

2016

Clarksville [TX] Standard, 1862-1865

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Recommended Citation

Betts, Vicki, "Clarksville [TX] Standard, 1862-1865" (2016). *By Title*. Paper 44.

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THE STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX]
1862-1865

Skip to February 8, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

INFORMATION WANTED of the whereabouts of my brother Stephen Adams, who left, about three years ago, and settled in Red River county, Texas. My husband's name was Wm. Smith, who died about a year ago, in ten miles of Springfield Mo., where we both lived. Since that time I have been dispossessed of all my effects—my house and property everything destroyed and carried off by Lincoln Jayhawkers. Being thus left pennyless [sic], with no protector, I have made my way to Texas hoping to find my brother.

All Newspapers in the State and elsewhere, and the good people generally will confer a favor on a distressed woman and little child who have been dispossessed of home and kindred by assisting me to find my brother.

Address me at Honey Grove, Texas, care of E. W. Speairs under whose hospitable roof I now have shelter after a weary tramp mostly on foot from Missouri, fleeing from Lincoln despotism.

Matilda Smith.

Jan. 27th, 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Newspaper Changes.

The Dallas Herald will be discontinued until the war ceases. The Nacogdoches Chronicle also.

The Southern Union, at Mt. Pleasant, is discontinued. Mr. Carpenter, the proprietor, having purchased the Jefferson Herald and Gazette establishment, from which he will hereafter issue the "Confederate news." We wish him much success.

Our late compeers of the Herald and Gazette make a most interesting parting salutation to their readers. We wish them a happier fate in the future, than the publication of a village newspaper.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

More men!

Col. Locke has forwarded by express, Gen. Van Dorn's call upon the Governor for men. So prepare to come out of the dark corners, young gentlemen without business, or families, who have been holding back. Come out soon! or we shall have some such publication as the following from Bexar County.

The vicinity of Clarksville has done well, and there have been volunteers from other portions of the County, for the County has four full companies,—all her won, in the field; and in parts of companies from other counties, has fully another company, say five companies from Red River; yet it is undeniable, that several precincts of the County have shirked their duty, and they

must come up, or the finger of scorn will be pointed at them.

[Written for the News.]

Ladies of San Antonio:

Unforeseen circumstances render it necessary for us to lay before you a plain statement of facts, which will forcibly appeal to that patriotism and generosity ever distinguishing Texan Ladies.

Col. Wilcox's appointment to raise a regiment, while most welcome in many respects, for sincerely do we rejoice that the Government has secured his services, equally valuable in the hall of Congress, or the army, has yet placed us in an unenviable position. The heads of families, and men whose gray hairs would have entitled them to an honorable repose, are preparing to take up arms, and leave us, with not only helpless children, but a host of young men for protection. These chivalric sons of the Lone Star, whose robust appearance affords no indication of their constitutional delicacy, are unable to join an infantry company, though well aware that no more cavalry can be received.

In view of this deplorable state of affairs, we beg your assistance in organizing some plan for the defence [sic] of the young men of this vicinity, who remain home when their gallant brothers, (we beg the soldiers' pardon for using the term) go to the war. Let them not fall victims to the terror, their natural timidity will excite, but pity and assist them. For ourselves, save in their cause, we have no fears feeling fully equal to the task of self defence [sic]. Their names shall be furnished to you in a short time through the News.

With the highest respect, your sisters,
The Ladies of Southern Bexar.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

To the People
of Northern Texas!

From the commencement of the present unnatural war, the undersigned has been under the impression that it would not be of long continuance. Events, however, may demonstrate otherwise, within the next sixty or ninety days. If, within that time, there are not conclusive indications of its speedy cessation, the undersigned proposes to obtain authority, and raise, in Northern Texas, from among his fellow citizens of long acquaintance, a Regiment of Mounted men; of the class who have not, heretofore felt that their services were imperatively demanded; and who, like himself, have business interests which should not be lightly sacrificed, and ties of family, which nothing but the sternest necessity should sever; but who, when ever it is certain that the war is to be of serious length, will feel unwilling to withhold themselves or their property from sacrifices which the highest impulses of human nature demand—the sacrifices which are the devotional oblations upon the altar of Patriotism. The undersigned, as he doubts not that thousands of his fellow citizens do, feels unsatisfied to see others offering their persons to the shock of battle, and the far more dangerous ordeal of camp diseases resulting from privation and exposure, while he attends to his private interests; and yet the necessities of existence, the providing for obligations incurred, and duty to one's household have repressed, or rather controlled the natural longing, to be among the foremost in the field.

The object of the present notice is to induce preparation for the necessity which may present itself to the settlement of business and the providing of the necessary equipments.

Within sixty or ninety days much business can be closed up—men of families can make provisions for their household for a long absence; and without any pressure, every man, who *desires* to serve the country, may get ready, if he could get ready at all. It is desired to make up a force of sober minded reflective men, as many as possible of mature age, and to have them extra well mounted and armed, the arms to be a double barrelled [sic] shot gun, two Navy sixes, and a hatchet with a handle fourteen inches in length, for each man. Men are desired of sober age; because they will be able to appreciate without persuasion the necessity of sobriety of habit, order and discipline, and because such a force, governed by their own rationality, and calm determined patriotism, would be irresistible, and go into action like the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, sweeping aside or trampling under, everything in their pathway. The undersigned will be pleased to communicate with gentlemen in the several counties of Northern Texas, who may desire to have a place in this organization, and can make arrangements to suit. It will be difficult to find as many Navy sixes as may be necessary, and therefore, every one proposing to go, should set about the procurement of them at once.

The undersigned proposes to close his own business, with reference to the time specified, and if the necessity for service continues, will go into service "For the war."

Charles DeMorse.

Clarksville, Feb. 8th, 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Tallow

Received for dues to the

Standard Office.

February 8th 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 15, 1862, skip to March 1, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

The new flag gotten up in our army on the Potomac, is the St. Andrew's cross, that is a cross in form of an X. The flag is nearly square, of deep red, the cross of blue, reaching from corner to corner, and surrounded with stars.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

The best Creole oranges sell in New Orleans at one dollar a hundred, and on the coast at four dollars a barrel.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Home Defence [sic].

We think it is all time that a thorough police system should be organized in our county. Many who have nobly volunteered in the service of their country, have left their families in an entirely unprotected state. It is the obligatory duty of every citizen, who cannot, as others have done, respond to the calls of their country, by leaving their homes, to unite in concerting such

measures as the exigencies of the times require, and in carrying them into efficient execution. If this were done immediately and with effective zeal and vigor, a degree of confidence and security would be immediately imparted to all. There does not seem to be a doubt but emissaries from Northern State prisons are at large through the South. Every man who comes into our county, unless he can give satisfactory evidence of his good standing as a southern man, should be dealt with, without hesitation. Will some of our leading citizens take immediate measures for bringing about what we reckon as a necessary course at present?

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

A Prophetic Dream,
by Mrs. Mary Becknell,
of Red River County Tex.

On the 4th of March 1841, I dreamed I was in a large Prairie, or level plain without improvement or timber as far as I could see, only the small shanty, or shed, where I was standing apparently alone; about three feet from me, and immediately before me there was a large bed of bright coals, to my right a shelf on which was a large pail of water, and in it a long handle goard [sic] which would hold about a quart of water. On my right close to me stood the American Eagle about the size of a large Turkey [sic], I thought its feathers were soiled and dirty, all turned to the head. I thought it looked with more than human intelligence, but that look was fraught with more than human love, and utter desolation; about a yard from the Eagle, and directly in front, there was a low shelf, or plank not more than half a foot from the ground, and some six inches from the bed of coals, on this plank, or shelf there was a black heart, the size of a beef's heart, it was perfectly smooth, and as black as ebony; on the heart lay six gold eggs as large as hen's eggs, and beautifully engraved to this heart, I thought the Eagle was mysteriously confined, that it could not move, I was lone as to any connection being there but on the left and right the plains were covered with men on foot, they were debating some question I knew not what. As my attention and sympathy was given to the Eagle that appeared more near than children, or friends; I gazed on it with heart felt woe, and sorrow, until it fell over as dead, a man from the party on the right came under the shed, and kicked the Eagle on the bed of coals, when it began to writhe in pain, I caught it by the right wing, and drew it off the bed of coals, and reached to the pail of water, and threw a goard [sic] of water on the Eagle her victuals were all destroyed, and the water filled her empty body to the crow, she gave one look of unutterable woe, and fell dead, it appeared as though the elements were shaken, and a sound sad, and doleful floated through the air, saying the American Eagle! the American Eagle is slain. The fate of the Eagle awoke me in pain, for the American's Eagle insulted, and slain.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Camp Lubbock, February 1st, 1862 }
Fayetteville, Arkansas, 2nd }
Brigade McCulloch's Division. }

Friend Welty;

Dear Sir:--Your kind letter was handed me by the express bearer in good time, and this morning it affords me much pleasure to fix up according to camp style, a reply. We have a deep snow on the ground now, it is about 18 inches deep on level ground and it drifts over one's head.

. . . I wish I could send you a map of the battle of Tus-ten-nah-lah, it was a hard fought battle. We fought three or four to one, and charged up a steep mountain to boot. . . It is generally told through the country, that the Indians whipped Cooper and Sims, though I do not think such is the case. Sims did not have a fair chance. He had none but Indians to back or fight with him. I reckon his men felt out of place. It is said, however, that the Indians fought bravely on our side.—On the 26th the battle was fought. We camped on the battle ground that night, brought in all our killed and wounded on the 27th.—We followed them about forty miles, came upon a small bunch of about 150, and killed some 25 or 30, the balance scattered so we could follow them no longer. We returned and camped at the same place we camped the night before, having collected in the meantime about 500 prisoners, mostly women; about forty negroes, and more ponies and dogs than you ever saw. There were some very pretty girls among them. They wanted to follow us off but we drove them back. Women look so strange in camps. . . . I do not get much news to read. I am busy all the time on some kind of duty. I have no more to write now. You must give my love to all the girls, and widows not over thirty.

Direct your letters to Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Your friend,
John C. Bu[rest torn off]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 8, 1862, skipped to March 27, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 5-6

Camp Near Van Buren, Arkansas, }
March 15, 1862. }

Dear Sir:--I avail myself of the present leisure moment to drop you a few lines, believing anything from this direction will not be without interest. You will doubtless have heard ere this reaches you, that we have met the enemy, fought and have been whipped, and have made a precipitate retreat to this place; and many other reports too numerous to mention.

Well! on the morning of the 4th, we left Boston Mountain, in the midst of a violent snow storm (which continued until the turn of the day) *en route* for Fayetteville. Camping at night one mile this side, resumed our march. On the fifth, encamped at Elm Springs, some 15 miles north. Starting on the sixth, before day, we came in sight of Bentonville, about nine o'clock, at which place there were lingering, some thousand or more of the Federal troops, who set fire to all the business houses of the place, and retired before our advancing columns, some three regiments of Cavalry were ordered on a scout, in a northern direction, with directions to join the main body, 6 or 8 miles North East, on the wire road. Getting in a head of the main body, we were surprised to find ourselves front to prant [sic?] with the enemy, some four or six thousand strong, who were also surprised to find us approaching, from an unexpected direction. They however opened fire on us, with both small arms and cannon to the discomfiture of some of our men.—Stone's Greer's and one or two of the advance companies of our regiment headed by McIntosh boldly charged to within forty or fifty yards of the enemy's line, then filed off to the right out of reach of the enemy's fire. In this time two or three of the centre companies of our regiment wheeled directly about, and commenced a precipitate retreat, to the discomfiture of the entire left, who vainly endeavored to prevent the retreating mass from passing through their ranks. From these positions our entire force commenced a precipitate retreat back to Bentonville, instead of charging the enemy on the instant, which we could have done successfully, or at least could have gained their rear, and thus retarded their retreat before our

main force. On reaching Bentonville we learned that our train force had passed on, and now we heard the booming of cannons, and also the clatter of small arms which plainly told us the battle was up. Pushing on, passing trains of baggage, and ladders hind [sic], we now and then found the bodies of dead men, who had fallen victims, as our advance came up with the rear of the enemy; and now we were again on the scene of our late discomfiture, with abundant evidence of the conflict. But the enemy had kept up a retreating fight before Price, who pushed them close until night, when the latter camped for the night, whilst the former continued the march until he reached a strong position on Sugar Creek, where he commenced fortifying. On the morning of the 7th, Price, in accordance with concert, pushed forward to attack the enemy in his position, while McCulloch and McIntosh disposed their forces a mile or more to the South West, in order to act as circumstance might require. The enemy had collected his forces at this point, to make a final stand, to the number of thirty or forty thousand, some 10,000 of which were mounted.— Price opened fire on the enemy [illegible] cannonade, about 11 o'clock, on the [illegible] of the 7th, which was replied to [illegible], and presently both parties opened fire with small arms. The enemy flanking back South West, as was anticipated came in contact with McCullough's division, which assailed them vigorously, and held the vantage ground at every point. The right of our army a part of Young's and Stone's regiment then formed and charged a battery of [illegible] pieces, which had been run out on the enemy's extreme left, supported by a strong body of Cavalry, and which had already fired some 4 or 5 rounds on our ranks, with but little result. The charge was conducted by McIntosh in person, with the commanders of the several regiments in command of their respective divisions. Our regiment in front with Col. Sims at the head of his column, bravely charged the enemy in the very teeth of their pieces, which were plied to their utmost capacity, making ball and grape shot fly at a careful rate. Thus our gallant Texians charged an [sic] opened an irretrievable fire upon the enemy, driving them from their pieces, making many a one bite the dust. Col. Sims rode directly up, shot one of the gunners off his piece, and nearly at the same instant received a severe wound in the right fore arm. The ball entering the underside came out on top just below the elbow, fearfully shivering both bones. His horse being no longer manageable plunged through and through the enemy's ranks, who shot, and cut at him from every side, but he finally succeeded in clearing their ranks without further injury. While all this was going on, the left of our regiment had been dismounted, and stationed in a flanking position, in a skirt of timber, raked the enemy with a galling fire from our shot guns. So soon as the field was cleared, the fifth squadron of which I was in command, hastened forward and hoisted the squadron colors, over the pieces with a shout of triumph such as Texans only can raise. We speedily secured the pieces, and were formed again, on foot, in support of a body of infantry, who had already engaged a strong body of the enemy's infantry further east, where the contending parties kept up a continual discharge of small arms, with the loud roaring of the enemy's cannon. Here it was the brave McIntosh, ordered Col. Hill with his regiment to charge and take this battery; they refused, when McIntosh himself headed the column, and led them to the charge; and just as he was leading them to victory, was shot through the chest, with grape shot, and fell dead on the spot. His column having no longer the example of their brave leader, fell back, and thus lost the advantage they had gained. About this time, McCulloch was shot down on another part of the field, while reconnoitering the enemy's position. Up to this time, our arms had been triumphant on all parts of the field, but losing the guidance of these two brave men, four forces knew not what to do, and being under strict orders to maintain their several positions at all hazards, and not to leave them until further ordered, remained for the most part inactive until late in the evening, when they called off, and left the enemy in possession of

the field, after having repulsed them at every point. The Louisiana regiment, infantry, having repulsed a strong body of Federal infantry, eleven times, who [hole in paper] reinforced; but to be re [hole in paper] our forces had been with [hole in paper] the Federal forces, with [hole in paper] returned to reinforce the party, which Price had been battling all the evening, and for whom he was more than a match. Thus the battle raged, till long after night, when, as by mutual consent, the strife ceased, to be renewed again by time next morning. During the night McCulloch's entire command were given to Price, and with early light, boom! boom!! went the cannon on both sides, followed quickly by small arms principally in the hands of infantry on both sides whilst mounted troops on both sides were vigorously posted, as their services might be thought to be needed. In this condition, the enemy were shut upon all sides, who would doubtless have run had they the chance. Just about this time, our ammunition for the artillery gave out, when Van Dorn ordered a retreat; Price expostulating and insisting with tears they should continue one hour longer. Under these circumstances, our columns were put in motion as, it was said, to give a more favorable position and to prevent the enemy from outflanking us, but which was in fact, a retreat leaving many of our forces to get away the best they could and left the field in possession of the enemy, who as subsequent circumstances show, availed themselves of the first chance to also leave the field, in the direction of Springfield. Thus ended one of the hardest contests known to modern times, and what seemed to me from the amount of powder burnt, to have been sufficient to have extinguished the race. The next day we sent back a party with a flag of truce to bury our dead, which are said by parties who have returned to be 181. The enemy's loss being variously estimated from 1100 to 2000 in killed. We have a good many missing yet, but some are still coming in. Many of our men have doubtless fallen through their own imprudence, by wandering over the field. None of my company were lost in the fight and only one or two slightly injured. Three are missing. Bob Tarlton is among the missing and I fear is taken prisoner. He was seen last on the field on Saturday evening, and was complaining of a slight hurt he received in a fall from his horse, the day before. He and Dan Colter were together; Colter taking care of Tarlton, but a short distance in advance of the enemy. Jasper Southerland is also missing. He has not been seen since Friday early in the day.

I am more than ever satisfied of the necessity of urgent and strict discipline, whilst the independent service so popular among our people is ruinous to our cause. We had thousands wandering over the field, and country, without any special organization, and who for the most part were hunting easy places, which tended much to demoralize regular organization. For this reason, not more than one half of our forces were available. Whilst owing to a healthier state of discipline, every man on the enemy's part were available. Our people *must* while acting the soldier forego the independence of the citizen, otherwise they had better stay at home.

This whole movement was too precipitate and not sufficiently provided for. Our troops were rushed through on a forced march, day and night, and had but a precarious subsistence for several days before the fight. Our regiment was ordered on the 2nd to prepare two days rations, which they did as well as they could, in the absence of every thing in the shape of a vessels [sic]. Our train including tents, and etc. having been left on this side of the mountain. On the third we were ordered to prepare ten day rations, but failed entirely to get the material out of which to prepare it. Our train getting up to day, we had the luxury of sleeping under our tents at night. In this condition we set out as above, drawing such subsistence as could be had in a country, already twice sacked. Our men and horses were actually so fatigued and starved, that they had neither life nor spirit. For these reasons many of our men from sheer exhaustion, were seen nodding in the lines, while missiles of death were flying thick around them and while the conflict

was almost one continuous roar, as if the very elements were at war with each other.

We reached this place on the 12th Inst., and are recruiting ourselves and horses as well as we can, preparing for another advance. We lost of our regiment ten killed, and fifteen wounded, all in the charge on the battery.

Gideon Smith,
Capt. Company [illegible], Sims Reg't
1th [sic] Texas Cavalry, 1st Brigade.

Monday morning 17th March—Tarlton has come in he was in custody of the Yankees from Sunday morning until Tuesday night. He says the Federals are fortifying at Cross Hollows about 25 miles north of this place, are about 35,000 strong and are looking for 2,000 more. Phelps made a speech in Fayetteville last Thursday promising protection to citizens who remain at home—that he was going through to Texas.

Gid. Smith.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Request.

Will some of the good ladies in and about Clarksville be kind enough to furnish us some lints and bandages for the benefit of the soldiers of Col. Geo. H. Sweet's Regiment.

These are articles greatly needed and which we cannot buy. They will be best made of soft cotton or linen. The bandages should be made from 2 to 3 inches in width and from 5 to seven feet in length. Those contributing them will please have them left at the Quarter Masters office in Clarksville, and doing so will receive the thanks of the medical corps of the Regiment.

Surgeon.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Socora, New Mexico, }
Feb. 27, 1862. }

E. H. Cushing Esq:--Sir: I embrace the first opportunity to communicate to you and your readers the particulars of a great fight and victory between Sibley's Brigade and the enemy, under command of Col. Canby, at Val Verde, or Green Valley, four miles above Fort Craig.

On the morning of the 19th, we crossed the river to the east side, eight miles below Fort Craig, and moved up within and opposite of the fort three miles and camped, being cut off the river.

On the morning of the 20 we moved on, intending to reach the river above the fort, and thus get above the enemy and force them out to give us a fight. But our teams having given out, we were compelled to again make dry camp all suffering very much for water. At about 5 o'clock P.M., the enemy approached us, but our artillery being turned loose upon them, forced them back.

Friday morning of the 21st Major Pyron of Baylor's command with two hundred was sent in advance to find a route to water with two pieces of Teel's artillery. At 10 o'clock A. M. the enemy opened their battery on him cutting off his approach to water. Lt. Col. Scurry with a part of the 4th and 7th, and Lt. Reiley's battery came up and posted himself on the right of Maj. Pyron amidst heavy cannonading. At this juncture, Col. Tom Green coming up with a part of his Regiment and Lieut. Wood's battery, taking command and posting companies on the right of

Scurry. The enemy keeping up brisk, and destructive cannonading on the left under command of Maj. Lockridge and were supported by 300 riflemen, who poured into us constant and well directed volleys. At 11½ o'clock A.M. Capt. Lang of the 2d Regiment made a charge on the enemy's battery; though a brave and gallant charge, he was compelled to fall back with severe loss, himself and Lieut. being very severely wounded.

At 3 o'clock P.M. the enemy are reinforced large bodies of infantry and cavalry with five pieces of artillery constantly crossing the river in front of us, and supported by a regiment of U. S. Regulars and also several companies of Denver City volunteers. So well directed were the enemy's guns were silenced for over an hour, but our boys were in no wise disconcerted and each time came back, pouring brisk and deadly volleys into the ranks of our enemy, and it must be said that the enemy fought with great coolness and bravery.

At 3½ o'clock p.m. Col. Green ordered a charge 750 men were dismounted, the front composed of detachments of different commands under Lt. Col. Scurry, Sutton, McNeil, and Maj. Lockridge, Maj. Raguét of the 1st Regiment, with 250 men composed a part of the 4th, and one company of the 5th; were ordered to attack the left of the enemy about 1500—were repulsed with severe loss, and in my opinion this manœuvre [sic] displayed great tact, skill and judgment on the part of Col. Green, for the object was to divert the attention of the enemy's left, that the charge on the battery might be subject to a less galling fire. The charges were made simultaneous, and the battery of seven guns captured and turned upon the enemy who fled in great confusion.

The 750 advanced upon the enemy's guns whose roar was most deafening. The guns were gained, and we had it hand to hand, the enemy fighting with desperation, but they could not long withstand the determined bravery of our boys.

It was certainly a desperate attempt, and to me a remarkable result. The charge was made over 500 yards, and on foot, and it was certainly a Providential thing that all were not cut to pieces. [illegible] the enemy had fled, Green's command opened fire on the enemy's left, who had repulsed Maj. Raguét, who were seized with a panic and also fled across the river, and so well directed were our guns that the river were literally dyed with blood. Maj. Lockridge of the 5th, is killed, Lieut. Col. Sutton, of the 7th, mortally wounded. Capt. Hoffman of the 4th, killed, with Major Raguét in his charge. Lieut. Hubbard, company A, 5th regiment, seriously wounded in making the charge on the cannon.

We captured seven pieces with equipage, and other valuable property. We lose many valuable horses. The enemy acknowledge the loss of 360 killed, and wounded, among them six Captains and many Lieuts.

Our loss 2d regiment T. M. V. Maj. Pyron's command, 4 killed, 17 wounded, one missing. Teel's battery, 2 killed, 4 wounded. 4th regiment T. M. V. Lt. Col. Scurry killed 8, wounded 45. 5th regiment, Col. Green; killed 20 wounded 67. 7th regiment, Lt. Col. Sutton killed 2, wounded 26.

Total killed, 36; wounded, 159; missing 1. Our strength properly 14000 the enemy's 300, or more. [sic?]

Many of our officers and men distinguished themselves. Green showed himself equal to the occasion, it proved him a great commander. Adjutant J. W. Sawyers of the 5th regiment T. M. V., greatly distinguished himself, though a young officer, he was [torn paper] and brave, and did much to [torn paper] Sergeant Major Sheppard [torn bottom of page]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 10, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Rocky Comfort, Ark. }
Feb. 23, 1862. }

Mr. Editor—

Dear Sir:--Col. Locke left at my house a lot of sick soldiers, two of whom have died at my house and were buried in the volunteer portion of the Grave Yard.

Mr. May, of Smith county, Texas; Chandlers Company, died 17th of Feb. 1862, at 4 o'clock, in the morning of Typhoid Pneumonia. He was too far gone to tell anything of friend and relations; he said he was a foundling, and had neither mother; nor wife or children.—None of the sick knew any thing about him.—One man of his company stopped and said he thought he had a wife in Smith county; and followed well digging for a livelihood.

J. M. Hurt of Upshur County, Texas, Company (D) or Farp's, died at 9 o'clock, Feb. 21st 1862, of Typhoid Pneumonia.

Have written to Post Master, Smith county, also to Mr. Hurt's Father.

May left a good pony, a few old clothes and 35 cts. Hurt a fine mare, good clothes, pistol and 25 cts. He was a perfect gentleman, and died happy so far as religion is concerned, but said he would much rather have died in battle, also remarked that his brothers would avenge his death.

David Taylor.

Skipped to May 5, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

New Branch of the Service.—We learn from the Richmond Dispatch that the government has determined to inaugurate a new branch in the military service, viz: infirmary companies, in imitation of the Bavarian army, to remain in the rear of the line of battle to bear off men when wounded. They are equipped with appliances for administering relief to the wounded. In consequence of this establishment, the troops are hereafter forbidden to leave the field in action to bear off the fallen, which will be attended to by the infirmaries, whose corps is now being recruited.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Ladies of Mission Valley
Victoria County.
To the Ladies of Texas.

To our sisters throughout the State of Texas, we send this greeting. The dark hour in our Country's history is approaching; her peril is great. Our young men have gone forth to offer their lives in defence [sic] of our homes and our altars. We feel that the time has come for us to act our part, and if we can meet with hearty co-operation which we feel assured you will give, we will be able to do much to perpetuate human liberty. Money is one of the sinews of war. One million of the precious metals, at least, is now lying in our caskets; let us lay them upon the altars of our country. We propose that each County organize a Society, and immediately collect the treasure now lying useless, and forward it to our patriotic Governor to be by him disposed of and the proceeds to be given to the Treasurer of our country. Let each County as soon as organized

report to the Herald.

Bessie Throop,	Henrietta Scott,
Sue Cole,	Jennie Throop,
Fannie Scott,	Sadie Swan et al.

Papers throughout the State please copy.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Woolen and Cotton Cards.—We are extremely happy to learn by the New Orleans Crescent, that J. M. Keep, of Selma, Alabama, has in process of construction a machine for the manufacture of woollen [sic] and cotton cards. He has shown a specimen of his handiwork and the Reporter has no hesitancy in pronouncing him fully capable of his undertaking.—The specimen exhibited was made by the model of his machine, which is to be moulded [sic] out of iron.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5-6

Memphis, April 8th, 1862.

Dear Major.—

We reached this city without any accident worthy of note, and feel much rested. I find this city filled with soldiers like Des Arc. Most of the soldiers were much fatigued when they departed from the latter place. Price's and McCulloch's old Division having marched from Van Buren, over a hilly, and wet road. But the Brigade to which Young's and Sims's are attached, had the day previous only reached Des Arc and were immediately dismounted—then ordered to cook five days rations and on the 7th we started to this place. I have been informed by some of our friends from Texas, that it was rumored in Texas, that the Texans did not do their duty on that day. Knowing as much as any of them, being present, having seen, and heard it all, at least on that side of the mountain where Gen. McCulloch's division was engaged, I will make only a *statement of facts*, as to the Texians upon that day.

The enemy were stationed at three points on the 1st of March. On the 4th of March Price's and McCulloch's command commenced the advance march from the foot of the Boston Mountains; and marched near Fayetteville and encamped near the 5 miles passing Fayetteville, the two commands took a left hand road, bearing in the direction of the Elm Springs, avoiding the Cross Hollows which is on the Telegraphic road which road leads from Springfield to Fort Smith. One Division of the Fed's was at the Cross Hollows another at Bentonville in Benton county, Ark., and the main army at Sugar Creek, or the Elk Horn Tavern, about eight miles distant from Bentonville, and the Cross Hollows. On the night of the 5th, the army camped at the Elm Springs where we were exposed all night to the snow, and severe cold—for I think it was one of the coldest nights I ever experienced. At 2 o'clock a.m. on the 6th of March, Greer's, Young's, Sims's, and two Missouri Regiments, under the command of Gen. McIntosh, were ordered to saddle up, and soon the Bugle sounded to mount, and march—It was so very cold, that our horses seemed to suffer, though we rode rapidly. I passed boys that day and night, who were poorly clad, with whom I deeply sympathized, and it was not in my power to relieve them. I heard them crying from the severe pain of the cold, but nothing would have made them fall back, but a direct order from their commander. Fortunately for the command, about 10 o'clock on the same day, the Sun began to shine brightly, and soon the clouds were dispelled and the piercing winds ceased to trouble us. We reached Bentonville on that day about 1 o'clock p.m. at which place Seigel had his command. The Infantry marched by another, and nearer road, and was

designed, I have since heard, to cut off Gen. Seigel. The Cavalry to start them from Bentonville, and the Infantry to attack them in front, between Bentonville, and Sugar Creek. But the Infantry did not reach their point soon enough, and the commander and men, had to witness their best laid plans foiled by the enemy. For no sooner did old Seigel see the rebels advancing, than a hasty and rapid retreat was ordered which was covered by two pieces of cannon, and Cavalry. Greer's Young's and Sims's Regiments attacked the rear of Seigel's command, which was 10,000 rank and file, hoping the Infantry would bring on the engagement in front. Our men firing upon them, and they upon ours, until late in the evening, without much damage to either. Some ten or twelve men were wounded on that day—none killed, except S. Moses killed which was all the injury McIntosh's command sustained. Almost exhausted from hunger, and labor, for none had eat any thing since the evening of the 5th of March, we encamped, Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, on Little Sugar Creek, about 12 miles from the latter ground on the 7th.

