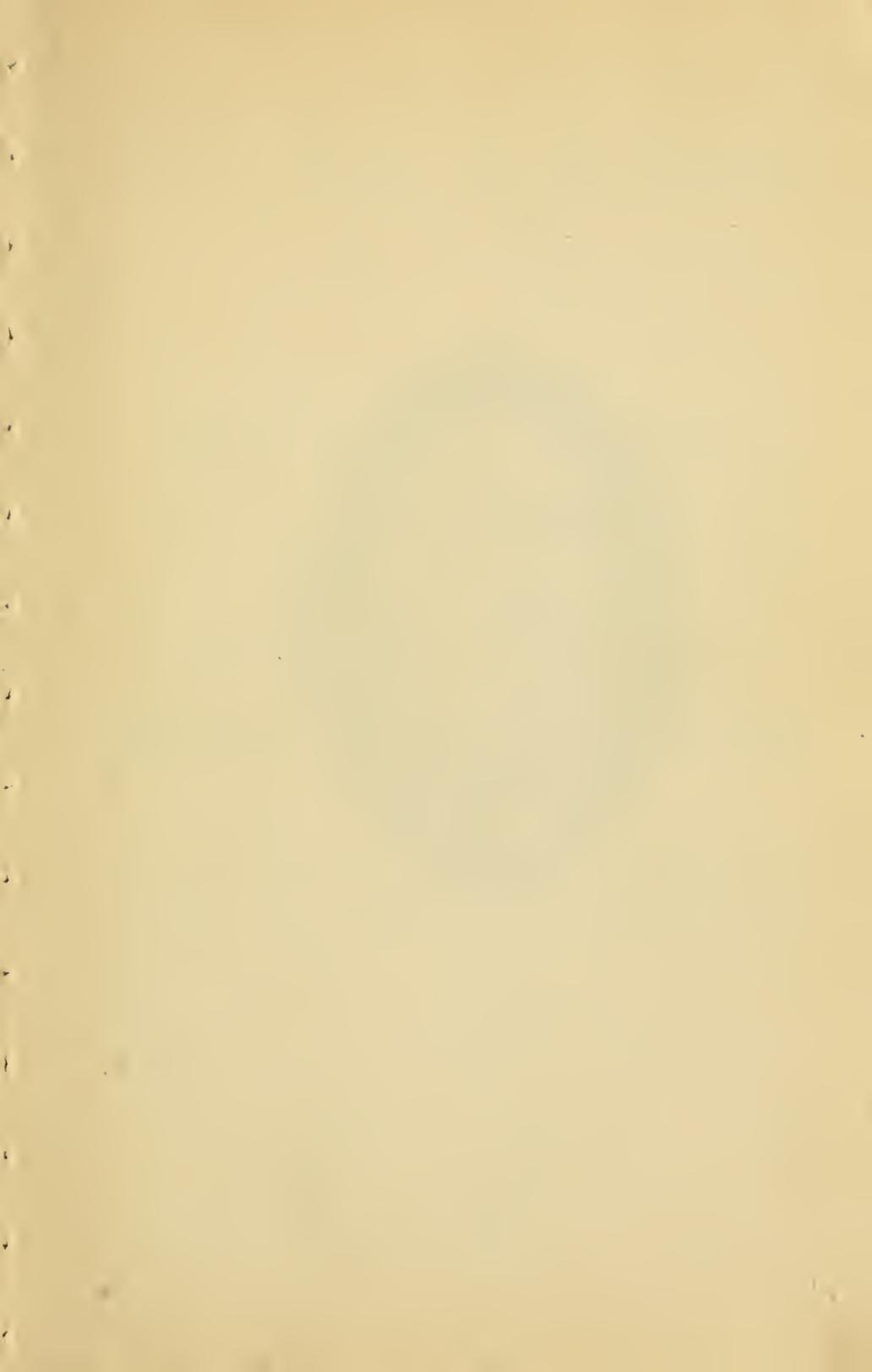
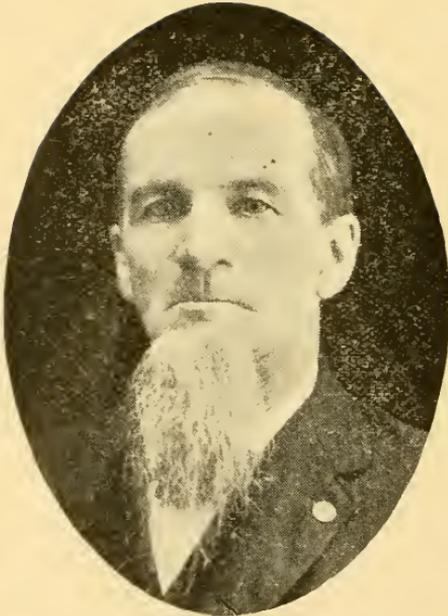


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CHARLES D. FIELD

Three Years in the Saddle

From 1861 to 1865

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES D. FIELD

Thrilling Stories of the War In Camp and on the Field of Battle

The Cavalry Soldier--Scout and Dispatch Bearer--
Private, Non-Commissioned Officer--Commander of Skirm-
ish Lines. In over Thirty Engagements--Hospital Life, etc.

By CHARLES D. FIELD

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Three Years in the Saddle

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES D. FIELD.

I enlisted in the service of the United States at Joliet, Illinois, September 20th, 1861, and went with my company to St. Louis, Missouri, and into camp in Abbey Race Course as the 9th Company of Fremont Hussars, or, as they were formerly called, Fremont's Body Guard. We formed into the second Battalion which was commanded by Major Knott. The first battalion was commanded by Major Zagongi. Both battalions were drilling their horses at the Abbey Race Course for about three weeks. Here, also, I had my first experience of a night in camp. We reached camp about 11 o'clock P. M., and received our orders to take a wedge-shaped tent which would accommodate about four men. We had no blankets and only about two inches of straw on the ground. Soon after reaching camp it began to rain. When the reveille sounded for the break of day I awoke to find myself in about four inches of water. Soon after our arrival at Abbey Race Course our horses were assigned to us which were purchased by Fremont. General Fremont selecting them in person. We drew no clothing from this camp except caps and boots.

We were moved shortly afterward and took up camp in the amphitheatre. Our company at the time consisted of about thirty men, commanded by W. W. Danforth as Captain, and Ira B. Swain 1st Lieutenant. These officers were very strict with their men and would enlist no man who indulged in any kind of intoxicating liquors. We had another trouble which proved to be of great importance to all concerned. We were obliged to detail our own cook from the ranks and as our pastry knowledge was slightly neglected in our early training, we found it somewhat difficult to eat this class of provisions, consequently we made arrangements to

hire an experienced cook, after living about a week in this way upon the rations furnished by the Government (as we were allowed no other at this time.) The boys' appetites began to gain a controlling command over them as from the heights of the amphitheatre they could see acres of cabbage and potatoes and their uneasiness was increased somewhat by the orders that no one should be allowed to pass the gate or cross the fence without a pass from the commanding officer. In spite of this order, however, one morning the old cook was surprised to find his cook shanty full of cabbage and sweet potatoes, but the officer failed to find out how they got there. If they had asked the author of this work they would have found one who knew too well how they came there. This was our first foraging expedition. We remained in camp in the amphitheatre until November 1st, passing our time principally in drilling new recruits, which we were constantly receiving from the North. We could not be permitted to enjoy peace and happiness with our officers for any length of time and one day we were grieved with the sad news of Fremont being removed from command at St. Louis. General Hallock succeeded him. About this time an order came from the War Department that all troops should be credited to their own states, and as we were not a full company at this time we received orders to report at Dixon, Illinois, under Colonel Dement. On our way to Dixon we went to Bloomington over the Chicago & Alton and entered camp at the I. C. crossing, and being the first soldiers who were seen going North who had been in the service, it created no little curiosity as we had our camp equipage, consisting of two camp kettles and an old bread knife having a saw on one side and knife blade on the other. We carried no weapons with us and we were only partly uniformed but all had cavalry boots. Amos Bowers who was the only uniformed man among us, carried the bread knife in one of his boot legs. He, taking the liberty of stepping upon the platform at every station, would meet a great many basket peddlers with pies and cakes. Many of these men were strong, able-bodied persons, and Bowers would take hold of the basket handle and draw out his bread knife. The man, invariably thinking his time had come, would drop the basket and run. As we were only provided with one day's rations Bowers filled a very important post by providing rations in this way for our company on nearly the whole trip. Our first night in Normal we were somewhat surprised,—after our cook

had prepared our evening meal the ladies of the town came out and insisted on us to go and eat with them, which we were all glad enough to do.

Colonel Dement was raising an Infantry Regiment at this place. Dixon being within about sixty miles of my home. I, in company with my brother, W. F. Reed, asked for a furlough. Our Captain urged our case for us but none could be obtained. He told me, however, to take my brother and go outside the lines at night and go home and when we received a letter from him we were to report immediately. After taps that night we went outside the lines and our elder brother met us in Dixon and we rode home with him, arriving there about 6:00 P. M. the next day. We had only 48 hours stay before we received orders to report at once at a certain number on Randolph street, Chicago, which we regretfully complied with. This was made headquarters of the 13th Regiment, Illinois Cavalry, to which our company was assigned. The next day I, in company with nine of my comrades, were ordered to recruit within the limits of Chicago and thus help fill our company and regiment. We had a sign over the door of the headquarters which read as follows: "Men wanted for three years or during the war; 160 acres of land will be given to each soldier and if any are disabled, a pension for life." I recruited seven men during our stay on Randolph street and in the two weeks of our stay our company increased from thirty to eighty men.

We were then ordered to Camp Douglas where we remained during the winter. We were officered with Willis Danforth, Captain, and Ira B. Swain, 1st Lieutenant, and we were assigned as company "F," 2nd Battalion, 13th Illinois Cavalry Regiment Volunteers. While in Camp Douglas we were drilled four hours a day as a company of dismounted cavalry. About January 1st, 1862, we drew our second change of horses (having left our horses in St. Louis.) and drilled them in company and battalion drills for about two or three weeks. Although the winter was very cold we made several parades through the streets of Chicago with the full regiment. Our regiment at this time contained about 800 men and was organized into two battalions, commanded by Joe Bell of Washington, D. C., who received his commission direct from President Lincoln. Our Lieutenant Colonel was Hartman, formerly Major of the 1st Battalion, which was known as Hartman's Dragoons. Major Lippert of Chicago was Major of the 1st Battalion and

Charles A. Bell was Major of the second Battalion. Joe Bell was called "Jo. Bell of Tennessee." He could not receive a commission in an Illinois regiment direct from the president. He was recommended by the Secretary of war, Simon Cameron to Geo. Yates for a commission. We were mustered as a regiment about the 20th of January, 1862. We received orders about February 1st, to report at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. Our transportation carried us over the Chicago Alton & St. Louis Railroad. Owing to a scarcity of cars we were obliged to load our horses and find a seat for ourselves on the top of the cars. We were all willing to unload when Alton, Illinois, was reached, being nearly blind with smoke and cinders—it was not the most comfortable palace car such as could be obtained on the same route to-day. From Alton we took passage by steamboat on the Mississippi to St. Louis, where we found Col. Sherman in command. We were assigned quarters in Benton Barracks where we remained several days drilling and preparing our wagon train. We were inspected frequently by the commander, Col. Sherman, who was inspector of the camp. He came into camp one day shortly after one of the basket peddlers had been in, disguised in citizen's clothes (this was the first sight I gained of Sherman.) The boys had purchased some of the pies and cakes and were busying themselves eating their purchases and imitating the peddlers whose song ran "pies and cakes," and not recognizing the Colonel in citizen's clothes, were about to order him from the room when he was recognized by some one and the boys went on with their song until it came out as poison cake and that it proved to be such was apparently true as we were nearly sick. The Colonel issued an order forbidding the sale of such articles in the camp.

On March 9th, 1862, we were ordered to march to Pilot Knob. Our mules were unbroken and some of the teams had never been hitched up before and as the mud and clay were deep it took all day to reach Jefferson Barracks which was about twelve miles south of St. Louis. Owing to the condition of our teams the wagon train was strung along the entire route, others into trees and some stuck in the mud. It took two days for the entire train to come up. We found only a part of a regiment of regulars at this place. The distance between St. Louis and Iron Mountain was about 100 miles, but it took us twelve days to make the distance and get our train through. On the 21st of March we entered camp at the foot of the

mountain between Pilot Knob and Ironton. Company "F" was assigned to Fort Hovey, Arcadia, which is about two miles from Pilot Knob. The first battalion was ordered to Black River. Fort Hovey contained only four siege guns of 32 lbs each. It had been built by the 33rd Illinois Infantry during the previous winter. Upon our arrival Capt. Danforth of our company took command. Our principal duty was field drill with our horses. We also had a squad training with the siege guns. There being considerable room in the fort we were able to keep our horses and camp equipage inside the fort. Our quarters consisted of Sibley tents. While here we suffered the loss of two of our best men.

One morning we received an order to fire a salute of fourteen guns in honor of Major General Smith, who had been killed in the Army of the Tennessee. Our company bugler, Richard Osbrook, was detailed to man the gun which was to be fired at the rate of one shot a minute. The gun was so posted that the muzzle pointed over the fort. Myself and a comrade not being on detail, were sitting outside the fort and directly under the muzzle of the gun acting as time keepers. After firing a few shots, owing to the rusty condition of the gun and the rapid use to which it was put at this time, it became so hot that it ignited the cartridge before it was half way down when the gun went off at half time. We jumped from our seat and looking up, saw an object sailing through the air which proved to be the ramrod and cap of comrade Osbrook. On climbing into the fort we found the gun standing with the muzzle nearly straight in the air and our poor comrade who was thumbing the breech was wedged between the logs of the fort and the breech of the dismounted gun. Comrade Osbrook, who was one of the men with the ramrod, had both his arms torn off and his eyes blown out. He died six hours afterward.

We did a great deal of mounted drill work during our stay at Fort Hovey. Among our other feats, we were compelled to practice target shooting with our horses on the run. Several sham battles were fought in the woods. Our main army was scattered and there was but few troops left in Ironton or Arcadia at that time. There were several bands of guerillas between there and Iron Mountain which harrassed the country so much that we had to keep scouting nearly all the time. I was on several occasions detailed with these expeditions. Upon one occasion Capt. Danforth with about twenty men, while riding along Horse Shoe Creek,

drove a band of the guerrillas into the top of a mountain, where it was impossible to reach them with their carbines. The bandits defied all attempts which were made to capture them as firing on them would be useless.

A few days afterward we drew long range rifles from an old Arsenal building in Iron Mountain. Capt. Danforth took his company into the field and practiced with long range rifles at target shooting for two days. During this time he received an order to capture the bandits, so he detailed five of the best marksmen in the command to carry out this order. I was placed on this detail. We started at night with three days' rations a guide and our horses. We traveled until about three o'clock when upon reaching the top of one of the mountains, we were left with these instructions "No prisoners to be taken." About one half to three fourths of a mile down the valley was a house where three noted guerrillas lived, and a little farther down the valley stood another small house where a poor woman and her three children lived. Her husband being loyal to his country and his flag had joined the 1st Indiana Cavalry during the previous year. She would take her babe and ride to Ft. Hovey, a distance of about twenty miles, and bring us information of these guerrilla bands which were continually raiding this section of the country. It was through the loyalty of this woman that we were able to locate their position and habits.

On arriving at the top of one of the highest mountains in the country and being left with only our army rations and guide, we posted our sentinels and turned in. At about daylight we surrounded the house and searched the premises but all we could find was three women and three or four children. Giving up the search and forbidding anyone to leave the house, we feigned to leave the place and returned into the mountains posting one man in position as sentinel to watch all movements around the house. Nothing appeared about the place during the day. As soon as we could move under the cover of darkness three of us went down and slept in an old corn crib which stood about ten feet from the house. One of us kept watch while the others slept. The rest of our party went to the other house and slept there during the night, but no progress was made in the raid during the night, and we were together again in the mountain the next day in sight of the house and the woman would come out at regular intervals and shout. We also discovered a tall pole in front of the house with a white rag on it. On

making this discovery, I told Sergeant Church that the flag was a signal and I thought it ought to be torn down. Church consented and we went to the house again and searched for provisions which we found in quantity sufficient to last us during our siege. We then proceeded to tear down the flag. While I was in the act of tearing the rags from it the boys in the house hallooed. On turning around I saw one of the women, who was as large and muscular a woman as could be found, with club about six feet long making preparations to strike me. I guarded the blow and drawing my revolver I crowded her against the house. This was evidently a signal as they were all enraged at it being destroyed. We forbade anything of the kind being raised and ordered them to abstain from hallooing. They had a hound which bothered our sentinel as it always stayed under the floor of the house, in such a place it was impossible to get at him. Owing to the scarcity of provisions in the house, we quickly decided on a plan to get possession of him. Sergeant Church told them if they would lend him the hound they would go out for a hunt and divide the game. They brought out the hound and we started out into the woods where we shot him, as it would not have been safe for any of us to go near him alone. While we were here we did not build any fires but took turns going down to the other woman's house and having our provisions prepared, as our camp was also furnishing her with provisions from the quartermaster from Ft. Hovey. The next day, however, our rations, as well as hers, ran short.

