown, 40 miles north of him and way to Curtis in Arkansas, south of him. Marble Hill over 40 miles east of him and a wilderness west of him, to Springfield, Mo.

Soon after this unfortunate affair happened at Greenville, the soldiers began pouring into Patterson and Greenville, somewhere up in the thousands, with some guns. One regiment we well remember was the 13th Ill. Cav. Col. Boyd of Mo. with his regt. was there and he was in command when on July 28th, 1862, Capt. P. L. Powers, Company K, 68th Regt. E. M. M. rode down there to be mustered into the "Enrolled Missouri Militia", ready to answer any call or order into active service, or anything else to help Uncle Samuel. Soon after this, a few days, perhaps, Capt. Powers received an order from

Col. Boyd to at once proceed to Greenville with all of his men that he could mount. Some "grape vine telegraph" scare was up, as the colonel ordered Powers out on the old "Military Road" south of Greenville to do outpost duty, and armed the unarmed militia men with old captured rifles and shot guns.

The company remained there a few days, or until the scare was over, and then they were ordered in and they returned their borrowed guns and returned to their homes.

Then, in a very short time, Col. Boyd made a requisition on Capt. Powers for as many men as he could mount, to go immediately to Greenville and to accompany a scout down to Doniphan, in Ripley County, or to Van Buren in Carter County. As the writer was so unfortunate then, to belong to the infantry division of Company K, he had to remain at home in the tobacco field. As soon as this scout had made its rounds, Capt. Powers and his men were again released and they returned to their homes. Guess we might have properly been termed "supernumerary-minute-Enrolled-Missouri-Militiamen" Almost name enough to pull down like a well loaded knapsack! But then, we were making history.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 10.

Dear Doctor:-

Sometime along in the latter happenings recorded in our last letter, or soon thereafter, in the month of August, 1862, perhaps the last of August, we were very busy trying to get our work done up to be ready to be called into active service, which we were sure would soon come. It was one Saturday morning,-the Baptist people were to have church that day. About 9 o'clock A. M., one of our neighbors,-Bill Greenwood, came almost out of breath, to report "Rebels at Hammock's,-about twelve or fourteen of them! They are all dirty and ragged and are armed with old long rifles and shot guns!" Father said to the writer, "Henry, take your shot gun and get to Powers across the fields as quickly as you can get there and report to him." Away we went on a two mile run and found Capt. Powers busily engaged erecting a piazza to his house. The "meeting folks" were already assembling. On hearing our report, the captain said,- "You take the main Fredericktown road and proceed until you reach Hammock's, or until you find out about them, and at once report to me what you discover." Hammocks lived about 3 1/2 miles above Capt. Powers' on this road. So away we went, but had proceeded only a bit over a mile, just above the junction of the Fredericktown and Greenville road and the Coldwater and Marble Hill road, when we saw two tolerably well dressed men with linen dusters on and about a hundred yards behind them were the supposed gang of rebs of 12 men. We fetched our shot gun to a "Ready" and the two men put up their hands and said, "O, we are all right. We are recruiting officers getting up volunteers for the Union Army!" We said, "All right, sir! You go on down to Capt. Powers' and you'll find plenty of such men!" We then let them go by and we continued up the road and after passing the supposed rebs, they began cheering us. Soon, we met father, two brothers and the three Greenwood boys and Henry Pugh, all armed to the teeth. Father was sure angry because

the captain had ordered us to go all alone to encounter- he did not know who, or how many. These men had come to Hammock's from towards Fredericktown and there they found Bill Greenwood at Hammock's, hunting horses. They at once began asking Mrs. Hammock such questions as a gang of rebels would, who were making their way south. Young Greenwood said to Mrs. Hammock that he would go down the road to see if he could find (?) his horses,-so he rode slowly until out of sight, then he tried his horse's bottom for all that was in him until he reached home a mile and a quarter below,-then to our house.

Well, it was found that this was Capt. Jennings of Arkansas. His papers showed that he belonged to the scout service for Uncle Samuel. Mrs. Hammock's sympathies were not with "Father Abraham" No. 2, so as soon as young Greenwood was out of sight, she tried to persuade the supposed rebs to return back up the road and make southeast for Bear Creek through the woods, for she said, "That young man will report you to them black Republicans down thah,- about a hundred of them and they will git you!" She further said, "If I had time, I'd make you some good "Linkum" coffee, but I'm afraid the black Republicans will be up on you before I could git it made." Capt. Jennings failed to abide by her counsel. Not many days hence father was ailing and remained at home to rest, and one Ellis Kemp, and old Tennessee acquaintance, who then lived a few miles up in Madison County, on the St. Francois River, came and spent several hours with father,- putting in his best pleadings to borrow one of our guns. Finally father said, "Well, Ellis, we bought these guns and revolvers for our own defense, and if occasion requires it, we will surely use them." That settled it, so far as the gun borrowing went. Kemp soon left and went in the direction of his home, but he never saw his home again. He had been an active rebel in the zenith of Col. Lowe's glory and two of his boys had served six months in Lowe's Regt. of rebel militia. Kemp himself had run off south after it got too hot for rebel soldiers in Wayne or Madison Counties, and took his negro man. Things were too gloomy for him down south and he came back and the "Haw Eaters" had taken him where he could "take(?) the oath of allegiance". The next day after Kemp was at our house, we were all at work in the tobacco field nearly a mile and a half from home, and in the afternoon our little sister (the only female then in our family) came running to us and told us that "Capt. Jennings called for you, Pa, and said that he wanted to see you badly and right quick!" Then we got our orders in these words, "Henry, you go down by Belcher's as quickly as you can get there (1 1/2 miles) and come across the fields home (nearly a mile) and report what you see and learn!" Away we went and found Mr. Belcher walking the entry, as pale as death. He was a slave owner and a southern man. We asked, "Soldiers Here?" "Yes" he said, "the dining room in full of them!" We took a look and saw that the long dining table was full of "Feds", twelve of them!" We cut across the fields home, passing their horses and a guard over them in the horse lot, eating their feed. Reaching home, we reported, "All right!" The ragged, supposed rebs had already gone up to Hammock's to get their "good Linkum" coffee. They got it and no mistake. Capt. Jennings ate his dinner at the Greenwoods, where he knew he was welcome.

Now it developed (to the right ears of course,) that on his way down, Capt. Jennings met up with old man, "Dan" Morris, on the head of Twelve Mile Creek, who

thought as did Mrs. Hammock, that Capt. Jennings and his men were genuine rebs, slipping through our lines south. Morris told Capt. Jennings that his business was to pilot men going south, down Twelve Mile Creek, to one Mr. Sanders, and he piloted them to Ellis Kemp on the St. Francois River, and he to their regular line south, down Black and Currant River, then south. He also told Capt. Jennings that Ellis Kemp was the head commander-in-chief of the “Knights of the Golden Circle” and that Mr. Sanders was second in command. Furthermore, we learned that they had already planned to visit Cedar Creek,- “Black Republican Hole”- under the guise of a friendly visit, as many to each Union man’s house as was supposed to easily manage him, then by force, disarm him and kill the worst ones and take our arms to arm men going south. Ah! That explained Ellis Kemp’s visit to our house the day before. Thinking, no doubt, that we might be hard to handle, he could borrow one of our guns and so weaken our fighting power, or at least, succeed in getting one of our guns anyhow! Well, it is needless to tell everything now, but there is one thing sure, some of the “rag-a-muffins” two of them, found Sanders’ house that night after dark and plead that they were southern men, trying to find their way south and they wanted to see Mr. Sanders. Mrs. Sanders (poor woman, we now shed tears of actual sorrow for her) sent out and called Mr. Sanders and he went out with these two men, but soon found himself surrounded with a ring of “blue coats”. Capt. Jennings then pressed (?) into service one Mr. Conway, a concrete house builder, as a pilot. They took Sanders with them and rode for Ellis Kemp’s place. They left Sanders about a mile and a half east of Kemp’s with one more hole in his head than was good for his well being in this life. Kemp had not yet reached his home, but they took his son Jeff a prisoner (Jennings said he caught Jeff in,- not the truth) and rode back along the road passing by the cold body of poor Sanders. As they were making their way up Twelve Mile Creek, two boys in advance inquired at a house if they knew anything of Ellis Kemp’s whereabouts. The woman pointed to a house over the creek a quarter of a mile away and off the road, and said, “Mr. Kemp is over yonder to Mr. Ferguson’s, as Mr. Ferguson is sick.” They wheeled their horses and put spur and soon had Kemp in custody. A neighbor woman (Mrs. Rebecca Bess) was present when the woman told of Kemp’s whereabouts and she said, “Now you’ve done it!” “What?” asked the woman. “Why” said Mrs. Bess, “They’ll kill that man!” “Law me!” was all the poor woman could say as she wept. Kemp was carried up Twelve Mile Creek until Dan Morris was in custody and when they had returned a short distance down the creek, Capt. Jennings was talking to Kemp, but he was dumb to all questions. Then Capt. Jennings dropped back among the soldiers (detachment of the 13th Ill. Cav.) and said, “One of you boys ride up there and shoot that man!” His order was at once obeyed. Kemp was shot in the side of his neck, then he rode along apparently unconcerned, for some 8 or 10 steps, then fell off of his horse, a dead man! The latter part of this story was related to the writer over 12 months afterwards by one of Capt. Jennings men,- George Harris, whom he met in another Regiment. Well, it is needless to only add that this affair forever ended the operations of the “K. G. C.” in our vicinity. Jeff Kemp and Dan Morris went to prison. Gen Sherman never told a stronger truth than when he said “War is Hell!”

The above story has never before been on paper, or but little sketches of it, and we don’t suppose that there is a living person who ever knew all of the links as the writer now knows and remembers them. While rather tedious to read, perhaps, it shows what

some of the attending evils were, in our great strife for our country and the flag. It now looks hard to think that such things were done then, - but a war, such as ours was, it not all battle field glory. Capt. Jennings' name should go down in history in honor, because he saved many lives by his vigilance.

As the autumn of 1862 wore along, Greenville and Patterson were alive with "blue coats", - Patterson in particular. Quite an army was gathering at Patterson and a fort was built on the high knob of a hill south of the town, at the base of which is the town of Patterson. The remains of this old earthwork is still to be seen. The O. S. Presbyterian Church house was used as a commissary store house and was surrounded with a high palisade of heavy timbers and block houses built on the east and on the west sides of the palisades. The army that gathered there reached perhaps 15,000 to 20,000 men. The old 25th Mo. Inft. Vols. repaired the road from Pilot Knob to Patterson, completing their task in December of that year. Sometime in September, perhaps, Col. Thos. C. Fletcher organized the 31st Mo. Inft. Vols., Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry enlisted and organized Company H of that regiment with Henry V. Mabrey as his 1st Lieutenant, and John A. McKinnis was his orderly sergeant. A great many of Capt. McMurtry's men were from Wayne County. Some few are yet living. Lieut. Ike Davidson assisted in enlisting another company for the 31st Mo. Several of his men were Wayne Countyans also. Some complaints were laid against Lieut. Davidson's methods of enlisting volunteers (?). The complaint mainly was, that he took men prisoners and threatened them with lead if they did not enlist. Some of this kind of volunteers, after drawing their clothes, blankets, haversacks and canteens, took "French leave of absence" and never went back. One of the canteens of one of Lieut. Davidson's volunteers is now in possession of the writer, now often doing service to carry water and especially "good Linkum coffee" to the woods,- not now to hide out from the rebs, but to survey lands.

Patterson was a secondary base now. Gen. Thos. Benton moved southwest. Then later on, the command broke camps at Patterson and moved to the front, - many of them, including the 31st Mo. Inft. Vols. went to Sherman at Vicksburg, Miss., where these regiments were cut up badly in the charge at Chickasaw Bayou in front of Vicksburg, on Dec. 29th, 1862. Capt. McMurtry and Col. Fletcher were made prisoners and sent to Libby Prison in Richmond, Va., but were exchanged for in time to be in it at the seige and capture of Vicksburg, on July 4th, 1863. Then soon after, the 31st and 32nd were consolidated and the surplus officers, Com. and non-com. were discharged, or that was our information.- But back to Southeast Missouri. Company K, 68th E. M. M., or details thereof, were doing scout duty, often picking up stragglng rebel soldiers and the "lay out" fellows who were evading enrollment in the E. M. M.

It was on Friday night, Oct. 17th, 1862, there came a snow about 5 inches deep. There had been no frosts as yet, to kill the green vegetation, and it was a singularly beautiful sight to go out in the woods and see the golden rod and other late fall blooms, and the green grass protruding above the beautiful white snow. The green trees hung loaded with snow also. (We once thought that this snow fell the night of Oct. 24th, 1862, but yield to better testimony.) After daylight, the writer and his oldest brother went on a deer hunt and in a half, or three quarters, of a mile of town, the writer saw two deer

laying down and as he carried a shot gun and his brother a rifle, he failed to show the deer until they sprang up and ran. Taking the trail, we followed them around, then recrossed the woods road and found that there were two horsemen following our trail in the snow. They had returned in the direction of our home. So we "cut snow" in a hurry for home. It was our Comrade John B. Graham and another comrade hunting us, as Capt. Powers had concluded to go at once on a "still man hunt". His usual signal to call together his men was the firing of three "anvil guns". This time we wanted no such advertisement of our moves. Father was then 2nd Lieut. of Company K, 68th E., M. M. and our oldest brother, E. A. Wilkinson, was orderly sergeant. So they at once reported for duty, but the writer still belonged to the infantry division of Company K, and so had to remain at home, and he and the other brother went to bed and slept soundly, while the green tobacco hanging in the barn was growing as black as an old woolen hat. Singular to relate, but after throwing away a large quantity of this ruined tobacco, but saving the better part to go in the "lug hogshead" which, when "prised" and shipped and sold in the St. Louis market, about 1500 lbs. in that "lug Hogshead" the spring following, it brought us 29 cents per pound! We had often heard it said, "The bigger the fool, the better the luck." But this time we thought that laziness came in for "luck" once in a while, just as well.

This sudden unseasonable and unexpected snow drove in the "lay out" fellows, as well as many rebel soldiers then laying out around their homes, - some ex-rebel soldiers also. Capt. Powers knew every man far and near and his politics, and he correctly concluded that this was his last time to make a "still-drive man hunt". He divided his men into two or three, or perhaps more parties and sent them in different direction,- going in person in command of one of these parties. Some of them went up as far east as Castor River and on East Big Creek and Shetley's Creek. Others went up on the St. Francois River. They were out all day Saturday, the 18th of Oct. Saturday night and until dark Sunday night, Their game filled the house of Wm. E. Miller of Cedar Creek, full as it would hold. Quite a number of these men were rebel soldiers and ex-rebel soldiers and a large number were of the "lay out" men. The writer was detailed as one of the guards for the night. The next day, the 20th, we took our game to Patterson, pausing by the farm of Mr. Hugh Fulton, a mile and a quarter north of Patterson. As Patterson was the a "Camp of instruction", we saw Capt. McMurtry's drilling Company H, 31st Mo. in Mr. Fulton's field near the house. Along the road to Patterson, we saw a large number of soldiers engaged in the "skirmish drill". We turned over our game to Col. Boyd, then in command of the post of Patterson, or so the writer then understood. Quite a number of our prisoners at once enrolled in Capt. Jas. E. Davis' Company of the 68th E. M. M. and were permitted to return to their homes. The other fellows were left squatted around a log heap fire with a cordon of bayonets around them for good (?) company. We then returned to our home.

Later on, in fact, it was in time of sharp frosty morning up in November, 1862, there was a detail of 16 men under Lieut. J. M. Wilkinson, all of Company K, 68th E. M. M., to make a night scout on Castor River in the west edge of Bollinger and southeast corner of Madison County, as far as about where Marquand now stands. We remember the names of some of those boys yet,- Sergts. Jas. A. Greenwood and Jas. P.

Ellis, Corps. J. R. Sullivan and H. C. Wilkinson, Privates Thos. A. Miller, M. L. Butts, Ab. Whitener, John Sullivan, Fred Patrick Sherry, (our Distint rilative) and Wash Sitze. It was dark on Saturday night when we left Coldwater. Our officers knew that we were going to hunt some of Gen. Jeffries' men who were on a visit to their homes on Castor River. Gen. Jeffries then held Bloomfield in Stoddard County. We raided the home of Fred Whitener and other houses on our way up Castor River in the early night, but found no game, except some pie of the corn shucking dinner of the day before. We rested a few hours at Eli Sitze's,- Comrade Wash Sitze's home, where we were welcome. At about four o'clock Sunday morning, we mounted and made up Castor River for Rock Point,- then raided the house of Richards and found the nest of the birds we were hunting in a nearby thicket, but no birds. On reaching the main road again, our picket there told us they heard dogs barking at Frank Sitze's house, west of us, across Castor River, and they were sure they recognized Fred Whitener's voice. "Eight men remain here and eight of you follow me!" was Lieut. Wilkinson's order. We remember we broke line to be one of the "going eight". "Game at hand!" It was a still frosty morning. "Trot up!" Came back to us as we rode away. About a half mile, and we were in front of Frank Sitze's, who with his family were absent. Sergt. Greenwood and the writer rode so as to see back of the house, "Hello!" No answer. Then we saw a man in blue step out on the back piazza and dart back into the house. (The front doors were closed) Next we heard Lieut. Wilkinson's navy speak "in tones of thunder". And we rolled off our horses and over the fence as the pistols and guns began to crack in quick succession. On we dashed through the yard and "Yonder they go." Bang! Bang! Bang! Across a little field back of the house were two men running for dear life. As we sprang over the fence into the woods, we found Fred Whitener with a bullet hole all the way through the palm of his left hand, breaking no bones. After the affair was over, he said to Lieut. Wilkinson, "You hit me as I turned the corner of the smoke house." We left him in charge of Comrade Sherry, and as there was more game ahead, we ran on down the bottom in the woods and the revolvers of Sergts. Greenwood and Ellis were speaking ahead of us. Soon we passed Sergt. Greenwood all shot out. Then soon we overtook Sergt. Ellis as he snapped his last cap at his man. He was fagged out. He said, "Yonder he goes!" We saw the man just disappearing through the tall frost woods. We dashed across the slough, loosing our spur and over the fence into the woods on the trail but soon we burst out of the tall weeds into a level stubble field and "Yes, yonder he goes about thirty yards ahead." A large, square, portly man, he was, but he was so fagged out that he could only trot. We being of the "lean hound" build, were just getting warmed up for a good run. We stopped and drew a bead at about what we thought was the cross of his galluses and were pressing the trigger of our Colt's. Then the thought (happy Thought) flashed through our mind, - "First man we ever fairly beaded! Shall we kill Him? No! One more chance." "Halt!" He threw up his hands, as he turned to face us. "Oh, yes, I'll give up!" He said. This was Eph Richards. On returning to the house, we found that Comrade Sherry and Ab Whitener had taken a peep down in the cellar and behold,- a shoe with a foot in it up there between the sleepers. "Crawl out of there!" and he crawled out. True to his practice then, his name was Underwood. With a blue coat on, he was under the wood of that house. Three! Eph Whitener, Eph Richards and --- Underwood. "Yes, we are Gen. Jeffries' men," they said, but now they were OUR men! They went to Patterson and we heard that Richards on account of his boldness, never left there. Whitener died in prison. We never

learned what of Underwood. Now, having fired our first shot (at Whitener) we felt as large as a soldier. This was about the last scout of Company K before it was ordered into active service.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 11

WAR REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHEAST MISSOURI.

Organization of Company K, 68th Regiment Enrolled Missouri Militia.

“Greenville Sun”, Oct. 19, 1899.

“Bollinger’s Mill” in the Northeast corner of Wayne County, Mo., was built some time in the latter “Fifties”, shortly before the “War of the Sixties”. It was a combined saw, corn and wheat mill, run by steam power and owned by David Bollinger, a farmer and land owner of Castor River. The mill was situated some three and a half miles Southeast of Gravelton, and about one mile West of Castor River on the North side of a small brook called “Plum Orchard”. The log yard was on the north side of the mill and extended up the slope some fifty yards wide to the more abrupt rise of the low hill. Then the timber set in. As is the case, the mill had its mill town houses built around it, except on the East and North sides. During the summer of 1861, this Bollinger’s Mill was one of the camping places of Col. Lowe’s Regiment of state troops under Gov. Claib. F. Jackson’s call, who were considered the enemy of the U. S. Volunteer troops, stationed at Pilot Knob or Ironton. In October, 1861 (or last of September, perhaps) Capt. P. L. Powers and Lieuts. Jno. M. Wilkinson and Edward P. Steele organized a company under the Provisional Gov. Gamble’s call, known as “Wayne County Cavalry,” or “Haw Eaters”. They were,-well, a company, regiment, brigade, division or army corps, just as one might consider them, as they were never assigned to any regiment, but did service under the Post Commander at Pilot Knob. “Scouting down below” was their occupation during their term of service, ending in the early spring of 1862. A portion of this company took part in the battle near Fredericktown against Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, when Col. Lowe was killed and Thompson was defeated. As the histories at hand give no account of this battle, the writer cannot give the date, but possible it was fought early in October, 1861. The writer regrets that he has no roll of this company of “Wayne County Cavalry, which, if at hand, he would gladly give herein.

Sometime during the summer of 1861(1862?), after the discharge of the “Wayne County Cavalry,” Capt. P. L. Powers and Lieuts. Jas. T. Sutton and Jno. M. Wilkinson organized Company K, 68th Regiment Enrolled Missouri Militia, called “Paw Paw Militia”,-they loved paw-paws. The roll shows ninety-nine men rank and file. The men in active service during the winter of 1862-63 are as follows:

Commissioned officers: Capt. P. L. Powers; 1st Lieut. Jas. T. Sutton; 2nd Lieut. Jno M. Wilkinson.

Non-commissioned officers: Sergeants, -Orderly, E. W. Wilkinson 1st D., Jas. A. Greenwood; 2nd D., R. F. Lowrance; 3rd D., Jas. P. Ellis; 4th D., S. Sullivan.,
Corporals: 1st, H. C. Wilkinson; 2nd, Jacob Costner; 3rd, Henry Pugh; 4th,
C. A. Bennett; 5th, Jas. R. Sullivan; 6th, Wm Tidwell; 7th, Wm. Reese; 8th, A. S. Wray.

Privates: Jno. W. Adams, Jas. F. Brannock, Jas. H. Barker, Jas. Bennett, Wm. Cox, Eph. Cloniger, J. S. Clubb, A. Cox, J. B. Driver, J. C. Driver, Joseph Davis, Henderson Douglass, Ben Edmons, Jno. W. Evans, Wm. S. Fowler, J. N. Gregory, J. Sim P. Golden, Pleasant Golden, Jno. B. Graham, Wm. Harrison, J. A. Highes, B. P. Hammock, J. H. Hammock, Ben. M. Huggins, P. C. Ivy, Wm. H. Keeland, L. H. Linville, Jno. W. Loots, A. G. McMurtry, Wm. Morris, Thos. A. Miller, Wm. E. Miller, R. E. Montgomery, A. J. F. Moser, J. Orr, A. W. O'Dell, Chris. Pugh, Jas. C. Paullus, D. M. Parker, F. M. Parker, Joe Payne, H. C. Reece, Jas. B. Richardson, Jno.L. Shearer, Eph. Senter, Jno. A. Sullivan, A. Smith, P. B. Short, Thos. Stephens, D. M. Smith, Jas. Staggs, E. P. Sherry, E. W. Sinton, Jno Sweazea, Wm. F. Taylor, A. J. Ward, W. L. C. Ward, Jas. M. Ward, G. W. Ward Jr., G. W. Ward, St. F. M. Ward, Murph. White, Dos. P. Wray, F. M. Wray, H. J. Wray, A. B. Wakefield, C. B. Wakefield, Jas. R. Wakefield, Jno. B. Willmore, Hamp. White, Jas. H. White, A. K. Whitener, Franc. Woods, Caleb Hovis. The rolls also show that some of the men deserted, about four in number.

An order was issued, dated Dec.1st, 1862, calling into active service the 68th Regiment E. M. M., Company A., Capt Bob Adair; Company B, Capt. Belkin; Company D, Capt. Mace; Company K, Capt. Powers and Capt. Finley's company; but the writer has forgotten its letter. The regiment was commanded by Col. Jas. Lindsay. Company K. did not reach the rendezvous at Log Town, a short distance south of Arcadia, until Dec. 9th, 1862, and drew arms, clothing and equipments on the 10th; although they had done much off and on scout duty the summer and fall of 1862, acting rather as an outpost to the garrison at Pilot Knob and Ironton, as well as to meet at Coldwater often to drill. After being uniformed, armed and equipped, Company K about Dec. 15th, 1862, moved from their rendezvous camp at Log Town to Bollinger's Mill, above mentioned,- and having no tents they were quartered in the empty mill town houses, doing constant scout duty, picking up quite a number of prisoners,- some Confederate soldiers and guerrillas, and one or two citizens. After a few days, Capt. Powers left his company to go to take his seat in the Missouri Legislature, leaving Lieuts. Sutton and Wilkinson in command of the company. Then Lieut. Wilkinson set the men to building quarters along the north side of the log yard, facing the mill, and about fifty or sixty yards from the mill. The men set posts in the ground about twelve feet apart and in line, then cut poles or took 2 x 4, or some such lumber, and laid or nailed them on top of the posts, which were as high as a tall man's head. Every other space was left open for passroom between the tents to the horses that were tied to a line of poles nailed to trees in rear and up the hill above the tents.

“Greenville Sun”, Oct.26th, 1899.

The men then took sawed boards, some fourteen or sixteen feet long and placed one end on the ground up the hill above the poles and the other end on the poles so as to form a good rain proof roof and then floored the tents with other boards, then boxed up the tents with shorter boards, so when finished, they looked like the halves of so many roofs of houses. There were eight or ten of those improvised tents. Then large log fires

were built in front of the tents, which were left open so as to have the heat from the fires to warm the inside of the tents.

By Dec. 25th, 1862, the command had quite a number of prisoners that were sent under guard to Pilot Knob. About the last days of December, 1862 or the first days of January, 1863, Company K was ordered to join Company D at Patterson to take the place of a remnant of U. S. Volunteer Iowa Infantry and Nebraska Cavalry that had been left by the large command that had been mobilized at that point in the fall of 1862, but had broke camp to be distributed to such points as Vicksburg, Miss. Here, Companies D and K remained until the latter half of January, 1863, doing post duty and some "scoutin' down below". During our stay at Patterson, Comrade Jas. Brannock stood on a stump a few steps east of where the O. S. Presbyterian Church now stands, and sang for the first time in the world's history, Company K's famous song, "Great God, Aint it Pleasant Scoutin' down Below".

About Jan. 15th, some of the boys of Company K took "French furlough" or perhaps French-stay-at-home, on the east side of the St. Francois River, and Comrade F. P. Sherry and perhaps one or two other men of Company K were sent after them, and while over there, the river took a sudden rise and was past fording for several days, with no ferrys or bridges. So the Confederates at Bloomfield took advantage of the high rise and quite a number of them came up on a scout "up North" on the east side of the river, being safe from attack by the forces at Patterson. They took Comrade Sherry and all the other men of Company K they could catch, prisoners. Some other damage was done, such as taking horses and clothing from the citizens, men, women and children's clothing and shoes. Word came to Patterson, and as Lieut. Sutton was confined to his quarters being sorely afflicted with boils, Lieut. Wilkinson without orders from headquarters (See note following) took some twenty-five men of Company K and made all haste to Head's Ford, up on the St. Francois River near the Madison County line. It was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow some four inches deep. He arrived there considerably after dark and found the river too full to cross safely and in the dark. He led his men up to the old Head Homestead and stayed over night with John Head and his sister, Miss Melvina Head, and the good old colored man, Frank, a colored Baptist preacher. The next morning very early, all except Lieut. Wilkinson, who was sick, were in the saddle. The river was yet very full, but all crossed safely, save the cold ducking of Pleasant Golden whose horse fell down in deep water. Both horse and rider went under head and ears. Wilmore's horse was stubborn and would not take the water. Sergt. Lowrance re-crossed the river to assist Comrade Wilmore and after some delay, they reached the command as they sat shivering in the cold on the east side. It was found that the Confederates had returned to Bloomfield with the prisoners, horses, &c. but had not ventured as far north as Cedar Creek, which was then called "The Black Hole" by our Southern friends. When the war began, Cedar Creek was almost solid for the Union, while other parts were almost solid the other way. Much bitterness existed then among the citizens on account of "Your Principles."

Lieut. Wilkinson with his men remained on Cedar Creek until about Jan. 18th, 1863, when he was joined by Lieut. Sutton with the remainder of Company K. and went into quarters in the old church house and school house there- quarter of a mile west of Coldwater on Cedar Creek, where they remained, doing considerable "scoutin' down below". About Jan. 21st, or 22nd, 1863, Col. Jas. Lindsay came over from Patterson,

(having moved down there from Pilot Knob soon after Lieut. Wilkinson made the dash to cross the river to look after the Confederates, as about stated) with parts of Company A, Capt. Adair, Company B, Capt, Belkin; Company D, Capt, Mace and Capt. Finley with picked men of his company. Col. Lindsay brought two guns, about two inches caliber, with him. There were nice little things, with more scare than hurt. One day was spent drilling the men and horses, as Col. Lindsay said, "Have the horses become familiar with the firing of the guns", In the meantime, Capt. Powers had obtained leave of absence from his seat in the Legislature and rejoined his company. He then selected about twenty-five picked men of his company to accompany Col. Lindsay on the famous "Bloomfield Scout", which was in contemplation, though known only to the commissioned officers. On the morning of Jan.25, 1863, Col. Lindsay with about eighty-five picked men of the five companies and his two little guns began the "Bloomfield Scout", with Capt. Powers and his twenty-five picked men in the advance. The writer will never forget that gloomy Sunday morning as the command rode away in a cold, slow January rain, and girls with their "Sundays" on were looking on with long faces. We were going "scoutin' down below", but where? was the question in the minds of the men, and the girls too, we suppose. The route traveled was through the unsettled lands between Bear Creek and Greenville and Fredericktown road to the head of Lost Creek, eating dinner at Uncle Billy Davis' on Lost Creek, who with his six boys was a staunch Union Man. His boys were then in the Union Army, as it was then called. Down Lost Creek we went until we came to the Greenville and Bloomfield road, taking the Bloomfield end. Night (a dark one, too) overtook the little command while crossing the flatwoods between the Lost Creek and the Mingo Swamps. Sometime after dark, the command halted at the residence of the Widow Rubottom, on the east bank of the St. Francois River and the west side of the Mingo Swamps, all wet and cold, having rode all day in the slow rain. On this same spot of ground is where Mrs. Powers now lives, some three-quarters of a mile southeast of Wappapello, on the C. G. & S. W. Ry. There was little sleeping among the men, as they were wet, and of course, cold, but were not permitted to build fires,- we were on a "still hunt".

At daylight, Capts. Powers and Finley, with their men, were ordered to proceed at once to the ferry on Mingo Creek, which was not fordable on horses, and it was pretty flush with black swamp water now flowing into the nearby St. Francois River. Capt. Finley with six of his men and the writer with six of company K were ordered to dismount and silently cross the creek in a small dugout which would scarcely carry two men and the paddler. However, we got safely over and started for the cross roads on the hill in front of us, with Marion Ward for guide.

Note. (See page 3) After reading my story, Lieut. Wilkinson informed the writer that this was an error,-that he did have orders. Well, any how, he acknowledged that he ordered his detachment armed and equipped to saddle and mount, which we did, while awaiting a telegram from headquarters at Ironton, and that if said telegram was delayed or otherwise ordered, that he was going anyhow. We were already in line when Lieut. Wilkinson rode "Salem" to the office to see if the desired order had arrived. After reading my story, he told me that on this first trip to the telegraph office in Patterson, he found the desired order had come, - so we rode away in "gallop", - Home was exposed.

(Submitted)

“Greenville Sun”, Nov. 2nd, 1899.

