

# GRIERSON RAIDS

*Taken from the author's Grierson Raids and Hatch's Sixty-Four Days March,  
with Biographical Sketches, also The Life and Adventures of Chickasaw, the  
Scout (Chicago, Round and James, 1865)*

BY R. W. SURBY.

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RICHARD W. SURBY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern  
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To the officers and men, who have so kindly assisted me  
in getting out this work, and those who accompanied the  
various expeditions, this work is most respectfully dedicated  
by the

**AUTHOR.**

## PREFACE.

DEAR READER :—After waiting a sufficient length of time for some competent writers to place before the Public the particulars of these world-renowned Raids, and as yet nothing but imperfect reports have appeared in print, I therefore take the responsibility of offering to you the contents of my journal, together with items furnished by others. It was written under most embarrassing circumstances; just imagine yourself trying to write in an army tent, with six jolly comrades seated and standing around, talking and laughing on various subjects, (for soldiers like ladies gossip over the incidents of the day before retiring) and you will need no other apology. Having performed a conspicuous part on the Raid, I will try and furnish you with some items of a startling and amusing character, but nevertheless true.

AUTHOR.

## GRIERSON RAIDS.

It was in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, that considerable emotion could be perceived in and about the camps of the sixth and seventh Illinois cavalry regiments, also the second Iowa, all of which were stationed at La Grange, Tennessee, on the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, fifty miles southeast of Memphis, at one time a very pretty, enterprising town, situated on a high ridge of land, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country; but this place, like many others of importance, has felt the effects of a civil war, and now presents a truly sad picture. It was upon this day that I shall commence my narrative.

“What’s up?” is the question asked by a score or more of voices.

“A big scout, I reckon,” is the general reply. A certain member is seen to emerge from headquarters, when the inquisitive ones gather around him.

“Come, John, tell us all about it; where are we going, and how long will we be gone?”

John’s retreat being cut off, he replies as follows: “Now, boys, I’ll tell you, but you must not say word to any one, for it must be kept secret.”

“Oh! no; we’ll not tell; you know us.”

“Well, boys, we are going on a big scout to Columbus, Mississippi, and play smash with the railroads.”

“All right; we’ll keep mum, and when we get to Columbus we’ll make it pay.” The sequel will show how correct John was in his opinion.

General W. S. Smith was at that time commander of the post, a gentleman and a soldier. The men had been complaining for more active service, or as they expressed it, “spoiling for a fight.” General Smith finally announced to them, through their officers, that they should in a few days have a chance to try their fighting qualities, which report was received with loud cheers; and a few days after this an order was issued to the commander of the first cavalry brigade to be ready for a march or scout, requiring all effective men, with five days rations in haversacks, with the understanding they were to last ten, and double rations of salt.

On the morning of the seventeenth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, at an early hour, the following regiments left camp: the second Iowa cavalry, numbering between six and seven hundred men, rank and file, commanded by Colonel Edward Hatch, the seventh Illinois cavalry, numbering five hundred and forty-two, rank and file, commanded by Colonel Edward Prince, the sixth Illinois cavalry, with about five hundred men, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Loomis, and accompanied by Company K, first Illinois battery, numbering six pieces light artillery, under the command of Captain J. B. Smith, the whole commanded by Colonel B. H. Grierson. Before proceeding





































































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this expedition. Away we went, taking a left-hand road, while the rest of the command moved forward on the road to Union Church, the Sixth Illinois in advance, which I will leave to resume their journey while I take my place in the advance with Stedman. Not meeting with anything until within one mile of Bahala, when on gaining the top of a hill (country thickly timbered), I was somewhat startled, at first, to discover two army tents not more than seventy-five yards distant. I immediately halted, cautioned my command to be silent; taking a hasty survey, could not see a living being. We then retreated and reported to Captain Trafton; the column was halted, we concluded there was either no person with the tents, or they knew of our approach and were ready to ambush us. The captain at once decided to advance, by deploying one company as skirmishers, and throwing one company on the right and left flank, the fourth bringing up the center, moving up cautiously, each moment expecting to hear the sharp crack of the rifle. The skirmishers are within a few yards of the tents, still no signs of life; the tents are surrounded, they are captured, they are ours; contents—one darkey asleep; loss—none. It appears that a squad of cavalry had been camped here, and were engaged in burning coal for the Confederate Government, and had been withdrawn the day previous, being ordered to Osako. The negro had been left to take care of the tents, which were destroyed, together with a large quantity of coal. I was then ordered to proceed forward and reconnoitre the town. I did so by flanking around through the timber. Could see no signs of any force there—all appeared to be quiet. Reported back to the command, which went in on a charge, capturing a Major Weader, belonging on General Gardner's staff, and was chief commissary of subsistence, and very much of a gentleman. After destroying depot, water-tank, tressel-work, and steam-engine for pumping water and sawing wood, we rested a short time and then began retracing our steps, taking the Major along. After traveling about seven miles we stopped at a plantation and fed, then continued our journey. On coming into the main road upon which we were to follow up Colonel Grierson, it was eight o'clock, and we had thirty miles to travel before reaching the command. After proceeding about a mile I stopped at a plantation, and what was my surprise to learn that a force of the enemy had passed about five hours before, and were following up Colonel Grierson, but were in ignorance of any Federal force sent to Bahala. They were under the impression that all the Yankee forces had passed. This was most fortunate for us, and in another respect we were favored—the night was very dark. I immediately reported to Captain Trafton. The men were all ordered to observe silence, arrangements were perfected so that the column should halt whenever the scouts requested it, and all seemed to depend on them for a safe reunion with the command. Only Stedman and myself were acting as scouts. Half a mile further I saw a candle-light, apparently out of doors. I advanced boldly, and when near enough discovered an old

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man standing out upon the front stoop of the house, holding the light in one hand and shading his eyes with the other. He appeared to be conversing with a man that was mounted on a horse, and inside of the garden lot. As I drew up to the gate, not more than fifty yards from the house, I cried out "Hello, step this way;" this seemed to come unexpectedly, and in a moment the mounted man disappeared in the darkness. The old gentleman wanted to know who was there. "A friend," I replied; "please step this way a moment, I want to ask you some questions." He toddled out to the gate, and as soon as he could see asked if I was not a soldier. I answered that I was, and wished to know how long since our troops passed.

"Do you mean Colonel Adams, sir?"

"Yes, and what force has he?"

"Well, I don't know as I can tell; I can't see but a short distance, but there appeared to be a good many pass, then some cannon."

"How long since?" I inquired.

"Well, about five hours, or it may be six."

"Who was that man that was talking with you when I came up?"

"Well, I really don't know; he is a soldier and a stranger to me, and was inquiring the way to Port Hudson."

"Well, good night, we must go, for we have got reinforcements for Colonel Adams. Tell that man, if you see him, not to be alarmed, the Yankees are all ahead, and we expect to overtake them to-morrow."

"I hope you will," said the old man, "they took two horses and a mule from me, and my neighbor down here lost three mules and one horse, besides four of his best working hands."

I turned and left him, thinking the horse and mule business was nothing new to me. I had no sooner returned to the head of the column and reported to Captain Trafton, then up came a single horseman. It at once occurred to me that this was the man talking with the old man at the house. I told the men to keep still, at the same time ordering him to halt, which he obeyed promptly, and in a loud voice said, "I am all right, I belong to the Confederate army; I heard you talk with the man at the house." Captain Trafton then told him to advance; coming up rapidly he displayed a double-barrelled gun laying across the pommel of his saddle. I asked him if he was not tired, at the same time requesting him to hand me his gun and I would have one of the men carry it for him; he handed it over and I passed it back. Just then Captain Trafton says to me, "This man may be a Yankee for all we know." "Oh, no, gentlemen, you are mistaken; I am a Lieutenant, and belong to Port Hudson, and can tell you all about it, and who commands there, then Captain you can tell if I ain't all right." He was rather young, had been on furlough, and was now on his way back to join his company. He said we would find six men stopping at the next plantation, patrols and pickets, belonging to Wirt Adams' Louisiana cavalry—just what we wanted to know. He was allowed to

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ride in the ranks, upon being persuaded to accompany us. The men all understood the game, and the Lieutenant proved very sociable, little dreaming that he was a prisoner. After traveling another mile I met a mounted soldier, with a small boy behind him, passed them back as prisoners and continued on until reaching a plantation—a barn on the left of the road, the house on the right; from the barn to the house was about three hundred yards. Approaching the barn we found three men feeding their horses, which they had unsaddled, their saddles laying on the ground; two shot-guns and one carbine standing against the fence next the road. They heard us coming up. I stopped at the gate; they appeared to be expecting us, and expressed no surprise—entered into conversation; questions were asked on both sides and satisfactorily answered. I then told Stedman—in an undertone—to go back and tell the captain to send a few men forward, and as Stedman started I spoke loud, telling him to tell the captain that all was right, that we would soon join Colonel Adams. In a few minutes the men came up, and without further parley we took them prisoners, which proceeding somewhat surprised them. They had stated that three of their number were at the house, and as some loud talking had been done, might they not have heard it? An idea occurred to me, which I at once put into execution. Telling four or five men to come with me, I galloped up to the house, and speaking in a loud voice said, “Come along, men; you know what the captain’s orders are, that we must find and bring along every man that is straggling behind; every man is needed to whip those d—d Yankees.” This had the desired effect. They were in the house—one a lieutenant—having a good time conversing with the ladies. Skulking was beneath their dignity, and as they heard what I said came boldly out. The men had dismounted, and slipping through the gate took the gentlemen by surprise. Their arms were secured and they put under guard. The Port Hudson lieutenant for the first time “smelt a rat,” and exclaimed, “D—n me, if I ain’t sold!”

A sad accident occurred at this place. Several shot-guns were found; I had destroyed all but one, a very fine double-barrelled shot-gun, which Sergeant G. M. Vaughn, company F, took a fancy to, requesting me not to break it, but give it to him, and he would carry it. I handed it to him, at the same time saying that he would soon get tired of it, which proved to be the case sooner than I anticipated. We were just going to start when we were startled by the report of firearms. The sergeant had concluded not to keep the gun, and dismounting went a few steps to a tree, and grasping the barrel in both hands near the muzzle raised it up, striking it against the tree. He had not taken the necessary precaution to remove the caps, and the result was he lodged the contents of one barrel of buck-shot in his thigh. He had to be left, and I never expected to see him again. The inmates of the house promised to show him every kindness. We resumed our journey, and while passing a cross-road five rebels came trotting into our

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column, thinking we were Confederates. They were taken quietly, without firing a shot. A short time after this occurred two patrols were met and secured.

It was now about midnight, when on consulting with the captain he thought it was advisable to know something more about the force between us and Colonel Grierson, as well as the locality of the country, and see that, if necessary, we could not flank around the enemy and join our command. We were then within sight of a large plantation. It was a dim starlight night, and the country through which we were traveling principally timbered, with tolerable good roads. The column halted, and taking two men we jumped over a fence, crossed an open space about two hundred yards and stopped in front of a neat log house. I then stationed one man on each side, to prevent any one from leaving it, and then stepping upon the verandah knocked loudly at the door. A voice from within inquired, "Who's there?" I answered, "A soldier; my captain has sent me here to find out something about the roads, and how long since Colonel Adams passed; we are trying to overtake Colonel Adams with reinforcements." By this time he told me to come in. The door not being locked I turned the knob and stepped into a small-sized room, containing one bed, a few chairs, a table, a looking-glass, and a fire-place in which were a few burning embers, giving sufficient light to see that the room was but scantily furnished. He requested me to light a candle and then he seated, which I soon accomplished, while he remained in bed. The following conversation then took place. He was a lawyer and a bachelor, living at his ease, owning considerable property, and did not appear to have seen more than thirty-five years, very good looking, with penetrating eyes, rather prepossessing countenance, and no doubt prided himself on his cuteness as a lawyer.

"Well, you say you are a soldier, and that your captain has sent you here to obtain information about Colonel Adams and the condition of the roads. Now, sir, before answering your questions, I will ask you a few. To whose command do you belong?"

"To Colonel Faulkner's First Mississippi Cavalry, stationed at Granada, and sent by railroad to Jackson, to assist in intercepting the Yankees at Pearl River, but we arrived too late; the Yankees had crossed, and we were ordered by a dispatch from General Pemberton to pursue the enemy, and, if possible, fall in with Colonel Adams and report to him."

"Is Colonel Faulkner in command of this force." "No, sir; Major Williams is in command. We number about two hundred men, well armed and uniformed. Having been engaged in several battles with the enemy, most of the men have captured Yankee clothing sufficient to clothe themselves."

"You do not speak like a Southern man."

"That is easily accounted for; I came from Missouri formerly; belonged to Jeff. Thompson's command; when he disbanded

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I came to West Tennessee and joined this command. But I must not delay; can you send a negro along to guide us through to Union Church?"

"I have several blacks, but my horses and mules I sent away when I received news that the Yankees were coming this way, in order to save them. I would go myself as your guide if I had my riding horse here, for I am acquainted with Colonel Adams, and it will be a capital idea, this reinforcement; yes, I would like to go—the Colonel stopped here half an hour and rested his column."

"Do you know, sir, how much force Colonel Adams had?"

"About four hundred men, with six pieces of artillery. He left here about sundown, and intended to attack the Yankees at three o'clock in their rear, while a force from Port Hudson will meet them in front, on the Natchez road."

"I would like very much you would accompany us; I can mount you on a good horse."

"I will go;" and suiting his action to his word sprang out of bed and commenced dressing, saying that he would be ready in five minutes, and that I would find a saddle, bridle and sheepskin on the door-steps.

"What may I call your name, sir?"

"My name is Mosby."

"Well, Mr. Mosby, I will step out and tell the Major, and have a horse brought up for you." So out I went, feeling very much relieved; told the Captain all about my conversation and my representations of the command, also the information I had obtained, thoroughly posting the captain. I then had the horse brought forward, and the two men withdrawn from the house, the captain in the meantime procuring a long grey coat and cap of the same color. All was now ready, and Mr. Mosby made his appearance at the fence, jumped over, and I introduced them. The captain occupying the advance the lawyer had no opportunity of seeing the column. I proceeded to the front, leaving the Captain and lawyer riding side by side, on intimate terms. We were now within twelve miles of Union Church, and it was of the utmost importance that Colonel Grierson should be informed, at all hazards, of the designs of the enemy. I had gone about two miles when I met two patrols; unarmed them, turning them out on one side of the road, in order that Mr. Mosby should not see them near enough to recognize their features or dress.

As we continued to move on, tired and hungry, I thought some one might try and reach Colonel Grierson before three o'clock; I dropped back so as to ride in company with Mr. Mosby, and inquired of him, where he thought Colonel Adams would stop to feed and prepare before making the attack, and if it was a possible thing for any person to get around his camp without being discovered, as my design was to reach as near the "Yanks" as possible and find out their position, which would be a great advantage to us. Mr. Mosby thought



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Colonel Adams would feed near the Fayette road on a plantation; that it was impossible to get around Colonel Adams' camp and return in time, owing to the rugged state of the country; "But," continued he, "I am well acquainted with Colonel Adams, and I will go with you, and can pass you through his lines, then you can have a good road to proceed on." I then inquired how far it was to where the Colonel would camp, Mr. Mosby replied about four miles. It was near one o'clock, P.M. I told Mr. Mosby I would consider his proposition, and if I concluded to go through Colonel Adams' camp I would return for him. I smarted ahead, accompanied by Stedman. We had now made up our minds to go ahead and see if we could obtain a view of the rebel camp, and if possible reach Colonel Grierson.

