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## SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

## GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

Weeks of Patient Effort Rewarded by Final Success.

## RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

Jackson, Raymond, Champion's Hill, and Baker's Creek.

BY "CARLETON."  
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LXV.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

I turn once more to the West.

Gen. Grant, through January and February, 1863, was digging a canal across the neck of land opposite Vicksburg. It was to be 60 feet wide and 9 deep. It was nearly completed, but there came a great fall of rain; the river rose, overflowed the banks, washed away the narrow bank of earth at the head of the canal, flooded the camp of the army, compelling the troops to huddle upon the levee. The canal was a failure. The great object which Gen. Grant had in view was to get at Vicksburg. He could not do it from the river—the bluffs were so high, the Confederate batteries so strong. The gunboats had tried and failed. Gen. Sherman had been driven back from Chickasaw Bluffs. He must plan to get in rear of Vicksburg.

### THE BAYOU.

Northeast of Vicksburg there is a network of bayous, rivers, and water-ways between the Yazoo and Tallahatche.

Gen. Grant turned his attention in that direction. Gunboats, followed by steamboats, threaded their way along the streams. The soldiers cut down huge trees or sawed them off below the water—they performed herculean tasks. The Confederates, seeing what Grant was doing, felled the trees in advance across the streams. While the woodmen were swinging their axes, the riflemen and sharpshooters were firing from behind the trees. There were constant skirmishes. For two months the Union troops tried to open a way through the swamp, but all their efforts resulted in failure.

Gen. Grant was studying the map which the engineers made for him. He saw that of the Big Black River, which rises northeast of Vicksburg, runs southwest and empties into the Mississippi 20 miles south of the city in a straight line, but much farther than that by the river. Gen. Pemberton, who was in command of the Confederates at Vicksburg, would make it his line of defense in rear. He saw that there was also a network of lakes and streams west of the Mississippi, and that by cutting a short canal from Duck Point, opposite the mouth of the Yazoo, to Walnut Bayou—a small stream winding through the forest, he could send flatboats loaded with supplies by a roundabout way, past Vicksburg, to the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the Big Black. The gunboats had run past the batteries so often that he determined to send down transport steamers. The army could march to Hard Times, a hamlet opposite the mouth of the Big Black.

### THE MOVEMENT.

On April 13 the short piece of canal was completed and all was ready for the most brilliant strategic movements of the war. Small steamers worked their way through the canal into the bayous. The wood choppers cut away the trees. Flatboats loaded with provisions followed. The army picked its way through the forest, building miles of corduroy road for the artillery and wagons. At 10 o'clock on the night of April 16, Admiral Porter, on the flagship Benton, gives the signal, and the gunboats move down the river. The Lafayette follows the Benton, with the Price lashed on the starboard side, to shield the Lafayette; then follows the Louisville, Monard City, Pittsburg and Carondelet, and the transports Forest Queen, Silver Wave and Henry Clay, each protected by cotton bales, loaded with supplies and ammunition, each with a boat in tow transporting 10,000 bushels of coal. The Tusculum brings up the rear.

It is 10 minutes to 11 when the Benton rounds the point above the Confederate batteries. Instantly the Confederate artillerymen spring to their guns. The bluffs are a sheet of flame. The Confederates set a block of houses at the front of the bluff on fire to light up the river. For 20 minutes the cannon flame, but at 2 o'clock all the gunboats and all but one of the transports are safely moored at Hard Times. The transport Henry Clay is the only vessel lost—set on fire by a shell.

On the night of the 23d five more river steamers safely passed the batteries. Just below the mouth of the Big Black is Grand Gulf—a landingplace on the east side of the river. The bluffs rise 75 feet above the water. The Confederates had erected a line of batteries. In the upper battery were two seven-inch rifled guns, one eight-inch smooth-bore, and a 30-pound rifled cannon on wheels. Three-quarters of a mile farther down were one eight-inch smooth-bore, two 32-pounders, and one 100-pound rifle and five smaller cannon.