Our orders were to remain there until troops came after us, but this we knew would be uncertain as some detachment must capture the guerrillas before they would send for us, so we held a council of war as to what we should do about provisions. Our guide was a man well acquainted in the vicinity but he was never recognized at any house we had visited. When Sergeant Church asked him where we would be most likely to get provisions he said, "I know of only one place and they have plenty to spare. It is an old farmer who lives about a mile and a half down the creek, but he has three sons who belong to Reeves' Guerrilla Band" I asked him if he would go with me and see if he could get anything. He said he would. So taking two haversacks each we started off down the creek bottom. As we were passing through the woods he asked me what we would do if they were at home. We said I we will not go then. We were almost to their corn field, which was sur-

rounded by a high rail fence. At the edge of the clearing we crept up to the fence from which we could plainly see the house. There were four or five men planting corn in a field just to the left of the house. As soon as my guide saw them he said that the three sons were at home. I then asked him if he could pilot me around to the other side of the house so that we could approach from the timber. We followed this plan and approached the house from the opposite side than that which we first anticipated. Although these three men were in plain sight of the house they knew nothing of our presence until after we had gone. Upon approaching the house we found the landlord to be an elderly gentleman who was sitting in the shade watching the men toiling in the field. Probably his mind was wandering to the glorious deed of heroism his sons had committed down the valley. He did not notice our approach until we were close to him. We asked him for flour, bacon and ham and several other necessities. He said we might have some so the guide followed him in while I stayed near the corner of the house where I could watch the men. The front door being open I was able to locate the gun rack full of guns under the bed and as long as I could guard that gun rack I was not very much afraid. We filled our haversacks as full as we could with flour, bacon etc., which the old gentleman weighed upon his steelyards and was very careful to be exact in his weights. While he was summing up the bill we placed the haversacks upon our shoulders ready for a start. He soon told us the amount of our purchases, but instead of paying him we told him he would have to call on Quartermaster Dyre of Iron Mountain for his pay. Why, says he the Yankees are there and I have never seen them. I have not been up there since they came, but I reckon I will have to go before long for I am out of salt. If you ever get your pay you will have to go there for it as Quartermaster Dyer keeps me in supplies, and I pay for nothing in the field. "What" says he, "Are you one of them"? We concluded we had stayed as long as we wanted to and leaping the fence we took to the woods and arrived safe in camp by a round about way with our precious burden. After this we were obliged to be more cautious, but the men, however, knew nothing of our forbidding the women to leave the house.

In the evening as the three of us were sitting at supper in the woman's house, or our headquarters, a man stepped into the road in front of our sentinel who was ordered to halt, and advancing, he

knelt down and begged us to spare his life. After we had captured him he proved to be a son-in-law of the old gentleman who had been so kind as to supply us with rations. He said he lived sixty miles from there and the day before he had received news that the troops had killed his brothers-in-law and that they were left lying in the woods so he had come to find them. He was, however, ordered to retrace his steps immediately.

There were two or three platoons of cavalry from Fort Hovey scouring the country in search of this band of guerrillas. That night we discovered a cave in the mountain about twenty rods from the woman's house which was divided up into regular rooms almost like a house. We felt no little uneasiness on investigating this cave as it extended to a great distance in the mountain. After satisfying ourselves that it was empty a part of our men slept in it the rest of the night. Early in the morning we found a trail or foot path over the mountain which our guide and three men were to follow until 12 M. Sergeant Church and myself were left to watch the house, he taking the first watch. I had hardly fallen asleep when he looking down awoke me and said the guerrillas had come in. We concealed ourselves behind trees to watch four men come from the house armed with shot guns and rifles and start down the valley towards our headquarters. Church and I being out of range hesitated a little about following them as it would be an uneven game of two to one, but concealing our movements as much as possible we followed about twenty rods behind them until they entered the other house. Soon we heard something behind us and we found it to be our guide and comrades who had followed us down the valley. In a few minutes the soldier's wife came out of the house and looked anxiously in our direction. Presently the men followed. We were all ready to fire on them but hesitated, fearing we might be wrong. In order to find out positively I stepped from behind the tree in plain sight of them. The instant they saw me they laid their guns down and raised their hands. We marched up and took them. They proved to be union men. While Sergeant Church was examining their oath of allegiance we destroyed their guns and our guide said they were all right. They were well pleased at finding us for they did not know that there were any union troops in the valley, as the guerrilla bands had stripped the valley of all servicable property for the confederate army.

That night the woman at our headquarters was uneasy and at supper she asked Church to provide a guard of two or three men. At about 8 o'clock Church and myself went over to the house. It only contained one room and the guerrillas had captured everything of value except one old horse which was chained with a log chain to one of the logs of the house. The house was very small and the woman declared she would stand guard and compel us to sleep in the only bed, which was a very rude concern placed in one corner of the room and being conspicuous as the only piece of furniture except a box for a table and a few three legged stools, so Church and I laid down on our blankets in front of the fire place. The guerrillas always made their most noted moves under cover of darkness and on the night just mentioned at about 12 o'clock the woman awakened us and said they were coming, arousing us from a sound sleep. We could hear the sound of horses feet upon the solid road. The woman had a quilt nailed across one corner forming a rude closet. The blaze of the fire place made escape by way of the door impossible with an enemy so close, even then surrounding the house. Sergeant Church and I speedily reached an understanding as to our defense, so springing behind the curtain or quilt he would attack them in front while I took refuge behind the old wooden hinged door and was to cut off retreat when the last one had come in. Soon one of the horsemen rode up to the door and came so close that his horse's head could be plainly seen—he was not four feet from me. The head I thought was familiar to me and on the bridle I could see the U. S., but I could not see the rider, who, however, could not remain in silence long before he said: "Church, Field and Lander, are you here?" I recognized the voice and said: "Corporal Springer, is that you?" "It is," said he. I then asked him to dismount and come in, when he stepped in front of the fire place in plain sight of both of us. As soon as Sergeant Church caught sight of him he stepped out and took him by the hand.

Corporal Springer ordered us to get the rest of the boys. As the mounted men had captured the gang that day our work in "Horse Shoe Valley" was over, and Captain Danforth had sent a platoon of men and our horses to return us to Fort Hovey, where we arrived at daybreak and found the gang behind the bars in Iron Mountain jail.

About two weeks after arriving at Iron Mountain, Quarter-

master Dyre, who was an old acquaintance of Captain Danforth, one day came over to our quarters for a chat with the captain. Soon after his arrival I was ordered to report at headquarters. After the usual military formulas had been observed Quartermaster Dyre said: "A few days ago there chanced to come to my tent an elderly gentleman, a farmer by occupation, who told the following story: 'A day or two ago there came to my house a couple of lads dressed after the fashion of yours and says they, "Can you let us have some bacon, ham and flour for we are clear out of everything to eat." I let them have what they wanted and they said to come to ye for the pay. I live in the Horse Shoe Country.'" "Do you know anything about this man, Fields?" asked Captain Danforth. I told him I thought I did and explained to them what I knew about the "Horse Shoe Farmer," and asked them if they paid the bill. "No," said Quartermaster Captain Dyer. "I did not expect or intend that you should," said I. We all had a good laugh over it at any rate. After this they said when they wanted any foraging done they would call on Field, who would give orders on the quartermaster.

JUNE 8th, 1862.

It was about this time that Captain Danforth was made Provost Marshal of Ironton and surrounding country. Daily arrivals of reinforcements made matters more pleasant for a few days, during which time General Steele was concentrating his forces and re-arranging his division, which was to become a portion of Major General Curtis' army. I was placed on provost guard about a week after our captain's appointment as Provost Marshal of Ironton and Iron Mountain. Lieutenant G. Allen May was officer of the guard and while at headquarters on duty subject to his orders, we were informed that a brewery was selling liquor to the soldiers between Ironton and Iron Mountain. Officer of the Guard Lieutenant May started with a platoon of Cavalry for the brewery which was located at the foot of Shepherd Mountain. The location of the brewery was such that the inhabitants could easily escape to the mountains. Officer of the day ordered Sergeant Teals, Martin Luther and myself to dismount and arrest the brewery man and his assistant. We dismounted and went to the front door, which we found securely locked, and started around to the rear of the building which was used as a kitchen. As we left the front door to go around to the

back we found the ground covered with drunken soldiers who had become intoxicated by liquor obtained from the brewery. We got into the kitchen and found the wife of the brewery man, a large, muscular German woman about 5 feet 4 inches tall and as stout as a horse. Our platoon had succeeded in surrounding the house. We asked her where the proprietor was. She said he was up in the mountain. Sergeant Teale ordered her to call him, which she refused to do. Lieutenant May then gave us orders to arrest her and take her to Pilot Knob. Sergeant Teale stepped up to her and told her to put on her wraps. She was standing near the stove upon which was a kettle of hot water which she seized and attempted to scald him, and, when he threw up his hand to protect himself, he was assaulted in an entirely different way, for in the woman's quick perception she conceived the opportunity and caught his hand between her teeth nearly severing the thumb from the hand and wounding him to such an extent that he bears the scar yet. Martin Luther, being a tall man, six feet and four inches, threw his arm around her neck and held her or she would have killed Sergeant Teale, who was in great agony over his wound. Lieutenant May sat upon his horse laughing at the idea of one woman being enough for three of us. She finally consented to go if we would take a lantern and her children. She kept continually hallooing in German or French, I don't know which, loud enough to be heard in town, so that when we reached the main road with her we were confronted by a crowd of German and French armed with clubs and stones. We were expecting at any moment to be mobbed and I think our chance for a victory would have been slim as they were about five times our number. They did not tackle us, however, and we delivered her at headquarters in safety. My brother, W. F. Reed was placed in charge of the brewery and also the store in town which had been selling smuggled ammunition.

Sergeant Teale had command of most of the mounted scouts which were sent out on the main road between Pilot Knob, Patterson and the main army. There had been a number of stragglers and dispatch bearers killed by some means, at this time wholly unknown to us, and were missed from the command near Shut In, or Stony Battery. Sergeant Teale was ordered out with a platoon to view the country and, as it afterwards proved, a young guerrilla had been the cause of those men being absent. Several efforts had been made to capture him but as many times he had escaped to the

woods which surrounded the house in which he and his young wife lived. At last Sergeant Teale selected his men carefully and set out with the determination of taking the guerrilla, either dead or alive. He having been there several times before, was able to give us a good description of the house and all the surroundings. At about 10 o'clock our force, consisting of ten or a dozen men, left Fort Hovey and three hours later we were within a mile of the house which was a small log cabin upon a knoll surrounded by a clearing. So leaving our horses with a guide and posting our men as vedettes around the edge of the timber, Sergeant Teale and myself crept some forty rods on our hands and knees that we might be enabled to take him by surprise. Reaching the door, which Teale knew by previous visits to be unlocked so he could easily escape as he had previously done, Sergeant Teale opened it and advanced to the bed where our man lay, holding his belt light in such a manner that all that could be seen by our prisoner was myself standing at the foot of the bed with my revolver in hand, and seeing no chance of escape he and his wife clinched and rolled in bed. It was impossible to get him up by coaxing. We took him from the bed by force and he trembled so much that we had to help him dress. His young wife screamed so loud that it brought our command out of the woods where they had been posted as vedettes, also our reserves with the horses. His wife begged so for his life that we partly promised not to take it unless he attempted to escape. We placed him upon a horse fastening him in the usual way for cavalry prisoners, mounted ours and started back to Iron Mountain, leaving her alone. For several miles we could hear her screaming above the clatter of our horses feet. It was nearly morning when we placed him in Iron Mountain jail where his comrade desperadoes had been placed a few days before.

FORT HOVEY, 1862.

Reception of Officers' Wives.

About two weeks before we were to start on a march for Little Rock, Captain Danforth and Quartermaster Dyer's wives came for a short visit with their husbands before active field duty had actually begun. In order to make this visit memorable the boys made arrangements for a banquet and a ball at a noted hotel. At that place the scene was an impressive one.

1862.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

On the 14th of June we began our march southward under the command of Brig. Gen. Steele, passing Patterson and crossing a branch of the Black River. We were unmolested until we were near Pocohontas where we had a sharp skirmish with a guerrilla band and killed about sixteen men. The first battalion of the 13th Cavalry was left at Pocohontas. The 2nd battalion again crossed Black River some distance south of the town by swimming. Corporal Stone acted as our pilot and the mounted battalion followed. We made a flat boat and ferried our wagons over. We had a number of mules drowned while swimming across. We met with nothing worthy of note until we reached Jacksonport, where the rebels had concentrated large stores of cotton and ammunition, provisions and clothing. Upon our approach these stores were fired and before we were able to subdue the flames they had consumed almost the entire town.

Here we were consolidated with General Curtis' army which came from Batesville. The army was now organized as follows: General Curtis, commander; Brigadier General Steele, commander 1st division; Carr, commander 2nd division, and Osterhaus, commander 3rd division.

Our army now consisted of about 27,000 men who were placed upon the march July 3rd in the direction of Augusta which we reached the next day, after a very tedious march with the thermometer ranging at about 100. We suffered terribly for want of water as the rebels had filled the wells up. We arrived at Augusta on July 4th, and as the weather was extremely hot we were given a holiday so we all went swimming which proved to be an unfortunate occurrence for some of our boys, as we missed some twenty-five of them on July 5th. We were only allowed two or three days rest before we were placed on the march for Clarendon. Our army formed a procession about twenty-five miles long and made a continuous camp for where our advance guard would camp one night our rear guard would camp the next. The weather was extremely hot and a band of rebels, whose duty it was to obstruct our march as much as possible, had blockaded the roads by felling huge trees across it for a distance of about one half mile. After clearing a road across the blockade and reaching the river we found it guarded

by about 5,000 Texas Rangers who were holding the ford from the opposite side. July 7th, 1862, a new advance guard was formed under Col. Hovey, consisting of the 33rd Illinois and 11th Wisconsin Infantry Regiments and a part of the 1st Indiana Cavalry, who, after a sharp skirmish with the rebels succeeded in driving them on toward Cotton Plant, which was about two or three miles away. When our battalion reached the crossing we could hear the noise of the conflict at Cotton Plant.

On July 7th, 1862, at about 11 o'clock, our advance guard struck the enemy in the woods surrounding an open field, a detailed description of which would show a plot of ground about two and one half miles across, surrounded by timber in a semi circular shape and containing a cross road near the center. An old farm house stood near the road. On the south side of the road was a high rail fence which divided the field and was passable only through a large gate at one of the main thoroughfares. This field was surrounded on all sides with a dense wood, which in turn was compassed by one of the Arkansas Bayou swamps. When the advance guard of the army reached the cross roads (they left at this point a portion of the 11th Wisconsin regiment, the remainder were thrown into an advance skirmish line in company with the 4th company of the 33rd Regiment Illinois Infantry and one howitzer, under command of Col. Hovey) they turned to the left from the cross roads towards the woods in which the rebels were hiding in ambush awaiting our approach.

Our skirmishers had traveled about three or four miles distant from the landing before halting, and were engaged nearly three hours before the main army was aware of any fighting. Curtis supposed that Hovey had marched a short distance into the woods and halted to await the arrival of the main army and we were leisurely crossing the river when we were startled by the report of guns in the distance. Gen. Curtis ordered the 2nd battalion to charge to the front, the general leading us in person for about a mile. He then left us with an order to make haste, which we did, charging upon the field with foaming horses. In order to get to the enemy it was necessary for us to pass through the large gate about which the four companies of 11th Wisconsin had planted their howitzers which had twice been captured and recaptured. These brave Wisconsin boys were doing noble work although they were fighting a force which outnumbered the whole advance guard five to one.

The remainder of the 11th Wisconsin and the 33rd Illinois must not be forgotten. They were down in the edge of the woods where the conflict was raging heavier than at the gate. The enemy would charge through the entire line of battle and pass on through the open field. In this way they came in range of the reserve forces who greeted them with a raking cross fire. This was repeated until the main forces were seen huddling behind trees, each apparently forming an independent command fighting for self, each picking out his man, then watching him dodge down never to rise again.

When we entered the field the situation appeared most critical. The little howitzer had been captured by the rebel infantry and turned upon our boys. Our regiment formed in line of battle a short distance down the road and charged upon the rebel cavalry which had been posted upon the road to watch for our approach. Following these closely we charged up to the rail fence which was at this time held by the enemy. Upon our approach the enemy fled for refuge under cover of the woods. We were ordered to charge through the gateway where could be seen one of the most horrible scene ever witnessed in battle. There were at least two hundred bodies lying within ten rods of the gateway. They were so thick that it was impossible to get through before they were moved. These had fallen in stubborn resistance from bayonets and swords and pieces of rails which were used in hand to hand combats. The dead, wounded and dying were so thick that the ground was covered with blood. We were obliged to pass through this way, our horses shying and leaping from the rows of bodies which we piled up on both sides. They became almost wild with fright. Thus we came upon the field of action in the relief of the main force, who, encouraged by our approach, re-echoed our approaching "Hurrah" with such power only one who has been in the front can understand.