I bid some of my comrades good bye, telling them that I did not know whether ever I would see them again or not. We started alone; the road was shaded—the overhanging trees on either side, which, together with the darkness of the night, made it very lonely. I began to reflect; what, if we should be detected, our fate was certain death—we would be treated as spies. Then imagination pictured home with all its inducements, and I could see many sad countenances and bitter tears. I thought of all this; what if we should be successful in the attempt, might we not be the instrument of saving the lives of many brave comrades, (we said we would go, and go we must) and I prayed in my heart that God would guide us safely through. We had advanced to within one half mile of the supposed camp ground, when I could distinctly hear somebody talking and laughing; we came to a halt, and when near enough I could see the figures of the men mounted upon horses; I allowed them to come within about twenty-five yards, when I cried halt, which sound came rather unexpected to them, and at first they did not know whither to turn and run or not, but raising their guns I could distinctly hear the sharp click of the hammers as they cocked their pieces. Our revolvers were grasped in our right hands ready for instant use, (a precaution we always used after night.) I immediately inquired "who comes there?" One of them answered, "friends," I then said, "advance one and give the countersign." They answered they had no countersign, at the same time one of them advanced, and as he came up, inquired who I was, and if I was alone. By this time I could see my man plain enough to feel satisfied that he was a Confederate soldier. I answered him that I was not alone, that the column would be here in a few minutes, that we had been traveling all day and that night to overtake Colonel Adams and reinforce him; "all right," says he, "we belong to old Wirt Adams' cavalry, and to-morrow we intend to give the 'Yanks' h—l." By this time the other two came up and many questions were asked as to the command we belonged to, all of which we answered satisfactorily. They informed me that the "Yanks" had a fight going into Union Church last evening, and that Colonel Adams had gone to Fayette there to be reinforced by troops from the river, and they intended to

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ambush the "Yanks" in the morning between Fayette and Union Church; that the "Yanks" intended to make Natches but would get slipped up; they farther stated that they had been left on the corner where the Fayette road turned off to notify forces coming up where they could join Colonel Adams. This was just what I wanted to know and I felt really good. I knew the column would soon be along, and telling my friends that I would go back and meet the advance, and tell them of their presence, so that no accident would occur. This looked plausible enough, and without any objections they permitted me to depart. I then procured two men from one of the company's, proceeded ahead, and without any trouble took my three friends in "out of the wet"—two of them were lieutenants, they had left their post and were going to a plantation about a mile from there to visit an old acquaintance. They were taken a few yards into the timber to prevent Mr. Mosby seeing them, fearing that he would know them. As soon as the head of the column had passed the prisoners were turned over to company M. I started forward and as I passed Mr. Mosby he inquired who those men were that we had taken; I told him they were "Yanks" and had been straggling from their command, probably to plunder, and had lost their way. He allowed it was a capital idea, and hoped we would shoot them, that they should not be permitted to live.

The coast was now clear, and we had only six miles to go before joining our command. I now told Mr. Mosby that Colonel Adams had gone to Fayette, and explained the reason. Mr. Mosby then wanted to know from the Major whether he intended joining Colonel Adams or following up the "Yanks." The Major (which we will continue to call Captain Trafton) replied, that on considering the matter he would follow the "Yanks" and send a courier through to Colonel Adams, notifying him of the force here and the intention, which was to attack the enemy in the rear, in conjunction with their attack in the front.

Mr. Mosby thought it was a capital idea and offered his services to carry this dispatch through to Colonel Adams—in fact insisted upon it. But the Major allowed that he could not part so easily with his excellent company, and turning to me, ordered me to send a courier through to Colonel Adams on the Fayette road which we were now leaving to our right; I absented myself a short time, then reported to the Major that his order was obeyed. I then trotted forward beside my friend Stedman and we congratulated each other on the success attending us, and it was not without a feeling of gratitude to the Most High for our safety thus far.

We now felt comparatively safe. It was but five miles to the command, and I gave myself up to thoughts of our numerous adventures, of the past few hours, and could hardly realise that we had had so many narrow escapes; I thought of the delay I had occasioned the column so many times, knowing how tired and sleepy the men were,

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how they must have cursed me, but they were ignorant of the proceeding in front, and as the prisoners continued to be sent back they began to realise the importance of the scouts, and their show of gratitude toward myself and comrade afterward has more than repaid me for the risk incurred. When within a few miles of Union Church I could see our picket fires, so riding briskly up, though not without being halted by the vidette. I advised the men of our having a guide who was under the impression that he was rendering the Confederate service a great benefit by guiding us. I requested them not to make any remark while the head of the column was passing, that would excite suspicion in the mind of Mosby. I dropped back to see what effect the presence of this picket post would have on him; at first, he was much surprised and remarked that he did not know that we had any force ahead. I told him that it was only one company, that had been sent down on the east side of the railroad, and were waiting here expecting us—that we still had a force at Union Church. This was satisfactory; he allowed it was a capital idea. We soon entered town, and with it came daylight—half-past four o'clock. We found the command scattered, and laying stretched out on the ground fast asleep—for the weather was quite warm and pleasant. We at once dismounted, the men feeding their horses, while Captain Trafton—no longer major—repaired to headquarters and communicated his information to Colonel Grierson. The prisoners were put under guard, except Mr. Mosby, who remained most of the time in my company, and not suspecting anything wrong. Colonel Grierson at once arose from his bed and sent for Colonel Prince, Lieut.-Col. Blackburn, Lieut.-Col. Loomis, and Adj't S. L. Woodward; the latter he consulted on all such occasions.

After Captain Trafton left on his expedition to Bahala, the rest of the command kept on the direct road to Union Church, not meeting with any trouble until within two miles of the place, except eight or ten guerrillas, who were picked up by the scouts. Companies A, C, and D, the advance of the Sixth Illinois, met the enemy about one hundred and fifty strong, but without any delay drove them into and through town some three miles, wounding two and taking several prisoners. Our loss one—slightly wounded. Captain Trafton brought in twenty-one prisoners, having met with no loss, except the accident, and having traveled about thirty miles more than the rest of the command. While Colonel Grierson was consulting the map, Adj't Root was busily engaged writing paroles, and soon the prisoners were brought up to sign their names. This was what I wanted; now was the time to witness the surprise and discomfiture of our worthy friend, Mr. Mosby, the learned lawyer, the Yankee exterminator, “a capital idea.” As the prisoners were brought around to the front of the house, and going through the ceremony of being paroled, my friend the lawyer's curiosity was excited; he thought he recognized among the prisoners a few familiar faces, and expressed a desire to cross the garden

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and see. "Most certainly," I replied, "there's no objection to any one conversing with the prisoners." He started, and I remained standing where I could see and watch his countenance. On the verandah was a table, and seated around it the busy clerks, while the prisoners crowded around, awaiting their turn to be called, apparently feeling in good spirits. On approaching the crowd one of them turned around and at once recognized, in the form and features of Mr. Mosby, an old acquaintance, and extending his hand exclaimed, "Why, friend Mosby, you here; I did not expect to see you a prisoner."

"Why, explain; what do you mean? are these not our troops?"

"Our troops? No! I wish they were; I'd feel a d—d sight better than I do now. No, sir; they are the genuine Yankees; but they will not do anything with you, being a citizen, and not a soldier; but I am surprised, lawyer Mosby, that you had not noticed the difference."

I could see his face change—color half a dozen times—and turning around he looked "daggers" at me. In a few minutes he returned, and looking me full in the face said, "This is a d—d Yankee trick." I was full of laughter, and laying my hand familiarly on his shoulder said, "Mr. Mosby, you are sold, but it is all fair in war times, and do you not think 'a capital idea?'" He twitched his mouth a little, and at last assuming a contented look said, "Sergeant, you have done well, but for God's sake do not ever mention this to any person." I promised, but it was too good to keep. From that time until he left the place he was very sociable. On inquiring how he was to get back home, he said he could not walk so far, and there would not be a horse or mule left. I told him that I thought I could raise him a horse of some kind, as several had to be left behind. I left him, and finding the Colonel, asked him if there would be any horses left behind, if so, I would like one for Mr. Mosby to return on. The Colonel told me to find one and mount him. I soon found one, and putting on a good saddle called Mr. Mosby, and handing him the reins told him to keep this horse in remembrance of the Yankees. He seemed much pleased, and when I left him he had a very favorable opinion of Yankee hospitality. Prisoners all paroled, exhausted horses turned loose, by six o'clock in the morning we left Union Church.

## THIRTEENTH DAY.

The twenty-ninth found us directing our course towards the railroad—the Seventh Illinois in advance—passing through the woods for several miles without any signs of a road—another flank movement—leaving Colonel Adams with a considerable force on the Natchez road, expecting to ambush us. We afterwards learned that he did not discover we had evacuated Union Church until two o'clock that day.

We were now directing our course towards Brookhaven, on the New Orleans and Great Northern railroad. Considerable dodging

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was done the first three or four hours' march of this day. I do not think we missed traveling toward any point of the compass. We were making tolerably fast time, occasionally "taking in" a prisoner. Finally we struck the main road leading to Brookhaven, and met ox and mule teams drawing hogsheads of sugar, running it off from the station across the country to Port Gibson; of course it was destroyed, but not before the men replenished their haversacks. When within four miles of the station we surprised and took prisoners five guerrillas, without firing a shot. Upon searching a house near by we found eight shot-guns and rifles, and three revolvers. Destroying the former we advanced to within two miles of the station, when I was ordered to proceed and reconnoitre the town, and see what I could discover. About one mile from town I met a squad of eight soldiers walking; they had no arms and were on their way to join their command at Port Hudson. I sent one man back with them to the column. Coming within sight of the town I could see a considerable number of men collected here and there on the corners of the streets, but could not see any armed soldiers. I reported back to the column, which advanced, and as soon as in sight, and not more than four hundred yards from town, a single shot was heard to our left, in the timber. This place being entirely surrounded by woods, the column formed fours, and on a charge dashed into town through the streets, causing some confusion, excitement, and a considerable running among the citizens; they anticipated a visit from the "Yanks," but not so soon. The shot was a signal of our approach, but ere the echo of the report died away we were in and among them. While the Seventh was charging in this gallant style, the Sixth was making good time towards a camp of instruction, one and a half miles south of town, which they charged into, expecting to find a considerable force, principally conscripts; but they had left the evening previous—some eight hundred. This camp was capable of accommodating about fifteen thousand troops. Long rows of small frame buildings, a few tents, a quantity of arms, and a large supply of commissary stores were destroyed. It was truly a most delightful camping-ground, situated on a high hill, in a shady grove of live oaks.

Captain Lynch, of the Sixth Illinois, with companies E and F, was sent to destroy one mile of tressel-work. After accomplishing this work, the Sixth visited town, in time to see the flames devouring the depot and some dozen freight cars, fired by the Seventh; also a railroad bridge. The depot contained quite a quantity of commissary stores.

Two hundred and sixteen prisoners were captured and paroled here, principally sick and convalescent soldiers. They were quartered in a very fine building, used as a hospital; they seemed to court our society rather than avoid it, and evinced a strong desire to be paroled, which was a long, tedious task, they having to be written out, which duty devolved on Adjutants Root and Woodward, both young men

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possessing a large share of patience and perseverance. Several citizens were hiding themselves in the woods, and as soon as they learned that we were not destroying private property came into town, and urgently requested that they be paroled, so as to avoid the conscription. In the meantime somebody was enjoying a good meal. Lieut.-Col. Blackburn had ordered at one of the hotels dinner for two hundred of his men, paying the proprietor in Confederate money. The landlord expressed a wish that the "Yanks" would come every day, if they all acted like "we'uns" did.

When the depot was burning there was great danger of a private building taking fire on the opposite side of the street, owing to the excessive heat thrown upon it; and had it not been for the exertions of some twenty soldiers, who brought pails of water and kept the roof wet, it would have burned and destroyed many more with it. The saving of the property was personally superintended by Colonel Grierson.

I must say that the citizens of this town were generally very clever, opening their doors and inviting us to partake of their hospitality; there was none of that bitterness and hatred displayed. They were mostly of an educated class, whose minds had not been prejudiced by the extravagant tales circulated through the South concerning us. A show of neatness and taste prevailed around these dwellings. Brookhaven has a very pretty location. It is in Lawrence County, and has a population of about fifteen hundred. It was near sundown when we took our departure, leaving the people enjoying a much better opinion of us than they had before. From this place we marched six miles and camped, and for the first time in thirty-eight hours did, a portion of the command take the saddles off their horses, and obtain time to sleep.

### FOURTEENTH DAY.

The command moved out just at sunrise, with every appearance of a lovely day—the Sixth Illinois in the advance. Without any interruption we proceeded to Boyachitta, a small station on the railroad, consisting of not more than a dozen houses. While the Sixth Illinois was destroying the depot and six or eight freight cars, Captain Hening, of the Seventh, with his company, was sent to destroy some tressel-work and a railroad bridge. Upon reaching them he found it to be a bigger job than he could complete in the short space of time allowed on such occasions, so the Captain sent back to the Lieut.-Col. of the Sixth Illinois to send fifty or one hundred men to assist in destroying the very large railroad bridge and two hundred and fifty feet of tressel-work—a very important item. Captain Lynch, of the Sixth Illinois, with company E, destroyed three hundred feet of tressel-work. From here we proceeded towards Summit, crossing the railroad to the east be-

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tween the former and latter place, destroying railroad bridges and tressel-work as we went along. Two couriers were captured by the scouts. We arrived in Summit about noon; marched in quietly and leisurely.

The people seemed to expect us, and there were no signs of excitement or fear displayed, either in actions or features. They had received a favorable report of our conduct at Brookhaven, and Colonel Grierson was almost as much of a favorite with them as General Pemberton. We spent nearly half a day here, improving the time by destroying a large number of freight cars and a large quantity of sugar, salt, molasses and meal—government property—which was loaded into the cars and then run down the track, away from private property, and burned. The depot was spared from the flames because it would endanger dwellings.

Some of the men discovered that there were thirty or forty barrels of Louisiana rum hid in the swamp, about a mile from town—the meanest stuff in existence, warranted to kill further than any rifle in Uncle Sam's service. Some of the men began to feel quite uneasy, and the swamp became a place of much resort. The Colonel soon heard of it, and sent a commissioned officer, with a squad of men, to destroy it; they with great reluctance stove in the head of each barrel, and thus did waste the balm of a thousand flowers. In justice to the citizens, I will say they knew what good liquor was, and kept it, too. You will ask, where? buried in a pile of old chips. Now, who but a Yankee would think of looking in a pile of old rubbish, in a dirty door-yard? A four-gallon demijohn was pulled out from its hiding-place, filled to the brim with good "old rye," such as would make a temperance man forget his pledge. Upon entering a house one day I heard the latter part of a conversation between a mother and daughter. The latter was in a mild way trying to convince her mother that it was no use trying to hide anything from the Yankees; "Aunty hid her wine out in the cornfield, and some of the nasty scamps found it."

Some of the men had a curiosity to see the inside of a large hall; the door being fastened they did not wish to break the lock, but took the trouble to find the proprietor, who, on learning the object of their visit, was very reluctant to comply with their request. He was informed that if he did not produce the keys they would break it down. This was enough; he handed over the keys and the men entered the hall, finding several old United States muskets, and folded neatly underneath them was a silk battle-flag, with a motto inscribed on it—"God and our rights," "Fort Donelson," "Shiloh"—belonging to a Mississippi regiment—I have forgotten the number. The men of course confiscated it. At this place we found plenty of feed for our horses. The citizens were kind to us, and, like their neighbors at Brookhaven, showed many signs of loyalty toward the old Union. This place showed many signs of once having done considerable business; of a neat, lively appearance, a pretty location, situated in Pike County, and before the war could boast of a population of about three thousand.

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Just as the sun was sinking to rest “boots and saddles” was sounded, and we left town amid smiles and the waving of many handkerchiefs, following a southwest course in the direction of Liberty. After traveling eight miles we camped for the night. After leaving Summit we passed through some fine country and over good roads. The climate was delightful. We were not more than one hundred miles from New Orleans. Were we going there? that was the question.

A rebel courier had been captured since leaving the railroad. The scouts had learned that there was a force at Osyko Station. There was now every indication that the enemy were exerting their utmost to intercept us. Large forces were reported in various directions—delay would prove fatal to us. Colonel Grierson concluded to abandon the railroad and take a straight line for Baton Rouge, Louisiana. We had completely destroyed forty miles of the road, and the command was becoming very weary for want of proper rest. So far as horses were concerned there was no scarcity; many troopers had to change four or five times, abandoning their worn out ones, and but few of the horses we started with were taken through; besides we were in poor trim for fighting, there being only forty rounds of ammunition to each man, and it was not the intention of Colonel Grierson to engage the enemy, but rather avoid him. I am satisfied of one thing—that had we been compelled to fight it would have been a desperate one. A better understanding and feeling never existed between two regiments than between these two so linked together. I will speak more of them hereafter.