At 7 a. m. on the morning of April 29 the gunboats attacked the batteries. The Confederates' cannon could send their shot and shell straight down upon the boats, which suffered so much that at 1 o'clock they withdrew. Gen. Grant saw a better way.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the gunboats and the transports ran past the batteries and came to anchor four miles below. While this was going on Gen. McClelland's troops

were marching from Hard Times to Mr. De Shroon's plantation.

THE CROSSING.  
At daylight April 30 18,000 troops are drawn up in long lines on the bank of the river. The steamboats run out their planks and the regiments go on board, the wheels turn, the gunboats lead, and at noon the brigades are on the eastern shore.

GEN. PEMBERTON.  
Gen. Pemberton is greatly perplexed. He has more than 60,000 men, but they are widely scattered. At Vicksburg there are 22,000; at Port Hudson, below Grand Gulf, there are 16,000; at Grand Gulf, 2,500; at Fort Pemberton, on the Yazoo, more than 100 miles from Vicksburg, 7,000. While Gen. Grant and a portion of the gunboats, are moving down the river, Gen. Sherman and the rest of the fleet, eight gunboats, are threatening an attack at Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo. Besides all this a cavalry force under Gen. Grierson is sweeping south the whole length of the State, destroying bridges and cutting his communications.

It is startling news which comes to Pemberton over the wires on the evening of the 30th, that a great body of Union troops has crossed the river and is marching northeast from the plantation of Mr. Bruin toward Port Gibson, on the south side of the Big Black, 10 miles southeast of Grand Gulf. He sees that it is not at Haines's Bluff, north of Vicksburg, but south and east of it is the great danger. Grant is threatening his rear. He sends telegrams in all directions for troops at Granada, Columbus, Meridian and other points to hasten to Jackson, the capital of the State. He sends Tracy's and Baldwin's Brigades to Port Gibson to join Gen. Green to block Grant's advance.

PORT GIBSON.  
At daylight May 1 Gen. Carr's Division of McClelland's Corps came upon the Confederate pickets at Magnolia Church, three miles west of Port Gibson.

The Confederates were commanded by Gen. Bowen, who had 8,500 men. He posted them across the road near the church, in a strong position on uneven ground, with a canebrake in front. The men fought stubbornly, but were driven, losing 600 killed, 340 wounded, 600 prisoners and a battery. The battle was fought by McClelland's Corps. Gen. Bowen retreated, burning the bridge over the south fork of the Bayou Pierre.

The Union troops pressed on, entered Port Gibson, rebuilt the bridge, marched eight miles to the north fork, found the bridge on fire, extinguished the flames, put in new timbers, and at daybreak May 3 the army was moving across it.

Gen. Pemberton saw that Gen. Grant had outgeneraled him. He hurried re-enforcements to Bowen, swelling his force to 17,000; but Bowen saw that he must retreat. He crossed the Big Black to the northern bank, and blew up the batteries at Grand Gulf. The gunboats took possession of the place, and Grant made it his base of supplies.

CONCENTRATION.  
Gen. Grant had taken time by the forelock. "Join me as quickly as possible," was the order which he sent to Sherman, April 29, who is at Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo. He receives it the next morning.

"Take up your line of march for Hard Times," is Sherman's order to Gen. Steele and Gen. Tuttle, commanding divisions, at Milliken's Bend. In the darkness his own and Blair's Divisions move away from before Haines's Bluff to Milliken's Bend; the troops land and take up their line of march for Hard Times.

"Organize a train of 120 wagons," is Grant's order to Sherman.

The wagons work their way through the woods and over the corduroy roads to Hard Times, and are ferried across the river to Grand Gulf.

Sherman's troops cross, and on May 7 the whole army is on the east bank of the river. Gen. Grant has planned a campaign which must be carried out with great energy. He proposes not to march directly upon Vicksburg, but to push northeast to Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, capture it, destroy the railroad, then right-about face, march west, cross the Big Black, and drive the Confederates from Haines's Bluff and open communication with the Yazoo River. The 120 wagons would carry only five days' rations. When there were gone the army must live on whatever corn and bacon they could find in the granaries and smoke-houses of the plantations.