The weather by this time had become very mild, at least comparatively so; and at 1 o'clock a.m., on the 7th, the whole army was ordered to move. Our picket guards had reported that the enemy were concentrating on the Big Sugar Creek, which runs between two high mountains, and on the top of the mountain. That proved to be a mistake, for one part of their command was on one side of the mountain, and one on the other, or one on the east, and the other on the west side. So Gen. Price was assigned the position of attacking them on the East side, marching in their rear and then South on the Springfield and Fayetteville road or more familiarly known as the Telegraph road. Gen. Price is a soldier, statesman, and patriot. He and his men drove the enemy from their position on that day they falling back to the top of the mountain; and at its bases, Price with his command camped at their commissary store, which was the Elk Horn Tavern.

Gen. McCulloch was to attack the enemy, on the east side of the mountain, one mile and a half distant from the Elk Horn Tavern. The country was so mountainous that it would not permit the enemy to engage all their forces advantageously; for they must have had 30,000. Gen. McCulloch ordered his Cavalry to march in advance of the Infantry and Artillery. The two commands were soon divided. It was then about 11 o'clock a.m. We were marching the direction in where all supposed the enemy to be. A halt was ordered. Col. Stone's regiment was placed on the left, Greer's remained in the rear. When Young's & Sim's Regiment, Brook's Battalion, and Stand Watie's Indian regiment were ordered to march to a point of woods about one half a mile from us. These regiments had been formed into fours and were marching in solid column. They were then marching through a field, and about the time that they reached half way to the point of woods, from our right, the cannon told the tale that the Fed's were near, and that we had been deceived. The [illegible] were on our left, Price's army was on our left, and the impressions throughout the command, was that the enemy were there in our front, or to the left. To have fallen back, would have resulted in destruction, and nothing was left but to charge the Battery, which was done successfully. It was not made in any form, but the boys yelled like so many fiends, or wild Indians, which caused the Fed's to think our number was much larger than it ever had been. The Infantry, and Cavalry seemed to take a panic at the desperate charge and deserted their Battery. Had they stood firm those regiments which made that charge could have been ruined. Col. Sims was wounded, while gallantly leading his men to victory. Capt. Nicholson of Young's regiment was also wounded. Young's regiment had about 15 men wounded; none killed. The Fed's can't stand a charge, if properly sustained.—They never charge. You can imagine the confusion which succeeds a triumph of that kind; and it was some time before the regiment could again be organized. Soon after that Battery had been taken, over

towards the base of the mountain, we saw the Infantry, and Artillery approaching. Soon our Infantry commenced upon them—then the Artillery, until the fight became general. They fought one hour, and I could tell from the triumphant yells of our troops, that they were giving the Fed's particular Jesse. Right there the pride of Texas, & the South fell. Ben McCulloch had been shot by a sharpshooter. Both parties seemed to be resting; and up to that time, Gen. McIntosh did not know that McCulloch had been killed. I met McIntosh upon the field. He asked where is my Cavalry? I told him where two regiments were. He then asked me where Gen. McCulloch could be, saying that he had not seen him since early in the engagement. He then directed me to go down to the field where all the Cavalry were, and bring them there. I did so. Three regiments which had made this charge, had been dismounted by order of Gen. McIntosh, to support Capt. Hart's Battery, which was then unprotected. The enemy's Battery was trying to dismount Hart's Battery, and Hart's that of the enemy. It was important to both sides; to have those Batteries there, for the cannonading was so heavy upon each other, that they could not fire upon our Infantry' who were then fighting on the left of the enemy's Battery. McIntosh left us dismounted, with orders to wait for further orders. His plan was I know to take the dismounted men over where the Infantry were engaged, if Hart's Battery was not attacked and all were surprised that no orders came. One of his Aid's was with us. But Gen. McIntosh for whom I had prophesied so brilliant a future, fell at the head of his old regiment, and two others, while making a charge upon an enemy greatly superior in numbers. Stone's, Greer's, Young's and Sims's regiments, and Crump's Battalion, were the only Texas troops engaged that day. Col. Stone's regiment protected our baggage train. I took about 1000 men commanded by Gen. Green of Mo. to protect this train. The enemy aimed to burn it. General McIntosh's plans were never effected. McCulloch had fallen first, and he did not know it. Gen. Pike who should have taken command after McIntosh had fallen, was the only man on the field who was the *least alarmed*, and he gave no orders.—Col. Churchill's regiment, (now Gen. Churchill,) did not move after they reached the field. Like many others I could mention—all waited for orders. Texians have much to do, for *much is expected of them*; but upon the 8th, they did every thing they were directed to do; and the little feuds which existed between McCulloch and Price, should never breed bad feelings. The animosity of those two men spread through both Divisions of the army.—Let the friends of Texians be not alarmed—they will sustain themselves. McCulloch's and McIntosh's fall was one of the falls of war, the misfortune of which we have had to bear. McCulloch's Division reported on the morning of the 8th to Van Dorn—determined to avenge the death of McCulloch; but to the surprise of the whole army, a retreat was ordered. All felt, in the language of Lincoln *that no body was hurt*. The reasons are given in Van Dorn's report. McCulloch had on the field about 9000 men—4000 were engaged—the others had no orders. When in rear of Hart's Battery, we had to lie on the ground for two hours, to keep the shot and shell from the enemy's Battery, from reaching us. We camped in one half of a mile of the battle field, and few knew that our general had been killed. All thought strange that we received no orders during the day. The Fed's say to our prisoners who have escaped, that they were whipped; and on the 8th they intended to raise the white flag. They did not even follow us. Texas is in no danger; they will never come there.—They are concentrating all their forces upon the Valley of the Mississippi.

Yours truly,
Dixie.

Why New Mexico Was Invaded.

With the exception of forts Union and Craig, Gen. Sibley's army has possession of every point of any military importance in New Mexico. In Arizona our sway is undisputed. Col. Canby, with his force, is shut up in fort Craig, and cut off from all communication, so that his surrender, it may be presumed, is but a question of time. Fort Union is very strongly garrisoned, and in good condition in every respect, but our forces will soon invest it also. All this has been accomplished by an army small in number, but in every respect one of the best that ever won the victory. Why we have sent such an army as this into the far distant west, to conquer a country disposed, at least, but indifferently to our cause, is thus well answered by the Houston (Texas,) Telegraph.

Prominent among the schemes of our enemies, has been so surround us with "a cordon of free territory, and let slavery sting itself to death." Suppose, now, we succeed in beating back our invader; and force him to acknowledge our independence after a long and desperate struggle. That simply done, leaves us, with reference to this "cordon" matter, just where we were before, and with the ground in possession to carry out the scheme as well as the revenge rankling in his heart to push him to superhuman exertions to accomplish his object. Our territory would be our own, but by far too limited in extent for the success of our social system. We should be surrounded by people whose every interest would be advanced by our injury.

It was to prevent this that Mr. Davis set on foot the move he did for the conquest of New Mexico, and entrusted it to Gen. Sibley. We do not presume that either Davis or Sibley looked to see our armies welcomed by the people. If they could produce a favorable impression, it was to be desired, but whether they could nor not, the conquest must be made; or our liberties would be but half won with our independence acknowledged. Nor is this all. The conquest of New Mexico opens the way to that portion of the Pacific coast that affiliates with us in sentiment. It is the entering wedge to the breaking off from the United States of all of that coast we desire. It also is the opening scene of our manifest destiny.

Let us then hear less of the "extravagance of sending an army a thousand miles to conquer a country not worth having." Let us [torn off] that Sibley's army will be fully supported and that the Confederate flag will be not only [torn off] but most firmly supported in the region of New Mexico.

Skipped to May 26, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Among the many slanders about me circulated here, I have been informed this morning that one is handed round by some Gentlemen to the effect that I was trying to get another wife, in the Choctaw Nation. It seems to me that my position here, with a family, and home ought to be sufficient with Gentlemen to justify them to have condemned such petty slander. I here say to all good meaning men (gentlemen,) that this with the many other circulations of slanderous tone by some unknown lying scoundrels, are base and unfounded lies and hope gentlemen will do me the justice to treat them as such. I have heretofore considered them and their authors, beneath my notice, but for my friends should still do so, and such should be their treatment by gentlemen every where.

W. H. Gill.

From Santa Fe.

Special Correspondence of the Houston Tel.

Santa Fe April 10

Ed Tel.,--From the day we left Mesilla all eyes were strained to get a peep at Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. After travelling over the roughest mountain country you ever saw, for more than two hundred miles, we have at last reached the long looked for place, 2d day of April.

Imagine our astonishment! Instead of a fine city, a group of mud cabins--instead of neatness and beauty, loathsomeness and filth,--instead of intelligence, the grossest ignorance. What a capital for a great nation.

On the 4th we took quarters in the city of Santa Fe. There are few friends of the South here. The population are mostly Mexicans.

Governor Canby fled before us. Judge Benedict, of the Supreme Court, and in short all the noted characters left. Judge Beard, of this Territory, was as true a southern friend as we found. He proved it by his acts.

Gen. Canby's residence is here. I have seen his accomplished lady--and a lady she is, too, in the true sense of the word, with as warm a Southern heart as throbs in any bosom. Mrs. Canby was born and raised in South Carolina; and has all the hospitality, as well as the true spunk of Carolinians. When our sick, and wounded, reached town, she was prompt to visit the hospital, and did all in her power to make the sufferers all comfortable. Oh, how angel-like this visit to our care and toil-worn and suffering boys.

She says that Gen. Canby is only fighting for pay; that he has no means of support except his office, and hard as it is, he must fight to earn a support of his family.

Col. Sm. Scurry, with the first regiment, Maj. Pyron with Baylor's regiment, and Major J. S. Shropshire with four companies of the second regiment, went out twenty two miles north of this place to Glorietta Canon, where they came upon the enemy suddenly. The enemy opened a cross fire into their ranks, when the command was immediately given by our officers to retreat. We then retreated. The next day our men met them upon the same ground and whipped them, winning a glorious victory. We lost 3_(?) [note: second number not readable, question mark in parentheses part of quotation] killed, and as many wounded. Maj. Shropshire and Maj. Raguet of the first regiment were killed; Captain D. W. Shannon with twenty of his men, were taken prisoners; Capt. Wells, with forty of his men, Lieut. Rhone of Capt. Dan Ragsdale's company, were likewise captured by the enemy. Several of the men have returned to their respective companies on parole, and some have been exchanged.

After the fight was over, and while our forces were on the field, one thousand of the enemy's cavalry slipped around to where our wagons were and fired and burnt them up, destroying every thing, belonging to the above named commands.

Col. Scurry now in command, we were marched back to Santa Fe. The men had now been thirty hours without food, and had lost every vestige of their clothing, &c, all the goods that could be found in Santa Fe were appropriated, and the poor boys tolerably clothed again.

We have a great deal of sickness at this time. The whole brigade only numbers about 1700 and they have been so near run to death over mountains that they are scarcely fit for duty, but with this small army we could hold our own if we had provisions. The enemy cannot drive

us out, but famine soon will do it.

Mr. Editor, I have given you faithfully the details of our march to this place, and the transactions to date, now allow me to give you a few reflections. The Territory of New Mexico is utterly worthless. It never will be the abode of civilized man. This is out of the question. The cost of our expedition will be more than four such territories could be worth. Our expedition has therefore been a wild goose chase, that will never benefit any one. The naturalist is the only character that could be benefitted by travelling here.--Our army cannot be subsisted here, and the enemy has only to wait a few weeks till famine runs us out, to possess the country quietly again.

You may think my notions strange, but my dear sir, I fear before this reaches you, we will be compelled to quit this country, and had I time, I could convince you or any intelligent person that all the above conclusions are correct. When an opportunity presents I will write you again, and rely upon it, I will not mis-represent anything.

Very respectfully yours, W.H.S.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 21, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

A large stock of Cotton Cards for sale by several houses in Shreveport.

[Note: About this time, the Standard starts being published sometimes weekly, sometimes every other week.]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Army Express.

Mr. Henry Bingham, an old citizen of Hopkins County, known to us for the past eighteen or twenty years, is a regular carrier of letters accredited by our officers and men. He will be at Clarksville on the 15th, and at Marshal on the 20th of every month, and will deliver letters at the main army, wherever that may be. The charge is fifty cents per letter in Confederate, or any current money.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

In the great battle near Richmond some Confederate soldiers were under arms for six days on the battle field. They stood in line until they dropped asleep or fell from sheer exhaustion. During the long hot days and in the watches of the night, many of the ladies of Richmond were seen passing up and down the lines with baskets, pitchers, and pails, giving the soldiers coffee, or food, and encouraging them. While the shells were hurling through the air, and "the bravest held his breath for a time," fair women moved about, bringing water to the thirsty, food for the famishing, and smiling through their tears, told the soldiers to be of good cheer. Were not such women worth fighting for?—True Democrat, July 17th.)

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 3-4

Hdqrs. 15th Regt. Texas Cavalry, }
Batesville July, 1862. }

Editor True Dem.

Dear Sir--I send you a report of a scout made by my command on the 8th inst. which you are at liberty to publish, if you please, for the benefit of interested friends in Texas, among whom

are your readers.

Very truly yours
Geo. H. Sweet,
Col. Com'dg.

Hdqrs. 15th Regt. Texas Cavalry, }
Batesville, Ark., July 12 1862. }

Capt. Hart, Ass't Gen'l.

Brig. Gen. Rust--

Sir:--I have the honor to report the result of a scout by a portion of my command, consisting of one hundred and fifty one men, on the 8th inst.

Learning about 10 o'clock, a.m. of that day that a body of the enemy, said to be 258 strong were coming down from the direction of Salem, in Fulton county, en route for Jacksonport, via Sulphur Rock, and Orient ferry, on Black river. I immediately ordered a forward movement of a portion of my command, having it in view to take the lower road leading from Batesville to Jacksonport and to intercept the enemy and cut him off from the ferry.

The command was very soon put in motion and proceeded as rapidly as the excessive heat of the weather, and the jaded condition of our horses would permit; but notwithstanding all my exertions, the enemy passed the point where I hoped to intercept him, before I reached it, and made good his retreat to the ferry. Determined not to be completely foiled, I concluded to follow him, and give him battle, though I knew I should have to fight a largely superior force to my own, in point of numbers. I believe I could come upon him suddenly as to completely surprise him, & perhaps to effect a complete victory before he could fairly recover from the shock. To effect this, I made the following disposition of my forces: Capt Thos. J. Johnson, my quartermaster, was assigned at his own request, to the command of ten men, as an advance picket, to keep well in advance, until we should near the enemy, when all were to move nearly together. Next to Capt. Johnson was placed Capt. A. Faulkner, in charge of the rifles and sharpshooters and after these, the main body led by myself.

Being anxious to make the fight before dark we moved with all possible speed, and about half an hour before sunset, came upon what was supposed to be the enemy's pickets. Capt. Johnson captured one of them; the other escaped. It turned out, however, that the enemy had no pickets out, and that we were right on the main body. A charge was immediately ordered by the advance, and executed with telling effect. Capt. Faulkner followed with his command, in a sweeping gallop, the main body moving close behind him. Unfortunately for us, we had to charge down a lane, and could only move for [sic] abreast; and before the main body could gain position, both our advance, (including Capt. Faulkner's rifles) and the enemy became enveloped in such a cloud of dust and smoke from the fire of our guns that for a few minutes, it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. This was most fortunate for the enemy. He was thus given time to rally. I immediately galloped to the front to ascertain against what point to direct my column. I found that nearly all the enemy's force on the north side of the river (a considerable portion had previously crossed the river,) was put to flight, except a few who had taken shelter behind some old building and trees, and some who had taken position under cover of a train of wagons which almost completely blocked up the road near the ferry. I ordered a charge for the purpose of driving these squads from their hiding places, whence they were

deliberately firing on our advance. By this time, that portion of the enemy on the opposite side of the river, having recovered from the panic, had formed in line of battle, and was pouring a galling fire on our entire line--a fire which was particularly severe on the advance of the main body which, under command of Capt. Sanders, had already been ordered up to the support of the rifles. Notwithstanding this severe fire, the first squadron came into position in fine order, and commenced delivering its fire, on the enemy on the opposite side of the river, 200 distant. I soon found that this was too long a range for our shot guns, and ordered a charge over the hill right down next to the river, where a large number of the enemy was secreted under a bluff close to the waters edge. This charge I attempted to lead in person; but as my command moved in front it was thrown into some disorder by the rifles, who had gotten into confusion; and completely blocked up the passage. At the same time my horse was killed under me, and before order could be restored, the entire command had fallen back 200 yards. I was still on foot, when Capt. Sherwood offered me a seat on his horse behind him, which I accepted until we both came up with the command, where I obtained another horse, and endeavored to rally the men; but the enemy were now pouring a perfect shower of balls upon my broken and confused columns, and I soon found all attempts to reform under such a fire impracticable. I therefore ordered a retreat beyond the range of the enemy's guns; where after some difficulty, I succeeded in restoring order, and reforming. By this time I had learned from the prisoner captured that we had been fighting the whole, or nearly the whole of the 5th Kansas regiment, and was satisfied, also from the reception we had met, that the odds of numbers against us was so great, and such the enemy's advantage of position, it would be imprudent to renew the attack, and hence continued the retreat.

Our loss in the engagement was seven men killed, and seven wounded, besides some others so slightly as not to be reported. Two of the men are badly wounded, but I believe all will recover. We brought off all our wounded, except private Jones, who was accidentally shot as we went down, and left at a house half a mile north of the battle ground.

It is impossible to obtain an accurate account of the enemy's loss as he was left in possession of the field, and would not allow any citizens to visit the scene of conflict until all his dead had been buried, and his wounded carried off. Some of the men acknowledged to the citizens of Jacksonport a loss of twenty five killed and like number wounded. There was above forty horses without riders when the enemy passed through Jacksonport on the following morning. Besides, the night after the engagement, the enemy destroyed nearly all his train and camp, and garrison equipage, and evidently left in haste. From these facts I am convinced that he considered himself roughly handled, and dreaded another attack.

Early on the morning after the engagement I dispatched Capt. James E. Moore, with a flag of truce, to bury our dead; but he met Lieut. Dougherty, who had been ordered to fall back, the enemy, returning from the field where he had been to bury the dead, after he found the enemy had left.

I mentioned with feelings of gratitude the gallant conduct of Capt. A. Faulkner, who had two horses shot under him, whilst rallying his men to the charge. Capt. V. P. Sanders and Capt. Thos. E. Sherwood also displayed signal coolness and bravery; as did also Lieuts. Dougherty, Stewart, and Banister, the last named being severely wounded in both arms--his right arm badly shattered by a minnie ball. Many of the privates exhibited great coolness and determination in the fight, are deserving of special mention: but where all did so well it would be invidious to distinguish. Let the gallant conduct of the brave bring the blush of shame when they remember it, to the cheeks of those few who sneaked away without firing a gun.

It is with a sad heart that I have to report the loss of Capt. Thos. J. Johnson of my staff. He fell, shot through the heart whilst gallantly leading his brave little band in a most desperate charge. He was brave almost to a fault. I trust his country will do honor to his memory.

We captured two prisoners--one soldier and one teamster; also a blacksmith's forge with a complete set of tools, horse shoes, etc.

I regret, for the sake of humanity, to be compelled to report the barbarous conduct of the enemy in killing private Jones, the wounded man left at the house on the road, as before stated. After my command had retired from the field, a small party of the enemy's cavalry came out on the road in the direction we had taken and finding Jones; deliberately shot him in the head, although he had not been in the fight, and was wholly unable to make any resistances. Can such an enemy prosper? God forbid it.

Geo. H. Sweet,
Col. Com'dg.
M. Shelby Kennard,
Adjutant.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], August 23, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Clarksville, Texas.
August 18th. 1862.

To the citizens of Dallas, Denton, Johnson, Kaufman, Limestone, Tarrant, Wise, and neighboring counties:

I am specially detailed to procure clothing for the men composing Col. Sweet's regiment of the Army of Arkansas. I can make no stronger appeal in their behalf, than a simple statement of the fact, that they have voluntarily, and cheerfully abandoned all the comforts and enjoyments of home to meet the enemy. That in the brief, and brilliant career of the Southern army, no regiment has borne itself more gallantly than this.

They have been, and are still willing to sacrifice all which is dear to man—even life itself, for the glorious cause of the Confederacy. Under no circumstances will they ever dishonor the great State of Texas.

Winter is approaching rapidly, our march will probably be northward.—An unaccustomed cold, and inhospitable climate will surround them. They therefore earnestly ask that they may not be exposed to unnecessary suffering, and confidently appeal to the patriot citizens at home to furnish them with clothing as comfortable as possible.

That every facility, and convenience may be furnished, I have designated _____ of Denton, _____ of Dallas, _____ of Johnson, _____ of Kaufman, _____ of Limestone and _____ of Wise county.—Who will receive all clothing designated for this regiment and for which I will furnish immediate transportation.

G. B. Pickett,
Lieut. Col. Sweet's Reg't C.S.A.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Beef Market!

The undersigned has established a permanent Market at Longe's shop, for the purpose of supplying the citizens of Clarksville, and vicinity with fresh beef. The families of those who are in the army, who have not the means of purchasing meat will be furnished by me.—I shall be on hand every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and Saturday evening.

I solicit such patronage as will enable me to continue a great convenience to the community.

F. Curry.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

We some time ago suggested that "hog, hominy, and homespun" constituted the actual necessities of life.

Some of our friends in the city smiled incredulously at the idea, and others call it impracticable. We make use of the expression understandingly, and that too after seeing a practical illustration of it in other parts of the Confederacy. The people of the interior of Texas have, since then, begun to put it into true practice, and it is well they have. At the present moment there are not enough of imported goods in the State to clothe one-fifth of its people, and not enough of imported provisions to feed one in a hundred. The time must come in the progress of events, and that too very shortly, when the amount of dry goods in all the stores will not clothe one in a hundred of its population. What then? Homespun; and the sooner people learn to make it, the better for them. Hog and hominy—a rough expression for home produce—we have all come to. Let the people put into operation practical Independence. If the country will not subsist the population, it is not worth living in. We are not worthy of our liberties, if we cannot conquer them—the country is not worthy of us if it cannot support us.—[Houston Telegraph.]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 4-5

Summary: Copy of General Order No. 7, Gen. Bee, Head-Quarters Sub. Mil. Dist. of the Rio Grande, San Antonio, July 21st 1862 which outlines duties of Provost Marshals throughout state of Texas, including issuing passports; gives form of passport

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 1-2

Arlington House, }
Richmond, Va. August, }
24th, 1862. }

Dear Standard:--

We have been here nearly two weeks though time passes without much note, except the daily feeling that it is passing without bringing adequate results. We arrived here expecting to get away in a week or ten days, and I commenced operation the very night of our arrival, by seeing a member of the Cabinet, and occupying his time until nearly 2 o'clock next morning. But with every practical effort it is not possible to get along fast, while one can get so few opportunities to see the higher officials, resulting from the great pressure upon them from thousands who want something done.—There are continued obstacles to progress if one wants much done; and I have determined to get every thing desirable done t this time, and not to running to and fro. I find the President sensible, affable, and disposed to assist; the Secretary the same; but our Quarter-Master finds continual difficulties in the way of getting all we want for the regiment, and I have to remove those obstacles by appeals to the Sec'r of War, and the President, and this takes time. I am determined to have all we are entitled to, and more than most get,

before we return home. I have been engaged for two days past in a fruitless effort to coax some Revolvers out of the Navy Department, assisted by a letter from the President, RECOMMENDING it, and the friendly concurrence of the Naval Ordnance officer, but I have failed, and shall to-morrow make a requisition for the money to purchase, which the President has told me I shall have. The army in the field in this State, is without tents, and there are more here; but I think I can get some on the way home. I shall have to hunt up my shot guns in the Southern Arsenals—there are none here.

We have been expecting here daily the news of battle, but the enemy has fallen back by the strategy of our Generals, however, we have got the blackguard Pope encircled, and if we do not bag his whole force, he will be lucky. Two lines of our army are between him and McClellan, the latter having abandoned James River altogether. Pope is already backing out of his intended outrages upon our peaceful citizens; he does not like the reprisals we have commenced.

Richmond is full of people; an immense throng, and prices of most articles are fabulous. Beef 60 cents per pound, butter 7c; Green tea ten to twelve dollars per pound; Coffee 2½ dollars by the sack; Lemons 1,25 cents each. I had arranged for a ride to the Chickahominy battle ground to-day, (horse hire \$8 per day,) but deferred it on account of threatened rain. General T. J. Chambers, who had charge of the 4th Texas, in the fight of the 27th in the desperate charge upon the enemy's hill battery, was to be our guide. Druey's [sic] Bluff, or as the enemy terms it Fort Darling, is another point for visitation. It is said to be impregnable, and I suppose is not likely to be attacked—Took a look last Sunday at the Virginia No. 2. She will cut her way through, wherever she goes. Richmond is invaluable as a manufactory of arms and munitions of war. We make nearly everything here important to service.—The manufacture of Percussion Caps, for small arms and cannon, is quite ingenious, and interesting. Since we have been here long trains of artillery, and army wagons, and some troops have passed through, on their way to Stonewall. Richmond, though a beautiful city, is quite unacceptable to most strangers, from the unceasing extortions which have infected the moral atmosphere of the place. The extent and universality border upon a general system of pillage. The hotels charge hugely, and live quite indifferently. A few days since we moved up out of the throng, to this one; which although on Main Street is comparatively secluded, quiet, genteel and comfortable. We have a few members of Congress here, and they are scattered through hotels and boarding houses all around. All our Texas members are present, and in good health, and as a delegation have a respectable standing. They all take the proper interest in public affairs. I have met them all, also Dr. Mitchell, Judge Hanley, and Judge Batson of the Arkansas delegation. The standing of Judge Reagan here, as a laborious and intelligent Agent is good. The Secretary of War stands well, and is certainly an intelligent and most agreeable public Agent. Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy is not especially popular or influential; and Mr. Memminger, the Secretary of Treasury is most decidedly unpopular, and I think probable [sic] deservedly so. He seems to have an especial pique at Texas, and will be apt to get some hard rubs before long. He frequently says that Texas has done less, and claimed and received more than any other State in the Confederacy. As this is simply untrue, he will be likely to hear more of it.—I think that he, and another Jewish functionary here, have very little favor for the Southwest. Col. Myers the Quartermaster General seriously informed our Quartermaster yesterday, that he would not give an order for anything to go west of the Mississippi. This was in answer to our requisition for tents, accompanied by a request for an order on Columbus. But whenever this Hebrew gentleman gets in our way, I intend to put him out of it by a little leverage from Headquarters. The truth is that the

unavoidable delays incident to the mass of work to be accomplished, are increased by the dog in the manger nature in some of the subordinate officials, and there had better be a change, beginning in the Quartermasters department. The commissary department is so managed as to cause little or no complaint.—I have found the officials of the Ordnance and naval ordnance bureaus, of the Adjutant Generals and the minor officials of the Treasury Department quite agreeable.

I find here Gen. T. J. Chambers, Col. W. R. Scurry; Ebenezer Allen; W. D. Miller, Col. W. P. Lane, Col. Reilly; Judge Terrell; Maj. Truitt of Shelby, Capt. Buford of Hopkins, and others known to many of our people.

Clothing is enormously high in Richmond—Four the only article of necessity comparatively cheap. Flour is worth \$12 per barrel manufactured here by mills which are, I believe unsurpassed in the world, in capacity, and quality of manufacture.

I am somewhat disappointed in the Washington monument; the design is imposing but the great equestrian statue surmounting it does not fill my expectation—it is hardly THE Washington; and the form of the horse is not faultless. Still the general effect is grand. The Capitol grounds never fail to impress the beholder with a sense of their natural beauty.—The grass lots are now much tramped by soldiers and loungers, but the locality is full of beauty. As we approached the bridge over the James river coming into the city, the Capitol as of yore proudly loomed up before us, and the flag of the Confederacy spread out to the breeze from the staff surmounting the roof, stirred the blood like the sound of the trumpet. With a powerful field glass the view from the roof of the Capitol is very fine. You see the country all around; and on the opposite side of the river the noblest battle fields for armies of a hundred thousand each, that the eye ever looked at. Down the winding James is the pontoon bridge—opposite is Belle Isle—a little elevation around which the river divides; and on the summit of the isle, the white tents of the Federal prisoners. The James around it, comes along over shallow rock, and between others visible to the eye—the river having the appearance of some broad mountain creek. Also in sight, all around, the earthworks thrown up by the State authorities, for the defence [sic] of the city.

Richmond has many tasteful and attractive residences, commencing immediately west of this house where I write, and extending over considerable area of ground, just enough broken to set each block or two of buildings in tasteful relief, and give variety to the prospect. I confess that I like the site very much. I have not been able to get out into the country yet.

Theatres are in full blast here now. If they could not live in these times, their chance in other times would be bad indeed, and they are crowded to density every night—money being as free in its course, as water from a bold Spring.

On our way here, I stopped in Columbia, S. C. a part of one day, and was much pleased with the place. It looks old fashioned, but has beauty of site, handsome residences, and a great deal of style. Not the least in consideration, it has a great deal of feminine beauty, of which Richmond has very little. The great wide streets of Columbia, with the rows of trees on each side, and the row of trees in the middle, constitute a feature of beauty. We were gratified to find a Texas neighbor (Anderson Moores, Esq.) at Columbia; it gave us a home like feeling to meet him. From Ridgeway, (25 miles north of Columbia,) clear through South Carolina, the red lands had a pleasant aspect. We passed through Raleigh N. C. without stopping long enough to leave the vicinity of the Cars.