### FIFTEENTH DAY.

On the morning of the first of May, just as daylight began to appear, the command left camp, taking a southwest course—Seventh Illinois in advance—and as we wended our way through the woodlands, we little dreamed what a change would be produced in a few hours. The sun arose in all his glory—not one cloud visible in the sky to obscure its dazzling brightness. A gentle breeze floated through the trees, causing a rustling among the green leaves of the oaks. Perched among the branches was the mocking bird, singing a variety of notes, the whole impressing the beholder with a sense of a Creator of all this beauty. The command felt inspired, and various were the conjectures as to what point on the Mississippi River we would make. We were sometimes pursuing by-roads, and it was on one of these, and within four miles of the Clinton and Osyko road, that we met a sutler driving his team, seated in a wagon. Following him was a man mounted on a fine horse, from whom I obtained some information respecting their forces. They were on their way to Osyko, not expecting to meet, but rather avoid us, under the impression that we were advancing on another road. Among the stock was some tobacco, to which the men helped themselves.



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About ten o'clock we emerged into the Clinton and Osyko road. I at once discovered, by the newly-made tracks, that a column had passed, and could not have been long before. Sending a man back to Colonel Grierson, he soon came up and examined closely. It was the opinion of all the officers that a considerable force had passed, and were going in the same direction as ourselves. I was then ordered by Colonel Grierson to advance cautiously, to let nothing escape my observation on either side of the road, and if I saw any object that I could not satisfy myself about, to report at once to him, and not to get more than half a mile from the advance. After receiving these instructions I started, followed by my scouts; had proceeded about two and a half miles when I discovered horses hitched in the edge of the timber, near the road-side on our left; I could see that they were saddled, but could not discover any person around. We were then about three hundred yards from them. I immediately sent one man back to report to Colonel Grierson, and taking two of them with me started on, using the necessary precaution of having our revolvers ready at hand. As we approached nearer I could see that there were but three horses and three men, two of them sitting upon a log talking, the third lying down. They were well armed, each man carrying a carbine and revolver. They did not seem to think strange of our approach. We rode up to them and I said, "Hello, boys, on picket?" "Yes; been on about an hour and feel devilish tired; been traveling night and day after the d—d 'Yanks,' and I'll bet my horse they will get away yet." "That is just our case," I replied; "but where is your command?" "Over in the rush bottom, resting"—pointing with his hand. "Whose command is it, and how many have you?" Just then two shots were heard in our rear, and sounded as though fired on the right of the road. At this they began to open their eyes and prick up their ears. There was no time for further questioning, so giving the men the sign, each one of us covered his man with his revolver, demanding their surrender, and to hand over their arms at once or we would blow them through, and ordering them to mount, double-quickened them back to the column, which was halted some four hundred yards in our rear. In order that the reader may more fully understand the situation of affairs, I will try and describe the surrounding country. On our left as we advanced was timber; on our right a large plantation, a two-story frame-house, painted white, standing back from the road some three hundred yards; between the house and main road the ground was covered with a dense growth of live-oaks and silver-poplars, completely hiding from the house the view of any passing column. Two roads wended their way through this little forest from the main road to the house, one above and the other below it, taking an oblique direction. It appears that when the column was stopped, the advance was just opposite the house, and while waiting for further developments from the scouts, several men under command of Lieutenant Gaston, company G, Seventh Illinois, proceeded to the house. As they rode up to the gate they

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were surprised at seeing four armed rebels standing around in the yard, their horses being tied outside the gate. The "rebs" were surprised as well, and both parties showed a disposition to fight. Our men demanded their surrender, which they had no notion of complying with. Both parties commenced firing upon each other, which resulted in our men taking two, putting the other two to flight, and an easy capture of the four horses. One of our men was struck in the breast by a buck-shot, striking one of his ribs and glancing off without inflicting a serious wound. This explained the firing while at the picket-post, and these four "rebs" belonged to that post, but had gone to the house to procure something to eat, not expecting the "Yanks" to come that way. They paid little or no attention to their duty.

I was again ordered to proceed cautiously, and upon reaching the place where we had taken in the picket I thought I could see two mounted men off to my right, in an oblique direction, and about one quarter of a mile off; an open field was between us, having a gradual descent towards them. On surveying the road with my eye I could see that after following it for a quarter of a mile it turned a right angle, and then at the distance of another quarter it entered the timber, at which point those two men appeared sitting on their horses, and not moving but looking very earnestly at us. That a force was down in the bottom, and that not very far off, was pretty well understood; but what that force was, and their number, we did not know, but, as the game says, we had to "go it blind." Leaving a man at this point with instructions to stop the column, which could advance this far without being seen by those who appeared to be watching us from below, and at the same time see all that was going on in the bottom, outside of the timber, I proceeded with Stedman. Fowler and Wood had taken the right-hand road, and advanced on it about one hundred yards, when one of the horsemen cried out in a loud voice, "What in h—l does all that firing mean?" I answered that reinforcements were coming up, and that his picket had fired on our advance, thinking that they were "Yanks," but no one was hurt, and it was all right. At this one of them broke out in a roar of laughter, and said "Is that all?" and putting spurs to his horse started towards us at a gallop, leaving his comrade behind. I told Fowler to let him ride up between us, and I would manage him. Each one of us carried our revolvers in our hands ready for instant use. Up he came, looking much pleased, and said, "How are you, boys; how much force have you got?" We had now halted, and as he rode in between us I turned my horse in an oblique direction, changing my revolver into my left hand, cocked it, and pointing it at his breast, attracted his attention to it, and in a quiet way told him not to speak or make a motion, but hand over his arms to Fowler or I would blow him through; he at once complied, though not without some astonishment at our proceedings. I then directed my attention to "reb" number two, and discovered that he was coming slowly towards us. Stedman, who had dismounted for some reason, was leading his

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horse and advancing to meet him. He had returned his revolver to its holster, feeling confident that he had an easy prey. They met about one hundred yards from where I was then standing. Stedman was so anxious to secure his man that he forgot for a moment the character he was to play, which came near proving fatal to him. As they met Stedman let go his bridle-rein and grasped that of his opponent, at the same time laying his hand firmly on his revolver holster and ordered him to surrender. This proceeding somewhat confused the "reb's" ideas, and for a moment he did not know what to think, at the same time he looked up the hill and must have seen the column advancing. He was a large, athletic man, while Stedman was very small. With a quick movement he tried to release the hold Stedman had on his holster, at the same time saying, "Who and what in h—l are you?" It only took a moment to see something was wrong, and calling to Wood to come on I put spurs to my horse, and in a few moments was presenting a revolver at his head, threatening to blow his brains out if he did not surrender; he at once complied. I could not but admire his manly proportions, and face beaming with courage and bravery. I noticed the gold bars on his collar, which in the Southern army denotes captain. I ordered him to follow me, and told him not to be alarmed, that we were Illinois boys and he would be treated well. Smilingly he said, in a clear, firm voice, "I am not afraid, sir; I would not have been your prisoner had it not been that I was deceived in your dress." He proved to be a Captain Scott, and commanded the force then within rifle-shot. Just at this time Colonel Blackburn came galloping up, alone, and said to me, "Sergeant, bring along your scouts and follow me, and I'll see where those rebels are." I called one of my men and told him to take the Captain back to the column, which by this time had descended the hill, and were advancing within four hundred yards of us. I then started, followed by Kelly, Wilson and Wood. The Colonel being some distance ahead we had to increase our speed to a gallop to overtake him. It seemed to me that this was a rash movement on the part of Colonel Blackburn, but he had ordered me to follow him, and it was my duty to obey. As soon as we reached the spot where the two horsemen were first seen, we were at the end of a lane, and a few yards further all was timber. A considerable stream of water could be seen wending its way through the marshy and heavily timbered bottom. A little to the left, about seventy-five yards, is the crossing, a narrow plank bridge, some fifty feet in length, better known as Wall's Bridge, across the Trickafaw River, in Hunt County, and within one mile of Wall's post-office. Just before we reached the bridge we were saluted by a few shots fired from the opposite side of the stream, which did not check our speed, but rather increased it. Closely following Colonel Blackburn all dashed upon the bridge, but ere the last one of us had reached the opposite side we were greeted by a loud volley of carbines and musketry, coming from some eighty of Colonel Wirt Adams' cavalry, who lay in ambush not more than fifty yards

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distant. It seemed as though a flame of fire burst forth from every tree. The Colonel fell, along with his horse, both pierced by the fatal bullet. One of my comrades had his horse shot under him. A minnie ball struck me on my right thigh, passing through it into my saddle, just grazing my horse's back. Three shots were all I could get. I began to feel a faintness creeping over me, but still clinging to my revolver I turned my horse about and tried to retrace my steps amid the flying bullets. When the first few shots were fired it was heard by Colonel Grierson, who then occupied the advance, and was the advance guard of the column. On they came, most gallantly, led by Lieutenant Styles, who charged across the bridge, followed by only twelve men. No sooner over the bridge than they were checked by a well directed volley. They rally and charge, but it is useless—they were too few and exposed, while the enemy were protected by the surrounding timber. The little band have to retreat back across the bridge, leaving one man killed and two wounded, and seven dead horses. They had no support; the column was too far behind to lend assistance in time, but just as they re-crossed the bridge the column came up on the double-quick. Colonel Prince, by order of Colonel Grierson, ordered companies A and D of his regiment to dismount. They were sent to the right and left as skirmishers. One section of Captain Smith's battery was brought up, the woods were shelled, the enemy put to flight, and our men were pursuing them, and as they pass Colonel Blackburn, who laid mortally wounded, with one leg under his horse, cries out to them, "Onward! follow them, boys!" and cheers. The Sixth now take the advance—no halt is made—the Seventh look after the killed and wounded; they are all borne by friendly hands, and with tender care placed in the ambulances and carried forward one mile and left at the plantation of Mr. Newman. Their horses, equipments and arms are turned over to comrades and friends to take through with them. Many a kind farewell was given, and friends parted, some never to meet again on this side of the grave.

The following are the casualties sustained at this place, all belonging to the Seventh Illinois: Lieut.-Col. Blackburn, mortally wounded; Quartermaster-Sergeant of the regiment, R. W. Surby, flesh-wound; William Boy, Company G, seriously; R. W. Hughes, Company G, mortally; and Geo. Reinhold, Company G, killed. The following members were left to nurse and attend to the wants of the wounded: Serg't-Maj. A. Le Suer, Seventh Illinois; George W. Douglass, Company A, Seventh Illinois; and Dr. Yole—whose services were very valuable—of the Second Iowa Cavalry, who accompanied the expedition.

And now, as my thoughts at that time were with the command, thinking of their safety, with the reader's permission, I will still continue to be with them, until they again return to old Tennessee, and then, not forgetful of the sufferings of those who we were compelled to leave behind, will return and tell you of their fate.

The Sixth was pursuing the fast retreating foe, for they began to

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scatter in all directions. It was amusing to see some of them grasping their horses' manes, while their lower extremities were half suspended in the air; their saddle-girths have broken, and off tumbles saddle and blanket, leaving the rider bare-backed, with his legs pressed close to his horse's sides, his body thrown forward, resting upon his neck, and bare-headed. Occasionally a ball whizzes past him; he is fortunate enough if he escapes capture. The road is strewn with old saddles, blankets, coats, hats, and firearms. It was rarely we participated in such a chase; but it is not quite so fine when the joke is on the other side. While we are enjoying the prospect of such a chase I will go back to the scene of the last few hours and endeavor to show you how, in my opinion, the loss of our few brave hearts could have been avoided. You will remember of reading, a few pages back, of the manner in which I approached the picket-post, accompanied by two of my men, and how, just as I was on the eve of obtaining information respecting the forces in the bottom, and whose command, that a few shots were heard at the house on our right; it was those shots that frustrated our plans and left us in the dark. Had Lieutenant Gaston and squad not entered the house, thereby meeting the enemy, firing upon each other and giving the alarm, all would have no doubt ended well. With the information I should have obtained from the picket it would have been sufficient for Colonel Grierson to so perfect his plans as to have surprised the enemy and taken them prisoners, and that very probably without the loss of life, thereby still securing to the country a few good soldiers, a brave and efficient field-officer, and prevented the sorrow and anguish that was inflicted on the loved ones at home. Another sad mistake was that Lieut.-Colonel Blackburn, unfortunately with too much daring, proceeded across the bridge with no other support than a few scouts. He being a very large man, dressed in full uniform, and mounted upon a very fine horse, was a most conspicuous mark. There was no call for this movement. The scouts had performed their duty up to this time, and having every assurance that the enemy was near by they should have been withdrawn, at least long enough to have changed their costume; however, it is all past, and I often think that it was a miracle that any of us escaped the first volley; but the ways of Divine Providence are very mysterious, and I have every reason to be thankful that my fate was no worse.

We will now see how the advance is progressing. The command was now in Louisiana, Amit County being the last county passed through in Mississippi. We found the roads in good condition, and were making not less than six miles per hour. It was about two o'clock, P.M., the column was about six miles from Wall's Bridge, and the scouts, who were in the advance, discovered off to the right about forty rebels advancing on a side road leading into the main one. The scouts made a halt at this corner and fired several shots, which was replied to by the "rebs," who still kept advancing, seeming determined

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to gain the main road, but ere they could accomplish this the Sixth came in sight, and at the distance of six hundred yards brought one of their guns into position and threw a few shells among them, which had the desired effect, causing them to beat a hasty retreat. This was most opportune, for had they gained the main road nothing could have prevented them from reaching the Amit River and effectually destroying the extensive bridge over that stream, which would have resulted most seriously with us. About four P.M. the command passed through Greensborough, a small town in St. Helena County. It was here that Lieutenant Newall, company G, Sixth Illinois, overtook the command, having been sent early that morning with a few men to procure horses and provisions. He was not aware of the fight until he had passed over the battle-ground, which somewhat increased his speed until he overtook the column. He had a narrow escape from being captured.

As the scouts entered this place Samuel Nelson discovered a mounted "reb," who was armed with a shot-gun, and apparently standing picket on a cross-road. Samuel approached him, and saluting him inquired who he was and what he was doing there. He replied that he was the County Clerk, and was waiting for a courier to come up that he might learn the news. Samuel then asked him if he knew who he was talking too. The fellow replied that he did not remember of seeing him before, but thought he was a soldier and belonged to Port Hudson. Samuel says, "No, sir; you are mistaken—you are talking to a live Yankee, and here is some Yankee whisky." "Reb" looked somewhat surprised at first, but displayed good taste and judgment—took the proffered canteen, and raising it to his lips took a good drink. As soon as the column came up Samuel turned him over, but before they parted company he very politely asked Samuel for "another nip of that Yankee whisky." Of course Samuel gave it to him, and he appeared to be very well satisfied with his new quarters.

On leaving town the column took a southwest course, and met with nothing of note until they had gone about four miles, when the scouts brought in two couriers, who were on their way to Osyko Station. The column was now proceeding on a good road, level as a floor, beautifully shaded on both sides by tall forest pines, interspersed with a small growth of other kinds of timber, now and then passing a small plantation, until within four miles of Amit River, when the country became more open, displaying considerable cultivation and some fine residences, with extensive plantations.