THE POSITION.  
A railroad runs east from Vicksburg to Jackson, crossing the Big Black at Bovina. Edward's Station is the first east of the Big Black. The town of Raymond is 14 miles southeast of Edward's Station, and the same distance from Jackson. Clinton is the first station on the railroad west of Jackson.

"Grant cannot live long, for want of provisions," was the message sent by Jefferson Davis to Pemberton.

"Proceed at once to Mississippi and take charge of the forces there," was the message to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was at Tallahatche. He arrived at Jackson May 13, just as Gregg, with Walker's Brigade, was coming into the city after Gregg's defeat at Raymond.

"I am too late," was the message which flew over the wire to Richmond.

"Vicksburg must be held at all hazards," was the dispatch to Pemberton.

Jefferson Davis was making a great mistake. Vicksburg, now that the gunboats could run past it and the Union army march

around it, was of little account. It was of far greater importance that Grant's army should be defeated. There was no head on the Confederate side. Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, was undertaking to direct affairs. Johnston had his plans to concentrate the scattered Confederate troops—defeat Grant in a pitched battle. Pemberton was holding Vicksburg, and had his army scattered along the Big Black at the several ferries.

Gen. Grant saw his opportunity. He would move east, wipe out the forces gathering at Jackson under Johnston, then turn and confront Pemberton, cut off his communications, open his own, and pen him up in Vicksburg.

If there is excitement in Richmond there is consternation in Washington. Gen. Grant does not inform Gen. Halleck of his plans, but exercises his own judgment as to what he ought to do. Gen. Halleck is astounded and angry at what he regards as rashness and disobedience on the part of Gen. Grant, and sends a dispatch ordering him to turn back, go down the river, unite his forces with those of Gen. Banks, and attack Port Hudson.

While the dispatch is on its way let us see what the two armies are doing.

Through the Winter and Spring Gen. Grant has been trying to get at Vicksburg. He has made slow progress that the Confederates have laughed at him. It has never occurred to them that he might suddenly abandon the attempt to get in at the front door and make his appearance with a loud knocking at the back door. But there he is, and whatever is done to stop him must be done quickly by Gen. Pemberton and Gen. Johnston.

CAPTURE OF JACKSON.  
The rain is pouring on the morning of May 14. There is a great consternation in Jackson. Gen. Johnston is loading supplies, ammunition, and baggage of every description into the cars. He knows that Grant is pushing east to capture the city. He has only Gregg's and Walker's troops to oppose him. He posts Gregg on the road leading to Raymond, facing west, and Walker on the Clinton road, leading north. He hopes that Gregg and Walker will be able to hold the intrenchments till Gen. Maxey arrives from Port Hudson with a brigade and Col. Gist with another brigade arrives from South Carolina, which will give him 11,000. They are only 24 hours distant.

Through the forenoon Sherman's soldiers stand in the pelting rain. They cannot handle their cartridges; but at noon the clouds clear and the line advances against Gregg and McPherson against Walker.

Crocker's Division is in the front, on McPherson's line, Logan in his rear, with Stevenson's Brigade on the left to flank the Confederates.

The conflict begins in a thicket a mile in front of the Confederate breastworks. Crocker's men quickly clear the woods, and the artillery wheels into position and opens fire. McPherson waits to hear from Sherman. Going southwest, we see Sherman's artillery opening fire and a brisk cannonade going on. Gen. Johnston acts with admirable prudence. He orders the artillery and skirmishers to keep up a continuous fire. He sees that he cannot resist the combined attack of McPherson and Sherman, and while his 17 cannon are flaming, Walker and Gregg are hastening northward. It is 3 o'clock before Sherman is ready to advance. When his troops sweep on they find only a line of skirmishers and the artillerymen, who surrender, 250 in number, with 10 cannon.

Walker made a brave stand, but Crocker's Division swept across the open field, drove the Confederates, capturing seven guns and several hundred prisoners. With drums beating and colors flying the Union troops enter the city and fling out the Stars and Stripes above the capitol.