The trip here was exceedingly laborious and in great part disagreeable. The cars are oppressively overloaded. It is a continual rush for seats, and the crowd creates unpleasant heat. We avoided this in part by taking the route through Columbus and Macon to Augusta and then

the route by Columbia and Raleigh instead of the more direct route by Wilmington; but as we neared Richmond it became almost intolerable. We are in hope that the cars will be less crowded on our return. We are satisfied that the Lynchburg and Chattanooga route would be more pleasant, but for the purchase of necessities for service, it will be preferable to go to Atlanta—perhaps to Charleston.

Our friends Gould, and Corley leave on the 26th and will probably bear this letter.

As Ever C. DeM.

P.S.

Our regiment is accepted as Cavalry, and the regimental staff commissioned. The Secretary of war has decided, upon the direct application of Col. Walter P. Lane, that no general has a right to dismount troops raised as cavalry or Partisans. It can only be done by order of the War Department. The President says we are quite as likely to retain our horses under acceptance as cavalry, as if we were accepted as Partisans, and the Secretary of War has already applied to Congress to give him authority to Brigade Partisans; and treat them in all respects as other troops, leaving them no distinctive advantages whatever.

C. DeM.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Quarter Masters Notice!

Persons having relatives & friends in Gen. Cooper's Brigade or Colonel A. M. Alexander, or Stephen's regiment, wishing to send clothing, or any other article necessary for their comfort, can do so by applying to me at Clarksville, or by depositing their bundles with W. W. Russell Bonham or Capt. C. Jackson, at Sherman Texas.

J. W. Russell,
Capt. A. A. QM.
Ind. Dept.

Clarksville Sept. 6th 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

From the Indian Nation.

On Tuesday morning last Capt. J. L. Randolph received a dispatch from Ft. Cobb to the effect that there were four hundred federals with fifteen hundred Indians, at Washita Agency, and that the Chickasaw Battalion stationed at that place had to fall back to Ft. Arbuckle.

We do not doubt the correctness of the dispatch, and presume Randolph's battalion will be ordered immediately. We may expect warm work in that quarter at an early day. If the vandals are not met and repulsed, they will, in all probability, descend upon the frontier of Texas where they will commit their depredations—such as have ever characterized their conduct in every portion of the south where they have had access.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 27, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Monroe, La., }
Sept. 24th 1862. }

Dear Standard:--Arrived here night before last, with a lot of Ordnance stores, tents, etc., for which I am endeavoring to procure transportation. Part of the arms for the 29th, which started with me from Columbus, were left at Meridian, and I sent the messenger from the Arsenal back after them from Jackson taking charge of the stores to Vicksburg, from which place we took them down the river by steamer, and have all here now. Capt. McMasters remains at Vicksburg to receive the arms, part of which doubtless arrived on Sunday, and the remainder will be arriving all this week. I shall forward from this place as fast as practicable. The Post Quarter Master tells me he will send off part, day after tomorrow.

Gen. Waul will probably turn over to us ten wagons and teams out of the trains which accompanied his Legion from the west.

Maj. Estes with his command of his detached men left on the train for Talular [sic] this morning. Waul's men will move to-morrow. By the end of this week, I hope all the 29th Texas cavalry needs will be en route for Clarksville from the west bank of the Mississippi.

Six boat loads of returned prisoners came down to Vicksburg on Sunday morning—the last of the Western exchanges.

C. DeM.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 2-5

Cady's Hotel, }
Columbus, Miss., }
Sept. 14th 1862 }

Dear Standard:--

My last should have been from Richmond, on the 1st, had time permitted. I visited on the 31st of August, the three first battle fields of the seven days fight near Richmond, and while the impressions upon my mind were fresh, would have been glad to describe them; but I was busy until my departure, and had to omit the visitation of the other fields of battle, and the trip to Drury's bluff, (now called Impregnable,) which I had promised myself.

In company with Gen. T. J. Chambers, who kindly acted as our guide, Hon. W. B. Wright, Col. W. D. Miller of Texas, now chief Clerk of the Post Office Department, and Mr. Rector of Texas, also in the P. O. Department, I started to the battle grounds, driven by a Hackman who was employed during all the fights, hauling the wounded and dead from the ground and who was himself a material assistant to our survey of the fields. We started down the Mechanicsville turnpike, upon which Gen. Longstreet's division was massed, and along which our batteries, and those of the enemy were posted. We were shown where our men crossed the branch of the Chickahominy, passing through swampy ground, and a skirt of timber, and drove them from their first batteries, upon the heights, and saw the evidences of the retreating fight, until we came to where the enemy made their second stand at Ellyson's Mill or Beaver Dam, where during the night after the first battle, they threw up a long line of entrenchments; (rifle pits) running from hill to hill to pass which our men first charged down into a swamp right under their fire, and being unable to cross the long, narrow mill pond, which was so concealed by timber growth as to be unappreciable until they were up to their necks in it, and then had to cross by a narrow bridge over the stream below the mill, and march up in column, subject to a raking fire from the front, and quartering each side of the road, where our men first came down the hill

on their side, into the narrow swamp, and while in the swamp exposed to the fire from the long line of rifle pits on the opposite hill side, the fight was desperate, and the carnage terrible. Our men he buried by the road side, with head sticks, marked in pencil. Many of them were Georgians. They were unable to rise the opposite hill, as I have said, because of the deep pond, or creek intervening, but running to the foot bridge, and taking the narrow road right by the mill the enemy began to leave their strong position, as soon as our men got within three hundred yards of them. It seems strange to look at the ground that men would have abandoned such a position, until the assailants had mounted the earth works and were upon them. But they did. Right here it is proper to mention the information which our negro driver gave us.—He fully participated in all the feelings which the sight of the ground called up, and thought it strange that the enemy should come to drive people from their own homes. He said that as our men charged down the hill into the swamp about 40 carriages & buggies came right after them, the occupants walking right in among the troops, disregarding the fire and picking up the bodies of their dead or wounded friends and carrying them off. He said that Genl. Longstreet finally ordered them back. He said he was employed during the whole time, and some times had two dead bodies at the same time in his carriage.

The trees, the little old water mill, and two or three old farm houses by the roadside gave very plain record of the fight. The mossy roof of the mill has a great many new shingles which show where shot, and shell had crashed their way through, and its weatherboarded sides are full of bullet holes. Following the road we see where batteries have been placed at all commanding points, trees lopped off, or with wide creases in their stems; some very large ones, (not a few) cut off at various elevations above the ground.

At last we approach the field of the third days fight, known as the battle of Col Harbor or Gaines' mill. First we came to the abandoned residence of Dr. Gaines' son-in-law, occupied first by the enemy, and afterwards by our army as a hospital. It is a large and handsome residence, with roomy grounds in front, now without a fence. In this yard, as Gen. Chambers tells us, when he first came to it, there was scarcely room to move between our wounded who occupied nearly every foot of space. In the garden lie buried many who were never able to leave. Part of the enemy's camp equipage are strewed about. A negro woman, and child, we were told, had remained here all the time, taking care of the property. The fruit trees are hanging full of Apples, Pears, Peaches & Damsons, to which we helped ourselves freely—indeed a great part of the way, our driver taking short cuts through fields denuded of fences had carried us between rows of Apple and Peach trees. Leaving this house, and passing where the enemy had burned a portion of his wagon train and stores, we drove upon the hill fronting that, occupied by the enemy at the great struggle of Gaines' mill, where the Texas Brigade so distinguished itself.

The hill on which we were posted was a gently running creek, with abrupt sides. Along the margin of this creek, for some distance the enemy had cut the timber and it was felled so as to obstruct the creek, and the margin upon their side with the tree tops. With the bodies of the trees they had made a line of breast work. The stems of the trees, from six to twelve inches through, they had placed one upon another lengthwise, holding them in position by heavy stakes. This breast work, about five feet high, they posted their riflemen behind. Above this line, and firing over the heads of their own men, were their batteries. Looking at the ground, one might think that in the creek bed where they could have fired right down upon our men, our loss would have been greatest, but in fact it was greatest as we descended the side of the hill held by us; both grape and musketry doing their work upon us as we descended the slope. As we got to the margin of the creek; they began to leave their breast works, and then our men could not be

reached by the cannon which shot above, they fired at the retreating enemy, and had comparatively safe passage, until they got within cannon range, as they covered the brow of the hill, and there it was short work. Immediately behind the breast work, and all the way up the hill, and upon the margin of the hill in the timber, were numberless relics of the enemy—old government hats, cap-pouches, cartridge boxes, bayonet sheaths, old letters, etc. Inside the breastwork, we found graves and upon the hill, many, where they had been buried singly, and in masses. Yet it did not seem to me, that the number of graves, was comparative with the actual slaughter. This, I suppose, was partly from the burial in heaps, and from the straggling of the places of interment throughout the timber, so as not to be discernable at a glance. In a gully on the hill side where a body had been buried to avoid much digging, the rain had washed it bare. There was the skull [sic]; then the frame work of the breast with the federal uniform, with the belt across the breast, the cartridge box, the cap pouch; and the bayonet sheath. By the side, were some fleshless fingers. There was a little space between the waist line of the coat as though something might have severed the parts of the body, and then came the light blue soldier pantaloons, showing the outline of the hip bones, and the legs, and the fleshless bones terminating the figure of what had once been a federal soldier, and for all we know, one in whom had centered many joys and hopes of a fond house hold, lying there an object of contemptuous hate, in a strange land, a victim, possibly, not of his own inclination, but of the malignant fanaticism of a low spirited government. There lay the remains of others, with skulls [sic] rolling about, or feet and hands protruding from their insufficient covering, while many lookers over the field, from widely distant parts of a once united Confederacy, gazed at them, and remarked involuntarily that hard as it might seem to gloat over the fallen, they could not have wished them any better fate, than to lie where they did unhonored and unknown. The work of removing our own dead had already commenced.—We noticed a freshly opened grave directly under a large apple tree, from which a body had evidently been removed within twenty-four hours. It was easy to understand that it was the body of one of our own men, for he had been buried deeply.

It was the 1st, 2nd and 5th Texas, and the 18th Georgia, (which terms itself the 6th Texas) which had stormed and carried the ground we first examined, where the breast works had been erected; apparently the strongest position the enemy held. An Alabama, a Georgia, and perhaps a Virginia Brigade had been unitedly assailing the hill for four hours, and had all failed and fallen back. It was determined that the hill *must* be carried, and Gen. Whiting called to Gen. Hood commanding the Texas Brigade, to know if the Texans could carry it. He was told, that it was only necessary to give the order; he gave it. Something was said about giving them some support, and after trying his best to rally those who had been previously assailing the position, Geo. Whiting succeeded in getting two companies of Alabamians. While the Texans were taking position preparatory to the charge, Col. John Marshall commanding 5th Texas, was truck in the neck by a bullet which killed him instantly.—In the course of the night, Lt. Col. Rainey was wounded in the hand and arm; and the Major of the Reg't, was, I believe, sick at Richmond. One company of a Texas regiment went through the fight without a single commissioned officer.

The Texans charged with a terrific yell, reserved their fire until it would all tell; went in with a run and continued it clear over the field. If they had marched up slowly they would have been annihilated. There was no pause, from the commencement to the conclusion of the charge. The whole affair was the enthusiastic dash of men who started to go through, who knew they could go through, and did not look upon failure as a possibility.—There was no other fighting like it in the battles near Richmond, except the charge at Malvern Hill, where lives were uselessly wasted in obedience to inconsiderate orders, but where the soldiers of the South

established—even to the acknowledgement of the North, their claim to the title of bravest of the brave, unsurpassed by anything that Napoleon's old Guard ever did.

After the examination of the position of the enemy's left, we went over to their right to see where the fourth Texas charged. There Gen. Chambers knew the incidents of every foot of the way, for he was along starting in on horse, but compelled to leave him at the ravine, because the timber was too dense, and making the rest of the way on foot. My old friend and fellow soldier of '36, Col. J. B. Robertson of Washington county, commanded the 4th, and came through, I believe, unhurt, or not seriously hurt. Just by where they started in, Wheat and his Tigers lie buried in quantities. I did not understand or do not recollect whether they had been killed before or after the charge of the Texans, but suppose it must have been before. Gen. Chambers told me that he noticed next morning one of the Tigers lying dead, with eleven bullet holes through him.

Where the 4th Texas charged, they had timber to go through in descending the hill, and the enemy had their infantry posted in the ravine, which at this part of it, had little, or no water in it. From this ravine they sent up a heavy fire, and there was such a dense smoke that their position was masked. Suspecting after a little, that they were in the line of the ravine, Col. Robertson ordered his men to fire down, and the enemy were soon started, and chased up the hill, and their protecting batteries charged. This ground, down one hill and up the other, was all wooded, covered with small timber, and the hanging limbs, and the bodies of the trees tell the tale plain enough to any one, even if the graves did not. To give an idea, we saw one sapling in the route our men traversed, which showed a surface, as large as an ordinary man's waist, seven feet above the ground, a cannon ball had cut it off, and torn this space down to the ground, eighteen bullets were imbedded in it. If you consider that this sapling was straight, that the enemy were not firing at it, but to avoid it, and hit our men, and that it a perpendicular line of four inches in width and seven feet in elevation, eighteen balls had struck, you can appreciate that leaden balls flew very thickly through that space of woods. Yet we lost not a great many men there, and there is only one way to understand it, and that is the real solution of the apparent miracle. The ravine to be crossed was not deep---there was no breastwork—the trees caught many of the balls and our men never paused an instant—never stopped to fire, after routing the enemy from the ravine until they got fairly on the hill, in presence of the main body, and then they rushed over them.

In the pathway of the 4th Texas across the plains were large brush-arbor encampments, in which were large bodies of the enemy. Our men first took the battery immediately before them on the summit of the hill, pushed on through these encampments, driving part of the enemy before them, and leaving part behind. They pushed on and were under the brow of the hill, on the far side, and with the intention of charging a battery a half mile off, on the next hill. It was nearly night, and they paused to consult, whether it was better to go to the next battery, or to turn back and attend to the enemy in their rear. Concluding that the latter was the safest policy they turned back, and soon encountered the remains of the New Jersey regiment, whose left they had run over, on their way to the second battery. Two or three rounds of musketry were exchanged, and the New Jerseymen concluded to avoid annihilation, and surrendered. Where the 4th charged the second battery, was in an enclosed field. They had killed nearly all the men at the guns, and the horses; and the carcasses of the latter were lying where they fell. In this pathway to the battery, and within this field or near it, the last Texan killed, had fallen. Delesdernier, of Houston, or Galveston. He was carefully buried, and a board at his head, recited his name, Company, and Regiment, and said that his remains would be taken up by his friends.

From this point we started towards Richmond, not having time to visit the field of the Seven Pines before night. We took with us a few federal cap pouches, and bayonet scabbards, left upon the field; as evidences of the fight, went close by Gaines Mill, and residence, and took the nine mile road to town, crossing the Chickahominy by McClellan's bridge, and over the road which has been cause wayed by him to sustain his heavy artillery. By the margin of the Chickahominy was an anchor left by the foe. All along the road were numberless encampments for large bodies of troops, showing the extent of country necessary for his immense army to encamp upon. It was a country admirably suited for the purpose, and for the movement of large bodies of troops. Nearly all the camps were shaded by small cedars cut and stuck in the ground in regular rows, the foliage of which would retain vitality long enough to suit such a purpose admirably.—Nearly all these camps too, were the places where horses had been fed, and the scattered corn had sprouted in the late rains, and came up in great bodies as though sown broad cast for forage. On the way home too, we saw heavy earthworks thrown up for the defence [sic] of the city, and mounted with guns of large calibre [sic]. These, I believe, are in available positions all around the city, but probably will never have to be used. No danger to Richmond is apprehended now.

I regretted much that I could not have seen Drury's Bluff, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, and Fair Oaks, but my business at Richmond was as complete as I could accomplish it, and I did not feel at liberty to stay longer.

The day before leaving I made use of part of the afternoon to visit the famed Tredegar Works, which are invaluable to us, and are massed [?] on a very extensive scale, covering a great deal of ground, and employing a great number of hands. I went especially to see some large guns just cast, for a special use, the ball for which I had seen in the Ordinance office. I saw guns of various kinds, and calibre [sic], the facilities for making any kind here, being ample. The works are by the side of the James, and have the advantage of any desired amount of water power. Virginia supplies plenty of coal and iron which comes down the canal, and we have in the manufactures of Richmond an immense source of army supplies—flour, cloth, arms large and small, military accoutrements of every character. Our mills for manufacturing Powder and small arms are becoming daily more extensive, and of powder especially we shall soon have ample sources of supply, and that of the best grade. I have the best authority for saying, that the powder manufactured for the government, is fully equal to any in the world. The only inferior powder used is the imported article. We have a plenty of cannon, and are continually manufacturing. Our stock of small arms is nearly equal to the requirement. Clothing for the soldiers will be plentiful whenever the wool of Texas can be got to Georgia, and to Richmond. Our army every where east of the Mississippi is in a high state of efficiency—in fact invincible. Our affairs generally in the best possible condition for a New Nation struggling into existence. In fact the world's history tells of no other instance in which a new born nation depending entirely upon its own resources, has so soon put itself into a self sustaining position. We are nearly all right, and the road to success and honor is plainly blazed before us. Not a little of this is due to our Chief Magistrate, the first President of the Confederate States of America. Whatever carping may be done by disappointed, disaffected, or petulant individuals—some of them controlling public journals. I feel that I have some insight of the man's character, and although I did not effect all I wished, in my applications to him; what I did not effect I got a reason for; a reason founded upon public policy; and my confidence in him, and regard for him, have been heightened by a personal intercourse sufficient to exhibit the mainsprings of his action, and his general tone of character. Not that he is perfect—no man is, and I think I see too

strong a tenaciousness to preconceived opinions, and in the sustenance of individuals, and in the support of a particular class of Military man. Yet with these blemishes, I would not exchange him for any man in the Confederacy known to me, for President. I have also a very high confidence in the head of the War Department. A captain of Artillery at the battle of Bethel, he soon became Secretary of War, by virtue of his especial fitness for the station. He is a polished gentleman, who never treats the humblest man rudely, and works at his post much harder than many of the subordinates. Our fellow citizen, the Post Master General, gives universal satisfaction in his office, and does with it all that can be done. The Texas members of Congress in general, are working members. I am indebted for courtesies, to Senator Oldham and to representatives Graham, Sexton, Wilcox, Herbert, and Wright, and also to Senator Mitchell of Arkansas. Our representative Mr. Wright, has been cordial, and unremitting in his attentions to my business and wishes and has facilitated Capts. McMasters and Norwood in getting the money on their requisitions. The progress of business at Richmond, impeded by so many checks necessary to the guarding of government interest and security, and by the fact that nobody can get to the Secretary of War, without an M. C. to pass him in every time; and also by the brief time allowed each day for the reception of business, that no man however pushing, can get along fast, if he has more than one object to accomplish.—At first the Stranger thinks that the hours of the Secretary of War are too limited—10 till one; but when he knows that the Secretary is probably in conference with the President before he gets to his office, and if he happens to be in after one [illegible], as I have been and sees the blinds at the back of the room open, and a little bucket with a napkin over it, set in by a negro boy, and the blinds closed again, and see [illegible] making no movement to leave, but [illegible] work upon the papers before him just commencing; or, if he passes the Adjutant General's office after the gas is lighted, as I have more than once, and sees the Clerks all busy, he will begin to appreciate why it is difficult to get along fast. In all the offices, in the War Department building included the Navy Department, he will find this after dinner work going on. At the Quartermaster General's, however, he will find the office closed and see through the windows that the seats are empty, at 3 o'clock; and at the Quartermaster General's he will probably find less courtesy than at any other public office.—I have had nothing to do with it myself, except through Capt. McMasters, but this is the report of more than one.

From Capt. Minor, the agreeable head of the Naval Ordnance Bureau, I learn that the iron resources of our region of country, will at once be developed. A rolling mill will be established the preparation of pig iron greatly extended and if the metal is found of suitable tenacity, a cannon founder, will also be established. Who knows but the Memphis & El Paso R. R.R. may yet find its iron rails at home.

I have come up to this place, a pleasant little city, through some country which reminded me of home, black prairies, with soft rock excavations for cisterns, and fields in which the black was spotted with lime colored earth, and occasionally a pale [?] rock ploughed to the surface. I am told that unassisted cut off even from North Alabama, it has easily subsisted the army moved down from Corinth, to the present time; and that army is now moving northward. I have come for arms and equipments, and shall get nearly everything I want, but may be delayed longer than I like—can tell better tomorrow.

C. DeM.

Sept. 17th 1862.}

Dear Standard:--

My last was from this place, but its contents had relation mostly to Richmond. Leaving Richmond on the morning of the 3d, Capt. McMasters, myself, and two other Texas gentlemen on military business, came to Lynchburg that night; and remained there two days.—Once again I had a long lingering look at the Blue ridge, and the Peaks of Otter, inhaled the pure air, and looked into the delicious haze of the mountain atmosphere. Its no use talking about sunny skies, and mild climate—these are productive of pleasure, but one who in boyhood has looked upon the mountains looming up to the clouds, and seen the light and shade upon their summits and slopes, and has paddled with his bare feet in the blue waves from the Ocean, rolling up upon some surf beaten beach, nothing else—nothing—nothing supplies the place in whole. Other scenes may render life agreeable; but at every mention in conversation, or in print the old love returns; and the full view of the reality for a little time, brings a period of happiness. My relative, whom I visited near Lynchburg had lived in Alabama once, for eight years; and told me his sensations when he once more got back to the Blue ridge, (he lives within six miles of the base), he felt that he never would be willing to leave the region any more for residence anywhere else. Lynchburg is on a hill side, and not at all attractive to strangers in its first appearance. But a little acquaintance will introduce to you charming residences spotted about the hills, elegantly decorated with rare shrubbery, and within doors, very refined society. Going out of the town westerly, as you reach the outer edge the Blue ridge breaks upon you in a blaze of beauty, and nearly all the way down to the Tennessee line, by the road to Chattanooga, the traveller [sic] passes through scenery of continued beauty, hill and dale, and clear running streams.—New river, where we crossed it, clear running, broad and shallow, and full of rocks, is very pleasant to look upon.

Near the border of Smith and Washington counties, men got upon the cars bearing small bags of salt upon their shoulders, procured from the government salt works for family use.—The works in their origin were private property, but the government controls them now, and out of the 3000 bushels manufactured each days' permits individual citizens to get for their own use in quantities of a bushel, 600 bushels daily at one dollar per bushel. Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee have Agents making arrangements for manufacture on State account. I see that the Government of Georgia has already commenced to distribute a little *giving* to each wife or widow, or widowed mother of a soldier in service, half a bushel, and giving them a preference over other purchasers, for more. The water is obtained by boring and is plentiful. We came south by way of Knoxville and Dalton to Atlanta, where we lay over to feel the market for clothes etc. Found it extraordinarily high—much higher than Richmond. Had from Atlanta, Col. Cumby, of Greer's old regiment for a travelling companion. Leaving, we detached a friend to Augusta, and I went to Columbus, (Ga.) to cry the market for clothes etc. At Augusta our friend found nothing for sale that military men wanted. At Columbus I found little—that little mostly from Richmond, greatly increased in price. I had heard a great deal about Georgia cloth manufacture, and Columbus has two mills, but none of the products that I could find or hear of, were half as good as our home made Jeans, with plenty of wool in it. The Eagle mills are working strictly for the Government, but the product is poor in every respect, and nearly all cotton. The truth is wool is very scarce east of the Mississippi, and the Texas wool deposited at Jefferson and Shreveport much needed. I examined some clothing in the Quartermasters office here, yesterday, made up in the clothing department here. The fabric I liked much better than any I have seen in Georgia, but was very scant of wool, and the reason assigned was, that the

wool could not be obtained.

Louisville, Cincinnati, and Baltimore will soon afford us plentiful [sic] supplies of cloth, and Blankets. In the meantime I have succeeded with some difficulty in getting a partial supply here. None were to be had at Richmond and the supply here not as much in all as I would have required for the regiment; and no present known means of recruiting it; but I begged what I could, and never asked to look at them; us beggars have no choice—especially where there is no variety to choose from.—I am only in *hope* that they may prove good. I have found Col. Trezevant (formerly of Memphis) commanding the Arsenal, Maj. Anderson the Quartermaster and Capt. Logwood military store keeper; very agreeable gentlemen, and have been furnished with all the [illegible] of their control. Remaining here some days, and each day walking through the public works which are extensive—employing 700 hands, I have availed myself of my observation to get some articles which I might otherwise have overlooked. Of some of these the supply on hand is not sufficient to fill my requisition, and they will be forwarded as soon as ready.—Part of the shot guns, and most of the accoutrements will start this evening by the Cars, and will be attended to until they get to Clarksville.

From Mobile here it is 21½ hours trip by the cars. The last part of the way is a black land prairie country, usually heavily productive, out this year seriously affected by drought. This place is one of the prettiest town sites I have yet seen. It is pleasantly undulating, has many very tasteful residences, a very large new hotel, not quite finished, and now occupied as a hospital—accommodates 700 patients—The Tombigbee river runs by the town, a clear pretty stream with a high bluff bank on the town side. It affords navigation from some time in December until April, and 2000 bale boats come to this point. There is nothing fine about the stores in the place, though some of them in prosperous times do a heavy business by the attractiveness of the residences large and small grooms upon one every day. Walking on a tour of observation yesterday evening I noticed a large four story brick building, with architectural pretensions; not yet roofed. Was told that it was the New Female Academy.

Attended last night, an exhibition of *Fableau* [sic] *Vivants* at the Court House. The house was crowded with an intelligent looking and well behaved audience. Quantities of feminines—not much beauty, though a great many, who could pass without criticism. Saw more pretty women in Columbia, S. C. than anywhere else, though I know there are, or once were, a great number about Lynchburg. But in Columbia you see them on the streets. A few stranger beauties in Richmond—very scarce; and hardly any I think pertaining to the place. In Mobile in my two visits, have not seen one.

This town is full of Memphians, who have found it convenient to emigrate, and long for the day when they can be permitted to return.

C. DeM.

Skip to November 1, 1862

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Conspiracy.

The plot lately developed in Cooke and Grayson has much more importance at a distance than at home. We learn from a letter of Capt. J. W. Throckmorton, who went with Judge Waddill, to Sherman and gave time to the investigation of the matter, that the association has

never comprised more than one man of any standing, being mostly made up of refugees and suspected persons, quite a number of whom are said to have been hung in Cooke. The head man was Leander Locke, tried in Lamar several years since, for shooting Harrell, and acquitted for want of certainty in the evidence, though universally believed to be guilty. Even the objects of the association are said to be uncertain; persons being taken in upon different definements—some being told that it was a Peace association—others that it was an association to resist or evade Conscription.

Judge Waddill and Capt. Throckmorton addressed the people at Sherman, and a vote was taken of five or six hundred; and the people determined to turn over the accused in that county, either to the Confederate Court, or to the State District Court, for trial under the act of the last Legislature.

It is said that the whole association is west of Fannin, except two or three in Fannin, none east of that county.

The killing of Col. Wm. C. Young, and Jas. Dickson, by some of these scoundrels, growing out of Col. Young's efforts to ferret out the plot, is one of the sorrowful incidents connected with the affair: the hanging of forty or fifty of the Conspirators has doubtless been a great good to society; aside from the honest debt they owed the gallows for their treasonable designs.

Col. Young was well known in this community; in which he lived many years; and well known to nearly every old settler in northern Texas, and to hundreds throughout the State. He had been U. S. Marshall for the Western District, and Colonel of a Regiment of Cavalry at the outset of the war. Previously Colonel of a regiment in the Mexican war. He was a man who made his own character by his presence and manner, and was seldom misunderstood. He was essentially a good man, if generous and humane qualities make a good man—he had a whole heart, and warm social tendencies, and was a friend to be counted on when wanted—to be counselled [sic] with, safely at all times; and with a certainty of enlisting his sympathies in the subject of counsel. We knew him twenty years intimately, and are not certain that we know any better man. Politically or socially, he was always reliable, always candid, always warm-hearted. His death will be felt keenly, not only in his own family, but in his neighborhood, and throughout Northern Texas, by many a one who has felt the warm grasp of his hand, and recollects his hearty laugh, and his bluff, genial salutations. He had lived long enough to be kindly appreciated by thousands; long enough to have served his country on the battle field; long enough to rear one family of children. There is another growing up, which will miss his cheery voice; and a widow who has tasted of sorrow before. Her pathway is again desolated, but she will have the sympathies of many; and even sympathy in sorrow, is sweet to the sufferer.

Skip to January 22, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Saddle Blankets.

A very superior article heavy carpeting, suitable for saddle blankets, for sale by

W. P. Dickson & Co.

Clarksville, Dec. 29th, 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Wagons & Teams Wanted

I wish to hire, one hundred Wagons and Teams to transport supplies from Bonham, Texas, to Forts Washita, Arbuckle and Johnson's Station, for the Troops and Indians. Forage will be furnished the Teams, and rations to the drivers and fair prices will be paid in cash.

The Citizens on the Frontier know the absolute necessity that exists, of placing the supplies at those points at once; and I trust will aid me at once as they know as well as myself the necessity for prompt action. Let all persons having wagons, and teams, that can be furnished, report to me at Bonham, Texas, without delay.