We were not however, alone in the relief and rescue of the two companies who had offered such stubborn resistance to an army of more than 5,000 men, for their comrades had run the entire two miles to relieve them. We pursued the fleeing rebels for about two miles when skirmishing commenced and they were forced to retreat to the cover of the swamps. The third Missouri Cavalry came up and we were ordered back to the field. While guarding the field I saw an officer lying with his head upon the hips of his horse. He was an officer of the enemy begging for a drink of water. One of

my comrades having a little left in his canteen gave it to him while I held his horse, and in less than five minutes he fell over dead. General Hovey was wounded, having been surrounded by the enemy with only a few men with him. They had then begun to gather up the dead and wounded as the field was ours. As it was growing dark we were again ordered through the gate. But the scene was now changed for on one side was the Blue and the other the Gray. During the night the 33rd Illinois and the 11th Wisconsin buried the dead. Losses on both sides were about two hundred, of which two-thirds were Gray and one-third Blue. A Sergeant of the 33rd Illinois in command of a platoon was taken prisoner. His body was found about eighty rods from the point of his capture bound to a tree and literally riddled with bullets. The enemy were supplied with very inferior arms, such as spears, lances, shot guns and scythe blades. Our company was placed on guard during the night with greatly reduced ranks as many of our men were lost while charging through a field full of stumps by horses falling and the next man running over him.

The mosquitoes were so thick in camp that there was no rest for anyone and it was made much harder because we had no rations. Our wagon train was being guarded in the rear and did not come up for forty eight hours. The next day we found that the enemy had retreated to the swamp under Ball's Bluff of White River so we took up our march toward Clarendon.

The weather was very hot and chronic diseases prevailed among the men as we had to drink swamp water. Our supplies were short and we were placed on reduced rations. We could not find any chance to forage for everything had been destroyed for many miles in our front by the retreating enemy. There was one thing in our favor. Governor had ordered all plantations planted with corn and as it was just roasting ear season we completely devastated every field we reached—ears for ourselves and stalks for our horses. While in camp on one plantation I was detailed as company forager, our rations being reduced to one hardtack per day. I went out and found a blackberry patch about two miles away and all we had for supper were blackberries, green apples and molasses. On arriving at Clarendon and finding no supper we were not a little disappointed and soon received orders to march to Helena, Arkansas, for supplies. A distance of sixty-five miles was to be made over swamp roads, with one hard tack per man. We lost hundreds of

men on the road, perishing for want of food, exhaustion from night and day marching and being forced to quench our thirst during hot July weather with malarial swamp water. This march was ended on July 14, 1862, our loss during four weeks' campaign being about 7000 men. We camped at Helena. Our regiment was placed about a mile and one-half above town, but our hunger was not satisfied even here for the supply was not sufficient, or at least it was not distributed. A foraging detail was accordingly sent out on the following day with instructions to secure all the meat, bacon and corn we could and load our wagons. Sergeant Teele and myself led our detail about twelve miles trying to get ahead. Finally we came to a large plantation with probably one hundred or more slaves. We commenced loading our wagons with corn from the cribs and then searched for the smokehouse, which we finally found, during which time about fifty wagons were foraging upon this place. In the smokehouse there was probably two or three ton of bacon, besides a large quantity of ham. Before this was loaded a platoon which pretended to be provost guards from General Steele came up and took possession of the smokehouse pretending to have orders from the General to keep it from the troops. Corporal Church and myself doubted this statement; There was a barrel or two of whiskey and one each of molasses and vinegar which they began to sell to the soldiers at three shillings per drink, thus violating their orders. If they were provost guards we did not know to what regiment they belonged but knew they came from Curtis' army. We were determined to have some of the meat one way or another. Corporal Church ordered the wagons drawn up to the door and in connection with four or five others with drawn sabres marched into the smoke house and springing upon a barrel he acted as spokesman, saying: "I have just arrived from Helena with orders to stop the sale of liquor." They doubted his statement and argued the case with with for fear of being arrested, during which time I passed about 1,500 pounds of ham from their hangings to our wagons. With the exception of one drunk, our detail got in all right and after hiding a portion of ham, molasses and honey in a hollow log, the forage was turned over to headquarters.

Two or three days after this we were ordered with Hovey's brigade to Old Town Landing, about twenty miles down the river. Here we were camped between levee and the river. With the 11th

Wisconsin and the 33rd Illinois Infantry and 10th Illinois Cavalry, our battalion was detailed to raid after and load cotton on a boat.

OLD TOWN LANDING AND HOSPITAL LIFE AT HELENA, ARKANSAS AND ST. LOUIS.

About twenty miles below Helena, Arkansas, we were under command of General Hovey, formerly Colonel of the 33rd Illinois Infantry. His brigade consisted of the 33rd Illinois and the 11th Wisconsin Infantry and our company of cavalry commanded by W. W. Danforth. Our business it seemed mostly was to steal or plunder for cotton. We were worked to death at the business. Steamboats would land and a large detail every morning would start out to load them over in the state of Mississippi. Our camp was very unhealthy. It was between the levee and river, the levee twenty to thirty feet higher than our camp. Back of this was a large swamp full of alligators. We had to drink water that had a green scum one to two inches thick. Chronic diseases and fever set in. I was finally confined to my tent and off duty, but my Captain Danforth would not let the surgeon treat me, but would come to my tent and treat me himself, and some others whom he claimed as his pets. I was very sick. In a few days so many were sick that we moved our camp up the river. My brother, W. F. Reed, was one of the cooks. He took care of me. I was getting worse all the time. We were ordered to Helena. There our regiment had a hospital in a church which was taken for that purpose and I was placed in it. There were some 200 sick, eleven or twelve of my company. Here is a blank in my life I cannot remember for I was very low and knew but little. I remember my Captain and Chaplain caring for me, feeding me chicken broth and medicine. I would rise up and look around the room and see them putting a comrade in a box and carry him out. The average death was two to three a day. Here we had been for two or three weeks. One night my brother, who was in another building near by, sick, but able to walk around, came in and said to me that we were to go up the river. There were a lot of hospital boats at the landing waiting for us and he had a one horse dray at the door. He had some of the company with him. They took me up and carried me and laid me on the dray and told the driver to drive to the boat in a hurry. He ran ahead and got on the boat. While he was on looking for a place to put

me, the gang plank was pulled in and the boat lit out. That was the last I saw of my brother for over 2 years. The next I saw of him was at this same town. He was an officer of the 60th U. S. Colored infantry. There was another steamboat that was not fully loaded and W. F. Bacon and Jim Jonas, of my company, took me on this boat with them. I was very weak and was left outside by the railing. It rained on me all night. There were probably one hundred soldiers sick similar to me. Along about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning some of them who could walk came to me and told me several were dead, having died during the night. I remember Jonas and Bacon got me up on my feet and led me around. Some of my company died that night.

Some time during the day we met a boat coming down the river and it was signaled and came to us. Who appeared on the deck but our own Governor of Illinois, Governor Yates. I could look up and see him and hear what he said. When he said, "boys what do you want," I said, "give us coffins to bury our dead," and he did, and our poor comrades were sunk there under the sands of the great Mississippi River. This was the only time that I ever saw Governor Yates. He was on his way to Vicksburg to care for sick and wounded soldiers from his state. His boat was loaded with coffins and supplies for the troops.

We arrived at St. Louis after a journey of some two days and nights. Our surgeon was under arrest for some cause and refused to care for us and our old chaplain took us in charge but could not get us into any hospital at St. Louis. The Captain of the boat ordered us off that the decks might be cleared by ten o'clock that night and the boat to go back for more sick, so the Chaplain sat down and wrote me a pass and gave it to me, passing me into the city limits with three men for three days. My blankets were wet and I kicked them into the river. Jonas and Bacon could walk about and were quite strong, but Thomas Egan and myself could not walk alone nor could we stand up alone. The boys had no money. I told them to take Egan and me to the nearest hotel or restaurant that they could find and take care of us and that I would pay all bills. I had about \$50.00 in my pocket but they did not know it. They took us up about three blocks and we sat down while they went in. The landlord came to me and I told him our condition. He was a Frenchman and kept a restaurant. I told him we wanted to stay for two or three days until we could get to the

Soldiers Home. He said he would keep us for 80c a day. I paid for one day and we went to bed in two rooms upstairs. In the morning Jonas and Bacon got up and left me and Egan in our beds and got their breakfast and went around town. Neither of us could get out of bed nor could we eat anything. We had caught cold and both had chills. Along in the forenoon a young lady came into my room and asked me if I was sick. I told her my condition and that I could scarcely move myself and she went out and brought in more bedding and packed it around me and then took care of Egan a little while. She came back and gave me something to eat. I shall always remember her care during those two days. When we got out and down to the table the third day I told the boys we must report to the Soldiers Home that day and we started. I only weighed 115 pounds. One year before this in St. Louis I weighed 162 pounds. They took me to the Soldiers' Home. This home was in charge of a woman who was kind to me. She had me taken into a room and put in bed. After a while she came in and looked at me and talked with me. I was very weak and she said I must have help and that she would call a doctor. The doctor came in and examined me and wanted to know if I had money. I asked him what for, to pay for medicine? I gave them a bill and one of them came back and gave me a large bottle and told me to take a swallow about so often. After I had taken a few doses I fell asleep till morning. There was something like sixty or seventy of my regiment sick at this home. The rest that came up the river had been placed in hospitals. The next morning our boys came in and told me that we had orders to go to Pilot Knob Hospital and the train would go soon. I did not want to be left so they got me up and dressed me and put me in a chair near the front door where I was waiting for train time. The lady in charge of the home came along and saw me and ordered me to come and go with her. I did not know what she meant. She led me across the hall into a nice room and said, "This is my private room—you are not able to go—you must stay with me, lie down on the sofa or bed and be contented, I will care for you" I heard a noise in the hall and got to the door. My comrades were leaving and I told them not to leave me so they took me along.

We arrived at Pilot Knob and went to Arcadia and took a school house of which we made a hospital. This had been one of our old camping grounds for we had left Ft. Hovey, the June before. It

was full of living springs of water and was a healthy place. It seemed more homelike to me. I drank freely of it and took less medicine and began to gain. The weather was getting colder. The hair was mostly off from my head. I used to go down to Uncle Bob's residence and Aunt Mary's, as we used to call them, an old colored couple—they remembered us being there the spring before while in fort. Uncle Bob called us "his boys" and could cook what we wanted. They would make chicken broth and anything we wanted we must have. We got permission from our surgeon to take our meals at uncle Bob's. I gained slowly, but my poor comrade, Thomas Egan, got worse and died at the school house. We buried him at the Arcadia cemetery

THE GREATEST RIDE OF MY LIFE—TO SAVE FOUR HUNDRED SOLDIERS FROM CAPTURE.

I returned to my company and regiment for duty at Pilot Knob and was promoted to corporal. Here we were at it again, scouting and doing duty. Some time in March I was detailed by my captain and he went with me to town and I was made a dispatch bearer under Major Lippert, who commanded the post at that time. The first duty I did in this line was to carry the dispatch which proved to be the order for the evacuation of Barnesville Missouri, a distance of about 40 miles. The Major ordered my captain to give me my choice of horses to ride and told me not to spare my horse. I chose Sergeant Teele's horse, a noble one, and he had to give him up to me and help me off. I shall always feel proud of this ride and my commander did too. I made it safely in two hours but danger was before me. Marmaduke with five thousand men was marching to Greenville and I did not know it. There were also the guerrillas between Pilot Knob and Barnesville. When I was out about 15 miles I met face to face three of them mounted at a short turn in the road. Having my colts navy in my right hand, and they with their guns strapped over their shoulders, I got the drop on them so quick that they threw up their hands and surrendered to me. I did not stop but kept my horse in motion and passed through, two on one side and one on the other, with my revolver holding them up. I expected to meet more but did not. I hastened my horse and looked back at a turn in the road. I saw them coming for me. My horse was good and had a good

wind. I let him out and soon I had distanced them half a mile or more. In a long turn in the road I held up to a large house and turned my horse, and watched the road, to let him get wind. A woman was standing in the door. I told her to bring me some water quick which she did. I had to change my revolver in hand to drink. She trembled and was scared. As I drank I saw them enter the long lane and they saw me and were yelling and fired just as my horse sprang again and I was out of their sight for that time.

I arrived safely at Barnesville and rode up to Major Bell's tent. He came out and I handed him my dispatch. He read it and called his bugler and ordered him to blow the assembly. The Major told me to dismount and stay at his tent. The order was read to the command. It was the evacuation of Barnesville and to destroy our army stores there and move to Pilot Knob. In less than two hours Marmaduke with his army was in Barnesville and we five miles out. We marched all night. I left them and went ahead towards morning. This I shall always consider the most important ride of my life, for if I had failed to reach Barnesville these four hundred troops would have been taken and these stores would have fallen into their hands

The next morning I was in a detail to go north on the Iron Mountain Railroad. Marmaduke had crossed there that night. Six miles north we struck his rear guard. At this point our little command mounted and charged them before they could form a line. I well remember the command given to them by their commander when he saw us charging down on them. It was in these words, "right face, right smart, git," and they did "git" before we could reach them. We turned back and went to Pilot Knob. Our troops had gone, some on the Fredricktown road and some towards Cape Girardeau. We that were out went on to overtake our command. I did not reach my company until late in the afternoon. I was taken sick and was nearly used up. I had been out nearly two days and nights without sleep and constantly in the saddle and had made probably a one hundred mile ride.

THE TWO BIRDS IN A CAGE ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

I came to the right of the company to take my place and Captain May said, "Charley, have you gotten back." He looked at me and said to one of the boys, "you fall out with Field and put him

in an ambulance and put his horse in its place." My captain knew what I had done. I got into the ambulance which had three seats in it. The driver was on the front seat and I took the middle seat. He turned around and said to me, "look out for that man on the back seat, he was in the fight this morning and was hurt and I think he is crazy. Dont let him get out." I noticed he had an artillery uniform on and was either French or German. I could not talk with him. It was nearly dark. I had had a chill that afternoon and it was on when the captain sent me back. The fever had set in and I did not care for driver or crazy man so I lopped down on the seat and soon fell asleep, but was awakened by the reeling of my comrade, the crazy man on the back seat. The ambulance had broken loose from the horses and the driver was out with them and the crazy man and I were rolling down the mountain and him a yelling. The curtains were all tied down. I could think of nothing but what the driver had told me just before I went to sleep so I reached for the crazy loon and caught him by the coat tail and hung on, we still going down the hill like two birds in a cage, with awful yells from the Frenchman. I could not pacify him. I presume he was bruised some, I know I was. The ambulance finally struck in a creek, top down and wheels up, in about four feet of water and mud, I still clinging to my man who had torn through the curtains and was soaked with mud and water and he still yelling drew me into a thicket of underbrush. All of a sudden I found we were surrounded by a group of mounted men.

Halt; Halt; I saw they were about to capture me so I let go of my man. I have never seen him since nor heard from him. He flew through the brush—the mounted men did not get him. These mounted men were at the rear of our army. You may imagine how I felt. I walked back. The mounted men and surgeon sat upon their horses and we ordered some colored men to go into the creek and get the ambulance. I saw camp fires across on the other side and I waded across to them. Our troops were lying around them asleep. This was about 10 or 11 o'clock. I did not know where to find my company or regiment. I got to one pile of rails burning and was trying to get dry; the soldiers were snoring all around me. Soon I heard two shots fired by artillery. They could not have been more than sixty or eighty rods from me. The men all sprang to their feet and bugles were sounded. I could distinguish our camp bugle and grabbing my clothes ran for it. Some one half mile

from where I was my company was in line. A night attack was what was supposed. I ran for my horse—one of my platoon had him in line. I grabbed the rein. He did not know me and would not give him up until I put my clothing on. Before I got them on however, we were told to lie down. It was only the 1st Iowa cavalry on picket and they were close to the enemy's lines. They had taken two of our howitzer—the enemy having fired on picket—and opened them right in the enemy's camp. This set Marmaduke retreating in the night supposing that he was attacked, while we laid down until morning.

CAVALRY CHARGE AT BLOOMFIELD MISSOURI.

The next morning we moved on to Jackson. Marmaduke had passed through and we followed. He attacked Cape Girardeau. General McNeil moved his forces up and drove them back to Chalk Bluff road leading to Bloomfield. Here we united with McNeil. We were under command of General Vandever. The two forces under Vandever and McNeil pursued Marmaduke. Before we reached Bloomfield he made a stand, or pretended to. Colonel Glover with a battalion of Missouri Cavalry, and Major Lippert with our battalion, charged his rear and routed them. We drove them to Bloomfield. There was a number lost in this charge in killed and wounded. I think our dash was some three miles. I had another chill that day. My captain wanted me to take the ambulance but I told him I would not—I preferred to die in the saddle before he would get me into another ambulance and I did stick to my saddle, in this charge, and came out all O. K. We still pursued the enemy and drove them across the St. Francis River at Chalk Bluff, where we had a big artillery fight which lasted some time. Our regiment was posted near the foot of a little hill that was covered with our artillery. We were in the swamp or bayou. Our horses were over their knees in water. The shells were screaming over us and twigs and tree limbs falling. We were placed as support, and to keep from sight and exposure we led into the water for safety. After the battle we returned to Pilot Knob. We had been gone ten days and started on three days' rations. I had suffered from hunger, chills and fever. My medicine was fight. We had driven Marmaduke from the state of Missouri.

BATTLE OF POPLAR BLUFF, MISSOURI.