We waded a pond of water, about half-leg deep and one-fourth mile wide. Oh, our poor shins! The writer with his men, went to the house at the cross roads,- the Magnum;s – and found him at home with his sick wife, who we learned, died the next day. Magnum was a Confederate soldier and belonged to the Confederate command at Bloomfield: but for mercy’s sake, our kind old Commander exchanged him for our “Wild Irishman”, Fred Sherry, who had been released on his parole, after he was captured as above related. Capt. Finley pushed on to the next house, one-half mile nearer Bloomfield (some eighteen miles away) and captured six Confederate soldiers doing picket or out-post duty. They were well armed, but Capt. Finley was a man that didn’t “scare at an owl”, so he surprised and took them all prisoners without the firing of a single gun. They had pistols made of sawed up rifle barrels among their arms. The command soon came up, having crossed in the boat at the ferry on Mingo Creek. Now, we pulled for Bloomfield, as we had captured their out-posts and the swamps filling with water, we now had little fear but we would take Bloomfield rather napping. We hoped so at least, as it was now very plain to the men that Col. Lindsay meant “Bloomfield or bust”. The ride that day was uneventful. Night found Company K across the spreads of Duck Creek, three miles in advance of the command. An orderly came up with orders for Company K to return west across the spreads to the command, but Capt. Powers asked leave to remain where he was, as his men had the advantage of a blacksmith shop, a dwelling house and an old store house with plenty of good coal brands to burn so as to dry their wet clothing and blankets. Permission was at once granted, as Company K was about nine miles from Bloomfield, and besides drying, serving as an advance post to the command. Morning of the 27th came (rather early though) and found Company K dried and refreshed and as luck would have it, we found a half-inch augur with a shank long enough to reach the buck-and-ball in our 68 cal. carbines,- so we drew the loads and reloaded our guns, while we were waiting for Col. Lindsay to come up. It was feared that Lick Creek, a few miles ahead of us was swimming and no bridge or ferry. After Col. Lindsay came up, a short council was held and it was decided to turn to the left and take a ridgeway so as to come into the Bloomfield and Fredericktown road about two and a half miles north of Bloomfield, thus evading Lick Creek. On this round about ride, we met one or two Confederate soldiers going to their homes on furloughs. One man had a meal sack under his arm filled with picked cotton or raw wool. He at once told us he was a Confederate soldier, and as we wore dark brown overcoats he thought we were alright. He also told us that the command at Bloomfield knew nothing of our approach. Poor fellow! We told him to fall in as a prisoner of war. He obeyed. We rode in a brisk walk and soon came into the Bloomfield and Fredericktown road, as above contemplated. Here we met a citizen who had a new wooden water bucket on his arm as he had been trading some in Bloomfield. The two Sullivan boys, Bob and John, who were with us, were acquainted with this man. He informed us that our presence was not known in Bloomfield. He also gave us the pleasant(?) news that there were about 150 Confederate soldiers in Bloomfield. He begged us not to force him to go with us in the fire line (as they now call it.) Capt. Powers sent a man as fast as his horse could carry him with word to Col. Lindsay who was with the command some over a mile to our rear, of the state of affairs

and that it behooved us to “Hurry up!” Then Capt. Powers led Company K along the road towards Bloomfield to the top of the hill, where we could plainly see the town. Some of our hearts were soon up in our throats at that time. But of course, the writer can only speak for himself. Here we halted to await the arrival of Col. Lindsay. O, that awful moment of “just before the battle begins” with the enemy’s town in full view! We were going into that town, but would we all return? Soon that Pleasant (?) moment was brought to an end by the hasty arrival of Col. Lindsay with the command. The writer will never forget how the old Colonel looked as he trotted his “big bay” forward to where Capt. Powers sat on his horse “Little Snap” at the head of his company. He looked like we used to feel as we would sit at the deer lick listening at the soft step of the approaching deer, - would have the “Buckager”. Our game was in sight and not aware of our near approach. Would we catch him or would he catch us? The Colonel hastily said, “Capt. Powers, how had we best proceed? Would it not be best that you and Capt. Finley lead your companies on a charge and pass through the town and deploy your men in line so as to catch them as they retreat south while I bring up the column in good order with the guns?” Capt. Powers replied in the affirmative. So then came the word “Forward!” We tried to swallow our hearts. The whole command moved along the road down the hill in a moderate way, though hidden from the town by heavy timber. Bless that timber! We soon reached the low flat bottom and began to cross the bridge, making noise enough to rouse Lee’s whole army. After crossing the bridge, Col. Lindsay halted Companies A, B and D with the two guns and began to form in regular attacking column, while Capts. Powers and Finley proceeded along the road towards the town on the hill in front of us. Soon we were across the bottom with a cornfield on our right and a low wooded hill by our left. Every man clutched his gun tightly in anxious expectations of a fight soon to begin. We had partly swallowed our hearts by this time. Then we turned to the right a short distance in a short lane, then turned to the left up the hill straight for the court house some distance in front of us, on the hill. We had not yet broken our brisk walk, but just as we made this last turn, we heard the “Boom! Boom!” of our two little guns in the rear. “Forward! Charge! Gallop!” rang along our line and up the sloping hill we went, whooping and yelling like a gang of Indian warriors rather than “Paw Paw Militia”. Capt. Powers and his men were at first in the lead in this wild ride, but Capt. Finley and his men were not to be outdone that way, so they pressed in among us until both companies composed only one surging mass of men, until the street was completely jammed full of men, or rather horses with men on their backs. As we neared the court house, we opened fire right, left and in front on the now badly surprised Confederate soldiers who were leisurely sauntering around as soldiers will do in a quiet place when they are not dreaming of danger. The court house square was soon reached and Capt. Finley turned to the left and Capt. Powers to the right, towards a hotel on the street leading west. Here several shots were fired at the fleeing enemy. One Confederate officer ran out of the hotel through the back yard, but had to soon fall flat to evade the bullets we were sending after him. One shot passed through the leg of his pants about midway between the knee and ankle. Of course, he at once put up his empty hands. The man that stood in the front door of the hotel was stubborn. He stood there refusing to come out when ordered, until two men aimed their carbines at his breast and told him if he did not come out they would shoot him instantly. Then he stepped aside and out came two or three Confederate officers with their hands up, saying “Don’t fire, boys, we

surrender.” At this moment Col. Lindsay was forming his men around the court house, the men heartily cheering as they fell in. In thirty minutes after we crossed the bridge, north of the town, “Bloomfield was ours” without the loss of a single man. There was not one of the Confederates killed or wounded that we ever heard of and no resistance whatever, save the shots some of them sent back at the boys who were pressing them as they retreated south in a rout. The indomitable Sergt. Jas. A. Greenwood of Company K and Capt. Finley were here, there and everywhere, bringing in squads of two to twelve unarmed Confederate prisoners. No braver men ever lived than Sergt. Greenwood and Capt. Finley. It would have been murder to have shot those poor unarmed Confederate soldiers, as it was in the charge we drove them from where their guns were stacked in the corner of their commissary house.

“Greenville Sun”, Nov 9, 1899

We now held undisputed possession of Bloomfield. After counting the spoils of war, we found we had 54 Confederate soldiers, including some three or four commissioned officers, as prisoners of war, together with some 75 horses and two wagon loads of arms of all description, but mainly double-barreled shot-guns and rifles,- some horse pistols of the old pattern, some U. S. Army guns, one or two Sharp’s rifles. O, but wouldn’t we have caught it if they had had thirty minutes’ notice of our coming! We also destroyed a large pack of freshly salted pork and a large heap of corn meal found in their commissary house. We held the town until about nine o’clock P. M., when we march out of Bloomfield, north on the Fredericktown road. The last of the command to leave town was the patrol guard under command of Sergt. Greenwood. The patrol guard now became the rear guard of the moving column. Just as we passed through the short right angle lane north of the town above mentioned, we found the wagons that were loaded with the captured arms, one stuck in the mud and the other up side down. Sergt. Greenwood dismounted and as well as he could tell by feeling in the dark, selected half-dozen of the best shot guns. He gave the writer a fine little twist double barreled shot gun which he kept until after the war. Sergt. Greenwood then piled fence rails on the wagons and set fire to them (see note following) remounted and we rode away. We were afterwards informed by the nearby citizens in hearing that they thought there was another fight on as the hot gun barrels began to discharge their loads, for the most of them were loaded when captured.

About 11 P.M., the rear guard came up with the command camped about 11 miles north of Bloomfield. Here destruction began. The men were nearly froze, as it had turned bitter cold during the afternoon. They fell to making large fires of railings off a garden and cypress rails. Next morning at daylight, the writer observed the good old man of the house as he came out in the yard, bareheaded and his gray locks standing every way, as he silently looked on while some of the men downed his last chicken that was up in a shade tree in the yard. His last bee-gum had already been robbed. One of the men was heartless enough to ask “Ain’t you a Union man?” He replied, “Well, if I wasn’t one, looks like the like of this wouldn’t make me one.” Well, evidently war means destruction. Hungry men will eat if they can get it, soldiers especially, and cold men will warm themselves if they can get an opportunity. Our supply train had not been seen since we left our camp on Cedar Creek. It was tardy. We now learned that the creeks,

streams or sloughs ahead of us were swimming. We were water-bound and Mingo bottom fast filling with water. Col. Kitchens, with some 600 Confederates was camped not far south of Bloomfield. Of course, the flying Confederates who left Bloomfield as we went in, had already joined Kitchens. There were only two things to do. One was to make our way in all possible haste westward back to the ferry where we had crossed the morning of the 26th, or stay there and whip Kitchens or be gobbled up. We chose to make the ferry if we could, so we marched in that direction at an early hour. Powers and his men in advance. We skirted the south side of a lake during the day and reached Mingo Creek late in the evening, very hungry for something to eat, but our hunger to put Mingo between us and the enemy was predominant. The creek was now fast overflowing its high banks with muddy water with a stiff current flowing into the bottom, so up stream the morning we crossed, on our way down, was now down stream. No time was wasted as the ferry boat was close by, just west of the piers of the old bridge that had long ago been destroyed. We begun to cross to the north side of the Mingo in all possible haste. The writer crossed in about the first boat load, but was ordered to there halt and take charge of the guard place there, and there they stayed until after sunset., with the water continually rising around the horses feet. Capt. Mace had charge of the boat, remaining on the south side of the creek and being very hungry, he sent a man across to a house nearby on the north side of the creek, with orders for the "good woman" to bake him some corn bread by the time be brought over the last boat load. But ah, Comrade Bish Driver came over and rode up to this house and said "Hello, have you my corn bread baked?" The good woman replied, "Sir, I have some corn bread cooked for Capt. Mace." "Well", said Comrade Driver, "I'm Capt. Mace." He got bread, of course. The genuine Capt. Mace was wrathful when he came over and found that another would-be Capt. Mace had gobbled all his corn bread. Ever after this, Driver was call "The Colonel".

At sunset the rest of the men and horses were on the north side of Mingo Creek, prisoners and captured horses, all without accident, save the horse of one of company D's men (J. C. Belmar) in the last boat backed off and got a good ducking and came near drowning, but by the skillful management of Capt. Mace and his boat crew, the horse was saved, though he lay for sometime flat on his side after being pulled ashore on the Bloomfield side on the creek. This delayed us somewhat as the horse was very stubborn about getting on his feet and on board the boat again. We now began to feel safe from Col. Kitchens, who we afterwards learned drew up to the south side of Mingo Creek with some 500 or 600 men just as we passed out of sight of the ferry. By this time the shades of night were fast approaching and we yet in Mingo bottom with water under us and all around us. We had to leave the main road and go through the Widow Rubottom's farm and some of the lower places we had to swim our horses. We noticed one poor, jaded horse standing in the water with a halter hanging to his chin. We left him be. It was getting dark as we passed the Widow Rubottom's house, where we camped the night of the 25th on our way down. About midnight, we came up with the command camped at Uncle Billy Davis' on Lost Creek. Here the writer and his men found the table set with good things cooked already for eating. Anything that is to eat, (and somethings that are not commonly eaten) is pronounced good by a hungry soldier. Here we were comfortably situated and having little fears of Kitchens before daylight, anyhow, we rested finely until next morning. Morning came and we headed for Bollinger's Mill,

passing up Lost Creek, then crossing over to Bear Creek and up it, then bearing to the right, passing over the head of Turkey Creek, then by the Camp Grounds of the M. E. S. Church and across the ridge to Bollinger's Mill.

Here we found that during our trip to Bloomfield, Lieut. Wilkinson had moved from Coldwater, with the remainder of Company K and belongings and was now comfortable quartered at Bollinger's Mill again and had a line of some four or five tents brought from Patterson by Company K, which had been left when Gen. Davidson left Patterson to move south. There were two or three Sibley and one or two Fremont and one wedge tent, all in nice line along, below and in front of our old board tents, heretofore described, which were just as we left them when we were ordered to Patterson. Lieut. Sutton had now recovered from his boils so as to be able to be with the company. Capt. Powers immediately pushed on to his seat in the Legislature, passing his home on Cedar Creek, near Coldwater. Here Col. Lindsay rested his men and prisoners, till the next day, when he marched for Pilot Knob, via Fredericktown, taking some ten or twelve of Company K to assist in guarding the prisoners and to bring back a supply of rations and ammunition for Company K, which he had left in camp at Bollinger's Mills".

All now seemed to go smoothly and the men of families of Company K who were in Bloomfield scout were permitted to visit their homes for a day and night, - all living from one to fifteen miles away, mostly north and west of the mill. Some of the horses were now sheltered in the saw pit under the mill. Lieuts. Sutton and Wilkinson, Sergt. Wilkinson, Greenwood and Sullivan, Corporals Sullivan, Costner and the writer and Privates Sullivan, Adams and Vance were quartered in a hill town house some 75 yards southwest of the tents and 60 yards west of the mill in the bottom. The remainder of the Non-commissioned officers and privates slept in the tents above mentioned (Sketch of town omitted).

Soon after dark, the night of Feb. 2, 1863, firing was heard on the ridge a half mile north of our camp. We fell in, ready for anything small. A patrol was sent in that direction, and soon learned that it was out boys who had gone to Pilot Knob with Col. Lindsay just returning with supplies and ammunition and also something in their canteens besides water, coffee or milk. Their canteens were not exactly full either. Their commander said they wanted to have a little fun by thus notifying us of their approach, so we would not be alarmed as they drove into our camps. If the writer remembers correctly, Mr. Mon. Sitze, who lived on Castor River some two or three miles below our camp, drove one of the teams which was his own.

The morning of the 3rd of Feb., 1863, the men were excused to visit their homes till there were only 42 men, rank and file, left in camp. Late in the evening, report came to camp that a small squad of men, presumably Sam Hildebrand and his men, were going up Castor River. So, Sergt. Wilkinson was sent with a few men to look after them, but returned late at night, weary, cold, hungry and sleepy, having not found Hildebrand. The weather had turned as cold as February could then afford, with about three-fourths of an inch of snow on a hard frozen ground. The men and officers seemed to relax vigilant watch, as only two men and one non-commissioned officer composed each relief. It was so cold that the officer did the camp patrolling and the guardsmen would change every twenty or thirty minutes, one warming by the log fires in front of the tents while the other kept watch some two hundred yards down the road east of the camp. The road

approaching over the ridge from Turkey Creek on the south and the road leading to Bear Creek and Cedar Creek were left unguarded. Of the men gone to their homes for the night were Private John W. Adams and Sergt. Samuel Sullivan from the officers mess, quartered in the mill town house above mentioned. The night closed around the camp with the moon between full and last quarter, and white clouds flying rapidly from the northwest. The bright snow glistened in the bright moonshine. Private John Sullivan came off third relief at Midnight. Corporal Costner called out 1st relief, to-wit: A. G. McMurtry and Marion Ward, a fresh recruit, and took charge of the camp. He (Corp. Costner) even ventured to go on duty without his gun. McMurtry took charge of the post below camp where Sullivan had been standing; Ward was sitting by the log fire warming. All seemed quiet. In officers quarters the Lieutenants were sleeping in the north room and a negro woman with a baby and a child some two or three years old were sleeping in the farther corner of the north room. She was the mill crew cook. In the south room, Sergt. Wilkinson, Corp. Sullivan and Private Vance were sleeping on the only bedstead in this room. Sergt. Greenwood was by himself in the corner to the left of the fireplace, while Private Sullivan and the writer occupied the corner to the right of the fire place. As stated, Sullivan had just come off post at midnight and was warming by the fire. The writer roused up and went out to inspect, as was his custom, saw not the enemy, as they were then deploying in an assaulting line, some 75 to 100 men, way over behind the saw dust heap and at the mill, from the writer. Becoming satisfied that all was right, or so he thought, he returned into the house and helped Comrade Sullivan eat a "hard-tack" and to drink of his bottle of beer that he had brewed in a large bottle by the fire.

Note. (See page seven) After reading my story, old Capt. Powers told me that here I had committed an error,- that he himself did light the match and set fire to the kindlings. The writer is indeed sorry that this error occurred, as his wish is ever to state the facts. Capt. Powers and Sergt. Greenwood have both been "mustered out" and now we are only too glad to here acknowledge our error. It was very dark that cold night and as we could not see just who lighted the kindlings, and never hearing the Captain relate it, we were in error. In honor of Capt. Powers, we will say that no one ever doubted his courage of loyalty; but outside of his element, he was not not at all a military man. Just such scouts as we were then engaged in, was Capt. Powers' element. Whenever the enemy was found, he, to use his own words, wanted "To pitch into 'em". He was a most excellent commander of such scouts, as this "Bloomfield scout" was.

(Submitted)

"Greenville Sun", Nov. 16.1899.

They chatted about their "Dear Ducks" (now "best Girls") awhile and the writer turned in, as he thought, for the remainder of the night. It was nearly 12:30 o'clock, loaded horse pistols in their holsters hung on the horn of the saddles, which were our softest pillows, gun loaded with "buck and ball" stood in the corner in easy reach, cartridge box buckled with belt hook on top so with a sling behind the back with the right hand, unhooking then with both hands, it is on in a twinkle, boots close by, cap on muzzle of carbine, and all other clothing on person, save overcoat. As the writer drew up the blankets, all nice and good, Sullivan spoke for the last time, as he sat before firing

began. He said "Lay over there, I'll be in there pretty soon" "All right!" was the sleepy reply. This was the last moment before the firing began, but how different from this experience on the hill over-looking Bloomfield a few days before, when his heart got all up in his throat! Blissful ignorance at that awful moment was comparatively pleasant and full of comfort. At this moment someone gave a yell,-war whoop- and firing begun! The writer sprang to his feet, putting on cartridge box at the same time, and asked Comrade Sullivan, who still sat by the fire, if that was a gun fired. Then he snatched his gun from its place in the corner, but somebody had misplaced his cap, kicked his boots aside- No time to put boots on now- can fight for his country and the flag bare-headed and in his worn out rabbit fur sock feet any how;- "twont last long, I guess!" started for the door that faced the mill and then remembered his horse pistols and returned for them. Then he passed out of the door he was preceded by Sergt. Greenwood and followed by Comrade Sullivan. The firing was now hot. At this moment, the remainder of the men in the house, including the Lieutenants could be heard dressing and arming for the fray and speaking excitedly, of course. As we went out, we formed in line. Sergt. Greenwood on the right, the writer in center and Sullivan on the left. The writer well remembers the expression of his features as he glanced at Sergt. Greenwood as he paused an instant to take in the situation before acting. The prospect for victory on our part at that critical moment was not at all flattering. Be the bright moonshine on the glistening snow, was revealed to us a body of men, probably 75, about midway between the east end of the mill, where they formed for the charge, and the tents, now rather enmasse, then in regular line, rushing for the tents, shooting and yelling as they went. We could see the constant stream of fire belching forth from their shotguns, rifles and revolvers. Our pause was but for an instant, yet how remarkable how many things one can see and think of in such an instant! Sergt. Greenwood then raised his horse pistols and at once opened fire on the charging mass of Confederates as they presented their left flank to us, if they had any flank, right or left. The writer then quickly raised his carbine "buck and ball" (she bawled), then Comrade Sullivan's musket belched forth her load of buck and ball, also as he stood on the writer's left. Then Sergt. Greenwood gave them his second horse pistol before drawing his revolvers, as the writer gave one of his horse pistols, but she snapped. Here came the buckshot, seemingly by the handful- "Se-e-e-e-t" they said, liking dropping redhot in a pan of water, then we could hear their "pat, pat" as they struck the wall of the house at our backs. One passed in at the door and played base by itself around in our room. They meant us! Then the writer raised his second horse pistol and fired and that instant, "thump", O a buckshot in my left breast! I'm wounded, I'll run in the house and get on the bed. And away I went followed by Sullivan. Passing into the house, he felt for blood. No blood, "Not wounded to hurt" he thought. Here in the door he met the mill drew cook with her two children coming out and remembers saying to her "You had better get away from here". Well, that is what she was doing, as there was no back door to the house, she had to come out at this door, and the buck-shot flying like "Hail Columbia". She ran up to Joe Snoden's on the hill. As he threw his horse pistols on the bed and handled cartridges, he said "Boys, they've got the tents!" Comrade Sullivan's rammer was then heard clicking as he sent home some more buck and ball. Now we have both loaded our guns and Lieuts. Sutton and Wilkinson are dressed and armed, also Sergt. Wilkinson, Corp. Sullivan and Private Vance. "All ready!" we shouted. (Don't see why soldiers in so much danger should undress like sleeping at home

nohow.) Now for our already surrounded tents. As we sprang out of the house, we could see their dark line, or rather circle, as they had gathered mostly around The “Wray tent.” Here we go! Six men, rank and file! As we ran, the shrill voice of Sergt. Wilkinson could be heard to rise above the din of the little battle as he shouted, “Rally, Boys, Rally!” Poor Thos. Stephens, who was sleeping in the extreme east tent heard his call and started to him, but passing through the enemy’s line, he was knocked down, disarmed and made a prisoner. Here we are at their backs. They were not surprised like we were in the beginning. Right into ‘em we went,-er no, the writer stopped within about 15 feet of their line, thinking the Lieutenants would halt here and at once open fire, But no, they failed to heed the writer’s warning before we left our quarters of “Boys, they’ve got the tents!” and ran right in among them, mistaking them for the men of Company K. Lieut. Wilkinson pushing his way through their lines asked “Where are the d---d rascals?” (He didn’t then belong to the church) One of the men he passes said, “I’ll show you where they are” and fired his revolver at the Lieutenant’s back, taking effect about an inch and a half to the left of the spine and passed out in front through the soft ends of the ribs on left side. He was so near the Lieutenant that the fire scorched the Lieutenant’s dresscoat, a spot about four inches in diameter around the bullet hole. The Lieutenant spoke to Sergt. Greenwood who was passing near, shooting right and left with his revolver, as he went, “Jim, I’m badly wounded.” Sergt. Greenwood replied, “Well, I can’t help it”. He then came near the writer and lay down on the ground and began calling him by name. The writer mistook him for Corp. Wray as he called- we still hear it,- “Henry, Henry, O Henry!” Here comes a man dressed in black coat, light butternut pants and white hat! He said to the writer, “Throw down your arms!” The writer was standing at “recover arms” as he came near killing one of the Wray brothers as they pushed their way out of the tent with hands up, saying “I surrender!” and so stepped in between the writer and the Confederate officer that stood at the tent door ordering them to come out and surrender. The writer was then in the act of firing at the Confederate officer, so now he stood at “recover arms”. He then wheeled right oblique and fired at the man with the white hat, some 15 feet away. The writer saw the man in a crouched position down under the smoke from his carbine, but for only a glance, as Lieut. Wilkinson called “O Henry!” for the fourth time, when he recognized his father. He ran to him and raised his head with his right arm and the Lieutenant handed him his “Navy Six” and said, “Here Henry, take this and keep it, I’ll be dead in a few minutes”. At this instant Sergt. Wilkinson came dashing up as he had fired at but missed the man who shot his father. Then he had to dodge them, some three or four of them turned on him with their revolvers, saying “There he goes, shoot him, d—n him, shoot him!” The writer then slipped an inverted washpan under the Lieutenant’s head for a pillow as he said “Don’t let my head down.” Then the writer rose to face the enemy, angry enough to fight Lee’s whole army, but they had given away and were forming behind the board tents next to the horses. He left Sergt. Wilkinson with their badly wounded father and he and Comrade Sullivan ran for them, passing over the prostrate bodies of Comrade Jas. H. Barker and Corp. Costner. Costner had a pistol ball in spine between his shoulders and was paralyzed from the wound down to his feet. It was a mortal wound. Comrade Barker had a pistol ball (which he still carries) on the outside of his left thigh a short distance below the joint. Barker was not dead, nor did he then belong to the church either. He said, ‘O Lord, my thigh is broken all to pieces. D--m it to h--l, are you going to let a man lay here on the ground and freeze

to death? Give 'em h--l, boys, pour it into 'em! "Yes, we'll rally around the flag, boys, Rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom!" "is a sample of the brave boy's mixture of prayer, swearing and song. It was laughable but it was not then laughing time. As Comrade Sullivan and the writer passed the line of board tents, striking the enemy's right flank, others came to their assistance, and as the guns of the Confederates were now empty, they at once gave way and their commander shouted "Cut horses loose, boys!" We yelled and went into them again to save our horses. Then came their last (joyful to us) command, "Git from here, boys!" and they got, completely routed. We were right at their heels, shooting, cursing, yelling and cheering as we went. The writer's last shot was fired at the last man to pass around the farther left hand corner of the stack of lumber below the mill. The man hit, but after the firing was over he called and his comrades came back and took him off the field. We looked around and found that "the field is ours, boys!"

Well, if a majority of Company K and the Confederates then belonged to the church, they didn't work at it much during the fight. If the firing was hot, the swearing was hotter. As we mingled among the enemy around the tents, they would shout "Surrender you g-d d--d black Republican!" "Surrender, h--l! who'd surrender to a pac'l of G-d d-m h--l fired horse thieves!" was our defiant reply. Comrade McMurtry, who was on post below the mill when the fight began, said he had heard swearing done in city riots, as he had spent most of his life in St. Louis, but he never heard such swearing as we did after we became mixed with the enemy in the charge.

But what came of Sergt. Greenwood when he and the writer parted at the door of their quarters where the writer stopped the buckshot? Well, he resolutely himself into a company, regiment, brigade or army corps, as one might choose to imagine, and at 'em he went like a lion. He was here and there and on every part of the field, surrounded some three or four times, but would turn and shoot his way out, revolver in each hand. Once he paused long enough to release Lieut. Sutton who had been knocked down with the butt of a gun and disarmed and made prisoner. The man who held Lieutenant prisoner, to save his life from Sergt. Greenwood's fatal revolver, took refuge behind the Lieutenant and would dodge first one way and then the other, as the Sergeant was trying to shoot him, but at last he took to his heels and the Sergeant fired at him as he ran, but not a fatal shot.

Well, the fight ended and the writer became sensible that it was about time to put on his boots. So he ran back to his quarter for them, loading his carbine as he ran. Boots and cap now on and arms reloaded, he ran back to assist Lieutenant Sutton to form the men in line in the millyard, for whatever might happen next. Cold feet and aching fingers came next. The wounded were now being carried to the officers' quarters on blankets. They were as follows: Doc. P. Wray, musket ball through bowels, mortal. He died before daylight. He and his two brothers were made prisoners and as the enemy fled, they were made to run with them and Doc was shot down by, as was afterwards supposed, Corp. Sullivan, mistaking him for one of the fleeing enemy: Corp. Jacob Costner, ball in spine between shoulders, mortal, died at Gravelton, Feb. 14; Lieut. John M. Wilkinson, shot through left side, dangerous, but recovered and still lives; Jas. H. Barker, ball in left thigh, still living; Frank M. Woods, one wound in leg, one in thigh and one in abdomen, recovered; Joe. H. Hammock, shot in forehead, not fatal, Sergt. R. F. Lowrance, shot in right shoulder, recovered; Henderson Douglass, shot in calf of leg, not serious; Thos.

Stephens, blow on head with musket and made prisoner; Sergt. J. A. Greenwood, slight wound on finger and thumb; Corp. H. C. Wilkinson, buckshot wound in left breast, slight. We lost one horse, killed and one rode away by the Confederate soldier. We found one dead Confederate soldier, Henry Reisinger. He still held his gun in his death grip, which was with difficulty loosened. Strange to say, he rose from his crouched position when shot and ran hollowing, "O Lord, I'm shot! I'm killed!" some ten or fifteen steps. He was buried below the mill and sometime afterwards his wife had him removed to his home in St. Francois County. The skeleton of another Confederate was afterwards found on the hill above our horses, by David Bollinger, the owner of the mill. Evidently his dying groans were heard by C. B. Wakefield who was placed on guard up there immediately after the fight, but in the excitement was forgotten.

We lost in prisoners, Pleasant Golden, Wm. Cox, Wm. Morris, and Thos. Stephens. After traveling as a prisoner some six miles, Comrade Stephen got very bad off (?) with his head and was paroled and left at a citizen's house to return to camp in a day or two. Comrades Golden, Cox and Morris were carried prisoners to Arkansas before being paroled. F. M. and H. J. Wray and J. C. Driver were made prisoners but escaped near camp and came back before the fighting was fairly over.

As near as we could learn, there were some 15 or 18 Confederates wounded. Two or three of the worst wounded were left by their comrades three or four miles south of the battle ground at a citizen's house, where they were found and paroled by Lieut. Sutton the next day. As nearly as we could count, we had fired some 50 shots in the fight, and the Confederates probably double that number. It looks even now that that fight lasted thirty minutes, but counting the distance traveled by the write, it could not have lasted more than five or six minutes.

By night of Feb. 4th, we were re-inforced by Capt. Rice and his "Red Rovers" of the 3rd M.S.M. Soon after the fight Company K removed to Gravelton and we re-inforced by Capt. Filey and his company. Then we removed to Arcadia and relieved to return to our homes on April 6th, 1863.

H. C. Wilkinson.

Letter No. 12.

Dear Doctor:

Along in March, 1863, in the latter days of the active field service of Company K, and in fact, the latter days of the 68th Regt. E. M. M., rumors of Gen. Marmaduke coming on a raid, were growing apace. The question of the Emancipation and arming the colored troops was being discussed and settled in the minds of the people,- soldiers and citizens. About that time and in the court house in Ironton, we heard Capt. C. R. Peck give his sensible view of the whole matter. That settled the question at once with the writer. He said,- "Well, arm them (the colored people) and let them fight for their freedom. If one gets killed that will save a white soldier." The southern folks were much concerned about the coming "Niggah equality" and the fear that "our daughters will be forced to marry a big, black niggah!" We nearly fainted with fright along that line.

Company K was relieved by order of Gov. Gamble, to return to their homes, about the 1st day of April, 1863, to look after their crops. Some of us were allowed to take our big "Savage" revolvers home with us. They looked savage and were long and heavy and were actually savage when you could persuade one to fire. They were good "snappers" though.

Col. Smart was in command at Patterson, with only about 400 to 500 of the M. S. M. Cav., in April 1863, and daily the rumor grew, of the Marmaduke raid. We did not then know, only on paper, just what a raid was but by the 25th of April, we knew experimentally, all and more too, what a raid was,- than we cared to know.

On April 20th, we heard cannon firing in the direction of Patterson, but no word as to its meaning. On the 21st, Sergt. Jas. A. Greenwood and R. F. Lowrance were riding volunteer patrol up and down Cedar Creek, and Lieut. J. M. Wilkinson yet suffering somewhat with his severe wound received at Bollinger's Mill on Feb. 4th, 1863, required the services of his surgeon, Dr. Jas. M. Short, who had had experience as assistant in Col. Lowe's Regt. of Claib. Jackson's Militia. He was also in company with the boys on patrol, and they all came to see Lieut. Wilkinson. While there, in the early afternoon, the writer was breaking tobacco ground and his attention was attracted by the firing of revolvers down at the fork of the Marble Hill and Fredericktown roads, a mile to the south. We went immediately to the house and reported and told them that the irregular, but quick succession of the three shots surely indicated that the firing was purposely done at some one. The Lieutenant said, "Boys, I wish you would ride down that way and see what is going on." The three were soon on their horses,- Greenwood, Lowrance and Dr. Short. Greenwood and Lowrance were well armed. At Miles Collier's at the fork of the road,- Mrs. Collier hurriedly told them that Harris Greer, an old man, a citizen who lived farther up Cedar Creek, had rode by going down to Cold Water (not knowing much about a raid) but soon come back as fast as his horse could carry him, with the rebs right on his heels and that, as he left the Fredericktown road, turning off to the right on the Marble Hill road, they fired three shots at him and he halted and surrendered - a prisoner, - and that they took him down the creek. He then began to learn the A B C of a raid and by the time they let him go away below Chalk Bluff, his education was completed. He was a graduate with a diploma, - his parole. He had the good company of Andrew Carter and Wm. Wakefield the round trip. They were old men, - citizens, also, - and their crime was "Loyalty to their country and the FLAG". Each one of the old Union men lost a son in the U. S. Army. Comrades Dick Greer died in 1863 at Vicksburg, Miss., in Company H, 31st Mo. Inft.; Madison, or Drury M., Carter was killed by Price's men in 1864, a member of Company A, 47th Mo. Inft. Vols.; and Peyton Wakefield died of measles at Nashville, Tenn., in Dec. 1864, or early Jan. 1865, a member of Company A, 47th Regt. Mo. Inft. Vols.

The old Lieutenant ordered us to saddle the horses and buckle on our arms and haul on our uniform dresses, which we did, but not too soon, as we saw Dr. Short and Sergt. Lowrance coming at a furious gallop,- Lowrance bearing to the right on his way to neighbor Henry Pugh's to warn him. Dr. Short came to us and hurriedly gave in his report, as stated. He said, "The whole world down about Capt. Powers is full of rebels!"

Said Sergt. Greenwood, like the lion, which he was, wanted to make a “McDonald charge” on them and release their old friend, Mr. Greer, and they had hard persuasion to get him to not go right into the very jaws of death! Mrs. Capt. Powers was now fast learning what a raid was. Our first companion, - Mrs. Powers’ daughter, then near 15 years old, often told the writer of this first lesson in the raid business.. She was just recovering from a severe spell of sickness and said that these scamps took all of her good dried hams. Then they hunted the house for their best home made linsey dresses and when found, they would tear or cut the waist off and hand them back and keep the skirts to make themselves shirts! No good horse escaped them if they got their hands on it. Spoons, knives, forks and such like went the same way. The meal and flour tubs were left empty. That was what a raid, - Gen. Marmaduke’s raid, - was. We now knew a raid. We mounted our horses, as by that time we had learned how to keep our hearts swallowed down to the proper place. We kept cool. The doctor asked “What are you going to do boys?” On reaching the road, we saw no one at all, and so rode up to the Greenwood home. The three Greenwood boys and Sergt. Jas. P. Ellis were away somewhere in the hills. We then rode back down the road a short distance and returned to the right into the woods but were barely clear of the road before the rebs rode up to Greenwoods, so they afterwards told us, expressing surprise that we did not meet the rebs. We took a hill on them and hid our horses and then took in the raid with a small glass, until dark. After their guns passed on their way to their camp on Twelve Mile Creek, we could hear the familiar “chuck-a-luck”. Then we returned to a deep hollow and went in home for our supper, blankets and forage. Only three rebels had been to our house, - officers, - but they behaved nicely and were at that moment asleep in Henry Pugh’s bed, nearby,- and he not at home to welcome(?) them. They ate breakfast with the old Lieutenant next morning, - “Asking no questions for conscience sake,” we supposed. Among the boys of Company K whom they took prisoners, were Drury M. Carter and Jas. H. Barker, both old “Haw Eaters”, or Barker in particular. He was game to the end. When in line at Patton, as their paroles were being given them, a rebel told Comrade Barker to haul off his own coat, which he refused to do. Said he had bought it from Uncle Samuel, and had paid him for it, and “the best man gets it” said he. The reb then began the tussel, but a rebel sergeant who had taken Comrade Barker’s part all the time during his imprisonment, came along and drove the rebel away. Then the escort took them to the picket line, on their way home and were shaking hands with the paroled boys, saying “Good-bye, boys.” As they came to Comrade Barker, he stuck his hands in his pockets and suddenly turned away saying “I G-d, every dog shake his own paw!” “Not much shake hands with a reb.” Was his apology.

We soon learned that Col. Smart had fought well at Patterson, holding his men well until they had already passed through the mountain gorge called the “Stoney Battery” and were nearing Big Creek bottom, seven miles north of Patterson, when they encountered Tim Reeves, who had hurried through Ailey’s Gap, west of Col. Smart in the main road, and over the mountain and down onto Col. Smart on the west side of the mouth of Stoney Battery. Here they had a pretty hard fight and some few were killed and wounded on both sides. Then Col. Smart moved to the hill on the north side of Big Creek and held old man Tim Reeves well in hand, daring him to cross the creek, but the old “Swamponian” stayed on his own side of the creek. Here it was that “French”

Alexander, one of our very first Home Guards received a pretty severe wound in his shoulder and was ever after a cripple from his wound. He was a member of Capt. Leeper's company if we are not badly mistaken.

Col. Smart then fell back to Pilot Knob, with most of his camp equipage, & c. He had certainly done well with his small force, and no guns. Marmaduke shelled the old empty fort on the hill at Patterson, but did not harm to any one. We must not leave Patterson until we notice the last brave deed of Lieut. Richard E. Buehler, the telegraph operator. His last act was to stand by his instrument until the last moment, when he got orders to fire his office and get away, - he rattled off his last dispatch and clapped the match and mounted his horse and made his escape by dint of good hard riding. His attendant was an Ill. boy by the name of Sam Kemp, who kept up the wire from Pilot Knob to Patterson. He, it was, who gave us this story. Lieut. Buehler was a Russian by birth and his father slipped young Dick, as we called him on board the vessel in the act of sailing from Russia to the U. S. to keep him from having to serve his five years in the Russian army. Before he died some years ago, he made Wayne County one of her most faithful circuit clerks.