I also wish to purchase good Mules, Wagons, and Harness, for which I will pay Cash. Office A. Q. M. C. S. a. Bonham, Texas.

A. S. Cabell.
Capt. & A. Q. M. C. S. A.
No. 41-4ts.

January 1st, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

In looking over late northern papers one is struck with the advertisements for sales of books which are acknowledged to have been stolen from the southern people. Humphrey Marshall's library was lately sold in Cincinnati. There were very valuable libraries in Virginia and South Carolina, all of which have been stolen and carried North. Old and rare books, heir-looms that had been in the several families for centuries, are sold for a mere song.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Wrapping Paper.

A few hundreds old newspapers for sale at

"Standard Office."

January 16th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Legislature.

The legislature meets in called session on the 2d Feb. Important propositions will doubtless be submitted to it. Above all things the conscription of Negroes should be brought about by some mode. The idea that a white man can be taken away from his wife and children, and put into the field, not only to fight, but to do menial service, while a sleek negro cannot be reached, but stays at home in comfort, is monstrous. The effective force of the Confederacy can be increased, by conscripting enough negroes to drive teams, cook and wash, to just the extent that the negroes may be furnished to take the places of white men now kept out of the line of battle to do these occupations of drudgery. It must be done—This exemption of classes cannot continue.—All white men are recognized as equal under our Constitution, and must be by the spirit of the laws enacted under the Constitution. The legislature should by resolution, take

ground against exemptions of privileged classes.

Let those who can be of especial service at home, in the management of negroes, etc., have the privilege of putting in substitutes; and let no substitution be permitted except by those who are really *needed* for preserving the social system at home. We need a little energetic legislation upon principles of political equality.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Cotton Cards.—The Augusta Chronicle, Ga., says Messrs. Lee & Co; have manufactured a box of cotton cards which are a perfect model of Whitmore's having been made on a Whitmore machine brought from Baltimore. They are sold at \$10 a pair. It is said Messrs. Lee & Co. desire to take contracts to supply States, and surely our State ought not to lose such an opportunity to provide our people with an article of the greatest necessity. It said those cards formerly sold for 15 cts a piece at wholesale and can be supplied to the State at \$3 per pair at present. The State might be saved millions of dollars in the supply of clothing to our troops, by having our people supplied with the cards to make the clothing instead of having to pay present enormous prices. [Galveston news.]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

The following extract from the message of Gov. Pickens, of S. C. is eloquently true.

One great cause of the unanimity and deep enthusiasm of the whole people in this war for our independence, arises from the fervor and religious zeal in the cause which our clergy and laity of all denominations, have manifested. They have made it almost a holy war. Added to this has been the patriotic and intense feeling our women have universally exhibited. No men who have such mothers, such wives, and such sisters, were ever born to be enslaved.

We, of this State, owe a debt of lasting gratitude to the women of Virginia, in particular.

There is scarcely a mother, a wife, or a sister in South Carolina (and there are thousands,) mourning for the loss of their loved ones that have perished on the bloody fields of Virginia, whose grieving heart has not received comfort from the thought that the sinking soldier and hero in his dying moments was soothed by the kind attention of some tender female of Va. No people of any age or country have ever suffered more than they have in the noble State of Virginia, and no people with the same amount of population, have ever in the annals of history, presented to the world more captains of higher qualities to lead and to command, or soldiers of more heroic valor, than has Virginia, and her terrible sufferings, and hereafter when asked for her jewels, Virginia will not be confined alone to her sons, but she can turn and proudly point to her daughters as pearls that will throw a more than royal [sic?] from her diadem of honor.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Victoria Advocate says that a pair of large Camels are being put on the express from the Rio Grande to Victoria. They are to be harnessed to a large 2 wheeled cart. They will carry 3,000 lbs freight, and make the trip in five to 7 days.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 31, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The exemption act is doing some good.—Twenty cotton factories in North Carolina, have reduced their prices as follows: 4 4 sheetings, 35c, cotton yarns, Nos. five to seven, \$3,50 per bunch.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 7, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 14, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Acknowledgment.

The undersigned Surgeon of the 29th Texas Cavalry, acknowledges his indebtedness, and that of the regiment, to Miss M. B. Anderson, and Miss Bell Gordon, for a box of well prepared lint, and to Mrs. Mary Denoho, for a roll of soft linen for dressings. These articles are indispensable, and very difficult to be got, and many a wounded soldier may have occasion to feel grateful for them.

E. P. Kearby,
Surgeon,

De Morse's Texas Cavalry,
Camp Lee; near Paris, Feb. 9th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Notice.

Just Received,	1,500 yards 7/8 Cotton Osnaburgs,
" "	2 Barrels Rum,
" "	20 Boxes fine Tobacco,
" "	5 Hogsheads Sugar,
" "	3 Barrels Molasses,
and for sale by	

J. H. Darnall.
No.—46—4ts.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 28, 1863, March 7, 1863, March 14, 1863,
March 21, 1863, April 11th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 1-2

Fort Arbuckle
Indian Territory
March 30th 1863

Dear Standard:--

On yesterday (Sunday) morning, the 29th rode into Arbuckle, and took formal possession relieving Capt. Scanland and Squadron, who had held possession for the previous two months.

There was a high wind blowing, and our battle flag floated out in its full dimensions, as we rode up the hill our trumpet sounding, the small garrison gathered around lazily to look at the newcomers. Our column filed into the central square of the Post, was halted and dismounted and stood by their horses until arrangements for occupancy were perfected, by the examination and selection of quarters. On the previous evening the Col. and Capt. Hooks of Red River had called upon Capt. Scanland [sic?], and the Col. issued the order relieving Capt. Scanland [sic?], who commenced preparations for his departure.—We came here with two companies, Co. D, Capt.

Hooks, and Co. I, Capt. Elliott; having left Co. K Capt. Warren at Tishemingo [sic], to scout for runaway negroes and other depredators. A day or two previous to our arrival, Gov. Harris of the Chickisaws [sic], with a small party, had come upon some runaway negroes, killed two, and captured three. All trains from Washita to Arbuckle travel with scouts. We found encamped in the vicinity, Co. B Capt. Wilson and Co. H Capt. Brown, who were sent down on the Red River line, this morning and will be replaced here by four other companies. Capt. Warren will also come up in a few days, and four or five companies will be thrown forward to Elm Springs 30 miles above here, and scout across the country westward. We shall investigate the statement about the big camp of Indians on the Canadian. Our Colonel holds a conference day after to-morrow, with Chiefs of the Seminoles, Osages, Comanches, Ionies, Anadachoes, Caddoes, and Tonkaways. He will meet them at Cherokee-town about 15 miles north of this, and will be accompanied by an escort. He has all necessary authority to make all desirable arrangements and alliances with them; and it is understood that they have long waited his coming, having been informed that he would bring a force sufficiently imposing for protection. The Indians named are not numerous, but useful allies for frontier protection.—The Tonkaways were nearly exterminated by the Comanches last year. The tongs have *invariably* been friends of the Texans. One of them a very sensible looking old fellow, who calls himself "Jeff Davis" came with two squaws to our camp below Washita, and asked for the "big captain," and after obtaining rations for himself and family; presented a hair rope of his own manufacture to the Col; his presentation address being "me—give you." Of course he knew, that to a cavalry man, such a present must be acceptable. Having obtained his rations, our friend Jeff, who is a prudent provider, elaborating upon the extent of his family, big and little requiring to be fed, "heap-e little ones" went that same evening to Washita, a distance of two miles, and drew again for his interesting family. Jeff is a shrewd man, and has a decidedly sensible cast of countenance—rather intellectual. His old squaw was large, fat, and as a matter of unusual delicacy, had a clean cotton handkerchief over her breast. The younger one (I suppose) looked old in the face, but was thought to be a daughter. Both wore Buckskin pantalettes, and had a much saver way of riding on horseback than the feminines on our side of the creek. These ladies in the graceful style of their tribe, held their feet down on both sides of their horses; I believe it looks better, because more natural, than the way of disposing of one's entire bulk, on *one* side of the horse, to say nothing of the natural position. This question can be argued at greater length hereafter.

I believe, that in my last, I gave no description of Fort Washita. It is a beautiful locality, and the buildings, in much better order than I supposed from description. Fort proper there is none; but officers quarters, soldiers barracks, Hospital and officers family residences. Quartermasters, and Commissary's store houses, Armories, Blacksmiths and wagon shops. There were the wrecks of some old stables, never of much value. Some ornamental fencing had been torn away, but no material damage done the post. The hospital of brick, is a large, and good structure. There is one concrete building for barracks. The remainder, I believe, are all frame buildings, most of them well built, and commodious. The scenery around is beautiful. At Flatborough near Washita the Colonel had a conference with Gen. Cooper, who was temporarily at that place, his usual head quarters being at Nunni Waiyah on the Canadian. We had some wagon work, gun work, and horse shoeing done at Washita, got some powder and caps, and stopped on the evening of Thursday the 26th, on Pennington, a beautiful creek, which runs by Tishemingo [sic], in water as clear as crystal, pouring through a sandy bed, with a hill on one side, and masses of rock, bordering and projecting into the stream, we caught fish by tying four hooks together, jerking them into the fish as they passed over the hooks, using no bait.—They

were called red horse fish, and were clean looking and had a good flavor. It was a beautiful camping place. Small pieces of quartz were numerous lying about the larger rocks, which were gray externally. I had no means of breaking, and determining their proper classifications.

The next day we got two miles this side the place of Gov. Harris, which is situated upon black land, and adjacent to a beautiful, free running, rocky creek, which made a bend at the road, requiring us to cross it twice. In the morning, our road lay through high prairie with masses of rock in bold forms on either side, the land mostly poor and coarsely sandy. The rock was in great quantity, and was of a granitic formation, red—In one place was a bed which looked like red marble, spotted with white. At another place on the road side, was a small rock of white marble with blue veins, I tried unsuccessfully to break some but got only some small fragments. The streams throughout the day were clear, with sandy beds. The scenery was very agreeable to me, as a change from the more level confirmation on our side of the river. The prairies were gemmed with myriads of little white flowers, and the little Chickasaw Plum bushes were frequent. I looked for cactus, but found only a few of the common Prickly Pear. Arbuckle is a beautiful locality. High ground with mountains in the distance; sandy around the Fort, but in the bottom near by, splendid mulatto soil, resembling Old Caney. Where we crossed the Washita, five miles before getting to this place, the stream is clear, the bed sandy and rocky, and rising the bank, the lands magnificently rich. Grass is quite short, and it will be close work to keep up our horses here, even by grazing them all day. At Elm Springs above here, the grass is said to be rich. Cattle about here are in good order. The buildings here are commodious and extensive, but were never quite as good as at Washita, and have been more abused. All the post furniture has been carried off, except one large double desk, and a few iron bed steads. There is a large well of excellent water in the centre of the square, and under the hill a magnificent spring. A house has been erected over a square basin of ten by twelve feet, with four feet depth, water entirely clear, and unceasingly bubbling up from the bottom in circles which maintain their identity until they reach the surface, and sparkle as they rise, here and there, continually. If the water were confined, the body of water might be some feet deeper, but an outlet has been given it, and it runs off in a bold branch which would turn a large mill wheel. I have not found time to go any distance around the Post, as yet. There are a few Indian families living about here—two in the Post, and one or two close by. The stables here are large, but somewhat out of order. They are useful however for confining our horses so that we can guard them at night.

A Soldier of the 29th.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 2-3

Surrender of Judge Davis.

The Brownsville flag of the 20th gives the following account of the capture and surrender of Judge Davis:

On the night of Saturday, the 14th, or rather on the morning of Sunday, the 15th, a party of men consisting of some citizens and some soldiers so we have been told, (for the names and details of the transactors in the affair, are unknown) passed from the Texas side of the Rio Grande into Mexico, and captured and took prisoner a man, I. T. Montgomery, a very desperate character, who had made himself notorious and objectionable to the Confederate citizens on this frontier. At the time that Montgomery was captured, there happened to be present a Texas renegade named E. J. Davis who pretends to hold a colonel's commission in the Yankee army.

Davis was with his family at the time, and it is possible that this circumstance is the only excuse for his being alive at this time to perplex matters between people who ought to have more important matters to quarrel about.

The Texans crossed the Rio Grande early in the morning and soon surrounded the house in which Montgomery [torn page folded back] were lodged. Quite a number of renegades [torn page folded back] house and they soon [torn page folded back] to fight. This was just the card that suited the Texians and our boys pitched in. The renegades soon found that fighting was not their game, and they commenced a lively skedaddle [sic] over the sand hills. They were fired at by our boys, and we are informed through their own party they lost three men killed and some wounded.

As we said before, owing to the secrecy observed about the affair on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, we can ascertain none of the particulars of the transaction from those of our men who were engaged in it, and therefore we have to rely mainly on the statements of parties who have heard the talk of the runaway renegades.

Montgomery and Davis were brought to the Texas side of the Rio Grande. Montgomery is said to have been hung immediately after he was landed, and Davis was concealed in the bushes near Brownsville to prevent his being taken possession of by Gen. Bee.

As a matter of course this invasion of Mexico and capture of Yankees in that country created great excitement and much anxious regret both in Matamoras and Brownsville.—The renegades took it in high dudgeon and got up a torchlight procession in Matamoras which consisted of runaways; white and black, a few barefooted Mexicans and any number of children. The same crowd could have been hired to turn out for any disreputable purpose either to attend the funeral of a thief, or the orgies of a prostitute.

The Mexican authorities acted very promptly and calmly on the subject. Gov. Lopez simply made a demand for the surrender of the captured individuals, and as soon as Gen. Bee could obtain control of Davis he returned him to the Mexican authorities. This act of justice was done on Wednesday Major Grey acting as the agent of the military in surrendering the renegade.

The Mexican population of Matamoras, that is the respectable portion of it acted with a great deal of calmness on occasion the [sic] and used their best endeavors to bring the matter to a peaceful and satisfactory termination. They perceived that the act was one purely personal and that the two people should not embroil themselves for one of those events which no authority can at all times control.

When the renegades were captured they were at the mouth of the Rio Grande for the purpose of going away on a Yankee transport. When she learned of the capture she put to sea with the threat to return soon with forces to thrash the Texians at the mouth of the river.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 2, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Rags, Rags, Rags!

Five cents per pound will be paid for cotton or linen rags, delivered to the undersigned in Austin or to Dr. Theo. Koester in New Braunfels.

These rags are wanted to make paper with, and as this is a new enterprise in Texas it is to be hoped every family will provide themselves with a rag bag. Agents to collect rags will be appointed in each county, of which due notice will be given.

Texas papers are generally requested to copy, and those who make a charge, will publish

three times and send bill to

D. Richardson

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 1-2

Fort Arbuckle }
April 6, 1863. }

Ed. Standard:

I believe my last was written to you a day or two before our Col. was to have a conference with the chiefs of the Seminoles, Commanches [sic], Caddos [sic], Anadakos [sic] &c. Well the meeting came on according to appointment. The Col, Surgeon Kearby, Dr. Hobson, late Post Surgeon, Capt. Hooks, and Capt. Elliott, with some 30 men from Co's. D and I, went up to Cherokee town the Caddo village starting on a bright and beautiful morning, the 1st April, and arriving at Cherokee town at 1 p.m. with our Battle Flag blowing out full in a stiff breeze and the trumpet sounding, we rode up to the village in column of twos, and discovered just before us at the right of the village, a round grove in which was an assemblage of Indians. We rightly inferred that this was a place of council, and dismounted we found a number of Seminoles, Caddoes anadakos [sic] and commanches [sic] waiting for us, and also two white men. Those we found were Capt. Dial, Quartermaster, and Lt. Patterson, adjutant of Jumpers Battalion. Jumper himself being down in the bottom adjacent, to see Jose Maria, an Anadako [sic] chief, who was sick confined to his lodge.

Jumper soon came up, accompanied by Capt. Factor his Interpreter, a half breed Seminole. Lt. Col. Jumper is a full blood Seminole dark expressive countenance, serious. He is six feet 2 or three inches high, stout built was dressed in a blue military frock with the large cape of a Cavalry overcoat on his shoulder; a black hat sent him from Richmond with broad lace band, and some ornaments, and down the stripes of his blue military pants were broad stripes of gold lace. I was told by Dr. Hobson that the Confederate States had sent him last year, a handsome full uniform. He had a semi-savage and imposing look, and makes a good impression by his manner and bearing and style of speech. He speaks no English, though I am told he partially understands it. He is not loquacious, but evidently reflects before he speaks. He and his escort had ridden thirty miles that morning from the Seminole agency, and rode home after 12 p.m. The Council of his nation should have been held that day, and he had postponed it one day.

The two white members of his staff, and his interpreter, were prepossessing and agreeable. Capt. Dial, the Quarter Master, a Virginian who had been in the nation but about 15 months. Dr. Hobson had been with the Seminoles before and they greeted him kindly. He speaks much in their praise, and says they are very honest.

The conference with Jumper was in hearing of all of us. He assented to all the Col's propositions, and as soon as the actual business was through left on account of the distance to go before night. He inquired if the Col. wanted him with his battalion, or some of his officers, was told he wanted him and relied much upon him. He said well, he wished to go along with us. After this, Mr. Jones, the Comanche Interpreter told us that the reserves desired to have their talk in the bottom in which part of their lodges are. Where we first halted, is high rolling prairie, with scattering trees of large growth, about a quarter of a mile South west of the Washita. On the high prairie were a few lodges; in the bottom some more, and on the other side of the Ford, the Comanches, who had only been [illegible] were encamped, after the talk with Jumper we had dinner and in about an hour we were invited to a large lodge in the bottom a sort of Council house circular 12 feet in diameter and open at the top. The frame like [illegible] of all the

lodges, was of poles, connected by small sticks, and filled in with some dry grass covered with some skins and some old tent cloth.

This lodge we entered by a cloth stooping very low and then rising, squatted down all around the lodge, were the young men of the Caddoes and Ana-a-dak-os. Inside of these in a line on one side were Tirrah and Geo. Washington, chief of the Caddoes; and Cocadaway and Tochaway Chief of the Comanches seated on Buffalo robes, Crosslegged. The Indians generally were painted, and dressed in a variety of styles. At first it seemed me that some of them were women, but I was mistaken. Opposite the chiefs, a robe and a cushion were placed for the Colonel, who did all the talking on our side; and was replied to and questioned by the four chiefs successively; at the left of the Col. was the Caddo interpreter an Indian, and Dr. Sturm the Commissary of Jones to the reserves. On the right Mr. Jones Comanche interpreter and to the right of Mr. Jones were ranked Surgeon Kirby, Capt. Hooks, Capt. Elliot, Lt. Gafney, and others. The Chiefs were very careful in their inquiries and evinced more caution than I had supposed was a part of their character. They were told by the Col. what his instructions were, and what he wanted, in positive terms; after a while they pronounced one before the other each making a speech for the ears of the tribe, and each evidently acting for himself, and neither of them saying positively what he would or could do; which as I have since learned is a part of the Indian character, and mode of conference. All stated their satisfaction with what the Colonel said to them, the interpreter saying "he say, he like very much what you say," but we went back expecting not much from them. It was so near night when we got through that the Command went to a sandy creek, about 1/4th of a mile on our way home, and camped for the night finding excellent grass for our horses, and good water in small basins. This creek running through a rich prairie, filled with great masses of sand with only here and there a little water. The Indians had a large number of ponies running on the grass beginning to thrive. Geo. Washington told us he had eleven young men trying to recover horses stolen from them by wild Indians. Not a few of us thought they might be out stealing themselves; especially as it was said they had been out thirty days, and the tribe was getting anxious about them. But we did them injustice. They have since come in from near Bents ford, having through the influence of Jim Parkmark recovered 53 of their ponies from the Kiowas, who had stolen them. 36 other ponies the Kiowas would not relinquish. Notwithstanding their uncertainty of expression; that very night the tribes began to act as the Colonel requested them to do, and on the 3d down came some 25 of them to see the Colonel and have another talk at his quarters, enrolling their names. Geo. Washington only, of the Chiefs came with them but all were in high glee they had held a war dance all the night before and were quite talkative among themselves. Our men crowded the windows and doors of the Col's Quarters, and finally got some to shooting for tobacco. They evinced considerable accuracy with their bows and arrows. Rations of flour and salt were issued to them, and they went home satisfied. The government feeds all the Indians on flour and beef half pound rations flour 2 pounds beef per day. The commaches [sic] who left at the attack on Cobb, last fall had only come back some five days since. They have a few cases of smallpox in their lodges. Their two chiefs are fat good natured looking men Cocadaway much disposed to laugh Tochaway more grave, but mild benevolent looking, with a decidedly sensible expression.

Tirrah of the Caddos [sic] is dark but pleasant looking. Geo. Washington has a rather Washington expression of countenance, except the expression of intellectuality is not high.—He is considered however quite a sensible old fellow matter of fact business like Indian. He wore a blue military coat striped summer pantaloons, a steeple crown hat with silver plates around it, wore a red ribbon and a black feather upright, after the old continental style.—The other chiefs

were in Indian garb. Comanches [sic] moved about on their ponies, all get into the saddle from the right side of the horse. All of them look less savage than I anticipated and like to be treated familiarly.

The Tonkaways were here to see the Colonel the day he went to the Caddo villages, and did not like to hear that he had gone there. The Tonkaways at war with the other tribes say that they cannot be confided in. At the breaking up of Cobb the hostile Indians killed 70 of the Tonkaways, and now they have only 50 warriors left of them, 20 are with our companies across the river.

On the morning of the 3d the Tonkaway chief Castayo came again with his interpreter "White" another Tonkaway, stayed till dinner and asking the Colonel when he expected to leave said "ten days—we go with you—to morrow Washita—trade buffalo robes for blanket—we got no blanket—may to go—five six seven days—I come—but me go with you maybe [illegible] Tonkaway go with me—I tell him—may be [illegible]—but we go with you!" Castayo is a fine looking Indian. The Col. gave him a belt to put around him with C. S. on the plate. He had on the upper part of his body a close fitting cotton under shirt dyed walnut color, and had buckskin leggins of the same kind, and an old blanket around his waist. From the back of his head which was suspended a long strap, on which were strung perhaps twelve or fifteen silver medallions three inches in diameter. He carried a gun, flint lock, [illegible] musket size, cut short, and with [illegible] stock. When the Tonkaway came down from the taking of Fort Cobb every night they were surrounded by the hostile tribes and every morning had to fight their way out. Pike had them stationed on rock Creek, about 15 miles from here, near the road to Washington.—They have not much left being [illegible] what the Government furnished them as it did the other tribe with cattle, but that they ate them all up, cows included. They are said to be great gluttons and eat a weeks rations in three or four days, lie torpid and do without for the remainder of the time. It is said, and I suppose there is doubt that they eat the bodies of their enemies killed in battle with all these faults, and some others not enumerated here, there never has been the shadow of doubt of their loyalty to Texas. Twenty four years ago, when they were nearly always in association with the Spanish they were frequently at Austin and San Antonio. Since then the Lipans have become hostile. Some are in Mexico, and some near Bents fort on the Arkansas. Day before yesterday, Co. I went up to Elm Springs some [illegible] miles above where we shall make a station. In two or three days more, other companies will go up and a system of scouting across the Wichita mountains be kept up.

The season seems backward here, the trees are just in bloom not yet in leaf too much extent. It seems strange to us that in April there is no shade.

Yesterday I visited the grave yard of the Post a point east of us, not enclosed about a dozen graves are there. Enclosures have been put around single graves and structures of brick and stone have been made but all more or less dilapidated. Two or three inscriptions visible. One body not long since buried was nearly scratched out by the wolves a few night since. Some of our men covered it again. I saw one broken grave stone of marble which I think must be native marble. It is pure white. These graves indicate the frail nature of human endeavors to perpetuate memory monumentally except in the crowded cemeteries adjacent to cities where they are constantly watched. These graves have a neglected and deserted appearance which says as plainly as inanimate things can say, that they are rapidly on the road to desolation and forgetfulness. It seems mournful to the living but the dead feel not and I am inclined to believe that except in well preserved cemetarys [sic] where memory is continued by record and constant observation of inscriptions, and by family associations and remembrances, where, even the dead;

through the spirit of association maintain an identity and a post mortem existence in ideality that the vast chanel of the Ocean or the middle of the great plains, where no human eye would ever see, nor any human tread desecrate the last resting place of the body; in a locality for the long rest more acceptable to the contemplation than a neighborhood grave yard or the burial place of a frontier post remote from attention of friends. It matters little where we lie at last except that in a well managed ground within the circle of active life, surrounded and cared for by the posterity of our selves or our friends, the chain of kindly association seems to be preserved after death; in the memory of those who know us and loved us in life, and in the knowledge imparted to their children. But on one of these remote hills where nobody goes, a slab, with an inscription is a mockery of memory frigid and wholly unsatisfactory.

"Allas poor Yorick,"
Yours
A Soldier of the 29th.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 1-2

Camp Butler, Creek Nation, }
May 12th, 1863. }

Dear Standard:

I believe my last was from Fort Arbuckle, written on the night of the 30th April. On Saturday the second of May, under pressing orders, the Col. with three companies, moved toward this locality. One Co--B, had to be left to garrison the Post until Capt. Scanland should relieve it; another Co--I, had to be left at Elm Springs until relieved. Five companies had moved eastward from the Seminole Agency, under Maj. Carroll, three days before. Capt. Scanland arrived an hour after we left; his men came in the next morning and the next morning a detachment was started to Elm Springs to relieve Co. I. Co. B waited until Tuesday morning, and got here, by hard marching, yesterday, one day after our arrival and two days after the arrival of the five first companies. Co. I with the remainder of the hospital will be here in three days probably; and our detachments to Red River and Lamar for recruits in a day or two more. We shall have in a few days, about 800 men in the regiment, though some of these are on detached duty. Our men are mostly in good health. We had a most pleasant march from Arbuckle. The weather was not very warm except one day, and the evening of that day brought with it a heavy rain, lasting an hour or so. It has surprised me to see how long cool weather has held on in the Spring of the year, in a latitude not more than one degree higher than Clarksville, at Arbuckle-- here about two degrees higher. We left Arbuckle at [illegible] past A. M. of the 2nd, and encamped that night at a pretty, rocky creek, 6 miles east, where was an abundance of rich grass. At night, Quarter master's men, and ordnance Serg't detained at the Fort, some hours after our departure, came in and brought news of Captain Scanland's arrival. Next morning we started early, camped at Blue, 15 miles, early in the evening, and our horses faired sumptuously.--Our train mules which had had to feed the night or morning before starting, and were somewhat ragged the first night, recovered their tone, and came in without weariness on this day. Blue, at this locality; on the road from Arbuckle to North [Folk] town, is a deep bed, but scarcely any water, perhaps by this time none. Mountains were perceptible on the far side of the stream from us, and were [?] morning, shortly after starting, we passed over a spur, from which we had a splendid landscape of mingled hill and dale before us, and then we descended immediately into a valley country. At the end of ten miles we found Cochran's on Boggy, a considerable farm, with large stock of cattle, from the pens of 250 milch cows had just been let out, and came up the road

meeting us.

In a few yards beyond Cochran's house, we crossed one of the heads of Boggy, a rapidly running muddy stream, with full head of water, having a fall over rocks, at the crossing of about three feet. We passed during this day and the next, several branches of Boggy, all muddy, though close to their sources in the mountains. At midday, we rested and grazed five miles beyond Cochran's, until our teams came up, and then pushed on to another Boggy, which we reached in a heavy rain. Found good grazing and water; the storm passed over after awhile, and the stars were bright. Turkeys and wolves numerous here, and our men killed some of the Turkeys. We had travelled 22 miles this day. All the next day we saw on our left, a low range of wooded mountains, and in the evening after a travel of 14 miles we halted near a small branch, on the far side of a Boggy, in a sweet little circular valley, at the base of a mountain. Up this I rode by a winding route, and got a splendid view of a beautiful. [sic?] To the South I saw only successive ranges of hills, covered with timber. Immediately back, and north rose higher ranges of the same mountain on which, stood covered with timber, and cutting off a view in that direction. East and west, I saw the valley country traversed by the road--the loveliest little valleys imaginable, in which if seclusion afforded happiness, one might be content to live, with a few friends adjacent. The portion of the range upon which I stood; or rather sat on my horse, was bare of trees, for an area of perhaps ten acres, gently rounded, covered with wild flowers, and with soil enough upon it to admit of pleasant residence. The sides of the ascent were covered with rocks, many of them in slabs suitable for fire places. On the hill side and below, in the little valley the grass was good. When we left next morning we thought our road would lead over mountains, within a few miles, but they were on our left all day, and after travelling 21 miles, we camped on a high prairie; in the edge of timber, with a branch adjacent, 6 miles s. W. Perryville. It has been very windy, and cool all day, many of the men wearing their blankets. In the morning we passed through Perryville, a very small unattractive village. There was a hospital at Perryville, and a Quartermasters dept, Blacksmith shop etc. We camped 18 miles this side of Perryville, early in the afternoon, our mules weary, and an axle to make. We were beside a little branch in the prairie near the mountains, with good water and good grass. We stayed until the evening of the next day, because eight miles was as far as we could get, and find grass; unless we made a travel too great for our train. At this camp, we got information of the advanced companies, only a day and a half travel head. Their trip to North Folk town was 13 miles, and the nearest grass 21 miles, at the camp on our advance left that morning. We crossed the main Canadian next morning, a broad shallow stream, with wide sand banks in the bed, passed through North folk town three or four miles beyond--not much town--crossed the North Canadian, a pretty stream, broad, shallow, clear, and with little islets of grassy land in the bed, and at 1/4 before one p. m., reached the sought for camp ground, on a rocky branch. The camp fires of our men were burning, and directly after our arrival, fired the grass, which we found it necessary to extinguish. A small branch, very rocky, with holes of water, was continuous to the camp.--In one of these, the first water lillies [sic] I had seen for many a day, were in bud. We met at North Folk town, Lt. Hancock of Capt. Harmon's company, and learned that the advance would only pass on to Elk Creek, and that we would over take them on Sunday.--We did so, finding them at this place, a mile or so beyond Elk Creek. The locality is a pleasant one; grass good, water tolerable. There are other troops here, whites and Indians.--We are within 14 miles of Fort Gibson, where the Federal Flag is waving on the opposite bank of the Arkansas. The river is high, but there is occasional shooting across, between the pickets. The Feds have a mixed force of whites, Indians, and negroes at Gibson, and their commander Col. Phillips has

been scattering proclamations among the Creeks on this side, to induce them to abandon the Confederacy. Their success has not been flattering.--The Creeks allured a boat load of them nearly across the river a few days since, intending to capture or kill the party; but as the boat neared this bank, the prey looked so tempting they fired upon them prematurely, killed some, and causing others to leap overboard, and be drowned. The current setting to the opposite shore the boat drifted back, and the Creeks lost their prizes. I do not know whether the Feds will bark much on the Creeks, after that specimen of their allegiance.