The night was a clear, starlight one, and moderately warm, the moon not making its appearance until about eleven o'clock, which added to the beauty of the surrounding country. Yet there was little interest displayed in the scenery, the men being too much exhausted for want of rest, and nearly every man was nodding as he rode along, reminding me of the old song, "Nid, nid, nodding." For the last hour

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previous to reaching the Amit River considerable delay was occasioned by waiting for the scouts, who were ordered to visit different plantations and obtain all the information they could respecting the situation of the bridge and whether any force was stationed there. Before reaching the bridge the scouts learned that a post of couriers was stationed during the day, and at night withdrawn, one half mile from the bridge, on the south side of the river. If this should prove to be the case, what a considerable advantage would be gained? Once across this bridge and all was comparatively safe. So thought Colonel Grierson, who was fully awake to the interests of his command. When within one mile of the bridge the roads became very muddy and rough. The column was halted, and the scouts were ordered to proceed to the bridge and ascertain if any picket was stationed there. Samuel taking the advance arrived at the bridge, dismounted and proceeded across on foot. The bridge was about two hundred yards in length, over a deep and rapid stream. He found it all right, and was not long in reporting this good news to Colonel Grierson, who gave the order "Forward!" and in a few minutes the horse's hoofs could be heard rattling upon the planks. It was a striking scene to witness the column crossing this long bridge at the hour of midnight. After crossing the column passed through a delightful country. The distance from the Amit to the Comit River is seventeen miles, and better roads are seldom traveled in the interior of any state. No alarm had been given in crossing the bridge. The couriers, who numbered ten men, were asleep at a house about half a mile from the bridge, little dreaming that the Yankee raiders were then within rifle-shot. They were not disturbed, and not until daylight did they learn what a rich prize had escaped their vigilance. For the first few hours every man was aroused, and all were congratulating each other on the success of the expedition. All felt that they were comparatively safe, and occasionally could be heard the booming of the mortars, which were throwing their ponderous shells into Port Hudson, all of which had a tendency to inspire the men with the prospect of soon meeting with our forces; thus we continued to move along, meeting with no obstacle.

### SIXTEENTH DAY.

On crossing the bridge over Big Sandy Creek the scouts discovered a camp not more than two hundred yards from the bridge, but could not discover any sentinels, and upon approaching nearer saw two negroes, who were busy building a fire. Without being seen the scouts withdrew and, reported to Colonel Grierson, who immediately ordered Lieut.-Col. Loomis to send forward two companies of the Sixth to open fire, while the rest of the regiment brought up the rear. Captain Marshall, company H, dismounted his men, crossed the bridge silently—being supported by Captain Lynch, with company E, mounted—and when within one hundred yards raised a tremendous

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yell, shooting and charging down through the long rows of tents, which must have somewhat startled the unconscious sleepers, who felt so perfectly secure as not to have out any pickets. Instead of finding a considerable force here, as was expected, there were only about forty men, principally convalescents, nearly all of whom were captured. The force stationed at this place numbered six hundred (Williams' cavalry.) They had the day previous to this been ordered to push forward to Brookhaven and intercept the Yankees. Colonel Grierson at once ordered Colonel Prince to move forward on the advance, while the Sixth stopped long enough to destroy the camp and garrison equipage, and secure the prisoners, one of whom escaped and was afterwards captured, and related his experience that night by stating that he rushed from his tent, reached his horse, sprang upon his back, and away he went, bare-backed, with nothing on but his shirt and drawers and socks; he never stopped until he reached home, some sixty miles distant. The only casualty that happened while capturing this place was the wounding of one rebel.

We will now follow the Seventh, who are in the advance, going at a lively pace, over a good road, which began to show some signs of dust. The morning was beautiful, with a clear sky and a bright sun. The country had the appearance of being very level—on our right somewhat low and swampy, for several miles on our left fine and extensive plantations. After proceeding about a mile and a half a single horseman was seen, by two members of company A, to emerge into the road about two hundred yards in their advance, and between them and the scouts. The road was so straight and level that most any moving object could be seen for the distance of two miles. As soon as he came into the road he was ordered to halt, but did not feel inclined to obey orders, and using his spurs away he dashed, hotly pursued, exchanging a few shots. In a few minutes he overtakes our scouts, whom he takes for some of his own men, and brandishing his revolver over and around his head excitedly says, "Get out of here, boys; the road is full of 'Yanks' in our rear!" "Yes," says one of the scouts, as they closed in around him, "and you are right among them now." Imagine his surprise. His name was Hinson, and a Lieut.-Col. of cavalry. He had heard the firing in the direction of the camp that morning, and was on his way to give notice to a picket-post between them and Baton Rouge. After proceeding about three miles Samuel Nelson, who was somewhat in advance of his companions, met a man walking, a citizen, and asked him if there were any soldiers around. He replied that there was one at the next house, about a quarter of a mile further, on the right-hand side of the road. Samuel pushed ahead and stopped in front of the house. Dismounting and stepping up to the door, which was wide open, he confronted a female, who very politely invited him to enter. On stepping into the room he saw a soldier and three females seated around a table, enjoying a meal. The lady invited him to partake of their hospitality, which invitation he



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very readily accepted, and while eating had a very lively conversation with the "reb," from whom he learned that there was a company stationed on the road about four miles from there.

After Samuel had got all the information he wanted from the "reb," he asked him where he belonged. He answered that he was a lieutenant, and his command was at Natchez. Samuel then said, "You may consider yourself my prisoner." The Lieutenant, feeling very indignant, replied, "I am an officer, sir, and will start for my command in the morning; besides, sir, you have nothing to do with me, if you are a conscripting officer." At this one of the women spoke and said, "He ain't no officer and can't conscript you." Samuel, turning to the officer, said, "Do you know who you are talking to?" "I suppose you are a soldier, sir," replied the Lieutenant. "Yes, sir," said Samuel, "and a live Yankee, and you may just consider yourself my prisoner." At this the ladies burst forth in a chorus of voices, "It ain't no such thing; you can't fool us; don't believe him; he ain't nothing but a common soldier." Just at this time a squad of company A appeared in front of the house, to which he pointed. This changed the aspect of affairs; they all at once comprehended the meaning of the blue coats, and with tears and screams they all commenced hugging the Lieutenant, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear, they will kill you, they will kill you." Samuel quieted their fears by telling them that not a hair of his head should be harmed, and giving the Lieutenant in charge of the orderly-sergeant of company A, again took his place in the advance, though not before reporting to Colonel Grierson the information he had obtained respecting the force ahead. Nothing occurred until the column had arrived within half a mile of the Comit River, at which place the force spoken of was expected to be found. The scouts were ordered to advance cautiously and reconnoitre the ground, and find out the position of the camp. Owing to the situation of the ground the scouts could approach to within three hundred yards of the camp without being seen, the enemy not having out any vidette on that side, and as yet no report had reached them of the Yankees coming that way. The scouts then halted, and Wood volunteered to go and reconnoitre and see what he could discover. Just then a soldier was seen coming up from the creek, and approaching the scouts said, "How are you, gentlemen; have you come to relieve us?" "Yes; the company will be up in a few minutes." "It's about time you come to relieve us; we've been here now four days, and are just about out of rations." The scouts told him they would soon be relieved. In the meantime Wood returned, having obtained all desired information. The camp was situated along the east bank of the stream, shaded by timber, just at the end of the lane, and could not be approached only by charging down the road, which was fenced on either side. After the scouts had reported to Colonel Grierson the command moved forward slowly until within three hundred yards of the camp, when the following companies were ordered to proceed : company A to flank through the field on the left,

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while companies D, E and I kept the road, the former commanded by Lieutenant Bradshaw, the latter by Captain Ashmead. They charged most gallantly upon the unsuspecting foe. So complete was the surprise that the rebels, forgetting everything, tried to seek safety in flight; but a very few of them escaped, and not more than a dozen shots were fired. The confusion was indescribable—shot-guns, saddles, camp-kettles, rifles, old blankets, coats and hats scattered in all directions, while men and loose horses were stampeding from all quarters. It did not take long for our men to flank the woods and pick up the stragglers. One man, a member of company I, found sixteen rebels hid in a hole that the water had washed out by the bank of the stream. They all surrendered to him. While the Seventh was thus engaged gathering up their booty the Sixth was ordered in the advance, so as to save time. It was now about nine o'clock, A.M., and in half an hour's time the Seventh followed the Sixth, having captured forty-two prisoners belonging to Stewart's cavalry, together with all their horses and equipments, without sustaining any loss or damage. In order to cross this stream the command had to move up its bank about a half mile and ford it. All those owning large horses had the advantage—they could ford it without swimming, while the small ones had to resort to the latter extremity. After proceeding three miles the whole command stopped to rest and feed, the first for man or horse for the last thirty hours, having traveled eighty miles night and day, with scarcely a halt, and it is to be remembered that nearly the whole command was asleep on their horses while marching the greater portion of the last night.

The command was now within six miles of Baton Rouge, and all felt quite safe. The raid had been one grand success. A kind Providence, had smiled upon our efforts all through our perilous journey, and finally crowned it with victory. Nearly eight hundred miles had been traveled in sixteen days, passing through fourteen counties, and through the interior of the State of Mississippi, destroying a great amount of government property, besides the destruction of railroad property, and effectually cutting off communication in various directions, preventing supplies from reaching Vicksburg and Port Hudson, drawing out a force from Jackson, at a time when General Grant was making a rapid flank movement on that place, and on the last morning surprising two camps, capturing and bringing in four hundred prisoners, not including the six hundred that were paroled and left on the route at different points, besides eight hundred horses and mules, and some five hundred negroes that followed us, a large number of cattle, and a considerable train of vehicles of various descriptions. But what must be considered the crowning glory of the expedition is the fact that during the entire march, and more especially the last forty hours, men and horses hungry and jaded though they were, not a murmur was heard from the lips of either officers or men. Our loss did not exceed twenty men.

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While feeding and resting a company of the First Louisiana Cavalry, Union forces, came out from Baton Rouge, the report having reached there that a large force was crossing Comit River and advancing towards that place. This company was sent out to reconnoitre. Picture their astonishment when they learned whose command it was, and where it came from. It was some time before they could be convinced of the fact.

Our prisoners felt quite jubilant. They allowed that a force had to come all the way from Tennessee purposely to capture them; they considered it an honor to be taken by Illinois troops. Altogether they were a jolly set of fellows—the most of them living in Louisiana and Mississippi, and men of wealth. Their captain, at the time their camp was taken, escaped by climbing a tree, where he remained concealed by the Spanish moss, which abounds in that section of the country, and presents a beautiful sight, hanging in long clusters from every limb.

About eleven o'clock the command took up its line of march in the following order: first, the Sixth Illinois; second, the battery; third, the prisoners; fourth, the Seventh Illinois; fifth, the negroes, with the led horses and mules; and lastly, about thirty vehicles of every description, from the finest carriage down to a lumber wagon of the poorest description. The line extended about two miles. It really presented an interesting sight, one to which neither pen nor pencil can do justice.

After being formed, and when within four miles of Baton Rouge, the column was met by Captain Godfry, First Louisiana Cavalry, who escorted us into the city. For one half mile before entering the city we were met by citizens and soldiers, both white and black; male and female, old and young, rich and poor, paper collars and ragged urchins; everybody's curiosity was at its highest pitch. The streets were densely crowded, and amid the shouts and cheers of thousands, the waving of banners and flags, interspersed with music, the tired soldiers, all covered with dust, marched through the principal streets, around the public square, down to the river, watered their horses, and then proceeded to Magnolia Grove, two miles south of the city, a most delightful spot, shaded by the magnolia, whose long green leaves encircle a beautiful white flower, which fills the air with its rich perfume.

It was just at sunset that the command entered this grove, and that night, for the first time in sixteen days, they slept soundly under federal protection. Among the sleepers were the scouts—except those left behind—now relieved of their dangerous double-dealing duty, which rendered their death certain if they had been taken prisoners and discovered. They had given full satisfaction to the command, and I trust will make a favorable impression upon the mind of the reader. Their names are as follows:

R. W. Surby, Regimental Q. M. Sergeant, Seventh Illinois, commanding scouts; C. B. Weeden, corporal Co. E, do; L. H. Kelly, Co. E, do; Wm. Buffington, Co. B, do; Samuel Nelson, Co. G, do; Arthur

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Wood, Co. B, do; Isaac E. Robinson, Co. B, do; George Stedman, Co. C, do; Uriah Fowler, Co. H, do.

They were armed in guerrilla style, with a variety of arms—three Sharpe's carbines, four shot-guns, one sporting rifle, four sabres, and nine revolvers; had captured eighty-four prisoners, with their arms and equipments, and destroyed over two hundred shot-guns and rifles.

The evening found the men so exhausted for want of sleep and rest that the moment they had stripped the saddles off their horses they laid down, and it was almost impossible to arouse them, to partake of coffee and refreshments, prepared by the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York and the Forty-eighth Mississippi infantry regiments, who made their appearance, bringing with them their own cooking-utensils and provisions. This act on the part of the officers and men of those regiments was noble and kind, and will always be remembered by the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry.

On our entrance into Baton Rouge it was difficult to distinguish the prisoners from our own men, who had, while on the march, exchanged their close-fitting jackets for citizens' coats—the same with regard to hats and pants; this, together with the dust that covered them, made it impossible to distinguish them apart, and as the column marched along the following remarks were heard: "Why, see how many prisoners they have!" A group of negroes was seen on one corner of the street, in which an old darkey was heard to say to one of his brethren, "Hush, child; you must look at dem peoples with respect; dey am de great warriors, wat come from de Norf; dey trable widout sleep, and stop de railroads, and cut up the track; I hear massa say so dis mornin'."

While on our route we were looked upon by the people with wonder and astonishment, and our courteous and kind manners seemed to surprise them considerably. There were undoubtedly instances where some unprincipled men would enter private dwellings, while away from the control of their officers, and pillage. Such things could not well be controlled, as the column was almost constantly on the move, and subsistence had to be procured from the country through which we passed. It was seldom we found a scarcity. Horses had to be pressed whenever and wherever found, and in many instances double the number were left for those taken, of exhausted animals, which, with a little care, would soon become as servicable as those taken. It would sometimes arouse a feeling of regret to witness the attachment displayed by the faithful old horse, who, on being turned loose by the road-side, to wander where he pleased, would be seen following up the column, and when it stopped he would lay down in the road to rest, and as we started again could be seen occupying a place in the ranks, where he would remain from morning to night, faithful in the discharge of his duty.

After a few days' rest the command began to wander around.

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They being privileged characters, were permitted to go where they pleased, and it was amusing to see to what extent they would carry their jokes. At one time they took possession of the Provost Marshal's office, turning him out of doors. One day about a dozen men went into a saloon—the proprietor having stepped out for a moment. Without waiting for him one of the men jumped over the counter and inquired of his comrades what they would have, and thus they treated each other until the proprietor arrived. He was refused admittance. For redress he applied to the Provost Marshal, who recommended him to shut up shop, that he could not do anything with those raiders. At another time some of the men entered an ice-cream saloon, and were rather noisy, when the Provost Marshal was sent for. The men got “wind” of it, and taking the soda fount charged it with gas and placed it in position opposite the door. The Marshal made his appearance, and would have received a salute had not a friend outside advised him of the danger. He very readily compromised with the men. Occasionally they would get into a fight, just for the fun of the thing. Passing an eating-house one day three of the men were attracted by hearing loud and angry words. Their curiosity must be satisfied. They entered the house and discovered two eastern officers engaged in a fist-fight. The landlady was trying her utmost to prevent the quarrel, and as our men entered entreated them to stop it if they could, as such a proceeding would injure the reputation of her house, which was of unquestionable character. Western troops are noted for their gallantry, and in less than no time the two officers lay sprawling in the street.

It is customary in Baton Rouge, when an auction is to take place, also for concerts and other entertainments, to send a negro around with a banner with the advertisement, and a bell, which he rings, and cries out at the top of his voice. As one of these was coming up the street one day a squad of the Sixth and Seventh made a charge, capturing the bell and banner. They proceeded on through the streets, crying out “Concert to-night, at Magnolia Grove, by the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry.” Some of the citizens were sold that evening. Providing they ever do conclude to give a concert, I have composed the following few lines for their benefit:

### SONG OF THE RAIDERS.

The Sixth and Seventh you all know,  
Du da, du da,  
Together on the raid did go;  
Row de du da da,  
Colonel Grierson was in command,  
Du da, du da,  
And in Baton Rouge did safely land,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS—

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Are you going to march all night?  
Are you going to march all day?  
I'll bet my money on the Sixth and Seventh,  
Who'll bet on the Southern Grey?