Some of Company K got away to Marble Hill, from Marmaduke. Bob Sullivan and A. B. Wakefield said they were piloted to Marble Hill by our young comrade, Asbury Peterson, a young brother of Sid Peterson, an old "Haw Eater". John Sullivan, Capt. P. L. Powers and Lieut. Jas. T. Sutton made their escape to Pilot Knob and joined in the pursuit of Marmaduke by Gen. Vandever, who marched from Pilot Knob to Jackson in Cape Girardeau County, where he first encountered Marmaduke, and we understood that soon Gen. McNeil joined him from Cape Girardeau. Lieut. Sutton and Capt. Powers were on Gen. Vandever's staff to Chalk Bluff, where they left Marmaduke to "Go on his way rejoicing" at his very clear escape back into his lower "earth works", - the swamps. John Sullivan was a great deal of the time, forward with Gen. Vandever's skirmishers and afterwards pointed out places to the writer where he was in line down near Bloomfield. From all we could learn from Lieut. Sutton's knowledge as a staff officer to Gen. Vandever and the accounts given us by our old friends, Harris Greer, Andrew Carter and Wm. Wakefield, who were being carried along as prisoners by Marmaduke. Gen. Vandever's efforts to crush Marmaduke amounted to nothing more than a "Shoo out o' here!" Gen. Vandever just "shooed" Marmaduke out of Missouri! Anyway, Marmaduke was suffered to make his raid and successfully retreat to Arkansas without punishment. We then heard that Gen. McNeil, with his command, marched to Dallas, or Marble Hill, from Bloomfield, to have one of his gentle(?) times with Marmaduke, who had passed up Cedar Creek and Twelve Mile Creek to Fredericktown and thence to Jackson and then to the Cape. Gen. McNeil learning of Marmaduke's moves, hastened to Cape Girardeau and joined his forces of the gallant M. S. M to the forces at the Cape, - and so when Marmaduke came up to take the Cape by storm, he got better acquainted with Gen. McNeil's fighting qualities. We heard that when Gen. McNeil received Marmaduke's demand to surrender the city and stores there, he told him to "Go to h--l". The battle of Cape Girardeau was fought April 25th and 26th, 1863. The fearful (?) siege was over and Gen. McNeil at once began pursuit, but after joining forces with Gen. Vandever, his ranking officer, near Jackson, that officer ordered a halt. So it continued

that way to Chalk Bluff, - so the boys told us. At Chalk Bluff, Gen. McNeil's horse was struck by a bullet and fell and the General got behind a tree as rebel lead was then warming the air. Gen. McNeil's orderly kept his eye on the wounded horse, which soon got up all right and the orderly swung over the side of his horse and made a successful dash for the General's wounded horse amid a shower of lead. Lieut. Sutton told us this story, as he was an eye witness to the whole affair and said that as the orderly came dashing to cover with the wounded horse, Gen. McNeil stood with his hands ready to smack them, which he did as his orderly dashed up, he said, "By G-d, I'll reward you for that !" Had, by some change, Gen. McNeil been put in command of the whole forces, Marmaduke would surely have been ridden over and crushed long before he reached his floating bridge at Chalk Bluff. So ended the Marmaduke raid in southeast Missouri, in 1863. The writer was taken sick in the woods soon after Marmaduke passed up Cedar Creek and could not go with the boys, - so his story of the raid is mainly made up of recollections of the transactions as related by his comrades, which were certainly true.

As soon as matters quieted down, after the Marmaduke raid was over and the boys had returned to their homes and we out of the bush, a call was made for old Company K, 68th Regt. E. M. M., to assemble at our old parade and drill field at Cold Water. Capt. Powers then informed us of a new arrangement that had been made between the U. S. Government and the State authorities, that a detail was to be made of the best and most trusty union men, who could best leave their homes, of the E. M. M. And that these details were to at once enter into active service as Provisional Enrolled Missouri Militia. The Captain already knew that there were a number of us who needed no detailing, as we were anxious to be in the active service. So a number of us at once volunteered to go. It was that Company K's quota were mostly volunteers and he made but few details.

Our company was to be mounted and to be made up out of Companies K, D and Capt. Bunyard, Capt. Davis and Capt. Wilson's companies that had as yet, never seen active service as E. M. M. The details from these five companies of the 68th Regt. E. M. M. were organized into Company M, 8th Provisional Regt. E. M. M., P. L. Powers, Captain; Jas. T. Sutton, 1st Lieut.; Robert H. Fulton, 2nd Lieut.; Jas. P. Ellis, 1st ___ Orderly Sergt.; C. B. L. Rowland, 1st Duty Sergt.; Jas. A. Greenwood, 2nd Duty Sergt.; R. F. Lowrance, 3rd Duty Sergt.; M. P. Tate, 4th Duty Sergt.; H. C. Wilkinson, 1st Corp. & Drill Sergt.; A. J. F. Moser, 2nd Corp; Drury M. Carter, 3rd Corp.; Josh. M. C. Young, 4th Corp.; C. A. Bennett, 5th Corp.; H. Tom Fulton, 6th Corp.; Joe Maburn, 7th Corp. & Commissary Sergt.; Jacob Ivester, 8th Corp.

Capt. P. L. Powers, Lieut. Jas. T. Sutton, Sergts. Jas. P. Ellis, Jas. A. Greenwood, R. F. Lowrance, and Corps. H. E. Wilkinson, A. J. F. Moser, Drury M. Carter and C. A. Bennett were all of Company K, 68th E. M. M. And Lieut. Robt. H. Fulton and Sergt. C. B. L. Rowland and Corp. H. Tom Fulton were of Capt. J. E. Davis' company and Sergt. M. P. Tate and Corp. Josh M. C. Young, Joe Melburn and Jacob Ivester were of Company D. Of the old "Haw Eaters" we had Capt. P. L. Powers, Sergt. R. F. Lowrance and Corps. Drury M. Carter and C. A. Bennett. Our old muster-in-roll shows that old

Company K's men were ordered into active service into Company M, 8th Prov. E. M. M., May 12th 1863, at Ironton, Mo.

Ironton was our first rendezvous, but we were soon ordered to Mineral Point, 25 miles north of Pilot Knob, on the Iron Mountain Ry. At Mineral Point, we first met the Major of our 3rd Battalion, - Felix Laton of Perryville, Mo. We will always remember Maj. Felix Laton as one of the best men we ever met in the army. He held a commission later on in Company C, 47th Mo. Inf. Vols., as 1st Lieut. Gen. Jas. R. McCormick was our commanding general. Col. Wm. H. McClaim commanded the 8th Prov. Regt. E. M. M. He was from Appleton, Perry County. Maj. Chas, A. Weber of Perry County, commanded the 1st Battalion and Maj. Vel (or Vle) of Cape Girardeau, the 2nd Battalion; Henry Brenica was Sergt. Maj.; Lawry Watkins of Potosi, Lieut. Col.; Green of Marble Hill, or Dallas probably, was Adjutant; and we must not forget the kindness of Dr. Henry Smith, our assistant surgeon. We will always hold a warm place in our heart for Dr. Henry Smith, for he was so kind to us when we were sick and always had a word of cheer for the soldier. Our 3th Battalion was made up of Companies I, K, L, and M. We cannot now call to mind the commander of Company I, - not being associated with them, but little. Company K was commanded by Lieut. or Capt. -- McGahan. Company L, commanded by Capt. Henry Finley of Bloomfield fame in Jan. 1863. Company M, of course, by Capt. P. L. Powers. Company M was armed with the Enfield Carbine, - a muzzle loader, - 58 caliber, a good gun in its day, - tho' too short to be handy as a gun in the manual of arms, but handy on horseback.

We cannot refrain telling a little funny thing in which a pretty fat hog came out as the hero of the - night, soon after we camped at Mineral Point. At feed time, one of the boys knocked Sir Piggy down and got him in a sack to be handy of course. The Lieutenant came along and "pard" dropped his sack of "Oats, Lieutenant." And he got down on his - oats to chat a bit with the lieutenant who soon passed out of sight. That was "pard's" opportunity for active operations, and here he came out to the camp fire to clean Sir Piggy, but behold, Sir Piggy said "Queek" as he kicked out of the sack and away he ran. It was so funny to see "pard" grabbing for Sir Piggy's rudder, but "tail hold slipped". Sir Piggy lived over it!

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 13.

Dear Doctor:-

We had scarcely seen each other in this new Company M when, as nearly as we could make out the case, it had reached our Captain's ears that Sam Hildebrand was up from below, and if a march could be successfully stolen on him, possible he might be taken in. Once in the latter part of December, 1862, Company K came so nearly getting him at old man 'Cobb's down on Castor River below the David Bollinger Steam Mill, where we had our night battle with Capt. Ellison and Dan McGhee, that they captured the

68 caliber carbine that Sam had taken when he killed Ad. Cunningham,- a member of Capt. Henry Finley's Company of the 68th E. M. M. Ad. had gone home to see his family and while there, Sam came and murdered him and took his arms. This carbine had a lot of notches cut on the breech,- we don't now remember how many, but some where in the tens or twenties. We were told that Sam had cut a notch to represent each man he had killed. At this capture of his gun was the time we re-captured Columbus Bailey, a fine looking young man. We then took Bailey to prison at Ironton, but he soon after enlisted in the Union Army.

Well, to our story; Our Captain resolved to make a kind of a still night drive for Sam. Getting permission to go, he selected Lieut. Jas. T. Sutton and 17 of his most trusty men, including Sergts. Jas. P. Ellis and Jas. A. Greenwood. The writer was taken very sick the morning this scout was made up, so of course, had to remain behind, partly delirious with fever. It was late in the afternoon when this scout marched from Mineral Point to, - they knew not where, - save the Captain. They managed to make Coldwater, a distance of 55 miles, in the night and then made their way east to Castor River, to the residence of old man Solomon Whitener's,- just below where the Coldwater and Marble Hill road intersects the Bloomfield and Fredericktown road. A guard of two men was sent up the road, with instructions to not halt or fire on any body of men approaching from that direction, but to steal in very softly and report. Sergt. M. P. Tate and Corp. Bob Sullivan were selected for this ticklish duty. The boys with Capt. Powers and Lieut. Sutton were in Mr. Whitener's barn, built of logs, with a long, open shed, facing the road, which ran along between the barn shed and a steep hill on the east side of Castor River bottom. They had hardly finished feeding their horses when the picket came stealing in close to the fence, which separated the road from the barn shed. Horses' feet could be heard approaching, and the picket hoys had not time to climb over the fence and so crouched in a corner of the fence. As the horsemen, four in number, came along side of the barn shed, one of them threw his gun in a shooting position and said, "There is a man now!" He had discovered Tate and Sullivan as they crouched in the corner of the fence. That was the poor fellow's last words, for instantly, 17 Enfield Carbines belched forth and three of the horsemen tumbled off in the road, dead men! The fourth man made up the steep hill and the revolvers began to pop in quick succession! We afterwards learned that this fellow was shot all over,- but not hurt., or but little. One ball cut the hair off of the top of his head and another raked the bottom of one foot. We also learned that this fellow was so shaken up that he returned to his home, where he wisely remained. We have forgotten his name. When daylight came, it was found that there were eight more of these fellows, presumably Sam Hildebrand with the main gang, and the four were his advance guard. The eight horses had taken to the steep hill some 100 yards back up the road, as they heard the firing down at the barn,- it was supposed they took to the hill. The three dead men were taken into Mr. Whitener's house and Lieut. Sutton said he believed he knew one of them. He said he resembled one of the men who was so badly wounded as he turned the corner of the stack of lumber in the "Doxology" of the night fight at Bollinger's Mills, that he could only be taken a few miles to the head of Turkey Creek, by Capt. Ellison and his men on their retreat from Bollinger's Mill. Lieut. Sutton had taken a detachment and followed Ellison next morning after the Bollinger's Mill fight and found some two or three wounded men left at a farmer's house,- one of them, after he was wounded turning the stack of lumber, got to the branch and called lustily for us to

come and take him in; but as it was yet night, the Lieutenant would not permit us to go. So his comrades came back and took him away. He said he caught his dose turning the corner of the lumber stack. So now here he lay, dead in Mr. Solomon Whitener's house on Castor River! Examination showed the pistol shot which was then well. Then searching his pocket, the parole given him by Lieut. Sutton was found, all in the Lieutenant's own handwriting.

The people on Castor River told us that this affair put a stop to the bushwhackers going along the Bloomfield Road, up and down Castor River,- for quite a time. They were afraid of "Powers' War", as our company was afterwards called,- and well they might be.

We pause here to notice how it went with the individual man, or woman, young or old, during that four long, and bloody years. It was one continual dread, day and night. O, the terrible strain! If you were not in dread for yourself, for the moment, you had dear friends or neighbors, or dear brothers, fathers, sons, or grand sons, who might at any moment be shot or hung, or their houses burned or robbed. Often at the dead hours of night, men and boys, even our old grandfathers, were called out and shot down in cold blood! Now, in times of peace, it seems unreasonable to think back how it was over that dark, dark time. We could see one word written on every countenance and everywhere. It was the one word,- ANXIETY! Now, while that Castor River country was asleep, there were the lives of three men snapped in a twinkle! Then, if this had not have been done, no one knew whom they might rob or kill at any moment. Such a thing as absolute security, as in times of peace, but for the moment, was no where known in the great State of Missouri. Even the great City of St. Louis had its dreads and anxieties.

One word for our Captain,- Pinkney Lee Powers. He was a very peculiar man, either at home or in the army. No one ever dreamed of a bit of cowardice about him, throughout the war. On the regular battle field, he seemed to the writer rather like a fish out of water. He was not at home there. We have stood at his side when the "zip" of the flying bullets were cutting close by, but we could never see the real coward in his eye,- but he would forget, or did not take in the situation at a glance and see the thing to do and put it in words like a flash, to his men. Sometimes it would seem that he would forget that he had men with him. Here he was now, in command of his third company, and it seemed that he did not improve in this respect. But put him on scout duty with men of his own selecting and his own plan to execute, and he was at home. He would take as many as ten or twenty men and go as close to the enemy in force as any other officer. His favorite command was not found in the Army tactics. When the enemy was found, like the charge planned and led on Bloomfield, in January, 1863, his word was "Pitch into 'em boys!". He was generally at the head of the "Pitch into'em" If, in 1861, he had been appointed to independent scout duty during the whole war, with the liberty to select his own men, individual and numbers, his services would have exceeded what they were, although very valuable as it was. He could plan and execute his own plans far better than to execute the plans of others. It was a great wonder to the writer how well he could pick up information as to things in his line,- "scouting down below!" He had his FRIENDS and he had his ENEMIES, but he was free and open, ever ready to help the distressed, even his ENEMIES in distress, got their share of his kindness. He hated pillaging, as he did the devil. Woe be unto the man under his command, if caught pillaging or drinking to excess. He always scrupulously respected private property and the lives of his

prisoners,- no matter how mean they were. He would protect the life of his prisoner with his own life, until a hearing was had. He is now no more and we pen these words as a memento of him, and just as we knew him. He, like the generous Lincoln, would always intercede for the lives of his enemies. Never was a man shot by his order,- save in action.

Soon after the return of the Castor River scout, just related, the whole 8th was moved to Potosi, three miles to the west or southwest of Mineral Point. The 3rd Iowa Cav. Vols were then quartered at Potosi. While the 8th Prov. Remained there, the leading citizens had a grand flag raising in front of the court house. The Iowa boys turned out and did honor to the occasion by marching through the streets, mounted while the local band on foot furnished the music. Then the Iowa boys dismounted and formed a hollow square in which stood the high flag pole. They fired, by volley, the salute as the big flag went up. The then green 8th was not called in, in the parade and march, save one company whose home was there in Washington County. The green 8th was eye witness though. Judge Owens made the leading speech of the occasion. (We think it was Judge Owens or Owen) followed by the Colonel of the 3rd Iowa Cav. Vols. The Judge was uncompromisingly bitter in his speech, but the Colonel was very mild and pleasant but the secession women got a good share of his disapproval. We are very sorry that we have forgotten this Colonel's name.

Sometime in June, 1863, the 8th Prov. was ordered to Cape Girardeau, to do guard duty and some scout duty. Sometime we were called to fatigue duty to unload steam boats and their barges of forage and commissary stores. This was very irksome to us of more active experience. The 2nd Regt. M. S. M. Cav. was quartered on the south side of the Bloomfield Pike from the 8th on the north side. The morning and evening guns boomed on the hill in old Fort B where the Normal School building now stands. There was a sod fort, or breast works on an elevation a little to the northwest of our camp that was hastily built by Gen. McNeil, in the battle with Marmaduke. This fort was a mile west of the city and commanded both the Marble Hill pike, leading west, and the Bloomfield pike, leading south-west. News of Gen. Grant's investment of Vicksburg, Miss., was anxiously read, as now it was June 1863, and the great Mississippi River yet held in part by the enemy. It was now two years since a steamer had plied between St. Louis and New Orleans.

By the last of June, Company M had become very restless and greatly desired to be on the move. Only one or two small scouts had been made west to Cedar Creek, 60 miles away. Sometime after the middle of June, the whole 8th were ordered to Bloomfield. On one expedition. Lieut. Sutton visited the home of a brother of Capt. Ellison, who received a 68 caliber ball through the ankle in the charge on our tents at the Bollinger's Mill fight. It was John Sullivan or the writer who was to blame for it. Ellison's wife was badly frightened at the sight of the Lieutenant and his men, but Ellison only laughed at her and to assure her, he began hallowing and joking with the Lieutenant, all in good will. Owing to poor surgery, his leg had been amputated far above the knee, and the bone then protruded badly. It was then thought he would die of his wound, but we never learned how he came out. Sergt. Greenwood and a few others went to a house in Bloomfield and were at once attracted by what they said was the prettiest girl they ever saw! The boys remarked to each other that she was the picture of Columbus Bailey,- then her father came out and asked the boys what they knew of Columbus Bailey. After telling him of how Columbus was captured while we were at Bollinger's Mill and his

escape and recapture and enlistment in the Union Army, he said "That girl is Columbus Bailey's sister!"

Soon, we saw what we were called to Bloomfield for. The forage and general army stores began to pour in from Cape Girardeau, for the coming from Pilot Knob, of Gen. Davidson's command of several thousand men. Their destination was somewhere south probably to hold the country at Vicksburg, west of the river, while Gen. Grant held Gen. Pemberton within the walls of that city.

As soon as Gen. Davidson arrived in person in Bloomfield, he ordered the whole 8th Prov. back on the Capt. Girardeau road to Castor River to put in order the crossing, as there was no bridge there. It was wet weather then, and Castor River was pretty high. Under command of Col. McLain, we fell to work to lay corduroy of fence rails in the ford of the river, forking then down with forked saplings. We worked like busy beavers in the water, waist deep, some three or four days. Some up the river, throwing in the rails to be floated down to us and some to act as a "boom" to catch and hold the rails until called for by the regular workmen. Our old Colonel worked in the water with his men,- the same as a private. Our Major, Febix Laton, was no less active in the water. While here engaged, the joyful news reached us the Gen. Grant was in complete command at Vicksburg and Gen. Banks at Port Hudson and the grand old Mississippi was open. Our captain then returned from his home at Coldwater to tell us that Albert Grant Powers had stopped at his house to remain for 21 years. We finished our disagreeable, unhealthy task of corduroying Castor River ford, and marched back to the Cape. Many was the poor fellow to fall sick from this severe exposure, among whom was our much esteemed Major Wm. F. Taylor, of Company M, who here forever lost his fine, robust health.

Not long after we arrived at the Cape, our regiment was broken up into companies and parts of companies and sent over the country,- generally near their homes, to do post and outpost duty and "scouting down below". It was a happy day for Company M when this good news came. Maj. Laton was to take his battalion to Wayne, Reynolds, Iron and Madison Counties to assist the M.S. M. in holding things in line there. James Lindsay was the Republican candidate for Congress and -----Scott was the other candidate, - Col. Lindsay's opponent in the race. So soldiers were soon to be needed to guard the polls and to furnish the votes also, or a large majority of them. We are sorry now to relate it, but Col. Lindsay was defeated in the election. We have forgotten how badly, but think by only a small majority. It was, we think, early in August, 1863, when Companies M and K of the 8th Prov. arrived at Brunot in the northwest corner of Wayne county and on the Ironton and Patterson Road. Perhaps Company K did not arrive until later, when Maj. Laton came to establish his headquarters with us. At Brunot, we found Capt. Hummel's Company and Company L (Capt. Leeper's old company B of the 12th M.S.M.-now of the 3rd M.S. M. Vols. Cav.) Capt. Hummel was the ranking officer. Here also, we found our old friends, Lieut. R. E. Buehler and his assistant, Sam Kemp, in charge of the telegraph office, as since the Marmaduke raid, the line had not as yet been re-established to Patterson, about nine miles farther south. Here John Wybark, who had charge of the re-rolling of the Military strength was with us and also Dr. Hugh Davidson, who was then connected with the military affairs, but we do not now remember what. Ex-Capt. Martindale and John Layman, of Iron County, kept a suttler's tent here. Theirs was not the "Army Canteen" that we hear so much about now. No, we were not going to put up

with as small a thing as a canteen! Our suttler tent kept a 40 gallon barrel of “still house whiskey”.

Brunot was not a very good place of defense, but it was a healthy, pleasant place, with good pure, cold water to drink. Roasting ears were in their prime, and apples in Mr. Horace T. Bailey’s orchard furnished some very good stuffing to go between our hard tack. That potato patch away off down Crain Pond creek by one of our picket posts had some splendid fresh potatoes in it,- but they did not all stay there, nor did the rightful owner get them, either. Our supplies were hauled from Pilot Knob, loaf bread, hard tack and flour, forage and ammunition. Soon Company M was ordered to Greenville, to protect John Wybark in his official business. It was late in the afternoon before we began the march. Martindale and Layman had employed teams to haul their goods along, as they were going along also. John Wybark, (we think he then ranked as Captain) took as escort of six of Capt. Hummel’s M. S. M. , probably of company L, 3rd M. S. M., under command of Sergt. Harvey Biggerstaff, and Capt. Wybark and Martindale got up “steam” and pushed ahead through Patterson to the residence of Jas. Fulton,- the father of our 2nd Lieutenant and Comrade John H. Fulton. They all went to bed and to blankets without posting guards, as they felt secure and probably were a little sleepy. But before daylight, they found themselves completely surrounded by Tim Reeves’ and his band of about 150 men. Poor Capt. John Wybark, we never saw him more. He was killed by them somewhere away below. Ex-Capt. Martindale and Sergt. Biggerstaff and his men were paroled and returned to us sometime after their capture. John Layman wisely stayed in Patterson. But what of Company M? Well, in his own words, Capt. Powers some how, or from some cause, had the “mully-grubs”. He was stubborn and dilatory about ordering us to fall in ready to march, so we were far behind Capt. Wybark and escort. When we reached the English farm, a mile and a quarter north of Patterson, we were ordered into a beautiful level oak grove, several paces east of the main road, where we dismounted and hitched our horses and unsaddled for a night’s rest. It was getting a little light in the morning when we were aroused by a noise coming to us from towards Patterson that sounded like a loaded freight engine pulling up a hill. Soon we found that it was Finley McFadden who then lived in Patterson and that he, knowing of our camp, was running to us to tell us that,- “Tim Reeves is in Patterson!” This, he spoke with several efforts, as he had ran with all his might a mile and a quarter, and being slightly excited, he could only speak between his puffs for breath. On comprehending the situation, Capt. Powers hurriedly said, “Saddle up! Saddle up quick, boys! Saddle up! Saddle up!” Of course, a motion of his hand was sufficient for us, as he had not given the command before every man sprang to his horse, saddle in hand. Next, the Captain said to the first one ready to mount, “Here! You mount and ride to Brunot and notify Capt. Hummel and tell him that I will fall back through the “Stoney Battery” to keep from being cut off from him. Now you RIDE!” Soon, we were mounted and on our way north, but in good order, at a trot. It was three miles to “Stoney Battery” through which there is hardly room enough for the small creek and the road to, with granite mountains towering high on either side. It is over a half mile through the “Battery”. We wanted to get as far north as where Tim Reeves attempted to cut off Col. Smart’ retreat in his fight with Marmaduke. Here we halted on Col. Smarts’ last battle ground with Marmaduke. Soon, we saw Capt. Hummel, at the head of his men, rapidly approaching from Brunot. No time was lost, as we at once returned south to the English farm and turned west up Clark’s Creek, to try and intercept

Reeves at a point three miles away, as we learned he was going west on the Van Buren Road. We never came up with him, but got in sight of a straggler of his command on the water of McKenzie's Creek, two miles northeast of where Piedmont now stands. His name was Bob Cox and he was straggling by his nearby home. We were cautiously held in line so we never caught him and he never discovered our presence just then. We proceeded down McKenzie's Creek to the farm of Dr. Lee M. Pettit, but Dr. Pettit told the Captains that Reeves was too far ahead for us to over-take him, and besides Captains Hummel and Powers had far exceeded their orders in uncovering the outpost at Brunot, so we fell back to Brunot to await further orders. Some of the boys found a violin in the negro cabin in Dr. Pettit's yard and gave us some music while we remained there, but when ordered to mount, one fellow confiscated the violin amid the cries and pleadings of old Auntie. She said "Dat's my ole man's fiddle." As she reached to snatch it away from the --- well, thief! Who but a thief would have taken a poor old crippled negro Adam's old fiddle?

Soon after we were on our return, we saw Dr. Pettit come in a gallop to the head of the line and reported the theft to Capt. Hummel, who at once made the fiddle thief deliver up Adam's fiddle to Dr. Pettit, and he bore it back to its dusky, kind-hearted owner.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 14.

Dear Doctor:-

We almost feel like asking pardon for having nothing very striking to relate in this Prov. E. M. M. service, but we did the best we could. We were in the field ready, if old man Timothy had proceeded on north to Brunot when he was as near there as Patterson. He certainly would have had our undivided attention had he only gone up. We did not remain at Brunot long after our ride after Reeves, before we were ordered to Greenville,- Company M and Capt. Hummel's company,- to help hold the election, as already noted. We reached Greenville on Sunday evening and took up quarters in the old brick store house and in the court house. Sometime Monday night, our pickets fired and we were all soon under arms and posted at the windows of the court house, ready for action; but no action came our way. It was at the picket post on the Fredericktown road and on Capt. Leeper's old battle ground when Ponder and Reeves stole a night march on him, where the firing was done. The boys said he rushed out of a nearby thicket and would not halt when challenged and they fired on him. Daylight revealed the fact that it was "Sir Bovine" that made the charge on the picket post,- and - we had plenty of fresh beef for dinner that day! Tuesday the election passed off quietly, being held at Brunot, Greenville and Coldwater.

At noon, Wednesday, old Lieut. Wilkinson and old Comrade Henry White came in with the election returns from Coldwater precinct; but before they had time to dismount and "howdy" us all around, the bugle sounded, "To horse! To horse!" Well, soon we were all riding at a gallop to Lake Creek at the farm of Anderson Hughes, five miles west of Greenville. Here we found our forage wagon in ashes and coals and a

smoldering heap of burning oats! Yes, Ben Hughes with some two to four men had made a dash on our company wagon loaded with oats for our horses and took our six mules and the teamster, Joe Hammer, and his guard, Wm. Wilson and Allen Francis, prisoners and had fired the wagon load of oats and took to the hills from whence he had come. We followed their fresh trail southwest and soon came to where they took old Tim Reeves' backwoods trail on his trip to Greenville and Patterson, already related. We followed their trail until nearly dark when we returned to Patterson, finding not the game. Soon Comrades Hammer, Wilson and Francis came back as paroled prisoners, all except their uniforms which they traded (?) off for the Tim Reeves uniform,-rags!

At Patterson, away in the night it was, we found a whole batallion of the M.S.M. Cav. on their way south to look for Reeves, but they did not find him that scout. Next Day, Company M returned to Brunot and in place of Company L and Capt. Hummel's company of the 3rd M.S.M., we had Company K, Prov. E.M.M. Maj. Laton now assumed command and things quieted down for a good long spell of dry weather. The dull monotony of outpost duty was somewhat relieved by scout duty, but it was rather dull now that game was scarce. One such scout, the writer remembers, was led by Lieut. Sutton. We started late in the day and ate a kind of dinner-supper in Greenville, then rode some distance before stopping for the night. Early next morning, we crossed the St. Francis River at the mouth of Otter Creek, then up the creek to the Stephenson Steam Grist Mill, where we met Lieut. Ike Davidson of the 31st Mo. Inf. Vols. He fell in with us as pilot through the hills to strike Black River, where Hendrickson in Butler County now stands. It was nearly sunset when we parted company with Lieut. Davidson at the home of Judge Hendrickson, who was found on the watch, as he held his pistols in his hands. He was sure all right. We then rode up Black River to Reeves' Ferry, called "Reeves' Station". Then we took the old "Andrew Jackson Military Road" for Patterson and halted for the night at the Sloan farm on Otter Creek. We quartered in the spacious barn, but the writer slept but little for listening at the old dog as he stood inside the yard fence unable to get over it, and there he stood saying "Hu-ey! Hu-ey! Hu-ey!" the livelong night, to be occasionally broken by the peculiar cry of the blind, crazy boy at the house. Corp. H. Tom Fulton was on post at the 1st gate near the dwelling house, some 35 yards from the barn, where we slept. He was watching the road in his front, and as the gray morning began to appear, we heard his clear voice shout, "Halt!" Then the next instant the echoes were awakened by the crack of his Enfield. Of course, we were down there with him in a twinkling. "What was it, Tom?" we asked. He then told us that some one or more came down the road and turned up to the house near him, and gave a low "Halloa!" He said he challenged him and he (the horseman) turned to run and Tom opened fire. At daylight, we found a small sorrel mare with a bridle on, and old shoes freshly tacked on, grazing down the lane. We at once exclaimed, "Sam Hildebrand!" But it was not Sam, but we found that he had taken the mare from her suckling colt from old man Gentry's, up on Lake Creek, and they told us that he said he was Sam Hildebrand. Well, it cost him his arm, for Corp. Fulton smashed it when he fired. He made good his escape that time. We took the mare with us to Brunot, but in a day or two, Mr. Gentry returned from Ironton, where he had taken the colt and mare to, to rally. Before Mr. Gentry reached our camp, the colt neighed to our horses and, no doubt, to its joyful surprise, its mother answered it,- and so here it came and at once began to suck its glad mother. Lieutenant said, "That proves the mare yours, Mr. Gentry." We are not

sure but that the old man shed tears of joy at so unexpectedly finding his mare. Not many days hence, a pretty strong attachment of the 3rd M.S.M. halted for the night at Brunot and to make some repairs about their gun carriage that they had with them. Capt. Hummel was along and his company was with the command in charge of this gun. They were going "scouting down below." Some days hence, this scout returned with no less a personage than Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, then a prisoner of war! The story of Gen. Jeff's capture as related to us by his captors was rather interesting. This scout had Pocahontas pretty well surrounded before their presence was known to the enemy, a small number being there,- and it seems they were depending upon Tim Reeves for protection above them. An officer, before the charge was made, quietly went into the town and to Gen. Thompson's headquarters. The General was busily engaged making out pay rolls and gave no present heed to the Yankee, as he walked in. Soon he looked up and said, "Well, what's the news?" Then his surprise can be imagined when he saw the Yankee officer sitting there in command instead of himself! He asked, "Where in the H—l did you come from?" about that moment a courier came in and threw down some dispatches on the table before the General. Then the general said to the courier, "You've played h—l!" The courier asked him "Why so?" Then Gen. Jeff pointed and said, "Look there at that d---d Yankee!" Then the "whoop" came and Pocahontas was ours!

As October, 1863, came along, Companies K and M were removed to Patterson and the wire was repaired that far and Brunot ceased to be an outpost. It was while encamped at Patterson that the writer became acquainted with George Harris of Company K who then gave us the completing links in the history of the killing of Ellis Kemp and Mr. Sanders, as already related.

Our camp life in Patterson was very dull, as there was nothing to do, hardly; but to drill and scout a little. The 3rd M.S. M. made another scout down below while we were at Patterson and were ambushed by Tim Reeves and fired upon, doing some damage, but we have forgotten how much, except their surgeon was so badly wounded that he could not come in with the boys, but not many days after their return through Patterson, a very kind old citizen brought him in, in a small wagon with good soft beds for the surgeon's comfort. This scout did not get whipped because they told us that they soon rallied and charged the bushwhackers and scattered them like dry leaves.

Sometime about the middle of October, the whole 8th Prov. was called to Ironton, and Company M was sent down to Wayne and Madison Counties to notify all of the old 68th Regt., E.M.M. , who had been in active service, to assemble at our camp in Ironton, to receive pay for our services the winter before. All were now to receive pay for both the 68th E.M.M. and 8th Prov. E.M.M. Pay day came along soon, and we had hands full of "gamble green", as we called this State of Missouri money. It went equal to 85 cents of the U.S. greenback legal tenders for \$1.00 of "gamble green".

Then on Friday morning, Nov. 6th, 1863, Col. McClain called us in line and made us a very feeling speech, at the close of which he read to us the order, there and then dismissing us from further active service! We raised the "Militia yell", as we broke ranks and returned to our several homes. Well, the service was also very unsatisfactory to the men and officers. It was about the same as a conscription, while a great many of the 8th Prov. went willingly and voluntarily, but for willing men to have to drag through with the weight of the unwilling ones was unsatisfactory. Then in making their details, the captains were not at all careful to send good, loyal, able-bodied men. We went home,

determined to never more belong to the Enrolled Missouri Militia. Many of the details never reported for duty; many ran off to Illinois to help swell the strong copper-head element over there; many who were detailed, were never mustered into service, because totally unfit for military service on account of physical disabilities. Our experience then, now prompts us to say, that in a civil war like that, - the VOLUNTEER, "first, last and all the time." There was just simply no comparison between the average Volunteer and the average enrolled militiaman in the war of the Sixties. One of the most, if not the most unsatisfactory feature about the active service of the E.M.M. that we observed, was the length of his term of service. Unlike the volunteer of 30 days, 60 or 90 days, 6 or 12 months, or 3 years,- the E.M.M. never knew the length of his term of service until he had served it out. Before we were disbanded to return to our homes, our orderly sergeant, Jas. P. Ellis, began to circulate an article for a subscription school to be taught by himself at Coldwater. He got several subscribers in Company M, including the writer. So, as soon as we all got home, the young fellows became once more school boys. School began, but we always went to school with our Colts buckled to us. One day, probably in January, 1864, word came to the school house that there were about eight bushwhackers at breakfast at Wm. Wakefield's, and that they had gone east. The teacher at once dismissed school and he and his comrades (save the writer, who was detained at home that day) put on their Colts and obtained horses and gathered more men as they went, and soon were in hot pursuit. They came up with their game on the head waters of East Big Creek, and the fun began. One of the "Johnnies" at once halted and surrendered; another made for the brush and got a bullet in his leg, but he escaped and sent a bullet back at the boys as he went; another ran and they after him, or two of the boys,- Brant Willmore and Dan Parker and perhaps Sergt. Ellis. The young fellow took a tree on them and they then demanded of him to surrender. He told them that he would think about it. Brant Willmore then went to shift to another tree so as to enfilade fire on him and he tripped on a grape vine and fell, just as a bullet whistled over his head,- and in shifting to shoot Willmore the "Johnny: exposed his side to Parker and Parker gave him a load of buckshot in his side, and he then and there quit bushwhacking. The boys brought back their prisoners and took them to Patterson (if we are not mistaken) and turned them over to the post commander. We have forgotten how many prisoners the school boys captured and killed,- in fact, it was rather thought that there were more killed than were reported. That "Black Republican hole" was actually more dangerous to such roving bands than the military posts were. If one showed himself on Cedar Creek, he was sure to be at once reported and then, when as few as two of us were together, we were then already organized into a scouting party, which was sure to gather strength of numbers as we went. The spring of 1864 came at length and we actually begun to hope that we would have peace in southeast Missouri, at an early day, but before frost, we found that we had rather "rushed into print" in our hopes.