A cotton warehouse with a steam-engine and machinery, which Sherman thinks may be of value to the Confederates if not destroyed, is set on fire by his orders. Soldiers with crowbars and sledges tear up the tracks of the railroads. There are barrels of flour, bacon and ham in the warehouses, which Johnston has been able to take away, and the Union soldiers, who have had little to eat since they crossed the Mississippi, satisfy their hunger with the captured provisions. Gen. Grant supposed that Johnston would retreat southward, but he is marching toward Clinton, northward, instead, hoping to join Pemberton. He does not comprehend the boldness or meaning of Gen. Grant's movements; neither does Gen. Pemberton comprehend it. Gen. Johnston has ordered Pemberton to march northeastward toward Clinton, hoping thus to join the two forces and make an army large enough to resist Grant. Pemberton calls a council of his officers. They are divided in opinion as to what ought to be done. He decides at last not to march to join Johnston, but to attack Grant's rear, not seeing that what on the 14th was his rear on the 15th would be his front.

The Union troops were no longer moving east, but all were facing west—Hovey's, Logan's and Crocker's Divisions on the railroad at Bolton Station, marching along the railroad which runs beside it; Osterhaus's and Carr's Divisions on the Middle road, four miles south; Blair's and A. J. Smith's Divisions on the Raymond road, two miles farther south—all moving west toward Baker's Creek.

Gen. Pemberton had placed his army in position east of the creek. Suddenly he changed his mind and decided instead of attacking Grant to obey Johnston, hasten northeast and join his superior. He did not realize that, while his troops were scattered, Grant at sunset on the night of May 15 had 32,000 men at hand. Pemberton had 80 regiments, with about 25,000 men.

CHAMPION'S HILL.  
On the south side of the railroad, halfway between Edward's Station and Bolton Station, we find the plantation of Mr. Champion on a hill which rises 75 feet above the surrounding plain and extends southward more than a mile. There are deep gutters on the sides of the hill. The deep from Clinton running west winds along the east-

ern base, joins the Middle road, which runs along the southern slope, and crosses Baker's Creek.

It is nearly 8 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of May when A. J. Smith's Division, which had bivouacked near Mr. Elliott's house, moving west along the Raymond road, comes upon Loring's Division of Pemberton's army. Bowen's Division was next in line towards Champion's Hill, while Stevenson's Division was at the foot of the hill, near the junction of the Clinton and Middle roads. Pemberton's troops were all hastening north, with the intention of joining Johnston, but Pemberton suddenly found that he must fight a battle. Hovey's Division was advancing rapidly toward the hill, with Logan close at hand and Crocker not far behind. At 10 o'clock there is a rattling fire along the picket-line. Both armies are deploying—Hovey's Division of Grant's army at the turn of the road, facing west; Logan's, moving by the right flank, holds the right of the line, his men facing south. In front of Logan is Barton's Confederate Brigade; in front of Hovey, Logan and Cummings's Brigades. Hovey begins the attack, his left flank pushing up the hill, advancing step by step, charging upon Cummings's Brigade, sweeping it back and capturing 11 cannon.

J. E. Smith's and another Brigade of Logan's Division advance on Hovey's right. They meet with a stubborn resistance. Gen. Logan halts a soldier, who is making his way to the rear. "The rebels are awful thick up there, General," the soldier says. "Then that is the place to kill them," is the answer.

Logan sends his reserve brigade—Stevenson's. We are not to forget that the Confederate Gen. Stevenson commands a division, while the Union Gen. Stevenson commands a brigade. The Union Stevenson's men rush across a ravine, striking the Confederate line between Barton's and Lee's Brigades and capture 7 guns.

Things had gone badly with the Confederate Stevenson, but help is at hand. Bowen arrives, Crocker's Brigade in advance, with Green's behind it. They strike Hovey in flank, forcing the Union troops down the hill, back through Mr. Champion's fields, compelling them to abandon all but two of the 11 cannon captured.

But help is at hand for Hovey—Crocker's Division. Together the troops advance, driving Crocker and Green. Cummings's Brigade, which has stood resolutely through the forenoon, breaks, and the men flee towards Baker's Creek.

Bowen's Confederate Division held its ground awhile, but was pushed back, leaving five of the guns which had been lost in the beginning and then recaptured. Bowen retreats towards Baker's Creek, while the Union troops take possession of the hill.