It was in April, 1863,  
Du da, du da,  
That we left the State of Tennessee;  
Row de du da da;  
The course we took on the map you'll see,  
Du da, du da,  
Down through the State of Mississippi,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS

We were accompanied part way,  
Du da, du da,  
By the brave old Second Iowa;  
Row de du da da;  
When at Clear Spring they were left to range,  
Du da, du da,  
And fight their way back to La Grange,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS

With the railroad we did play "whack,"  
Du da, du da,  
Burning the cars upon the track;  
Row de du da da;  
We'd march all day and then all night,  
Du da, du da,  
And only stop to have a fight,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS

The people thought it very strange,  
Du da, du da,  
To see so many from La Grange;  
Row de du da da;  
They looked with wonder and surprise,  
Du da, du da,  
To see so many from Illinois,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS

When Port Hudson did surrender,  
Du da, du da,  
We were there to see the "rebs" knock under;  
Row de du da da;  
The 116th New York are bully boys,  
Du da, du da,  
Kind hearted and full of fight besides,

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Row de du da da.

### CHORUS

And now, kind friends, we'll bid adieu,  
Du da, du da,  
Hoping to see this war soon through;  
Row de du da da;  
How joyful then will be our song,  
Du da, du da,  
As our wings of peace will glide along,  
Row de du da da.

### CHORUS—

Are you going to march all night?  
Are you going to march all day?  
I'll bet my money on the Stars and Stripes,  
On Freedom and Liberty.

The following is characteristic of the good feeling existing between the Sixth and Seventh. One day one of the men, in roving around, discovered two men fighting. Stepping up to them he said, "How is this, Sixth and Seventh? you must not fight each other in this style." At this announcement the combatants eyed each other a moment, when one says to the other, "Do you belong to the Seventh?" "I do; and you to the Sixth, do you?" "Well, I reckon I do," was the reply. This was sufficient, and like two brothers they started, arm in arm, to the nearest saloon, to pledge anew their friendship for each other, allowing it was all a mistake.

About this time several of the officers, with Colonel Grierson and Prince, went on a visit to New Orleans. On their arrival in that city they were received by the citizens, who displayed considerable interest, complimenting them for their bravery and success, and as a token of their admiration for their gallantry, the one was presented with a horse and equipments, the other with equipments.

This state of things was not permitted to last long. The Illinois cavalry had their reputation up for being fighting men, and work was now laid out for them. The bombardment of Port Hudson had commenced, and a movement was to be made against the place by a land force. On the twelfth day of May the cavalry was ordered to move in the advance to Port Hudson. Some considerable skirmishing took place with the advance, until within eight miles of Port Hudson, at which point our forces, under General Auger, camped, and remained some time before advancing again. During this time the cavalry was not idle. A scout was made, which reflected great credit both upon the officers and men concerned. Captain Godfry, of the First Louisiana Cavalry, with one company, Captain Angley, of the Sixth Illinois, with one company, and Lieutenant La Grange, of company A, with twenty men, were sent from Alexandria eight miles to the rear of Port

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Hudson. When in the vicinity of the latter place, they learned of there being a force of rebels there, numbering ninety men. The three commands then separated, each taking a different road, with the intention of surrounding them. Captain Angley had succeeded in drawing the rebels after him, and falling back to a suitable position held them in check, while Lieutenant La Grange, learning of their situation, charged down upon them in the rear, completely-surprising them, killing two and capturing nineteen prisoners, with their arms, horses and equipments, without sustaining any loss.

A few days after this the entire force was ordered to advance, which brought on the engagement at Plain's Store, noted for its stubbornness. Major Whitsit, of the Sixth Illinois, with companies A, K and L, were sent up to the railroad from the store, meeting the enemy—Colonel Miles' Legion—and commenced the engagement, falling back to the reserve, the enemy following closely. When the battle became general the Forty-eighth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Sixteenth New York behaved most gallantly, the latter regiment doing most of the fighting, the cavalry affording good support, dismounted. The fight lasted seven hours, when the enemy was driven from his position, leaving their killed and wounded on the field, which numbered one hundred, besides sixty prisoners. Our loss was fifty-four killed and wounded.

The next day General T. W. Sherman, of the east, arrived from New Orleans, with a long train of heavy artillery. On the following morning the Sixth and Seventh were ordered out, at an early hour. After riding about an hour they met the advance of General Banks' force, which had come up the west side of the river from New Orleans, and crossed to Bayou Sara. The first meeting which then took place between General Banks and Colonel Grierson was very warm and friendly. On the twenty-first of May a demonstration was made by our forces against the enemy, who were in position outside their works. It was here the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York distinguished themselves, repulsing the enemy, charging and driving them inside their works, while a Massachusetts regiment threw down their arms and run. The cavalry being ordered to dismount and support the New York regiment caused much surprise in the stampeders; they had never heard of such a thing as cavalry fighting dismounted.

On the twenty-fourth of May our forces advanced to within one mile of the fort. Some heavy skirmishing was done in the advance. Several attempts had been made by our forces to discover two steamers said to be concealed up the bayou, or Thompson's Creek, but were unsuccessful. Colonel Prince, by order of Colonel Grierson, left with detachments from each company of his regiment, proceeding to the creek, where he captured two fine passenger steamers, the Sky-light, also a small ferry-boat. These boats lay within three hundred yards of the rebel batteries. So quiet and unexpected was the expedition that they were completely surprised, and knew nothing of it until



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the boats were run up the creek out of range of the guns. Colonel Prince was highly complimented by General Banks, who pronounced it one of the grandest feats of the campaign. The next day Lieutenant Lee, of company F, with four men, took a yawl belonging to one of the steamers and quietly dropped down the creek, passed close to the rebel works, entered Alligator Bayou, which they crossed, landed, and footing it through a neck of timber hailed the steamship Hartford. A yawl was lowered and they were brought aboard, and reported the capture of the boats, which the Hartford had been watching for at the outlet, to prevent their escape. Lieutenant Lee was highly complimented and kindly treated by the officers of the boat, and three cheers were given for the Illinois cavalry.

The men had considerable sport while camped in the rear of Port Hudson shooting alligators, with now and then a skirmish with Logan's or Wirt Adams' cavalry. In the meantime our forces were encircling and drawing nearer the enemy's works, the cannonading was growing more fierce and terrific each day, and sharp-shooting was practiced to some extent. Many of our cavalry could be seen each day on their way to the rifle-pits near the Twenty-first Indiana Battery, where they would dispose of fifty or a hundred cartridges before returning, firing at the distance of six hundred yards.

It was on the last day of May that the enemy charged one of our siege-guns, but we easily repulsed them. By the middle of June our forces had nearly two hundred guns in position, and the cannonading was most terrific. The heavy siege battery manned by the Twenty-first Indiana, Colonel McMiller, proved most efficient. So accurate became their aim that the rebels dared not place a gun within their range. On the fourteenth of June our forces, commanded by General Sherman, made a desperate charge upon the enemy's works, and were repulsed with some loss. Captain Skinner, of the Sixth Illinois, with companies E and D of that regiment, was escort for the General. Their loss in horses was seventeen. The General had two shot from under him, and was himself carried off the field wounded. A braver or more gallant officer never led troops into any engagement.

It was on one of these occasions that a certain Massachusetts regiment refused to enter action because their time would be out in a few days. They were nine months' men. Previous to starting for their homes there was a great demand for trophies, and our cavalry could sell them almost anything for a good price. Many of the men took advantage and sold out, even to their old jack-knives, stating that they were captured on the raid.

The weather was now becoming excessively hot, and it was a severe task to both horses and men to labor through the heat of the day. In many instances scouts had to be postponed and conducted through the night. The large green flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome. The country abounded in blackberries, which afforded the men a luxury. Sugar could be obtained in abundance at the different

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plantations. Frequently the men approached the gun-boats, when some hearty old tar would hail them and inquire if they did not want to come aboard. They had a very exalted opinion of the cavalry, and looked upon them as true heroes. Regardless of the excessive heat, change of climate, and constant scouting, our men experienced but little sickness, and would find some kind of amusement to while away the spare hours. Musical instruments of various kinds could be found in camp, and the most noted among the players was Colonel Grierson, who could produce most perfect music on nearly all instruments. He possesses a natural talent for music. On several occasions after retiring has he arisen from his bed on hearing a violin, and finding it out would have all the negroes collected, and then such a variety of dances the reader can better imagine than I describe—jigs, breakdowns, and the original plantation dance, with its chorus of voices. There could be seen Sambo in all his glory—the genuine African.

There are several fine plantations and beautiful residences in the rear of Port Hudson and above it, particularly that of Mrs. —, a sister of Jeff. Davis. While on a scout Colonel Grierson had occasion to call and pay his respects to this lady, who received him rather coldly; Not knowing who the Colonel was she very uncourteously left him and his adjutant alone in the drawing-room. In the room was a splendid piano. A request was made through the Adjutant for the ladies to play, which they declined. The Colonel was not to be bluffed in this way, so seating himself before the instrument he soon filled the room with the notes of a very difficult but popular air. This had the desired effect of bringing all the ladies to the room. They were very inquisitive to know who the player was, that he would not be any ordinary man to produce such beautiful music. Upon hearing his name they evinced much surprise, and apologised for their rudeness, they became extremely sociable, particularly with Adjutant Woodward, who is a great favorite with the ladies; of very prepossessing appearance, (good looking) and knows how to play the agreeable; he is unassuming and gentlemanly in his manners, and not fond of display, as the following will show. He was the only officer on Colonel Grierson's staff, Acting Adjt.-Gen., and was of incalculable service. His judgment was consulted on all occasions. After the successful termination of the raid, he wrote the official report, in which he was so delicate as not to mention his own name.

A scout was sent out to Clinton, La., consisting of the following troops—the Sixth and Seventh, the Fourth Wisconsin mounted Infantry, accompanied by Captain Godfry, Captain Eaton of the First Louisiana Cavalry, and Lieutenant Perkins of the Mississippi Cavalry. This expedition left within four miles of Port Hudson, marched twenty-eight miles, met the enemy in force, fought three hours and retreated in good order, on account of ammunition being exhausted, arriving in camp about three o'clock the next day. The day following an expedition consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery returned to

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Clinton, but the enemy had disappeared, leaving in our possession one hundred convalescent soldiers, which were paroled by Colonel Prince. An extensive cotton factory was destroyed.

An attempt was made by the "rebs" to capture a boat, used for keeping supplies on at Springfield Landing. Captain Cohn, of the Sixth, and Lieutenant Maxwell, of the Seventh, were on board at the time, and rallied what few men, that were scattered about, which did not exceed twenty, and repulsed the "rebs," who numbered sixty men, driving them away.

Company E, of the Sixth, while on picket at the crossing of the Jackson and Clinton road, four and a half miles in rear of Port Hudson, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy. Sargent Fayer was in command of the company at the time, and so placed his men as to hold the enemy in check while he sent a courier to camp, who returned with reinforcements, and the enemy were driven off. One battalion of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, at this time, was stationed as picket on the cross-road and railroad. They had just received some clothing and three boxes of Colt's army revolvers. One hundred of the enemy attacked them, capturing several prisoners, nearly all their horses, their arms, clothing, and four wagons.

About a mile from this post was a hospital, in which were at this time about three hundred sick and wounded, with two companies of infantry acting as guard, six ambulances, a quantity of hospital stores, and one hundred stand of arms, all in charge of Surgeon —, who surrendered the whole to a Confederate officer and four men. In the meantime news had reached camp. Lieutenants Maxwell and Caldwell, of the Seventh, immediately collected about twenty men, principally convalescents—the regiment being absent on a scout at the time—and started for the picket-post, where they arrived only to find the enemy gone with their booty. They then started for the hospital, arriving in time to prevent its capture by the enemy, who had sent for reinforcements. The surgeon was very indignant, and insisted that he had surrendered the place, and would not permit the forces at his command to interfere. He soon found he had those to deal with who knew how to act, and with revolvers in hand Lieutenants Caldwell and Maxwell threatened to shoot the first man who refused to raise a musket in defence of his own liberty and Uncle Sam's property. Colonel Grierson, with his command, soon after made his appearance, who reprimanded the surgeon for his cowardly actions, but he was too late to pursue the enemy, they having sometime the start; they made good their escape, with the property taken from the Fourteenth New York Cavalry.

I will now draw the attention of the reader to those who were left wounded at Wall's Bridge, Mississippi. They had not been forgotten. Several efforts had been made by Colonel Prince to send a party with a flag of truce to learn their condition. Madame rumor was busy with her tongue. At one time she reported that Colonel Blackburn was

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dead, and that Sergeant Surby had been recognized as one of the scouts and was hung. It was about the last of June that permission was granted to proceed with a flag of truce, the rebel General Gardner furnishing the party with the necessary papers of protection. J. B. Hartley, company A, and A. G. Leving, veterinary-surgeon of the Seventh Illinois, started on their mission. They were to proceed to Clinton, Louisiana, where they were furnished with an escort of two Confederate soldiers, who accompanied them through. On the afternoon of the second day they reached Mr. Newman's plantation, and found Mr. N. at home, but were disappointed in not finding any of the wounded. They were told that the Colonel died, after suffering intense pain for seventeen days. A member of company G had also died from his wounds. The remaining two wounded men, together with the nurses, had been sent to Osyko Station. Mr. Newman expressed himself highly pleased and satisfied, stating that he had been paid most liberally by all parties concerned, and also that the dead had received a decent burial, all of which was gratifying news to the friends of the deceased. On the morning of the fourth day the flag of truce returned, having made the trip without meeting with any accident or trouble on the road.

At one time Colonel Prince made an effort to be detached with his regiment from the Sixth Illinois without consulting Colonel Grierson, his intention being that of remaining in the Department of the Gulf. General Banks thought well of him, and appreciated his military genius, but the idea did not meet the approbation of the officers, all of whom opposed it with the exception of one, besides Colonel Grierson did not approve of it, and told the officers and men that he would take them back to Tennessee. Colonel Prince, in making this effort, thought it was to his interest. As a military man he has few superiors, and is perfectly conversant with the tactics. The following is one of his ideas, suggested to General Banks, and by him and his chief engineer approved and carried into execution—that of collecting the sugar hogsheads from the neighboring plantations and constructing a lunette fort and tower of observation. This work was commenced by digging a trench within three hundred yards and following up to within forty-five yards of the enemy's works, when the main work was commenced as follows; thickness at the base, fifteen feet; length, forty feet; height, twenty feet; with wings extending from each flank, serving as rifle-pits. From the top of this a fine view was obtained of the enemy's river works, and was about to have been mounted with four guns, when the fort surrendered, which would have commanded an enfilading fire on both the enemy's flanks, which could not have been returned in the same manner by them. This work was frequently commented on, and General Gardner's chief-engineer remarked, that had it been completed, it would have proved very destructive to them.

When the news of the surrender Vicksburg reached the command at Port Hudson, the rejoicing was beyond describing. On the

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eighth day of July General Gardner surrendered Port Hudson and its garrison to General Banks. It was then that the cannon pealed forth in thunder tones, volley after volley from the gunboats and land batteries in honor of the great victory achieved. The last stronghold on the Mississippi river was wrested from the traitor's clutch, the "father of waters" once more carried its entire length, proudly floating the banner of liberty. The next day a portion of our force marched into the fort, and then in the presence of cavalry, infantry, artillery and marines, the "rebs" grounded arms; this was a proud moment for the Illinois boys. General Gardner requested to see Colonel Grierson, who came forward and was introduced to him. He complimented the Colonel very highly, saying, that he was both glad and sorry to see him, glad to see so brave and gallant an officer, but sorry to see the one who caused the surrender of Port Hudson, he having cut off his communications and supplies, thus starving him into a surrender.

A few days after this the Sixth and Seventh embarked for Memphis, Tenn., amid the cheers of friends and the deafening roar of artillery. Accompanying and under guard, were the Confederate officers of the garrison, General Beall and staff occupying the same boat with Colonel Grierson and Colonel Prince. On our arrival at Vicksburg the boats were detained several hours, during which time Colonel Grierson had an interview with General Grant, who received him with marked courtesy, displaying a high appreciation of his services. On the arrival of the command at Memphis, they disembarked, rejoicing that they had returned safely back again to old Tennessee, shortly after which a re-union took place between the raiders and those who were so unfortunate as to be left behind. They consisted mostly of convalescents and men who were on detached service, and doing duty at the time the expedition left, together with those who returned as an escort from near Pontotac, Miss., all of which did not spare them from a nickname conferred upon them by the raiders—"Quinine Brigade"; the meeting was warm between old comrades, and a thousand and one questions were asked, and a large mail was distributed, letters which contained word from the loved ones at home. Mails had been a scarce article while in the Department of the Gulf.