Lieut. John M. Wilkinson was appointed to the duty of making a complete enrollment of the Missouri Militia, with Dr. Jas. M. Short as examining surgeon, with enrolling office at Patterson,- then occupied by some three or four companies of the M.S.M., with Maj. Wilson in command. This may have been his entire batallion of the 3rd M.S.M. Among the officers of the 3rd M.S.M., that we now remember, seeing at Patterson while Lieut. Wilkinson was then engaged in enrolling, were Capts. Johns, Rice, and McElroy, Lieuts. Hopkins and Kelley and others, whose names we have forgotten.

We remember seeing Maj. Wilson there also. One day while there, we saw one of the old "Haw Eaters" boys take his old Lieut. Wilkinson over to his tent for an old time chat. This old "Haw Eater" is one of the boy's names that we cannot recall. John Brightenstein (Hecker) was there most as "pig outd as high up".

In enrolling, it was Dr. Short's business to examine all who desired it, for exemption from the militia service, paying Dr. Short 25 cents for each examination. That was his only compensation for his services as examining surgeon, and was ready cash, as the applicant paid his fee of 25 cents on being examined. Then all persons who would pay to Lieut. Wilkinson the sum of \$30.00 to be turned into the Mo. State Military fund, either in "gamble green" or "Lincoln green" could get an exemption from military duty in the Enrolled Service. Something like, perhaps \$450.00 or \$500.00 was thus paid to Lieut. Wilkinson for exemption certificates and by him paid over to Pleasant A. Hodge, who was then acting sheriff of Wayne County. We afterwards heard that Sheriff Hodge was robbed of this money. Belonging to the spring of 1864, was the talk of the "draft was going to be run" in Missouri. Uncle Samuel must have more men. Grant was "Fighting it out on this line" in Virginia; Sherman was crashing through the heart of the Southern Confederacy, and important points were to be held and men were needed. Now, we could begin to see why of the re-enrollment of the militia. Capt. C. R. Peck at Ironton had the full control of the draft office, with Gen. Jas. R. McCormick as examining surgeon, - so Capt. Peck must get the names of men subject to military service, which was all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years. This he could now do from the Enrolled Missouri Militia, or to a great extent anyway. But in its place, we will notice more definitely about what we saw and know about the draft.

Later on, it was in the spring, when some tobacco haulers were returning from Pilot Knob, after delivering their cargoes of tobacco hogs-heads, they met Capt. Leeper and a number of the 3rd M.S.M. with several prisoners who had been caught while "scouting down below". When the tobacco haulers reached Marble Creek on the Patterson road, they came upon six men by the side of the road. Capt. Leeper, whom they had just met, had had these men shot, stating that his orders were to take in to Pilot Knob no prisoners whatever except regular Confederate soldiers,- that all men in arms against the U. S. Government,- not regular Confederate soldiers, were to be served the same way. Two of the men killed on Marble Creek were brothers by the names of John and George Null. When taken prisoners they were chopping wood for wages. They had never been in any service whatever. One of the men was named McMillen. Such things are to be regretted.

Before closing this letter and while penning the above disagreeable story, we are reminded of another circumstance that took place west of Gad's Hill on the eastern hills of Logan's Creek in Reynolds County. There was one certain Jim Lisk, an uncle by marriage of our present companion. Lisk was a robber from early in the war of 1861 and a murderer also, but somehow, he escaped with his life until the close of the war,- notwithstanding that at one time he was a prisoner and for safe keeping he was placed on a horse behind one of his captors. Coming to where there was a dense thicket and in broad daylight, he leaped to the ground and shot into the thicket like an arrow, taking his captors by surprise. They shot several shots after him, but he got away unhurt. This occurred just at the outskirts of what is now Piedmont. Well, it was in 1864 he with his gang was visiting the farm houses on Black River, taking whatever they took fancy to.

They thought they were safe and turned west to the Logan's Creek hills for the night and camped on a bald, high, steep point, overlooking Logan's Creek valley,- so they could observe,- unobserved, the movements of any passing Federals. Somehow, this reached the Federal soldiers' ears and a party under Capt. Leeper began the search on Sinking Creek, next above Logan's Creek. They pressed the services of old man Anderson as guide. He told them if they would arm him, he would willingly help do some fighting. They approached the sleeping guerrillas at daylight and at once charged their camp. One fellow fell at the first fire and the boys ran on after the fleeing guerrillas. One surrendered, but his captor said, "Uncle Sam aint takin' recruits now" and he shot him dead. They killed five of the guerrillas, but Lisk made good his escape. The first one who fell, at the first fire, while the boys were after the others, suddenly came to life and loaded one of their horses and made his escape, unhurt, by riding at a gallop down that high, steep bluff-hill. We have since examined this ground and were forced to say that Putnam's famous ride was not in it at all.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 15.

Dear Doctor:-

As to local affairs, the spring and early summer of 1864, we had comparatively quiet times, generally in southeast Missouri. In good confidence, the farmer "plowed in hope", not dreaming that he was then plowing to grow corn to feed Gen. Sterling Price's army of over 20,000 men! As to our family, we had removed to a farm near the mouth of Cedar Creek, and pitched a fairly good crop of corn and tobacco and watermelons enough for all our neighbors. Of course, we were on the watch all the time. We never thought of going anywhere, even to church, without our arms. We always slept with our guns and our revolvers in easy reach, but fortunately, we were not called upon to use them at our homes.

It was near the middle of August, 1864, when Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry and Lieut. Jas. T. Sutton, Capt. Wm. T. Leeper, Capt. Jas. E. Davis, Sergt. C. B. L. Rowland, the Fulton boys, John, Tom, John H. and Lieut. Bob, held a meeting at Patterson and enlisted Companies A and G of the 47th Mo. Inf. Vols. Capt. Leeper was selected as commander of Company A, but owing to some trouble in the M. S. M. service, he was not commissioned and finally Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry commanded Company A, with Jas. T. Sutton as 1st Lieut. And Pleasant A. Hodge as 2nd Lieut., and C. B. L. Rowland as Orderly Sergt.

Company G was first commanded by Capt. Morgan Mace, but later on, Wyth (or With) Wybark was made Captain, Jas. E. Davis, 1st Lieut. And Wm. W. Wilson, 2nd Lieut., Jas. R. Sullivan, Orderly Sergt. The changes were not completely made, however, in these two companies until after the battle of Pilot Knob.

In the spring of 1864, Capt. Morgan Mace had enlisted a company at Ironton, which was, as near as the writer ever knew, a kind of state troop of cavalry,- similar to the M. S. M. This company was finally absorbed by the 47th Mo. Inf., or nearly so.

It was about Augt. 16th or 17th, when Capt. P. L. Powers returned from St. Louis, bearing a recruiting commissions as 2nd Lieut. to enlist Company H of the 47th Mo. Inf. Vols. The writer visited him at his home on Aug. 19th, and at once enlisted. On his way from St. Louis, Capt. Powers had visited the camp of Capt. Morgan Mace at Ironton, and with the assistance of one of his old boys, Merida P. Tate, he enlisted 22 men, including Tate of Capt. Mace's company of state troops. On Aug. 23rd, the writer bade home farewell and started for the rendezvous in the beautiful flat south of Shepherd's Mt. And east of Arcadia and Ironton, using water out of the Jas. Lindsay spring, where General U. S. Grant received his commission as a general in 1861.

Arriving at the rendezvous on the 24th, we at once fell to assisting the completion of Company H, and in two days Company H was full,- 103 men, rank and file. We had already organized under our 1st Lieut. Then came the nude examination before Dr. Johnson, post surgeon. He cut down our company to less than the minimum, but we were soon full again and on Sept. 5th, 1864, we stood in single line before Wm. L. Hallock, 2nd Lieut., 1st Mo. Cav. Vols., Asst. Comy. of Musters, and were inspected by him and then mustered into the U. S. Vol. Army. Then we held our election of officers. P. L. Powers was commissioned Captain; Merida P. Tate, 1st Lieutenant; Edward P. Settle, 2nd Lieutenant; Henry C. Wilkinson, Orderly Sergeant; Edward A. Wilkinson, 1st Duty Sergeant; Claton A. Bennett, 2nd Duty Sergeant; Dr. Jas. M. Short, 3rd Duty Sergeant; Jas. H. Barker, 4th Duty Sergeant. Then came the Corporals,- Joseph P. Collins, 1st; Wm. M. Wilson, 2nd; John S. P. Golden, 3rd; Benjamin Pugh, 4th; Thomas Stephens, 5th; James Beckett, 6th; Barney Bruington, 7th and Robert Thomasson, 8th.

There were nine of this company who served in the "Haw Eaters", to wit: Capt. P. L. Powers; Lieut. E. P. Settle, Sergts. E. A. Wilkinson; C. A. Bennett and Jas. H. Barker, and privates R. P. Sherry, John B. Graham, Wm. Morris and Absalom Bess. This now made the 4th Company commanded by Capt. Powers. Of the men who had followed Capt. Powers from start to finish were Sergts. C. A. Bennett and Jas. H. Barker and Private F. P. Sherry.

About the time Company H was full, Capt. H. M. Bradley, formerly of the M. S. M., came from Fredericktown, with Company I and one Cummings, 1st Lieut. and one Dunlap, 2nd Lieut. and our old Melchi Rhodes, Orderly Sergt. Capt. Frank Dinger of Ironton was busily enlisting Company E with Geo. T. Tetly as 1st Lieutenant, an officer of considerable experience in active service. John Schwab, 2nd Lieutenant; Ben. R. Lofton, Orderly Sergeant. Company E, 47th Mo. Inf. Vols. was largely composed of old discharged soldiers, who, in their own words, had "Seen the elephant get up and shake himself." Some of them, among whom was James F. Johnson, had seen hard service in the 29th Mo. Inf. Vols. These old "Vets" had been discharged on account of disabilities and probably the service of some had expired, but they could not return to their homes and they saw the need of their service for "Uncle Samuel" so they at once sprang to their places in the ranks of Company E.

Then came Capt. Wm. P. (Bob) Adair, with Company F from St. Francois County, including our dear old comrade, Fritz Rickus. Then we remember seeing (now) Capt. Chas. Weber with his splendid Company C and our old Major Felix Laton as 1st Lieut. of Company C. Chas. A. Weber of Perry County was Major of the 2nd Battalion 8th Prov. Regt. E. M. M. Then there were Capt. Jno. W. Maupin with Company D and 1st Lieut. Gilchrist and 2nd Lieut. Crow, all from Franklin County. Capt. Gustave St. Gemme

with Company K from Ste. Genevieve County with Lieut. Bogy. But these last companies, C. D. B. and K were not associated with us long enough to get acquainted before they were returned to their home counties. Then besides, each company remained in their rendezvous camp,- some at Pilot Knob, some at Ironton and our company away up on Stout's Creek, a quarter of a mile southwest of Ironton. So, as it was, we just met as our duties brought us into contact with each other,- a part of which duties were,- that we "non coms." were required to assemble at our regiment headquarters for drill under our Adjutant (then) Lieut. David Murphy. As to quite a number of men in Companies A, G, H and I, we knew that many enlisted because of two things, namely; the then growing prospect of the coming of Price, and the then sure running of the draft! We pause here to notice a bit of very erroneous history as now taught in the public schools of Missouri. In paragraph 220, page 350 in text book, "The Civil Government of the United States and the State of Missouri, and the History of Missouri" by Perry S. Rader, we find this! "The Provisional Government (of Missouri) had been so successful in managing the affairs of the State that it established order over a great part of it and answered every call made by the National Authorities upon Missouri for men without a draft and with a small expenditure of money". Now, as to the draft not being drawn as stated in this bit of history, we here state, that, that statement is an unwarranted gross error!

As the 47th Mo. was forming, we were daily watching the preparations fast reaching completion under Capt. C. R. Peck in the draft office just south of the court house in Ironton. At length the day came around, sometime in the early days of September, 1864, and word came to our camp, that "The draft is running, boys!" Out of curiosity the writer and quite a number of Company H went immediately to the draft office to see just how this long talked of thing of "running the draft" was done. Well, as fresh as yesterday, we now remember how things looked. There sat an old citizen with a handkerchief tied over his eyes and there stood Capt. C. R. Peck with the "ticket box" sitting on another low box for convenient height. Capt. Peck would catch the ticket box with one hand by one side of the hole in the top and give it a shake, as each ticket was drawn, and the blindfolded citizen would put his hand down into the ticket box and draw out a ticket and Capt. Peck would reach and take it out of the old man's hand and read off the name written on the ticket, of the man thus drafted, and Col. Greason and Joe Huff would write the drafted man's name on the rolls. That was all there was about it. (We think it was Joe Huff, also Capt. Zwartz.) After the Price Raid was over these drafted men were notified and Company H, 47th Mo. Inf. Vols, furnished several details of men to escort the Deputy Marshalls (one of whom was Horace T. Bailey of Brunot, Wayne Co., Mo.) in the discharge of their duties, of riding over the country, to notify the drafted men of the fact of their draft and that they, in so many days, were required to report in person to Capt. C. R. Peck at Ironton for duty, or be treated as deserters. We saw many of these poor fellows as they came in to report and then to draw their fatigue suits and blankets, canteen and haversack. Capt. Peck kept these articles in his office to be distributed to the drafted men, as they came in. Richard Alexander, of near Williamsville, Wayne County, was drafted and assigned, at his own request to Company H, 47th Regt. Mo. Inf. Vols. and when that company was discharged on April 14th, 1865, Comrade Alexander was transferred to another regiment to finish serving his unexpired twelve months,- the length of term of service of the drafted men. So Missouri did not

“Answer every call made by the National Authorities upon Missouri for men without a draft.”

Then details from the 47th Mo. were called for to repair Fort Davidson at Pilot Knob and to dig and build the north rifle pit, extending straight away from the deep wide ditch around the fort, to the brick church house or perhaps a school house, which stood probably 80 or 100 yards north of the fort. This building answered the good purpose of protecting the north end of this rifle pit from Cedar Mt., which stood less than a quarter of a mile north of the fort. The boys cut and hauled logs 12 to 14 inches in diameter and placed them on either side of the rifle pit, so when the dirt was dug and thrown out over these logs, they lay on the brink of the ditch and formed part of the breast works.

From all appearances, the south rifle pit was built when Fort Davidson was built in 1863, and all of the guns were then removed from Fort Carlin at Arcadia, to Fort Davidson at Pilot Knob. Old Fort Carlin was then entirely abandoned. The south rifle pit extended straight away from the ditch on the south side of the fort to Stout's Creek, some 60 or 80 yards to the south of the fort, towards Shepherd's Mt., the base of which was some 150 yards south of the fort, and as the ground sloped away from the fort to Stout's Creek, it was badly exposed to fire from Shepherd's Mt. This rifle pit had “sand bags” on either brink in place of logs. The dirt had sunken in on top of the parapets or redoubt so that we were required to dig dirt, - gravel in the bottom of the moat and throw it with shovels to a man at the base of the redoubt and he to another and he to the top of the redoubt. By this, it is seen that the ditch or moat was very deep and it was about 9 or 10 feet wide and the redoubts very high. In the middle of the fort was the immense cellar, - magazines built of heavy timbers and a high bank of earth on top, like a very steep roof of a house. Fort Davidson was hexagonal and each side 40 yards long, or 240 yards around and 80 yards across. There was a sally port on the south side, just aside from the head of the south rifle pit. So in going into the fort you stepped into the heavy door of the sally port and you were then directly under the south parapet and then to your left was a stair way. On going up the stair way, you emerged through a trap door into the fort. On the east side, facing the old Pilot Knob Ry. Depot, was the gate way with a heavy draw bridge that hinged to heavy timbers at the gate entrance. Then with windlasses inside, attached to high strong posts, this bridge was drawn up by means of ropes extending from the windlasses up over pulleys at the tops of the posts, then attached to the outer corners of the bridge.

Fort Davidson then mounted four 32 pound siege pieces or pivot guns, some 12 or 14 feet long, and if we remember rightly, they weighed 9000 pounds. Then there were three 24 pound howitzers, with limbers so they could be hauled on the field, some as field pieces, as heavy field artillery. Also there were two mortars about the same caliber as the 24 pound howitzers. As we have read several descriptions of the old fort and its surroundings, we will now add our mite, of its position and surroundings. So now we will stand in Fort Davidson and look around. The fort stands on the point of a very high ridge or roll of land, which extended south from Cedar Mt., on the north, to Stout's Creek which flows from the northwest. Looking westward, there is a mountain something over a mile away, which bears away to the southwest. Extending from the fort to this mountain is a rolling flat or plateau of low ridges or rolls. Also these rolls were covered more or less with bushes. We have already described Cedar Mt. less than a quarter of a mile to its base. The Caledonia Road from Pilot Knob, swept around its western base.

Then looking to the northeast, there is a gap through which the St. L. I. M. & S. Ry. runs. The dump and stone culvert diagonally across the gap, are nearly a quarter of a mile from Ft. Davidson. Then around further to the east sets in the mountains, though somewhat lower than its near neighbors that forms the east side of this last named gap. At the western base of this Mt. stood the depot of the I. M. Ry. with the town of Pilot Knob extending Westward towards the fort and was immediately between the fort and the depot. It was about 300 yards, more or less, from the fort to the depot. Now looking east you are looking through the gap between "Depot Mt." (we will call it for convenience) and the conical pile of Iron ore called PILOT KNOB, which is over 600 feet high and bald and rugged on top. Through this gap lays the Farmington road, and on the south side of this gap, at the base of Pilot Knob was the old smelting furnace, then very active, with a pile of charcoal that looked as large and high as a small hill. We will say an immense heap of charcoal. Next, somewhat east-south-east, stood the Mt. of Pilot Knob, and around its western base was the road to Ironton and a nice row of log houses well built, for the iron company's workmen. Pilot Knob's western base is nearly a quarter of a mile from the fort. Then looking southeast, you are looking down Stout's Creek (or tributary thereof) through the gap between Shepherd's Mt. and Pilot Knob. This gap is not much in excess of 100 yards wide from base to base of the two last named mountains. Down below this gap, some 300 yards perhaps, the town of Ironton sets in, which stands at the eastern base of Shepherd's Mt. but is hidden from the fort by an arm or point of Shepherd's Mt. Passing through this last named gap, the country widens out and is a system of low flat rolls and swells and extends to the southeast towards Fredericktown, a distance of 2 miles from Ironton where the U. S. Rifle practicing grounds now are, and from the gap southward to the hills south of Stout's Creek, nearly two miles away. Then next comes Shepherd's Mt. south of the fort, as already described, not exceeding 150 yards. So now it is seen there are no less than four mountains looking down into every part of Fort Davidson and in easy range of a good rifle such as the Winchester, or even the Enfield or Dresden rifled muskets used by us in the battle of Pilot Knob. The highest part of Shepherd's Mt. was so near that it looked almost as though a good thrower could throw a stone into the fort. It was too near and too high for guns to be used on the fort from its top. (As seen from Ft. Carlin at Arcadia. See former letter) General Ewing's description of Ft. Davidson was,- "Fort Davidson is like a silver dollar placed in the bottom of a saucer and viewed from the rim." There were but two points of advantage that we could see (not being a mite of a military strategist or engineer myself) and they were; There was no point on these surrounding mountains where a gun could be placed to successfully bear on Ft. Davidson that could not, at once, be raked from the fort by our big thirty-twos and twenty-fours and all good hunters had far rather shoot up hill than down hill. We suppose the same of good gunners. The other advantage was that complained of by the rebels themselves, who were in the assault on the fort. They said "We were all broken up and had to charge en masse on account of the rough ground. We were all out of order and mixed up!" We all (Yankee boys) knew full well that this was true.

Fort Davidson now being repaired, Company A and Company G were sent to Patterson in Wayne county, some 35 to 40 miles south of Pilot Know, where Capt. McElroy with his company of the 3rd M. S. M. and probably some few other of the

M. S. M., possibly Company L, were posted and our old friends. Lieut. R. E. Buehler and Sam Kemp, in charge of the telegraph line. Company I went to Fredericktown in Madison County, some 20 miles to the southeast; Company C returned to Perry County; Company F to their home at Farmington in St. Francois County, some 18 miles to the northeast; Company D returned to Franklin county; Company K to St. Genevieve County; Company B to St. Charles County;- so of the 47th there only remained Companies E and H at Ironton and Company F, 50th Mo. Inf. Vols.

Companies A, G, H, and I were partly mounted to do “scoutin’ down below”. Company H hung back about drawing arms, hoping to obtain carbines but, one night, we were called up at about 10 o’clock, and ordered to march from our rendezvous camp up Stout’s Creek above Arcadia and Ironton, to Fort Davidson, to draw arms, as things were growing “squally”! “Price is coming!” Was in every one’s mouth. We drew mostly of the Dresden rifled musket and a few Enfields and some Springfields, all 58 caliber. We at first laughed at the idea that Gen. Price would ever dare attack Pilot Knob, let alone capturing it; but soon, we daily met paroled soldiers going to their homes, who told us that we need never doubt it,- but “Price is surely coming with a large force and is taking his time too!” they said. These poor boys had been stripped of their clothing when taken prisoners by Price on his way up. Some of these boys, if not all, had been captured at Spring River in North Arkansas. Many of these poor boys could not hide their nakedness with the rags they wore, and many were barefooted and hobbled along over the rocks, an object of pity. The writer had a good surplus hat and he divided with one fine looking, stout, intelligent fellow some thirty years old. We got a cargo of thanks. Somewhere about the middle of September, it was when these poor boys began to pour in. Then not far either way from September 20th, we heard that Lieut. Erich Pape of the 3rd M. S. M. and a detachment of Companies A and G of the 47th, mounted, were on a “scout down below” and at Ponders’ Mill, on Current River, they were surrounded and completely cut off,- so they had to charge the enemy and cut their way out; but as to their losses, we never learned definitely, except that Drury M. Carter and Tom Hart dropped out to come by Hart’s home, and that Carter went to Hart’s house from the woods where Hart was, to get something to eat and while at the house a gang of rebels rode up and Carter ran for cover, but having a field or patch to cross, he was shot dead as he ran. Hart’s women folks buried him as best they could, but when his father went for his body, the hogs had rooted and torn him all to bits! Thus ended one of the faithful old “Haw Eaters” who had been with Capt. Powers in three companies, including the “Haw Eaters” Company. “Man alive!” we began to think “Old Price is surely coming!” Things were now looking “Squally” sure enough!

Yours Truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 16.

Dear Doctor:-

Now you may begin to listen for something with growing interest,- “General Sterling Price is coming with 20,000 men!” they said. Scouts were riding south, southeast and southwest day and night. Guard duty became very heavy. Company H

was drawn upon mostly for scout and picket details. On the morning of Sept. 21st, Lieut. E. P. Settle asked permission to take five men of Company H and visit his home on Twelve Mile Creek, between Coldwater and Fredericktown, to see his dying babe. He was furnished the men, but was to look more to duty than to his babe. He found his babe already dead but only had time to give his wife a few hasty directions and hurry away, but brought no definite word as to Price's approach, only that the lower country was full of rebels.

Late in the afternoon of the 20th, Company H broke rendezvous camp and hastened to the post at Pilot Knob, northeast of Ironton, then on the 21st, we were ordered to quarters near the Hancock Hotel, about 75 yards northeast of Fort Davidson. Lieut. Sutton had already brought the unmounted men of companies A and G from Patterson. Then late in the afternoon of the 21st, Sergt. E. A. Wilkinson and nine men of company H were ordered by Maj. Wilson to escort two wagons to Patterson to assist Capt. McElroy in bringing off his camp equipage, and "Sergeant, don't you permit any two men, or ten men to take those wagons away from you. You proceed to Patterson with all haste." were the Major's orders. Sergt. Wilkinson marched at once and reached Patterson between daylight and sun up the 22nd, having marched nearly all night. He said he found the M. S. M. with arms on, blankets rolled and horses saddled, ready to mount at the word. He and comrade Parker, his most trusted man, went up to the fort on the hill south of Patterson for breakfast with Companies A and G. Having eaten, he returned to Capt. McElroy down in Patterson and at 9:45 A. M., Sept. 22nd, Capt. McElroy gave him orders to "Leave your wagons and march with your men to Pilot Knob." Some trouble arose with one of the teamsters who refused to drive his team, and Capt. McElroy threatened to shoot him if he ran, and one of Sergt. Wilkinson's men volunteered to exchange places with the teamster. Then he proceeded north on the Ironton Road, and at the English farm, 1 ¼ miles north of Patterson, he discovered the rebels in force in line across his road, over which he had traveled at daylight. The rebels at once opened fire, the first ball cutting through John Crowley's beard, and Sergt. Wilkinson wheeled right about with his men and went flying back to Patterson, loosing good old Crowley, whose horse stumbled and fell, throwing him over his head, and stepping on his shoulder, but luckily, Comrade Crowley got into the brush between two limestone rocks, in time to save his life and capture. As Sergt. Wilkinson came up, Capt. McElroy mounted and rode up and said "Sergeant, how many are there?" He said, "I don't know, captain, the road is full as far as I could see, and yonder they come now!" Then the captain rode along his line, already formed and steadied his men, then gave the word, "FORWARD!" and as lead began to fly thick, they dashed to the east and up a slope into an open field, and soon were sinking behind the slope from the onrushing rebels, into Clarks Creek and down it. Capt. McElroy kept in the timber until he reached the Shearer farm on the St. Francois River, after passing a road that came directly east from the English farm, three miles away. He was then three miles from Patterson. Here he halted, readjusted saddle girths and watered at a good spring and then formed in good order with a strong rear guard of trusted men and proceeded up the river on the west side, with Shearer's and Mud Lick Mts. immediately on his left, but unmolested. Sergt. Wilkinson lost in killed after capture, Albert Kelley, Jud Belmar and Tom Young. In disabled and lost, John Crowley; in squandered, Newt Faiz; in captured, Pink Bates, - six men out of ten! Fortunately for Bates, he found some of his Arkansas kin, and they saved him from being murdered with

the other poor boys. He effected his escape by getting sick (?) at dusk and “Must (?) have a drink of water.” “There is a spring, hurry up,” they told him. He hurried too much. He was active build and in his great hurry, he shot too high for that spring and got lost (?) in the brush. They did not get him again.

Sergt. Wilkinson continued with Capt. McElroy up the St. Francois River, until within three miles of his home, when he continued to the Coldwater road to the right, in time to save much property, such as horses and clothing, on Cedar Creek. He reached home at a late dinner and Lieut. Wilkinson at once mounted “Salem” and rode for dear life, to spread the news, and then back again into the brush, as Price came up and took up headquarters in the old Baptist Church house at Coldwater, the night of the 22nd, and his men camped all over Capt. Powers’ farm and the adjoining farms for two miles up Cedar Creek. They at once began to pillage people’s houses, taking all of the good dresses and underwear of the women they could find, and in the meantime, his wagons were going to all of the farms around for corn. In Comrade R. F. Lowrance’s poem, he rhymed in about how “Price had taken Missouri with 20,000 “gritters’!” Price’s men went armed each man, with a grater made of sheet tin, nailed to a board, to grind their corn into meal and the “Johnny cake board” on which to make up and bake the grated meal. (This may be doubted, but nevertheless, it is true; but more of this further on.)

Capt. McElroy reached Pilot Knob late in the evening of the 22nd, with nearly all of his men, but lost his wagons with his camp equipage. Only three of Company H came in with him,- J. P. Collins, John Head and ever faithful Dan M. Parker. Companies A and G fared much worse, as it seems there was no specific understanding between the two captains,- McElroy and McMurtry, so they could have concert of action in the case. Being high up on the hill in the old fort, 250 yards from McElroy, they could see Sergt. Wilkinson and his men coming and the host of rebels after them, and they began to cheer, thinking that the great cloud of dust raised by the running horses of the rebels was heavy reinforcements rapidly approaching from Pilot Knob, but in a moment, Tom Young, one of Sergt. Wilkinson’s men, who reached McElroy some bit before Sergt. Wilkinson came in, came up to the fort with word from McElroy for them to “Git!” Then they were taken aback and confusion became the disorder and they failed to join McElroy as he rode eastward as they were too far to the right. They ran afoul of a rebel picket on the Hog Eye Road and had to scatter and fight out, losing some in killed, among whom was Lieut. Bob Fulton, formerly of Company M, 8th Prov.

Companies A and G reached Pilot Knob in squads of ones and upwards. Poor Tom Young, that was the last ever heard of him alive, as after delivering his message to Capt. McMurtry, he wheeled his horse and rode for the place where Capt. McElroy had been, but the rebels were there and took him in. His buried body was afterwards found north of Clarks Creek, nearly a half mile north of Patterson. Comrade H. Tom Fulton gave us this story of Tom Young. The night of the 23rd, Maj. Wilson sent Orderly Sullivan of Company G down to the Ellis Kemp farm on the St. Francois River in Madison County, to feel for Price. He found a Rebel Captain and two men lodged up stairs in the Kemp house and they came out on the upper story of the piazza and at once opened fire on Sergt. Sullivan and his men, who returned their fire, but it was very dark and raining a little. The captain got a broken arm, as the writer was told by his neighbor, Jno. C. Kerr, who had stopped there for the night on his way to Fredericktown for salt. Sullivan then heard the “long roll” sound on the next farm above, and bodies of horsemen

dashing every way. He had to skedaddle with his men. It was Shelby and his men camped on the next two farms above him. So he returned to Pilot Knob without the requisite information, "ascertain if Gen. Price is actually in command in person!" were the orders to all of the scouts thence forward.

On the same night, Capt. Powers was sent with a squad of the M. S. M. down the Patterson road with the same orders. On starting, he asked "Shall I go as far as is prudent?" "Yes" was the reply, "and a little further!" He made his way to Wiley Hinkle's, a mile east of Brunot, and then only five miles west of Price's headquarters at his own farm on Cedar Creek. To have gone on over there to shake hands with old "Pap", the Capt. thought was going beyond that "little further." He wrote a hasty note to Sergt. E. A. Wilkinson, then in the brush near his home a mile and a quarter west of Price's headquarters. Uncle Wiley Hinkle's oldest daughter volunteered to bear the letter to Wm. Cobb's near the mouth of Cedar Creek and hard by Sergt. Wilkinson's home, to be conveyed to him. She reached the Cobb home all right. (Mrs. Cobb was Capt. Powers' sister) but there was a gang of rebels there who at once accused her of being a spy! Here countenance betrayed her, although she denied it. She then pretended to fix her nether clothing and hastily went into a side room and hid the message behind the weatherboarding, where no doubt it is at this day. Capt. Powers returned without the requisite information, "Ascertain if Gen. Price is actually in command in person." This information in the affirmative would have certainly spoiled our great-little battle at Pilot Knob. We would then have at once evacuated Pilot Knob and fallen back on Gen. A. J. Smith, at De Soto! But as luck, either good or bad, would have it, this information was not OFFICIALLY had, until Shelby was at Mineral Point and Potosi and Price all around us! So we were completely cut off from Gen. Smith. By the 23rd, Company I came in from Fredericktown; Company F from Farmington; so now, of the 47th, we had at Pilot Knob and at Ironton, Companies A, E, F, G, H. and I.

In the afternoon of the 23rd of Sept., Adj. Murphy was drilling us over west of Fort Davidson, as was his custom every spare moment, when an orderly came up and delivered him a message. After reading the message, Adj. Murphy at once ordered us back to our quarters, and to at once fall in on our company parade grounds,- all of the 47th that were present. This we did and soon he came and took charge of us and marched us all over into the town of Pilot Knob, in front of post headquarters. We then came to a "Front FACE! Present ARMS!" Ah, now we saw what the message was. Out stepped Brigadier-General Thomas Ewing to acknowledge our salute. Yes, there stood our noble, brave commanding general! In build, he was tall, straight, full breast, large, well formed, robust and in every way, of the genuine military bearing. He had the keen, eagle eye, Roman nose somewhat, and in fact, it seemed to the writer that he could, at one look give fighting courage to the biggest coward in the whole command. In short, it turned out that Gen. Ewing was THE man for Pilot Knob in its darkest hours of the war. Here now we have a bit more of Mr. Perry S. Rader's "History of Missouri", as follows: "At Pilot Knob, he (Price) met Gen. H. S. Ewing with twelve hundred men, who gallantly held his position for a time, then spiked his guns, blew up his magazine and returned to Rolla to join his forces with Gen. McNeil." (Paragraph 217, Page 347.) The true facts are, that Gen. Thomas Ewing was the man, and he never spiked his guns either, for we were in at the remounting of them. All living participants in that awful battle full well know the facts as stated by the writer. All school histories should certainly relate the Facts. Perry

Davis' "Pain Killer" would serve a better purpose in our schools than Perry S. Rader's "History of Missouri."

Comrade Jas. F. Johnson of Company E, 47th, says that the 14th Iowa Inf. Vols. came with Gen. Ewing as an escort. Being associated with the 14th Iowa, after Company E was left minus a commissioned officer on our retreat to Rolla, Comrade Johnson gathered this from the 14th boys. Then it was that Capt. Montgomery came with his battery H, 2nd Mo. Light Art. of six guns. Rifled pieces, using conical shot and conical percussion shells and canister. The percussion shell is unlike the fuse shell. The fuse in the fuse shell is connected with the powder inside the shell, and it is so arranged that it is ignited at the other end when the gun is discharged. The length of the fuse is regulated to the distance the shell is intended to be thrown before exploding. The percussion shell must be handled with caution, for if dropped point forward and the pointed end containing the percussion connected with the powder within, should strike any solid substance, you are torn to atoms. The percussion shell never explodes until it strikes point foremost,- then woe be unto you if it should strike your musket.