We went into camp and stayed a few days and were then ordered to Brownsville, under command of Lieut. Col. Hartman. Here we camped a while and did picket duty, and made a raid down on Eleven Point River on the Arkansas line and had about 80 to 100 men in this raid. When out about three days some 80 to 100 miles from camp at Poplar Bluff, we were trapped by some of Marmaduke's Cavalry. They were concealed on a mountain of high rocks and the road which we were on led us nearly around this mountain. They could see us and had concealed a large force in this mountain. We took a lane that led us close up to the rocks on one side and a high rail fence on the other and when our command got into this lane they opened fire on us straight down from the rocks. This was a tight place and we could do nothing. My horse was shot. Buckshot had passed through my blankets which were fastened to my saddle. We were ordered to run and get away from the fire. The road led us around the mountain where there was a slope and we were on level ground. There we were running two by two. There were some 400 or more mounted cavalry on this slope. They rushed down with a charge and struck us a broadside. I was thrown in among the enemy and they shot my horse again but I managed to gain my place. This was a hard brush for us. Several horses were killed and several men were taken prisoners. Lieutenant Hilliard was wounded here. He was afterwards Colonel of an Illinois Cavalry Regiment and was Adjutant General of the State of Illinois after the war. He rode with me that night on the retreat. My horse being badly wounded I was placed among the wounded. I shall always remember Lieutenant Hilliard and how he suffered that night with a musket ball in his arm. We made a retreat of some fifty miles that night. The next night we camped about two miles out from our pickets at Brownsville and laid till morning to see if the enemy had followed us. In the morning I had to abandon my horse. He had bled badly and was stiffened from the hard ride. My poor horse; I had thought so much of him, and he was so well trained. His name was Fidicay. He was given to me by an old regular, who enlisted in our company and who had ridden him and trained him. The horse would fight on a field of battle with his heels but I had to leave him. We went into camp twenty horses short, a number of men wounded and

some taken prisoners. This was not encouraging for us. We remained here but a short time.

The regiment was ordered to Pilot Knob and camped near Shepherd Mountain and was consolidated—what was left of us into three companies. Having had eight companies, we were so reduced that we only had three companies. This consolidation caused the commissioned and non-commissioned officers to be thrown out, except enough to officer three companies. I, being a Corporal, expected to be thrown out, but Major Lippert was retained to command the three companies and he chose his own commissioned officers. My captain was retained captain. G. Allen May and he held me by choice as one of the corporals. We had a good set of men and officers who had seen action in the service, and our leader, Major Lippert, was an officer who was competent to command an army

BATTLE OF BRUSHY OR HORSE SHOE BEND.

June 1863.

After our consolidation our three companies were sent to Patterson, down in the Black River country to fight the guerrillas. We had a hard time of it. We could not get close enough to them to have an engagement so we divided our force, one company under Captain Erskine, Company B, left camp, and our company under Captain G. A. May, left one day later and company A, under Captain Behlendorf remained to hold the camp.

Major Tim Reeves had command of the guerrillas and kept away from us. The bands were commanded by Reeves, Carter, Johnson and Quantrell. We were to consolidate our two companies the second night out and attack Reeves in camp. Our company under Captain May (Company C)—we had about twenty more scouts with us—and our Major Lippert being with us, were to meet Captain Erskine's company and unite our forces next day or night. The first night out we camped about 25 miles from Patterson, so you can see that our forces were a long ways apart. There were no other troops within fifty miles of us. That night we camped in a little valley on Horse Shoe Bend Creek, with high hills on three sides of us. Near the creek, off the road, in a little clearing there was a log stable. The scouts, about 20 in number, had tied their horses around the stable and near it. Our company had about 60

men. We had eaten supper and were about to lie down for the night when Sergeant Martin Luther, who had charge of the pickets, sent in word that men were crossing the road between the pickets on the hill. Our camp had been seen by the vedettes. The Major went around quietly and ordered us to saddle our horses and to fall in line and lay on arms and put out fires. This was about 10 o'clock. He then took the Missouri scouts and advanced a skirmish line to our front. I remember he came to captain May and had a talk with him saying, "I believe we are surrounded." This was an anxious night. The katydids were singing and we were anxious to know the result. About three o'clock the Major ordered us to be ready. Our cook had started a little fire (Bob was his name.) He had a pack horse with camp kettle and coffee and we had started to get our coffee. When the music commenced, the hills all around us were a blaze of fire. The Major got his scouts along a rail fence at the foot of the hill and Captain May had us mount. We formed our company in the creek between the banks mounted. It soon began to get light. I was right guide of the company. I could see the dead horses of the scouts lying around the stables. The scouts were fighting and the enemy were climbing over the fence. We were getting in a few shots with carbines, Our heads being above the bank. Soon I saw Major Lippert hobble from the fence and firing his revolver and clearing himself, came to the right of our company, and told Captain May to take command and get us out, for "I am shot" he said. Captain May ordered us to draw sabres fours right and the order to charge was blown by our bugler. They were getting pretty thick around us. We made a dash by fours and cut our way through. I was right guide which placed me in the first four. The Sergeant's horse was shot and the bugler had his bugle shot out of his hands and was wounded in the lips and mouth. My horse and clothing were covered with blood but I was not hurt. We went over the rail fence, four deep, flying right through the thickest of them, and formed a line. The scouts and men who lost their horses followed on foot and ran in our wake. We formed on level ground but only had about 40 men mounted. We held this ground for one hour and sent our wounded and dismounted men on toward Patterson. The enemy dared not come near enough to give us battle. Our Captain had a good position and he said he would charge them if they would come. We had lost some 20 horses or more. Major Lippert had been shot three

times and was carried out on a horse. Six men were wounded. We arrived at Patterson that night, pressing in some teams to haul our wounded. The whole of these bands had united and made the attack on us with only 80 men under Major Lippert. The force under Reeves, Carter, Johnson and Quantrell was said to contain 480 men. A few days afterwards, we got the newspapers of the fight of Brushy Creek or Horse Shoe Bend. Reeve's own report was that he had killed Lippert and used up his command, and had only lost 14 men himself.

We stayed at Patterson for a while and had a hospital at a farm house about two miles out where Major Lippert and others were kept. Some two or three weeks later we went to Pilot Knob. We were there a short time when Major Lippert came to us again and took command. We moved out to Bloomfield, Missouri. We commenced to build a large fort at this place on a little hill. We cut the logs in the timber and hauled them in. I was engaged in this work—cutting down trees and loading teams. We had not completed our fort, but we had named it however. It was called fort Lippert after our Major.

One afternoon Sergeant Major Keyes Danforth came and had three men and myself report to Major Lippert's tent after dark that night. The Major told me I was to ride with him all night. We took the Chalk Bluff road and went on a lope most of the night. Along toward morning we halted and went into the woods. The Major said "Corporal Field, leave your horse and come with me—I want to have a talk with you." I left my horse and we had a talk. I then knew what our ride was for, but had not previously. He said that we would leave our horses with the other three soldiers that Kitchen's regiment of confederates were camped on Chalk Bluff near where we had the fight last spring and I was here in it. I told him I was. He said he is not far off and I want to get sight of the camp and count his men at roll call this morning, so we left and made through the timber. We must have travelled about two miles in the dark when we came to the water. We crept along and watched the opposite side. I saw tents on the bluff and I showed them to him. It was quite dark yet so we got a nice place and waited until daylight. The drummers came out and were between us and the tents and beat the morning reveille. We were in the willows just opposite. The distance could not have been more than forty rods. "Now you count the men in each com-

pany, beginning at the right" said Major Lippert. I did and he took notes in his book. "Now said he, "we must get back and not be seen." We did get back and lively too and made Bloomfield that day in safety. We had ridden nearly 100 miles when Lippert wanted to know the number of men Colonel Kitchen had. We had gotten the number from roll call. Soon after this (a few days) we started south. Major General Steele had moved from Pilot Knob and was on his way for Little Rock, Arkansas.

We were put some twenty miles in the rear of General Davidson's division of Cavalry. This left all the guerrilla bands that followed in the rear of his army to come in contact with us, being some twenty miles in the rear of all of our forces. We camped the second night out not far from the St. Francis River. I was corporal of camp guard that night. We had about eight or ten teams and our three companies all told, numbered about 200 men. This was a terrible night—thunder, wind and rain—the men were drowned out of their dog tents. The horses tore around all night. The men piled under the wagons to keep out of the storm,

I was very busy keeping the picket posts down that our horses were tied to and the whole guard was kept up all night at work. In the morning at roll call we had lost some fourteen horses and a span of mules. They could not be found. My captain made every man tell where his horse was tied and none were taken from the picket line that I had charge of, so I was clear. But the span of mules was tied to the wagon tongue and I was under the wagon part of the night. I told the Captain that I had run against several men that night and so did the guards, and some were asleep almost as they walked or stood up to keep out of the water that had fallen, but to our surprise the halters were all cut and the horses stolen. The guerillas had been among us and stolen them during the storm. You could not see ten feet from you that night. There was a detail made and the sergeant was ordered to take command of the detail of fourteen men and I was second in command.

Major Lippert ordered us to scour the country and make up the loss of horses and overtake the command next night and they would move on. We rode clear around our camping grounds. I found a road that led east. I rode on it until I found fresh tracks where four horses had been led four abreast. I rode back and told Keyes Danforth, the Sergeant Major, and we took this road while the main command moved south. We followed this trail some four

or five miles. We met a couple of men mounted on mules. I told the Sergeant we must have those mules. I was anxious that the loss be made good for I did not know but that the Captain or Major blamed me for neglect of duty and might have me reduced in rank so I halted the men and looked them over. The Sergeant Major did not say anything, so I says to him "we want those mules, they are a good span." He ordered them to dismount. I will always remember what he said. "I suppose we will have to get down, but we hate to." We took the mules and he let the men go. I told the Sergeant that I believed that they were Kitchen's teams and that Kitchen's regiment was not ten miles from us for they were camped not far from here. He then rode on and had a talk with them. They claimed to be going out to thresh. There was not a stalk of grain to be found but he said we must not take any prisoners to be burdened with so we moved on. The sun came out hot. We stopped in front of a house and let the boys get off and fill their canteens at a well. I looked across a pasture about forty rods away and saw two mounted men in the edge of the timber looking at me. I told the boys next to me to take them in—they took after them but they got away. I alone was mounted—the rest were all over the fence filling their canteens. I was in the road and about thirty rods ahead of me I saw a horse hitched to a post. I had been keeping watch of him. I saw a man come up to him and look up the road. He saw me and mounted quickly and started the other way and run. He was in gray uniform. I drew my revolver and took after him alone. I kept after him until I was within ten rods of him. He looked back and I ordered him to halt or I would shoot him. He saw he was a "goner" so he threw up both hands and his horse ran into the rail fence. I held his hands up and disarmed him and put him in the road. I looked around and saw a little way off two or three men down the road who were mounted. He said to me "Look there, if I had you down there I would have you." "Who are they" I said. "Its our picket post, and I am one of them." "What drums do I hear beating," I asked, and was getting him back fast as I could make him run his horse. "It is Kitchen's regiment down in the flat about a mile from here," he said. I hustled him for he had probably led me a mile in the chase and had nearly succeeded in towing me into a trap, but my horse was too fleet for him. I got him back and turned him over to the Sergeant Major and we

turned our command back and rode briskly. This trail showed that some of Colonel's Kitchen's men had gotten our horses and mules and if I had not captured this man we would have ridden down to their pickets and possibly into their camp and been captured.

We went back and captured several horses on our road and overtook our command about nine o'clock that night. We followed on for several days and our men were all remounted. One night we camped a little while before sun down. Our pickets were posted out on the different roads leading to our camp. We put up our tents and had not been camped long when a picket brought a person in to Major Lippert. I saw him come in. I thought I had seen him before so I put a haversack and canteen on—I had my revolver and belt on—and thought I would forage a little and get some milk or something else. I started out and happened to pass the Major's tent. I saw the prisoner and Major Lippert sitting on camp stools in his tent talking confidentially. The prisoner looked up to me and said "Corporal where are you going?" I hesitated to tell him but he laughed and then I recognized him as the man I had had charge of before as prisoner in our camp. I told him I was going out of camp and was going to milk a cow if I could find one, as I had often done before. He said I should go away and come back in a few minutes for he wanted me. I went away and they closed the tent door. I saw it open a few minutes later. I returned and he asked me in and I went. The Major said to me "go out with him and it will be all right, and you look after him and go where he wants to." After we got into the woods (he knew me as the corporal who had guarded him in previous visits to our camp) he said "Now, Corporal, take off your belt and revolver and you shall have a good supper tonight." We will have to hurry a little so as to get back to camp. We went to a house about one and one half miles from camp. We took to the timber all the time. I was afraid we would get lost, but he said: "No, I am well acquainted here." We entered the house where there were several ladies and three or four men and a table set for ten or twelve and the folks were about to eat supper. All seemed to know him and shook hands. He said he would eat supper all right but his prisoner must eat too, so I was ordered to take a place beside him at the table. You may imagine how I felt. I know I acted my part well. I heard the talk about the Yankees and the praise of their troops and could not say a word, nor did I dare to, but my appetite did not fail me. I learned

here that Jeff Thompson's confederate forces were only two miles from us and some of the men who were eating were men of his and probably some of his officers also out of camp. As soon as we were through my companion excused himself and said that he must get back to camp with his prisoner, as it was getting late. We started out and went up the road a little and then entered the woods and stopped. He unbuckled my belt and handed it to me and said, "Corporal, now you protect me,—I am your prisoner and we must hurry and get in. You will find the tents all struck and Lippert's men ready to move for Jeff Thompson's command was to surround your camp tonight and capture Lippert's full force. That was what I came in to let you know." I then took the lead and he followed me. We soon saw our camp fires, and to my surprise, all of our force were mounted and wagons packed and were waiting. I saw the Major sitting on his horse and went to him. I saw there the prisoner's horse and mine. The prisoner talked a little with the Major. The Major then said to me "Corporal, take your prisoner out of sight in the woods and let him go and come right back." I did so and then the bugle sounded and we marched away all right. The next morning we were with our army—Davidson's Cavalry. We had marched with Davidson's division but a few days when one morning as we were about to start out the Sergeant Major came to me and told me to report at Major Lippert's tent. I did so and whom did I see there but this same spy and the Major talking. I then realized that something was up. The Major said we were to take the advance that day, and he said to me: "You take the advance alone and keep from a quarter to a half mile ahead of the advance guards and keep a close watch and let me know if you get sight of anything. Take this man with you—he will ride with you today and if he wants to leave let him go." We started out and were the extreme advance of everything that day. I had a good opportunity to learn something from this man. He told me that Jeff Thompson was camped on such a road and we would take a road to avoid him and get around him. He had come to give us this information and said that he would leave me when he thought our forces safe. I said to him "now, you belong to his command, and when you leave me and go to enter his command, suppose the pickets place you under arrest or think you are a spy, what can you do to get clear." "Corporal," he said, there are various ways for me to get away." He

put his hand into his pocket and drew out all the gold coin it would hold. "That will clear me," he said. "I am loaded down with it." He told me to what regiment he belonged and several things that I will not mention here. I saw him later on and we were piloted safely by. That afternoon he bid me good bye and rode into the timber out of sight. He said that everything was all right. We were not molested in any way on that day—he had made it safe for us.

GENERAL JOHN W. DAVIDSON'S CAVALRY DIVISION.

We continued with this division until we reached Clarendon on White River, Arkansas. We were then sent (our three companies of Cavalry) to escort a supply train of some four hundred wagons to Helena, some sixty miles, to get supplies for the army. On this march with the train we were divided and scattered along the train by platoons. I was assigned the command of a platoon not far from the rear of the train. Captain May commanded the rear guard of the train. There were also some infantry guards scattered along who rode in wagons. I had received strict orders from my Captain that morning not to let any of the men in my platoon straggle or break ranks, for the officers were afraid of an attack upon the train. It was a warm day—the last of August 1863. Along in the afternoon I had been annoyed by the boys wanting to get canteens filled and one man by the name of Smith (known better to the command by the name of Riley) was a great hand to straggle, but I had kept watch of him that day. Our command had to halt on account of a wagon breaking down just a little ahead of us. There was a nice house a little way off at the right of the road so I told Smith to gather up the canteens and I would go with him and fill them at the house while the command was waiting. We rode up in front of this house, dismounted at the front gate and went up the walk in front of the house. A young lady came out of the front door as we came up to the stoop. She was dressed in white with gold wristlets and gold chain and she was fine looking. I asked her where the well was as we wanted to fill our canteens. She told me it was right around the corner of the house so we passed around and filled our canteens and returned the same way we went. As we came back there were two ladies and they had set out a couple of chairs. They spoke to me and one of them said, "won't you take chairs and have a chat with us?" I was surprised

at this invitation and hesitated but sat down on the step and told them to take chairs. You may imagine my thoughts. This was an indication of danger—I had had such experience before. They took out their snuff boxes and were dipping snuff and trying to be sociable with us. I was looking at the train and my command only a few rods away and was watching them so as to start for my horse as soon as the train moved. I took from my pocket a plug of navy tobacco and took a chew. I was surprised when one of the girls came to me and said "won't you cut me off a piece of your tobacco" I gave each a piece. These people were called the first class of the south and were very wealthy. I then saw the train move and my command follow in their place. I sprang to my horse and mounted and as we moved away I told comrade Smith that I was afraid of an attack or that something would happen for those women were trying to deceive us, and that he should ride fast and keep up with me. His horse was a little lame and could not follow me. There was a vacancy of half a mile to close up and the men had ridden fast to close it up. I drew my revolver and rode fast when I came to this vacancy and it was in heavy timber. Smith straggled behind—his horse was lame. I left him and overtook my command. I had looked behind me and saw him coming. All of a sudden I missed him. He did not come up and I had to make a report of him that night. I did not see Smith again for three months. In exchange of prisoners he came back. He came to me and told me that I was not out of sight when two men stepped from behind trees, grabbed his horse, drew revolvers and took him into the timber. They had some two hundred men lying on the ground within four rods of the road and their horses farther back in a ravine. He said "I asked them after they had taken me back and made me lie down on the ground, why they did not take the Sergeant who was ahead of me." They said they saw him but would have been shot before they could get him—that he had his revolver in hand and would shoot and would bring on an engagement.