The brigade was once more thrown together, and the meeting between the Second Iowa and the Sixth and Seventh Illinois was of the most friendly character. The respect that these three regiments entertained toward each other is only what brave and unprejudiced minds are capable of; the confidence reposed in each other is generally portrayed on the battle field. I do not think I vary from the truth when I say the Second Iowa is the best drilled regiment in that branch of the service; in the department of the Mississippi, their fighting qualities were unquestionable, and with such an intrepid commander as Colonel Hatch they are invincible in an engagement. He knows how to get into a fight and how to get out again. The part they performed on the

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raid was of the greatest importance. You will remember that this regiment left us and we proceeded alone. I will now give you their account of their journey back to La Grange. About five o'clock, April 21st, the column moved at the junction of the roads leading to Columbus, West Point and Louisville. At this point Colonel Grierson and Hatch separated, warmly shaking hands and mutually wishing each other God speed in their hazardous duties. In compliance with orders from Colonel Grierson, Colonel Hatch was to proceed with his regiment (about five hundred men and a section of artillery belonging to company K, First Illinois Light Artillery) and make a demonstration toward Columbus, Miss., striking West Point; destroy the railroad bridge over the Okatibbayhaugh River; thence moved rapidly southward to Macon, destroying the railroad and government stores, and thence to find his way north to La Grange by the most direct route. After the departure of Colonel Grierson, Colonel Hatch sent a detachment of his regiment with orders to follow the former about four miles, then counter march back for the purpose of obliterating the tracks of Colonel Grierson, then moving south; at the same time the Colonel ordered the pieces of artillery he had to be wheeled from the timber into the road four different times, so that the marks would correspond with the four pieces of artillery in Grierson's command; this done, Colonel Hatch moved rapidly until reaching Palo Alto, where he halted to feed and rest an hour. It was now about twelve o'clock. The enemy had been concentrating their forces several days previous, anticipating a movement on Columbus; their scouts had counted the entire column under Colonel Grierson; knowing the exact number they accumulated what they thought a sufficient force to overpower and capture the whole command. Colonel Hatch had not separated from Grierson more than three hours, when the rebels who had been following in the rear made their appearance at the junction of the roads, and after patrolling a few miles in the direction that Colonel Grierson had gone, concluded from the counter marching that the main column had returned and gone toward Columbus. Under this impression they started in hot pursuit, and just as Colonel Hatch's command had finished their noonday meal they were most furiously attacked by a force under General Dolsen, consisting of Smith's partisan regiment, Bartoe's regiment and Ingis' battalion; on they came, confident of an easy victory, but the brave Iowa boys were not the least daunted. Company E and G quickly formed, and as the "rebs" came within easy range, poured a deadly volley from their running five shooting rifles, which quickly checked their speed and sent some of them to their long home. They now fell back out of range and formed in two columns, moving down on both flanks. In the meantime Colonel Hatch quickly formed in the edge of the timber, where his devoted little band could be completely concealed by trees. With a portion of his force dismounted behind a barricade and breastwork constructed out of fence rails and logs; while the little two

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pounder was placed in a position to command the front, a sufficient force was placed on either flank to protect the rear. In order to make the charge the "rebs" had to cross an open field; on they came the second time, yelling like demons. Colonel Hatch had cautioned his men not to fire until the command was given. When within easy range the order "fire" was passed along the line. At the command up rose two hundred men armed with the revolving rifle. Volley after volley was poured into the rebel ranks in quick succession, playing a tune more loud than charming, while the well manned cannon nobly supported the base. The rebels (who had boasted at a house near which they made the attack that they would take our cannon in three minutes) did not appreciate this song and broke back in all directions. Colonel Hatch immediately ordered a charge which completely stamped the entire command, driving them back full three miles, capturing thirty prisoners, besides about twenty-five killed and wounded men left on the field, and wonderful to tell not a drop of federal blood was spilt. From that time until dark it was a constant skirmish, the enemy still believing that they were engaging Grierson's entire command.

Colonel Hatch now shaped his course northward, crossing the Hooka River, and drawing the enemy's force immediately in his rear. On nearing the Tippah River it was discovered that the enemy were strongly posted on the opposite side to protect the ford. The Colonel at once turned into a large swamp through which the river run, and after proceeding a few miles pressed in an old negro to act as guide. It was now near midnight and very dark. The guide led the command by a blind path to a ford crossing the river, one which had not been used in years. A place was found where a large quantity of floating timber had collected and was lodged against some trees; over this the men constructed a foot bridge, stripping their saddles off and carrying them over to the opposite side. The bank on the side where they entered the stream was about six feet high; the horses were pushed off this bank, one at a time, and compelled by long poles, used as whips, to swim to the opposite shore, where men stood hip deep in water to assist the animals up the bank which was too steep for them to climb unassisted; in this way the entire command crossed the river without any loss. The cannon was taken to pieces and drawn over the bed of the stream by means of ropes. After crossing the command moved several miles before daylight, leaving the enemy, who were guarding the ford far in the rear. On the twenty-second the command took but little rest. Detachments were sent in various directions to hunt up droves of horses and mules, which had been run into the low bottom lands to avoid capture by our forces. The men sent out for this purpose were very successful. At four o'clock the command reached Okolona, a place on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, charging into town, driving out the enemy's cavalry and state troops, burning the

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barracks for five thousand troops, destroying a large quantity of ammunition, quartermaster's stores and considerable Confederate cotton. The command moved five miles northwest from town and camped for the night.

The twenty-third was spent hunting horses and mules. The enemy was again discovered trying to overtake the column. Citizens were collecting from all parts of the country armed with shot guns, hunting rifles, &c., constantly firing on the flanks of our troops, but taking care to keep at a respectful distance. Detachments were sent in various directions, which had the desired effect, to so completely puzzle the enemy that they could not arrive at our real intended movement. In order to check the main force following in the rear, the bridge over the Chiropia Creek was destroyed. The command camped for the night near Tupelo.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth Colonel Hatch sent Major Coon with six companies off to the left, to pursue another route and form a junction again near La Grange; while he, (the Colonel) with the remainder of the regiment and the plunder, consisting of thirty-one prisoners and over two hundred horses and mules, led by seventy negroes, took the Birmingham road. The rebels, who were constantly watching their movements, thought this their time, and just as the head of the column reached the latter named place the rebels attacked their rear in force. The Colonel quickly detached a sufficient force to guard the prisoners and train; this done he had just sixty-five riflemen whom he could dismount, and fourteen sabre-men whom he placed on the flanks, mounted, and the little cannon manned by Corporal T. H. Walker, Sixth Illinois Cavalry, and four men from the same regiment; with this small force the enemy was repulsed three times. The Colonel retreating slowly, concealing his men at all favorable points, letting them approach to within short range, when he would pour a withering fire into their exposed ranks with his revolving rifles, aided by the two pounder which did excellent service. The enemy suffered terribly, while the loss on our side was very small. In this way the attack was kept up for about six miles, when the enemy evidently became tired, and with exceptions of a little annoyance from guerilla parties they were not troubled by the enemy from that point to La Grange, where they arrived safe with all the plunder on the morning of the twenty-sixth.

The loss sustained by the Second Iowa Cavalry on this important trip was but ten men killed, wounded and missing. They left La Grange with seventy rounds of ammunition per man; on their return they had but two rounds left to the man. They captured and destroyed over three hundred shot-guns and rifles—mostly Enfield—killed and wounded not less than one hundred of the enemy, brought safely into camp two hundred horses and mules—besides re-mounting nearly the entire command—together with fifty-one prisoners, and about sixty negroes, who followed of their own accord.



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Too much praise cannot be awarded Colonel Hatch for the skillful manner in which he handled his men against far superior numbers. His fight at Palo Alto—diverting the enemy from Colonel Grierson—did undoubtedly give the latter some thirty-six hours start of all incumbrances.

And now, while the command is resting, camped in the suburbs of Memphis, I will take the reader down to Wall's Bridge, Amit County, Mississippi, and tell what disposition was made of us who were left wounded at Mr. Newman's plantation, and with it bring my history of our journey to an end.

## CONCLUSION.

After receiving my wound I made my way back to the rear of the column, when with the assistance of a few comrades I was helped from my horse and laid upon the ground. They assisted me in changing my dress for that of the Federal army, and securing my side-arms, horse and equipments. I was then carefully laid into an ambulance, and conveyed to the plantation along with the rest of my wounded comrades. I remember of being carried through the front into a back room, joining the kitchen, and laid upon a pile of unginned cotton, which Hughes, Roy and myself occupied, the Colonel remaining in the front room. I had not lain many minutes before it occurred to me, for the first time since receiving my wound, that I had considerable Confederate money in my possession, and acting on the impulse of the moment I concealed it by poking it down under the cotton, together with my pocket-knife, match-safe, and three dollars in silver and a breast-pin. Shortly after this I heard considerable talking in the adjoining room—the one in which the Colonel lay. The cause was soon explained, by seeing the door-way filled with Confederate soldiers. We excited some curiosity, and with few exceptions were treated with respect by them. Some threats were made against the Colonel by a Confederate officer, who drew his sabre, threatening to plunge it through him. The Colonel told him that he did not expect to live long, and as he had done nothing but his duty he would not ask for mercy at his hands. The Southern "chivalry" was prevented from putting his threat into execution by the timely interference of a superior officer, who reprimanded him severely. These soldiers proved to be the advance of Colonel Miles' command—better known in that region as Miles' Legion—having just arrived from Osyko Station, and in pursuit of Colonel Grierson. I could plainly see the column from my window as it moved along. It consisted of about three hundred cavalry, two thousand infantry, and one battery of artillery—four and six pound rifled guns. They felt confident of capturing the "Yanks," and did not appear to be in any hurry, stating that a force had been sent out from Port Hudson, and that they would intercept our forces when they attempted to cross the Amit River.

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Colonel Grierson had now five hours the start, and I knew that he would not let any grass grow under his feet. We were visited by the Colonel while his command was passing. He informed us that he had instructed the nurses that they should pay every attention to the wounded. He treated us with kindness, and I shall never forget his kind manner and venerable form. He was afterwards captured at Port Hudson, and related his interview with Lieut.-Col. Blackburn, and the wounded men of our command, upon this occasion.

After they left I felt some anxiety about the command, fearing they would be cut off from crossing the river. Mr. Newman, the proprietor, had been pressed in by our command and taken as far as Greensburg. The women, being left alone, at first felt very much alarmed. Their fears were soon quieted by the arrival of some of their neighbors, who assisted them. They were all very kind, and did everything in their power to alleviate our sufferings. During the evening Mr. Wall, of Wall's Post Office, made his appearance, and evinced much desire to provide for our wants. He seemed to think we ought to have the assistance of a surgeon from Osyko Station, and without any delay started that evening on his mule, rode eleven miles, and returned that night, bringing with him an army surgeon, who displayed considerable skill in dressing the Colonel's wounds. He had to leave the next morning, being ordered to Port Hudson, and would not receive any compensation for his trouble, saying that it was his duty, and his government paid him for his services. Mr. Wall was another man of the same principles, but he complained bitterly, and regretted the loss of his saddle-horse, which our command had taken from his stable. It seemed to me that it was in my power to replace his loss by offering him the value of his horse in money. I felt influenced to act thus by the kindness and interest he had displayed in our welfare. Desiring to see him he was sent for. On his arrival I asked him how much he valued his horse at and he said five hundred dollars. I told him he should receive that amount for it—that it would be paid to him by Mrs. Newman. My reason for not paying him then was that I did not wish to show them where my money was concealed; no one had known of my having it except my comrades. As the reader will want to know how much money I had, and how I came by it, I will explain. The amount was twenty-five hundred dollars, nearly all in Confederate fifty-dollar "graybacks," the remainder in notes of smaller dimensions. The money was handed to me by a member of the Seventh Illinois, who found it at Newton Station, floating on the water, as previously mentioned. The next morning, at about ten o'clock, Mr. Newman arrived, having been released by our command. It was a timely arrival, for many of the citizens were under the impression that he would be murdered, and had in circulation a rumor that our command had murdered Captain Scott, and many were the threats muttered against us, which they were prevented putting into execution by Mr. Wall, until the appearance of Mr. Newman,

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who, by his statement, dispelled all evil intentions. He also brought the joyful news that the command had safely crossed Amit River, which was confirmed a few hours later by the arrival of a courier, who was on his way to Osyko Station. He stated that the force sent out from Port Hudson consisted of two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery, and when Colonel Grierson crossed the bridge the rebels were within five miles, waiting for daylight, so as to proceed—something Colonel Grierson did not wait to consult in cases of emergency. We all felt elated over the good news.

And now the question arose, what disposition would be made of us? We were all wounded in a manner that would not admit of our being moved. It was in the afternoon of the second day that a squad of cavalry arrived from Osyko Station, being sent as guard, with orders to bring us all to that place. They had a rickety old ambulance, which they intended to put us all into. Dr. Yole explained matters to them—that it was impossible to move any of the wounded except myself. After parleying awhile they submitted, and I was carried out and laid in the ambulance. As I was carried through the Colonel's room I could not but notice how pale and haggard he looked. He was suffering intensely. I bid him good-bye, hoping that we would meet again. Previous to leaving the room I saw Mrs. Newman, and having confidence in her I handed her twenty-three hundred dollars, my pin, miniature, pocket-knife and silver, keeping one hundred dollars myself. I requested her to pay Mr. Wall five hundred for his horse, and I would devise some way to get the balance. Dr. Yole, Le Sure and Douglas were ordered to accompany the escort on foot, which made them puff, on an eleven mile march, they not being used to infantry tactics. The Colonel was left without any medical attendance, though every care and attention was bestowed on him by Mr. and Mrs. Newman.

About six o'clock we arrived at Osyko Station and halted in front of headquarters. I was surprised to hear and see the rebel Colonel Richardson, from Tennessee, who took particular delight in heaping abuse upon the Sixth and Seventh cavalry, by saying everything that was mean and unbecoming a gentleman. He has since met with his reward, by being shot while attempting to make his escape from the Union forces. From this place I was moved to the depot, where I rested all night, very comfortably, on a cot. The next morning a soldier made his appearance, followed by a little girl, who carried a pitcher of coffee, some nice ham, biscuits, and tender beefsteak. It was really inviting, and my appetite being in a good condition I did ample justice to it. This soldier was actuated by a noble impulse. He had come voluntarily from his dwelling, and brought me a breakfast prepared by his wife. He had once been a prisoner, was taken at Fort Donelson, and was kindly treated by our army, and had not forgotten it. I am sorry that I have forgotten his name.

At an early hour I was put on board the train, on my way to Magnolia Station, ten miles north. Previous to starting I learned that the

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Doctor and Le Sure were permitted to return to the Colonel, on their parole, while Douglas was retained and would be sent to Richmond. On my way to Magnolia my boots and coat were stolen from beneath my cot. On my arrival at the latter place I was taken from the cars and carried to the hospital, up the first flight of stairs, and put into a large-sized room, in the north end of the building, fronting the street, on the east side of the railroad, with a piazza in front; the room was a very pleasant one. The building was built for a hotel, and used as such until the breaking out of this war. It was capable of accommodating about four hundred guests. Connected with it was an extensive livery-stable, bowling saloon, billiard-rooms, bathing establishment, &c. Before the war this was a place of much resort from New Orleans, it being only ninety miles distant, and having a healthy location, surrounded by the beautiful magnolia trees in full bloom. A clear stream of water, abounding with fish, afforded sport for the angler. Magnolia Station did not contain more than two hundred buildings of all classes, a few stores, two hotels, and an extensive tannery, busily engaged manufacturing leather for the government.