Gen. D. H. Cooper is in command here.--The Feds have four stores near Gibson; sell Coffee at 25 cents per pound, and Calico at 25 cents per yard. Many of the Indians from this side have been over to trade with them.--They are said to be interesting. Our pickets are within two miles of Gibson. Yours,

A Soldier of the 29th.

P. S. We have been mining for coal to-day, for our Blacksmiths got a good bituminous coal, six feet under the surface; and about 6 miles from here.

Skip to June 16, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

We are requested to state, that on the 24th of this month there will be a Masonic provision after which a public address will be delivered.

The ladies of the county have made arrangements for supplying a dinner where may be expected a rich supply of good things.

In the evening there will be a Concert, and Tableaux in the Presbyterian Church to commence at early candle light.

The public are respectfully invited to attend. The entire proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of sick and wounded Texas soldiers in Hospital.

The admittance to the dinner to be one dollar, and to the Concert and Tableaux two dollars and fifty cents.

Come one, come all, and contribute your mite, in furtherance of an object so glorious.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 1-4

Camp Davis, Coodey's Creek, }
Cherokee Nation, May 29th, 1863}

Dear Standard:

My last was addressed to you from Butler's Creek. I do not recollect how long ago.— Since then we have kept so busy, that I have not felt inclined to write. On the 14th our regiment was inspected, and received encomiums from Col. Long, the Asst. Inspector General, attached to Gen. Holmes' staff. On the 14th a volunteer party of 40 of us went with the Col., who was field officer of the day, to inspect the Pickets on the Arkansas, and made our first interchange of compliments with the Feds at the several crossings. They fired upon us at each exposure of a man's person on the bank of the river, and we returned the fire with our largest range guns. We tried them at two fords, and made them run back to their covers, at each. Returned to camp just at dark, after a novel and interesting trip to us. From the top of a mountain on our route, we had a fair view of Fort Gibson, and the enemy's camps. On the 16th, at night, Col. Martin Field Officer of the day, notified the Col. that the enemy were crossing the river, and that he had sent a squadron from his regiment. The Col. ordered Maj. Carroll to start instantly with Capt. Hook's

and Captain Wilson's companies, for the Rabbit ford, had all the other companies got ready—horses under saddle and waited orders. At midnight the Gen. came over in person, and directed that the remainder of the regiment—should be at the summit of the Grindstone mountain; this side the Rabbit ford, at daylight. Capt. Elliott, Red River and Bowie Co., had got in just before dark from Arbuckle, and their horses were fatigued. They were left as Camp Guard. The remaining companies under the command of the Col., started at 1 o'clock a.m., and at five o'clock were on the crest of the hill. Martin's regiment was there; Lee's Battery, and the advance of our regiment. We lay down upon the ground for an hour or half hour's rest and then rose and returned to camp. The alarm was false, but demonstrated promptitude of movement upon our part. Returning from the mountain, we stopped at a new camp ground on Coodey's Creek, five miles from the river, a splendid situation—excellent water, in large holls [sic], thoroughly shaded, and most luxuriant grass: Camp Stonewall. Ever since our arrival, we had picketed several stations at the river, and our men were to keep up an interchange of shots. On this day, Capt. Hook's co. being at the Rabbit ford, Jim Johnston got a ball from the enemy through the pistol holster at his side, which made him feel for a minute as though he had been shot. Some of our men saw one of the enemy fall after one of our shots, and saw him carried off. Our guns are mostly ineffective at long range, but two or three rifles, and some of the largest bore shot guns, loaded with balls, carry over.

On the 26th our force was drawn out for attack, as we supposed. Col. Stand Watie with Cherokee regiments, and Col. McIntosh with Creek regiment had crossed at daylight, and we supposed we would cross to support them. About 10 a.m. the Col. was ordered to lead the regiment to the crossing, at the Rabbit ford, and make a show of crossing. Accordingly we were led to the bank, and passed broadside to the pickets opposite, the col. directing Capt. Oliver's company, stationed on this side to engage the pickets on the other side. Firing commenced by our pickets as our men came to the bank, and was rapidly answered from the other side. The Col. led us in column by the open space in the timber through which we were exposed fully to the enemy, and continued to march us in a circle until we had passed it three times. As the head of the column came down the 2nd time the boys who did not know the nature of the order, gave a tremendous yell, supposing that they were about to cross. This they continued until Major Carroll took them back 150 yards and formed them in line to wait further orders. In the meantime the enemy had abandoned the opposite bank, and a half hour after when the Col. went down the bank with a guide, to learn the crossing, there was no one opposite to fire a shot.

While we were making our circular movement, however, the shots flew thick and unceasingly. Horses first under fire were hard to manage, and now and then some amiable rider seemed disposed to keep on the safe side of a tree. The instances are few, however. Nearly all the men bore the exposure well, and but for the fact that the enemy's long range guns carried over us, several must have been hit, it could not have been otherwise. Their departure was probably accelerated by a shot from the howitzer, made without order, the Lt. who was training it receiving a bullet rather close to his head, which initiated him. From the mountain near us a lookout was kept up upon Col. Watie's operations. It was seen that he had engaged the enemy, and cut off a lot of their horses and mules, but as it was not apparent that we could unite with him, we were ordered back two hundred yards, to the prairie where we slept with our horses grazing under saddle, ready for quick movement. In the morning, Col. Watie returned bringing some 500 head horses and mules. Col. Watie's men killed 40 or 50 of the Feds, and lost *two*. Our men found a Creek crossing the river, who pretended to be one of McIntosh's men. Sent him to Gen. Cooper. He was a hostile. How he was disposed of, I do not know. At eleven

o'clock we were ordered back to camp, to cook three days rations. At eleven next morning we moved to base of Grindstone Mt., and to Frozen Rock, and encamped; head qurs. at Frozen Rock. The deserted residence at Frozen Rock is a lovely place. The house of six rooms, well fitted up, with furniture—numerous out houses attached, is about 50 yards from the margin of a high bank, over looking the Arkansas; at this point a stately stream, and makes a graceful bend at the right, in full view of the portico of the house. Before the house the surface of the ground is rounding, sloping to the edge of the bank—then a steep descent to the river. Before the house at regular distances, are black Walnut, and black Locusts, natives here, and of large size, some large Catalfias [sic] in bloom, cherry trees, and Pear trees. At the left a garden in which are some hollyhaws [sic] and other simple flowers, and to the left of that a large orchard of Apples in full bearing, but small yet. In the rear is the handsomest Walnut and Locust Grove, of large tall trees, interspersed with slippery Elm, that I have ever seen; look like a park. On the right are out-buildings and fields, and a lane with a winding path descending to the river, on one side of which is a spring. It is a very beautiful place. At the left of it, a quarter of a mile is another residence. Both were settled by brothers named Coody, one of whom is now here, and lives near Kiamitia. The name Frozen rock is derived from a porous slate bank of the river, between the two houses, from which the water exceeds [sic], and in the winter time presents an unbroken surface of ice.—This is a fertile country. The rains are frequent, and the dews the heaviest I have ever known, except on the Lavaca, and in the West Indies. The grass after dark is wet as with a heavy rain, and saturates one in staking out his horse; and sleep in the prairie with one blanket over you and all your clothes on, and they woollen [sic] clothes, you get quite cold toward morning, and your feet inside of heavy boots and with woollen socks on, get cold. These dews and the rains together must nurish [sic] vegetation [sic], and the grass is luxuriant. Were it not our horses would go under, and as it is they get some times when keptup [sic] a goop [sic] deal, quite jaded. The enemy after we moved to Frozen rock, we heard heavy and continuous firing and as we knew that Col. McIntosh with his Creeks, and Col. Martin with his Texans, were to cross the river, we thought perhaps the lively work had commenced. At half past 4 next morning, got dispatch from commanding General, ordering us to saddle up and be ready. The order was disseminated instantly, and every body got ready. During the morning two Osage Indians were brought in as prisoners. They were endeavoring to go to the opposite of the river, and as our men knew nothing about them, they brought them in. They were perfectly self possessed and came up and shook hands with the Colonel, and sat down before him. As they came up some one remarked "would not the sight of those devils frighten any body." They were very large, partially necked [sic], with no covering to the head, but the hair clipped short on each side before and a turft [sic] left in the centre two or three inches long, standing upright, and red paint shown upon the scalp, each side of this turf. Behind the head were left some long locks, hanging down the back. Inside of the outer ring of the ear, a long slip [sic] was cut out, perhaps a fourth of an inch in width, from top to bottom, except at the centre, where was a narrow connection. One of them had a smiling expression, the other the most villainmous [sic] expression I ever notices. I am satisfied that any unprotected woman who should meet the two on a road, out of sight of other persons would go into spasms in brief time. The Col. ordered them to be sent to Gen. Cooper. As they went off, the best looking one said "Cooper my friend." I understood afterward, that they were in the General's service. Co. K came in during the morning, from lower fords, with a mule which some of the men had gone across the river and captured.

Capt. Howland of the 1st Cherokee regiment and six of his men to act as guides, reported at about 12 o'clock. The last of our hospital left Arbuckle under Ass't Surgeon Rockiel, arrived.

Sunday morning came—horses still razing with their saddles on, waiting for orders.—Gunsmiths, and Blacksmiths hard at work, men cooking two days rations, anxiously waiting to hear from the west of grand river, which empties into the Arkansas west of Gibson.

On the day previous opportunely came in Lt. Derrickson, from Pilot Point, with 49 men; all stragglers from the camp, except 15 who were fresh conscript.

Still waiting at 12 o'clock when order was received for five companies to mount and march. Away we went toward the Creek Agency, passing the remains of Cantonment Davis, nearly destroyed by the enemy last year by two camps of Indians, and crossed the Arkansas, a wide stream before the Agency which is a small hamlet, with fields around, with not much in cultivation.

Four hours after we left, the enemy who from some of their lookouts had a sight of our men moving off, and thought our camp deserted—brought down their artillery, a body of Cavalry, and of Infantry, to the Rabbit ford, a half mile above our camp, and attempted a crossing. They commenced shelling, feeling about for the camp, the exact locality of which they did not know and threw two or three shells near it which hastened the departure of the Artizans [sic], the Invalids, etc., with the camp equipage. Capt. Elliott's Co. (I) was on duty at the ford, and sent down word for reinforcements which they soon got. Maj. Carrol, left in command hurried up Capt. Oliver's, Capt. Brown's, and Capt. Waneu's Companies; the last under Lt. Littlejohn. Capt. Matt Daughterty's company was detached, and not within call. To our force was added a company or two of Martin's regiment, and 120 men from Col. Watie. Our men were judiciously stationed by Major Carrol, and a brisk little fight ensued. The enemy soon commenced firing from the bank by the Infantry and under cover of this the Cavalry attempted a passage, and came midway of the stream, but became confused there and turned back. The rattle of grape and musketry was rapid and sharp. Maj. Carroll who has been in three or four actions previous, including that at Elkhorn, says the hail of balls was thicker than he has ever seen before. On our side it was well answered, but from short range weapons. It continued perhaps a quarter of an hour before the cavalry gave back dismayed [sic?]. The infantry and Artillery withdrew at dark. The bed of the river was so thoroughly enveloped in smoke, that the effect produced by us could not be seen; but some horses without riders were seen to go up the opposite bank. I do not suppose however, that we killed many because they were afraid to come within range and the fire of our men along the bank, except those directly before the advancing party, must have been mostly wasted. I would say that they fired too soon, only that Capt. Oliver, who was right at the ford says he did not fire upon them until they showed an uncertainty about venturing further than the middle of the stream. As they came down the bank on their side they manifested a hesitancy, and their officers never did get them to form in proper order, but were heard coaxing and encouraging them, and telling them there was no danger from our shotguns. This they did not believe evidently. They showed a salutary apprehension of them. They did not harm a single one of our men—partly because they shot above—all their artillery shooting went over; and partly because our men were covered by trees, lying behind logs and others were more or less sheltered. Thus terminated the effort to take the camp and train of the 29th.

Our five companies under the Col. went on that night, got to the Verdigris at dusk, sent a reconnoitering party across, filled the canteens, watered the horses and went back a mile on the road in the prairie to superb grass. Near the river the grass was scant, a farm being near.

Long before day express men came in from the General bringing orders, accompanied by letters from Cols. McIntosh and Martin. A dispatch was immediately forwarded by the Col. toward Col. McIntosh, and an order sent back for Choctaw detachments, authorized by Gen'l

Cooper. Before day, all were roused, mounted their horses and started. Day was dawning as we crossed the Verdigris. WE passed over into high rolling prairie country interspersed with high, bald peaks, and made for one of these. The men were concealed in a hollow. The Col. and guides went up the peak, and saw in the distance, by the aid of a glass, five men riding rapidly toward Gibson, and one mounted man standing Pickett at a lone tree. Kept the men close to a small creek, out of sight, and pushed on east, with a view to cut off detachments from Gibson, which might be coming out to reinforce a heavy train of 160 wagons from fort Leavenworth with supplies and sutlers stores. Cols. McIntosh and Martin had been sent across to discover and attack the train, and we to cut off reinforcements, or render such assistance as might be needed. We could see no train nor any force, nor hear any firing. Keeping on our course, with our guides ahead, we saw after a while two men coming towards us, then play off again, who finally ventured up to the four guides ahead, and were found to be express riders—one of them the one who started with the Col's dispatch, for col. McIntosh. He told us Col. McIntosh had gone down toward Gibson, and directly we found twelve single trails side by side, indicating the passage of his force. We took the trail instantly, and followed rapidly, until we came to the continuance [?] with the road from Leavenworth to Niven's ferry, from which the Gibson road diverges. At the junction Capt. Howland examined the road behind, and expressed the opinion that the train had gone on. We rode for a mile further, sending look outs up on the peaks, until Capt. Howland expressed the opinion that Col. McIntosh must have retired. All was quiet. We saw three men in the distance who ran at the sight of us. We saw where a single wagon had apparently been run on the road toward the Verdigris. Found a horse, saddle, and bridle at a branch near the road side, and near there a soldiers coat, overcoat, cap and spurs. Capt. Howland and the guides becoming more confident that there was a failure in the execution of the plan, we obliqued to the right, to a prong of the Verdigris, six or seven miles from Gibson and sent out Scouts—one party of 15 to investigate whether Col. McIntosh had returned, who soon came back and reported his trail tending to the crossing of Verdigris, and evidences of hasty movement upon it. The other scouts under Lt. Gunn, accompanied by Capt. Howland, had 20 men who were to be kept out of sight as much as practicable; while Capt. Howland kept a lookout from the hills. Soon after they left, the pickets from the hill before us reported as probable a wagon and some men in the distance. He was sent after Capt. Howland to call his attention, and whenever certain, come back and report. In $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour he came back and reported a wagon with 60 to 100 men, five miles toward Gibson. Capt. Harmon was ordered to take his squadron (Capt. Tom Daugherty Junior Capt.) and pursue, to be followed at a short distance by Capt. Wilson—all to keep out of sight as long as practicable. The Col. followed with two reserve companies at easy supporting distance, with a view of presenting as much additional force as might be needed to meet reinforcements for the wagon party, or any force out of sight connected with it. The Col. was under the impression that a wagon so escorted had valuable loadings, or might be the wagon run off by McIntosh's men recaptured. Our men, all, rode rapidly. There was not a great space between the advance and reserve and a lookout from the reserve was kept ahead on hills right and left, to give the earliest notice of need. At about five miles the pursuers came near the pursued, who made some show of forming, but as Harmon gave the order to charge, they whipped and spurred manfully and left without a shot or a blow for the credit of their service. Our squadron came upon the vehicle and found it a superb four mule ambulance; with a white duck cover, which gave it the appearance of a wagon. The driver tumbled out and drew a six shooter which he soon dropped when a shot gun was brought to bear upon him. A fellow inside was the driver says, was Lt. Col. Walter's of a negro regiment—jumped out and could have been shot, but in

attempting to make him prisoner he got away, leaving his coat. We took two horses and saddles which the riders left somewhat hastily.

The vehicle soon came towards us. The driver said he was looking for Capt. Rhodes of Wisconsin who had been captured the day previous by McIntosh's scouts.

I suppose this was true, as such an escort would not have accompany [sic] an Ambulance for legitimated purposes. They thought he might be killed or wounded. The scene of our expected conflict was at Shaw's Cowpen 2½ miles from Gibson, and the enemy say that the escort numbered 100 which was a greater number than [sic] they saw of our men, both the scout sent out, being of Harmon's squadron. Our boys were greatly elated by the running away of the foe, so near their stronghold with its 3000 men, but did not incline to stay a great while longer, lest they might be surrounded; there being a road from Gibson to the creek agency, which would have led the enemy up between them and the crossing. There was no pursuit however. We went to our camp of previous night [sic?] beyond the Verdigris, grazed our tired horses three hours, and crossed Arkansas that night. As we crossed the broad stream we were hailed—had no countersign; but in answer to the demand "who comes there," said, "Friends," and in answer to the demand "What Friends" responded "Col. DeMorse's command"—to which the reply was "Come on." As we rose the steep bank, saw a large picket under arms, and were greeted by the other half of the 29th, who, upon the hasty return of the Creeks had been ordered up to support us in an emergency. Some anxiety had been created by our solitary position, and Maj. Carroll had been ordered up to do whatever might be necessary for our rescue. We had not been alarmed, but as our brethren had been on our account it was quite a greeting; and when our booty came up the bank, the picket gave such a shout, that the creeks became excited, and Col. McIntosh came out and stopped our progress to the prairie, until he could send word out through the hills in rear, to prevent them from firing upon us. The solution of the mystery was, that the creeks who had discovered the train 160 wagons the evening before, very brightly guarded and had themselves been discovered by the escort of the train; instead of attacking it at once, put it off till morning the train availed itself of the night and travel so fast and far, that one end of it was at Gibson, when the other end was attacked by perhaps 100 of Martins men. The enemy ran at first but soon seeking [sic?] the weakness of the attacking force, rallied drove our men, who ran off three or four wagons, and got them to a crossing of the Verdigris, below where we crossed, and there abandoned them. Had we known where McIntosh's force was in the morning, at daylight we could have got off a part of the train. Had we been with them, or at the point we were striking for, between them and Gibson on the night before, we could have saved all of it, and in that case Gibson would now be ours, because without that train [sic] they would have been without supplies. Had we been immediately notified of the movement of our main force downward, when it commenced we could have been at the scene of action in time to have materially altered its features! but as it was, we travelled all day and saw where troops had been; and the only force we could see, we chased. We have nothing to regret on our part except the want of opportunity.

The opposite pickets at Niven's ferry, got amiable yesterday, concluded that they were doing no good, firing at each other at long distance, laid down their arms, and went down to the water's edge, and had a talk. The Feds asked about the wheat crops in Texas, said they did not have much flour over there, no water except river water, and but little tobacco, but they had Coffee and Whiskey.—Said we did right to take the ambulance—that it had no business with an armed escort, and that the escort were afraid to fight, and were 100 strong. Said they were tired of the war, and wished for peace. Said their Creeks would not fight at all, said we had two or

three good long range guns. Asked where Gen'l Cooper's headquarters were, and how many men we had. Jack Coleman, formally [sic] a stage driver, on lines running out of Clarksville, is with them.

In the fight between Martins men and the train, Martin lost two men killed, and think they killed several Feds. Feds shot over them, or would have killed a large number. Capt. Jim Young thinks the pursuers killed several creeks. The ambulance driver said he had carried in two bodies of each, but he is evidently such a liar, there no is [sic] reliance to be placed in his statement. He is a broad brogued Irishman; who claims to be British subject.

The Arkansas rose yesterday until it is impossible by fording.

Yours,
A Soldier of the 29th.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 16, 1863, p. 3 [?], c. 2

Resumption.

Dr. G. H. Wootten has resumed the practice of Medicine to a limited extent.

His charges will be the MULTIPLE of former Clarksville rates—Medicines extra—and payment at close of case.

The public being thus notified, will employ, or decline at their option.

Having a surplus of a hundred ounces of QUININE—doctors and citizens will be supplied at low rates if early application is made.

May 15th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 16, 1863, p. 3. c. 2

Drugs for Sale.

Opium, Morphine, Quinine, Blue Mass, Calomel, Ipicac [sic], Dovers Powders, Camphor, Aesafoetida [sic], Rheubarb [sic], Iodide of Potash, Nitrate of Silver, with a variety of other Drugs and Medicines.

April 22d 1863

Clarksville, Texas.

John H. Morgan.

No. 3 8ts

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], June 16, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

\$100 Reward.

Runaway from Jordan's Saline.

I will give the above reward for the apprehension and delivery or to have apprehended & placed in any Jail so that I can get him. A runaway negro of the following discription [sic] viz:

Black color 5 feet 8 or 9 inches heavy set weighs about two hundred pounds—said negro was brought from Missouri to Texas.

Address.

Jas. S. Moore.
Bonham Texas.

N.B.—Said negro runaway from Jordons [sic] Saline company with four other negroes belonging to John Anderson late from Mississippi.

Skip to July 4, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The proposed Concert & Tableaux for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers in the various hospitals of the Confederacy, came off on the 24th ult. Everything which distinguished talent, taste, zeal and patriotism could contribute was done, to give eclat to the occasion. The elegance and chaste simplicity of the scenery to which every drawing room had contributed created quite a pleasant surprise; while the patriotic music, heart stirring and appropriate called down immense applause. The tableaux's were skilfully [sic] devised and splendidly executed. The Charade an original composition by a lady of Clarksville, the solution of which was the name of the distinguished (GENERAL BEAUREGARD) deserved and received the highest encomiums. Such was the popularity of the representation that its repetition was called for and was again exhibited on the 25th. The presence of Hon. W. B. Wright and Murrah each of whom addressed the audience gave additional interest to the occasion. The proceeds of which approximated \$1,600.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2-3

Camp Prairie Springs, C. N. }
June 20th 1863. }

Col.—I have the honor to report the following facts in relation to my command in the engagement on Greenleaf Prairie on the 16th inst.; when ordered out by you from the command with four companies of the 29th Tex. Cav. (about 120 men) and Capt. Jno. Van with ten or twelve men for the purpose of attacking a reported force of the enemy supposed to be about 100 strong. I did not march more than one mile before I was led to believe that it was a false report, and not being able to find the man who gave the report, I halted my command and reported to you. In half an hour I heard the firing between the scouts under Lieut. Heiston of the com'dg General's personal staff, and the enemy's piquets [sic]. I immediately formed my command and moved forward to Lt. Heiston's support, under guidance of a courier who I met from him to you, supposing the entire command would follow. Lt. Heiston had driven their piquets [sic] into the timber before I arrived. I was informed by Capt. Van, who knew the country that the enemy must be on the east side of Greenleaf creek there being no crossing below, and being misled by that information, I halted my command under cover of the timber. I then sent Capt. Matt Daugherty with ten men of his company forward to the front to make reconnoissance [sic] of the position of the enemy. Capt. Van to my left to examine a crossing on Greenleaf [sic] creek and two other parties, one to the front and the other to the left, under Sergt. Styles of company D, and Sergt. Hooker of company F and sent two couriers to you to report. Sergeant Styles soon returned and reported that he had been fired upon by the enemy's piquets [sic]. Sergt. Hooker returned in about fifteen minutes, and reported the enemy in column seven companies strong on my left. I sent him back to observe their movements, and began posting my men on foot under cover of the timber to fight them. Capt. Daugherty reported twice; the first that he had discovered the enemy's piquets [sic], and the second time when I was forming the command to fight, reported a large column of the enemy with one howitzer passing on my right with a view of gaining a position in my rear; I immediately began falling back to gain a position in front of

the column on my right at the foot of the mountain, when the enemy attacked me upon the left. I ordered Capt. Oliver's Squadron into line and dismounted it, which was promptly done, and just at that time Col. K Lieut. Littlejohn com'dg was thrown into confusion losing all organization and not being controlled by its officers, broke through Capt. Oliver's line, scattered his horses and confused his men. Observing the enemy still passing upon both my flanks and the courier I had sent to you returned to report that he had been fired upon, and driven back by the enemy; I again mounted my command, and fell back about one half mile. Capt. Hooks with his company, D, passing under a heavy fire from the enemy. I then formed under a heavy fire, and charged the enemy on my right and front driving them back about four hundred yards to their main column on my right. They in turn rallied, and I was compelled to retire before superior numbers which was done with some exceptions in good order by Capt. Oliver, Hooks and Daugherty, company K, receiving no orders from the company officers retreated in confusion. Whilst falling back I was continually expecting to meet the command marching to our support. After moving one mile we came to the Choctaw line formed near the prairie in the woods. While reporting to you the condition and number of the enemy, charge was ordered; supposing the entire force would be engaged, I passed to the front and right, expecting to find my command. Finding no troops to sustain the right, and the enemy trying to turn our position by that flank, I ordered Capt. Brown of Co. H, who informed me that he had no command upon the field, to carry the Choctaws to our right, and drove back the enemies left which with the assistance of Adjutant Les C. DeMorse was gallantly accomplished; the Choctaws fighting like veterans. The enemy were driven from every position for one mile leaving many of their number upon the field dead. Among them I noticed three negroes, upon the side of the mountain. They rallied upon their howitzer, about 400 strong. I ordered company C, Capt. Harmon com'dg who I found on the left of the Choctaws forward with a view of capturing the howitzer. Capt. Harmon dismounted his men within seventy five yards of the Gun, and with the support of about 200 Choctaws drove the enemy about thirty yards from it, when the Choctaws were thrown into confusion and began slowly to retire. I attempted with the assistance of Lieut. Col. Parks of the 1st Cherokee to rally them in which we failed, and noticing the enemy were beginning to close in on our right, I retired slowly and in good order; feeling satisfied that with one more company I could have taken and held the howitzer.

The enemy having gained a position between me and the river and being in ignorance as to the remainder of the command with the enemy in position between me and them, and only fifty men with me; I moved across the prairie to the timber, and thence I marched to the mouth of Canadian, to cross the river, at which place I found the command.

In closing my report I cannot forbear mentioning the gallant conduct of Capt. Oliver & Sergt Hooker of Company "F" Capt. Matt Daugherty of company "E" and the men of the companies of both Captains rallying and forming twice under a heavy fire, charging the enemy in the face of superior numbers with the coolness of long tried troops. Capt. Hooks company "D" behaved with coolness and courage. To Lieut. T. B. Heiston of the Gen. staff I am indebted for valuable services it is sufficient to say he sustained his well earned reputation. Too much cannot be said of the gallant conduct of Capt. Harmon and his men, the last upon the field they maintained the unequal contest against overpowering numbers until I brought them off the field in person. When nearest the enemy, Lieut. Gunn was conspicuous in front of his company encouraging his men by word and action, Captain Young, Martins Regiment and Adjutant L. C. DeMorse of our regimental staff acted gallantly throughout the engagement.

We had six men killed and three wounded among the wounded is Dr. Smith of the

medical staff who bore himself gallantly upon the field. Lieut. Derickson of Co. K; who was on piquet when the action began with the men of his company reached the field in time to join in the last charge and acted with coolness and courage. I have since been informed that the Choctaws were thrown into confusion by mistaking orders. I stopped some men when about to fire upon Captain Harmon's company and told them that they were friends which being heard by some Choctaws on my right caused the confusion. I hope the past may be a lesson to company officers to better discharge their duties.

Respectfully
J. A. Carroll, Maj.
29th Tex. Cavalry.