We remained at Helena about two days, when our command, under Major Lippert was ordered back to Clarendon on White River and were to escort a General with us. I have forgotten the General's name—he was inspector general of all the armies at that time and was to inspect Davidson's division of the cavalry.

We left Helena in the morning, the General with us. There were three companies and we had with us one ambulance. About

ten o'clock that day we overtook a few straggling Cavalrymen and a Lieutenant with them. Their horses were white with perspiration. They halted and told us that they had a fight some miles back and had lost all their men—some fifteen—and had made their escape. They passed on toward Helena and we prepared for an attack and moved on. After a while we found some dead horses and some wounded men. We threw out a skirmish line and kept up a march. About sun down we struck a muddy bayou and had to cross on an old flat boat. We dismounted, unsaddled our horses and put our saddles on the boat. The stream was not ten rods across. Some twenty men got on the boat and were pulling it across and we were getting our horses ready to swim them across, when on the opposite bank the enemy opened fire from the brush. It was lively but our men reached the bank formed a line and drove them back. We then went into camp for the night. There was a cotton gin here and it was set on fire. The Major and the General had a tent but we soldiers had none. Along about midnight my Captain awoke me and told me to go to the Major's tent and be careful not to awaken any of the boys. I went to the Major's tent and found him up. The General and a darky, a stranger were talking. The Major told me to go and bring my horse. I went and when I came back I found Sergeant Graves and Paul and Jonas and my captain there. The Major and General mounted and the darky, the Captain told us not to awaken any one. We moved out cautiously to the timber and found that there were eight of us in all. The Major then told us what he wanted. It was to capture the officer in command of the force that had made the attack upon us, and that the officer was in a house close by. It was a very dark night and we moved very slowly. The darky was pilot. We came to a halt. The Major came to Graves, Paul, Jonas and I and told us to dismount. We could see the white house. He said to us, "Now you four surround the house and don't let a man escape. Capture the officer he is in there." We got over a rail fence. It was so dark we found ourselves in a mule corral with a fence about eight feet high. We got out into the front yard behind some evergreens and made up our minds that if we were to separate we would be in danger of shooting one another. So Jonas crept up on the step on one side of the front door and laid down under the windows. I took the other side and Graves was to come up and rap at the door. If they

opened fire Jonas and I would have a cross fire through the window. Sergeant Graves rapped and a woman came to the door and said "wait till I light a lamp." "Open or I will break the door" was Graves' reply. She made a light and I saw her come across the parlor and open the door, and we rushed in. It was a nice parlor finely furnished and there were several doors leading to other rooms.. I made straight across to a door opposite, which was open. I found the back window open and a rifle and carbine and a white hat lay on the bed. I grabbed the guns and made back. I knew well that they had made their escape by the back way. Jonas had picked up two or three colts navies. On the carpet there were some pillows. I kicked them over and found an officer's coat and grabbed it, when the woman made for me and said "don't take that coat; it is my son-in-law's, I wove the cloth and made it for him." I handed it to Jonas and told him to hold the things. I then made for another room—the door was nearly closed. The woman saw that I was going into the room. "Don't go in there," she said, "there is no one in there but my daughters." I did not stop but opened the door and entered the room with my revolver in hand. I found a bed on each side as I entered, but she tried to keep the light out. Paul was a little flighty or scared and was close behind the woman and had a revolver in each hand, and he was afraid of being fired upon by the parties who had made their escape. I asked him to bring the light to me. I sat down on the edge of one of the beds with my revolver in hand. I heard a laugh in the bed. I tried to get Paul to get the light or the woman near so I could see. I threw the clothes off. Two ladies had jumped on the bed and pulled a quilt over them. The three women were dressed in silk dresses and I saw plainly that none of them had been to bed that night. I told them I would capture him and they said I would not get him and laughed at me. I told them I would get him before he was married. I went back. Jonas was fumbling around and I looked on the bureau and saw a gold watch. I picked it up when the woman called, "don't take my watch". I looked around and whom did I see but the General who was with us, standing in the room. He said "don't take the woman's jewelry. We must hurry up, boys." We all started. I had a captain's coat, one carbine and one rifle, and the picture of the captain and his intended, which I had found on the carpet. I had more than I could mount my horse with in the dark. I broke the stock of the rifle and threw

it down. I lost the picture but mounted with carbine and coat. We arrived safe in camp and went to sleep until morning.

The next morning when the advance guard was formed Corporal Stone of my company was given charge of them. I went to him and found that we were to pass over the same road. I told him to look for the gun and pictures. He did so and had them that night when we reached Clarendon on White River where our army under General Davidson was located. A few days after they left Clarendon for supplies and was to pass over this same road again, so we posted the officers in charge and when they returned some days after they met a darky and he told the officer in charge of escort if they wanted to see a wedding to hurry up and get to a certain house that was a mile or two ahead. They remembered the circumstances and took a few of their escort and went ahead and surrounded the house and captured the captain and brought him in with them. The next day we heard of his capture.

Corporal Stone and myself went down to the dead line where there were a lot of prisoners who were under guard. We took out his and his wife's pictures and called him up. I showed them to him and told him that I was the man that got his coat and pictures and was in his mother-in-law's house on that night. He would not talk to me but acted as if he would like to get hold of me. He was a fine looking fellow. It was a mean trick but such is war.

IN A GUN BOAT ON WHITE RIVER.

A few days after this, a mosquito fleet of gun boats was lying in the river. One came to the shore which had a large coal barge attached to her side. Our battalion was ordered to put our horses in the coal barge. We then went on board the gunboat. We filled it full and were piled all around the guns. She pulled down the river with the barge by her side, for about two miles, when the enemy opened fire on us from timber. The river was very narrow. Our gunboat opened fire and we had a lively skirmish. We ran into shore and tied our coal barge to a tree and formed a line under the bank. The gunboat fell back about one length behind and opened again and cut the timber with her shot. We unloaded our horses under fire. I was on the bank to line them in their places as they came up, with a few others. The gunboat still firing, had driven them back into the timbers. It soon became dark and firing ceased, and we laid on our arms.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

About two o'clock the Major got us up and we mounted. He ordered us to keep still and not to speak loud. Company "A" in advance and Company "B" were to charge with carbines and revolvers by fours, and our Company ("C") was to follow in a saber charge. We moved cautiously out on a by road about a mile, when a shot was fired hitting the advance Sergeant of Company "A," shooting him through the shoulder. The Major then ordered a charge and we went in less than two minutes. We were on the ground right among them as we came to a halt. Companies A and B were firing, and the enemy on each side, made lively fireworks. As we came to a stand I could see the enemy's commander about four rods to my left trying to line his men. Sergeant Brown of my company was in a set of fours behind me. A man near hallooed, "Sergeant Brown, where are you?" "Here I am," said Brown. He came up to me and I saw he had his musket with bayonet on. Brown said to him, "let me take your gun." He handed it to Brown and we told him to surrender. He said, "I thought it was our company falling into line." He was asleep on the ground and some of our company, A or B, had run over him and he was lost and bruised. The enemy ceased firing and scattered—it was very dark. Some of us dismounted and as it grew light we gathered up some of the wounded and several stands of arms. We then advanced a little to the edge of the timber at the edge of Grand Prairie, Arkansas. As it grew light we moved out. Captain Behlendorf, who commanded Company A, thought he saw the enemy in line on the prairie. It was foggy and scarcely light so he threw his company into line and made a charge, firing with carbines and revolvers. We watched the charge but no fire came from the enemy. Instead of it being the enemy it was some willows in a slough and some of the men had gotten their horses down. We looked around after daylight and the enemy was scattered here and there in groups on each side of us, only two or three in a place. We would send out from our line our best mounts and surround and capture them. We moved out from the forks of the road which came from Little Rock and led to a landing opposite Clarendon on White River where our army was located. Having several prisoners, we moved down this road. There was a confederate standing down the road looking up at us. Our company was in advance and we told the Major that we

wanted to take him. He said, "Let him be and keep places." We rode along quietly and as the Major in advance came opposite him he presented arms to him. The Major halted and asked him where the Post was. "Down yonder in the church," he said. The Major then told him to surrender and give up his gun. Our company then charged and surrounded the church, taking twenty or more prisoners without firing a shot. Some were asleep and had to be awakened. We then moved on down towards the landing. We had captured in this raid and charge some fifty prisoners and as many stands of arms. This was a successful move on Lippert's part. We met some of the troops before we reached the landing. Our army under General Davidson had laid a pontoon bridge across the river during the night. We moved out to Grand Prairie that day. It was a grand sight that day and the next, to see the divisions in three lines moving on Grand Prairie. This division consisted of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Missouri Cavalry and several batteries of artillery of Missouri troops, the 10th Illinois Cavalry, the 13th Illinois Cavalry, the command to which I belonged, and the 1st Iowa Cavalry, the 5th Kansas Cavalry and part of a regiment of Michigan Cavalry, also part of the 32nd Iowa Infantry. We moved in three columns on a prairie only two or three miles in width and a large train of five hundred wagons. We could look around and see the whole army with the naked eye. We suffered for want of water and our horses did also. On this prairie the ponds and sloughs and bayous had a little water in them, but in a few moments were dry or a mass of mud. The weather was very warm. It was the 1st of September, 1863.

BATTLE OF GRAND PRAIRIE, ARKANSAS.

We had quite an engagement on this prairie, which lasted for several hours. General Burbrige commanded the division of Price's army with which we had this engagement. It was mostly an artillery fight. Our regimental colors were set on fire by a shell from the enemy and were burned badly. I was regimental marker in the field in this engagement. Our movements were mostly oblique movements to deceive the enemy and our troops went from the prairie into the timber and got in the rear of General Sabine and his staff and they were taken prisoners by our skirmish line which had gotten beyond them. His army of from 5,000 to 6,000 men were forced to retreat. We camped at Brownsville that night. The

next day was the battle of Bayou Metre. In the forenoon our battalion and a battalion of another regiment charged and took the rifle pits on the bluff. There were quite a number killed and wounded but we rode our horses nearly into the pits before the firing ceased and they ran out. In the afternoon our battalion supported a battery that was engaged on a little hill on the flat. We were dismounted and lay on the ground. The enemy's battery had pretty good range on us and we had to get on our feet and dodge cannon balls. The enemy's shot would strike on the side of the hill and glance up and strike in front of us. We could see them and would run to right or left and they would roll down to a rail fence some ten rods in the rear and knock the rails out. It was very lively some of the time. At dark we left the field. The enemy had seized the bridge and set fire to it. We fell back to the bluff and went into camp. This battery had averaged 200 rounds on that day's engagement. We were very tired and about ten o'clock made a little fire. Our darky cook, Bob, was with us and had his pack horse and camp kettle to make coffee. He took his kettle and went down to the bayou but came back without any water. The kettle had a bullet hole in it. He said: "Oh, Massa, them rebs are just across there and when I go to dip, they fire and hit my kettle." He was afraid and came back. Sergeant Martin Luther and one of the others and myself told him that we must have water for the men and we would go with him. He went to the bluff and showed us where the shots came from and we watched while he went down and got the water. We saw the flash of a gun and we fired in a volley and that was the last shot fired from that side that night. We had no trouble to get water afterwards. Towards morning we moved back to Brownsville. We remained at this place a few days.

There was one command sent out to take Augusta, about twenty-five miles from us, under command of Colonel Merrill of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry. He had 2,000 men, but he returned without taking it. General Davidson then ordered Major Lippert to go out and take it and told him he could have all the men he wanted. The Major said to him: "I will take it with my three companies tonight." About dark we started out and about two o'clock were entering the town of Augusta. There was a large house all lit up. I suppose the Major was well posted. He had guides and our company, "C," were in advance. We came to a halt and the Major turned to the Captain and said: "Send some men and sur-

round that house. There is an officer in it; capture him." The Captain told four men to dismount. James Jonas started in the door ahead of me when a shot was fired. He fell back and said he was shot. I entered with W. F. Bacon. We went all over the house but there was not a man in it. We then went back to the line and found that Jonas had gotten into the saddle and had told of being shot. I went to him and asked him where he was shot. He showed me his foot. A ball had entered the top of his foot and gone through, tearing off the sole of his boot. He was in great pain. I asked him if his carbine was loaded. He told me it was. I took it up and looked through it but there was no load in it. I told him then that he had shot himself. He had his revolver in hand when he entered and his carbine had struck the door and went off.

We then charged the town. There were barracks for 3,000 men. Some were lit up with pine torches. We rode through them that night. There were about 300 sick and wounded in these barracks. We did not molest them or take any prisoners. General Walker had command of about 3,000, but had left three days before. We went around the town and came in front of a large residence which was all lit up. The command halted and the Major rode up to the front gate and opened it. We marched in and he ordered us to camp, Company A take this side and Company B that. Company C he dismounted and went into the house. There were several women in the house. My platoon was in the corner of the yard near the hen house. There was a smoke house farther back and the women complained to the Major that the soldiers were taking their things. He had a guard placed at the door but before my platoon had gotten supplied from the back window the meat was all gone. The chickens soon began to crow. I saw that my platoon had six or eight chickens picked and a sack of sweet potatoes but had nothing to cook them in. I took a man and reconnoitered a little and found a large kettle turned down in the back yard. I took it to the boys. They had some water and had started a little fire. We could see the Major asleep on the floor and the women folks had the table set. We kept watch of the Major and kept our kettle boiling but the thing would foam and run over. Sometimes the foam would be two feet high. The Major soon got up and we expected to see him eat the breakfast that had been prepared for him by the ladies of the house, but he refused to do so. He came out and passed around among the men and told them to

soon be ready to move for it was getting light. Then he came along to the platoon and spoke to me. "Corporal Field," he said, "what have you got in that kettle?" I told him I did not know what to call it, but took a stick and stirred it up. There were about half a bushel of sweet potatoes and five or ten chickens in it boiling together. He asked if they were done and I told him I thought they were. He said: "I want one of them." He handed me his haversack and an old newspaper and I rolled one up and gave it to him. He told me to get the mount for he was going to have the bugle sounded and we would soon move. He had it sounded and we started back to Brownsville. On our way back about noon or a little after, I saw the Major riding back to me. I could not think what was up for he was a very stern man and strict in discipline. I had been thinking of the old kettle. I had concluded in my own mind that it had been used for a soap kettle and had never been cleaned and that was the cause of the foam. I expected a reprimand from him, but he said: "Corporal, that was one of the best chickens I ever ate," and he thanked me for it. I felt relieved from what was on my mind and I assure you I did not tell him what kind of a kettle it had been boiled in. We arrived at Brownsville at our old camping ground and General Fred Steele arrived with about 7,000 or 8,000 infantry. We had nine regiments or cavalry in our division. Together we made quite an army.

The next night Major Lippert was sent out to skirmish or capture some of the enemy's pickets that were between us and Little Rock. We crossed the bayou that night going out to the edge of Grand Prairie where they were reported to have a large picket post. We had passed through the timber on to the edge of the prairie when the command halted, and soon I saw Captain May and Major Lippert riding down the line inquiring for Corporal Field. I rode out to them and the Major took me to one side and told me to go back to camp and report to General Davidson that he had passed out on to the Prairie beyond where the enemy's pickets were posted and had found none and was going on to Debouls Railroad bridge that night and rout and capture pickets there. He said: "I want him to know where I am and where I went, if I am lost. Now you go back and report to him and you can have one man to go with you and choose your own man." I choose Sylvester Babett of my old company. He told me to be careful for they

might have fallen back in the woods to let us pass by and would try to capture me.

Babett and myself started back to camp with Morfield sabres and revolvers in hand. I told Babett to be quiet and if the enemy fired upon us to put spurs to his horse and we would go through all right. All we would have to do would be to guard our horses bits from being grabbed. We moved cautiously and found our way back all O. K. I approached the general headquarters, which consisted of a bunch of tents marked in front by each officer's name, but the sentinel would not let me pass. I told him to call the sergeant. He said I had no countersign, but he went with me when I had told him my mission. I went to the General's tent—it was about one o'clock. I could find no one in it. His cot was all made up but no one was there. I then went to the adjutant general's tent. He was sound asleep and I had hard work to wake him. When he awakened he wanted to know what I wanted. I told him I was ordered to report to General Davidson. He said I could not see him. I told him my orders were private to the General. He then told me to deliver what I had to the General to him and he would stand all harm. I stated the message from Major Lippert and he said: "Now, I will tell you, Sergeant," getting up and going to his tent, "the General is out in that old log house and is trying to sleep a little tonight. He has not had any sleep for three nights. We have had fighting and skirmishing somewhere every day and tonight he is trying to get rest. Go to your camp and I will notify him when he comes in."