Saturday, Sept. 24th, was a day of excitement. We were all ordered to the rifle pits north and south of the fort, but nothing of a definite nature occurred that we heard of. Company H's position was about the middle of the south rifle pit, and late in the afternoon a hand was laid on our shoulder from behind as we stood looking west in deep meditation over the situation. "Do you know me, sir?" "Yes" we said, "Our cousin, Capt. John W. Smith," from Jenkins' Ferry on Saline River in (then) Saline County, Ark., where Gen. Steel fought Price back, while his men crossed the pontoon bridge on the retreat to Little Rock, after Gen. Banks' failure in the Red River (Cotton) Expedition. Capt. Smith belonged to the 1st Ark. U. S. Vols. as chief scout. He was in it at Steel's battle as he had lived near Jenkins' Ferry. His widowed mother,- Lieut. Wilkinson's sister,- with her widowed daughter and family were over at the depot, and we at once obtained leave and went over to see "Aunt Jane" and "Cousin Margaret Dement" and to get a wagon and send them down to Arcadia, where they could obtain supplies of our merchant,- E. S. Eisner,- and a house for shelter, until she could reach her brother, Lieut. Wilkinson. She was a refugee from Arkansas, having endured the battle of Jenkins' Ferry. She said she got enough fighting at her home at Jenkins' Ferry, "and here I ran right into it again!" She saw Gen. Fagan the 27th and knew him as she was well acquainted with him in Arkansas. He was in Arcadia at and around Gen. Price's headquarters before the assault was made on Fort Davidson. She did not then claim acquaintance with Fagan. Night came on and so far as we now remember. It passed comparatively quiet in camp, but not so with the poor boys on patrol, as they got no rest. Sunday, the 25th came nice and clear, but no definite news as yet, or at least none known to the soldiers as the prudent commander never tells to his men all he knows, or aims to do. Dinner came and passed off with the hard tack and beef and "Linkum" coffee, &c. Then the writer had been quietly notified by Adj. Murphy that he had better see that the men carried clean guns at guard mounting. So we said, "Company H, if don't clean your muskets, you are sure to go to the guard house!" This put Company H to work at once, but hardly had they begun to clean up our muskets,- some in bad fix when drawn,- when we saw Lieut. Fessler, the fort Commander, go by us from Post Headquarters, on a gray horse at a furious gallop towards the fort, and crossing the drain or branch that flows south through Pilot Knob into Stouts Creek, his horse came near falling, and some one

exclaimed, "Look out that horse shoe!" In stumbling the horse threw a shoe off his foot away up above the Lieutenant's head, as the horse regained his feet and ran on to the gate of the fort. Here, as he dashed into the fort over the drawbridge, he hurriedly shouted to his men, then quartered just outside south of the gate. The drummer snatched up his drum and rattled off the "long roll!" Something up sure! "Fall in Company H!" Then, as there were no commissioned officers present, we looked towards Regiment headquarter and saw Adjutant Murphy come dashing up bareheaded, pen in hand, as he was then making out his regiment report. He looked to see Lieut. Fessler's men dashing into the fort, then he turned to look to the 47th, then camped east of the fort in column by companies, ours the north company. He then dashed into his marquee, then instantly out again, bareheaded and his glittering sword in hand, which he had snatched without belting on. He saw Company H already formed and awaiting orders, and here he came, - "Where is Capt. Powers?" he asked as he dashed up. "Don't know, sir! Perhaps over to Post Headquarters!" we replied? Then springing to the place of the captain, he shouted, "Company H Forward by file left! Double quick, MARCH! Right Shoulder shift ARMS!" and away we went for the south rifle pit. As we were passing under the muzzle of the north east 32 gun, she fired the alarm and two of Company H concluded that they were killed and fell flat. Then as we passed under the southeast 32, she fired and threw the fire and bits of the flannel cartridge all over us. Then the old iron furnace whistle was going the "Long whistle" and the men cam pouring out of the furnace building, many coming to us. We were soon in line at right angle to the south rifle pit, near Stouts Creek, facing the gap between the Mts. of Pilot Knob and Shepherd, and Company H won the ribbon! She was first in line of battle of the whole part of Pilot Knob. Then Adj. Murphy ran to the next company of the 47th that was ready and placed them on our left, then Battery H dashed up on this company's left on the higher ground, where two days later, the dead and wounded rebels covered the ground. The bugle sounded "Unlimber," and prepare to fire to the front!" Never while memory stays with us, will we forget the sound of that artillery bugle. Then came the clatter and hurried orders of the gun commanders as they unlimbered and wheeled their guns to the front ready to load and fire. Soon were the five companies of the 47th in line on either side of the battery as support. The cavalry were no less active, also. Now one poor fellow whom we will call "Dave" who belonged to Company H, began to pray and beg, to the general merriment of his comrades. He said "Lord, what are they going to do with us-ah." For his enlightenment, we said "Dave, we are here to support that battery up there." Then he said, "Lord, I don't want to go-ah?" A very short time was sufficient to learn that two of our scouting parties, went on the Farmington Road, had mistook each other for the enemy and began firing at each other. Then as soon as the battery was out of our way and the 47th already in line, Adj. Murphy put us through a short batallion drill, our first and only batallion drill we had previous to the battle of the 27th. Drill was soon dismissed and we retired to camp. In relating this story of our first experience in going into line of battle, as the 47th Mo. Inf. Vols., we have given the details that the reader may have a good picture of how it really was, and how it looked, - so if we appear tedious, we ask pardon.

Yours truly

H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter # 17

FIGHT DOWN IN IRONTON

Dear Doctor:

We are almost in sight now, of something still more interesting. We slept as usual Sunday night, after our little exercise on Sunday evening.

Monday Sept. 26th, 1864 dawned upon us nice and clear, and scarcely breeze enough to cause our large beautiful post flag on a high pole in Ft. Davidson, to stand out in waves. As yet, we-(of the boys) had heard nothing definite as to Prices whereabouts. Roll call, then breakfast, then general details were reported for "Guard Mounting." At the time, Co. H had not entirely settled as to who the duty Serjts., and corporals were to be. Comrade Azariah Martin of Co. H, was finishing his five days as commander of the picket post at the junction of the roads heading from Arcadia and Ironton to Fredericktown, and hard-by his own home. He had sent in a request that he be retained on that post as a private for the next five days, (to end in a few hours) so he could be near his home.

The Rev. T. G. Atchison, a Methodist Preacher, belonging to Co. H., afterwards Chaplin of the 47th, was detailed and assigned to the command of that picket post with comrade Martin as one of his men- 7 rank and file, all of Co. H 47th. This post was two miles east of Arcadia and Ironton, and was at what was known as Russellville, and near the "Shut in" or mountain gorge through which Stouts creek flows. So far as we ever knew, this picket post was the most advanced post in the direction of Fredericktown from whence we hourly expected Price to advance to the attack of Pilot Knob. We are particular to give details of this advance picket post, because, we will soon have serious occasion to refer to it. By Monday morning we had begun to look for our expected, reinforcements, but we looked in vain. We began to contemplate our strength, and of what commands were then with us. We could give these from memory, from which we are mainly drawing in writing these letters, but now, having official figures at hand, we prefer to give these figures, as being clearer than we could give from memory alone. Of all arms we had Co's B, C, D, E and 18 men of Co. H 14th Regt. Iowa Volts. Inft. Commanded by brave and experience Captains Wm. J. Campbell and Lucas. Co's A. E. F. G. H and I 47th, Regt. Mo. Vols. Inft., commanded by Col. Tho. C. Fletcher and Lieut. Col. Amos W. Maupin. The Captains were all present Sept. 26th, 1864. Co. F 50th, Regt. Mo. Vols. Inft., commanded by Robt. L. Lindsay. Co. G 1st, Regt., M. S. M. Vols. Inft., and Art. Commanded by Lieut. John Fessler, who had charge of the four 32 pound siege, or pivot guns, and the three 24 pound Howitzers, and the two mortars all mounted in Fort Davidson, but the two mortars, sitting on the south side of the fort near Sally Port entrance we learned, were of no use in the battle.

Lieut. Fessler was too busy working his seven guns to give attention to the mortars, and no experienced officer present who could then be spared to work them. (In giving the number of big guns mounted in Ft. Davidson, namely, four 32 pound pivot guns, and three 24 pound Howitzers, and the six 3 inch guns rifled field pieces in Montgomery's Battery. If we differ from our officers now living and official reports on file, we beg pardon. We have given our account just as we understood the matter and now remember it. H. C. Wilkinson.

Co's A. D. H. I and K 3rd, Regt. M. S. M. Vols. commanded by Maj. ----- Wilson, who also was post commander up to the battle. Of the Captains present with Maj. Wilson, that we still remember, were Capts. Rice, McElroy, Lonergan and Milks and perhaps Johns, but not sure of that. Of the Lieuts. of the M. S. M. we still remember Erich Pape.

Co. L. 2nd, Regt. M. S. M. Cav. Vols. Commanded by Capt. Amos P. Wright. Of these, we now have no distinct recollection of them, only as M. S. M. Cav.

Battery H. 2nd, Regt. Mo. Light Art. Vols. 6 guns, rifled conical balls and conical percussion shells and canister shot, commanded by Capt. W. C. Montgomery. Then we add to these about 35 citizens of the three towns, Pilot Knob, Ironton and Arcadia, and the surrounding country. Several of these patriotic citizens were of German extraction – (“Lop-eared Dutch”) who added greatly to the fortunes of the day, on Tu. the 27th by throwing off their coats and assisting the weary and worn out men of Co. G. 1st, Regt. M.S.M. Inf. Vols. to handle the big guns in Ft. Davidson. Then a small company of colored troops were organized under Capt. Lonergan, then Provost Marshall of the post of Pilot Knob. Capt Lonergan belonged to the 3rd, M. S. M. Cav. Vols., as we then understood.

A word now of this little handful of men and their brave commander, Brigadier General Thomas Ewing. The Four and a piece, companies of the 14th, Iowa when in line, looked but little longer than Co. H 47th, rank and file. Co's A and G 47th, had been cut down at Patterson. Co. G 1st Mo. was very small, so were the Cavalry companies, as is, or then was the case with old companies like the 14th, Iowa and the M. S. M. of both arms.” But there is one thing very sure indeed, - The 14th, Iowa were surely “Down to the fighting age.” Not a single “Slouch” among them. Their “Trash” was all gone. So generally with the M. S. M. They also had been “seasoned”. Then among the 47th, & 50th, Mo. present, now called “Raw Troops”, there were near four fifths of them who had seen service more or less. As to numbers, we see that General Ewing placed us at 1063 men, which not doubt is certainly about right as to number as to the aggregate, judging from what we saw and knew. Now, as to the courage of our Commander, and the ruling element of his officers, needs no comment; “A good workman is known by his chips.” But we wish to note this one point, that : the bare idea of a man daring to accept the offer of battle with only 1063 men around him, against an army of not less than 20,000 men led by veteran officers; General Ewing then full well knew, that his only possible support was then 42 or 43 miles away, and no prospect whatever, of them coming one mile nearer him. The forenoon passed very quietly among the men, the new picket details relieved the different picket posts as their 5-days were out on the Monday morning Sept. 26, 1864. Dinner came on about the usual noon hour, and as everything seemed so quiet, the writer asked permission to go over to the creek west of the fort to wash and put on clean clothing. Permission being granted we at once departed. Comrade John Holmes went with us. While in the creek we noticed a large coal wagon going westward for a load of charcoal, but just as we were forgetting them, we heard a commotion out his way. Soon we saw him coming, every animal in a gallop with the empty wagon and he pouring the lash to his team at every jump. While wondering what all of this really did mean, Comrade Holmes said:, “Orderly they are fighting down in Ironton.” We said, “Surely not!” He said, “Yes they are! Don't you hear the guns?” They reminded us of popping corn in a hot skillet, back in our boyhood days. Of course we were soon at Co.

Headquarters but not a man there, then we ran for our place at the south rifle pit to find Co. H. in position.

The firing down in Ironton by that time was a solid roar, we wondered what was then happening to poor Co. E! We knew they were then quartered about 140 yards northeast of the Court house. Then, what had become of T. G. Atchison and Azariah Martin down near the "Shut in" at their picket post? Ah! Here is our Azariah alright! He told us that at, near, or a little after 1 P.M. they were in the act of eating dinner at their picket post, and that acting Sergt. Atchinson was in the act of calling in the vidette to eat with them when he, (Martin) discovered a lot of horsemen down Stouts Creek. Sergt. Atchinson said, "They are our men", but comrade Martin said, "No Siree, they are Rebels" I've seen too many of them not to know Rebels." Then Jno. D. Gourley was at once dispatched to report to post headquarters, (we heard nothing from him) Comrade Martin grew very uneasy, and proposed to go himself as no reinforcements were yet in sight and no word from Gourley and the Rebs, were fast growing in number. We heard nothing until Comrade Martin came in. He said Company E were all off their guard until we warned them of their danger, and only a corporal in camp. He then continued up Main Street through Ironton, shouting to the citizens that "The Rebels are on us!" Then just below the town of Pilot Knob he met a detachment of the 3rd, M. S. M. and reported to the officer in command and the commander halted his men and he returned to post headquarters to hear Martin report, and the officer received orders to hurry on down there, which he did.

As we stood in line listening to the constant firing, we saw the brave Maj. Wilson mount his horse and at the head of his men ride away to the battle field. Then, there goes two guns of Capt. Montgomery's battery with, and yes! there goes the old 14th, Iowa, colors flying and we cheering them. They are on the "Double quick!" Ah! Listen! The artillery is giving the "Cush" now! Now, the guns are receding; now they are bearing to the left, and the distance is growing, as we could tell by the more distant boom of the guns. Yes, the Rebs. are certainly giving way, and retreating down the "Shut in".

Dispatches were constantly coming in, but they were for the ear of Gen. Ewing as he sat there on his horse in front of the fort gate the very picture of a brave General in battle. Our Murphy was by his side also. Then, as night would soon be on us, our Captain asked that two of his men go to our quarters to get supper. The General told him that if reports continued favorable, we could all soon return to our quarters. We felt sure that reports grew no more favorable, because we were not ordered to our quarters. However, our cook returned, fried meat and made three camp kettles full of good "Linkun" coffee. So here in line we ate our supper and rolled in our blankets; slept in line as we were on the east brink, and along the middle of the south rifle pit.

Now, while we rest until the morrow, we will listen to comrade Jas. J. Johnson as he tells us of how things went down in Ironton that evening.

"On Sept. 26th, 1864, my company E-47th, Regt. Mo. Inf. Vols. was quartered in Ironton about 140 yards N. E. of the Court House, and on the East or opposite side of Main Street from the Court House.

"I think it was about 12:45 P.M. I saw about 83 men of the 3rd, M. S. M. Cav. ride down Main Street toward Arcadia. I don't know who was in command". (they were the men who Comrade Martin met as he went in to report.) "I thought they were going on Scout duty to feel for Price. Soon I saw a commotion in our camp, and I hastened

down there. Comrade Martin had just warned them. Then, Orderly Sergt. Ben. R. Lofton ran up and called for Co. 3 to "Fall in!" Our drummer was absent, and Orderly Lofton snatched up the drum and beat, "Long Roll" himself. We were already in line when our commissioned officers came in. Then we heard the "feelers" begin firing just about the south side of Arcadia. Then we saw the enemy coming on a charge from toward Fredericktown, to cut off the 83 men of the 3rd, M. S. M. from falling back toward Pilot Knob. Co. E then turned loose on the Rebs. And held them in check until the 3rd, M. S. M. boys could get through, and in reach of reinforcements from Pilot Knob. When the 3rd boys all got through, Capt. Dinger ordered us to the Court House on Double quick, as some of the enemy had lodged behind some old stacks of lumber East of Main Street, in front of the Court House, and were firing on us. As we came to the door of the Court House, Lieut. Geo. Tetly ran in, and about 40 men of Co. E followed him, but Capt. Dinger and some eight or ten men passed the door, and ran on toward the near-by foot of Shepherd's Mt. And thence North toward Pilot Knob. We ran up stairs, and I broke out the front window sash and glass with the breech of my musket, and we at once began firing from the window at the Rebs, behind the stacks of lumber, and then we saw one of the 3rd, M. S. M. coming from towards Arcadia as fast as his horse could run, and a Reb, with a red shirt on, after him. Then at our camp, the poor picket boy's horse stumbled and fell and threw his rider over his head. The poor boy jumped to his feet, hands up to surrender, but "Red shirt" deliberately shot him dead right before our eyes! (This was Wm Rector, private, Co. "I" 3rd. Cav. M. S. M. His death had been omitted from all official reports, even those in Adj. Gens. Office at Jefferson City. C.A.P.) We at once sent a whole volley at "Red Shirt", and off went his hat and carbine as the strap or string was cut by a 58 Cal. He bent or fell forward on his horse which wheeled, now, right in our camp, and ran down Main Street in front of us as we poured shot after shot into him. His horse was going so fast that he was compelled to jump a garden fence East of Main street, and "Red Shirt" tumbled off a dead man. Our first volley fixed him, but as he fell forward on his horse, he was well balanced. So now, that was as near as we ever knew, the very first blood shed in the battle of Pilot Knob. One poor federal soldier lying dead in the street, and his murderer lying dead over there in the garden.

"As we turned away from "Red Shirt", we saw the 14th Iowa coming on the double quick, and Maj. Wilson at the head of the 3rd, M. S. M. and two guns of Capt. Montgomery's battery coming in a trot. We then ran out of the Court House and fell in with them and began driving the Rebs. back on the Fredericktown road. We soon drove them back through Russellville and into the "Shut in", two miles East of the Court House, Montgomery's guns pouring into them, shot and shell as they retreated, and we pursuing them, and in support of the guns.

"As night was now drawing over us, we fell back and deployed skirmishers along on the North side of Stouts creek, facing the Fredericktown road, and lay in line of battle with the 3rd, M. S. M. next to the south side of the Mt. of Pilot Knob. Then, the 14th, Iowa extending West toward Ironton and Co. E. still further West and nearer to Ironton.

"Capt. Dinger had fallen in with the 14th Iowa and came back with his men to us, and he and Lieut. Tetley had a "Jaw" over Tetley's disobedience of his orders. Then Lieut. told him that he (Dinger) had disobeyed his own orders by not going into the Court House, as we who were with the Lieut. so understood. Well daylight will be sure to develop something worth telling.

We had almost forgotten to tell of the arrival of our long looked for reinforcements. If we rightly remember, it was after we were already in line, and the fight going on down in Ironton, when we saw the train coming in from St. Louis with our reinforcement – One solitary man! And that was our old Colonel Tho. C. Fletcher! “Many in one.”

Sometime during the night, there was a call made on the 47th, for a Lieut. and 35 men. Capt. Powers proposed to furnish the whole detail from Co. H. alone; so without waking the writer to make detail, he began on the left and told off the men himself, and sent Lieut. M. P. Tate in charge of them. They at once reported at Post Headquarters, and received orders of Gen. Ewing to go as an escort with the post wagon train, but we have forgotten the number of wagons there were in this train. The order to Lieut. Tate was about this : “Proceed North with the wagon train to Gen. A.J. Smith at DeSoto. If attacked, do not attempt to fight, but take to the woods on you left, as the wood are full of Rebels on your right.”

Sometime in the forenoon on the 27th, this forlorn hope drew near Hopewell, a station on the railroad about 22 miles north of Pilot Knob. The enemy was discovered, and Lieut. Tate at once began to prepare to defend the wagon train. His men were distributed among the wagons, riding in them. He ordered them forward, but as he entered the ville of Hopewell, he found the enemy in force far superior to his, but, notwithstanding, his order he fought them anyhow. Soon Absolem Bess fell wounded in the abdomen and Lieut. Tate and his men were compelled to give way, but Corp. Tho. Stephens returned to Bess and assisted him to a nearby house where he was well cared for, and recovered so as to be afterwards able for duty, but in 1868 he died of his wounds. Corp. Stephens was a good soldier.

Lieut. Tate and his men then took to the woods on their left, and broke into squads of ones to some 8 or ten men. All escaped capture except Bess and John Shaver, who never returned to us for near 2 months after the battle, as he never made his escape until Price reached the Indian Territory on his retreat. Then Mo. was to cross by Shaver on horseback. Sometime on Monday night we endured a slight shower of rain, but no firing. During the night, the men in the fort dug and built extra earth works so elevated, that two of Capt. Montgomery’s rifled field guns could peep over the parapets of Fort Davidson – one in the S. E. corner, and one in the S. W. corner, which later one was much exposed to Shepherd’s Mountain the next day.

So passed Monday night of Sept. 26th, 1864.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 18.

THE GREAT – LITTLE BATTLE OF PILOT KNOB.

Dear Doctor:-

In our story of the war of the Sixties, we have now come to the great pivotal event of Southeast Missouri. With those who were engaged in this great-little battle, it was a fearful ordeal,- a trial in which men’s souls were “tried by fire!” And without the guiding

hand of an All-wise God, who cares for the right,- how was it possible for us to successfully pass through this fearful ordeal?

We here give it a name,- Great-Little Battle of Pilot Knob, Missouri, fought Sept. 27th, 1864. We say "great" because, in the words of Col. Thos. C. Fletcher, "It was an affair so remarkable in many respects and of such momentous results. ---The fight at Pilot Knob delayed Price's entire force for three days, giving Rosecrans time to make such disposition of his force as to not only make sure of the defense of St. Louis, but to meet him at every important point," and to shatter his forces and drive him from the state, a mass of demoralization.

We say "little" because of the comparative insignificance of the numbers engaged on the side of the United States,- 1063 men,- as opposed to the very least figures, 20,000 men led by able and experienced officers. "Official Confederate reports show that Price's army consisted of three divisions of ten brigades, made up from thirty-three regiments, nine battalions and six batteries," so it is seen that 20,000 men with Price in his raid is a very low estimate. It is not reasonable to suppose that Gen. Price would undertake such a task as the capture of St. Louis and Jefferson City unless he felt himself surrounded with a sufficient force of men and guns to accomplish his purpose.

Waving all fear of being accused of egotism, I will tell my humble story as is becoming an officer, although I was only an orderly sergeant. I will dare to use the pronoun, I, in speaking of myself, as a participant in this great-little battle, so as to be more clearly understood. I shall deal with nothing whatever but FACTS as I knew them and now remember them, and with the help of my comrades and also, the help of, now, my friends,- the ex-confederate soldiers, with who I have often consulted, who were engaged in this great-little battle, and in particular, in their desperate but unsuccessful assault on Fort Davidson. There is no need whatever to exaggerate or to paint in glowing colors the story of this great-little battle, to give it prominence, for when the FACTS are all in, it will read like fiction almost. There is no one human being who was then in or about Fort Davidson during that desperate encounter who can, unaided by others, give anything like a good word picture of what transpired upon that 27th of September, 1864; because there is no human being who can see on all sides of himself at the same instant. It was not a line battle, but it was a "round battle". It was on all sides at the same instant.

It was yet dark when I awoke on the morning of Sept. 27th, 1864, to find my blanket somewhat damp from the light shower that had fallen sometime in the latter part of the night, and it was then cloudy and misting rain a little with a slight breeze bearing from the north. Then I, at once, discovered that nearly all of Company H's left wing, with Lieut. Tate, were missing! This, the Captain explained, as related in Letter No. 17; but I felt rather slighted at not being awakened to attend to the detail of the 35 men, which was my duty as orderly sergeant of the company. Had I been consulted, I would have nervously objected to Company H furnishing the entire detail of the 35 men, when the call was on the whole 47th. They were to go where, and for what purpose, they knew not. But good soldiers must obey orders,- asking no question.

Then, just as it was light enough to discern the outlines of a man's body at a hundred yards distance, the echoes of the beautiful valleys of Pilot Knob, Ironton and the whole Arcadia Valley, and the surrounding mountains were awakened by the keen, sharp crack of a single Dresden rifled musket down on Stout's Creek, just east of Ironton. The crack of the first shot fired that morning reminded me of the keen savage crack of the

large bored target or hunting rifle of my bygone boyhood days. Then, instantly following this first shot, another and another, then in quick succession, another, and then came the fearful roll of muskets, carbines, Colt's revolving rifles and revolvers of our boys, all soon mingling with the roll of the enemies' guns of different kinds,- rifles, shotguns, muskets and revolvers. Thus opened the great-little battle of Pilot Knob! It seems unreasonable to relate, but nevertheless it is true that, the first shot followed in quick succession by others and the roll of musketry was heard where Piedmont now stands,- a distance by railway of 39 miles! Often has my present companion told us of it. She had just started to milk the cows when she heard the first shots, followed by roll of musketry, and not then being in full sympathy with the "Yanks" she said she ran back into the house, exclaiming "Pap! The Yankees are getting it now!" Soon, everything was astir in and around Ft. Davidson and the town of Pilot Knob. How was it going down there with the grand old 14th Iowa and the M. S. M., Company E of the 47th Mo. And Capt. Montgomery's two guns? (which had not as yet so much as said, "Good Morning, Johnny Rebs!")

We will now yield while Comrade Jas. F. Johnson answers our anxious inquiries as to matters down at the front. Continuing his story, he says: "As daylight grew so as to distinguish the outlines of a man's body at about a hundred yards, we saw the rebels in line in force immediately in our front, on the south side of Stout's Creek, and along the Fredericktown and Ironton Roads. Their line appeared to extend east to probably as far as Russellville, and westward into Ironton across the Delano yards. Firing began at once,- a single musket shot, followed in quick succession by another then another until it was continuous roll of musketry. That part of the valley across which we lay, east and west, is a rolling flat about a half, to three quarters of a mile wide, and our line far too short to extend across it at this point, but it narrows very fast as it extends northward to the east of the position of Maj. Wilson and the M. S. M. Cav. and far to the west of our right wing. We began at once to retire northward towards the gap between Pilot Knob and Shepherd's Mountains, which is much less than a quarter of a mile wide, firing at their rapidly advancing line as we fell back. As we approached this gap, Company E lay on the west side along the base of Shepherd's Mountain. The grand old 14th Iowa held the flat in the gap along that prong of Stout's Creek and Maj. Wilson with the M. S. M. Cav. and Capt. Montgomery's two guns held the base of Pilot Knob and the road from Pilot Knob to Ironton, which sweeps around the western base of Pilot Knob Mt., where the Iron Co.'s log houses stood. We lost no men in killed and wounded that I heard of up to that hour, save a slight wound received in the head by Maj. Wilson the evening before,- and the poor fellow who was killed by "Red Shirt".

"Yes! Yonder they come, boys!" were the anxious words that ran along our line as we stood in the rifle pit, ready for our part of the approaching struggle. As our boys approached the gap, the firing slowed down as the rebels checked their advance, least they should come into range of our guns in the fort. Company E was hidden from our view by the timber and bushes along the base of Shepherd's Mountain. The old 14th Iowa halted in line in the flat about 80 yads north of the ford of the creek, but in plain view of the fort and south rifle pit. Maj. Wilson could be plainly seen along the base of Pilot Knob on the left of the narrowest part of the gap, as he directed the boys of the M. S. M. Cav., and being somewhat elevated in their position, they could see down the upper end of Ironton and the open space that extended northward to the old Brewery called the

“Half way House,” which stood against the base of Shepherd’s Mt., or at a little below the narrowest part of the gap. We could plainly see the M. S. M. boys as they were firing on every rebel who dared to show himself in the open space north of Ironton. The M. S. M. were slowly retiring as they fired, as the enemy began to crowd up his lines. Then there were Montgomery’s two guns in the road retiring also, but hadn’t yet fired a shot. Now they all halt near the southern end of the Iron Co.’s log houses along the road at the base of Pilot Knob, but continued to fire at the enemy if he dared to expose himself.

Then, since daylight, we could see the person of Joseph A. Hughes, holding our signal flag, silhouetted against the clouds as he stood on the top of that large ironstone rock: that surmounted the bald, rugged peak of Pilot Knob. Every part of his body could be plainly seen as he stood up there against the clouds in full view of the rebel host that surged at his very feet and extended southward to Arcadia and eastward and westward across the valley between the southern bases of Pilot Knob and Shepherd’s Mt., and all through the town of Ironton.

Not belonging to the United States Signal Corps, I could not read his “Wiggles” But supposed there was a man in Ft. Davidson who did understand them. For a time, he and his flag were hid from us by a cloud of fog that rose up over Pilot Knob, which soon cleared away, and but for the smoke thenceforward, we had a clear day. But the breakfast bell had not yet rung! Something was wrong with our cooks, seems like. Ah, yes! Yonder they come,- Ab. K. Whitener and Uncle Mike Butts, bearing camp kettles full of good “Linkum” coffee and mess pans full of fried bacon and pickled pork and plenty of hard tack. Then, as we stood at arms in line, we ate our much relished breakfast, not then knowing how many “Minnie” holes might be in our stomachs by dinner time, which really came, finding our stomachs yet whole, but empty, and no time to fill them. The weather,- or something else there, in and around old Ft. Davidson was getting rather too warm to eat with comfort, even if we had had pie and pound cake for dinner.

Now, as we, at the south rifle pit, stood eating our breakfast, we saw the sutlers’ wagon drawn by two horses with two men standing in it, loaded with rations, leave the Post Commissary over near the depot, in a fast trot, on their way to feed the hungry boys yet in line below us, who had eaten nothing since dinner the day before. Now, they halt in front of the old 14th Iowa boys, and hastily hurl out boxes of hard tack and joints of raw bacon, but no hot coffee,- then on the sutlers’ wagon sped to relieve the hungry boys of Company E. One 50 pound box of hard tack and a shoulder of raw bacon was poor Company E’s breakfast. Now, they dart back across the narrow valley to feed the M. S. M. boys with the two guns,- now away goes the wagon in a great hurry to get out of the way of something else! How is it over there inside of old Ft. Davidson? Well, just ask that busiest man in there and his busy assistant, Adjutant David Murphy and Lieut. John Fessler, as they hurry hither and thither, getting things ready to “Open the ball” in dead earnest. Adj. Murphy was fort commander and Lieut. John Fessler was second in command of the guns. They were “clearing deck for action” as the navy boys say. Then, here comes a large stout man, bearing a gun scoop to draw the damp load from the big southeast thirty-two, which had remained in the gun over night. Now he mounts the south parapet and inserts his gun scoop and draws the shot, then the damp cartridge of powder. Then they fire a primer, to open and dry the “touch hole” vent at the breach of the gun. Then since soon after daylight, here and yonder rode small groups of cavalry

and officers and their aides,- Gen. Ewing, Col. Maupin and other as they viewed the ground and watched for the approaching enemy. Some rode into the gap by the furnace along the Farmington Road, others up the railway to the stone culvert, others still, scoured the wider open space that extended westward, between the bases of Shepherd's and Cedar Mountains. One time, as Gen. Ewing was passing near Company H, some one called out, "Three cheers for Gen. Ewing!" Company H heartily gave them, as Company G on our right and Company F on our left joined in. The General at once halted and lifted his hat and made up a short, rousing speech. How I wish I could pen every word then uttered by our noble, brave commander. One thing I still remember that he said, was this,- "General Price and his rebel hordes shall not have one of you!" We just swallowed every word that he then uttered; and but for the loss of poor Bill Jackson on the retreat to Leasburg, Company H found that his prophecy came true. How highly honored we felt by our General's speech!

As the morning wore along, I began to wonder when the preliminaries would ever end, but we were not kept waiting much longer. I think it was about 9:30 o'clock when Gen. Ewing rode into the fort over the drawbridge and dismounted and he and Adj. Murphy (wish he'd hurry and get his much deserved commission so we could say "Colonel Murphy") came over to the south parapet and stood near each other on the south parapet, to the right of the big thirty-two that looked down the gap toward Ironton, where the enemy were then no doubt hastily forming their lines for the storm. Then Company E, the 14th Iowa and the M. S.M. Cav. were called into the fort and Montgomery's two guns were ordered to a position on the north side of the fort near the north rifle pit, out of our sight. In the meantime, Lieut. Fessler and his men were swabbing and loading the big southeast Thirty-two. Gen. Ewing then adjusted his long spy glass and took a long look down in the gap toward the Brewery and gave his first command to the artillery that morning. It was, "Aim at the top of that sycamore tree, Captain!" Then as Adj. Murphy shouted, "Ready!" Fessler mounted the revolving beams upon which the gun carriage rested, and with guide sight in hand, which he set in position on the ponderous breech of the big gun, aimed as he adjusted the set screw beneath the breech of the gun, as his men with hand spikes shoved the revolving beams to the right or left as the Lieutenant taps the gun first on one side and then on the other, until she is within range,- the primer inserted into the touch hole and the lanyard hooked into the twisted brass wire that passes through the percussion in the inserted primer. Now, the man stands to the right of the gun, holding the lanyard in his hand, waiting the word. Now we see Adj. Murphy raise on tip-toe to lessen the concussion as he gave the word,- listen! Fire! The lanyard is quickly jerked by the man holding it and the earth beneath us shook as that big gun hurled the first cannon shot fired that morning! As our eyes followed the direction of that first shot, we saw it go crashing through the roof of one of the many (and as we thought) abandoned soldier's shanties that stood scattered over the low flat below the fort, built for soldiers' winter quarters. As the roof fell in, to our surprise, two women ran out of this shanty. Never in life will I forget the picture of those poor frightened women as they ran with uplifted, outstretched arms across Stout's Creek, as though it was not there? Towards the old mule stockade-corral that stood at the bottom or mouth of the ravine at the base of Shepherd's Mt. A month later, after we had returned to Pilot Knob, some of the boys of company H told me that up in this steep, rugged ravine behind the old corral, there was a heap of sixteen dead rebels covered with brush and that there were two dead

women among them! This first cannon shot did not pause or look back after the fleeing women, but it plunged on its course, striking the ground down near the ford of Stout's Creek and exploded. It was a big thirty-two shell. Then followed another from the same gun, which exploded some three or four feet above the ground at, or near the ford of the creek. Then Adj. Murphy and Lieut. Fessler at once began to hurry from gun to gun, directing the several gunners as to the proper gauge, marked on the guide sight as the proper range is obtained, until the whole of the nine guns mounted in the fort were in full play. It was an awfully grand sight to see the high shells and shots as they went rushing through the air on their mission of death! We could plainly see them as they seemed to hang for an instant as a black spot against the sky. Then, after the shells would at once disappear and in their stead, a large irregular, round cloud of smoke from the bursting shell, then the "boom" like a clap of thunder without the roll.