Going south from the hill we see Loring sending Buford's and Featherston's Brigades north to assist Bowen and Stevenson, while Tighman's Brigade remains to hold A. J. Smith's and Blair's Divisions in check; but before Loring reaches the hill Bowen and Stevenson are fleeing toward Baker's Creek. Loring forms his two brigades across the road, but Osterhaus's Brigade, Tighman's is killed, and his brigade with Loring's retreat toward a ford across Baker's Creek. Before the Confederates can reach it Gen. Carr's Division rushes on and takes possession of the road. Loring abandons all his cannon and wagon and hastens south across fields, through woods, reaching Crye Springs, 25 miles south of the battlefield. Bowen and Stevenson make their way to the Big Black River.

Through the night they struggle along the woods, defeated, routed, demoralized. Pemberton has lost 24 cannon and nearly 4,000 men.

THE BIG BLACK.  
Morning dawns with Bowen's Division behind breastworks by the railroad bridge on the east bank of the Big Black. At 8 o'clock Carr's Division of McClelland's Corps is in a clump of woods on the north side of the road, Osterhaus's on the south side. A. J. Smith is forming on Osterhaus's left. The artillery open, the Union skirmishers advance, Carr's men rush from the woods towards the intrenchments with a cheer.

The Confederate troops are disheartened by defeat, worn down by hard marching. They see that they are in danger of being cut off. Vaughan's Brigade is the first to break, then Bowen's whole division is in flight. The lines dissolve, all order is lost. The soldiers are panic-stricken. They leave 19 cannon and 1,400 muskets; 1,757 men give themselves up as prisoners. The others reach the bridge, set it on fire, and flee in consternation toward Vicksburg.

[To be continued.]

THE BOYS' VOICE.  
The light is dim that shone for him,  
And shined the path to glory,  
But his name has faded  
That lives in song and story.  
We need no more the torch he bore,  
Out in the night, by his marching,  
But yet above his dust we love  
To stand the world with love.  
The faithful hand that held the sword,  
When war's resounding thunder  
Rolled all around the trembling ground,  
The brave and true that held the flag,  
The pulseless heart, that played its part  
In civil strife to save us,  
Saw victory gained, and left him  
The flag our fathers gave us.  
On blue and gray alike we lay  
Our laurel wreaths and flowers;  
The gray and blue stretch here and new—  
Heroes of their and ours.  
Had truth and justice in it,  
And, wrong or right, they sought the light,  
And gave their lives to win it.  
The strife is past, no more war's blast  
Around the Nation cracks;  
As brothers now our heads we bow,  
Above our soldiers' graves here,  
Oh, bowers, assume your brightest bloom,  
As proudly we bestow you,  
On those who fell, and honor well  
The sacred earth below you! — N. Y. Sun.

SOLDIER, REST!  
Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewn,  
Fairy strands of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber drowsing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, no night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clank, or war-steed clanging,  
Trump nor platoon drum here,  
Mustering call or squadron tramping.  
The daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Beating from the reeds the shallow,  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Quaint o'er waters billowing here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and clamping,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping,  
—Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

## A FAR-WEST FIGHT.

Graphic Sketch of a Campaign Beyond the Mississippi.

## BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE.

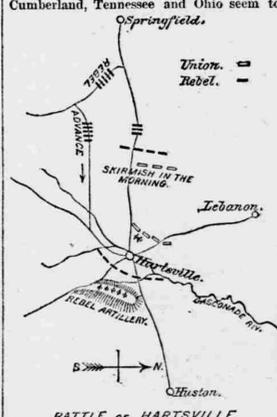
How 800 Yankees Defeated 6,000 Rebels in Missouri.

## MARCHING AND FIGHTING.

Clattering Hoofs and Carabines Awaken the Village Sleepers.

BY N. S. HILL, FORMERLY FIRST LIEUTENANT, CO. D, 3D MO. CAV., MANASSAS, O.