The next night, the 9th of September, 1863, the whole division of Cavalry moved to a point on the Arkansas River about eight miles below the city. Soon after daylight our battalion and Clarkson's Battery, as we called it (I do not know where it belonged but our old Adjutant was in command of it on that day) left our horses in the timber and went on foot through a corn field and came up near the river where the enemy had a battery opposite us across the river. They were fortified with cotton bales. They opened upon us with a terrific fire. Our battery responded and our battalion lay upon the ground close to them. There was desperate cannonading for some time. The enemy got range of us first. I lay close to the cassion wagon when a shell burst killing two horses and the man in charge. Sharpshooters were picking off the artillery men. Soon a cannon ball came plowing along going between Comrade W.

Summer (who was lying about 12 feet from me) and me plowing a deep furrow in the ground and covering me with dirt and cornstalks. I scratched around and got so I could see. I looked for my comrade and he stuck his head out and was looking for me. (I have only met him once since the war, and that time the first thing he said to me was: "Do you remember where you and I were buried alive?") The next shot from the enemy's gun proved that they had gotten range on our gun that my platoon was supporting, for the shot passed close to the muzzle of our gun and between the wheel and muzzle, breaking a piece of the muzzle axle. My platoon was then called on. We sprang to our feet and ran to the gun which we were ordered to move to the right to throw her out of range, and I, taking hold of a timber with the others to help move her, got my feet tangled in the long green corn stalks (they were not less than twelve feet long) and fell, the boys running a wheel over my legs. I laid there for some time and they thought me wounded from sharpshooters who were throwing shots also. I saw the Captain (Clarkson) sight all four of the guns and he said: "Now fire all at once." I could see the cotton bales go for he had gotten the range on them. This battery had lost some men and had not enough men to man the guns. Some of our boys had to help them. It was amusing to see green cavalymen load those guns. We could soon stand up and see the enemy's horses running in every direction and trees falling from our guns. They were silenced—we had driven them away. We then moved up the river where we found our division crossing the river. They had struck the river the night before where there was a steep bluff on the north side of the river and a sand bar on the south side. The river was low but steamboats had been running the day before and our men had taken down the bluff bank and forced the water out on the sand so it was shallow and our cavalry and artillery were crossing rapidly.

The first Iowa and second Missouri Cavalry were over. We crossed over with our battalion and the battery. Soon all were over and we took up our line of march up the river, cavalry on the south side under command of Davidson and infantry on the north side under command of Major General Steele. Our line of battle and skirmish were kept even on both sides of the river and we came near a plantation. Our skirmish line had passed the main road and was under the bluff when a force of confederate infantry, who had lain in an orchard back of the house (our line of skirmishers

had passed on both sides of it and did not see them) sprang upon our battery and seized two of our guns and made away with them. The first Iowa Cavalry were ordered to charge, which they did. In trying to recover they got two of the enemy's guns from them. We then moved on but were checked by a signal from Steele. I saw General Davidson come to Major Lippert and talk with him. The enemy were fortified on the north side of the river and were commanded by General Price. They had a pontoon bridge across the river leading to the city. We could look up the river and see the city and the bridge. The enemy were retreating out of their works and crossing the river. They had undoubtedly seen our movements and thought that we would flank them. We were now in advance with our battalion under Lippert. He had us halt soon. I saw the first Iowa in line close to our rear. Also the tenth Illinois Cavalry and back still farther the second and third Missouri Cavalry. General Davidson and Major Lippert rode in front of us. Soon Lippert came back and ordered us to draw sabres. He then ordered a charge blown from bugles and we started out with a yell. We had not gone far before the whiz of many a ball was screaming around our ears. We got into a dense smoke and then got sight of a wall of bayonets before us not twenty rods away. Are we to charge this with our little band was my thought. The Major was about two lengths of his horse in front of line and he gave command, "Platoons left wheel." I was glad of that command but was right guide of wheel which threw me next to the bayonets. There was not more than a rod to spare between the wall and me. We passed them in review in this way, when I could see the first Iowa had followed us but had taken to the right of us. We had gone to the left in some way and the Missouri Cavalry were coming. We had passed into a field and were moving toward a bluff which was in our front when a battery opened fire from this bluff, the balls going into the ground in front of our line. We could see the enemy at our right, retreating, and the Cavalry dividing them. If they had not broken that line of wall we would soon have been in their rear. We then made a dash ahead, when this battery upon the hill fired again. Our Adjutant called me out and I went with him. Major Lippert told him to go into the woods and reconnoiter and get the position of this battery which had been firing upon us. We had gotten a position so close to the bluff that they were firing over us. Then the Adjutant passed to the left of our Battalion that rested near the rail

fence by the timber. I went with him. He was formerly a corporal in my platoon when I was private. We went over the fence through the timber and started up the rise towards this battery. We were in thick brush and timber, when to our surprise we came up to within ten rods of one of their guns. There were about ten men holding the gun down in a ravine just across the river. I could see the enemy's infantry force. The woods were full. I had my revolver in hand and Keys Danforth, our Adjutant, said: "Fields, don't fire, for they don't know who we are." They were retreating. I was not aware that we were so near the city.

We rode a little farther when we came out by a house into the street in the suburbs of the city. On the next block the enemy's infantry were passing. We halted our horses and looked to our right and could see our Cavalry passing into the main part of the city. We put spurs to our horses and soon reached them. Had we been recognized by the enemy we would have been shot a thousand times. We were in our shirt sleeves and our horses were covered with perspiration and dust and we looked about the same for we had not had our clothing off for several nights and were nearly starved. We soon saw General Davidson and rode with him to the Governor's residence. I held several horses while the officers dismounted. Soon I heard a yell from the officers and out they came and said: "The city is ours—tell Lippert to move upon the arsenal immediately." We rode to our command and advanced to the arsenal and camped. It was then sundown and Steele had the works on the other side of the city and made a stand on the hill out from the cemetery to the south of the city. We kept up a continual fire across the city with shells over our heads, Steele's infantry and artillery returning it while we cavalry lay on our arms near the arsenal buildings. About ten o'clock firing ceased. We were lying on a sidewalk trying to take a nap. We lay near a gate and I could see that the houses were all lit up and in one house there was a table set for supper. I told my comrades if they would watch I would enter this house and see if we could get something to eat. I did so. There was enough on the table for six or eight so I stepped back and brought in a few of the boys and told them that we would eat. They thought that we were going to destroy the city. There were two or three very ladylike women at this house. They were our enemies but let us have supper. They started to bring on more to eat but I would not let them. We pre-

pared to eat what was put on the table for their own family and we ate all that was upon the table. As I was about to leave I handed the lady some money. She refused to take it saying it was good for nothing. I then told her she had better take it for the city was ours and we would hold it and their money would not be good for anything thereafter. She wanted to know if I really believed it. I told her I did and she broke down and cried. I gave her the money and asked her to remember me.

We then left the house and went out to our horses. I can not say that I ever ate a light supper that did me so much good as that did. We were nearly used up—only fourteen of my company entered the city. They had been giving out every day for two weeks.

The next day we were put under command of General Paul Clayton—some six hundred or more of the cavalry and some infantry and a few pieces of artillery. We followed Price's retreat towards Benton. Marmaduke commanded his rear division. Price's army all told was about 11,000 men. We captured about all his army stores at Little Rock. We pressed him hard the next day, under command of General Paul Clayton, and caused him to set fire to part of his train of wagons and abandon them. Even some of his ammunition fell into our hands. General Marmaduke would play his old tricks as he did in Missouri on his raid. He had become known to us, however, and we would charge him and rout his whole army. We pursued them two days and the second day just at sundown or a little before, near Benton, they made a stand. I was with Adjutant Keys Danforth assisting him and he was acting aide for General Clayton. Clayton and Colonel Clarkson rode out on a high knoll in the timber a few rods to the left of the road. Adjutant Danforth took a glass and viewed the enemy going into camp in the valley below. I could see them with the naked eye. Clayton said to Clarkson: "Get your guns in here and plant them where we stand." It was done quickly and he ordered them to open up on a log house in the valley about one mile away, which was thought to be headquarters of the enemy for the night. They fired briskly for a few minutes. I could see that our shots were taking effect on the building and soon we could see a cloud of dust rise above the trees all over the valley. We could see that they had started to retreat again. General Clayton and Colonel Clarkson had dismounted and were viewing with glasses the enemy's movements. Soon I saw Clayton and Clarkson spring into their saddles

and ride into the road. We followed them cautiously down the hill into the road. We were ahead of our line then and as we came to the foot of the hill at a little turn in the road we saw a white house that the main road passed. The General and Colonel were riding together, and the Adjutant and I followed. In front of this house in the road stood a woman. She had a pitcher and glass in her hand. She seemed surprised and stood looking first one way and then the other. There was a turn in the road and as the General and Colonel rode up to her she still stood in the road. Clarkson said to her: "Can you tell me where Marmaduke's or Price's headquarters are?" She said: "There goes Price and Marmaduke," pointing her finger, "they have just drank from this pitcher." We did not stop to drink. Clayton and Clarkson drew revolvers and charged and we followed. We were soon in their dust. We came up to this log house where our artillery had fired and where the enemy were trying to get away with some of their wounded. This was a close call for these two generals. One or two minutes sooner on our part would have caused us to have met face to face at this house and no other troops within quite a distance. Near this log house there were several of the enemy's killed or wounded. Cannon balls had passed through it and our army took possession of their camp. They had rail fires burning with whole quarters of beeves that had just commenced to cook, and shakes with corn dodgers on them when we took possession and went to camp for the night.

Later in the evening our command and company went into the town of Benton. Marmaduke had fallen back about a mile out of Benton. We camped between the two forces on the streets of Benton that night. There was not much rest for us as the inhabitants of the town were all up. Our bugler, W. F. Bacon, and myself laid on the sidewalk in front of a residence, not more than six or twelve feet from the front door. They open the door and played the piano and sung their Southern songs, such as "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," etc. They were splendid singers and it made me think of home. Instead of spiting us they sang us to sleep. I was narly worn out from the hard campaign and fighting of those ten days.

The next morning we found that the enemy had retreated during the night, demoralized. We returned to Little Rock. Our company and the whole battalion was reduced in a few days, to

less than one hundred men; not from loss by being killed and wounded, but from sickness and being overtaxed from duty. We went into camp on the hill back of the seminary building on the edge of the city, where we finally captured what was a stronghold of the West—the capitol and arsenal and the only railroad in the state at that time which gave us control of both the White and Arkansas rivers. In a few days our company was increased by the return of those who had been sick.

There was an expedition of cavalry to start out to reconnoitre the northeastern part of the state, who were detailed from different regiments. The gallant Major Lippert was placed in command and I remember well the day he ordered his battalion into line. Little did he think it would be his last time to do so. We were all in line and the orderly sergeants asked how many men he wanted detailed. He told them in this way: "I make my own detail." He then stepped to the right of the battalion and said: "You step four paces to the front, and you step four paces to the rear, you step four paces to the rear and you stay in camp." When he came to me he said: "You step four paces to the rear—you stay in camp." I told him that I wanted to go with him, and he said: "No, Corporal Field; you have been in every fight this regiment has had and now I am going to give you a rest," and that settled it. The men he took were those who had not been with him so much. Major Lippert knew nearly every man in his battalion. He made the raid and was successful, being gone back about two weeks. He was brought back in an ambulance and only lived a few days. About that time he was promoted to Brigadier General. It was a very sad day when we laid him to rest in the cemetery in the city of Little Rock. General Steele had charge of the funeral, with a large delegation of officers and his old command as pall bearers. Major Lippert had done too much service and was too ambitious. A braver soldier never led troops in battle. He had won his promotion and was the hero of many battles. He was twice wounded. He had made good soldiers of his men and was a good provider and was loved by all. After the death of Lippert there was a change in our company. We were taken for general escort duty. Our company, "C," was assigned to General Carr's division.

We then built quarters for the men in the northern part of the city. All troops commenced winter quarters. There was a general court martial called, of ten commissioned officers and a detail of

two infantries and two cavalries as orderlies. I was detailed to take charge of the orderlies and acted as sergeant of court. Many prisoners were tried and brought down from the penitentiary. Several spies were tried and three were hung. One incident which occurred I remember well. A soldier who had been taken sick was in the Portsmouth hospital at Rhode Island, was tried as a deserter. I had charge of these prisoners while on trial at court. This man was at the hospital previously spoken of, when reported as a deserter. My grandmother had had him at her home and cared for him. I made myself known to him and showed him her letters to me. He described her and her old home to me. I had lived there when a boy. I had a pleasant time with him and he was cleared from his charge.

Little Rock was a splendid city and a healthy place for an army to recruit. I was sent out into the country several times to take some prisoners. Once I was sent after two women, but they would not go with me until I let them ride on horseback. I was perfectly willing to do this for I did not know how I would have gotten them there any other way. I had some trouble with my orderlies but the court did not know it. I would go to the judge advocate and he would help me out. One day the court had completed a case which contained some twenty or thirty sheets of paper and it was sealed in an official envelope and was to be sent to General Carr for his approval. I gave it to an orderly and sent him out. It was about half a mile to General Carr's headquarters. The orderly had been gone about a half hour when he returned to me drunk and said he had lost the envelope on the road going. What to do I did not know. The court had been sitting some three days and the whole proceedings were lost. If I was to blame, I knew my doom. I would lose my place and be reduced to ranks. I went to the judge advocate and he cautioned me not to let any one know it, but to discharge my man and get another in his place. I did this and every few hours I would send an orderly to General Carr's headquarters to inquire if any envelope containing military papers had been delivered there, and back would come the answer, "No." Late in the afternoon, after court had adjourned, I rode up myself. One of General Carr's clerks told me that a soldier had just stepped in and laid an official package on the table. He had picked it up in the street that day and, seeing it was directed to General Carr's headquarters, thought he would bring it in. I saw it was the very

package and all was right. The clerk did not report it and you may feel assured that I was relieved, as well as the judge advocate. The judge advocate's name was Captain James W. Sennett, of the 40th Iowa Infantry. I have the printed list of the board of officers of that court in my possession at this writing, March 5th, 1895. One of the officers caused me some trouble. He was not always prompt in court and the judge advocate would send me out after him. He was a captain in the regular army and I used to think that he took a little Arkansas corn juice occasionally. I found him one day on the corner of the main street. As I came up to him he recognized me and said: "Look here, Sergeant," and pointed down to the sidewalk. To my surprise there lay more than a dozen weapons—old pistols, dirk knives and everything imaginable. The streets were crowded and he stepped up to a man who was passing and said: "See here, you have weapons, deliver them, take them out." These were natives and orders were strict that no man was allowed to bear arms but soldiers. These orders were often violated, but they kept the weapons concealed. I told him court was called so he came with me. When I walked around the court room I had to wear my sidearms, sabre and revolver. He would say to me, "Sergeant, I want you to polish that scabbard and your buttons." Of course I would not reply to him in court, but one day he was annoying me and I told him I was a volunteer and the government did not furnish button polish for volunteers. The court laughed at him. A few days after that he was absent and I was sent after him. I found him near the door—I think he had done this on purpose. He took me around back and said: "Sergeant, here are two dollars; now buy button polish and look slick." I could but take it. He did not know my right name and always called me Johnny.

I was very busy every day and went to my company at night. As I was on detached service I did not have to respond to roll call or do anything else in line of duty. One Sunday morning at ten o'clock our company was to be inspected by some officer of the division. Of course we did not know whom. I was not obliged to fall in line so I removed to the barracks. I looked out and who was the inspecting officer but this captain who had given me so much trouble. I thought of him and jumped into my bunk. Our company was in fine shape. The inspector passed through, inspected the company and then turned to the captain and said: "Where is Johnny?" The captain did not know whom he meant. The inspector

knew I belonged to that company, so he passed down the line saying: "I want to see Johny." All of the company wondered what he wanted. Finally I told the captain and had a good laugh and said it had served him right.

I was on duty until spring, when my company was taken as escort for General West. He was in command of all the cavalry. We remained his escort until the first of July, when our battalion was ordered to Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Our regiment had been recruited by nine companies, and with our three old companies, it made a full regiment of three battalions.

SCOUTING IN NORTHWESTERN ARKANSAS.

Spring of 1864.—In Pursuit of General Shelby.