Soon after the guns were in full play, Adj. Murphy stood on the south parapet and prepared for a grand volley of his artillery. I can yet see him as he stood there, calling them by number,- "No. 1, Ready!" "No. 2, Ready!" "No. 3, Ready!" Looking toward each gun as he called, until all were ready,- then, he raised on tip-toe and shouted "Fire!" and as nine lanyards were suddenly jerked, the very earth seemed that it would burst open under us and our heads burst with it! Lieut. Col. Maupin, our rifle pit commander, was then sitting near me on the side of our rifle pit, and he said,- "Sergeant, how do you like artillery practice?" I replied, "Finely, sir, but for the fearful sensation in my ears." Then we had quite a pleasant little talk as he related his past experience along with the old 29th MO. (if I remember rightly.) Not far from this time, we noticed quite a little stir among the guns looking west. They saw something over there in the "old coalin'". Soon Murphy and Fessler had their western guns in full play in that direction. The shells began to burst over there near the northwest base of Shepherd's Mt., to the satisfaction of an old collier, who was assisting the gunners. As he watched the smoke rise from the bursting shells, he shouted, "Now d—n ye, get out o' our coalin'!" Then, as Company A was sent out by Col. Thos. C. Fletcher, as he had command of the north rifle pit, which was manned by company A, and perhaps Company I, 47th Mo. And Company F 50th Mo., under Capt. Robt. Lindsay. We saw Company A as they marched under Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry towards the base of Shepherd's Mt., and heard Adj. Murphy call out,- "There they go! Three cheers!: And we gave them. They were going southwest from the fort to inspect the northwest slope of Shepherd's Mt., but they soon returned and we supposed, as we heard no musketry in that direction, that they had struck no "game" over there. It was about ten o'clock and our man Hughes still stood at his post on the high, bald peak of Old Pilot Knob, "wiggling" messages, as to how our shots were striking down about Ironton. As a shot was fired, he would churn his flag up and down, then right, then left, then round and round in a circle above his head, then forward and backward,- but I couldn't read him. Then Capt. Powers ordered us to lay fence rail across our rifle pit at the right of company H and to place our blankets across the rail, so as to protect ourselves from flank shots that might soon be coming from Shepherd's Mt. And find our flank on that side exposed to the enemy's fire. This we did, leaving a middle pass, as for Company G, which they surely used in a hurry before night.

A bit after ten o'clock, we looked for Hughes again, but he was no more to be seen up there on the peak of Pilot Knob. What's the matter with him? O yes! Yonder comes the enemy in a thin line, rushing down the western and northwestern slopes of

Pilot Knob. Their right wing extending to the furnace! They are coming for us! Yes, we now began to have a little musket practice to mix in with the now very active guns. The more advanced part of their line rushed into the road at the base of Pilot Knob, among the Iron Co.'s row of log houses, but we were soon too hot for them. They couldn't endure the shells and canister that Murphy and Fessler were hurling into their line together with the "ping" of our "minnies". They began to disappear at once, and much faster than they had appeared. Then, at this moment, someone cried out; "They are robbing the Knob store! They are robbing the Knob store!" This store stood not far west of the furnace, and in plain view of the fort and both rifle pits. Then it was that Lieut. Feeler sprang to the twenty-four Howitzer that stood south of and next to the gateway of the fort, and as he did so, he ordered, "Canister!" All being ready, he shouted "FIRE!" Then as the Howitzer belched forth its great load of iron shot, we saw a fine lot of round black spots suddenly appear on the white walls of the Knob store and its nearby white-washed warehouses! One of these old warehouses was still standing the last time I saw Pilot Knob, a few years ago, all spotted with the canister shot holes. The "grapes" that Lieut. Fessler handed out to them were not of the kind out of which we make grape jelly!

Then immediately our attention was called by Capt. Powers to a man on a white horse down there at the base of Pilot Knob, close by the east side of the road about opposite the ford of the creek. The captain said, "Mark that man down there on the white horse!" Evidently he was an officer trying to get a good view of our position and disposition. We at once opened fire on him with the caution of "Good bead, boys! Steady aim!" We soon made him "skedaddle" out of our sight into the thick leafy bushes. Then instantly, another saucy fellow appeared near the same place on a prancing sorrel horse. He looked like a Texas Ranger, and before he got to a shelter, that gun of Montgomery's battery mounted in the southeast corner of the fort, got range of him and sent a percussion shell at him, killing his horse and we supposed the rider also. In the spring of 1866, I found the adjustable butt of a percussion shell among the bones of the sorrel horse.

After this little racket was ended, Company E was divided and a part was sent under the command of Capt. Dinger to a position east of the Iron Furnace, and on the north side of the Farmington Road. The other part was sent under the command of Lieut. Geo. T. Tetley, up a bit above the base of Pilot Knob, southwest of the Iron Furnace. Then Maj. Wilson was sent to a point not far from the Iron Furnace between Dinger and Tetley. Comrade John L. Bennett of Company G, 47th, was gate guard at the fort all that day, and he recently told me that he saw Maj. Wilson ride away from the fort gate on his last mission in obedience to his own superior officers. Comrade Bennett said that the sides of Maj. Wilson's face and coat were all covered with dried blood from slight wounds, (as he thought) that he received in the prelude of Monday evening down in Ironton. Comrade Bennett said that the Maj. had only a very few men with him and he then supposed that Maj. Wilson had been relieved on account of his wound and that he was then starting to make his way to Gen. A. J. Smith, at De Soto. Then, not far from that time, a rebel battery opened fire, somewhere near the upper end of Ironton. They dare not push too far east so as to expose themselves to our view, but kept pretty well behind the protruding nose of Shepherd's Mt. Their shells flew harmlessly between us and the old Pilot Knob depot. We could hear them screeching as they flew by, but not a shell burst that we saw or heard. One of their gunners, Luther Graves, told me sometime after the war, that they got their shells wet while crossing Spring River in Arkansas, as

they came up and that they had dried them in the sunshine two whole days. These shells were flying 30 or 40 feet too high to hit us, but at length, the keen watchful eye of Adj. Murphy caught them about in the right place, and he began to send them a fine lot of shells that did burst! We afterwards heard that one of Murphy's shells fell among the men working around their guns, not far from the old livery stable in the upper end of Ironton, and when it exploded, it killed and wounded 16 men! Bad Murphy,- you were that shot! Then there was a rebel major standing at one corner of the livery stable with a glass taking observation, and one of "Bad Murphy's" passing shots cut both his legs off, from which wounds, he soon died. I have now forgotten his name.

Now, it seems prudent that Adj. Murphy have the exact range of the crest of the arm of Shepherd's Mt. that protrudes eastward,- the crest of which is about three quarters of a mile from the fort. He directed Lieut. Fessler to train the southeast gun on the crest, and he called to Capt. Powers in the south rifle pit to note where the trial shot struck, but the Captain was in one of his peculiar, deep absent-minded studies, and before he woke up, the shot was on its way. I saw it strike and replied, "About 12 feet under the tops of the trees, sir!" Later in the day, the utility of this single practicing shot was surely felt, as not many yards of where this shot struck, the rebel guns opened on the fort.

Since the war, I learned that Gen. Ewing was spoken to twice that day by a white flag from Gen. Price,- but I did not then know it. I noticed that about 11:00 or 11:30 o'clock, there was a short slow-down in our constant fire of guns in the fort, but we saw no white flag. Then also in the afternoon, Capt. Powers, afterwards told me that in council of war held that night, Gen. Ewing told the officers present that he received no official information that Price was actually present and in personal command until at eleven o'clock that day. At twelve o'clock, or perhaps a little later, a call was made on Company H for one Lieut. and 20 men to go under the command of Capt. Milks with 60 men of the 3rd M. S. M. They were ordered to the northwest slope of Shepherd's Mt. pretty well up on the mountain slope, to deploy as skirmishers. We saw them no more until after dark that night. It has always been a puzzle to me why they were sent out there and beyond the reach of the fort. Lieut. Settle told me that in almost no time they were cut off from the fort! Now, we looked somewhat little,- Company H! There were seven lost to us in the Patterson affair,- thirty-five the night before with Lieut. Tate, and now twenty more with Lieut. Settle, beyond our reach on Shepherd's Mt. It was not far from one o'clock that we could see squads of the rebels prowling into the ravine in Shepherd's Mt. up near the crest of the mountain that looked down into the fort. Be it remembered that this rugged steep ravine extends from near the crest of the mountain eastward to Stout's Creek where the old stockade mule corral stood which was two hundred yards or over below the fort. The high arm of Shepherd's Mt. , (the point of Adj. Murphy's practicing shot) that extended eastward forms the south side of the ravine and a steep rugged nose or point of Shepherd's Mt. forms the north side of the ravine. This steep ridge, nose or point was next to the fort and the base just south of Stout's Creek was not exceeding 150 yards from the fort, and perhaps much less. The crest or backbone of this steep rugged ridge, nose or point was not exceeding 180 yards to the south of the fort, and its side next to the fort had been cleared of the thick bushes; so a squirrel or rabbit couldn't have found a hiding place from view of the fort. Lieut. Sutton afterwards told me that with the field glass, a group of rebel officers were discovered with their field glasses, taking observations of the fort and its surroundings and the forces and guns. This

group of confederate officers he said, stood under a white flag somewhere near the crest of Shepherd's Mt., near the head of the ravine. I did not see the white flag, but well remember that "our Dave" did. He soon had that part of the mountain too hot for a white or even a black flag!

As we could see no part of the bottom of the ravine from the fort, except at the head near the crest of the mountain, Gen. Ewing sent one man, on horseback of the 3rd M. S. M., down in the flat towards the gap until he could see the bottom or steep, rugged hollow of the ravine from bottom to top. We almost held our breath as we anxiously watched him as he rode in a walk, looking up in the ravine. As he came opposite to the old mule corral at the mouth of the ravine, he came to a sudden halt, and at once wheeled his horse for the fort at full gallop, firing his revolver up the ravine, and shouting at the top of his voice,- "Rebels! Rebels!" He discovered that the ravine was full of rebels! Then instantly the whole nine guns gave that ravine their particular individual attention. We could hear the shouts of Murphy and Fessler as they set every gun to work with shells,- thirty-twos, twenty-four's and three inch percussion shells. The ravine from top to bottom seemed to be almost one solid blaze of fire of the fast dropping and bursting shells. We then could see the rebels in small groups, dodging hither and thither among the rocks and trees to escape that awful fusillade of bursting shells. As the fire on the ravine slowed down, about forty men, or perhaps less, of the 14th Iowa were sent to the crest of the steep, rugged nose or point, over against and to the south of the fort forming so as to face the ravine yet south of them. They were all in plain view of us as they sat in line on the hugh boulders that rested on two crest of the nose. They reminded me of a flock of turkeys sunning themselves.

Then, about this time, a battery opened on us from somewheres, probably south of the main prong of Stout's Creek that flows eastward between Ironton and Arcadia, and along the north base of the granite knoll-hill where old Fort Curtis stood, which we were afterwards told, was Gen. Price's headquarters. Their shots struck and imbedded themselves in the steeper slope of the roll-hill, about 35 yards southeast of where Fort Davidson stood, and near the foot of this steeper ground, about 25 yards east and facing the southern part of our south rifle pit. We could distinctly hear the "zip" of the shots as they struck and could see the dirt fly. Our Captain watched them striking and selecting a favorable moment, ran out there with a spade and dug one of the shots out and brought it in for inspection. It was an unexploded shell about four inches in diameter. He went up near the ditch and tossed it over to Adj. Murphy as he stood waiting to examine it. These shots were about 12 feet too low and some ten or twelve yards too far east to hit the fort. Then soon a shot struck so that it rebounded and then came rolling along on the ground in our immediate front. It had hardly stopped before one of the boys ran out and picked it up. It was also an unexploded shell. One of the old 14th Iowa boys who was standing with Company M in the rifle pit, said "Ah, my boy, if you had seen as many of those things rolling on the ground as I have, you'd let 'em alone!"

At probably half past one o'clock, or perhaps a little later, we saw one of the 14th Iowa boys quit his place in the skirmish line on the crest of the nose and come over to the fort to report. He stood on the brink of the moat at the head of our rifle pit, as he reported to Gen. Ewing in the fort. He said, "Colors are ascending the south side of Pilot Knob!" The rebels colors were hidden from our view behind the mountain. This report at once drew attention in the direction of our side of Pilot Knob, and very soon shells were flying

in that direction. Now, Comrade Jas. F. Johnson comes in to help us again. "Company E, or the 40 men under Lieut. Tetley, were sent to Pilot Knob not very far southwest of the iron furnace and up a little above the base of the mountain at the foot of a steep bushy ravine, with Maj. Wilson and Capt. Dinger over to our right, extending from the furnace north across the Farmington Road. I was not well and had slept none the night before down on Stout's Creek. I was seated at the root of a small black oak tree when all at once a small limb fell on my shoulder, as a big thirty-two shell cut off the limb as it went singing over our heads! Others followed in quick succession! We all at once sprang to our feet and Tetley said, "What in the h—l are they shelling at us for?" He then stepped out and fired two shots in the air as a signal to cease firing in that direction, but to no purpose. We then saw a man cross the ravine about 40 yards above us, and just as Lieut. Tetley ordered one of the boys to go up there to see what he was after, we saw a whole mass of rebels rush across the ravine where this single man was seen. Then we saw the whole mountain side above us was alive with them and we understood the shells! The Lieut. at once ordered us to open fire on them which we did, by volley. I then said, 'Lieut. we had better fall back or we will all be killed or captured!' He replied, 'No, d—m 'em! Give them another volley, boys!' Then at the instant we delivered the second and last volley, I saw the Lieut. stagger as he began to sink backwards! He had received an ugly wound in the upper arm or shoulder. (The rebels by this time were running lead all over us) He said, "Boys, don't let 'em get me!" We at once began to retreat for the fort, taking our wounded Lieutenant with us. As we ran, we saw that our only hope was to make the north end of the north rifle pit by bearing to the right through the town of Pilot Knob, as they were now closing down on old Fort Davidson from Shepherd's Mt. And Pilot Knob. And up the Valley from the gap. Our progress was rather slower than we liked, as we were determined to get our brave wounded Lieutenant to our Field Hospital. But by dodging from house to house, we at last succeeded in tumbling into the north rifle pit among Company F of the 50th Mo. And Company A of the 47th Mo., under command of Col. Fletcher. We got in without further loss in killed and wounded. This onrushing line of rebels cut off Maj. Wilson and Capt. Dinger and their men from the fort, and they were all captured."

Comrade C. B. L. Rowland of Company A says,- "I had charge of the prisoners at the guard house and we were ordered into the fort, at or soon after twelve o'clock, and later in the day, I noticed that things got lively over there near the iron furnace. I saw the enemy's line then come rushing on the fort from Pilot Knob. Company E was making a desperate effort to reach the north rifle pit, and then Gen. Ewing said to me,- "Sergeant, take your men and check that line until Company E can get in." We (25 men) dashed out of the fort over the draw bridge and as we ran, we deployed so as to face the surging line of onrushing rebels, and at once opened fire on them. Then as we saw Company E go tumbling into the north rifle pit, we retired into the fort without the loss of a single man."

At the instant the things were occurring just related by Comrades Johnson and Rowland, we were too busy watching things that were coming from Shepherd's Mt. to look but little in any other direction. Scarcely had the 14th Iowa boy, who came over to report, reached his position in the skirmish line on the crest of the nose (Point) south of us, when a roaring volley was delivered from the ravine at the 14th Iowa boys in the skirmish line over there south of us, and two of them tumbled off of the boulders toward us from where they sat. Then with the coolness of old "Vets" which they certainly were,

they sat quietly and deliberately delivered a well directed volley into the onrushing rebels as they came pouring out of the ravine to storm the fort. Then the 14th boys coolly descended from their position on the boulders, and picked up their wounded comrades, one a Lieutenant and the other a private. Their wounds were not so severe but that they could walk by the support of two men to the man. It was wonderful indeed, to watch them as they slowly and carefully picked their way down the steep, rocky side of the point, keeping their wounded comrades always in front, and before they had reached the bottom of the point, their place on the point began to swarm with onrushing rebels! On reaching the bottom they came on the double quick, as the wounded boys could hop pretty well with two men to support them. Then the grape and canister shot flew! About the time the 14th boys struck the bottom, or perhaps a little before, or simultaneously, the rebel gun opened on us from the crest of the arm of Shepherd's Mt. I believe I could have touched that first shot as it buzzed over our heads! The rebel guns were in range with our rifle pit, and the first shot struck in the bottom on the rifle pit just above Company, between Capt. Adairs' feet, causing him to jump about two feet high and say some ugly 'cuss' words! He then hastily ran with his men, Company F, for the sally port. Then the 14th Iowa boys passed us, and I well remember seeing blood on the Lieutenant's thigh as he ran by us. Then Company G, next to the creek, began to use the sally port. Then our Captain said,- "I'll run in and see if I can get orders to go into the fort!" That seemed peculiar military to me! As some two or three of Company A started to follow Company G into the fort, I said, "Hold on boys, no orders to go in yet!" The rebel shots were all this time buzzing over us and sounded like the noise made by rapidly drawing a long rope through the fork of a sapling. I then said, "Crouch, boys! Crouch! Crouch behind your blankets!" I had never seen this kind of a command in the "Army Tactics" but it was handy and answered the purpose admirably just then, as we quickly obeyed it. I then began to glance around and I saw the rebels coming swarming from the east and southeast, but I was more closely watching that surging mass that swarmed all over the point south of us where the Iowa boys were a few moments before. In much less time than I have been penning it, the advance of the mass of rebels had reached the foot of the point, but yet they came, pouring down the point. Our Captain had not yet returned, and I saw that it was folly to remain longer there in the rifle pit, crouched behind our blankets, as in two moments longer, the surging mass would be swarming all around us. I then said, "Empty your guns into them, boys, and then we will go into the fort!" We then delivered an oblique fire into the thickest mass yet rushing down the side of the point. I then said,- "Into the fort, boys, quick! And go to work!" We then ran up in the rifle pit and jumped down into the moat, and as the boys crowded for the sally port, Comrade Henry Daniel and I stepped to the left in the moat and loaded our muskets and I said,- "Henry, we'll kill the first man that gets in the rifle pit!" As we had a clear view down the rifle pit to the creek, we could see them crossing the creek and rushing up on either side of the rifle pit, but not a man dare get in it. I then said,- "Nobody going to get in that rifle pit, Henry, let us go into the fort." As we entered the sally port, we found two of Company H too tired (?) to climb the stairway, but with the help of that guard in there with his sabre bayonet, we rested them very quickly. Up we ran, and as I reached the top, I glanced around to see that every gun was now silent as so many hollow logs! Then as I turned to the right to take my place near the big southeast thirty-two, I glanced over the south parapet at that surging mass, not twenty yards from us, as they were rapidly closing

around the fort! There at our very thin line along the south parapet! My God! Can we ever hold them? There was Capt. Milks with 80 men out, we knew not where then,- about 40 men out with Capt. Dinger and Maj. Wilson, then prisoners, and about 125 now idle artillerymen, for who could possibly live a moment to stand up exposed to load the guns? The say, 25 others without guns, equal 270 men. Then 1063 less 270 equals only 793 men with guns in their hands. Then if we count out Lieut. Tate and his 35 men, we have left only 758 men! But what had we to hold and whip, or die? The records show that “when Price was being tried by a court of inquiry at Shreveport, in April 1865, for the failure of his Missouri campaign, his chief of engineer corps, Capt. T. J. Mackey, testified that the assault on Fort Davidson was made by 7500 men,- which statement was never contradicted.” Now it is seen that we had not less that nine to one opposed to us.

There was our fearful task before us! The fort surrounded on the east, south, and west for two thirds of the way around by a dense mass of infantry, their guns still hurling shot and shell at the fort, and over yonder to the west and northwest, came Slayback and Freeman with a dark cloud of cavalry to cut us down if we attempted to escape! As I came in, I saw the stately form of Gen. Ewing, arms folded, mouth tightly closed and slightly pale, but firm as a “stonewall”. He was walking erect from side to side, looking here and there at the surging mass around us. Then here comes the wounded Lieutenant of the brave old 14th Iowa, limping hither and thither, cheering the boys to do their best. Capt. Campbell, Adj. Murphy and other brave officers, I could see, were rushing from side to side, using all of the powers that was in them to direct and cheer the noble boys then down on their knees at the parapets, pouring lead into the surging mass of rebels! O, but it was hot there! In an instant our smoke hung as a dense cloud about two feet above the parapet, and the rebels smoke came down almost to their knees, hiding their bodies, but we could see the great cluster of fast moving legs and feet as they seemed to shift to the right and left and every other way. Lieut. Little afterwards told me that old Fort Davidson, from his position on Shepherd’s Mt. looked like a mighty burning tar-kiln, as our smoke slowly rose heavenward, there not being sufficient breeze to unfold “Old Glory” that then hung limp on his high pole over our heads.

Yes, I took my place among the boys at the parapet, and at once began to deliver my shots also, stepping back to reload, then advance up the steps, kneel and fire. As I was thus engaged, Comrade George B. Hammock, (a faithful Company H boy) who was rapidly reloading near me, pointed to his aged father standing by him, pockets filled with cartridge and both hands busy handling and tearing cartridges and giving caps to his brave boy and to all others in reach of him. I then availed myself of the already torn cartridges that he offered me, and the gun caps so handy in his hand, as I could then fire much faster. I saw one or two other old patriots thus engaged. They were too old to handle guns, but they could and did “tear cartridges” for us! Then not far from that line, old Comrade A. Jack Lloid came to me with a smile on his face, that I feel almost like calling it “the sublime smile”. The sweat was running down his face, as tho’ he had been splitting fence rails in the middle of August. He said,- “Orderly, feel o’ my gun!” to accommodate him, I did so. I think it was as hot as boiling water could have heated it! Some of the boys had put Comrade Jack down as a coward. Not is battle was he a coward by any means! Andrew Jackson Lloid was a SOLDIER! Then right in the very hottest of it, on the very hottest side in front of the south parapet, where the rebels were thickest, I saw a sight that almost froze the blood still in my veins! As I glanced up from

reloading my hot musket, I saw Adj. David Murphy spring on top of the south parapet, a mark from toe to crown, hat in hand, cheering the busy boys to do their very best!!!! My God! Will he come down this very instant pierced by a dozen balls? Look at him, as he shakes his clenched fists in the face of that mass of rebels not twenty yards away! Nay, sir! He spring lightly down and around an up again, and then down and away to another point, cheering the boys as he went and yet not a scratch! Nor did they touch him during the awful trying hour. The very air over our heads was one continuous "Sizz" of flying lead! February, 1877, I was stopping at Mr. Dalton's, an ex-confederate officer, who then lived five miles south of Charleston, Mississippi County, Mo., on the Belmont Road, and on learning that I was in Ft. Davidson that day, he said, "Now hold on! You tell me who that was that mounted the parapet while we were there around the fort?" I said, "Colonel David Murphy, now of St. Louis, Sir." He then said, "I'll assure you that there were no less than 5000 shots fired at that man!" I completed the sentence by adding, "and never touched him!" He said his boys said, "D—n him, can't we kill him?" Then, "There! We got him that time! No! There he is again!" Then they said, "Well, he's just a chunk of iron and our balls are flattening against him, for I know we are hitting him!" As Adj. Murphy passed on his rounds, Capt. Campbell came running toward me from the fort gate, and as he came up he slapped me on the shoulder and shouted in my face, "Sergeant, take twenty men and go to that gate! For God's sake, don't let them in! You will be rewarded!" I had my reward! I was fighting for my country and "Old Glory!" To save my life, I could then find but four men who could brave that south parapet! I then took them and on we ran, to find the gate already filled with barrels and boxes, as the drawbridge was nearly down! One rope had been cut by a shot from their guns on Shepherd's Mt., so Comrade John L. Bennett, of Company G, 47th, who we found at his post as gate guard, afterwards told us. Then if the rebels had made the rush, they could have easily come into the fort, - but I suppose they were too intent on killing Murphy to discover their advantage, One of Montgomery's guns then stood out just beyond the moat in front of the gate, and Comrade Bennett told me they had to shoot a horse there to save the gun, which was hastily unlimbered where it then stood. Hardly had we gotten down to business, outside of the barrels and boxes, when Lieut. Sutton and Frank Cole of Company A came from the North rifle pit, along in the moat, and we reached down and helped them into the fort. Slayback and Freeman were pressing them from the west and northwest, and Gen. Ewing, fearing that they might not be able to withstand a charge if it were made, had ordered the men out of the north rifle pit into the fort, so Capt. McMurtry afterwards told me.

Scarcely had we reached the gate when I saw their smoke suddenly grow remarkably thin! Yes! In the last words heard by the dying Wolfe, we could say "They fly! They fly!" We could see them running in every direction from us for dear life! What manner of men could very long withstand the withering fire that we poured into their ranks at not twenty yards away? They ran tumbling behind stumps, and logs, into Stout's Creek behind the banks and low depressions, - anywhere to get out of range of our deadly Yankee lead! I think there were no less than a thousand of them that hid behind the steeper slope of the roll-hill about 35 or 40 yards southeast of the fort. Now the guns along the north parapet began to wake up and soon Slayback and Freeman fell back out of sight, as Murphy and Fessler began to hand out to them, shell, grape, and canister. The big northeast thirty-two began to give her attention to the rebel guns yet firing from

Shepherd's Mt., but unfortunately, the boys in their hurry, neglected to run her up on the beams to receive the full benefit of the recoil, and being such elevated, she dismounted on her short recoil and lay helplessly on the ground. I shuddered as I saw her laying; there! Seeing no more "game" in sight at the gate we hastened back to the south parapet, and as we passed, they were lowering the remaining rope at the drawbridge and as I looked back, I saw them bringing in Montgomery's gun and saw Gen. Ewing laughing as he cheered the boys, as they drew the gun once more into safety. My neighbor, D. J. Taylor, helped draw her in.

When we reached our old position at the south parapet, I saw Col. Fletcher sitting close by the sally port. He had hurt his leg, coming in from the north rifle pit. Adj. Murphy was attending to Slayback's interest, to the northwest and Lieut. Fessler was then soon at the southeast thirty-two, aiming her at the yet smoking rebel guns on Shepherd's Mt. After carefully aiming her, he dismounted and stepped to the right and shaded his eyes to see the effect of his shot. She fired, and soon as he saw the shot strike he remounted the beams and re-adjusted his gun, then stepped away to take observation again. Then as soon as his second shot struck, he said something like,- "Now, d—n you, I guess you shtay put!" First shot a little too low,- throwing the stones over the men at the reb gun;- second shot got his gun carriage wheel! Then silence from Shepherd's Mt. followed! (This was told me by Lather Graves, one of the rebel gunner. Then Fessler handed the guide sight to the gunner with instructions, and passed on to the other guns, except in the southwest corner, where the rebel sharpshooters were picking off every man who dared to show himself to load a gun over there. In passing over there, I heard Capt. Montgomery say to his men,- "Boys, get up there to your gun!" The gunner replied,- "Captain, it's not use for the boys are shot down as fast as they get up!" I think he had then only three or four men left at that gun. His (Montgomery) gun in the southeast corner of the fort was among the first to reopen fire as the rebels gave away. It was manned by only three men. That boy of 17 or 18 years old was priming, loading, aiming and firing when I first saw him, after the storm. He would command himself "Fire!" Then he would whoop and yell like an Indian and shout,- "More shell! Then "Ready! Fire! Whoop!" I looked over the fort and such a scene as I then beheld! The joyful, exultant men and officers were whooping and yelling, and surging from side to side, hither and thither, hunting fresh "game" and firing at everything that dared to move! One fellow down near the mule corral started to run to a more secure place,- but he only went a few steps, when he fell forward on his face. Another fellow attempted to change position over there on the side of Shepherd's Mt., southwest of the fort,- but he soon fell to rise no more.

Talk of identity of Company, Regiment or Battery in old Fort Davidson during that dreadful storm,- Just as well talk of identity at a 4th of July barbeque at 3 P.M. We were mixed up, Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery and Citizens, who were in the battle with us. Yes, the boys went just wild until dark. I then gathered some 15 or 20 men of Company H and some of Company A, 3rd M. S. M., with their Colt's Revolving Rifles and we took position along the south parapet and I told them to watch the rising smoke from the guns of the concealed rebel sharpshooters that lay in Stout's Creek close by, and hold at aim, resting our guns on the parapet, and as the rebels smoke came up in sights, to fire. This bit of rifle practice soon lessoned their fire down there. While, or about the time we were thus engaged, Orderly Sergt. J. Bob Sullivan asked leave of Gen. Ewing to take 20 men

and rout the rebels there near the fort. Obtaining leave, he led his men down and out at the sally port, then down the south rifle pit to near the creek at their position when the storm broke on us, then we heard him shout, - "Charge" They sprang out of the east side and charged the mass of rebels that lay behind the steeper bank slope at the foot of our roll-hill, yelling as they went, but before they had advanced over ten steps, the very earth in front of them fairly blazed. I think there must have been 500 to 1000 shots fired at them! They hastily retreated to the rifle pit, leaving one poor boy who fell with a wounded thigh. The poor fellow died out there among the rebel dead and wounded fore dark. Then while we were busy in our rifle practice, they wheeled the big southeast gun thirty-two to fire over our heads at something on Shepherd's Mt. and the gunner said, - "Clear the way there, - we're going to fire." We all ran out left, obliquely passing in front of the gun, and I passed about 1 ½ feet out of range and a little forward of the muzzle of the gun, I paused to look over my left shoulder to see if all of my men were out, I saw one man get on his knees at aim, and I thought to stoop under the gun and dash in and get him out and, - some two or three minutes afterwards I found myself 15 or 20 feet to the left oblique rear in old Comrade A. Jack Lloid's arms! I was badly hurt by that shock as I was right in the concussion of that firing thirty-two gun. My ears never recovered from that shock. We then went to the north parapet to have some fun shooting at Slayback's Cavalry, as they ran their horses eastward along the base of Cedar Mt. On their way to possess the dump at the stone culvert. There were too far off for us, being deployed 50 or 60 yards apart. The Fessler shelled all of that gap at the stone culvert.

Being then at a little leisure, I thought I would look around a bit to see the effects of our grand VICTORY! Here between the gate and the magazine, lay one poor fellow cut almost in twain by a rebel cannon shot! The only man that I knew of who got hit by cannon shot. His bowels had all gushed out! It was a horrible sight. Then there on the south side of the fort, lay poor John Tesrow (or perhaps Thesrow) on his back, with a "Minnie" hole in his forehead! Then beside him, lying on his face, was one of Capt. Lonergan's colored troops with a hole in the back of his head. He was killed near Montgomery's southwest gun as he was asking "Fo' mo' caps." The boys near him said he fought like a tiger. Then of the wounded, I saw one man on the north side shot in the leg or thigh. He was cheering the boys, and cursing the rebels! Another man shot in and close to the mouth and out at the back of neck, that I helped to move from the southeast thirty-two. There in a hole of water by the gate, sat a poor young lad, shot or perhaps burned about his hips. Some had already been taken out to our Field Hospital, at or near the Hancock Hotel, some 75 or 80 yards to the northeast of the fort gate.

But how is it out yonder? Well, I thought perhaps father and brothers would like that I should tell them just how the battle field looked, so I started at the gate and passed around south and to the northwest looking over at the dead and wounded rebels, as they lay, beginning at less than 20 paces from the moat, then outward from the fort. When I got around, I felt safe in telling the folks at home (if I should ever get there) that at 25 paces from the moat, around to the south and on to the northwest, - about two-thirds around the fort, I could have walked all the way on dead and wounded men! One of their artillerymen, Carnahan, said he counted 500 dead men the next morning, there close around the fort! Then scattered all along down Stout's Creek, and on the side of Shepherd's Mt., and down in the flat below the fort, the dead and wounded lay on every hand! Gen. Ewing put his losses at 89 killed, wounded and missing, so I learned. I

understand that the official report of the Confederate officers put their loss at 1468 men in killed and wounded! As there were many dead bodies afterwards found scattered everywhere, and for three or four years afterwards, not accounted for, their loss could not have fallen short of 1500 killed and wounded on their side far exceeded the actual number of men we had in arms, all told.

As the shades of night closed down over us, the firing entirely ceased, and all was hush save the groans of the wounded and dying and the low hum of the men and officers as they became united again as companies.

And so closed the "Great-Little Battle of Pilot Knob".

I then met Capt. Powers for the first time since he left us in the south rifle pit when he went to get orders for us to retire to the fort. Sometime late in the evening, he received a slug sidewise on his right shoulder blade, from which he was then suffering much pain. He sent me his sword and revolver, as soon as he got hurt. Then how badly I felt! Lieut. Tate gone; Lieut. Settle perhaps a prisoner or killed; and I had to take command of old Company H! Then came supper. Mine was one hard tack and a good slice of raw fat bacon! For one time in life, I could eat raw fat bacon! It actually tasted sweet! This was the last square (?) meal we got until we reached Leasburg. We ate our suppers and then wiped out our foul guns and thought we could then take a little rest,- but as darkness closed down over us, save that big pile of charcoal (all a live coal of fire then) Gen. Ewing sent me an order to send a commissioned officer and 20 men to patrol Pilot Knob town! I didn't have them! While I was puzzling over the problem, in walked Lieut. Settle and his 20 men! Just the boys I was looking for! They grubbed a little, but went along to duty. Lieut. Settle said when they came down off of Shepherd's Mt. they came among a lot of camp fires, thinking they were among our boys, but as once discovered that they were tight among the "Johnnies". He said he and Capt. Milks then just kept ahead as tho' they were going forward to watch the Yankees, and the rebels never even spoke to them, and they said it was light enough to have seen a pin on the ground! So they all got safely into the fort. They had to lay low, as they were completely surrounded and cut off, but were not discouraged!

Yours truly,

H. C. Wilkinson

Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 19 **RETREAT TO LEASBURG**

Dear Doctor:-

While the great-little battle of Pilot Knob was a great trial,- we are now going to tell of a still greater trial that surely told the kind of material of which the men and officers, who were engaged in it, were made. It was the crucible of greater heat than the battle.

Sometime after Lieut. Settle and his twenty men and gone over to patrol Pilot Knob town, I went over to visit them to see how things were. As I Passed out of the fort gate, I saw the ambulance and the attendants with lanterns, driving over the battle field,

moving the dead and taking up the wounded. It was a sad sight indeed, to see so many men, and American citizens too,- all bloody, dead, wounded and dying,- shot by American citizens! They surely were brave men but were then suffering the penalty of following the wrong lead. They were engaged in a mistaken cause. One poor fellow who lay some where near the present site of the Pilot Knob Depot, was hollering as loud as he could,- evidently he was suffering great pain. Others could be heard growning, praying and others cursing.

A marquee had been pitched in the northeast corner of the fort for Gen. Ewing's convenience as head quarters, into which he called the company commanders and field officers and others, in a council of war. Capt. Powers was amongst the number,- and as nearly as is possible, I will tell of what transpired in this council of war, as related to me by Capt. Powers in after years. When the officers and assembled, Gen. Ewing addressed them about as follows: "Well, gentlemen and officers, my orders from Gen. Rosecrans were to remain at Pilot Knob until I had ascertained that Gen. Price was actually in command of this raid, in person; and when I had ascertained that fact; to at once evacuate Pilot Knob, without a battle, and fall back on Gen. A. J. Smith at De Soto. This information I never officially obtained until to-day at eleven o'clock. At that hour, you officers all full well know that to evacuate Pilot Knob and to reach Gen. Smith at De Soto in safety, was utterly out of the question, as Joe Shelby, at that hour, occupied Mineral Point and Potosi, had Pilot Knob was surrounded with Price's army. We have fought them to-day and repulsed them with fearful loss to the rebels, while our losses have been comparatively light. On to-morrow, if Price renews the attack, I have ammunition enough to last but about half the day for the guns, and when we have expended the last shot, we will then of necessity be compelled to surrender,- and after we surrender, you all full well know that many of you officers and your men will be murdered. Now, the question is,- Shall we organize and sally and attempt to cut our way through their lines and risk the consequences of attempting to reach Gen. Smith,- or shall we remain and risk another day's fight? If we sally and succeed in cutting our way out and succeed in reaching Gen. Smith at De Soto, I will then have carried out my orders."