I had not been here long before my wound was attended to by the principal surgeon, Dr. Huford, formerly from Baton Rouge, whom I found very kind in his treatment, but stern in his manner. He had some three hundred patients under his charge, and was assisted by Drs. Stebbling and Biggs, formerly of Kentucky. I shall never forget the kindness extended to me by those gentlemen. They would frequently visit my room, where I was alone, and sit and talk for hours at a time. This was very considerate in them, and a great privilege enjoyed by me. It was here I lay in suspense many a long hour, busy with thoughts of home and friends. Contrary to what I anticipated I had not been searched, and was in possession of the following articles: one pair drawers, one pair overalls, one pair of socks, two shirts, and one hundred dollars in Confederate money—no hat, coat, boots, pants or jacket. The second day after my arrival my drawers, shirts and socks were washed, after which I felt quite comfortable. A black man was assigned to wait upon me, and I received every attention. The landlady—I have forgotten her name—furnished me with books to read, and occasionally would bring me in a fresh magnolia, which, placed in water, would keep the room sweet for several days.

Though the ladies of the South are to be admired for their graceful forms and manners, they indulge to excess in one habit—that of dipping snuff—which looks strange enough to Northern men. The hospital-steward was very kind, calling frequently to see me. My fare, though scant, was clean and properly cooked, which consisted of corn-bread, molasses, mush, sassafras tea, and almost invariably the leg of a goose for breakfast, baked, no dressing, sometimes tender as a spring chicken, then again tough enough to make a good whip-cracker; however my appetite was sufficient for all I could get. In the course of a week I was able to dress my own wound, by the aid of a

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glass, washing it every morning and evening with warm water and castile soap, keeping it constantly wet with cold water. I did not have occasion to take a single dose of medicine. The ball, in passing through my thigh, had just missed the main artery and bone, and the Doctor said I would soon be able to go about on crutches.

I had permission to write a letter home, which the Doctor told me would be forwarded through the lines, subject to military inspection. I felt rejoiced at this, and wrote a suitable letter, handed it to the Doctor, and I supposed it was on its way and would soon be in the hands of my friends. I was doomed to disappointment. In a few days it was handed to me, with the unwelcome news that no more letters were allowed to pass the lines. I felt sad and lonely; this was my last and only hope of getting news home. My death had been published in the Jackson Appeal, and if one of those papers should get into our lines it would be copied, and my friends would think me dead. I was in suspense, but not forgetful of a kind Providence, that had spared me thus far. I put my trust in God, and tried to wait patiently.

In the meantime I was not forgetful of my wounded comrades, of whom I made daily inquiries—at one time hearing the Colonel had died, the next it would be contradicted. It was impossible to get a correct story. Finally I succeeded, through the exertions of the steward, in hiring a man to go out to Mr: Newman's and learn the truth, at the same time to bring in a portion of my money. On the third day after leaving he returned, bringing the sad intelligence that after seventeen days of intense pain and suffering the Colonel had died, also the man Hughes; that they were buried on the plantation, and that Roy, Le Sure and the Doctor had reported to Osyko; that my property had been delivered over to Le Sure. This was a sad disappointment to me. I feared I would not see my comrades again before they were sent to Richmond. Again the hospital-steward showed his kindness, by going on the train to Osyko Station and seeing the sergeant-major, who sent back word that he would pass next day, on his way to Richmond. I was now able to move around on crutches, and had been up and down stairs several times. The sergeant-major made his appearance next day, and handed me my breastpin and four hundred and fifty dollars, the balance of the twenty-three hundred which I left in the hands of Mrs. Newman. The five hundred had been paid to Mr. Wall, according to promise, and the remainder was used towards defraying the expenses of the wounded and nurses, burying the dead, &c., everything being scarce and consequently very expensive. It seemed as if the hand of Divine Providence directed the use of this money for this special purpose.

I was soon able to walk around, with the use of a cane, and was permitted to promenade the streets. I had a pair of shoes made, very common ones, for which I paid sixteen dollars. I also purchased some clothing, paying for a common felt hat thirty dollars, a light summer coat forty dollars, a pair of pants, half cotton, twenty dollars—cotton

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socks one dollar and thirty cents. I make mention of this that the reader may know how scarce and expensive articles were at that time in Dixie. The following prices were given me by the hospital-steward: flour one hundred and fifty dollars a barrel, none in market; coffee five dollars a pound, none in market; sugar three dollars a barrel; molasses three dollars a gallon; bacon one dollar and a half a pound; eggs one dollar and a half a dozen; chickens, live, twelve dollars a dozen. The two first named articles I had not seen in the hospital. I was now allowed the privilege of eating in the dining-room, with the non-commissioned officers, also of visiting the different wards. Among the patients I found one federal soldier, belonging to the navy. He had one leg amputated just below the knee. His name was William Hawkins. He served at one of the guns on the *Indianola*, when she was sunk by the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, where he received his wound and was taken prisoner. I found him a very intelligent person. We could sympathize with each other, were company for each other, and time passed more rapidly and agreeably.

It was very amusing sometimes to listen to the various reports respecting the army and battles, which, according to their statements, always resulted in their favor. There was a telegraph office at the depot which brought them daily news from Jackson, Mississippi. That, with the *Jackson Appeal*—which could tell the biggest lies for a small paper, of any one published—were the only sources we had to obtain news. They took particular pains to report to me, which was very kind of them. At the time that Hooker withdrew from Fredericksburg, Virginia, they received the news that he lost forty thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, that he was completely routed, and his army flying in all directions. A few days later and General Lee occupied Arlington Heights, and threatened to shell the city of Washington. The next report was that Grant had lost at Vicksburg, in storming the works, eighty thousand men, and owing to the excessive warm weather, and disgusting stench arising from the bodies, they had to be burned. They were confident of capturing his whole command, and had his supplies cut off. Following this was a report that Kirby Smith had crossed the Mississippi River, attacked Banks in the rear, and captured nearly all of his command; and lastly, that a Texas regiment of cavalry had met Colonel Grierson, wounded and taken him prisoner, together with nearly all of his command. You can imagine my feelings on hearing such reports. I could not contradict them, nor did I choose to believe all. I could occasionally hear, after night, the reports of our mortars, as they were throwing their ponderous shells into Port Hudson, eighty miles distant. I knew in that quarter, at all events, our forces still existed. Vicksburg was their boasted Gibraltar.

The month of May was now drawing to a close, and I was able to move around quite lively, feeling anxious to be sent North. My wishes were soon gratified. On the second day of June I was notified by the

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Doctor that he would send me to Jackson on the morrow. I felt rejoiced at the thought of going towards home, and knowing that my friend Hawkins desired to accompany me I sought an interview with the Doctor, and after considerable talking he consented to send him along, as I could be of some service towards assisting him. In the meantime I purchased two watches from inmates of the hospital, paying for them two hundred and fifty dollars. I thought this a good investment, knowing that the Confederate money would not be of any use inside of our lines. The morrow came, and with it the train. At one o'clock Hawkins and myself went aboard, and were soon leaving Magnolia far in the rear, where I had remained just one month. Upon arriving at Summit Station I was told that we could not proceed further by railroad, as it had not been repaired since Grierson's command destroyed it. Here was a space of twenty miles which we must walk, or hire a private conveyance, paying fifteen dollars each. I at once procured passage for Hawkins, the Sergeant who was guarding us, and myself. It was here I again experienced the benefit of that money. After proceeding about half way we stopped at a house, where we stayed all night. We had not been here long before we were joined by other passengers. I at once recognized the plantation and the proprietor as one on whom I had called with a squad of men, and taken two horses, while the command was destroying government property at Boyachitta, one mile distant. The planter did not recognize me, and I did not take the trouble to relate to him the circumstance. We were provided with a good bed and supper, for which I paid one dollar and fifty cents. The next morning at four o'clock we started for Brookhaven, arriving there at eight o'clock, just in time to take breakfast at the hotel before leaving on the train. While passing through Hazelhurst I saw several faces that were there when we rode in so gallantly. The most familiar were those of the landlady and her daughter, at the hotel. I felt as though I would like to speak to them, but circumstances did not permit.

Aboard the train was an Englishman, who held a captain's commission in the rebel army. He amused me very much, not only by his foppish appearance, but by his ridiculous actions and the interest he took in watching me. I could not move but what he would tell the guard to keep his eyes on me. He belonged to that class of Englishmen who interfere with other people's business.

About one o'clock we arrived within two miles of Jackson. The train could not run further on account of the road being torn up by Sherman's forces, at the time they occupied the place. Here were quite a number of private conveyances. After obtaining one for my wounded friend I started for the city on foot with the Sergeant. I had a very good opportunity of seeing the Capitol of the State, and was surprised to see so much of it left standing, having been told that our forces had destroyed the principal portion of it. The first place I was introduced to was the Provost Marshal's office, where I had to wait

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some two hours before being examined. While so doing I took occasion to hand Hawkins fifteen dollars, thinking he might need it, and we might be separated, which proved to be the case, he being examined and sent away the same evening, with a number of others, to Richmond. They allowed him to keep his money. I bid him good-bye, not expecting to see him again. My turn came, and unfortunately for me, being neatly dressed, I was looked upon with suspicion, and ordered to strip myself to my shirt and drawers, which I did not hesitate to do. They then proceeded to search the pockets, lining, &c., appropriating to themselves my watches, papers, and all my money, except about twenty dollars, my pocket-knife and miniature pin, which they allowed me to keep—very considerate in them. I also had in my possession two letters from Doctors Stebbling and Biggs, which they requested me to mail after reaching our lines. They were not sealed, and contained nothing but what was of a domestic character. I felt sorry about those letters, for I had been kindly treated by those two gentlemen. The search ended, and they found nothing to implicate me. They expressed some disappointment in not finding any Lincoln greenbacks. I thought this rather queer proceedings for the head military authorities of Jackson. I soon found I was not the only one subject to this treatment—others also suffered. The name of this specimen of “Southern chivalry,” who appeared to be the star actor in this military drama, was J. C. Winnin. I think I will remember his face, and if I am ever so lucky as to meet him again will ask him the “time of day.” From the Provost Marshal’s office I was sent to the guard-house, a one and a half story frame house on Main street, where I lodged with about twenty-five others, and remained for thirty-six hours before receiving any rations, which, when they did come, consisted of a scanty supply of unsifted corn meal and refuse bacon—nothing else; no cooking utensils of any description, and nothing but cistern water to drink, on the top of which could be seen pieces of bacon floating. I had not been here long before the lieutenant of the guard ordered me into a private room, and ordered me to undress, while he gave the garments a thorough examination. He found nothing. My pocket-knife seemed to please his fancy, which he kept, and it was only through my earnest entreaties that he allowed me to retain my miniature pin, for which I thanked him. The money he had no use for—greenbacks was what he was after. Among the prisoners were two citizens, who claimed to be residents of Memphis, Tennessee. They were very kind to me, inviting me to their table, which they had furnished from a hotel close by—a privilege not allowed soldiers. Thus I fared very well, until the third day, when we were ordered to be in readiness to leave at nine o’clock next morning. At the appointed time we were found in line, twenty in all, and marched two miles, crossing the Pearl River, and taking the train on the Jackson and Mobile railroad were soon comfortably seated in a passenger car. Our guard consisted of one sergeant and six men—old soldiers—who treated us with



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kindness and respect. Before leaving Jackson we were not provided with rations, nor did we receive any until we arrived at Selma, Alabama.

The first place of any importance was Meridian, then the Tombigbee river, where we took a boat for Demopolis and again resumed the railroad, arriving at Selma the next afternoon. Remained all night, and received three day's rations of hard tack and boiled salt beef, (a very good article). We were kindly treated by the Provost Marshall, and looked upon with some curiosity by the citizens, as well as a show of sympathy and respect. Not being allowed the privilege of the streets I had no opportunity of viewing the place, but the small portion I could see impressed me favorably; the extensive buildings, fine roads, level sidewalks, shaded by beautiful trees, all looked neat and business like.

The greater portion of this State, through which we passed, appeared to be under good cultivation, and the crops looked very favorable. Corn appeared in abundance on all sides. The next morning we were marched down to the river, where we took deck passage on board a steamer for Montgomery, Ala. Before leaving Selma I saw what was said to be the keel of a boat on the stocks intended for a gunboat. One had been completed a short time before and launched. Our trip up the Alabama was very pleasant indeed; not being confined to close quarters, we enjoyed a fine view of its high banks, shaded by trees. In due time we arrived at the capitol of the State, where we remained a few hours. Taking the train we proceeded to West Point on the Alabama and Galine railroad, where we remained all night in a close building. What little money I had upon leaving Jackson I had spent for something to eat, which I shared with some of my comrades who were in feeble health, two of whom belonged to the Fourteenth N.Y. Cavalry; our rations at this time becoming rather scant, I concluded to sell my coat, which I offered to the guard, for twenty-five dollars; he took it, at once paying the money. I derived more benefit from this money than I would have done by the use of my coat, by purchasing a few luxuries which benefited my health, and at the same time assisted my feeble companions who were not so fortunate as myself. The guards were very accommodating, allowing us many privileges. At an early hour next morning we left on a train arriving at Atlanta, Ga., where we were conducted to a guard house, a few blocks from the depot, at which place we had the pleasure of staying three days. We were put into a small room in the second story of a frame building which was surrounded by a high board fence, while several guards were patrolling their beats around us. Upon being put into this room I found it already occupied by about forty prisoners, the most of them citizens belonging to East Tennessee, who had been dragged from their homes and thrust into this filthy, loathsome room, because they loved the good old Union better than secession. It was a sorrowful sight to look upon the bent forms and wrinkled brows of these old

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men, whose heads were silvered by the frosts of seventy winters, and many were still older. After living a life of honest industry, enjoying the privileges and blessings of a free and independent country, to be at last separated from wife and family by lawless hands and cast into a prison, there to subsist on a scant supply of corn bread and salt beef. For what? because they still continued to love the good old flag that had protected them so long. Our fare at this place consisted of a small piece of corn bread, about three inches square, twice a day, with a limited supply of salt-beef. Upon a table in the centre of the room (the only piece of furniture it contained) stood a pail of water and one cup—this was the only drink we had. Every man had been searched and every pocket-knife taken possession of by the jailor, a most brutal and unfeeling specimen of humanity. No one was permitted to look out of the window into the street; if he did violate this unreasonable order he ran the risk of being fired upon by the guard below, who was watching for the chance. One innocent citizen was shot dead a few days before our arrival for the above offence—the blood stains were still fresh on the window sill. From this place we were conducted to the depot by a new guard, where we took the train for Augusta. As we left Atlanta I was surprised to see so many locomotives and cars; they were making this their depot for supplies for their army, which explained for the large amount of rolling-stock seen. I did within my heart wish that our cavalry could make a dash into this place and destroy this property.

Our trip through Georgia was not unpleasant considering our circumstances. The new guard were home guards, and were not very strict; and we were allowed to look out of the windows; so we had a good view of the country, and I noticed that wheat was the principal crop, which looked very well. On our arrival at Augusta, which was in the night, we changed cars, and just at daylight crossed the bridge over the Savannah river, a very pretty stream. We were now in South Carolina, and in due time we arrived at Columbus, the capitol of the State, through which we were marched, giving us a good opportunity of seeing a large portion of the business part of the city, as well as the suburbs. I must say it is a beautiful place, displaying good taste and abundance of wealth. From this place we were conveyed in freight box-cars, which at that time I thought very cruel, (but since have experienced the same treatment in my adopted State of Illinois, from Alton to Springfield, when returning home on furlough, as a veteran, with the regiment to which I belonged, after serving my country two years and eight months) I came to the conclusion it was not so bad after all. From Columbus we went direct to Chesterville, soon passing out of the hot bed of secessionism. This was the only State we passed through that we received any taunts from the citizens, many of whom seemed to take delight in spitting their venom upon us. On one occasion they remarked how meanly we were dressed; that there was no uniformity about our clothes; and I took pains to tell them the cause—

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that when taken prisoners our captors made an exchange with us—our boots, pants, hats, and sometimes our coats or jackets; thus the cause of our appearing so ragged and offensive. This did not sit well, and some of them were for breaking the d—d Yankee heads. The crops in this State did not look so well as through Alabama and Georgia, though we passed through some very delightful country.