Col. Chas. DeMorse
Commanding

Skip to July 18, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 18, 1863, p. 1, c. 1-3

Head Qrs. 29th Tex. Cavalry, }
Camp 1st Brig. Indian Territory, }
Prairie Springs C. N., }
June 21st 1863. }

Brig. Gen'l D. H. Cooper com'dg

In conformity to your order of Saturday night the 13th inst., I started on Sunday morning the 14th, with 8 companies of my regiment and 8 companies of the 1st Chicasaw [sic] Choctaw Regt's ordered by you to report to me and moved to Hildebrands ford on the Arkansas. There, after examining the crossing and sending for the flat above, I commenced at about 12 o'clock to cross the force, numbering 1st Choctaw and Chickasaws 427, the 29th T. C. 325, making 752. To these were added a few guides under Capt. Jno. Vann, and a few under Lieut. Brewer, 1st Cherokee Regt. The strength of my own companies was much reduced by distempered horses. At Hildebrands Ford Col. Parks at my request joined me to render the service I had expected to receive from Capt. Brewer, who was directed to report to me, but was too unwell for service. That evening about 120 men got across, and Captain Brown with Co. H, was pushed northward to the edge of Greenlief prairie, and Capt. Vann with 12 men, was directed to scout in accordance with his judgment. By Monday night nearly the entire force was across the Arkansas, and crossing myself, I took up the line of march, and camped half a mile beyond the Chalybeate springs about five and one half miles north west of Hildebrands in some timber near the edge of a small prairie adjacent to Greenlief Prairie. At dawn of day moved to hill sides in the west of Greenlief prairie, and hearing that a few Federals had been seen on the main road from Hildebrands, from which we had diverged to the left the evening previous, Lt. Heiston with some 30 men went on a reconisance [sic], and reported the enemy not exceeding a company. Upon this information ordered Major Carroll, with two squadrons Capt. Hook's companies D. & K. Capt. Olivers companies F. & E., to proceed to the locality, and capture the enemy. I then posted Company B, commanded by Lt. A. G. Bone, under guidance of Lieut. Brewer to the left of the road to Gibson, and near old man Brewer's place, and sent two other guides with Co. A, Capt. T. W. Daugherty, to the telegraph road. Keeping most of the company in a thicket on the left, The [sic] main body of my force was then moved to the right along the edge of Greenlief Prairie to the south west corner of the prairie a distance of half a mile, and formed on an

elevation just within the line of timber, Commanding [sic] a view of the prairie, and convenient to movement or resistance, to approaches from Gibson or Talequah [sic]. Here the men were ordered to graze their horses, keeping them within immediate reach, the grass being good and they insufficiently grazed the night previous. The Choctaws were faced to the rear for that purpose. The horses had been released perhaps ten minutes, and Lieut. Col. Parks had gone out to post a piquet; I was myself sitting at the root of a tree, and pacing to the front preparing to answer a dispatch just received from you; when the firing became audible, was frequently repeated, soon approached rapidly, and heavy, just then I received a note from Maj. Carroll, stating that the enemy was in strong position, and more numerous than had been supposed, probably 1000 Cavalry, and suggesting an advance. I sent an order to Capt. Harmon who was formed on the left, to advance instanter, put my writing implements in my pocket, and my saddle equipments on horse, to lead the main body. Just then the greater portion of the detachments, under Maj. Carroll, fell back to us, under orders from him and the enemy pressing on in superior numbers came in sight of the Choctaws with their reversed line forcing them. The Choctaws seeing them in the rear, and through the timber [which I had not] without waiting an order commenced firing, and running forward in large numbers with great alacrity, forced them back to their original position and then commenced charging on their six pound howitzer in conjunction with Capt. Harmon's men under Major Carroll, which seemed to have failed through misapprehension; and before I could get to the front, and see the enemy's main position, most of my force had fallen back, and I was compelled to attend to its reformation; having not a single assistant: Lt. Col. Parks, Major Carroll, the Adjutant, Capt. J. D. Young (of Martin's Reg't) upon whom I relied as an aid and even the Sgt. Major being all absent. Capt. Harmon and company were all missing, Capt. Brown, whose company had been cut up into small piquet forces, and who had been assisting in leading the Choctaws, and Surgeon Reed, were also missing. A rear piquet of 15 men (Capt. Harmon) came in at this time and I sent it with Lts. Derickson and Pearce to examine the battle field, and search for the officers; and Capt. Harmon's company, I could get no word from the front, and after waiting an hour and a half, Lt. Heiston saw a force at a distance in the prairie, going before us toward Gibson, which I believed to be the enemy retreating. Lt. Brewer of the guides just then coming down from the piquet station on the road to Gibson. I ordered an immediate movement with a view to cut them off—Lt. Brewer let us by a defile, which shortened the route; and struck into the main road not far from the Bayou mountain. We were too late. The enemy had preceded us, and the track of his returning cannon was apparent. I crossed the road, and taking up the mountain to within half a mile of lookout point, preceded with the advance guard, under a guide, to that point, and for an hour watched the movement of the enemy. I saw their retreating column just below us, going in, jaded, and some of it on foot, successive detachments coming out, the first with wagons, and the last being the fourth or fifth, the largest constituting in all, a force rather larger than I wished to attack. I proceeded across to the Fort Smith route, with the intention of going over the mountain, north of Gibson, toward 14 mile creek. As we neared the Fort Smith road, I was notified that the Federals were within three hundred yards. The Choctaws were advancing and at my order rode forward and formed very promptly and upon my suggesting to keep silence, made not a single outcry. I rode back as rapidly as possible and brought up my own regiment, on the right, and about the time they were formed, learned that the force of the enemy was only about thirty (30) men. I then ordered an immediate pursuit by Capt. Oliver's squadron, and five were taken prisoners and one killed. The others retreated toward Gibson, and escaped. The men taken were in advance.

The rear probably got sight of our force in good time. They were a scout from the

Kansas 6th, going upon Greenlief prairie. At this point Lieut. Brewer advised me that neither my horses, nor his own, would hold out for the trip toward Grand river, and I reluctantly ordered a movement down the Ft. Smith road, to take in a piquet of 30 men, said to be at Flakes or Lacy Milsom's. We found none at either place, though usually kept their [sic] heretofore; and we hurried through a defile in the mountains towards Mackey's Saline, and encamped at night within a quarter of a mile of the Illinois river. Our horses were much jaded, and foot sore, from the rocky route through the mountains. In the morning we started for Webber's falls; there being no road to Hildebrands, where I desired to go. At Webber's falls, found the river swimming, and learned from one of Col. Waties men on the opposite side, that he had crossed at the mouth of the Canadian river the day previous. This explained the presence of the enemy's force where we found it.

Finding that the route to Hildebrand's was narrow, bushy, and very rocky for 15 miles and that the road to the mouth of the Canadian was better, and only the distance of nine miles I moved to the mouth of the Canadian, and crossed. Commenced crossing at ½ past 12, and got over the last of the command at 11 o'clock next morning. Just as I had crossed the rear guard, all our missing officers, and Capt. Harmons company came in. Thence (stopping and resting my wearied horses, and killing beef for my hungry men,) I came to brigade camps, at 12 m, on Friday the 19th.

Had we known at the outset; the true position and strength of the enemy, we should easily have killed or captured their entire force, but being deceived as to their strength, and mistaken as to their position, and after its ascertainment and the falling back on both sides, all my guides being cut off, and time lost before others came in, I missed a capture which I feel that my force would have commanded. I have to speak in commendation of most of the officers and men of my command; Lieut. Col. Parks, Major Carroll, Capt. J. D. Young (Martin's Regt.) Capt. Oliver, Daugherty, Harmon, Brown and Hook's and Lts. Guinn and Derrickson, and Lt. R. P. duty, who had brought out six men from company I, seem especially to have distinguished themselves; in the embarrassing contest, with a concealed enemy, far out numbering them. The companies of Capt. Oliver, Daugherty, and Harmon, acted gallantly. The Choctaws were notably prompt and gallant not merely in the portion of the action, which they sustained, but subsequently, when other actions were expected, showed promptness and alacrity.

I cannot particularize their officers, as I do not know many of them, but I learned during our short conjunction to recognize as reliable Capt. Loring who commanded them in chief, Capt. Kribbs, Capt. Pitchlyn, Capt. Benton and Lieut. Winship. Lieut. Heiston, of your staff, who assisted Capt. Loring in the field management, was always quick and watchful. Of Lt. Col. Parks it is sufficient to say, that he tried to get up a charge on the enemy's artillery and did rally and lead a body of the Choctaws, while himself without a single weapon for assault or defence [sic].

I trust we may have an opportunity soon again, to accomplish more, aided by better luck, or greater knowledge of localities, which were all new to me.

Our loss in killed is ten, including whites and Choctaws and eight wounded, two of them slightly. The enemy undoubtedly murdered one of our men after he had surrendered; a party of perhaps 20 whites and Indians riding up and riddling him with balls when his gun was thrown down, and his hands raised for quarter. Had I known it in time, I might not have troubled you with the Cherokee and the five white men sent in.

The enemy must have lost about 20 or 30. They packed away the bodies in their ambulances, except three (3) negroes and one Indian.

Their force was seven good looking companies; probably 525 men. Against these, under cover, and flanking us on two sides, the contest in which most of our men were killed was made by 120 of our men, much exposed.—By his courage, and presence of mind, Serg't Hooker of company F, when dismounted and nearly surrounded by the band which killed Robertson (the man who had surrendered) preserved his own life. Killing one enemy by the discharge of one barrel of his gun, he reserved the other, and challenged the pursuers. They would not come near him, but kept shooting at long range; perforating his clothes, and shooting way the breech of his gun. Concealing this mishap by keeping the gun in a position that they could not see its unavailableness, he finally got away. Another dismounted man of the same company, John Turner, was killed, after certainly killing two of the enemy, perhaps more as he discharged his gun several times. Reference is made to the accompanying report of Maj. J. A. Carroll, for a full comprehension of the action of his detachment, and to the report of Capt. Loring, commanding the Choctaws, relative to their action, while not under my immediate observation.

Very Respectfully
Charles DeMorse,
Comd'g. 29th Tex. Cav.

P.S.—Tuesday morning 23d June, 1863.

I have withheld the delivery of this report to wait the return of Maj. Carroll, field officer of the day, from Niven's point, having heard that the federals were communicating with our pickets. Yesterday Lt. Williams, federal field officer of the day, informed Lt. Mosely, company "G" 29th Tex. cavalry, stationed at Niven's point, that they had at the fort two prisoners of the 29th Tex. Cavalry, taken at the action on Greenlief one of them seriously wounded; and acknowledged a belief that one of our men had been murdered after being taken prisoner, but charged it upon the Pins, and as contrary to orders. Lt. Williams states the federal loss in the action as killed 10 whites, 15 Pins, 3 negroes, 29 wounded, states also that they have two Choctaw prisoners.

This makes the comparative result as follows:

Federal Loss.	Confederate Loss.
Killed 28.	Killed 8.
Wounded 29.	Wounded 8.
Prisoners 6.	Prisoners 4.
Total 63.	Total 20.

Lt. Williams states that they had 1200 men and one howitzer on Greenlief. One division of this force we engaged. The other division was fast encircling Capt. T. W. Daugherty, with Co. "A" stationed near the Telegraph road, when he discovered the situation, was led out by his guides, and recrossed at Hildebrands that evening.

Very Respectfully
Charles DeMorse.
Col Comdg 29th T. C.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 18, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Thirty Dollars Reward for a
Deserter.

R. A. A. Carleton a private in Comp. I, 29th Regt, Texas Cav, 5 feet 8 inches high, fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair, has deserted his company. The said R. A. A. Carleton was formerly a clerk in the Land Office at Austin. Thirty dollars reward will be paid for his apprehension, and delivery at the Head Quarters of this Regt. The enrolling officer of Travis County is requested to have him arrested, he is believed to be now in the vicinity of Austin Texas.

W. R. Elliot
Capt. Com. Co. I 29th Tex. Cav.

Camp Prairie Springs.
Cherokee Nation.
June 25th, 1863.

THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD, for a Deserter Asa Ward, a private in comp. I, 29th Regt. Texas Cav, 5 feet 10 inches high, dark complexion, dark eyes, and dark hair, has deserted his company. The said Asa Ward is a resident of Red River County. Thirty dollars reward will be paid for his apprehension or delivery at the Head Quarters of this Regiment.

W. R. Elliott.
Capt Com'dg Co I. 29th Reg. Tex. Cav.

Camp Prairie Springs, Cherokee Nation,
June 27th, 1863.

THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD Will be paid for each of the following deserters. W. C. Aikins, Comp I 29th Regt. Texas Cavalry, 5 feet 10 inches high, dark complexion, dark eyes and dark hair. G. W. Tubbs, six feet high, fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair. G. W. Moore 5 feet 11 inches high dark complexion, dark eyes; and dark hair, some spots of gray hair on the back part of his head. C. M. Holmes six feet high, fair complexion blue eyes and light hair.

The said W. C. Akin & G. W. Tubbs are residents of Bowie Co Texas. C. M. Holmes a resident Lafayette Co. Ark. G. W. Moore a resident of Red River Co. Tex.

Thirty dollars reward will be paid for the apprehension and confinement of each or their delivery at the Head Quarters of this Regiment.

W. R. Elliott.
Capt Com. Co. I 29th Tex. Cav.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 26, 1863; August 6, 1863; August 11, 1863 [illegible]; August 20, 1863, Note: Almost nothing but legal notices and advertisements

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Head-Quarters, 29th Tex. Cav. }
Camp Watie, C. N. }
August 29th, 1863. }

Sir:--

Having read your official report of the battle of Elk Creek and deeming that more explicit acknowledgement is due for valuable services rendered by a tried, and always reliable officer, I beg leave to call your attention to facts, a full knowledge of which is alone necessary--I am satisfied to your official recognition of the services referred to. You mention that Lieut. Col. O. G. Welch commanding the 29th Texas Cav., after my withdrawal from the field in consequence of a wound, was cut off, with a portion of the command. Inferentially it would appear that he had been in a hazardous position; but it should be explicitly known, that with the left of the

Regiment he retained his position upon the line of battle, *until all* other force had withdrawn, the right of my regiment included--that he then deliberately marched the men under his charge, to the ravine or branch, in the rear, where it had been understood that the second line of defence [sic] should be made; and after posting his men there, waiting a few moments, and discovering that his little force was entirely unsupported on the right, or on the left, and the enemy who had forced back the right, were already in rear as well as in front, he moved by the left flank, through the timber skirting the creek, and too late to overtake the horses of the command, marched on foot to the west of our regimental camp ground, and thence to North Fork town as mentioned in your report. For cool, courageous, deliberate action, I am satisfied, he is as well entitled to specific and honorable mention, as any officer on the field that day, and I desire also that it shall clearly appear that the 29th Texas cavalry, did its whole duty, as it has done on every field into which it has been called, & that it was beyond all question the last of the army to leave the field. This is the more important; as reports of the fight have gone out, in which the regiment is not recognized as having been in it, when in fact its participation was not secondary to that of any other force engaged but both in the original formation of the line, and the subsequent defence [sic] of the train, was of the first importance.

Very Respectfully,
(signed) Charles DeMorse,
Col Com'dg 29th Tex. Cav.

Gen'l D. H. Cooper.
Commanding 1st Brigade.

Head-Quarters 1st Brigade. }
Camp Watie, Aug. 29th, 2863 [sic]

Respectfully forwarded for Gen Steel's information, with the request that this report from col. DeMorse may be transmitted to Dept. Hd. Qrs., and made part of my official report of the affair at Elk Creek on the 17th July last.

I will add my testimony to the invariable good conduct of Lt. Col. Welch, who served formerly in my regiment as Captain of a company of Texas Cav., and on several occasions, was distinguished, and is always, in case of danger, cool, collected, and brave.

[Signed]

D. H. Cooper.
Brig. Gen'l

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1-4

Hd-Qrs. 1st Brigade I. T.
Imoclueh Creek Near Canadian.
August 12th, 1863.

General.

My official report of the affair at Elk Creek on the 17th ult., has been delayed in consequence of the movements of the troops under your command, and the difficulty of getting correct reports from subordinate officers, of the killed and wounded. Referring to my note of the 18th ult. I now have the honor to submit the following.

On the 15th of July, reports were sent to me from the Officer in charge of Piquets [sic] on Arkansas River, that it had become fordable above the mouth of Verdigris—that federal officers were seen examining the fords, that the two spies, Clark & Lane, formerly employees in the Qr-Mrs. Dept. at Forts Arbuckle and Cobb who imposed themselves upon you and thereby obtained permission to enlist in the Brigade, had reached Gibson—that they had been at the agency

examining that Ford &c. &c. &c. Believing there was a probability that the attack might be made upon me before Gen. Cabell's arrival, whose movements were known to these spies, or at all events that a heavy scout might be sent across to capture the Piquets [sic] on the Arkansas, I directed their concentration on Coody's Creek, with instructions to send videttes to the different Fords.

Early on the 6th ult information reached me that the Federals were crossing in force at the Creek Agency. Col. Tandy Walker commanding 1st C & C Regiment, and Capt. Gillett Comdg. Squadron T. C. with their commands, accompanied by Lt. Heiston A. D. C. & A. A. A. G. were ordered out in the direction of the Chimney Mountain where the roads to Creek Agency & to Gibson intersect, with orders to send out small parties of observation on both roads & to withdraw the Piquets [sic] from Coody's Creek. Up to this time I had been unable to determine whether the force which crossed at the Creek Agency was merely a heavy scout, or the advance of the main body of the enemy. About two or three hundred had been reported moving from the Creek Agency down the River to Nevins and Rabbit Ford near Frozen Rock, who were supposed no doubt, still to be there. About daylight on the morning of the 17th the advance of the enemy came in sight of the position occupied by the Choctaws and Texians, commenced a brisk fire upon them, which was returned and followed by a charge, which drove the enemy back upon the main column.—Lt. Heiston reported the morning cloudy and damp, many of the guns failing to fire, in consequence of the very inferior quality of the powder of the cartridges becoming worthless even upon exposure to *damp atmosphere*. Soon after the Federals had been driven back, it commenced raining heavily, which rendered our arms wholly useless.

These troops then fell back slowly & in good order to camp, for the purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of ammunition and preparing for the impending fight; a few remained with Lt. Heiston at Prairie Mountain about three miles north of camp on the Gibson road and were so disposed as to create the impression on the enemy that a large force was there awaiting them. Accordingly their advance halted until the main body came up and formed in Line of Battle, thus affording my aid opportunity to form an estimate of their strength. He reported their force to be probably 4000, which I found nearly correct, though some 500 under the mark.

After ascertaining that the enemy were advancing in force, orders were issued to the officers commanding Corps to prepare for immediate action and take their positions, all which had been in anticipation of an attack previously defined by General Order No. 25 to copy of which marked A herewith, reference is made.

Capt. Lee's Light Battery had been moved up on the Gibson road the evening previous intending it to go with the scout under Col. Walker, but owing to some misunderstanding or neglect in delivering the order, the scout left without it. Col. Bass with his regiment was ordered forward to support Lee's battery, Scanland's squadron and Gillett's squadron were directed to support the Creeks, at the upper crossing of Elk Creek and Col. Walker to hold his regiment in reserve at their camp near Honey Springs, sending Piquets [sic] out on the road across the mountain in the direction of prairie Springs.

Having made the arrangements I rode forward to the position north of Elk Creek where Capt. Lee's Light Howitzer battery had been posted and found it supported by Col. Bass' Regiment, (20th Texas dismounted Cav.) by a portion of the 2d Cherokee Regt. and a body of Skirmishers on the right under Command of Capt. Hugh Tinnin of the 1st Cherokee Regt. the remainder of the Cherokee Regiments being near the Creek. A movement of the enemy on my right was discovered and Capt. Tinnin reported that the skirmishers would soon be engaged. One half of col. Bass Regt. under captain Johnson was then ordered to the right, to support Capt.

Tinnin, and I rode over to their position and found movements of officers that there was a body of Troops on my extreme right. A part of the 2d Cherokee regiment just returned from a scout to Prairie Springs, who were getting breakfast at camp, were then ordered up, and a messenger sent for half of the Choctaw regiment, which soon arrived, and were placed also on the right along the edge of the prairie. Upon reconnoitering the enemy (from the high prairie, where I had a full view of them) then advancing upon the Gibson road, I found their force larger than reported by Lieutenant Heiston, and larger than I supposed they would bring from Gibson, and seeing a heavy force wheeling off to their right, and taking the road up the creek to the second crossing above the bridge—our weakest point, and from which the road continues up to the third crossing where the Creeks were posted. I returned to the main road—sent orders to the Creeks to move down and support colonels DeMorse and Martin, who were directed to support Colonel Bass, and if possible flank the enemy on our left. I then rode to where I expected to find the Choctaws in order to bring them to the support of Colonel Bass' command and the battery which was engaged with that of the enemy. Colonel Walker mistaking the order had moved off on the mountain several miles with his whole force instead of sending a piquet. Messengers were sent after him, and he returned promptly, but too late for the defence [sic] of the bridge. Riding back near the creek, I discovered our men in small parties giving way—these increased until the retreat became general. Colonel Bass' regiment, and Captain Lee's Battery after a most gallant defence [sic] of their position were compelled to fall back. Colonel DeMorse's regiment and Colonel Martin's on the left, also retiring—except a few who were cut off from the main body. We have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men *who fell here*, sacrificing their lives in opposition to an overwhelming force; to save our little battery—all of which was brought off except one Howitzer dismounted by the heavy Ordnance of the enemy. Colonel Martin, who retired in good order across the creek, when the line along the prairie gave way near the battery, was ordered to hold the ford above the bridge, but seeing the whole right wing falling back from the Bridge and below it. Colonel Martin was withdrawn and ordered to fall back to Honey Springs. Our forces were now in full retreat and the enemy pressing them closely. The Texans under Scanland's and Gillett's command were ordered to join me at Honey Springs, and the Creeks to withdraw from the extreme left, and also concentrate at the same place. Colonel Bass' and Colonel DeMorse's regiment, a part of which under Major Carroll had reached their horses, were directed also to rally at the same place.

The remainder of this regiment under Lt. Colonel Welch who bravely maintained his position on the North side of the creek too long to rejoin, were cut off and compelled to make a circuit via North Fork Town, to this camp. Captain Gillett's Squadron arriving promptly was formed on the road and for a short time held the advance of the enemy in check. The Choctaws under Colonel Walker opportunely arrived at this time, and under my personal direction charged the enemy, who had now planted a battery upon the timbered ridge about 1000 yards north of Honey Springs. With their usual intrepidity, the Choctaws went at them, giving the war whoop and succeeded in checking the advance of the enemy until their force could be concentrated, & all brought up. The Choctaws discouraged on account of the worthless [sic] of the ammunition, then gave way—and were ordered to fall back with the others in rear of the train, which had moved off in an easterly direction, covered by our troops, who remained formed for hours in full view of the enemy; thus giving the train time to gain some 6 or 8 miles on the road to Briar town; which had been indicated by yourself as the route by which reinforcements would be sent.

Too much praise cannot be awarded the troops, for the accomplishment of the most difficult of all military movements—an orderly and successful retreat, with little loss of life, or

property in the face of superior numbers, flushed with victory.

The retreat of the forces under my command *eastward* instead of South, completely deceived the enemy; and created as I anticipated, the impression that reinforcements from Fort Smith were close at hand, and that by a *detour* in rear of the mountain east of Honey Springs, our forces might march upon Gibson, and destroy it, while Gen'l Blunt was away with the whole Federal force. Under the influence of this reasonable fear, Gen. Blunt withdrew his forces and commenced a hurried march for Gibson.

North Fork, where we had a large amount of Commissary stores was thus saved, as well as the whole of the train, except one ambulance purposely thrown in the way of the enemy by the driver. A quantity of flour; some salt and sugar, were necessarily burned at Honey springs, there being no transportation for it. Our loss was 137* killed and wounded [at bottom of page: Note--*Since ascertained to be 142], and 47 taken prisoners, while that of the enemy exceeded, as I learn from one of our Surgeons who was at Gibson, when Gen. Blunt's forces returned, two hundred.

I feel confident we could have made good the defence [sic] of the position at Elk Creek, but for the worthlessness of our ammunition.—The Choctaws who had skirmished with the enemy on the morning of the 17th returned wet and disheartened, by finding their guns almost useless, and there was a general feeling among the troops that with such ammunition it was useless to contend with a foe doubtless superior in numbers, arms and munitions, with artillery ten times superior to our's [sic]—weight of metal considered. Notwithstanding all these untoward circumstances, the men of Col. Bass' Regiment stood calmly and fearlessly to their posts in support of Lee's Battery until the conflict became a hand to hand one, even clubbing their muskets, and never giving way until the Battery had been withdrawn; and even when defeated and in full retreat the officers and men of different commands readily obeyed orders, formed, falling back, and reforming at several different positions as ordered—deliberate and coolly. Their steady conduct under these circumstances evidently intimidated the foe, and alone enabled us to save the train, and many valuable lives. The Creeks under Col. D. N. McIntosh, at this juncture behaved admirably—moving off in good order, slowly and steadily across the North Fork road, in full view of the enemy, they contributed greatly to the safe retreat of the train and Brigade.

Among the officers who were distinguished for gallantry and good conduct; Col. T. C. Bass and Capt. R. W. Lee, were particularly conspicuous. Col. DeMorse's conduct though suffering under a severe wound, has been represented to me as all that should characterize a brave man. Col. Martin for his coolness and good management of his command, deceiving the enemy as to his real strength, and preventing our left from being turned, deserves great credit. Capt. Gillett behaved with his usual gallantry.—Maj. Carroll was active and prompt in bringing his men into line to cover the retreat. Col. Walker and his Choctaws behaved bravely as they always do. Capt. Hanks of Bass' regiment was also distinguished for his gallantry, being dangerously wounded while carrying orders which I had sent to Col. Bass to draw the right wing to his support, and the lamented Capt. Malloy of the same Regt. fell mortally wounded soon after having delivered my order to his Col. to move DeMorse's and Martin's regiments, up on the right flank of the enemy—who were advancing upon the Battery at the centre.

Captain Johnson who commanded a detachment from Col. Bass' Regt., came under my immediate notice. His conduct was at the most trying time cool and collected; that of a brave man and a good officer. The nature of the ground precluded the possibility of personally observing all the movements of our troops and the conduct of the men and officers. Among

those who are mentioned with praise by their immediate commanding officers, are Captains Hugh Tinnin, J. L. Butler and Jas. Stewart, 1st Cherokee Regt. Adj. L. C. DeMorse 29th Tex. Cavalry. Lt. Henry Forrester and Sergt. J. Riley Baker, Lee's Light Battery. Lt. A. G. Ballinger 2nd Cherokee regiment, killed.—And acting Serg't Maj. J. H. Riorson of Bass' regiment. Sergt Henry Campbell, Flag bearer of the same regiment, was particularly distinguished for his gallant conduct during the action. Mr. P. A. Blackstone, after being severely wounded, succeeded in repulsing three of the enemy who attacked him, killing one of them and taking his gun which he brought off with him together with his own, closely pursued by the enemy, after the greater portion of our troops had left the Field.

Of my personal staff Lt. T. B. Heiston, A. D. C. & A. A. Gen'l all speak in the highest terms. He was on this as on all former occasions whenever duty called, conspicuous for his gallant bearing.

My son Douglas H. Cooper, Jr., A. A. D. C. mentioned favorably by Col. Bass in his report for his good conduct while conveying my orders amidst the thickest of the fray. I am also indebted to Samuel A. Robinson for valuable assistance in carrying orders.

Referring to accompanying reports for further details and to list of killed and wounded.

I am General
Respectfully,
Douglas H. Cooper,
Brig. Gen.

Brig. Gen. Wm. Steele,
Commanding
Dept. Ind. Territory.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Head-Quarters, 29th Tex. Cav. }
Camp Watie, C. N. }
August 29th, 1863. }

Sir:--

Having read your official report of the battle of Elk Creek, and deeming that more explicit acknowledgement is due for valuable services rendered by a tried, and always reliable officer, I beg leave to call your attention to facts, a full knowledge of which is alone necessary—I am satisfied, to your official recognition of the services referred to. You mention that Lieut. Col. O. G. Welch commanding the 29th Texas Cav. after my withdrawal from the field in consequence of a wound, was cut off, with a portion of the command. Inferentially it would appear that he had been in a hazardous position; but it should be explicitly known, that with the left of the Regiment he retained his position upon the line of battle, *until all* other force had withdrawn, the right of my regiment included—that he then deliberately marched the men under his charge, to the ravine or branch, in the rear, where it had been understood that the second line of defence [sic] should be made; and after posting his men there, waiting a few moments, and discovering that his little force was entirely unsupported on the right, or on the left, and the enemy who had forced back the right, were already in rear as well as in front, he moved by the left flank, through the timber skirting the creek, and too late to overtake the horses of the command, marched on foot to the west of our regimental camp ground, and thence to North Fork Town as mentioned in your report. For cool, courageous, deliberate action, I am satisfied, he is as well entitled to specific and honorable mention, as any officer on the field that day; and I

desire also that it shall clearly appear that the 29th Texas cavalry, did its whole duty, as it has done on every field into which it has been called, & that it was beyond all question the last of the army to leave the field. This is the more important; as reports of the fight have gone out, in which the regiment is not recognized as having been in it, when in fact its participation was not secondary to that of any other force engaged, but both in the original formation of the line, and the subsequent defence [sic] of the train, was of the first importance.

Very Respectfully
(signed) Charles DeMorse,
Col. Com'dg 29th Tex. Cav.

Gen'l D. H. Cooper,
Commanding 1st Brigade.
Head-Quarters 1st Brigade.
Camp Watie, Aug. 29th, 1863.

Respectfully forwarded for Gen. Steel's information, with the request that this report from Col. DeMorse may be transmitted to Dept. Hd Qrs., and made part of my official report.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 1
Summary: Listed of Killed and Wounded of 1st Brigade, I. T. during the engagement of the 17th July ult., at Elk Creek, C. N.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 12, 1863, p. 2, c. 2-3
Head Quarters 29th Texas Cav.
Camp Prairie Springs, C. N.
July 25th 1863.