Capt. Powers said that after due deliberation, it was the unanimous conclusion that it would be best to make the attempt to reach Gen. Smith at De Soto. I think it was sometime after midnight, or perhaps one o'clock, when Capt. Powers called me aside, and in a very low tone, ordered me to call together all of Company K what could be found, and to go to the old guard house corral where our horses were for safety, and, as far as possible, to get and saddle our own company horses, but if we failed to mount the company on our own horses, to "get horses" until all were mounted! I then asked him if we were going out on a scout or patrol duty, so I would know how to prepare the men. He then whispered in my ear these awful words, "We are going to evacuate!" I said something like "H--l fire!" I must now confess that at that moment I would have felt but little worse if I had then seen my last "box" coming in at the fort gate! Until that moment, not the shadow of a thought had entered my mind that we could ever evacuate Pilot Knob! I thought that if we had give old "pap" Price such an awful thrashing that day, why could we not give him a worse one on the morrow? In fact, if Gen. Ewing and

“Dave” Murphy said so, I knew we could! That was Company H’s conclusion. Like the girl said, when asked if she didn’t want to go to heaven she said, “I’d rather stay where I’m better acquainted.” We were then “well acquainted” with old Fort Davidson and his rifle pits; but we were not at all acquainted with evacuation and this cutting-our-way-out business. However, I at once set about obeying the order, instructing the men to take all of their effects, as much as possible, but several of the boys borrowed (?) horses! As soon as all were ready, we formed near the fort gate, facing south. Then things began to move in the fort. O, that great live fire coal, over there by the now burnt furnace building! I could have read coarse print! I could see as well to “line up” the company, as in the brightest moonshine. Col. Thos. C. Fletcher led the infantry down and out through the sally port into the deep moat, then wound in the moat to the north rifle pit, then north along in it to the church building at the north end of the rifle pit where they formed in the friendly shadow of the church building, Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry taking the advance. Then we saw Capt. Montgomery bringing his guns out over the muffled draw bridge, but no caissons, nor the magazine wagon, for want of horses to draw them. Company G, 1st M. S. M. Inft. then fell in behind the hindermost gun. Then Company H, 47th Mo. Next to Company G, and I think the most of the 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry were just behind the Infantry led by Col. Fletcher. All being ready, we at once moved out on the Caledonia Road, to the northwest, around the western base of Cedar Mountain. Capt. Powers commanded the rear. It was almost like we were then marching in procession to our own funerals! Not a single toot of a bugle was heard, and no loud commands were given. Then the men rode in silence, which was very unusual with our cavalry boys.

I then began to wonder how soon we would begin that “cutting-our-way-out” business, and how we would come out in the end, as I had never been in a “cuttint out fight”. It was now near two o’clock in the morning. Then as we were passing the “Gum spring” about three-quarters of a mile from the old fort, I could see the enemy’s camp fires over to our left, not a bit over 75 to 80 yards us! They appeared to be camped in bivaue, as their fires were in line, facing the fort, and just look at the men passing hither and thither among the fires! When in profile, we could see their noses in the firelight! I thought they were rather late getting supper. Some said they were on our right also, but I saw a few more on the left than I cared to look at. I wondered what in the world is the reason that firing don’t begin at the head of our column? Well, it didn’t begin though!!! Old Comrade John Woodmancy afterwards told me that when their picket challenged just ahead of our advance, that the reply was given, “Confederate troops changing position!” That of course, was a “Military truth(?)” “A Military necessity” just then. While we were yet passing through the rebel lines, Capt. Powers said to me in a very low tone, “There will be a big light back yonder directly”. As I turned in my saddle to lok back toward the old fort, not comprehending what was his meaning, I “saw indeed the light” and felt the ground shake beneath us. One mighty flash that arose far above the surrounding mountains and a mighty crash as though the very earth had burst to swallow us, when Price would-not come! I could see the shells bursting as they went up, up, up to the very clouds! The force was so tremendous that it hurled great square timbers from the magazine, some a half mile and some three-quarters of a mile away. Solid shot, grape, cannister and unexploded shells were scattered every where, far and near. There were a few fellows left in the fort, sound asleep, and no one to wake them, until this bit

“Irish wake” came along. Of course, they were “buried alive”! One old fellow,- a cobbler tao;er.- and lived in Pilot Knob and kept his cobble shop, who was with us in the battle, afterwards told us that “I vas acshleebp, und I vas done peen perriel uop! I doss schradeh oudt mit mine fingers!” Yes, our magazine, flag and all went up in the flash of about twenty tons of gun powder.

The 3rd M. S. M. Boys, who remained behing to light the fuse connected with the powder in the magazine, soon came up with us and we passed the remainder of the night comparatively quiet, until near Caledonia sometime about, or after sun up. As we approached Caledonia, a portion of the 14th Iowa, Company E 47th Mo. And our cavalry boys, except Company H 47th Mo., yet in charge of the rear, were assigned to make the advance. Comrade Jas. F. Johnson told me that as they dashed into Caledonia, they saw no rebels, but saw several horses with saddles on, hitched near a saloon and as they came up, the rebels ran out of the saloon and made for their horses. Our boys charged, firing as they advanced,- some of the rebels got hurt, some escaped, some probably killed and some two or three were captured,- one of which was a dispatch bearer from Shelby to Price. Comrade Johnson said the dispatch was Shelby’s reply to Price’s orders, which read about as follows: “I will be at Pilot Knob by ten o’clock to-day”. Shelby had marched from Fredericktown by way of Farmington, to Mineral Point, 25 miles north of Pilot Knob, on the day before, burning the railway bridges, and capturing our wagon train in charge of Lieut. Tate and some E. M. At Mineral Point, one of whom was old Comrade Ben. F. Woodruff, now P. M. At Hendrickson, Butler Co., Mo. His wife told me some four or five years ago, that she went to Webster next day after we left there, to look among the murdered Union men, those who were killed by Shelby and Marmaduke, for her husband, not then knowing that he had been made prisoner. The number killed at Webster were twelve men,- shot down like dags!

Thence he moved west to Potosi, three miles from Mineral Point. At Potosi, some of the citizens showed some resistance and Shelby opened on the court house with his stwo guns, cutting some ugly holes in it. A month afterwards, I saw the holes, notably the holes in the thick wooden defense of the upper windows, which the citizens and militia had placee there with sufficient cracks for loop-holes. There were some tow or three citizens killed in front of the court house,- one of whom was Lieut. Col. Walker, of the old 8th Prov. E. M. M. Thr rebels captured in Caladeonia made light of our little band, as they said Shelby would soon “gobble us up!” They said Shelby was not far northof us, as Price, not being able to whip us at Pilot Knob, or course, and ordered Shelby to close in on us by the Caledonia road.

As Company K ride into Caledonia, the prisoners had just been put in charge of Capt. Losergan’s colored troops. I noticed one fellow in particular. He had black hari that reached his shoulder, a broad-brimmed white hat, like the cow-boy hat, coat black, and the points of the tail reached half way below his knees. His pants were of a cloudy color,- and had once been of fine cloth, and I certainly believe I could have slipped either leg of his pants over by body! If his legs would have fit his pants, he certainly would have been “Goliath No. 2” or “Os, King of Bashan”.

By the time we came up, the head of our column was well on its way west on the road towards Steelville, capturing these fellows in Caledonia, revealed the fact that Shelby then obstructed our only road to Gen. Smith at De Soto. His (Shelby's) forces, numbering from 3000 to 5000 men, and ours then near 800, or perhaps less. I afterwards learned that when the fellows who escaped at Caledonia, reported to Shelby, it caused Shelby to at once halt and fall back to Potosi, not being able to make us out, as he supposed Price had us cooped up at Pilot Knob. Our vigorous push into Caledonia caused Shelby to rather suspect that somehow, Gen. Smith with the 16th Army Corps had swung in below him, and if so, he was in a "bad box" and had better fall back.

Now, we must make Rollz, if possible. The day wore along as we were weary, sleepy and hungry. Horse swapping (?) now began, as many others had done as Company H was instructed,- "get horses". Several of Company H were soon set afoot. Others were set afoot to find some one else on his horse. There was no respect of person,- officers as well as men must change or dismount, at the order of privates.

Sometime in the forenoon, after we had passed Caledonia, we found one of the M. S. M. Cavalrymen, I think, belonging to the 3rd M. S. M. He was a nice looking young man, and seemed to be at his father-in-law's and newly married. He hastened to get ready to go with us, and his nice young bride was determined to go too! She rode her husband's horse, while he walked by her side. I am not altogether sure, but I think she made the trip to Rolla. I remember to have seen this young couple several times on our weary march. Once I saw the young bride leaning forward in the saddle, seemingly almost exhausted. Prudence pointed out that she had better have stayed with her father. Some bit after sunset of that weary Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th, 1864, Company H came up from the rear to find that we were going into camp in Webster. Company H had to furnish a large detail for picket duty, one of whom was old Comrade J. N. Gregory. He said that Lieut. Col. Maupin loaned him his pistol, as he like the whole company, had a musket, and all knows that a musket is not a proper cavalry weapon. Our supply train had not yet arrived, and in fact, we learned the next day that it was in charge of Marmaduke and Shelby, and that our rations consisted of lead slugs! When supplied with such rations, we at once became insubordinate and would "talk back" at them. Hungry soldiers are very liable to eat, if they can find meat and bread, so there were some feel and pork killing in Webster before Company H came up. My rations consisted of a piece of fresh pork, about the size of a pint tin cup and it had a bone in it also. I had not a grain of salt or a crumb of bread. I roasted my pork in the hot ashes and coals in our camp fire and when cooked a very short time, I raked it out and freed it of the ashes and some of the burnt out-side and ate down to the raw meat. Altho' I hadn't had a square soldier's meal for about 54 hours, I was hardly down to Mark Twain's "No. 15" in his bad appetite cure diet, in his prescribed bill of fare,- "spring chicken, cooked in the egg. Six dozen, hot and fragrant"! Yet, I confess that I was surely hungry. I will say that almost a fast of 54 hours will surely give the ordinary well man an appetite. We were soon down around our camp fires, rolled in our blankets and in "dream land". At about 11 o'clock, or perhaps later, we were roused from our slumbers and ordered to fall in. It was sure dark! Then at onve we resumed our weary, sleepy march, and as I then understood, we marched about three miles. Most of the boys kept their blankets around their shoulders, as it was

cool. Sosme said that it rained, but I don't remember any rain as I slept in my saddle most of the way. When we halted, we were ordered to lay down just as we were,- some in the road and some on the road side. I got a nice soft (?) place in a corner of the fence on our right. Comrade C. B. L. Rowland said when he woke next morning, he was near "half side deep" in the branch!

While it seemed hard to be required to break our much needed rest, it was the thoughtful foresight of our commander which saved that little band. I was told a few years ago by a citizen who lived at Webster, at the time, we camped there, that before daylight next morning, Shelby and Marmaduke's men completely surrounded Webster and crawled into our camp on their hands and knees. At about daylight, some Union citizens came into Webster to go with us, not knowing that we had left in the night. Twelve of these poor fellows were summarily shot down like dogs! If we had remained there, many of us would no doubt have been shot with them. They were not men of crime, only their loyalty to the Union. (See page 3)

At daylight, we were up and on the move, without breakfast of any kind, or forage fro our hungry horses. We soon saw that it would have been better to have rested at Webster a little longer, then marched without halting to rest any more. I think it was about half past eight o'clock that Thursday morning, Sept. 29th, 1864, what we left the creek lands and ascended to the crest of a ridge which seemed to be a dividing ridge, which since, I have learned was the divide between Bourche Courtois and Huzzah forks or tributaries of the Meramec River. One thing I well remember was that I noticed that Comrade bill Jackson had lost his hat in our night ride and about the time we began the ascent, I rode over a good hat that some one had lost just ahead of us. I said "Bill, there is a good hat, I would get it if I were you". He dismounted and got the hat,- just a fit. Poor Bill! That was the last thing I ever said to him, as he didn't live to quite get down off that ridge. Again, I remember that Comrade Juan F. Stout had already dropped out to visis a farm house a bit off our road to get something to eat. He said he noted the turn we were making and he came on a nearer cut from the farm house, to overtake us, and someone that he took to be our rear guard called "Halt!" He said he told then to "Go to H—I!" and came to us in a gallop. (It was the "Johnnies" advance!) As he came up he handed me his canteen full of sweet milk! I swallowed three times; (my share of the milk,) – then he gave me some flour bread, or dread dough, as it was only partly done and yet warm. He had a nice lump of butter also. It gave the boys a good taste anyhow. I had three "bites" of bread dough with a little butter. Comrade Short said the woman who gave him his breakfast and this to bring to his hungry comrades, was a good Union woman. As soon as she heard that she had before her a Union soldier excaping from the enemy, she as once began to fix as best she could. I shall say "God bless her!" The sweet milk, butter and bread-dough seemed to rest and strengthen me and as some of company H who had been set afoot the day before were trudging along close by, I had one of the tired ones to mount my horse to ride a spell while I walked close by my place in line. I think we had made nearly a half mile on the ridge, the 3rd M. S. M. in the rear, Company H 47th next and about 25 men of the 14th Iowa just in advance of us. The rear of the main column was just in advance of these 14th Iowa boys and the head of the column was well advanced up the slope of a swag in the crest of the ridge, which swags

are common in all of our dividing ridges. The 14th Iowa boys were in the bottom of the swag with Company H, and the 3rd M. S. M. boys were coming down the slope behind us. Then all of a sudden, there came a hatless rider from the extreme rear guard as fast as his horse could run, shouting as tho' we were all asleep; "The rebels are on us! The rebels are on us!" Think he was one of company L, 3rd M. S. M. I felt like choking him for his want of prudence and caution for behaving so wild and thoughtless. He was the very picture of fright. This conduct threw the whole 3rd M. S. M. into temporary confusion. They dashed up from the rear in a mass of confusion, and in among Company H, throwing them into confusion also. Not so with the 14th Iowa boys though! Without a word of command that I heard, they at once threw themselves into line across the road and took their favorite fighting position,- dropped to their knees and at once began saying as coolly as clock work. "Stand by us, boys! Stand by us!" I think their immediate commander was a Lieutenant, whom I had, that morning, doubled with on "Spotty rump" to cross a good sized creek. As soon as I heard the alarm, I rold my comrade to dismount and get to the column in the advance, as I must have my horse. I then dashed to the right of the 14th Iowa boys and called "Company H, fall in right here, boys! Fall in right here!" The 3rd M. S. M. boys under Capt. Milks were rapidly forming on the left rear of the Iowa boys. In not over two minutes from the time the alarm came, we were all in line ready, and the 14th Iowa boys were already at it. Only a few rebels then came into view, but kept dodging behind the timber. They seemed like the burnt child that dreads the fire as they had felt of our "fire" at Pilot Knob on Tuesday. Here was a fine opportunity for the student of human nature to study some traits in human nature, if he had been bullet proof or immune to fear. Our Captain seemed to have forgotten that he had a single man with him then defending his command. He never once thought to try to put his men in fighting order and to steady them in fire, buit he at once began to talk as tho' he had just waked up from one of his deep, forgetful reveries. He said, "What in the d---l's the reason they stopped us here on this slope? Why in the d---l didn't they order us over this slope? This is the very worst place here on this slope that they could possibly have stopped us!" why, there was the reason right before his eyes. We must hold that slope until the column could get beyond the crest so as to form, if necessary, then we fall slowly back up the slope. Then there was that "stone wall" to be supported, that lay across the road, poking lead at the rebels as they slitted from tree to tree at the crest of the slope in our rear. There sat Capt. Milks, as cool as November, steadying his men with Lieut. Erich Pape as his able assistant. Oh, was I scared? That is was! I then had enough to frighten me. Our captain's very imprudent remarks about our position kept the men unsteady, and we, on untrained horses, to be guided by men untrained as cavalry, all armed with muskets! The thing that frightened me most was,- Can we hold Company H when we gegin to fall back? The 14th Iowa boys then at once rose and fell back up the slope, then "Fours, left, ABOUT!" came from Lieut. Pape, and how relieved I was, as that gave me something to do, ride the line and keep that fellow out of a trot, then this one, then that one. I soon stormed my throat sore, saying "Steady, boys! Steady on the right! Steady in the center!" At the west of the slope, I met Adj. Murphy and he glanced along our line to see the company become more steady, then he said "That's right, Capt. Powers! That's right!" The 3rd M. S. M. were in line with us on the other side of the road. Then "Halt! Fours right ABOUT!" Now we began to try our muskets and at once checked the enemy. I then began to plead with the captain for permission to select 15 or

20 men and let us dismount and let the other boys take our horses, but all to no purpose. Then cropped out a bit of fun. Old Comrade Jake C. Belmar lookee up like he could see the slugs as they went singing over our heads in enough keys to have played “Yankee Doodle”, but were too high to hurt any one. He said “Goodness! Boys, listen to the Jaybirds a singin’!” Then the whole company roared out in a hearty laugh! That little joke about the rebel slugs singing up from ten to thirty feet over our heads among the tree tops and branches did more to steady Company H than all of the commands or words of encouragement that had yet been given. Belmar was tickled to see the boys dodging the harmless bullets. As the column passed out of sight and we were in a good position, Capt. Milks swung his men rather down into the head of a hollow, to permit the “Johnnies” to come up close. Facing the enemy, he was to our left and out of our sight on the other side of the road. Company H was then held as a reserve. Soon we heard his (Capt Milk) voice sing out, “Forward CHARGE!” Then we could hear the roar of the onrushing horses’ feet and the shots of revolvers and carbines, all mingled with angry oaths and curses as the 3rd M. S.M. boys made a furious charge on the rebels’ advance. Then soon the captain returned at the head of his men in the road, and as he passed by us, he said to Capt. Powers, “Oh, there were only about a dozen of them, Captain. We drove them back.” One of his men then fell in with Company H and he told us that they lost two men and killed some three or four rebels. Then I saw a young fellow come up into the road from down on the hill side whom I took to be one of the 14th Iowa boys, I told him he had better hurry up, or he would be left behind. Sometimes I think he was a stray rebel flanker.

Capt. Milks rode on with his to join the column, and left Capt. Powers in full charge of the extreme rear. Then he turned to me and said, “Henry, you take three men and drop back so you can just keep in sight of me.” My dear! It was then no time to turn sick so I could be excused. Then besides, I couldn’t at all think of parting with my three “bites” of dough-bread and butter and the three swallows of milk. So I said, “Boys, you heard the order. I want volunteers, MEN who will stand by me!” It was plain to all that we were going back there, right in the face of the enemy, how many, we knew not. The 3rd M. S. M. boy said as he rode out of line, “I’ll go with you.” Then Corp. J. P. Collins rode our next saying, “By G-d, I’ll go with you.” Then old Uncle Wm. Stokely urged old “Razor Back” out of line, saying “Orderly, will you take me?” I said, “Yes, Uncle Billy, and as many more like you as I can get.” Now, the order of march was; First, main column; Second, the same 25 men of the 14th Iowa with one of Capt. Montgomery’s guns; Third, Capt. Powers and Company H; Fourth, Sergt. Wilkinson and three men; and Fifth, The enemy. Each, except the last named, were to just barely keep in sight of each other. (Our orders to the rebels were to stay back out of our sight) In this order we rode quietly along, cautiously avoiding long straight stretches of the road, but watching carefully for the head of the enemy’s column. It now seems to me that we rode thus some 2 ½ miles yet on the ridge. Then the road turned down a point into the head of a steep hollow, about a quarter of a mile long, or to where it empties into the Huzzah Creek. As we turned down the hill, keeping out of the road to the left as we marched, Collins cried “Yonder they come, boys!” As we wheeled to face them, I said “Let them have it, boys!” We fired into them, but Collins’ gun failed to go. I then said, “Bear to the left and trot down into line so as not to create another stampede.” Collins said “Y G-d, I

ain't going 'til I shoot." I said, "Well hurry up, turn and prime, We'll stay with you!" He deliberately knocked powder into the gun tube by striking the butt of his musket against a tree, barrel down, then re-primed and fired and we trotted down hill into line with Company H, not yet quite down into the hollow. Lieut. Settle was yet in the road going down the point with some five or six men, when we reached the road in the hollow. Lieut. Settle and his wing came clashing to us. Comrade Jas. Beckett came up, saying "Poor Bill Jackson was killed in the road, boys, as we came down the hill. I saw him fall forward on his horse and hold to his horse's neck as hell!" Yes! Thoughtlessness had ended my friend and a good soldier! Had I been over there, I certainly should have ordered the boys to keep under cover and watch the stretches of straight road, like that down the point, and shoot at everything that came in view. We then began to fall back down the hollow, but the rebels were very cautious about showing themselves. In 1868 I learned of a young fellow by the name of Crabb who then lived where Corning now stands, on the St. L., I. M. & S. Ry., who was in pursuit of us, that hardly a shot fired by us that day, but what some one of them got hurt. He saw poor Bill Jackson fall from his horse, and remembered to have seen "Spotty-rump" That I rode.

We held the hollow pretty well until we approached the creek at the mouth of the hollow. Here we found on our left, as we faced the enemy in the rear, a house and yard, fenced with rails and the steep hill turned abruptly down the creek to our left, with a steep hole of water about armpit deep, at the foot of the bluff-hill, as I soon saw one of the 14th Iowa boys measure it with his body. The house stood somewhat up on the side of the point, or abrupt turn of the steep hill. I noticed that the drain of the hollow was some 25 yds. From the road to our right, and a steep hill on the other side. Then a fence came down the hill and across the mouth of the hollow, leaving only room enough between it and the year fence for the narrow road. Then the fence turned up the creek enclosing a bottom field against the mouth of the hollow and just above the ford, I saw the creek bank was about five feet high and for a good way up, it became the fence on that side of the field. Then across the creek, at our backs as we faced the enemy, was a wooded bottom. I kept in the road here so I could see up the hollow. Capt. Powers had the men along down the drain of the hollow in the timber and I at once saw that his purpose was to throw the fence and enter the field,- then he was in a "pocket" as he could not get his men and horses down the steep bank. Just as I had taken in the situation, I saw the rebels about a hundred yards to the rear, already in line across the road, and their bullets were cutting the ground under my horse and singing rather uncomfortably near me. I shouted, "Captain, you can't go through there!" then he forgot himself again, and with one accord, he and the boys plunged headlong into the road where I sat on my horse, a confused mass and before I could say "Steady, boys!" They were down the descent into the ford of the creek, a mass of confusion and right onto Montgomery's gun and not quite all of the 14th Iowa boys yet across the creek! Then I saw one of the 14th plunge into the hole of water and wade across into the timber. One of the 14th drew his gun and threatened to shoot some of Company H for running. I told him that it was impossible to re-form Company H on that side of the creek. I felt rather chagrined at the Captain for his want of control of the men, or any attempt to control them. I then galloped across the creek and turned down so the hole of water was in our front and called "Company H, Fall in right here!" They at once re-formed and we opened on the rebels as they began to

show themselves in greater force than I had yet noticed. The gun and the 14th Iowa boys at once moved up, but not until they had sent several bullets back at the rebels. We then held the ground until the gun and the 14th boys were out of sight in the bottom timber. Our unexpected approach and the firing there at once put a dead silence to the awful squalls of that old wooden sorghum mill of the farm close by us. As the rebels began to press, we slowly fell back through the timber. They were soon across the creek and their shots were beginning to cut pretty close,- one shot struck a sapling or it would have passed through Lieut. Settle's body. As we emerged from the timber, we came to a field and found every other panel of the fence had been laid down, so as to protect the infantry boys, as they lay flat in the standing corners of the fence. We saw the men all in line to our left as we fell back, all formed in short hollows coming out of a hill west of the field, along the road at the base of the hill with the open field on their left as they faced the advancing rebel line. We were at once assigned a position in the column now formed by companies into column. As soon as we were out of the way, Capt. Montgomery opened on the advancing rebels with canister and percussion shells, and they at once ceased firing, but the captain gave the hollow out of which we had just come a good shelling, which put them to silence. We stood, waiting to give them time to rally and come again, but Luther Graves, one of their gunners, afterwards told me that they depended too much on his guns to come up, so when he got up, we were gone. From their first attack to this time, I never knew their losses only what Mr. Crabb told us. I think, including poor Bill Mackson, we lost in killed and wounded, about four men, Company H lost in missing, four men,- "Skedadlers", two on the ridge at the first onset and two at the mouth of the hollow. I learned that the people found some two or three dead men in the house at the mouth of the hollow. Our "Skedadlers" got safely home. We then broke column by companies and resumed the march, and except an occasional shot back to the rear, we were unmolested until towards sunset. Company H was relieved from the rear and the 3rd M.S.M. took charge, being well equipped for that work. I think it was about 12 o'clock that Adj. Murphy ordered me to take two men and ride to the top of the low hill to our right, as flankers, and to remain there until the column moved again, as we had then halted for a short rest, then that I should ride parallel to the column, just keeping insight of the moving column.

Our road now pointed to Leasburg, or Harrison Station on the S.W. branch of the Pacific Ry., now called the "Frisco Road", 25 miles northeast of Rolla, through a rather rough, rugged country, though the hills were not very high, the timber and bushes were those common to limestone soil. It was not a good flanking country. Along, late in the evening, when we had arrived within about three miles of Leasburg, we came into a country of low and more gentle sloping hills, indicating that we would soon ascend to an elevated flatwoods. Soon we came to an old out field to our right as we marched in retreat, with a dense thicket of red haw bushes, in the end of the field to which we first came. This thicket was so dense that we flankers had to close in near the moving column, then drop back to the east side of the field, after passing the thicket; thence north and into the timber at the upper end of the field. We were then in a hollow with very sloping low hills. We were ordered to halt for a short rest and we faced east with a low hill before us. The road ascended the hill at our backs, something like a hundred and fifty yards back to the south. Our rest was of short duration aor all at once, severe fighting

began down near the lower end of the old field. I saw the steady old 14th Iowa boys down on their knees with Companies A, E and G of the 47th Mo. Their line was soon smoking like a long brush heap filled in with smoking leaves. We couldn't see the cavalry boys as they were mostly around the point which the road ascended, but we could distinctly hear Major Emmerson and Lieut. Settle up in the road on the hill at our backs, commanding, begging and persuading the stragglers to halt and form, but all to no purpose. I yet hear Maj. Emmerson's pleasant persuasive voice, as he said "Come boys, this will never do in the world!" Adj. Murphy and a few men had been dispatched to Leasburg to halt the stragglers and arrange for us as to breast works, & co. Right in the hottest of it, one of my men said, "Orderly, let's git from here?" I said, "Howell, do you see that line down yonder in that old field?" He said, "Yes sir." Then I said, "We are here to guard their flank, and when that line breaks we will the "git" but not before. Do you hear?": He said, "Yes sir." And then he quieted down. That ground must be held at all hazards until Capt. Montgomery could get his guns in position on the point of the hill, which he very soon accomplished, and at once began to shell the rebel line for all that was in his guns. One of either Company A or G of the 47th, a man by the name of Owenby, or Owensby, left the ranks and started to run, heedless of the repeated orders of Capt. Lonergan, to halt; but he soon fell dead by a ball from Capt. Lonergan's smoking revolver. Owensby fell on his face and expired. (This was told me by Orderly Sergt. C. B. L. Rowland of Company A.) That was rough treatment, but necessary. While it was at the hottest down in the old field I saw Lieut. John Schwab of Co. E, 47th Mo., the only remaining commissioned officer, as Capt. Dinger was captured at Pilot Knob, and Lieut. Tetly badly wounded, coming from the road on the hill behind us, as tho' he had important orders for us from Gen. Ewing. As he came up I said, "Hallow, Lieutenant, which way?" He had neither gun, revolver or sword. As I spoke, he rolled the collar of this jacket back over his shoulder straps and muttered something about "That artillery won't support itself." He made no halt, but kept his pace eastward, going immediately away from the command. I still thought he was going outside of the flankers' line to inspect the ground, until he got some 30 or 40 yards outside of our line. Then from his movements, I saw that he was deserting his men! I then said, "See here Lieutenant, you are leaving your men! Ain't you ashamed of yourself to leave your men that way? Now you go along back to your men! But he only gave me a downcast look over his right shoulder and muttered something that I didn't understand and kept right on his way, still hiding his shoulder straps with his jacket collar. I have always since the next moment after he passed out of sight, wished I had driven him back to Gen. Ewing, or have shot him if he further refused to go back. Company E went into the ranks of the 14th Iowa until we arrived at Rolla.

Hah! Capt. Montgomery's guns soon done 'em up again! Yes! Look at the boys down there in the old field with their hats in the air and here comes the wave of their cheers! The fight is now over, as the enemy gave way; but our boys did not tarry long enough to swap pocket knives, but at once moved on for Leasburg. Then as the rear of the column pushed on, Lieut. Erich Pape and his boys came along, taking in the flankers to form the rear guard, commanded by Capt. Milks. As we swung into line with them, one of the 3rd M.S.M. boys said, "Lieutenant, there are our men over the hill there." Pointing to the hill that we had been facing. We could hear horses coming towards us

over the hill. Lieut. Pape said, "By G-d, we've got no men over there!" since the war I learned that it was Col. White's Confederate regt. So in five minutes longer and we were flanked and ruined. We were soon up in the road, or rather across on our way to Leasburg. It was now about sunset as we got well under way for Leasburg. I noticed that we were now in a nice, rolling flatwoods country. As we approached Leasburg, we found the country was getting very bushy. Soon we were on elevated ground with Leasburg and the railway before us on lower ground, and quite a field on our right, as we marched. As we rode into Leasburg, we found the boys already in line, down on their knees, guns unlimbered with muzzles pointing south. Then as we bore to their left to take position, I could hear the same old cry that we had heard all that day, of "Stand by us, boys! Stand by us!" Our line was some bit south of the Ry. And a dense thicket all in from of them, so they could not see the open field which lay rather to our left obliquely. We formed on the extreme left, facing the field. There I saw a sight that made me shiver and wish for a good hole that I could crawl into and pull in after me! As the infantry boys kept saying "Stand by us, boys! Stand by us!" I thought, "Poor boys! You don't see what we do!" As nearly as I could measure with my eyes, I saw the enemy rapidly advancing towards us across the field, as infantry, and I thought I could safely say their line was about a half mile long and they were curving their right so as to close in on our left and in a very short time would completely wrap around our left to our rear. I think they were about a quarter of a mile from us when I first saw them. Capt. Milks then swung around so as to face the advancing line with his left resting on the Ry. Cut, and at right angle to our line of infantry and artillery. Then in a few moments, he ordered us to dismount and lead our horses down into the Ry. Cut, which was about four feet deep at that point. Dusk began to settle over us and in a short time, he ordered us to climb the north bank of the cut and form behind a long double rick of cord wood and to so remain dismounted. This rick of cordwood was close on the brink of the Ry. Cut and parallel to it, east of the little burg. I just declare! I thought that rick of cordwood was the best fiend I had met that dya, except Comrade Juan F. Short with his canteen full of sweet milk and his haversack well filled with dough-bread and butter! Then God ever bless that darkness that was closing down over us, as it surely saved that little weary, sleepy, hungry band of patriots. I then began to reflect about our situation. I full well knew that our little short line fo infantry and artillery could not hold the line we had just seen closing in on us, over five minutes, and when all was lost, Capt. Milks would say, "Mount boys, and follow me!" So we were just situated right for a safe retreat north. Then I began to pine for Company H, as I had not seen one of them, except my two men, since about noon. I knew that Company H was down to our right somewhere. As the darkness grew, I concluded that I would take my men and pass around the left hand end of the rick of cordwood, which was close by me, then pull our horses down into the cut and then head down into town, to our tight. I said to Lieut. Pape, "Lieutenant, we are going to our company". He said, "I guess you wont!" Then said, "I'll show you!" then I said, "Come on boys! I slid down the bank into the cut first and was pulling my horse after me, but I soon slackened the pull on the halter rein. He, the big "Hohnny" just over opposite me on the south side of the cut, about 25 ft. from me, on the edge of the thick bushes said, "HALT! G-d d—m you!" My dear, when will he hit me? I at once said,"O yes! All right, Just wait until I get my horse down, I'm all right!" There was a shade only of truth in that,- such as was common then under such circumstances. Yes, the real

truth then flashed through me, that the line we saw closing in on us before dark, were now up and then formed a semicircle south, east and west of us, and their right then rested on the south side of the Ry. Cut just opposite to our left, with only the cordwood rick and friendly darkness between us. It was too dark for the rebel to make me out, so he did not fire on me. I have often wondered how long my finger prints remained on the top of that Ry. Cut as I clawed back up where my contrary(?) horse and my two men stood. I then whispered, "Get back, boys! Get back quick! Not our men over there!" We softly crept back behind our dear old friend, the wood rick, and sat down, the most subordinate boys in the whole command. We were then perfectly willing to stay with Lieut. Pate and the 3rd M.S.M. boys until the wood caught on fire. In a short time I heard the familiar voice of Comrade Jas. P. Ellis down to our right, calling me by name. I answered and he came up and asked me "Are you all right?" I told him that I was. Then he said, "Where are the boys?" I said, "They are here with me" He then asked, "Did any of you get hurt?" And I told him "No." I then asked him "Where is Company H?" He said "Down yonder, working like moles!" I said, "Come, boys!" We then went along down on the north side of the wood rick, till about opposite the hotel and crossed to the southside of the Ry. Cut and found Company H, just finishing the breast works of Ry. Ties and cord wood, which extended from the hotel westward to a new hewn log house with only a floor and roof and some of the cracks chinked with short split sticks, ready for the lime to "paint" or fill the cracks. Our breastworks faced the road which we had traveled on coming into Leasburg and was long enough to protect two small companies. We hitched our horses outside of our works, rather behind the hotel. About the first man we met, was old Comrade Fred Patrick Sherry, our old "Haw Eater" boy, - my "distant Relative". He was just then acting as Company H's commissary sergeant. Our commissary stores were all in his haversack, swung at his side! Two soda crackers constituted my ration. Our open hearted Captain had found them there and bought the haversack full for his boys. I soon "cracked" them, as I had not tasted a bit on anything since I ate the three "bites" of dough-bread and butter and the three swallows of sweet milk in the morning, - up to that time, from Monday noon, all that I had eaten would not have made a soldier a square meal.