War operations beyond the Mississippi River have received but little attention from historical writers either in newspapers or magazines, though the field is a large one, and the campaigns, marches and battles were as important, at least to the actors therein, as those on any part of the Union line. The great campaigns and battles of the armies of the Potomac and those of the armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio seem to



## BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE.

occupy the public mind and the attention of historical writers to the exclusion of less important operations west of the Mississippi. There were, perhaps, hundreds of insignificant skirmishes, pitched battles between small forces, and desperate encounters in the wilds of Missouri, Arkansas, and even farther west, that will never be recorded in any history, and live only in the memory of the survivors. They served in their way to make up the sum of the great whole, but life is too short to study the details of the great war, and most people will content themselves with skimming the surface, reading of the most important campaigns, and thus getting a general idea of the war. Many a poor wounded soldier has crawled away among the trees and bushes to escape the flying bullets, or in search of water, and there breathed his last alone, unattended, while the storm of battle swept over him, who might have been living to-day had he been discovered and his wounds dressed, but who was not even honored with a soldier's burial; whose bones, if not devoured by wild beasts, may be discovered by some stray hunter in after years; and even the little battle in which he gave up his life for the Union has no record in history. He is marked "Missing" on his company rolls, and the little circle around the fireside at home only know that he is "missing."

But I started out to give my recollections of the BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE, MO., an affair in which a few hundred on the Union side and a few thousand on the rebel side are yet much interested.

In the Winter of 1862-3 Gen. Fitz-Henry Warren commanded a brigade of about 3,000 men, stationed at the village of Houston, in Southern Missouri. This place was only one point on a line held by the Union forces, extending from Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi River, to Springfield, Mo., and so on west.

Gen. Marmaduke, Porter, Sterling Price and Barbridge commanded the Confederate forces in the West, that were continually raiding into Missouri, concentrating here and there on the Union forces holding this long-drawn-out line.

On Saturday, the 10th of January, 1863, our regiment—the 3d Mo. Cav.—received from brigade headquarters a detail for 150 men to report at headquarters in 15 minutes, mounted and equipped with three days' rations. We were promptly on the parade-ground within the required time, but with no idea what the sudden call meant. We surmised, however, that we were going on another wild-goose chase after some stray squad of bushwhackers, as we were called upon every few days for that kind of work. As the sequel proved, however, we had this time more serious work. Our detachment was commanded by Capt. Black. On the parade-ground we were joined by a detachment of 150 men of the 3d Iowa Cav., under Maj. Dunfield, and the whole force was placed under the command of Maj. Gallup, of the 3d Iowa. A little before noon we were off on a brisk trot, without dinner, on the road leading westward through the village of Hartsville and on to Springfield. We marched 40 miles that afternoon, going into camp about 10 p. m. in the woods, seven miles west of Hartsville. In this camp we found a detachment of infantry which had been ordered a few days before by Gen. Warren. This detachment was under command of Col. Merrill, of the 21st Iowa and consisted of 250 men of the 21st Iowa, under Lieut.-Col. Dunlap, and 250 men of the 99th Ill. under Lieut.-Col. Parks. The whole force here assembled consisted of 800 infantry and cavalry, and a

section (two pieces) of artillery under Lieut. Walsmith, all under command of Col. Merrill.

By the time we had gathered forage for our horses from a neighboring cornfield, lighted our fires and disposed of our rations of hard-tack and coffee, it was after 11 o'clock; then we rolled ourselves in our blankets, lay down under the trees and were soon

A CAMP OF SLEEPERS;  
for a 40-mile ride in one afternoon is a hard jaunt even for soldiers, and we were tired.

It seemed to me that we had not been sleeping 15 minutes when the clear notes of the bugle ringing through the forest awakened us. At the same time the long roll ended at the infantry camp came up to us with an ominous sound. Something had aroused the camp, but what it was we could not then understand. We had in reality been sleeping three or four hours, as it must have been between 2 and 3 o'clock when the alarm sounded.