Colonel:--

In obedience to orders from you on the morning of the 17th inst. this regiment was promptly mounted and marched across Elk Creek to its north fork, when it was dismounted under cover of the timber, and proceeded rapidly on foot across the skirt of timber into the prairie, where we were under your directions posted in line of battle. Captain Harmon's Squadron, [Co's C and A] and Capt. Mat Daugherty's company "E" were thrown forward as skirmishers. In this position we remained some half hour when by your order we moved to the right some three hundred yards, and closed on your left. Captain Harmon's Squadron was retained as skirmishers in front of the new position, and Captain Daugherty's company was sent up a small bushy ravine, that extended into the prairie a few yards from our left, to the front. Some 15 or 20 dismounted Choctaws, came along our rear hunting a place to fight, these I immediately placed on our left, which extended our line nearly to the centre of the ravine, up which Captain Daugherty had been posted. This was our position at the commencement of the fight. The whole space in front of us was covered with small bushes, which concealed our position, and almost masked the approach of the enemy. A battery to the left of us, also one in front, complimented us occasionally with shot and shell, though the heaviest fire was directed to the right. A constant fire was kept up by the skirmishers on both sides. Captain Daugherty was driven from his position in the ravine.—The enemy advanced in line of battle four deep along our entire front, and extending to some distance to our left, keeping up a very rapid and constant fire of small arms. We reserved our fire until the enemy had approached within twenty yards, and then poured upon them a galling fire; in the mean time the whole right had given away, and we were fast being flanked on our right and left. The right of this regiment hearing an order

given to your regiment to fall back, obeyed it; the left still maintained their position until ordered back by me. It is proper here to mention, that besides the line of battle extending along our front, a heavy column of infantry bearing down from the right, swept everything before it.

We fell back to a small branch directly in our rear, where I ordered a halt, and made a stand, supposing that I was supported by the whole brigade. I sent Major Carroll to the right to ascertain the position of your regiment, in order to close upon it, and to rally our right. I remained with the left. The Major not returning I sent to the right myself, to ascertain the cause, when I found that all on our right had given away, and that the enemy were passing rapidly to our rear, on the right. I immediately ordered the remainder of my men out of the branch, and being cut off from our horses, and the main command, we made our way up Elk Creek, thence on foot across the prairie to North Fork, and camped. Major Carroll and the right succeeded in reaching our horses, and assisted in holding the enemy in check, while the train &c got off, and then came off *in rear of the entire command* to the Canadian.

Colonel Charles DeMorse, who commanded the regiment in person at the commencement of the action, was severely wounded in the left hand by a minnie ball from the enemy's sharp shooters, and after much earnest persuasion from myself and several other officers, reluctantly left the field—his conduct and bearing while on the field won the admiration of us all. Major Carroll as usual behaved with much coolness and gallantry, and rendered me valuable assistance on the field, and in bringing off the right wing of our regiment when cut off from the left, and deserves my unqualified approbation.

Adjutant DeMorse seemed quite in his element, amid the shower of lead. All the officers and men with very few exceptions in the latter class, behaved with coolness, and deserve and receive my thanks for the prompt manner in which all my orders were obeyed.

Our casualties are as follows:

Killed	14.
Wounded	29.
Missing	<u>8</u>
Total	51

This report has been delayed with the hope that Colonel DeMorse might be able to at least superintend it in person, but in this I have been disappointed.

Very Respectfully
Your ob't. Ser'vt.
Otis G. Welch.
Lt. col. Com'dg. 29th T. C.

Colonel T. C. Bass
Com'dg. Centre

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 1-3

Red River Station,
August 5th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--

Having just returned from a scout in the vicinity of the Wichita Mountains, and other parts of the frontier, I imagine the events of the excursion will be interesting somewhat to yourself and readers. On the morning of the 18th of July, Lieutenant James R. Gideon in command of twenty-six men left this place on an Indian hunt. On the day of our departure, we traveled about 10 miles, and reached the old post formerly occupied by Captain James

Bourland's company of Rangers; finding good water, and grass, we encamped for the night. At an early hour of the 19th we were again on the march, and after a travel of three hours we crossed "Little Wichita" where we nooned, remaining until about four o'clock, when we were ordered to "saddle up." A few moments only were occupied in saddling our horses and packing our mules, when we were ready for our journey. We put out—accomplished an eight miles ride—found good grass and water on Long creek, a tributary of the Little Wichita, and here camped for the night. On the morning of the 20th, we started for the Big Wichita at which we arrived about 11 o'clock—crossed at Valentine's crossing—went up the River about a mile—nooned at an old vacated Rancho formerly occupied by a Mr. Nechard [?] who was killed sometime since by the Indians. At this place we found good grass and excellent water—we lounged around in the shade until late in the evening, then pursued our course up the Wichita. About sun down we found ourselves at Campbell Gooche's Rancho which was situated upon an elevated point fronting on one of the most beautiful vallies [sic] of the Wichita. Here were several buildings. A large framed house consisting of three spacious rooms and various little huts, built upon the Mexican style. These huts I presume were once occupied by the Mexicans in employ of Mr. Gooch. These premises were evacuated about the time of the Fort Cobb affair. Many things were here left, and destroyed. The grass and water being good, at this place, our Lieutenant ordered us to strike camps. On the morning of the 21st at the rising of the sun, we were again on the march—travelled a north west course about 10 miles, struck Red River at Gilbert's Rancho. Here again was desolation and destruction—here were marks of the outrages of these merciless red devils who have ever since my first recollection infested the frontier of Texas. Mr. Gilbert left his home at or near the same time that Mr. Gooch was compelled to abandon his place. Gilbert's was also a well finished home.—The dwelling house was a large framed building, consisting of four extensive rooms, and erected with much taste and skill; it was situated upon a high bluff of Red River, fronting south on a beautiful scope of Prairie. At the rear of the building was a fine clustre [sic] of elm, and other magnificent shade trees. In this grove, bursted [sic] out a beautiful spring of water, from under the rock, it was pure, clear, and cold, and was quite refreshing to the thirsty Rangers. The good water, and beautiful shade, were truly inviting; we could not help but while away a few hours at so delightful a place. The owner of this valuable place had left many things of worth at the mercy of the Indians, and after its abandonment they had not failed to visit, and leave many marks of their presence. The windows were all broken out, both sash and glass. In one room, had been left a neat bureau; even this they had destroyed. Valuable books were torn to pieces, and scattered to and fro. The black smith's bellows, together with numerous other things, were totally ruined. The wheat crop remained standing in the field, had not been reaped. We remained here until late in the evening, then pursued our journey about four miles; camped on Gilbert's creek. On the 22nd we traveled about 15 miles leaving Gilberts creek, on our right, water began to get scarce; but at length found a sufficient quantity to answer our purpose, and notwithstanding it was very bad, we camped until the 23rd, when we took a south west course—travelled about 16 miles; and came to the Big Wichita, at what is known as the upper Van Dorn crossing. Here we got our dinner, and grazed our horses a while, but the grass and water being indifferent, we travelled that evening up Beaver creek seven or eight miles and took up for the night. On the 24th we continued to scout up Beaver some fifteen or twenty miles, finding no sign of Indians—in fact there was no game in that country, therefore Indians could not subsist.

On the 25th we continued up the creek a few miles, but the grass getting worse; the Lieutenant concluded to take a north east course, for Pease River. We travelled in this direction

all night, and camped until the morning of the 26th, when we again set out for Pease River. On this day it was my misfortune, in company with one John Higgins, to get separated from the command. It was partly carelessness on our part, that we lost them. After having rambled about until near moon down, we stopped for the night, believing that we could find the trail of the command, the next day, but unfortunately for us, clouds began to gather and at daylight, a tremendous rain was falling; of course the trail that we were expecting to find, became entirely obliterated, by the falling of such an immense quantity of water. However on the 27th we searched most diligently, hoping to find some trace of them. We rode till moon down—found no sign of them whatever. By this time we had become hungry, and much fatigued; yet we did not despair but early on the 28th, we resumed our search, and continued to ride until night fall, when both ourselves and horses were almost exhausted. By this time our hunger had ceased, and we grew sick and sleepy. We unsaddled our horses and threw ourselves on the damp ground, and there reposed until morning. The 29th was a clear and beautiful day. After getting up, and taking a view of the country around I informed my comrade that I was acquainted with the country, and that we had better abandon our search for the command, and start for the nearest settlements that we might get something to eat. To this proposition my comrade readily acquiesced; and by 7 o'clock we were on our course homeward. After travelling about 12 miles, we struck a large trail, which we very naturally concluded was "Injun sign." A closer examination soon confirmed us in our belief. You may imagine that we began to feel "woolfish" for our situation was by no means viable. Our arms consisted of two rifles and a Colts navy, and in consequence of so much rain, and the inferiority of the powder and caps that we have to use we could place but little confidence in our shooting irons. But believing it a desperate case at best, we continued to travel homeward, resolved that if we were attacked by Indians, to sell out as dear as possible. We had not travelled two miles, when we found another trail of ponies which apparently was not more than three hours old. We examined close, in fact followed it a few hundred yards, to ascertain where they were going. We soon concluded from the course they were travelling that they were on their way, to the white settlements.—We left the trail, took our course, and you may readily imagine travelled rapidly—accomplished a ride of nearly sixty miles, having had nothing to eat since leaving the scout, but one prairie dog and one rabbit. At night we were much fatigued and my companion complained of hunger, but I was sick, and sleepy—therefore laid down, and slept till day.

On the morning following, we took an early start; and after a ride of about sixty miles, reached the settlements on Little Wichita.—Here we were given something to eat by the settlers—allowing us to eat only in small quantities at a time. After satisfying our hunger to some extent, we retired for the night—slept pleasantly, and awoke next morning much revived—ate a hearty breakfast, and started for our Station, where arrived that night, got something more to eat, and by next morning felt as well as could be expected. In a day or two the command returned, but unfortunately did not find the Indian trails which I have mentioned. Since our return the very Indians that made the trails of which I have spoken, have been in the settlements, committing their bloody, and inhuman depredations. On Saturday last, they attacked five cow hunters about 12 miles from camp Brunson, killing three and wounding one. The wounded man and his father escaped. The names of those killed were John McGehee, Wm. Hodge, and Levi Hill. The Indians got their horses and saddles. The two men that escaped made their way into camp Brunson, and informed Captain Ward of what had transpired. He sent men to bury the dead, and follow the murderers.—At last accounts, they were on the trail, but I do not know how far behind. As soon as the intelligence came to Red River station, Capt. Rowland started out two

scouts. We have not heard from them since they left, but feel confident that they will use every exertion to catch them.

We have in anticipation an expedition to the North Canadian, and the Arkansas river. Our Lieutenant Colonel has just returned from Fort Arbuckle, where he had been for the purpose of procuring aid from the Indian troops that are stationed there. While there he made an arrangement for the Tonkows to come, and live in Texas again. Five of them are here now, and the remainder of them will be in to night. This tribe is now almost extinct. The bringing of the Tonks among us, is not approved of by many. If I am correctly informed, it is the intention of the Colonel, to divide them out, and put a few at each station, on the frontier. In my mind it will cause trouble, however time will prove.

I believe I have written about all that will interest you; as we never hear any war news. It has been rumored here that Vicksburg is in possession of the enemy; but we do not know, whether this is true or false; but I presume you are by this time posted. Should anything worthy of communicating transpire, you shall hear from me again.

C. A. W.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

Camp on Little Boggy, C. N. }
September 9th, 1863. }

Dear Standard:--

We are pleasantly situated in camp on this Creek; detached from the main portion of the brigade, occupying the Perryville road. Colonel Martin's regiment, is camped below us in the road leading to Fort Smith. We are enjoying the dull life of a soldier in camp without any thing astir, and perfectly in ignorance as to when any movement will be made forward or backward; but imagine we shall remain in our present camp, unless General Blount should issue a special order, protesting against our longer staying here, and at the same time sending sufficient force to remove us.

Having met with nothing but defeat heretofore, on account of inferiority of numbers, and the character of our troops, we are cheered by the intelligence, that Gen'l McCulloch, with three regiments of whites, is *enroute* for here, and that Gen'l McCulloch is to assume command of the Department. It is to be hoped that this is not one of the thousand rumors that are afloat every day, but will prove true, for McCulloch is represented as a strict disciplinarian, a soldier of the old school, and such a man is sadly needed here.

Colonel Bankhead, who went to reinforce General Cabell, in command at Fort Smith, did not make the junction in time, and Cabell was forced to give way, before superior numbers, the enemy taking possession of Fort Smith.

Individuals here from Texas, represent the people despondent, whipped, and willing to go back into the union. It is said, that in your country, there are hundreds who are ready, at the first touch of the invader upon Texas soil, to welcome him with open arms. This may be the feeling of the people in your county, and around there, but it certainly cannot be over the whole State. Why should the people be whipped, when the army is not? Not the least despondency exists among those who have for over two years, endured the cold of winter, and the heat of summer, and all the hardships of a soldier's life, and yet they are in better spirits today, than ever, and to the army the prospects look brighter than ever before.—It is for the sake of property that these timid individuals are ready to yield the palm to Abraham, their king, thereby to save their little of worldly goods, they have treasured up. They can possibly be actuated by no other motive, for

the people in that part of the country are in no danger of life or limb, nor likely ever to be. Do they not know that the very property which they would save, will be turned against us, to swell the ranks of the enemy, and as a means of accomplishing our subjugation: All this scary feeling upon the part of the people is useless, let them be of good cheer, do their duty and the end is not far off. Let them send back those who in the hour of trial have deserted their regiments, and are still absent, let them take those in hands who have skulked the issue from the beginning, and carried themselves as gentlemen of great dignity, behind their tickets of exemption, gentlemen of *profession*, quack doctors, young men of disability &c. Send them all into the army, with guns upon their shoulders, and let them taste for once the proud joy of defending the soil that has fed them.

It is rumored here that we are to be reinforced by "Cabell's Battalion," heretofore stationed at Bonham, and *quartered* at the "Burney House." I cannot vouch for the correctness of this, but hope it may prove true.—Having been highly fed, and pampered it is to be hoped they will do good fighting.

Should anything of interest occur soon, you will hear from me again.

Yours truly
Phil.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

New Goods
Just Received, and
For Sale by the Undersigned,

4000 yards, best Calico.
1000 " Bleach Domestic.
200 " Chambray.
100 dozen Gingham Handkerchiefs.
20 " White cotton Hose.
50 yards Irish Linen.
400 fine French Calf Skins.
50 lbs. best shoe thread.
100 dozen Spool thread.
20 lbs. Patent thread.
[illegible] lb. Black Sewing Silk.
50,000 needles assorted sizes.
500 lbs Sal Soda.
400 lbs Black Pepper.
12 Keg of nails 5 to 10d.
12 dozen Tin Caps.
12 hhds. Sugar.

And various other articles in store, which will be shown upon application.

Clarksville, Texas, Sept. 18th 1863.

J. H. Darnall.

I have also in Jefferson, Texas, sixty hogheads of Sugar, and 100 barrels of Molasses for

sale.

J. H. Darnall.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

The Dallas Herald of the 19th says that a few prisoners passed through there on the Sunday previous en route for Galveston, being condemned by court martial as renegade citizens of Texas to work on the fortifications during the war and afterwards to be banished from the State. They were all citizens of Cooke and Grayson counties, absconded from the country, joined the Feds and were returning with arms to Texas, on a spying excursion. Three were shot at Gen. Bankhead's head quarters by order of the court martial, and the rest sent to Galveston.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 26, 1863, October 3, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Hd. Qrs. 1st Brigade I. T. }
Camp on Five Mile Creek. }
September 24th 1863. }

Colonel:--

In your introduction to the publication of the Official Report, of the affair at Elk Creek, on 17th July, it is stated that the first, and second Cherokee regiments were commanded respectively by Colonels Watie, and Adair, and in justification to these officers, it is proper to say, that the first Cherokee regiment was commanded by Major Thompson, Colonel Watie being at the time on detached services at Webber's Falls; and the second Cherokee regiment by Lieutenant Colonel Bell, Colonel Adair being absent—sick. It was regretted exceedingly that it so happened that Colonel Watie was not present on that occasion, as his services, and well known gallantry would have given great encouragement to the officers, and men of his command.

Please make this explanation public.

Respectfully,
D. H. Cooper,
Brig. Gen'l

Colonel Charles DeMorse,
Clarksville Texas.

Skip to November 7, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

The Loyalty of the Choctaws.

Some persons in the Choctaw Nation, timorous or disaffected, had ventured to suggest, a few weeks since, that the safety, and policy of the Nation, lay in a position of neutrality.

To prevent any misapprehension, as to the feeling of the Nation *en masse*, the Council in Session took the matter under consideration, and expressed itself in the following very decided terms—the resolutions offered by Col. Campbell Leflore.

The Choctaws are a reliable people, and their troops are unsurpassed by those of any other of our Indian Allies.

Resolutions Condemning the position of Neutrality, as a measure of this Nation, &c.

Whereas, great and serious damage has been done to the good name, and enviable position, now held by this nation, among the Confederate States of America, our friends and allies, by the repeated and contemptible enquiries of certain persons how and what they thought of the position of neutrality, as a step to be taken by this nation in the present war being waged upon her border.

1st.—Be it resolved by the general council, of the Choctaw Nation assembled, That any person speaking sentiments of a character tend in any wise to destroy the confidence of the Choctaw people in the ability of the Confederate States to sustain themselves in the present struggle, and advising the people of this Nation to take any steps tending in any manner to induce this people to occupy a position of neutrality, or withdraw their united support from the Confederate States, shall be deemed, and considered an enemy to this Nation of people, and a traitor to the liberties of his common country and interest; and deserving the death of a traitor.

2d.—Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Bonham, Sherman, Paris, Clarksville, Tex., and Washington, Ark., with the request to place the same before the friends of this Nation, in the columns of their respective newspapers.

3d.—Be it further resolved, That this resolution take effect, and be enforced, from and after its passage.

Approved Oct. 10th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Camp Bragg, C. N. }
Oct. 15th, 1863. }

Dear Standard:--

A few days ago our camps was visited by the renowned Guerrilla Chieftain, Quantrel [Quantrill], fresh from his Kansas raid, and bringing the joyful intelligence, that on the ____ inst., at Baxer [Baxter] Springs, this side of Fort Scott, they had attacked Major General Blount, Stahl, and Escort, and succeeded in killing Blount, his staff, and near all his escort. As an evidence of their victory they bring with them the sword, pistols, saddle, private carriage, ambulance, papers, uniform, flag, &c., of the Federal General, an abundance of small arms, and a thousand minor trophies taken from his staff and escort. The whole party numbered between 120 and 140, and not more than 20 are said to have escaped alive, and all concur in the opinion that General Blount himself was killed. Should they have been so fortunate as to have killed Blount, the Federal army has been deprived of its best General this side of the Mississippi.

Col. Watie arrived in camps yesterday evening with eleven prisoners, and nine wagons, loaded with commissaries, captured on the road from Gibson to Van Buren.

Immediately upon our move here, the Federals wisely evacuated North Fork town, giving us undisputed possession of this portion of the Indian country, and it is said with the exception of a few bands of plunderers, here and there, that the road from here to Gibson is clear. No force of any importance can occupy a station beyond the Canadian, on account of the scarcity of forage, and I suppose our camps will be confined chiefly on the Canadian line, and in the meantime our

cavalry will rid the country of all marauding bands, between this and the Arkansas River. Our horses are faring finely now, forage at present being plenty' and the enemy will begin to find it troublesome transporting supplies from one post to another by wagons.

Since my last we have been joined by the Chickasaw, and Seminole Battalions.

Yours Truly
Phil.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 7, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The famous "Brush-men," whose numbers and probable intentions have of late been the subject of so much conjecture, have with the consent of Gen. McCulloch, agreed to organize into a regiment for frontier defence [sic]. The organization is to take place next Thursday.—The question "what was to be done with these men," had long puzzled the brains of military men, and for its peaceful solution, the country is greatly indebted to Gen. McCulloch to whose conciliatory, yet firm, and skillful management, it is chiefly attributable.—McKinney Messenger.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Ector's Brigade in the Battle of Chickamauga

Few, if any troops in the Confederate army have a more enviable fame than Ector's Brigade. It is composed of the 9th Regiment Texas Infantry, Col. Young, 10th, 14th, 15 (or 32) regiment Texas cavalry (dismounted) commanded respectively by Lieut. Col. Earp, Col. Camp and Col. Anderson, the 29th regiment N. C. by Lieut. Col. Creasman, Stone's Ala. Battalion, and Pounds Miss. Battalion, numbering some 1,300 effective men in the late battle, where the old brigade added fresh laurels to those it had already won on many a well fought battlefield, albeit it was at the cost of many of its bravest spirits. This brigade was at once upon its arrival at Chattanooga to reinforce Gen. Bragg, placed in the reserve corps. The position of the reserve involved the certainty that their duties would be heavy, and their toils incessant. They were at once placed on piquet duty on the bank of the Tennessee river, where they remained until it became necessary to fall back to counteract the flank movement of the enemy. These being foiled by Gen. Bragg, the order finally came to move upon Rosengrantz's [sic] grand Army of Invasion, and Ector's brigade was at the head of the column. In this, as in every other battle, it has been their fortune to participate, their corps burnt the first powder, and were amongst the foremost in assaulting the enemy. At Chickamauga creek it first encountered the vandals, and in common with other brigades of the division it drove the enemy back, on the eve of the 18th, and just after dark it crossed over the stream, and lay upon its arms almost in sight of a greatly superior force of the enemy.

On the next morning it moved out, and soon came in contact with Thomas' corps, fighting them gallantly until the supporting Brigades were driven back, when these veterans being flanked, and almost surrounded, were ordered to fall back, which they did without confusion, cutting their way through a line of the enemy which had flanked them on their left, and got in their rear. In this engagement Col. Young commanding 9th Texas, a very gallant, and efficient officer, was severely wounded: The loss in officers, and privates was very heavy. Two other brigades being now ordered forward engaged the enemy and Ector's brigade moved upon their right, and regained their lost ground, pushing the enemy some distance before it.—It drove back

three lines, charged several masked batteries, which were supported by strong bodies of infantry, and captured several pieces of artillery; but was again forced to retire, for a short distance, finding itself greatly outnumbered, and the supporting brigades again having given way after making a most gallant fight. Only one of the guns could be saved. In this charge were lost many of its most gallant officers, and men. Col. Andrews, commanding 32d Texas, a gallant and chivalric officer, was severely wounded while leading his regiment, flag in hand, several flag bearers having been shot down. After his fall a private in the 10th Texas, J. C. Neal, again raised the flag, and brought it out. This gallant soldier was also killed on the next day. Capt. Dixon and Lieutenant Williams of the 32nd Texas were killed near the battery taken, while gallantly leading the charge. Their gallantry availed but little, as this brigade with more than one-third of the number carried into the fight already killed and wounded, was left alone to breast the storm of battle, which broke upon them in all its fury. And nobly did they do their duty. In danger of being surrounded again, it moved by the right flank, and took position a short distance in the rear. In a short time Cleburne's division came up, and this brigade was ordered up as a support to that division. It was not engaged again during the evening, although exposed to the heavy artillery fire of the enemy. Gen. Cleburne's division moved upon the enemy about sundown and continued to drive them until after dark. Night finally put an end to the struggle of the combatants, and a dull silence seemed to portend an angry morrow. On Sunday morning the brigade acted as a reserve, and about 10 a. m. it was ordered up at double quick to support the lines in advance, which had given away, after sustaining a heavy loss before one of the strongest works that the enemy had on the field. At the time it came up our lines in advance were in considerable confusion, and it was evident that it was all important for the brigade to hold the enemy in check, until these could be reformed.

Nobly did it do its duty. Coming up at a run, it gave a yell, and dashed at the foe.—Then like a wall of living fire, it stood, fighting at considerable disadvantage and being exposed to a raking fire from left, and front. Its line of battle could be distinctly marked by its dead, and wounded, after the struggle was over. The very air seemed filled with bursting shell and minnie balls. When the lines were reformed the brigade moved forward, and continued to drive the enemy until after night fall.

Brig. Gen. Ector was slightly wounded four times, and had two horses shot from under him. Capt. Kilgore A. A. G., and Lieut. H. M. Lane, A. D. C., were wounded, and Lieut. T. B. Trezevant, A. I. G., received a bullet hole through his cap. Every member of General Ector's Staff, down to his orderly, lost at least one horse, and every mounted officer in the Brigade had his horse killed or severely wounded. During the whole of the engagement the General and his staff were to be seen directing, encouraging, and leading the men. So stubborn was the resistance offered by the enemy, than an Indian belonging to the brigade could not forbear expressing his admiration while coolly picking them off with his rifle by the remark, "Yankee fight good this time."

A large portion of this brigade is composed of Texans—cut off entirely from home, and all the association and benefits to be derived from kindred, and friends. Even the poor privilege of mail communication is denied them. But their conduct will speak for them—they need no higher eulogy.

I cannot close without paying a deserved tribute to the gallantry of North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi troops attached to this brigade. They endured all with us, and with us are entitled to an equal share of the praise. Our association with them has been most pleasant

and agreeable.

W. S.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2-3

Summary: List of Casualties in Ector's Brigade in the Battle of Chickamauga

Includes:

Thirty-second Texas Regiment, Col. J. A. Andrews, commanding.

Company I. Killed: ... privates A. G. Garey [Gary]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 14, 1863

Skip to November 28, 1863

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Deserters.

\$30 Reward is offered for the arrest, and delivery to me, of each of the following described deserters from my company (F), DeMorse's Regiment, Texas cavalry, viz.

Private Thomas R. Rodgers, deserted 15th Sept. 1863; was enlisted in Red River county, Texas, on 20th June 1862, to serve three years or during the war; was born in St. Clair county, State of Alabama, is 23 years of age, 6 feet 1 inch high, dark complexion, blue eyes, brown hair.

Private Charles Adkins deserted Oct. 20th 1863; was enlisted in Red River county, Texas on the 20th June 1862—and lives on Mustang Creek in Red River county, (have no descriptive list.)

Corporal James M. Land, deserted 15th Sept.; was enlisted at Camp Brooken's Creek, Choctaw Nation, on the 25th of August 1863, to serve three years, or during the war; was born in the State of Texas, Cass county, and lives in Red River county, Texas. He is 18 years of age, 6 feet high, light complexion, dark hair, and grey eyes.

E. R. Oliver,
Capt. Com'dg Co. F,
29th Reg. T. C.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Lady in Distress.

Mrs. T. A. Herbert, a refugee from Missouri is now at this place in almost a destitute condition. She has brothers in Gen. Cooper's Brigade, who will assist her if they have a knowledge of her condition, which is the object of this notice. She also has relatives in Red River County, Texas.

A. B. Genkins,

Farmersville, La. Sept. 9th, 1863.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], December 12, 1863, December 19, 1863

Skip to January 9, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Capitol, Nov. 12, '63.

His Excellency, John Gill Shorter:

Dear Sir—A constituent of mine, Col. R. R. Pickering, of Marengo county, is making excellent cotton yarns, for the manufacture of bagging, and heavy clothing for negroes, without the use of cards. He gins the cotton slowly, so as to throw large flakes through the flue which are caught in a hamper basket, placed under the flue, and taken to the spinning wheel, without pressing the cotton. Col. Pickering informs me that his best spinners average eight cuts per day. Since he has made this discovery he has abandoned the use of cards in making coarse yarns. I herewith send you a specimen of the yarn for exhibition.

Believing this a matter of much importance to our country, I have taken the liberty of making this communication.

Very respectfully,

W. E. Blake.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Col. John B. Walker, of Madison, Ga., had 500 acres planted in Chinese Sugar Cane this year. He is the pioneer in the cultivation of this plant in Georgia, and having found it to be a valuable product, has given almost his whole attention to it. He manufactures large quantities of syrup, and vinegar. The vinegar is made from the juice of the cane, boiling it long enough to skim off the feculent matter which rises to the surface, then pouring it into barrels. The bung left out, it acidifies in the usual way, making very strong vinegar.

Mr. Walker saves all the fodder, and seed of his cane, which he says pay the whole cost of the crop.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], January 9, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Soldiers Contemplation.
"Air—Southern Wagon."

O soldiers I've concluded, to make a little song,
And if I tell no falsehood there'll surely be no wrong,
If any be offended at what I have to sing,
'Twill be because his conscience applies its bitter sting.

Chorus

Oh how'd you like the army, this high falutin army,
The brass-mounted army, where eagle buttons rule.

Of late I've oft been thinking, of this great army-school,
With iron regulations, and tyrants rigid rule.
But chosen words, or phrases, I need no longer seek,
Plain fact as soldiers know them, a stronger language speak;
Then how'd you like the army &c.

Whisky is a monster, and ruins great and small,
But in the noble army, Head Quarters gets it all,
They drink it where there's danger, although it seems too hard,
And if a private touch it, they pop him under guard,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

And then when we are marching, we're Order No. Blank,
That makes the private soldier forever stay in rank,
Although 'tis rather cooling, as soldiers often say,
It is a General Order, and all at once obey,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

At every big plantation, or negro holders yard,
Just to save his property, the Generals place a guard.
The sentry's then instructed to let no private pass,
The rich man's house, and table are fixed to suit the brass,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

I hate to leave this story so beautiful, and true;
But the poor men, and the widows must have a line or two.
For them no guards are stationed—their fences all are burned,
And property molested, as long ago you've learned,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

The army is much richer than when the war begun,
It furnishes three tables where once it had but one.
The first is richly laden with chicken, goose, and duck;
The next with pork and mutton, and third with good old buck.
Then how'd you like the army &c.