The first place of any importance we arrived at in North Carolina was Charlotte, thence to Salisbury, Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro and Weldon, the last place bordering close upon Va., and fortified to some extent, though few troops were stationed there at that time. Our trip through this State was not unpleasant. The country through which we passed was not prepossessing in appearance. One incident occurred while passing through this State worthy of note. While stopping at a wood station to wood up, I saw an individual approaching our car, who, as soon as he came up, inquired, in North Carolina accent, if any of us had Confederate money we wished to exchange for Lincoln greenbacks. I inquired how much he had. He replied five dollars, and would give it for five dollars in Confederate money; that he had carried the d—d abolition money long enough, and nobody wanted it out here. I hauled out my pile, amounting to eight dollars, and handing him five received the greenback, which looked natural enough, and made one feel sort of good. The question arose in my mind, how will I keep it hid from the searching eyes of the Richmond officials. We had been informed by the guard that we would all be strictly searched and examined immediately on our arrival at Libby prison. An idea occurred to me how I might save my greenback, which I put into execution. I had remaining, tied up in an old dirty handkerchief, a few hard biscuits that I had bought. I borrowed a knife of one of the guard, and unperceived by them I cut a square piece out of the side of one of the biscuits, and scooping a hole out in the centre large enough I concealed my money together with my miniature pin; plugging up the hole again, I took care not to break into those biscuits which were hard and dirty. On our arrival at Petersburg we were delayed a few hours, and then, "On to Richmond," nineteen miles distant. When about half way between those two places we came in sight of the rebel fortifications, which are expected to protect Richmond. The works are very extensive, extending some eight or ten miles, and two to five miles in breadth, and, if well defended, will take an immense army and hard fighting to get possession of.

I will here take occasion to make some remarks respecting their railroads. Those over which I passed, as a general thing, were pretty well used up—track very rough, and rolling stock out of repair. They could not average more than fourteen miles per hour. The most substantial track was in South Carolina. On the afternoon of the fourteenth of June we arrived at the capitol of the Southern Confederacy, being ten days on our way from Jackson, Miss. We were marched

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down through the main street where every idle spectator could gaze at us, which we returned in full. We were soon introduced to that hospitable mansion, "Libby Prison," so familiar to so many of our brave boys; and where, by close confinement and cruel treatment, many a brave heart has beat its last within its walls, whose spirit gone forth to a just God will be avenged. We were formed in line fronting the prison, and almost the first man I saw was Sergt.-Major Le Sure, and the next, Dr. Yole. I felt pleased at seeing my old companions and longed to speak to them, which was not permitted just then. We were ordered into the building, and formed in line through a narrow hall, when the search commenced, passing through the entire line, finding but little plunder beside canteens and haversacks—the two latter they invariably kept. Upon presenting my biscuits they were looked upon with contempt. I felt satisfied with the result and still continued to freeze to them. The next proceeding was to take our names, rank, number of regiment to which we belonged, what State, &c. We were then paroled, signed an article of agreement, and swore not to do so and so until duly and lawfully exchanged. After this, we were told the joyful news that we should be sent away to City Point with a batch that was to start in the morning; for this, I felt really thankful. From the hall we were conducted to another apartment, up two flights of stairs, into a large room crowded with Union soldiers. The first thing we heard upon entering was the cry of "fish, fish, more fish"; at first I could not imagine what it meant; I thought they were receiving rations, and I began to anticipate something good to eat; imagine my disappointment when I discovered that we were the object of all this noise and confusion. The prisoners had adopted a rule—that of keeping a man on sentry at the stairway—and when any new prisoners arrived to cry out "fish, fish," which sentence would be taken up and repeated by nearly every one in the room, while they would flock to the stairway, expecting to see some old friends and comrades. The size of this room was sixty by forty feet, with no ventilation except what came from three heavily barred windows at each end. It contained no article of furniture whatever, and was crowded with about three hundred and forty men. At the lower end, and about the centre was a small closet, six by four feet, in which a pipe entered coming up from the canal below; this afforded drinking water, as well as wash room and water closet. You may well blush, but such are facts. Picture to yourself this room at night, the floor covered with human frames, inhaling such impure air. The stench that then arose was almost suffocating, enough to cause disease and sickness. Besides the soldiers there was other company, and plenty of it, well known by the name of "graybacks" in the army. Our rations consisted of a limited supply of flour bread, a small piece of boiled salt beef, and a mixture called Confederate coffee, which was anything but agreeable to the taste or appearance. Before retiring that night we were notified that we would start next morning at three o'clock and for every man to be awake and

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ready, that no one would be permitted to take his blanket with him. I laid down, not to sleep, but to think of Libby Prison, and how thankful I should feel that a kind Providence had favored me thus far; then I pictured home and all its inmates, who were anxiously waiting to hear some word or news concerning me; perhaps they thought me dead, if so, what a sweet disappointment my presence would create; and thus, I fancied in thought until sleep closed my eyes. At an early hour next morning everybody appeared to be awake; all was excitement and confusion, but we did not have to wait long before a guard appeared at the stairway and gave the order to move out until we reached the street and then form fours. We soon arrived at the depot, some five hundred in all, taking the cars to Petersburg, then changing and making a short run we were soon at City Point. I perceived there were no officers aboard, and upon inquiry, was told that they would not be exchanged for a long time. I felt sorry for them, and was glad that I was not an officer. While waiting at Petersburg a few hours I saw several strangers in a sly way offering four dollars in Confederate money for one in greenbacks. Upon reaching City Point, toward the neutral ground for exchange of prisoners, our sight was greeted by the old flag, whose stars and stripes were floating defiantly and proudly from the mast-head of the steamer New York. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and tears could be seen trickling down the cheeks of more than one brave hero, whose heart was full to the brim with gladness at once more beholding the emblem of liberty.

Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,  
As it points to the haven of hope, and the nation;  
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,  
Gives promise of peace or assurance of war.  
How peaceful and blest was America's soil  
Till betrayed by the guile of the traitor demon,  
Who lurks under virtue, and springs from his coil,  
To fasten his fangs on the life-blood of freedmen;  
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,  
And the flag of our country shall in triumph remain,  
To guide us to victory and glory again.

From the cars we all rushed to the river, and after taking a good wash in its bright waters, feeling much refreshed, were ordered to form twos and march aboard of Uncle Sam's boat, and as we stepped upon its clean white deck the first thing that we saw, which was served out to us, was a large slice of fresh bread and boiled ham, and a large tin-cup full of real old Java coffee. Wasn't it good? If you doubt it, just ask any soldier who has been in Libby Prison until half starved. Who would not fight for such a government as we possess? What a contrast! Just view the picture. There are landed at this very spot three or four hundred Confederate prisoners, fresh from a Northern prison. They look clean, healthy and strong, are well dressed; each man is in possession of a blanket, and a haversack, which is filled with

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good rations; he is fully prepared to enter immediately into active service. On the other hand here comes a few hundred Union prisoners, fresh from Libby Prison or Bell Island; their garments are ragged and dirty—robbed of their own clothes, they receive old garments of every description—their steps are weak and tottering—their forms are wasted away to mere skeletons—their spirits broken. They are no longer fit subjects for the battlefield—close confinement in a filthy room and starvation has brought them to this condition. They carry no blankets, haversacks or rations. This is Southern chivalry, Southern hospitality—and as the war is prolonged the more barbarous is the treatment inflicted upon their prisoners. The inmates of Libby Prison, the inmates of Bell Island, God help them! they deserve the pity and sympathy of all Christians.

As we left City Point I bade farewell to Southern hospitality. I have no desire to taste its sweets again. As we glide swiftly down the stream how refreshing the breeze! how sweet is liberty! We were allowed to range over the boat at pleasure, which was guarded by a portion of the few that remained of the famous Ninth New York Volunteers—Hawkins' Zouaves—a noble, manly set of men, neat in attire and perfect in discipline. They treated us with every kindness, particularly M. E. and J. L. Fitzgerald, company K. The officers of the boat were also unremitting in their attentions.

The scenery along the James River presents some beautiful landscape views. As we came in sight of Fortress Monroe we could see our gunboats—the two extremes, the old man-of-war Constitution, three decker, carrying — guns, and near by could be seen the little iron-plated Monitor, apparently not more than twelve inches above the water, with a round turret, carrying two ponderous guns. As we came opposite the fort the boat anchored and a yawl was lowered, which conveyed the Captain to the fort to report to the commander of the post.

While lying here I could see at a distance the immense Lincoln Gun, capable of throwing a one hundred pound shot six miles with great accuracy. Who would have believed it twenty years ago? In the meantime I had not forgotten my biscuit, and cut it open in the presence of a gaping crowd, who looked with perfect astonishment when they beheld the pin and greenbacks extracted. They allowed it was genuine sleight of hand. After a few hours delay the order was given to weigh anchor, and with steam up we started for Annapolis, Maryland, arriving there the next afternoon in time to march up to the camp of parole. We were formed in close column and ordered by the Major commanding for each man to answer to his name as it was called, and he would assign troops from different states each one by themselves; this being accomplished a short address was made by the Major, stating that those who desired clothing to report to the quartermaster department and they would be furnished it, also a quantity of soap, and every member was advised to visit the bay close by, where

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they could indulge in a salt-water bath. I assure you there was some scrubbing done just about that time, after which a new suit of clothing throughout was put on, which made us look once more respectable. Of rations we had plenty and good, and were allowed the limits of the town as long as we did not abuse the privilege. It was quite refreshing to visit the oyster stands down near the water's edge; and indulge in some fresh from their native brine.

Annapolis is the capital of the State, a delightful location, surrounded by beautiful scenery. A very extensive Naval Academy is established here, but since the war broke out the buildings are used as hospitals. A more appropriate place could not be selected. The streets present a very odd appearance, radiating from the State House. A large number of the buildings are of the old style of architecture, and the old State House still remains, in which Washington used to give to the world his noble sentiments.

Among the many soldiers that were here on our arrival I was pleased to find some of my old comrades—Sergeant Vaughn, who accidentally wounded himself near Union Church, Corporal Douglass, from Osyka, and friend Hawkins. After remaining here about ten days an order was read at roll-call for all Western troops to be in readiness, at an early hour next morning, to take the road for Baltimore. Starting at the time appointed we crossed Chesapeake Bay, having a very pleasant trip. It was amusing to watch the schools of porpoises roll leisurely over and then disappear. It was about two o'clock when we arrived in Baltimore, and at once marched up to the Soldiers' Association Hall, where a good table was supplied for us, and lodgings for the night. The next morning we left by train on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, over a good track, making excellent time. We soon found ourselves winding around the hills, through ravines, woodlands, and over streams, with mountain peaks in the distance, which we were fast approaching.

And oh! how the heart did beat with joy to witness at almost every house the waving of handkerchiefs and star spangled banners. It was one continual display of patriotism. To me it was the first demonstration of the kind I had seen for fifteen months. The next day we arrived at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, after a pleasant ride through a fine agricultural country, presenting a variety of beautiful scenery, where we were conducted to Union Hall and partook of a sumptuous dinner, served by the fairest daughters of Pittsburgh. From here we proceeded in separate parties, those belonging to the Army of the Cumberland being sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and those belonging to the Mississippi department being sent to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. After arriving in Illinois I soon discovered that the train would pass within ten miles of my home. I had been absent about two years. The temptation was so strong that I naturally dropped off, and in a few hours afterwards was joyfully received by my friends. I immedi-

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ately reported by letter to the commanding officer at Benton Barracks, and by keeping a strict watch I received the first notice through the public prints of an exchange, and at once started for Memphis, Tennessee, joining my regiment at Colliersville, on the C. and M. Railroad, October 13th, 1863, after an absence of five months and thirteen days. There was a general greeting of old friends, particularly with the scouts, who I found occupying the same position they held previous to the raid. They had met with no reward, and it was some time before I was permitted to resume my former duties; but regardless of position let all who love freedom, justice, and their country,

Strike for the Union! let her name ever be  
The boast of the true and the brave;  
Let freedom's bright star still shine on her brow,  
And her banner the proudest to wave.  
Strike for the Union! shall the heroes that fell  
In graves all unhonored repose,  
While the turf on each head and the sword by each side  
Has been stained by the blood of the foes?

CHORUS—Three cheers for our land of the free,  
Three cheers for our noble and true,  
For freedom, right, and liberty,  
Our flag of the Red, White and Blue.

Strike for the Union! for liberty's sun  
In darkness and gloom has not set;  
Her bright beams still shine, like a light from above,  
And will lead thee to victory yet.  
Strike for the Union! for her weapons are bright,  
And the heroes who wield them are strong;  
Let her name brightly glow on the record of time,  
And hers be the proudest in song.

CHORUS.—Three cheers for our land of the free.

Strike for the Union! we will honor her name,  
For the glorious deeds she has done;  
The laurel will twine on each patriot's brow,  
And shout when the battle is won.  
Strike for the Union! it must never be said  
That her banner was furled to a foe;  
Let those stars ever shine in bright glory above,  
And the pathway to victory show.

CHORUS.—Three cheers for our land of the free.



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The following is a roster of the officers of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry regiments, on their arrival at Baton Rouge, May 2d, 1863 :

SIXTH.	SEVENTH.
FIELD AND STAFF.	FIELD AND STAFF.
Col. B. H. Grierson, commanding. Lieut.-Colonel, B. Loomis. First Major, M. H. Starr. Third Major, C. W. Whitsit. Assistant-Surgeon, A. B. Agnew.	Col. Edward Prince, commanding. Adjutant, George W. Root.
NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.	NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.
Sergeant-Major, D. S. Flagg. Q. M. Sergeant, T. Legget. Com.-Serg't, Wm. Pollard.	Veter'y Surg'n, A. G. Levering. Hospital Steward, Charles Hall.
FIRST BATTALION.	FIRST BATTALION.
Captain A. D. Prince, Co. A. Captain W. W. Patterson, Co. B. Captain D. Angley, Co. C. First-Lieut. Chas. Howard, Co. C. Captain I. Cohn, Co. D. First-Lieut. H. Daily, Co. D. Second-Lieut. L. V. Allen, Co. D.	Captain Charles Hunting, Co. A. First-Lt. J. J. La Grange, Co. A. Second-Lt. D. V. Rhea, Co. A. Captain G. W. Trafton, Co. G. First-Lieut. J. Gaston, Co. G. Second-Lt. Wm. Stiles, Co. G. Captain W. H. Reynolds, Co. D. First-Lt. D. W. Bradshaw, Co. D. Captain J. K. Fleming, Co. K. First-Lt. J. W. Maxwell, Co. K.
SECOND BATTALION.	SECOND BATTALION.
Captain John Lynch, Co. E. First-Lieut. E. Ball, Co. E. Second-Lt. H. W. Stewart, Co. E. Captain G. W. Sloan, Co. F. First-Lieut. W. H. Dove, Co. F. Second-Lt. G. W. Newell, Co. F. Captain W. D. Glass, Co. G. Second-Lt. S. L. Woodward, A. A. Captain S. L. Marshall, Co. H. First-Lieut. D. Manling, Co. H.	Captain William Ashmead, Co. I. Sec'd-Lt. S. H. Richardson, Co. C. Captain I. M. Graham, Co. E. First-Lieut. N. G. Wiley, Co. E. Second-Lt. I. M. Caldwell, Co. E. Captain S. A. Epperson, Co. L. First-Lieut. W. W. Porter, Co. L.
THIRD BATTALION.	THIRD BATTALION.
Captain L. B. Skinner, Co. I. Second-Lt. D. L. Grimes, Co. H. Captain F. Charlesworth, Co. L. Second-Lt. J. W. Hughes, Co. L.	Captain A. W. McDonald, Co. F. First-Lieut. C. F. Lew, Co. F. Second-Lt. James Breze, Co. F. Captain B. C. F. Johnson, Co. M. First-Lieut. Charles Stall, Co. M. Second-Lieut. Henry Nicholson. Capt. Milton L. Webster, Co. H. Second-Lieut. S. A. Kitch, Co. H. Captain Henry Forbes, Co. B. First-Lieut. William McCausland. Second-Lieut. Jos. O. Ram, Co. B.

Charles Hall, hospital-steward, was the only medical attendant of the Seventh Illinois that accompanied the expedition, and he deserves much praise for his unremitting care and attention to the wants of the suffering during the raid and while at Baton Rouge.