Half dead for sleep, we rolled our blankets, buckled on our sabers and revolvers, saddled and mounted our horses as rapidly as possible, got into line as well as we could in the darkness, and awaited developments. An occasional shot from our picket-post over the hill to the west came to us, then something of a volley was fired, and we realized that the outposts had discovered an enemy. I doubt if at this time any soldier or officer in that command knew that we were in the vicinity of an enemy; but the facts are these:

A REBEL RAID.  
On the 8th of January—two days before we were ordered from Houston—the rebel Gen. Marmaduke, Porter and Barbridge, with about 6,000 men, had made an attack on Springfield, Mo., then garrisoned by a small force under Col. Crabb. After a sharp fight the rebels withdrew and marched eastward towards Hartsville and Houston; whether for the purpose of attacking Gen. Warren at Houston, or of cutting off and capturing any small force he would send to the relief of Crabb, I do not know. Gen. Warren, on hearing of the attack at Springfield, had promptly dispatched our command—800 men under Col. Merrill—to the relief of that garrison. I do not think it was known by any member of Col. Merrill's command that the rebels had been repulsed at Springfield and were on the march eastward on the same road by which we were advancing; but the result was that within a mile of our camp on the night of the 10th, this rebel army was in camp, without either force being aware of the proximity of the other, until the meeting of the patrols, about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, revealed that fact. It is not unlikely, however, that the officers in command on either side, knowing all the circumstances, very soon understood the cause of the firing on picket-post. No doubt Gen. Marmaduke understood the cause at once, as he probably knew that Gen. Warren had dispatched a small force to the relief of Col. Crabb. But Col. Merrill could not at once know of the presence of the rebel army in his front; an advance and daylight would soon reveal that fact.

Our regiment being in front, Capt. Bradley, with 50 men of Co. C, and the writer, with half a dozen men of Co. D, were ordered forward to reconnoiter.

NIGHT FIGHTING.  
When a soldier reads this he will understand what it means to advance on a skirmish-line in the night. It may be easy for a brave man to march forward in daylight to meet his foe, whom he can see, but not so easy to grope his way through the woods in utter darkness, feeling as it were, for the enemy, and expecting every moment to be shot by an unseen foe, with no opportunity of self-defense. The order simply means: "Go ahead until they shoot you, and then we shall know where they are."

The country was heavily wooded everywhere, and we fell in by trees, at first, and advanced along the shadowy road, passing our picket-post and presently coming to an open field on the right, where we deployed as skirmishers and rode forward until we came to a lane leading from a log house near the road back across the field to the woods beyond. We drew together in this lane and took the main road again, passing silently by another field to where the woods grew thickly on both sides of the road. Here the shock came—we had found the enemy. A wall of fire on both sides of the road, almost in our very faces, without the slightest warning; the rebel yell, horses and men going down in the dust, and the survivors turning back with more speed than dignity—this was the bitter episode that disclosed the exact position of the enemy and opened the battle of Hartsville. It is strange, almost surrounded as we were by the enemy, and so near that their guns flashed in our faces, that so few were killed. Only two men were killed, several were wounded, and a few horses killed and wounded. Capt. Bradley, riding at the head of his squad, was shot through the head and killed instantly. A few of the men were made prisoners.

Now came the weary, anxious waiting for daylight, and the marshalling of the forces on either side for the struggle. Our cavalry was drawn up in line in the lane before mentioned, while the infantry formed in the field behind us. After getting into line, we sat in our saddles listening to

THE NOTES OF PREPARATION  
on both sides. The rebels were forming their lines in the woods along the fence beyond the field, and we could plainly hear their officers as they gave the commands, "Right dress!" and "Order arms!" the heavy "tand" of the muskets, and the "Parade rest!" that followed, as squadron after squadron and regiment after regiment took their places. Then there was the peculiar "cluck" of the artillery wagons, as they groped their way into positions; the tramp of the cavalry, the jingling of sabers, and all those ominous sounds that told of approaching conflict.