After Price had crossed the Arkansas River and made his way north into Missouri, there was an expedition sent out from Little Rock. I was in the detail, under command of First Lieutenant George B. Kearney, of our company. The expedition consisted of cavalry of the army. There was one colonel of an Arkansas cavalry regiment and one captain of the 10th Illinois cavalry. We moved in a northwesterly direction and had been out about two days when our command was divided at night and we kept up a night march. The captain of the 10th Illinois Cavalry was our commander and Lieutenant Kearney was second in command. We left the main command and went west. This was an unsettled country. All the natives had left and it was thinly settled. There was nothing for us to eat. I think we had moved twenty or thirty miles that day before we came to any settlement. Late in the afternoon we came to a large creek and was settled along the stream. I was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the rear guard. That day we followed this stream and had to ford it several times. During the afternoon it was very warm. I rode a fine horse that had been captured from the Texas cavalry and was brander "C. S. A." and was southern stock. The water in this stream was very cold and my horse was very fat and warm. When we forded the stream he took cramps and would fall and cause me to fall behind. He had fallen two or three times and caused me to delay my rear guard. I received orders from the advance commander to abandon my horse and not to get behind as the danger would be from the rear. He was afraid that we were being pursued by some of Shelby's men. I stuck to

my horse for I did not want to hoof it in that Ozark country. About dusk we came up to a little grist mill and the boys said, "we have nothing to eat tonight." I told them we were close to the command and I would ride around the mill and see what we could find. We rode around to a back door and a couple of the comrades got off, went in and brought out some flour and we fastened it on the back of our saddles and started. I was bothered strapping my sack on and the others had started. I let my horse go and was turned in my saddle and was not noticing where he went. The command was going up the hill and my horse saw them and took after them. I noticed a little water in front of him but paid no attention to it. The first thing I knew, down I went, horse under me. The water was up to my shoulders. He had run into the mill race but had gathered himself and struck the opposite bank, sprang out and ran part way up the hill, when he took cramps and fell again. I then stripped my saddle and left him and ran to the top of the hill. I could see the command going into camp. I looked back and my horse came up to me and we went into camp together. He was a noble horse but what to do I did not know. I met some of my old company and they said that the captain had told them that we would camp for the night. We had nothing for ourselves or horses to eat. There was a little house but no one living in it. The Captain and Lieutenant Kearney were in the house and they sent for Sergeant Church and myself to come to them. We went in and there was a little council of war. We found that there was about 100 pounds of flour for about 80 men. That was all we had to eat and there was nothing in which to cook that—not a skillet or pan. The captain had learned that General Shelby was camped in a house not far from us, and that we were sixty or eighty miles from any Union troops. It was dangerous for us to let a man out. He thought that General Shelby had a large force and might have men on our trail, so he had the flour brought to the house and turned over to him and Kearney. They talked among themselves and then told Church and I to take our horses and go outside and have the flour baked. They also told us to find Shelby's camp and get all the information we could, for they thought we would be attacked before morning and it was getting dark.

We rode out of camp, passed out of our picket lines and found a little house. I dismounted and went to the house but found no one there. The family were all gone—everything seemed neat and

tidy. I went to the fireplace and found a good skillet. I thought I would take it to camp if I could not find a family at home so I strapped it to my saddle and we rode away. We found another house a short distance from there and rode to the front of it. Near the front gate sat an old man. He got up and looked at us and we sat in our saddles and said: "Youns have mighty fine horses. I suppose you are down from camp." I told him we were. He looked over my horse and said: "I gave your General Shelby a good horse and that looks a good deal like him. I wish I had another for him, I think a great deal of him. He was down here from camp this afternoon and made me a call. Light and come in." Our horses were both branded with Southern brands and we saw plainly that the old man took us for Shelby's boys, as he called us later on. Church, my comrade and Sergeant, was a shrewd man and older than myself. He gave me the wink and I let him do the talking with the old man. I took the sack of flour off my saddle and followed them to the stoop. He and Church had taken seats on the stoop and were talking. An old lady was standing in the doorway with a chair in front of her and one knee on the chair and a couple of her daughters looking over her shoulders. I told her we had come down from camp and brought some flour which we wanted to get baked right quick for we wanted to get back. She looked me over and said, "youns look and talk like our (Shelby's) boys, but you have yanks' uniforms on." I saw the girls nudging the old lady and she finally said: "Down at Van Buren on the Arkansas river, the yanks are and we hear that the yanks there are marrying our Southern girls during the war, but no yank will ever get one of my gals." But she really believed we were their boys for we talked right smart. "Come in," she said, "and I will bake up the cake if it takes off the other foot." I noticed then that she was a cripple. She then said that we would have supper. The girls were pleased and so was I. I sat down and chatted with the girls while the old lady ordered them around getting supper and baking our flour into short cake in skillets before the fire place. My comrade had full control of the old man and was getting the information desired at headquarters of our camp, also at headquarters of our army at Little Rock, Arkansas. The old man was giving him every regiment and command under Shelby. It contained about 3,000 men and was only two miles from our camp. During that time a woman neighbor entered the house and the old lady introduced us to her as Shelby's boys. She

said there were eight of Shelby's boys at her house and were going to stay all night. I asked her where she lived and she pointed to her house out of the door. I could see her light in the house. Supper was then ready and we were asked to take seats and we all sat up to the table. The lady was on an errand and could not stay for supper. I was glad when she left for I knew that she was ignorant of where we belonged. The old folks were still giving us good news and the girls were doing their best for us. They had a large wooden tray piled heaping full of short cake for us to take to camp. All of a sudden I heard a horse running in the road. I jumped up and ran to my horse when a soldier ran up to me and said: "Church, Field, is it you." Come in, one of our pickets is shot and killed."

Church had followed me out. The man had talked so loud and had given us away for the girls had been listening to him. I rushed back into the house and grabbed the empty flour sack, filled it from the wooden tray and made for my horse and never said a word of goodby to the family. We flew into camp and went to headquarters to the captain and lieutenant. There was another council held that night which was satisfactory to the captain and lieutenant. The short cake was divided. We were an uneasy and anxious lot of soldiers waiting to see the dawn of day.

The captain ordered us to take a platoon and make haste to the house and guard it so that they could not get news to Shelby's troops of our being there, and in the morning as soon as daylight, some would come our way and get us and would bury the man that was shot. The captain told us that our only way of escape would be to make Van Buren on the Arkansas River. They were our nearest troops but were sixty miles away, and if Shelby got track of us he would have cut off our retreat. I believe that our little band of 80 men (mostly picked men) well mounted, would have made a desperate charge, although it looked as if it would be a miracle should we ever get back. We went to the house and found it was all closed and the blinds fastened. We went up to the stoop and posted our men out each way. One man went down the road and stationed himself near the house where the eight soldiers from Shelby's army were. They had a light all night and played cards. Our man was so close that he could look in at the window and see them. The reserve and Church and myself stood on the stoop most of the time. There was no sleep and a close watch was kept. About daylight the old lady opened the front door and said to me: "Is

those two young men here that ate supper here last night? If they are I want to see them." I asked her if she would know them if she saw them. She said: "No; not from Adam." I then spoke to Church and he came up and we asked what she wanted. She said she wanted them to come in. We went in and told her we were the men. The girls recognized us and told her. The old man sat in a chair crying and the old lady broke down and said: "I acknowledge that I have been beaten by a yankee once." We were asked to sit up and have breakfast with them, while the old man begged of us not to destroy his property. He said that we were the first yanks that he had ever seen. We gave him good promises.

Our command came along and we started, with orders not to fire at anything. While passing the house where the eight soldiers were they came out and were looking at us from the back of the house and as soon as our rear passed they ran into the swamp. We made a hasty retreat and arrived safely at Van Buren about sundown that night, and were with our troops once more. We had fully accomplished what the captain said was wanted—to know where Shelby was and the amount of his command.

MARCH TO PINE BLUFF—1864.

We left Little Rock to join our nine new companies about the 1st of July, 1864, under command of Captain May. He had command of the three companies, as Captain Erskine was made Lieutenant Colonel and Captain Behledorf was made Major. We reached Pine Bluff the first day. I was Sergeant of the rear guard. Our command had been in Little Rock so long that many of the boys had found out where to get their canteens filled with whiskey. It caused many of them to stagger that day and they were arrested by the rear guard. We had our hands full before night. I had to disarm quite a number of men and place them under guard, but they would get away. One German comrade in particular, took a by-road and I was obliged to go after him. He was perfectly wild and had lost his sabre and hat. I finally came upon him. He was sitting in the edge of a piece of brush near the road. I could see he had something in front of him. He had his revolver in hand and was pointing it into the brush. I rode up from behind and he did not notice me. I looked to see what he had. It was a large negro and he had him down on his knees and was making him pray. If the negro had refused he would have shot him. I approached quickly

and said: "Let me shoot him, give me your revolver." He looked at me and knew me and handed his revolver right up to me. That was a happy darky you may believe. I had to hustle my comrade back to command for we were probably a mile away from them. After we got back we went into camp for the night. The next morning for some reason or other, I was assigned to take command of the advance guard. There was a report that the enemy were in our advance.

We marched along until about twelve o'clock, when I came in sight of some troops. They were our men who had been sent out from Pine Bluff under command of James E. Teale. About twenty cavalymen had been sent out by Teale to repair the telegraph wire that had been destroyed by the enemy the night before. Lieutenant Teale was my first sergeant and belonged formerly to our company, but had been promoted to a lieutenancy in one of the new companies. Of course he was glad to meet me and see his old comrades and so we halted. He soon left us and returned back towards Pine Bluff. He came along to my platoon and as he passed he told me that Captain May had told him to tell me that when I reached Muddy Bayou with the advance I should halt and find camping grounds for the command to camp for the night. He then left us saying that he would have to go in order to reach Pine Bluff that night, and that the Bayou at which we were to camp was ten miles this side of Pine Bluff.

We had not traveled more than an hour when it commenced to rain. We had quite a shower and then it cleared off and the sun came out. We passed along a mile or so. I saw a large trail that came into the road from the timber, which showed that a force had entered the road ahead of us. I halted my command and sent a man back to Captain May. He sent me more men and orders to throw out a skirmish line. We had not advanced far before I discovered that the track extended into the timber and that an engagement had happened there. A little farther on I found the body of a man. We could not tell who he was or to which side he belonged as he was stripped of his uniform and was lying in the middle of the road. I advanced until I came in sight of the bridge that crossed the bayou where I was to camp for the night. Near the bridge I found several dead and wounded horses. I rode upon the bridge and looking through the timber some eighty rods or more, to the right. I discovered a line of mounted troops with their colors, the stars

and bars, floating. To my left was the bayou and if we crossed over with our command they would sweep down upon us. I sent word back to Captain May that the enemy were in force and in line of battle to the right of us in the timber. He sent more men to my skirmish line and sent word for me to keep advancing in line and hold the road. I could look back and see that Captain May had thrown one company to the rear of our train of wagons, which were only six in number, and had two companies in line of battle. We crossed over this bridge, threw out our skirmish line and advanced. One of Teale's men who had had his horse killed had hid himself behind a log near the bridge. He recognized us and got up and came to us. He stated that the enemy had formed an ambush at the bridge when Lieutenant Teale came up, and, finding the bridge covered with them, Teale could not turn back and ordered his men to charge on the bridge. It had been a desperate charge—only twenty men to make their escape from a force of ten times their number, for their line showed a larger force than our three companies. This man stated to me that Teale had escaped, he thought, with two or three men only. The most of his men were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. We then advanced to a house near the road. In this house I could see wounded men lying on the floor. Just beyond the house we found the telegraph wire cut and stretched across the road like a fence, to prevent our horses from passing. We tore this away. Our main line was then over the bridge. I could still see the enemy in line advancing a little farther upon the hill. At my front in the main road I saw a platoon of mounted men across the road who were watching our skirmish line. I halted my line. What could this be, I thought, to my left the line of battle, on the other side the deep bayou, and if this is also the enemy we are in a trap, and the whole command now over the bridge. I made up my mind quickly that I would investigate. I thought possibly that these men in front might be Lieutenant Teale's men. I posted two men and ordered them to fire. If they opened fire on me I would advance so I rode out about half way and hailed them. They said they belonged to the 13th Illinois Cavalry and were under command of Major Behlendorf who had been sent out from Pine Bluff by General Clayton to reinforce three companies of the old regiment that were on the road, and that Lieutenant Teale was with them, but that he had made his escape and reached Pine Bluff. I could only see eight or ten men but I

advanced and when I came within ten rods of them, they halted me and ordered me to stop. I asked them what was the matter. They told me that Major Behlendorf had ordered them to shoot me down and not to let me in for I was alurking from the enemy's lines, a spy. I did not check my horse. I told the men they could see where I came from—that there was the three old companies back on the road. They told me that they believed I was all right. I begged them not to fire for I was their prisoner and was coming in anyhow and for them to send for Major Behlendorf and Lieutenant Teale. I then approached them and could see over the hill. To the left I could see the four companies of Behlendorf's command. He had placed them below the hill so they would not be seen by the enemy, and these men on the hill were his advance. I soon saw Major Behlendorf and the Lieutenant coming and I told the men who they were and that they must defend me. They were riding fast and the Major had his revolver in hand and was shouting to his men to shoot me or he would. I then hollered to Lieutenant Teale not to let Major Behlendorf shoot me, that his men were green troops and Teale knew me. Not more than six hours had passed since I had seen him that day. The Major drew his revolver to shoot me, but Teale threw up his hands and grabbed him by the arm and held him from shooting me. They then turned their horses and came back. Behlendorf, seeing me, said: "What ails you?" "This is Corporal Field," I said, "of old Company C." You may imagine what a man passes through to save his command. He then saw our command riding quickly to Captain May and ordering him to advance with his forces over the hill while I advanced with my advance, and Major Behlendorf followed in the rear of May's command. It was now getting dusk in the evening. I left relieved for the enemy were now to our rear. I soon heard skirmishing in the rear. The enemy were pursuing us and did so for several miles but did not prevent our gaining Pine Bluff about one o'clock that night. The enemy's force consisted of a regiment of Arkansas confederate cavalry. Had they known what a small force we had I think they could have taken us, but would have had a struggle to have done it for our men were experienced and Captain May was a good commander. Captain May had been victorious before in saving his men against four times his number.

After arriving at Pine Bluff we learned from Lieutenant Teale that he had charged the bridge and that only one or two men had

made their escape. While passing through the whole force of the enemy some twenty or more tried to capture him. His clothing was torn and his horse badly scratched and cut up, but he had saved our three old companies and I shall have to give him credit for saving my life on that day.

Pine Bluff was commanded by General Powell Clayton. There were from two to three thousand effective troops. It was a very unhealthy place and many were sick. Our nine new companies of green troops (not drilled) had been here some time and were doing picket and out post duty. There was work for us here to help these men out in drill. Of course we did not have to drill, but were sent out on dangerous out posts with these men and on scouting and foraging expeditions. They had not become acclimated to the swamps and hot suns of the sunny south; as we had, for this was our third summer in Rackensock, as we called it. They were very sickly and averaged from two to three deaths a day from our regiment. Many of their officers proved incompetent and would resign and men from the old companies were put in their places. Our pickets were posted out from one to two miles on all important roads that led into the town. Fortifications were built that nearly surrounded the city and encampments. All of the main buildings, court house and some of the residences showed the marks of cannon balls which had been fired through them the fall before when General Clayton defended it from Marmaduke's army. I put in a good deal of time on the outposts. Each one contained about twenty cavalymen, with a lieutenant as commander, one sergeant and three corporals. I was acting sergeant and when on duty was second in command of one of these posts. Lack of well men and cavalry kept me on duty fully one half of the time and we were out most of our time either on picket duty or on some scouting or foraging expedition. There was not much leisure for a man who was fit for duty. But it was hard on those poor boys of the new companies who were only from 17 to 19 years old. Many a morning at day-break at an outpost, where there was danger, I would find them asleep, worn out, homesick and suffering with chills and fever, and with no ambition. It was said they were put there to make them see what danger was, for they had never been attacked or surprised by an enemy as I had. We would often be out on one of these roads three days and nights before we would be relieved. With false alarms and bushwhackers we would not get any sleep. I have been

out for three nights and not slept for fear I would wake and find nearly every man asleep. Several of these posts of cavalry were entirely wiped out in one night by the enemy guerillas. Most any night you would hear shots fired from some post. At one of the posts I was acting sergeant and one morning about daybreak I heard the advance vedetta call for sergeant of the guard. I made my way to him. He was posted by the side of the road that led out across an opening in the timber. He told me that he saw a rebel soldier cross the road down at the edge of the timber. I sat down by him and soon we saw the soldier he spoke of come out again into the road and start up toward where we were. He could not see us for we were near some brush. He stood there for a few moments and then moved up the road toward us again, but very slowly. My vedette got uneasy and wanted to fire on him. I told him that he must not, that the man was our prisoner and we could take him anyway and we would only alarm the camp. The rebel soon got nearly opposite me. I stepped out in the road in front of him and he threw up his hands and fell upon the ground. He was very weak and poor in flesh. He asked me to what command I belonged and if I was a union soldier. I told him I was and he was so glad that he was overcome with joy at finding himself safe once more. He was so weak that we had to lead him. He was a soldier of the 5th Kansas cavalry and had been a prisoner in Camp Tyler, Texas, for three or four months and had made his escape with others. He had not seen a union soldier since his capture. I told him his regiment was at Pine Bluff and that we would send him to it after a while. He was so weak that everything would overcome him. We kept him until noon, giving him a little to eat at a time. It would not do to have given him what he wanted. He told us that he had lived on roots and berries for days and had given up ever reaching our line several times. Some of his comrades had died since their escape and others were back on the road. They did not dare go near any house and had traveled nights and laid in the woods in the daytime. We put him on a horse and two of our men went with him to his old company. Our boys told them who he was but the company did not seem to know him, he was so weak and poor and ragged, with an old confederate uniform on. Finally he recognized some of the company and called them by names. Some of them then identified him and soon all was right. Such a sight I hope never to see again. I shall remember him as long as I live. Such

inhuman treatment of human beings. They suffered more than death from torture and starvation.