Soon after I rejoined Company H, we heard a freight train coming, rumbling in from St. Louis. It halted and we soon found that it was loaded with all kinds of army clothing, entrenching tools and, O glory! Hard tack enough to feed a brigade! But didn't we feast tho'! Then almost immediately after the train came in, we saw the lights of the burning depots on either side of us, thus proving that we were then completely cut off from either Rolla on the W. S. W. and St. Louis on the E.N.E. The engine cut loose and ran down towards Rolla, but soon returned. I understood then that the rebels prevented her from proceeding to Rolla. She then soon tried the St. Louis end of the Ry. And we saw her no more. My understanding has always been that Lieut. Col. Maupin, Lieut. Fletcher and some few others boarded the engine and tender to try to make St. Louis if possible, and report our condition to Gen. Rosecrans. At Bourbon, or the next station on the St. Louis side, they found the depot burned and the Ry. Track torn up, but not so badly but that, by the directions of the engineer, they temporarily righted it, so he got his engine and tender safely over. Then he opened the throttle and made for St. Louis as fast as steam could carry him! Then at Moselle, the Meramec bridge was already on fire, by

Price's advance, but he dashed through the flames and on, on till he reached St. Louis in safety, engine, men and all! Soon after the engine pulled out, we began to roll ourselves in our blankets behind our defenses, and were soon in "dream land" once more. I don't know how long we had been asleep, when I was awakened by firing all around, and over me! I could hear the "zip! Zip!" of the rebel bullets as they struck our breastworks, and the "tsets" of others flying over ours. I looked over our breast works and saw the blazes of the advancing muskets, not a bit over 35 yards in our immediate front. Not then being at a camp meeting, I assure you there was some fearful cursing on both sides. I thought of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton fighting the Indians around Boonsborough in Kentucky, after dark. They would direct their fire at the flash of the Indians guns. I acted accordingly. Very soon they slackened fire and fell back. One poor fellow was wounded in the new log house at our right and near where we lay. I think his wound was mortal, as it was through his lungs, or so near them that he could hardly speak so as to be understood. As soon as I saw the Rebels give away, which we could only do by the slackening of their fire, as it was so dark I could not see a man twenty feet away, I loaded my gun and again rolled myself in my blanket, saying "Boys, if they charge us again, they will find me right here!" I was almost sound asleep before I had fairly lain down. As nearly as I have ever learned, this attack was premature and was provoked by a negro on guard to our front in the edge of the thick bushes. Comrade Azariah Martin told me that he was next to the negro soldier in our chain guard, and that to our front the line of bushes bore to the south, thus making a bend outwards, and when 2nd relief came around, they passed him and the negro as they went straight ahead. Then the negro said "Co'p'l de gua'd! Heahs a pas'l yo' missed!" The officer of the guard said "Somebody had better relieve that negro!" Then Comrade Martin said the ground fairly blazed not twenty feet from him on the outside of the chain guard. The angry rebels sprang to their feet, some saying, "D—n you, we'll give you 'Co'p'l de gua'd!" Others said to the officer of the guard, "D—n you, we'll relieve you and the d—n nigger, too!" and here they came! Martin said he ran a few steps when he saw our fire pouring over our breast works, thus placing him immediately between the two fires! He said he at once fell flat on his face and hugged the ground to shame a lizard! He said the rebels ran over him in their charge, but soon he felt them in as much haste go back the other way. I learned that the negro did the same and "wuz missed agin"! Comrade Martin then crawled inside of our breast works, untouched; but that poor piggy got killed that was rooting up the potatoes in our front of the log house, as we had taken the fence rails from around the patch to strengthen the walls of the log house. There were some rebels killed and wounded in their furious charge in the dense darkness, but I never learned how many. I never heard of any of our boys getting hurt, except the one in the log house. Poor fellow, his groans are yet in my ears. Martin said the rebels surely were there when he went on duty. Sometime about midnight we were once more aroused and I began to look around to see what was going on. I heard the artillerymen taking their guns off the carriages and loading them on the train. The infantry were boarding the empty train, as the boxes of army clothing and hard tack and other boxes were unloaded immediately after the train came in and were built so as to extend out line of breastworks eastward from the hotel. Company H was ordered to mount and form behind our breastworks. Then I noticed a dispute between an officer and the brother of our wounded comrade; as he lay on the wide platform of the hotel, which had been built for the accommodation of passengers and freight, as there was no depot at

Leasburg. The private wanted to take his wounded brother on board the already overcrowded train, and the officer was objecting. I remember the private spoke somewhat loud and said "But he is my brother." I then took them to be of the 3rd M.S.M. in the darkness. It was then light enough to see men moving around the ten or fifteen steepes. The private then left his brother and went aboard the train, leaving the poor wounded man all alone. I went to him and said "Comrade, can I do anything for you?" With great difficulty he grunted, "I would like to have a drink of water!" I told one of my boys to hold his canteen to the poor fellows mouth until he was satisfied. O, but that was the darkest looking hour I had yet seen! I thought, "Well, how in this world will we ever get away on that overcrowded train?" The cars were literally packed inside and on top! Then I could hear no wheezing engine getting up steam to pull the train! I had see nor heard nothing of the engine sice I saw her go in the direction of St. Louis. Well, there we sat, about 25 or 30 of us on our horses, awaiting orders! Then Capt. Powers began to complain of being very sick and said he didn't believe that he could sit on his horse. Then at once he dismounted and said he could stand it no longer! He handed the halter of his horse to one of the boys to lead for him and he started for the train also! I said, "Captain, what the d--l are we to do?" He said without halting "O, we wont leave you." By that time my "Irish was up" and boiling over. I said, "Like to know how in h--l you expect horses to keep up with a moving train of cars?" I then turned to Lieut. Settle to propose that as soon as the train moved out of our way, we would cross the Ry. Cut and go north until clear of the rebels, then turn westward for Rolla but just then, I saw Gen. Ewing coming in a great hurry out of the hotel and he came close to us and looked up to see who we were, then he turned to the packed train to see how things looked and as he stood near our horses heads, he shouted these very precious words "EVERY MAN TO HIS POST!" He thern hurried along by the side of the train, saying "For God's sake, boys get back to your places behind the defenses, for we are all likely to be killed at any moment!" I thought these were the very best words I had heard in all Leasburg up to that hour, except when Comrade Sherry said to me when I first reahed Company H, "Orderly, here are some soda crackers the Captain got for us". Just look at the men and officers roll off that train and hurry to their places! I don't know that I ever obeyed Gen. Ewings's order to get to our places behind our defenses! I hitched "Spotty Rump" and in about five minutes I was with Company H behind our breast works, sound asleep. Experience of that week had thoroughly convinced me that sleep, something to eat and good water are very necessary things for the living man. I, but I slept! I made no calculations, nor took no worry about tomorrow, if they would only let me sleep until morning.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 20

AT LEASBURG

Dear Doctor:-

If you are not yet worn out trying to follow me in my story, just listen and I will soon close my story of our little exercises with Price & Co.

Yes, daylight, Friday morning, Sept. 30th, 1864, thirty-eight years ago, last September, found us all astir in Leasburg. Overhead it was dark and cloudy and a little rain to moisten our beds. As I took up my blanket, I found an empty knapsack, a "Christian Commission" New Testament (which E. A. Wilkinson still holds) and, O Joy! A great long plug of tobacco! Comrade Howell Lloyd found a gold pen in a silver holder on an ebony stock, all in a nice case, then worth about \$3.50. He offered it to me for a strip of tobacco as wide as his finger across the end of the plug. I gave him the tobacco and told him to keep the pen, then he made me a present of the pen. I sold it in 1875 for \$5.00, but have ever after regretted it. Then look yonder,- two of Company H bearing the hams and saddle of a very fat little cow! How and where did they get the beef? I "asked no questions for conscience sake". We had fine steak and hard tack for breakfast. As the morning got full under way, we could plainly see the Rebel generals and their aides about 500 yards south, out in the field and open woods on the elevated ground. One I distinctly remember rode a gray horse and another rode a deep sorrel horse. They were riding hither and thither viewing us, as we thought, to get at our strength and works. Some of the men said they saw a gun behind the embankment, but I could not make out a gun at all. Then Adj. Murphy ordered Company H into the log house on our right, splendid quarters. Our officers were not idle by any means. There was a citizen in a gray suit who was very active in assisting our officers in locating their lines and guns. Then soon "surrender" talk began to circulate among the boys, and we fully expected it to come at any moment. As to our surrender, I will say that if Gen. Ewing had surrendered the forces at Leasburg that morning,- all of the 3rd M.S.M. and many of Companies A and G of the 47th would have been murdered, and possibly several of the other Companies of the 47th. A few years ago, Capt. Jas. S. McMurtry, in conversation at his home in St. Louis Co., told me that word of our surrender came to his ears, and he at once took with him Capt. Robt. L. Lindsay and they went in to Gen. Ewing's headquarters in the Lea Hotel and he addressed Gen. Ewing as follows: "Gen Ewing, I have brought Capt. Lindsay in here to testify to what I shall say. It is this,- When that white flag (pointing to an already prepared white flag on the table) goes out of here! We full well know that after we shall have surrendered, we will be murdered, and if we are to die here, we will die in the effort to make our escape." The old Captain further added, "I heard no more of our surrender at Leasburg." Our surgeon stood with a white flag quite a while to the right of our line, near a house flying our Field Hospital Flag", down beyond our right at the Ry. crossing. He was asking permission of the rebels to return to our last battle field, three miles south to look after our three dead men left there the evening before also any wounded that might have been overlooked in our retreat. He got in a light wagon with a driver and started, but was halted at their advanced line. On hearing him, they told him to return, that they would bury our dead themselves. All was anxiety as to what would come next, but soon our anxiety was changed to intense interest as we saw a rebel officer on horse back coming the road we traveled the evening before, then a private on foot, bearing a white flag and the main officer in charge on foot also. Then we heard Gen. Ewing's voice ringing out to them "HALT THAT FLAG!" Then in a moment we saw Adj. Murphy and a private on foot, the private bearing a white flag, and Lieut. Cummings, of Company I, 47th, on horseback, pass out of the gate way alongside on the hotel at the left of our

breastworks, and advance to meet their flag. After some waiting, the flags advanced to about ten yards of each other. Then another space of waiting. Then the two officers, Murphy and their officer, advanced alone to meet each other midway between the flags. Salutations but no handshaking. A brief talk, and a stiff bow to each other, then right about and each returned to his command without looking back. I never knew what was the purpose, only that we were asked to surrender. Adj. Murphy gave them to understand that it was a bad way to surrender. Then requested that they respect our hospital.

Then the military kaleidoscope was to take another turn, and Yes, there it is boys! Just as each white flag disappeared from sight, came the “ping! Whew! faiough! Zip! Zip! Tseete!” of their slugs. Now that was something that we understood like a book. Yes, that thicket of post oak runners and other bushes in our front began to smoke in spots. We at once began to reply. Company H was in a good position in the log house, but the cracks were not filled and were rather wide in some places; but we had, the night before and that morning early, taken toe rails from around the potato patch in our front and stood them up so as to protect us. Then the night before, that poor piggy, now laying out there dead, was just as happy rooting up the potatoes as any other ‘piggy in a potato patch’ when the rebels charged us. He was not well drilled or he would have flattened out on the ground like Comrade Martin and the negro did. Someone shot too low to kill a man, but got poor piggy!

We could not see the rebels, but we would aim low and hold a bead until his gun smoked again, then we would pull trigger like we did at Pilot Knob, after we drove them back into cover. As we armed up, Gen. Ewing came in to see us and came to the corner where I stood, and pointed down the shallow ravine running down to our right, obliquely, and said “You may expect a heavy column to advance up that ravine presently, then pour in into them boys!” Then he passed on around our lines, thus encouraging the boys as he went. We felt like we could then put up a pretty good fight. As the enemy opened on us, our two re-mounted guns opened, but Gen. Ewing at once ordered them to silence unless they saw a line advancing. The two or three barrels of whiskey brought down on the train the night before had been unheaded and the whiskey poured out on the ground, but some of the boys lay down on the ground and sipped out of the horse tracks, and at least one poor fellow got too much. He was at the breast works at the right hand corner of our log house fort, and regardless of the cautions of his comrades, he would get up and expose himself, as he would shoot and soon a slug of lead struck him in the forehead and he fell off the breastworks and down into the Ry. cut to rise no more. That was the only causality with us, of which I heard, during that skirmish.

About noon, the rebels hushed as silent as the grave and so did we. We then ate dinner, then sometime in the afternoon, some of Company F. came to dread the much swollen piggy in the potato patch. There was an old looking, large man, bareheaded, down over him, skinning away, when a squad of Company H and others were seen coming from the field on their horses all loaded with corn fodder and some food. They hallowed our “Yonder they come!” The poor old man at once left off skinning piggy and started to run for the gate way, looking over from us at the boys with the fodder, and just then a man who was lying down asleep behind our breastworks rose up and fired at the poor old man, and he fell, shot through the body. Never while I live, will I forget his pitiful cries. They led him away to our field hospital, where I think he died not many

hours hence. The man who shot him said he was asleep until his gun fired and awoke him. As the evening wore on, all anxious as to what next? Well, soon it came. Adj. Murphy, I think he was standing on the hotel platform, or near it anyhow, raised his voice so as to be heard by every one in our fort and said, "Attention!" All eyes and ears were now open to see what next. Yes, there comes the ladies,- Mrs. Lea and one or two other ladies, all smiles, as Adj. Murphy announces that "The ladies are going to hoist their flag over our works!" The ladies stepped to their tall flag staff and adjusted about as pretty a flag,- "Old Glory", as I wish to look at,- to the rope and then they began to haul away, and "up goes the banner!" It was a glorious shout, yes shout after shout that burst from every throat as the flag went up the staff. Now, we had a "Post Flag" as ours went up with the magazine at Pilot Knob. Except the poor old man getting hurt and the ladies' flag hoisting, the afternoon passed away rather dull. We had become so used to the crack of the musket and "ping" of the bullets and roar of our guns, that we felt lonesome without it and so felt rather dull under the silent, expectant strain until dusk. At dusk, we had the monotony relieved for a bit. A party of horsemen were seen approaching us from the south, along the road by which we entered Leasburg. As to the number, we couldn't make out in the dark and brush. They halted at about 80 or 100 yards of our works and hailed us and Adj. Murphy went out in front of our works to answer them. They called out, "We are Gen. Marmaduke's men. Who are You?" Adj. Murphy answered, "Ah, all right boys, we're glad to see you! Come right along!" Then they said "We are Gen. Marmaduke's men. Who are you?" Then Adj. Murphy said "Well that's all right, we are all right. Come right along in here!" Then he said, "I'm afraid you are playing a Yankee trick!" Then they said, "Yankee trick! It's you that are trying to play a Yankee trick on us!" The Adj. said, "Now see here, you are acting the 'bareface' I'm thinking!" They replied, "No we aint, we are acting the fair thing, it's you that are acting the 'bareface'. We are Gen. Marmaduke's men. Who are you?" They then vanished from our view. Evidently they were a scouting part, probably bearers of dispatches and were just about to step into the wrong pew! We heard no more of them. They were "lost chickens". Friday night, we had pickets and chain guard, but the night passed off quietly, as there was no firing. Saturday morning, Oct. 1st, camp all fine and nice, except for the anxious expectant strain. Not an enemy in sight and the last we had heard of them was the mistaken fellows of the previous night. Breakfast of beef and hardtack. Company F had cooked poor piggy in a cast wash kettle that they had borrowed from some of the kind hearted natives of Leasburg. They ate and were jolly. I visited my old friend, Fritz Rickus, to see how he was faring. As broad daylight came, we had a "look-out" with a field glass up on the roof of the Lea Hotel. Sometime in the forenoon, I think it was, that Capt. Milks was taking his turn as "lookout". We were startled and aroused to arms, as we heard his clear voice ring out, "There is a line over there north, General!" Every man clutched his gun, ready to open fire any instant, when Capt. Milks continued, "There are some men coming to us!" Every eye was turned in the direction that Capt. Milks was looking and sure enough, there came two blue coats, cavalymen! They came, hats in hand, motioning towards us, and Adj. Murphy ran over there to see who they were and what was wanted. Then we, can see him yet, as he stood on the north parapet, over north of the Ry. of our little fortification, and shouted the joyful news, "Colonel Beveridge with 600 men of the 17th Ill. Cav. REINFORCEMENTS! Three cheers!" Oh, but if men ever did shake the earth by cheering, we shook Leasburg! We were in an instant, just wild

with joy. As our cheers slowed down a little, we heard them reply. It was singularly grand, almost sublime, to hear the wave of cheers as it began at the head of their line as it stood over there north of us in a parallel dirt road, but hidden from our view by the bushes. As shout after shout rose from the 600 throats, it was like water oscillating back and forth in a long trough. Then here they came in a gallop, shouting "Got any hard tack, boys? Got any hard tack?" "Yes," we told them, "Lots of it, boys!" and we at once made our words good as we made hard tack box lids fly, then we snatched them up on our shoulders and formed a line outside of our works with our back to them and as they hastily passed us, they grabbed hands full and pushed on out over the enemy's abandoned fields. In the hard tack line, I noticed our old "Dave", Adj. Murphy, with a box on his shoulder and his eyes sparkled with pleasure as his box grew very light very quickly. He knew he was helping to feed the hungry boys who had ridden all night to reach us, without anything to eat. We then knew exactly how hungry men feel. Putting all together that we had eaten from Monday noon, of the 26th, to Friday morning, the 30th, would not have made a soldier's square meal. Yes, we were in full sympathy with these Ill. Boys. They, the 17th Ill. Cav., spent the most of the day scouring the country south and southeast of us, but only found two or three stragglers. Then they returned towards Rolla from whence they came.

Saturday night, we posted mounted pickets on all of the approaches and a chain guard, so we slept soundly until about 2:30 or 3:00 o'clock Sunday morning, Oct. 2nd, when we were roused to fall in line and soon we were on our way to Rolla. As we crossed to the north side of the Ry. close by our Field Hospital, I noticed three freshly made mounds where our poor dead boys lay. Yes, poor boys, we will have to leave you to hold the fort until called off duty by the Great Captain, when He comes to call forth the sleeping soldier. Farewell, Comrades, Farewell!

I fell in with Company A, as I had loaned "Spotty Rump" to one of the picket boys, and it was up in the forenoon before I was able to get my horse. We came to a force of Cavalry, I think about noon, who I learned was Col. John S. Phelp's with a regiment of Cavalry. Then later in the day we came to a larger force at St. James, at or near Crawford's Prairie. Here the Infantry boys got aboard of a construction train and were soon in Rolla. We were near dark getting in and camped among the 49th Mo. Inft. Vols.

Thus ended our retreat from Pilot Knob to Rolla. Now, we sure got some good "Linkum" coffee!

Before closing this letter, I will relate what Capt. McMurtry told me of some things that happened at the grand reception supper tendered Gen. Ewing and his brave officers by Gen. Sanborn. As speeches were in order, the subject of our great-little battle and retreat and fight to Leasburg were discussed. After all of the generals, colonels and captains were through speaking, each one giving his version as to how it was possible that we, with such a very small force, whipped Price's 20,000 and then made such a complete success in our retreat, Capt. Wm. T. Leeper rose and said, "Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I think about it. I think we done it by main strength and awkwardness!"

Yours truly

H. C. Wilkinson,
Damon, Mo.

Letter No. 21.

AT ROLLA, MO.

Dear Doctor:-

We are now safely at Rolla, Monday morning, Oct. 3rd, was a very rainy forenoon, in fact, the rain just poured down, and not a rag of a tent to shelter us! We saw the interesting sight of the cavalry passing in review, as they wheeled in front of our quarters. They were bound for Price, then somewhere near Jefferson City. We afterwards learned that they whipped Price next day, on the Osage River. Capt. Montgomery's battery went with them,- all under command of Gen. Sanborn. We found here, Comrade Jake C. Belmar of Company H. He said he was cut off from the command at our last fight before we arrived at Leasburg. He had a bullet hole in his hat. Then soon Comrade E. Hovis, Geo. B. Hammock and Wm. Miller came to us. They were separated from us by being on duty at Leasburg and were not promptly relieved by the officer in charge of the pickets, when we marched from Leasburg for Rolla the morning before. There were yet four men of company H out, who left Pilot Knob with us. On the first attack on the ridge, J. B. and J. D. Driver "squandered" and bore the first news to my folks of how Company H came out in the battle at Pilot Knob. Then in our last, Jno. B. Graham and Joe Wilson, when the boys rushed across the creek in disorder at the mouth of that hollow at the Huzzah Creek.

Here at Rolla, we forever lost sight of our dear old Adjutant, Dave Murphy. Yes, the next time we saw him, he wore the Eagles and we were proud to call him "Colonel Murphy!" We were very sorry to thus lose him, but glad to see him climb up over the rungs of the Military ladder, from Major and Lieutenant Colonel, to Colonel. He certainly and justly deserved it. Lieut. Col. Amos W. Maupin also disappeared, and the next time we saw him, he, too, wore the Eagles and was Colonel Amos W. Maupin, in command of the 47th Mo. Then here was Quarter-Master Lieut. Jno. W. Fletcher, appeared to us with the silver leaf of Lieut. Col. of the 47th Mo. Sergt. Maj. Jno. Delano adjusted the shoulder straps of 2nd Lieut. of Company E, 47th Mo. Then Quarter Master Sergt. Sam B. Rowe wore the bars of 1st Lieut. and ably took command of Quarter-Masters' office of the 47th Mo. Vols. Yes, and the next time Company H looked upon Col. Thos. C. Fletcher in Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was Governor of the great state of Missouri. Then John H. Stumberg first appeared as our regimental Surgeon and J. M. Youngblood as assistant.

On Tuesday Morning, Oct. 4th, I handed in Company H's first morning report, since Monday morning, Sept. 26th. For duty, one Captain, one 2nd Lieut. and 32 men; Present sick, two privates; Total present, 34 men, aggregate present, 36. comrades Lloyd and Hildebrand, 1st and 2nd, came to us on the 6th from way up on the Gasconade River. They passed Leasburg before Adj. Murphy reached there to stop them. They were of the dismounted boys. That day we turned over our muskets and drew the Galliger Carbines, the most worthless gun I saw during the war, then after drawing rations. "pump" tents and camp equipage generally, we were ordered out on the New Salem Road, five miles south of Rolla to do outpost and patrol duty south towards Salem. Tuesday night found us in our new camp of the farm of your English friend, Mitchel.

In a few days our old Comrade, Jas. P. Ellis, left us to return to his home on Twelve Mile Creek in Madison Co. and as yet we had not heard a word from our homes in Iron, Madison and Wayne Counties. Our old Comrade Ellis soon favored us with a letter as to how things were down there which we will here give:

State of Missouri, Potosi, Oct. 16th, 1864.

Mr. P. L. Powers:

Dear Sir:- I can inform you that I landed safe here the next day after I left Rolla. I found Lieut. Tate and fifteen of your boys in St. Louis. We all got aboard of the same train and came down here the same evening. The rest of the boys are lying around home in the brush, with the exception of A. Bess. He got badly wounded at Hopewell, but is mending. He is near Hopewell and is well cared for. None of the boys were killed, so far as we have learned but some few of them were captured and paroled. The Driver boys are at home. I have never heard from (Joe) Wilson. Lieut. Tate says they were attacked at Hopewell by at least five hundred men and that they fought them until they were surrounded on three sides and only abandoned the train after all hopes were lost.

Captain, the rebels have completely striped us of everything we had. Wm. Dennis was the first man to enter your house and commenced pillaging. They stripped you of everything both in the house and out of doors. They left L. H. Linville and Jas. S. McMurtry the same way. In short, every true loyal man who lived on the road is completely broken up. Tell E. P. (Settle) that they made his father pull the last pair of socks off his feet. (A prominent Baptist preacher, an old man) Henry and Caleb Hovis have gone to Illinois. They (the rebels) caught John (Ellis-his brother) and started off with him, but some of them Secesh d---ls up the creek persuaded them to release him and they done so, after robbing him of his money, his boots, coat and pants, leaving him nothing but shirt and drawers. They took everything we had in the world, not leaving either of us a suit of clothing. They took everything out of the house and all of our horses but one. Allen McKinnis went off with them, in short, nearly all the sympathizers in the country left with them. There are some eighty men here belonging to the 47th Regt. Lieut. Tate and part of the boys are going to the Knob to-morrow and I am going with them, and as soon as we hear from your folks, we will let you know, in case you are not on hand yourself. Part of the boys that were with Tate went home and your folks were well when they left there. You can say to the company that all their friends and relatives are well so far as I know.

Captain, I have supped my last sup with the rebels. From this time forward, I intend to treat them all alike and in so doing. I will spare not. Please excuse this badly written letter for I am writing on the head of a barrel.

I am, your obedient servant,

J. P. Ellis.

As heretofore related, they took the skirts of the women's dresses and all of their under wear that they could lay their hands on, to make themselves shirts, so they mockingly told the women, as they took their clothing. This was what a "raid" was, as commanded by Gen. Sterling Price. Mrs. Powers asked for a safe guard, of Gen. Price, as his head quarters were in the old Baptist Church house, less than a quarter of a mile from her home. The safe (?) guard was promptly furnished, but he paid no attention to the pillaging and when relieved, he helped himself to such things in the house that he took a fancy to. Well, such is the fortunes of such a civil (?) war as ours of the sixties was. It is

indeed astonishing to see how many thieves there are and how very few strictly honest people there are in the human family, when once the restraining hand of the law is relaxed and put at defiance by the force of arms. When "Might is right!"

In Comrade Ellis' letter, he speaks of Lieut. M.P. Tate and a part of the 47th Mo. who were going to Pilot Knob, which they did, and Lieut. Tate at once turned detective in general. He by some mysterious "Still small voice" found that when Price entered Ironton and Arcadia, the pillaging of stores and private dwelling houses began and the astonishing thing about it was that he found very much of the property stolen in possession of the citizen sympathizers, far and near. He found a fine lot of new horse collars and a full set of new blacksmith tools, and other things, 25 miles from Pilot Knob! As the Lieut. did not then belong to the church, Sergt. E. A. Wilkinson, who was with him, told me that the Lieut. "cussed a blue streak", and told the possessor of the articles found, that unless he delivered the property at the Court House in Ironton by noon next day, his "old hide wouldn't hold shucks!" The goods were delivered on time. Such articles as tea sets, knives and forks, spoons, and all such articles were found and promptly delivered. It is beyond the limit of charity to now give names of the pilferers, but in honor of the loyal citizens, I will state that not a single article was found by Lieut. Tate in their possession. Far or near. The thought among the sympathizers was that Price, their savior had come and would stay, as he told the people he had returned to Mo. to hold it. Then with sympathizers, it was "Help yourself". Price did not hinder them and the hated Yankees and "lop-eared Dutch" were gone to stay, as they thought, but Lieut. Tate and his men soon enlightened them to the contrary.

We also learned that old man Aldrich, a harmless old man but loyal to his country and the flag, who lived a mile and a quarter south of Patterson, in Wayne Co. on the Greenville and Patterson road, was taken prisoner when Patterson was taken on Sept. 22nd, and nine days afterwards, his body was found, hanging by the neck to a small stooping hickory tree in less than a mile south of his home and about 80 yards west of the Greenville road. As he did not come in home, the family began search for him, and his daughter found him as above stated. He was in such a decayed condition that a grave was dug immediately under him and he was cut down and lowered into it and covered from sight, where his remains still rest, near the road and marked only by a few flint stones. The excuse for hanging him was that it was reported to the rebel soldiers that Aldrich had reported men to the Yankees and had them shot. Old man Aldrich was an outspoken Union man and two sons in the Union Army.

Company H remained in camp five miles out south, as out-post to Rolla, and patrolled to Spring Lake, ten miles south towards Salem in Dent county, to watch for Magruder's approach. The remainder of the 47th Mo. remained in Rolla to do post duty under Col. Sigel, a brother of Gen. Franz Sigel. Col. Sigel was very military in his discipline, rather to the disgust of the free, easy-going 47th boys. News of the utter rout of Price's came to us to cheer us, almost every day. To our comfort and joy, we soon learned that Gen. Marmaduke was made a prisoner by a mere boy of a soldier, then many other officers and men were being sent back as prisoners of war. We also learned now that Gen. Price did the astonishing and cowardly act of turning over to Tim Reeves & Co., the brave and noble Maj. Wilson and his six men, who were captured with him at Pilot Knob, Sept. 27th, to be shot down in cold blood by the guerrilla, Tim Reeves, not very far from Union in Franklin Co. Maj. Wilson's crime was that he had previously

been making S. E., Mo. rather too interesting for Tim Reeves & Co. As soon as Reeves found Maj. Wilson and his six boys were among Price's prisoners, a double guard was placed around them, which foretold Maj. Wilson what the final result would be, and like the noble man he was, he pleaded to Price to spare his six boys and let him suffer the death penalty; but all to no avail. These facts were known to the other prisoners who gave them to us after their release.

Our stay at Rolla was unattended by anything strikingly interesting. At our post, we had two false alarms in one of which, John Head, Dave Gowbrey, Bill Watts and Jake C. Belmar figured as they left for home. The false alarm was of their own making, purposely. They were restive as to how matters had gone with their homes, and so took "French furlough" to find how home had fared during the raid. We found them at Pilot Knob on our return. Col. Sigel had "lots of fun" as he said, in his "sham battle" at Rolla, one day. He sent Company A and perhaps others, away out to be hid in the brush, while he led forth the boys to attack them. "Und you use to plank cartridge und open fire on us, und te poys runs in und haf lots of fun!" Lieut. Sutton afterwards told me that company A was not furnished with a single "plank cartridge" and as Col. Sigel sat on his horse on an eminence under a scrubby oak tree, glass in hand, and, as he thought at a safe distance from the concealed "deputy" rebels, at the word, "Fire!", the twigs and leaves just rained down on the colonel. He at once took the hint and wheeled his horse and put spurs for his head quarters, leaving his poor frightened "poys" to whip the "deputy" rebels (if they chose to) and return, or come in, in a general rout, wherein lay the Colonel's "lots of fun". The laugh was at the wrong corner of the mouth for the colonel.

On Oct. 24th, Company H was called in to Rolla to hear the joyful news that we were to next day march for old Pilot Knob. All was joy, joke and fun, except with the two poor boys who were then in the Post Hospital. On the morning of the 25th, the Infantry of the 47th boarded the train for St. Louis, then for Pilot Knob. Capt. Powers took command of all the mounted men of the 47th, some of Companies A, G and L and about 25 being of Company H, and marched for Pilot Knob, via St. Louis, or until we should meet other orders.

We reached Leasburg at night, to find that the commander of the train had failed to leave our rations, as agreed upon. The good citizens of Leasburg at once supplied our wants and gave us much information about Shelby and Marmaduke's conclusion about attacking us while we were there. They told us that Gen. Shelby's conclusion was that he believed we received re-enforcements on the incoming train the night we arrived at Leasburg, and that if we did and fought as we did at Pilot Knob, it would cost him no less than 500 men to take the place and that he did not then consider us worth 500 of his men. The night of the 26th found us at the Moselle Bridge, on the Meramec River, where we found a large force of workmen rebuilding the burned bridge and a regiment of E.M.M. in camp a quarter of a mile east as bridge guards. As we attempted to re-cross the river in the dark, under the guide of our "distint rilitive", to obtain forage for our hungry horses, I came near being drowned. The Capt. and the boys then went to the E.M.M. camp and I was kindly cared for by the old Captain in charge of the working force. I regret that I have forgotten his name. He furnished me with dry clothing as I had been under the water, out of sight some two or three times. His boys carefully dried my clothing by their camp fires. He also gave me a bountiful supper and the free use of his – ahem! Private

gallon jug to wash down my supper and to keep out the cold! And, of course, I was not then a teetotaler.

Next morning we met orders to turn south to Big River Bridge, which we did, and sometime during the 27th, about noon, we passed through Richwoods, to find the loyal citizens riding hither and thither in search of some "bush whackers" who, they said, were seen to pass near by. We made Old Mines that night and as we had no supplies at all, the kind people cared for man and horse. Several of the boys got meals at the house of the priest. Lieut. Settle and some two or three of us feasted at Mr. Settle's, an old citizen and cousin of his father. On the 28th, we passed through Potosi in the A. M. and at Big River Bridge, we found a large party of workmen rebuilding Shelby's burning. Maj. Jno. W. Emmerson was in command. Here we were delayed sometime, awaiting further orders to proceed to Pilot Knob. Orders came at last, and we at once gladly began to obey them. Night found us at the farm of Mr. Wallen, the father-in-law of Lieut. E. P. Settle. Here we found good things and welcome for hungry men and horses. "All quiet in camp Wallen!" So passed the night.

The early morning of the 29th found us in our saddles, determined to eat dinner at Pilot Knob once more, "or bust!" As, Yes, near noon, we saw old Pilot Knob and Shephard's Mountain, just as we had left them the night of the 27th of Sept., all bloody and echoing the dying groans of the wounded rebels, and reflecting the glare of that mighty coal of fire over there by the old burned furnace building! How we shouted with joy at the welcome sight! We actually felt glad that during our month's absence those two good old mountains had not fallen down when our magazine went up. Yes, and there is grand old Fort Davidson, too! Not like it was however, when we marched out of him in our "funeral procession" the night after our most desperate and successful struggle to hold him. No, there lay our four big thirty-twos on the ground, and where our magazine once was, there was a great hole in the ground, sufficiently large to hold a good sized barn. Our twenty-fours and the mortars were gone, so were Col. Lindsay's three little guns also gone. Then as we approached the town of Pilot Knob, we are greeted with the cheers of our long lost boys of the 47th Mo., there under the command of the brave old Lieut. M.P. Tate. What a handshaking we then had! O, we were glad to be reunited once more after our hard struggle for existence. The morning of Oct. 30th, 1864, we handed in Company H's morning report as follows:- For duty; One Captain; One 2nd Lieut.; thirty enlisted men. Then on Oct. 31, 1864, we handed in Company H's morning report as follows: For duty; One Captain; One 1st Lieut.; One 2nd Lieut.; Seventy-three enlisted men; Absent sick, three enlisted men. Aggregate, Seventy-nine.

The accompanying remarks are as follows: Lieut. Tate and 25 enlisted men from missing in action at Hopewell, Sept. 27, 1864, to gained; Sergt. E. A. Wilkinson and three enlisted men from missing in action at Patterson, Mo. Sept. 22, 1864, to gained; Seven enlisted men from missing in action on retreat to Rolla Mo., Sept. 27th to Oct. 2nd, 1864, to gained; Two enlisted men from missing in action while on detached service, to gained; Three enlisted men from missing in action near Rolla, Mo., to gained; Two enlisted men from missing in action at Pilot Knob, Mo., Sept. 27th, 1864, to gained: Total, 43 enlisted men gained.

Three poor fellow were killed at Patterson. Poor Bill Jackson, killed on retreat to Leasburg. Poor Absalom Bess lying wounded near Hopewell. Yes, we can now sit down to good clean (?) loaf bread and hard tack and other good things at our old home station,

and eat without any dread or fear of Price, who had already been driven into Kansas and through the Indian Nation, on down into Arkansas,- a total failure in accomplishing his purpose in his raid. His army was a total wreck.

Yours truly,
H. C. Wilkinson
Damon, Mo.