At the first peep of day our artillery started by sending a shell, with its peculiar cat-like rattle, over our heads into the woods beyond. This was the signal for an advance, and very soon a strong line of blue skirmishers was seen advancing on our left, and soon after passing our position there was a dropping fire of musketry, and then a few volleys. The rebel artillery sent a few solid shot down the road on the left, but the skirmish-lines did what little fighting was done that morning. For some reason unaccountable to us at that time, the enemy withdrew about 8 o'clock and left us masters of the field. A few men were wounded on our side, but I think none were killed after daylight. The cavalry was ordered to pursue, and followed for a mile or more, taking a few butternut prisoners, mostly armed with double-barrelled shotguns and squirrel rifles. It was very evident the main army had withdrawn silently before daylight, and we soon ascertained the cause.

MARMADUKE'S STRATEGY.  
The enemy was flanking us and endeavoring to cut our only line of retreat. Marmaduke had evidently ascertained pretty nearly our numbers, and leaving a small force in our front with orders to fall back slowly and draw us after, he, with his main force, was at daylight already on a road to the south and running parallel with ours to the village of Hartsville, seven miles or more in our rear. If he could reach that point before us he could effectually block our way and compel us, as he thought, to surrender. He outnumbered us six to one, as we soon ascertained from the prisoners and from some of our own men, who had been made prisoners early in the morning and had escaped to our lines.

RACE FOR HARTSVILLE.  
Now began a race between the two forces for Hartsville, not so famous as that between Meade and Lee to Gettysburg, but equally as interesting to the immediate actors. The enemy's road was, perhaps, a little the longer,—we had the inside track,—but they also had a little the start, so the race was very nearly even. To say our cavalry went down that road to Hartsville on "double-quick" does not express it. We simply flew over those seven miles with the speed of the wind. As we neared the village we could occasionally see through the openings in the woods to our right the rebel army in a single long black line hastening over the hills toward Hartsville. In a few moments we dashed into the village from the west. At the same time the rebel cavalry entered it from the south, and instantly there was a sharp cavalry fight in the streets. There was no room for charges by squadrons or platoons, but the men charged as "foragers," and there was a flashing of sabers, the sharp ring of the carbine and revolver, the shouts of the combatants (who became very much mixed), then a mutual separation. It was all done very quickly, and in the end the enemy occupied the road to Houston, thus placing themselves between us and any aid we might get from that place, while we held the road to our left leading to Lebanon, thus securing our line of retreat. But retreat in the face of a force so greatly seemed madness, yet it seemed equally suicidal to fight such a force in open field; but there was no time for deliberation.

What a surprise it was to the peaceful little town of Hartsville. The people were only fairly out of their beds when they were started by a fierce cavalry fight in the midst of them, and this without any warning. Before they could get out of the way or comprehend what was going on the bullets were flying in every direction and pattering about the streets and houses like hailstones. Men, women and children flew screaming in every direction to the woods, and the town was soon deserted except by the combatants. Lieut. Walsmith, following closely on the heels of the cavalry, swung his two brass pieces to the left upon the hillside above the town and began throwing shells with wonderful rapidity and accuracy.

I never could understand how the INFANTRY ANNIHILATED THE SEVEN MILES between the camp and the battlefield, but I know they were there, and forming their line of battle while we were forming ours, after the cavalry skirmish. We hitched our horses over the hill, north of town, out of the way of flying bullets, then advanced and formed our line part way down the hillside along the jack-oaks in the outskirts of the village. After the first skirmish there was a little time to breathe and no firing on either side except from the two batteries; it was the silence of a gathering storm. We could see the enemy forming for attack in the bottom lands and woods beyond the village to the south. Their battery of five pieces of artillery was posted on a high bluff a mile away, opposite our position, and sent round shot and canister over our way, but no shells; they seemed to be short of shells. Their balls mostly passed over us, but occasionally one struck in the hillside in front of our line, throwing the loose sand and gravel in our faces, and sometimes they would plow up the ground behind us. Several hundred shots must have been fired at us that day from those five guns, but I can remember but two men being struck by cannon shot; these were both artillerymen. One had his arm shot off, and another his head so nearly shot off that it only hung by a piece of skin. We soon became accustomed to it, and did not mind the artillery firing; they banged away at us so much without hurting anybody that we began to think it not worth while to dodge the balls, though we could see the puff of white smoke, and had plenty of time to get down on the ground before the ball came whizzing over us.