I was on a post one night that had been routed and fired upon by the enemy a few nights before and was considered one of danger. I had posted one of the outside vedettes to sit on his horse under a tree. It was a moonlight night and you could see quite a distance. Mosquitoes were bad and the horses would stamp all night. I then told my vedette to dismount and lie on the ground and watch his horse for the horse would see and move quicker than he could and he would hear on the ground any movements. I returned to reserve. Soon I heard a shot fired in his direction. I went out to him. A shot had been fired from the timber and a ball had passed through the pommel of his saddle. Such a thing was frequent in those parts and we had to use all the caution we possibly could and sometimes our orders to our vedettes were in violation of those of our superior officers in order to save our men.

I went on several scouting expeditions. There was quite a scare below and a report came to Pine Bluff that the enemy had captured some of our boats about twenty miles below. A cavalry expedition was quickly gotten up of about 80 cavalymen from our regiment commanded by a Lieutenant and a few men from the 5th Kansas. We left General Clayton's headquarters just before sundown. These cavalymen were put into four platoons and I was assigned at General Clayton's headquarters, to one platoon which was used as rear guard. That night going down it rained very hard and it was hard work for us to keep our powder dry. A little while before daylight we arrived opposite to where the boats had been captured. As it grew lighter we advanced toward the river and soon the Lieutenant ordered me to dismount my platoon and form a skirmish line and advance to the river. The river was probably eighty rods wide at this point. We soon came in sight of a high bank and we could look across and saw two of our own steamboats lying on a sandbar on the opposite side and were burning. I had my men posted behind trees. The lieutenant came up and got behind a tree and took his glass to see if he could discover anything of the enemy. Soon he ordered me to have my men fire at the roots of some trees on the opposite side. I told him I could see nothing there to fire at, but he still persisted that there were men lying on the ground and that he could see them. I gathered in my men and we fired several volleys with carbines. We had no opposition for

they did not return fire. Afterwards we got in some shots where he wanted them and to his surprise a lot of hogs rose up out of a wallow near the tree and we could hear their awful squealing clear across the river. The joke was on the Lieutenant. He then ordered us to fire on the wrecked boats saying that the enemy were back of the rocks. Two or three darkeys or natives ran out. They were on mules and made across the sand bar for the timber. These boats had been loaded with sutler goods and mail for the army. These two or three we plundered and he ordered the two howitzers up and had the timber shelled. We got no response from the enemy. Where they were we did not know. There were a number of steamboats quite a ways down the river but they dared not pass to a certain point in the river. They were loaded with officers and soldiers from the army who had been home on furlough and were returning to Little Rock and Pine Bluff. The Lieutenant had a man get into the river and swim down and have the boats come up. While he was gone the Lieutenant went to a house nearby and left the command in line. The man could see things floating from the wrecks of the boats to our shore. I told the men in my platoon that I would go down under the bluff with a man and see what we could find and told them to let me know when they saw the Lieutenant coming. We went down and in a few minutes we found a box of plug tobacco. We lugged it up the bank and went to a wagon and got a hatchet and opened it and passed it along the line giving each a plug who wanted it. We then saw the boats coming up the river and they pulled in under the bank near us and landed there. There were several army officers on the boats and we were ordered to place the two howitzers upon the hurricane deck that their boats might have protection up the river which was done. These officers called me up on the boat and gave me a pail of whiskey and a cup, stating that my men were in bad shape. They were wet and complaining. I think one of the officers was a surgeon of the army. He gave me the cup and told me the amount to give each man, which was small, saying it would do them no harm. The Lieutenant had gone into the cabin. The men were all busy with planks and ropes getting the howitzers on deck. As soon as the guns were loaded the Lieutenant came out and wanted his horse and gave the command to forward and said he was going to beat the steamboats to Pine Bluff. Our men were not in line. He started on the road up the river and a Sergeant with him. What to do I did not know so

I told the other Sergeant who was assigned to the rear the night before that I would take the rear and all men must keep ahead of my platoon. All of us then dashed off. I took the road and followed up with my platoon and they were in the road a little way ahead of me. We had gone perhaps two or three miles when I saw the Lieutenant sitting on his horse by the side of the road. My platoon were walking their horses, but I could not tell what was up. It was getting to be night. There were two men just ahead of me whose horses had nearly given out. The Lieutenant halted them and ordered them to dismount and go on foot, which they refused to do. Some words passed and I saw the Lieutenant draw his revolver. I was nearly opposite him. He had no more than got it out of sheath before three or four of my platoon passed by me with revolvers in hand. I wheeled my horse and sprang between them and the Lieutenant and ordered them back in line. The Lieutenant handed his revolver saying: "I will surrender to you, Sergeant." I told him to put his revolver in the holster and ride to the front of his men and stay there, and that I would take care of the rear. I saw that he had probably overloaded in the steamboat. Things quieted down and a steady march was kept up. Our men had been out when we reached Pine Bluff and had ridden between forty and fifty miles in a hard rain for over thirty hours and were soaked. Our horses were in bad shape. Neither horses or men had been fed. We were in a bad humor. The men in my platoon asked me what would be done when we reached Pine Bluff. They said I would be arrested. I told them I might, but under the circumstances what else could I do, and if we were attacked by the enemy I would have to assume command and that we were in as much or more danger than the night before, if those 300 men were any where about. We arrived at General Clayton's headquarters about 10 o'clock that night and were drawn up in line. The Lieutenant had gone in to make his report. He and the Adjutant General soon came out and stood around, when along came a Sergeant with a platoon of infantry with fixed bayonets, in front of our line. The orderly sergeant was ordered to dismount and give up his arms and also four of the other old boys who had drawn their revolvers, and were marched down town to the guard house under charge of this platoon of infantry. The balance were ordered to break ranks and go to quarters. I felt relieved, but was not satisfied for some of our bravest and best men with whom I had been for over three years, and who

had never been arrested or failed to do duty, were in prison. I then took care of my horse and went to my tent. I could see that the officers' tents were all lit up and men were reporting to the officers. They were all anxious to know the result for all of the mail of the army was captured and burned or lost. I soon saw our officers running toward Col. Erskins' quarters. He was our Colonel and Commanding Brigadier. He had laid down to rest. Our Lieutenant soon came to my tent saying: "Sergeant Field, I want you to go with me to Colonel Erskins' headquarters." I got up and started not knowing what would come next. When we entered the tent I saw it was full of commissioned officers. The Colonel said: "Sergeant Field, you step out there," pointing to the center of the tent. "Now, you report this expedition to these officers; everything that occurred, from the beginning to the end." I did so, just as I have to you who will read this. "There are no charges against you," said the Colonel, "all I have to say is that you should have taken the Lieutenant's revolver from him and put him under arrest and assumed full command and reported the command at headquarters yourself." I told the Colonel that I did not know that I had full authority but intended to take command if we had been attacked by the enemy. He then ordered the Lieutenant to have the men released in the morning and if they were not he would dismiss him from the service. I think it took some coaxing the next day for General Clayton to release them, but the men were all finally released.

I was taken sick and had to remain in camp for several days and was under the doctor's care for about a month. I then went on duty again and was sent out on picket duty.

On September 6th, 1864, we were hemmed in at Pine Bluff, being surrounded by a large force of the enemy under command of General Magruder. They had lain around and cut off our supplies and our forces had been living on condemned rations. For several days things looked rather blue for us, as we had not more than 2,000 effective troops, but we were well fortified. We had to be up during the night and out on the skirmish line every morning at daylight. Our old companies were sent out each morning beyond fortifications to watch for the enemy's movements. We remained in this way for several days. Our hardtack was getting lively—it was two years old—and would move of its own accord. We could

choose our own piece of pickled pork—we had to make the best of it.

A force of four times our number was within two miles of us but did not dare make the attack.

On the 6th day of October a force of cavalry came down on the north side of the river from Little Rock to reinforce us, under command of Colonel Rutter. There were about 600 men. The next day we were sent out with the command. Nearly every cavalry regiment seemed to be represented. We were a force of some 800 cavalry. Magruder had fallen back and was making his way south toward the Red River country. We traveled but a short time when we were on his trail. We camped eighteen miles from Monticello on the first night, and on the morning of the 8th of October, 1864, we took the road to Mt. Elbe. It was said that Magruder had 10,000 men and that we were on his trail. It was a big trail to follow. That morning a detail was made and all that were in were old soldiers who had served three years. There were sixty detailed for the advance guard, under First Lieutenant I. B. Henry of our company and he was assigned command of these sixty men from various regiments. I was acting second in command and was ordered with a platoon of sixteen men to take the extreme advance and throw out a skirmish line. We had camped only a few miles in the rear of the enemy that night. I soon came in sight of their camp fires. That morning we passed through their camp and as I passed beyond their fires I looked across a little opening. I could see a large group of horses being led into line. I halted my skirmish line and sent back for Lieutenant Henry. He came up and reviewed them. The men were preparing to mount. There were some thirty or forty of them. The Lieutenant told me to draw my skirmish line in. I did so quickly and he said: "Now draw your sabres and charge them." The enemy were some sixty rods from us. We made a charge with our sabres and they were mounting before we got within ten rods of them. The last had broken and gone into the timber and was out of sight.

I dismounted every fourth man and threw them out as skirmishers and drove them to the ford. This was called Mt. Elbe ford. As the enemy struggled through and out we wounded some of them and as we came up to the ford I halted my line and stepped upon the bank to look over. The stream was not more than ten rods across. There were some willows near the stream about three or

four feet high. I could see the willows wave and saw a man crawl into them. I ordered my men to the right of the road behind some trees near by. I had no more than given the command when I saw from 60 to 100 men rise to their feet and fire a volley at me and my men. We could not have been more than fifteen rods from them. They saw that I was not going to cross and thought they would take advantage of the opportunity. I had intended to send two or three men over to reconnoitre for I expected it was an ambush and it was well planned too. But they were hasty and I escaped behind a tree and all of my men had found trees. It was a lively fight for about ten minutes. Our trees were riddled with bullets. My hat had three holes in it, and there was not less than twenty holes in the tree. Lieutenant Henry soon crept up to me behind the tree. He had brought his men up to our horses and came to my rescue. There was a bluff back of us and it would have been death to have retreated back. A ball had passed so close to my ear that it burnt my hair and went through my hat. I was asked by the Lieutenant to take command. He said: "Now look to your flanks and let me shoot." He was lying down behind me. I sent a Corporal and two men to the right. They ran about twenty rods, got behind some trees and made a cross fire on them. The Corporal told me afterwards that he did not see how we escaped for the enemy were so close and had gotten in some twenty rounds before a shot was fired at them. I had only two or three cartridges left. I had to let the smoke clear away and then pick their men. I had not thought of surrendering. I expected to see two or three hundred men from down the hills to reinforce us, but they did not come. The firing from the willows finally ceased and we ceased also and stepped out. The enemy had fallen back some twenty or thirty rods to tall timber and were shouting: "Come over on this side and we will pay you back." Shortly afterwards we gave a yell. We knew the victory was ours for they were retreating. We did not get any word from our men telling us why they did not come up and it was a mystery to me. We were soon standing around in groups looking back and wondering why our men didn't come to us. We then saw a soldier back near the hill who had come out from some brush and we called him up. He was one of our men and we asked him where the others were. He said that Colonel Noble had sent him down to reconnoitre the flat; that the enemy had surrounded the advance guard and captured them. Lieutenant

Henry told me to go back and report to the commander. He said: "You have done this fighting and I will stay here and hold the ford." This man piloted me up the bluff. He said that the Colonel was just up the hill with a lot of dismounted men. As I went up, I saw an officer looking over a stump. He said to me as I went up to him: "Here he is." I shall never forget him for I was not in a good humor at that time. The man told him that I was from the advance. I had never seen the Colonel in command to know him. I asked him if he was in command and he said that he was. I shall never forget what I said to him and his looks and reply. The first thing I said was: "Why did you not send men to me when we were fighting?" He had three or four hundred lying in line on the bluff and a good position to hold to. He then told me that one of my men had gotten away and came up the bluff and told him that the rebels had surrounded the advance guard and had killed the sergeant and would capture all the rest. That he was the only man to get away. The Colonel then asked me if the Sergeant was killed. I had to tell him no, for I was the Sergeant in command of the advance and had lost only one man. He then asked me if I was not wounded. I took off my hat and showed it to him and also showed him the legs of my pants which had a couple of bullet holes in them. "Well," he said, "this beats anything I ever saw for a few men. You made noise enough on both sides for a thousand." I then asked him if I should advance over the river. He told me not to—that General Clayton had forbid him to cross Saleane River—but to go down and bring my men back and we would camp there. He said: "I am going to find out the result of this engagement, for it was a sharp one." The boys had been looking for the missing one, but could not find him. He was a German whose name was John Lutman. He had been a good soldier and belonged to my platoon. We went to our horses back of the log buildings. The men said it had hailed bullets up there but they were all right. The first man I saw when I went up to my horse was John Lutman sitting quietly in his saddle. I spoke to him and asked him how he got there. He did not seem to know anything that had happened nor could he tell me. I had told the boys that John was shot. He threw his carbine down near me and was jumping up and down the last I saw of him. We could not find a scratch on him. He was the man who had run and made the report to the Colonel. He was nearly crazy.

The enemy retreated and we went and investigated a few camps and found several bodies in the willows and several wounded in a house, and brought back some twenty-five guns. This was my last engagement during the war. My time had expired long before we started out. Had we not taken the position we did quickly, there would not have been a man left to tell the story. Such is war.

After our return to Pine Bluff we did outpost duty and waited for orders to be sent home as our time had expired. We were relieved from duty about the 20th of December, 1864, and we were to go to Little Rock to be mustered out. A few nights before we left I was sent to report to General Erskins. I did not know what I was called for but I went. On arriving there I saw Sergeant Hesty of Company A and Sergeant Luther of Company C. The General said he wanted to have a talk with us three Sergeants as we would be mustered out in a few days and leave the regiment. He then said: "We can't get along without you and I want you to re-enlist as veterans. I have places to put you and the papers are in my tent. The regiment wants you and I want to give you a place." This was a surprise to us three Sergeants, but we had filled our positions on the field and had already been promoted unknown to us, but neither of us had been home for over three years and had stuck to our posts of duty through trials and danger, and we finally made up our minds to go home before this interview. All of us failed to accept the promotion at that time. The Colonel was disappointed for he had hoped that we would remain. We had known him for over three years. He was a Lieutenant at the beginning and had been promoted gradually until he had been made Brigadier Commander and knew his men well.

In a few days we arrived at Little Rock and on the last day of December, 1864, we were mustered out. The following day we received transportation for Chicago, Illinois, to receive final pay and papers. It was a long journey and took us about two weeks to get through. We went from Little Rock to Devolls Bluff by railroad, then down White river and up the Mississippi to Cairo, where we had to remain a few days for transportation to Chicago over the Illinois Central railroad. After leaving Cairo we were left at Centralia on the side track at night. We only occupied two coaches as our regiment had been reduced to 100 men. These men were under command of Captain G. Allen May. While on the side track at Centralia the Captain and some of the others got off and went to

the depot. We found out that the balance of the train had gone to St. Louis and we would have to remain on the side track until 9 o'clock the next morning for a train to Chicago. The depot was large, the night was cold and we were standing near the stove talking over what to do as our rations had run out. The station agent told us we would have to go out as he closed up at 12 o'clock and did not allow anyone to remain in the depot after that time. Captain May looked at the agent and I knew he would bring him to time for I knew him well. He asked him if he was the agent of that depot and he said he was. The men were sitting two in a seat in the coaches and the captain told me and several other Sergeants to tell our men to come and bring their blankets and make up their bunks on the floor of the depot and then told the agent to stand by the stove and keep a good fire until he got a train to take us to Chicago. He said: "I will give you to understand that I am going to run this until you do." We soon had our men in comfortable quarters for the night and laid down to sleep. The next morning about 7 o'clock we were all standing around the depot. We had not had any breakfast as our rations had run out and we had no money for we were to be paid when we reached Chicago. We soon heard some breakfast bells ringing and you could see a group of the boys make to a hotel or restaurant, go in and wash and take seats and get up like men, take their hats and thank the landlord. What else could we do? We had been cavalymen long enough and had made up our minds never to go hungry if the chickens did roost high. That was our last meal on the route. We arrived in Chicago that night and went to Soldiers' Home where we remained until we received our final pay and papers, which was some three or four days. We then took our departure our our long looked for homes. I had not been at home and had not received a furlough. I took the train for Bristol, Illinois, my old home, and then three miles into the country to my mother's house. My mother was a widow. I arrived there about 11 o'clock at night. I rapped at the door and I heard her voice. She said: "Charley, is that you?" I told her it was. She had seen five of her boys go to the army and I was the first to go and the second to return. One could never return for he fell in Georgia. One had returned badly wounded and she had cared for him. No tongue could describe the anxiety that mother had during those four years of struggle, for her boys. Many a fervent prayer

had been rendered to the God of Battle for her boys. She was a patient mother.. She was a granddaughter of an officer in the Revolutionary War and had seen her own husband, after being married to him, take his musket and march to the front in defense of his country.

My reader, I have told you the story of the war as I saw it. Be true to your country and flag and remember the Boys in Blue.

CHARLES D. FIELD, Co. F and Co. C.,
Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry

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