The Generals eat the poultry and buy it very cheap,
Our Colonels and our Captains, devour the hogs and sheep;
The privates are contented—except what they can steal—
With Buck and cornbread plenty to make a handsome meal;
Then how'd you like the army &c.

And when we meet with ladies, we're bound to go it shy,
Head Quarters are the pudding, and privates are the pie,
They issue standing orders to keep us all in line,
For if we had a showing, the brass would fail to shine,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

Sometimes we get so hungry we chance to steal a pig,
Then the biggest stump in Dixie, we're sure to have to dig,
And if we fret an officer, who wears long legged boots,

With neither judge nor jury, we're put on double roots,
Then how'd you like the army &c.

These things and scores of others, are truly hard to me,
Yet we should be contented, and fight for liberty.
And when we leave the army, we'll have a jolly time,
We'll be our own commanders, and sing a sweeter rhyme.
We'll say farewell to armies &c.,

We'll see our loving sweethearts, and sometimes kiss them too,
We'll eat the finest rations and bid old buck adieu.
There'll be no General with us, no orders to compel,
Long boots and eagle buttons, will take a long farewell.
And thus we'll leave the army &c.

By Foot Cavalry,
From the privates of Alexander's Regt., 2nd Tex. Brigade.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 12, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

Home Manufactures.

The Telegraph has been shown some samples of goods made in Texas, at a small factory which Capt. Wharton has succeeded in getting under way. He states that there will be six spinning jennies of ten spindles each, and a wool carding machine successfully at work—with power looms. In six months twenty-six more spinning jennies will be completed.—they will be driven by steam, and will turn out six hundred and fifty yards of cloth per day or enough to clothe one hundred soldiers.—The manufacture of rope is already begun, and the manufactory is expected to produce yarn for socks, blankets, cotton, wool, and mixed goods. The machinery for the factory has been entirely by Texas mechanics, and set in operation by Mr. J. K. Mitchell. An iron foundry has also been set in operation by the energy, and enterprize [sic] of Capt. Wharton, which will furnish ovens, skillets, and cooking utensils for nearly ten thousand men, at about 25 cents per pound. This foundry also makes kettles for making soaps, and candles. Mr. T. s. Hammett, formerly a merchant in Galveston, now a private in the Confederate service, is the superintendent of the foundry. A hat factory is also about to be commenced, capable of turning out 1000 hats per month, and at a cost not exceeding \$3 each. Almost the entire operative force is made of detailed soldiers. A year ago Capt. Wharton commenced a government shoe factory, which is now capable of making 1000 pairs good brogans per month, at a cost not exceeding \$8,50 per pair. Leather is supplied in abundance at schedule prices, and private tanneries have increased rapidly. Tailor shops, tin shops &c., have also been put in operation by the energy and enterprize [sic] of Capt. Wharton, who commenced without experience. This shows what one patriotic man can do, when he exerts his talent and industry for the benefit of the country, and should stimulate others to follow this noble example.—Austin Ga.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

We are in receipt of the Semi-Weekly Crockett Quid Nunc, a lively, well-edited little sheet, which we hope may do well. It is issued by J. R. Burnett, & Co.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

The Tide Northward:--The embalming process brought into requisition.—It is reliably estimated that during the past week over one hundred Jews, principals of substitutes, and others have come on to Richmond from the south, put up at the hotels, and disappeared by the various under ground routes to the North. How they go is known only to themselves, and their agents, but it is true they have gone, and are still going. Ten Jews left one of the principal hotels on Sunday morning. They are mostly of the wealthy class, and ten thousand dollars is frequently tendered for a safe passage to the Potomac. It is said that persons in the guise of farmers are their most successful accomplices. They come to Richmond with marketing, or a load of forage, and carry out a load of blockade runners concealed in their vehicles making a more profitable speculation on their outward, than their inward trip, as all pay, and pay heavily too.

Numbers have been overhauled on their journeys through the lines by the detectives, and are now resting in Castle Thunder, but more have succeeded in escaping. It is hinted, with what amount of truth we know not, that the mysterious art of the embalmer has been employed in some recent cases of disappearance, and that several embalmed Jews, neatly encoffined, have gone through the lines enroute to bereaved relatives in the North.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

The Creoles of Louisiana.—A Massachusetts chaplain, Rev. Mr. Hepworth, writes of the Louisiana Creoles:

Just beyond Carrollton is an immense, and magnificent estate, owned by one of these Creoles. His annual yield of Sugar is fifteen hundred hogheads. He might have taken the oath of allegiance, and thus saved his property; but he would not. The work of depredation commenced; but he bore it without a murmur.

First we took his wagons, harness, and mules; he said nothing, but scowled most awfully.—Next we emptied his stables of horses for cavalry service; he did not have even a pony left and was compelled to trudge along on foot; still nothing was said. Next we took his entire crop; ground it in his own sugar house, used his barrels for the molasses, and his hogheads for the sugar, and marked the head of each, "U. S." not a murmur. Then came his negroes, three hundred, and more, house servants and all; took it into their woolly heads to come within our camp lines. The creole was most completely stripped; still he stood in the midst of the ruins, cursing Abe Lincoln, and wishing that he had eight instead of four sons in the rebel army.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 2

Nor has the war failed to reveal admirable virtues in the southern people. the passionate bravery of the men who charged up to the very throats of our cannon at Fort Robinett; the rapid marching, and persistent fighting that dispersed McClellan's army from before Richmond; the stubborn spirit that made them devour their mules before they yielded at Vicksburg; and the warlike skill, and ingenuity that have enabled them to avoid decisive disaster, through three years of superior numbers—these are qualities which we are bound to appreciate, whether we are willing to do so or not. The people of the south are no mean foes. They are Americans.—St. Louis Union.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Cotton Cards—The County Court.

Some months ago, notice was given by the State authorities to the several counties, that a large number of cotton cards had been imported from Europe, at a cost of \$10 per pair, Confederate money, at which rate they would be furnished to the counties, for sale to soldiers families, and others at the same rate. Cards, at that time, were selling in Clarksville at \$50 per pair, cannot be procured now at any price. The distributive share of our county would have been, we believe, about 300 pairs. The distribution of them would have done much good to the families of poor soldiers, and indeed to all others who could have obtained them under the rule of distribution. An offer was made to the County Court, to bring them from Austin at \$2,00 per pair, which should have been immediately accepted; but was not.—Many weeks have worn away—many poor women are in need of the cards:--the Counties continuous have procured, and distributed; but *our* County Court has done nothing. Have not these stay at home officials time to think of the families of those who are confronting the battles of their country, or enduring the hardships of the camp, away from home, and family? If they have not, they had better be replaced by better men, more considerate of the need of the country. There is no excuse for such delay, or the silly parsimony which commenced it. It is criminal; because unjust to women and children who cannot help themselves; unjust to the soldiers, and therefore unjust to the Country. If speedy action is not taken to effect this object of duty, we shall take the trouble to furnish the names of men so derelict to duty, while staying at their comfortable homes. Those who suffer from their neglect should know to whom they are indebted for the misconduct.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], March 26, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Boren's bushmen, lately encamped in Lamar County have been taken under guard toward Shreveport, by a detachment of Martin's regiment. They were believed to be preparing to take to the bush again. It is a pity that they were not in the first instance driven out of the bush by force, or exterminated in the attempt. The traitorous scoundrels were not worth the time, and care wasted upon them.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 2, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Ed. News:--Having suffered from vaccination with the impure vaccine matter so extensively circulated over the country, and experimented until I found a successful remedy, you will please publish it for the benefit of those suffering.

Take sage leaves, and vinegar, boil together, thicken with corn meal, and make poultices, apply to the wound for three days, and nights, changing morning and night for fresh one, and treat constitutionally as follows:

Take one tablespoonful Sulphur [sic], one table spoonful of cream tartar. When the poultice is changed, the sore should be washed with camphor.

This course faithfully followed will cure the worst arms in the State in less than one week.

Your's [sic] &c.
O. A. McGinnis.

Moscow, Texas, Feb. 27, 1864.

Skip to April 16, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 16, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

From Below.

On the 8th inst. the great battle of Mansfield was fought. On the 9th the pursuit was active, and equally successful—prisoners, wagons, and thousands of small arms attest our victory. Gen. Mouton, Capt. Alex Chalmers, Capt. C. Sheppard, Maj. Canfield, Col. Beard, Col. Nobles, Col. Armond, and Lt. Col. Walker were among the killed. On the 12th inst. Gen. Thom Green was killed in the front line of battle. Our loss was severe, but the result is glorious. From Washington, we have not received reliable news, but confidently anticipate a splendid victory in that quarter.

Skip to April 30, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 30, 1864, p. 1, c. 2-3

Picquet Station, near Camden, Ark.

April 21st 1864

Dear Standard:

Early on the morning of the 18th, Maxey's Division was ordered to saddle up, and move instantly. Rumor as usual was busy as to our object, and destination, but the one that gained most credit, was that we were en route to attack a foraging train of the enemy, estimated at 200 wagons, and said to be guarded by a force, variously estimated from one to three thousand.

A rapid march of ten miles brought us to Lee's farm on the Camden road, where we found Cabell's Ark. Brigade, and Green's Missouri Brigade, Gen. Marmaduke commanding, and the enemy in position, awaiting our approach. Gen. Maxey upon arriving assumed chief command, and quickly disposed of his forces for attacking.

To the Texas brigade, commanded by Col. Charles DeMorse, supported by our Choctaw allies, under command of Col. Tandy Walker, the duty of attacking and turning the enemy's flank was assigned. For the purpose we were dismounted on the road in front of the enemy, about one thousand yards distant, and moved under cover of the timber, to our left, and into the enemy's right. Moving in line of battle, a greater portion of the way, we were somewhat retarded by the dense thickets, and undergrowth on our route, and frequent halts had to be made to reform our necessarily broken line. After moving some two miles, our skirmishers came upon, and in rear of a small body of the enemy's cavalry in an open field. Having moved entirely through the timber and without any foreknowledge of the ground, this body of cavalry gave to us the first intimation of the whereabouts of the enemy. The skirmishers, and the right wing (DeMorse's Reg.) of the brigade opened upon these, causing them to retreat rapidly, sending several horses off without riders. Moving in a direct line northward, we quickly crossed the field, some two hundred yards in width, passing into a thick bottom, through which ran a branch of clear water. Immediately after crossing the branch, the skirmishers again opened, closed in upon the brigade, and we found ourselves confronting the enemy, not more than a hundred yards distant, and almost upon their extreme flank.

Raising the well known Texas yell, we dashed at them, and met with a warm reception.—The whole force of the enemy outnumbered us by four to one, aided by four pieces of artillery

was brought to bear against us. The enemy had burnt the woods in their front and the thick smoke between us, prevented us from getting a fair view, but the command to "shoot low" was well obeyed, and afterwards showed with what deadly effect. Their artillery rained showers of canister shot but luckily most all passed too high. Under the terrible fire which was poured into them, the left and centre of the brigade were compelled to retire to the branch, immediately in our rear, whilst the right which had the advantage of an excellent position with few exceptions maintained its own. Soon as the left gave way, Capt. Khrumbaar commanding a battery of light artillery, who had taken position in the open field, in our rear, opened his pieces with such concise range that the shells bursted amid the ranks of the enemy, producing an effect immediately discernible to all. With the opening of the battery, the Choctaws came gallantly into line on our left, and Green's Missouri brigade upon our right. A victorious shout ascended from the right, the left, and center to a man, rallied to their former position, opened one more fire, and the enemy beat a retreat, with the three brigades hotly in pursuit. This engagement lasted some 45 minutes, and during this time, the musketry was exceedingly heavy, and upon our part effective. The enemy made no stand of any importance afterwards.

To the troops of the Indian District, it was a proud day. We were fighting with the same enemy with whom we had contended last year in a series of unsuccessful engagements, with numbers always against us, and with arms that were almost useless. This time we were better armed more equally matched, and I am glad to say done their whole duty, fighting through the whole engagement, with a valor unsurpassed by any troops, and gave to the enemy such a severe whipping at the start, that he never recovered from it during the day.

Individual acts of heroism by men in the ranks of the Texas brigade were numerous—Our Choctaw allies stood nobly by us to a man and burning with wrongs, and insults heaped upon their defenceless [sic] women, and children, by the enemy in his invasion of their country last fall, wreaked tenfold their vengeance.

General Maxey fully sustained his reputation as a prudent General, and successful fighter, both by his gallantry upon the field, and his ingenuity in attacking, gaining the entire confidence of all engaged, and the confidence of the Indians to a greater extent than any man who has heretofore commanded them. We are proud of him, and henceforth I bespeak for the troops of the Indian District, constant success instead of defeat. I have spoken of the movement of none of the troops in detail except the Texas and Choctaw brigades because I am not sufficiently acquainted with their movements. All however did their whole duty.

The fight from first to last was of some four hours duration, and the result, the capture of the entire train, numbering some 210 wagons, 1200 mules, and the capture of 153 prisoners. The force of the enemy was evenly divided between negroes, and white men. The prisoners consist of white men entirely, with some half dozen exceptions. The enemy's loss were some where near 400 negroes, and 25 white men killed, and 75 white men wounded. The loss on our side trifling.

I know of no engagement, during the war, terminating with such happy result to our arms, and with so small a loss on our part.

Yours truly,
Private.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], April 30, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Cure for Sore Throat.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two teaspoonfulls [sic] of white sugar; grate a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water.

Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary and it will cure the most obstinate cases of hoarseness in a few days. We have tried this remedy many times with complete success.

Skip to May 14, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], May 14, 1864, p. 1, c. 1-3

Head Quarters, Maxey's Cav. Div, }
Camp on Middle Camden Road, }
Ark. April 23d 1864. }

Colonel:--

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the troops I had the honor to command, in the battle of Poison Springs, on the 18th inst.

Early on the morning of that day, I was officially advised that a heavy train of forage wagons, of the enemy was out on the old military road between Camden, and Washington, supported by a considerable force of Artillery, Infantry, and cavalry. I was directed by the Major General commanding to proceed with my Division, without delay, from my bivouac near Woodlawn, to Lee's farm on the Camden, and Washington road, about ten miles from Camden, at which point I would find other troops; and as Senior Officer take command on my arrival. I put my division in motion, and arrived at the point designated about 9 o'clock a.m., and found Brig. Gen. Marmaduke with his cavalry command there; and Brig. Gen. Cabell with his, just getting in. Gen. Marmaduke at once tendered the command to me. From him I learned the dispositions of the enemy, his probable strength, and the estimated size of the train.

The disposition of our forces was soon made. Marmaduke's Division on the right; Cabell's in the centre, and Maxey's Division, brought by me from the Indian Territory, composed of Gano's Texas Brigade, under Col. Charles DeMorse, Walker's Brigade of Choctaw Indians, commanded by Col. Tandy Walker, Khrumbaars batter, commanded by Capt. W. B. Khrumbaar attached to Gano's brigade to the left.

Hughey's battery, attached to Cabell's command, was placed on Cabell's line, on an elevation to the left of the road—Khrumbaar's batter in the centre of Maxey's Division.

The enemy occupied a position on favorable high ground, in our front, with a portion of it extending down the slope toward the open ground south. The train was closed upon the road, in rear of the enemy's line.

Our line being formed, the plan was to move Maxey's Division forward; the right of it passing sufficiently to the left of the old field, south of the road to be concealed, the left to [cut and fold in paper] so as to bring that Division fronting the enemy, and to bring on the fight with that Division, and to throw Cabell's Division forward through the field, into the fight so soon as Maxey's Division became well engaged, and to move the forces on the right well forward crossing the road.

In compliance with the general plan, Maxey's division was at once put in motion, and moved steadily as possible, considering the difficulties presented by broken grounds, and dense undergrowth. Hughey's battery was set to work to attract the attention from this movement. The Division was delayed about half an hour from engagement longer than I anticipated, owing to the nature of the ground. Desultory firing had been going on for some time, followed by heavy firing, and learning that the enemy was pressing hard upon Gano's Brigade, right of Maxey's Division, I threw Green's Brigade of Missouriians, of Marmaduke's command to its relief. The

Brigade went gallantly, and with a will to do its work. It arrived on the right of Gano's Brigade, just after the engagement on that part of the line became heavy, and general, a part of the enemy's line having fallen back.

Hot work was going on all along the line from the right of Green's, to the left of the Choctaw brigade, the extreme left of the line.

One continual shout was heard, and an unflinching advance of all that part of the line.—Cabell's Division was immediately ordered forward, going in splendidly, charging in double quick over the open field into the fight.

The fight was now general all along the line, our men pressing forward, and the enemy going back everywhere—not a false step had been made, not a position attacked but was taken. The road was gained, and the coveted train in our possession. Step by step the enemy had withdrawn his artillery; but his forces being routed, abandoned it, and his battery of four pieces fell into our hands.

Our troops exultant with victory pressed forward for more than two miles, when they were recalled by me, to complete the task we come to perform.

The brigades were reformed; details rapidly made, and the train put in motion on the road to Woodlawn, where the last of it arrived in safety, together with the battery, about midnight.

The battle of Poison Springs was fought about ten miles from Camden. Our force was between Camden, and the enemy. Of the force in front I had no fears. The force in rear at Camden, was known to be greatly superior to us in numbers, and could at any time after they were notified by the artillery, have moved on our rear. To secure the train I moved Cabell in the road toward Camden, left Marmaduke in rear—moved Maxey's division in front of the train, and requested Fagan, who was in the middle Camden road, to hold that position, and reinforced him with Gano's brigade of Maxey's division. This made the road over which the captured property passed, as safe as it could be with the force in hand.—About thirty wagons without teams, and some broken, were burned in the field. About one hundred and seventy with teams, and everything complete were saved. The artillery also.

The enemy's force was about twenty-five hundred. At no time did we have that many engaged. His loss in killed, and wounded, will reach six hundred and fifty. The proportion of killed was variously estimated, at from three to five hundred. I know they were thick. In making a report, where my knowledge of the troops with whom I have been associated but a very short time (except my own division) is necessarily imperfect, I fear to do injustice unintentionally; the more so that in this report, I have not the benefit of General Marmaduke's report of his division.

I can only say so far as my observation extended every officer, and man did his duty.—

The plan of battle was in every particular carried out. Hughey's Battery by its timely and splendid work drew attention from Maxey's division; and in turn, *that* and Green's brigade with the unerring fire of Khrumbaar's battery drew attention from Cabell's command, until it had partially succeeded in crossing the open field. Finally the whole line moved forward like a sheet of living fire, carrying death and destruction before it.

To the indomitable energy of Capt. Khrumbaar in carrying his battery over ground almost impassible, and the subsequent working of his battery, much of the success of Maxey's division is due.

I beg leave to call special attention to the Choctaw brigade. These people came of their own volition. No law or treaty compelled them to do so—they were placed on the extreme left of the attacking division. Nobly gallantly and gloriously, they did their duty. They fought the very army (Thayer's from Ft. Smith) that had destroyed their once happy homes, insulted their

women, and driven them with their children, destitute upon the world—and many an avenging blow was struck—many yet will be.

The troops from Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas, vied with each other in honorable emulation.

To Major Wood's commanding Mo. Battalion, and to his battalion, I am much indebted for valuable assistance in saving the train, and to others who lent a cheerful helping hand, whose names I do not know.

The various members of my own staff, were of great service. Col. E. E. Portlock, Capt. C. W. Ballance, Lt. Jas. Patterson, and A. E. Eliason, acting A. D. C. of my staff, were left with my division, to aid its movements in the execution of the plan of battle, and rendered valuable, and important service to the Choctaw brigade, with which they acted, in executing the difficult task of moving a line into action over rough ground, and through dense undergrowth, and bringing it out at the right time, and in the right place, by partial change of front. Capt. Ochiltree, my Asst. Adjt. General, & Capt. W. H. Lewis chief Ord. Officer, were of great service with me, gallantly conveying orders all over the field; my Aid de camp, Lieut. R. C. Andrews, had been sent by me to the rear, to communicate with Gen. Fagan, and lost part of the fight. Lt. Mebane had also been detached on important duties. Being sort of staff officers a portion of the time Lt. W. Harris of my escort assisted.—He, and Lt. Barfield, and the escort, were of great service, carrying orders wherever needed.

For the action of officers, and men of particular commands, I call attention to reports filed.

In closing this rough, and hastily drawn report, written with all the inconveniences of picket duty around, I take great pleasure in acknowledging myself very greatly the debtor of Brig. Marmaduke. I found him on the field with an intelligent understanding of the enemy's strength and position.

In the formation of the line of battle, in its plans and conduct, I consulted with him freely, and with great advantage.

At my request, he passed from the right down to the left of the entire line, cheering, and encouraging by his presence, and bright example. Gen. Cabell managed his command with great skill, carrying it most successfully through a very exposed position into the fight.

The Brigade commanders of Maxey's Division, Col. Charles DeMorse 29th Tex. cavalry, and Col. Tandy Walker, 1st Choctaw & Chickasaw Regt. for their skill, gallantry, and daring in conducting their commands into the fight successfully, through such difficulties, and those who assisted, deserve great credit. Of the Choctaw brigade, I have already spoken. The Texas brigade did its whole duty, gloriously fighting, as Texans know how to fight.

The substantial fruits of the victory, are a Four gun Battery of Artillery, and about one hundred and seventy wagons, and teams saved, about thirty wagons destroyed—between six and seven hundred killed and wounded. Over one hundred prisoners, and the force that fought us demoralized—but above all the splendid effect on our men. In making this report I omitted to say in the proper place, that the troops were fought dismounted, only a sufficiency being left mounted to cover the flank, and act as a guard on the Camden road in rear.—I respectfully refer to accompanying reports filed. It should be borne in mind that all these nominal Division were small; were dismounted for action, and one fourth consumed in holding horses—I believe not more than eighteen hundred were engaged at any time.

I have the honor to be
Very Respty, your ob't. Servt.

S. B. Maxey,
Brig. Gen.

Lt. Col. J. T. Belton, A. A. G.
Dist. Ark. In Camp.

[Casualty numbers listed]

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

A late number of the London Review has the following amusing criticism on the French, in regard to a certain particular:

"The French, since the Revolution, are a polite, but not essentially a chivalrous nation. They look upon women, not with the exaggerated homage of the American, nor with the inbred reverence of the Englishman, but with the gallantry of a nation that adore without respecting beauty. A lady represents to a Frenchman, gaiety, pleasure, elegance—in fact, the luxuries, and perfume of life.

With all a Frenchman's finished ease in talking to a woman, there is always something intensely disagreeable at the bottom of his tone, and in the inmost recesses of his eye. The truth is, that the French, with all their idealism, mix materialism in still larger quantities.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

A few days since, Maj. Howard of Gen'l Watie's command, attacked a party of Federals on the Verdigris, killing several negroes, and burning three mowing machines, and a very large quantity of hay. As our party was returning to the command, they were attacked by a larger body of Feds, who killed several of our men. Maj. Howland is wounded, and missing. He is a brave, and efficient officer.

A few days before this, Gen'l Watie attacked a body of Feds in Gunter's Prairie, near Fort Smith, took a large number of mules, killed fifty, or sixty Feds, completely surprising them, but being outnumbered withdrew.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 3, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

On the 27th, or 28th of last month, a detachment of 100 men of Brown's battalion, raised in Washington, Benton, and Crawford counties, Ark., picked up two sutler's wagons guarded by 60 men, on the Fayetteville, and Van Buren road, within 16 miles of Van Buren, killed forty of the men, including a Captain, and one Lieutenant, and carried off the wagons, and contents.

Skipped to September 17, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 17, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

For Sale
By
Charles Fassitt,
at The Clarksville Post Office:

Opium,
Paregoric.

Laudanum,
Camphor,

Veratrum
Paint-brushes,
Nux Vomica,

Vermifuge,
Bi Carb Potash,
Gamboge,

Castor Oil.

75 lbs. Best Snow White Zinc,
100 lbs. Bridgewater paint,
25 lbs. Best Paris Green in Oil,
100 lbs. " Prussian Blue,
5 lbs. " Chinese Blue,
5 lbs. " Vermillion in Oil,
5 lbs. " Venetian Red.
5 lbs. " Indian Red,
7 lbs. " Chrome Yellow,
6 lbs. " Ivory Black.
5 lbs. " Umber.
25 lbs. Spanish Brown.
300 lbs. best quality nails, 12s 10s 8s & 6s.
150 lbs. Putty.
6 Boxes of French Glass, 12 by 18.
20 gals. Linseed Oil.
2 gals. Rosin Oil.
20 sheets of tin.
9 pieces fine Manilla cord, for Buggy lines.
10 lbs. Litharge.
7 lbs. fine Lamp Black.
3 Reams fine stamped note paper.
20 Packs Porcelain visiting cards.
10 pints best Maynard, & Noyes Ink.
100 Packages Envelopes.
1 Super Polished steel shovel, tongs, and poker.
1 pair Ornamental iron Andirons.
2 Circular iron furnaces, for household use.
1 Ornamental Napkin Drier.
3 Large Ornamental Door Scrapers.
Brass Candlesticks—Japanned Waiters.
Small lot files—mill saw—hand saw, and rat tail.
3 Gross screws, 3 inch, 1¼ inch, & inch brass screws
Brass Bolts, and Clothes Hooks.
Small quantity superior goose quills.
Linen cord, for Ladies dresses.
Manilla Fishing lines—2 sizes.
Shot Gun Cartridges—Colts manufacture.
Small quantity English Diamond glazed powder.
Varieties of Gold & Silver Fringes.
1 Chair Cushion,
1 piece of black Thule,

1 " Black Hat Crape,
1 " White Silk Fringe,
1 Small Gunsmith's Vice,
1 " Narrow black Fringe,
1 Box Straw Flowers for Bonnets.

All of which will be sold for specie, or its equivalent in Confederate New Issue, or Louisiana issue.

Clarksville, Texas, Sept, 6th 1863.

Skip to September 24, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], September 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 3

Skip to October 1, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, in a recent correspondence with Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, uses the following language: "If God Almighty had yet in store a plague worse than all others, which he intended to let loose on the Egyptians, in case Pharoah still hardened his heart, I am sure it must have been a regiment or so, of half armed, half disciplined Confederate cavalry. Had they been turned loose among Pharoah's subject with or without an impressment law, he would have been so sensible of the anger of God, that he never would have followed the Children of Israel to the Red sea."

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 1, c. 2

[add to advertisement above]

Iron Staples for Saddle trees.

10 yds. sheet Zinc.

10 cans Green Turtle Soup,

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

From Arkansas we have official report of the capture by Shelby, of five fortified Stations of the enemy on the Little Rock, and Duvall's Bluff road, within six miles of Duvall's Bluff; the capture of 577 prisoners, including one Colonel, and eleven line officers; ten miles of the railroad completely destroyed—the ties burned, and the iron bent; Telegraph destroyed; bridges, and trestle works ruined; 300 males hay burned; 20 mowing machines chopped up; 500 stand small arms distributed to troops needing them, and salt, clothing, horses, etc., brought off. The Stations were razed to the ground. Shelby's loss of all kinds 173.

Shelby is now said to be at Ironton, on the iron mountain railroad, within easy reach of St. Louis; Price near Springfield.

From the Indian Territory, we learn that the Texas Brigade, under temporary command of Col. R. M. Gano, attacked the enemy's train from Fort Scott, on the road about fifty miles above Fort Gibson, and after several hours fighting, captured 250 wagons, part of which were so damaged as to prevent their removal; that 130 have been brought to this side of the Arkansas. This is good news, and tends to cripple the enemy, who is compelled to get supplies at Gibson, and Fort smith from that direction. General Watie is still above, and may overhaul another

detachment of the train. One report is that Gen'l Watie was engaged in the taking of this train. We shall have particulars by our next. One hundred, and fifty prisoners, or thereabout were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed, and wounded, was heavy. Our's light.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

On the 7th, and 8th of this month, the musical members of Gen'l Maxey's staff, assisted by some of our ladies, give a concert in Clarksville, for the procurement of clothing for the Texas troops in the Indian Territory. We know it will be well worth attending, and afford much satisfaction to the auditors, besides contributing to a most important, and patriotic object. All should attend.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

A man was recently tried in Canada, and sentenced to confinement for 21 years in the penitentiary for engaging men to go to the U. States, and enlist in their armies.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 1, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

A northern paper announces the arrival of fifty seven refugees from Texas, at Santa Fe.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

The Concert last night for soldiers clothing was a great success. To-night [illegible lines] classes who do not have the same taste for Artistic Musical performance.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 8, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The most delicate way of putting the question to your intended is to ask her if you can have the privilege of hanging your hat upon a nail in her room.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 15, 1864, p. 2, c. 1-3

Camp Bragg, C. N. }
Sept. 29th 1864, }

Editor Standard:--

We returned last night from our successful raid north of the Arkansas river, a brief outline of which may prove interesting to your readers.

On the 14th inst., Col. Gano, with the Texas Brigade, numbering 1200 men and Gen. Watie, with 700 picked men from the 1st Indian Brigade, left camp Pike for the purpose of destroying a large lot of hay, reported by our scout to be on the Fort Gibson and Scott road; and to attack the enemy's train, loaded with winter supplies of clothing, daily expected at Gibson.

On the evening of the 15th we crossed the Arkansas at Chosky, and encamped for the night at old Camp Pleasant, without any knowledge upon the part of the Federals, that we were within their lines. Early the next morning we were in the saddle, and on the march to make an attack upon the hay party; who were quietly pursuing their occupation, and as prisoners state, boasting that they were secure from Rebel surprise, now that they were camped in the open prairie. Arriving within seven miles of the place, the 1st Cherokee and the 30th Texas cavalry, Capt. Strayhorn commanding, were ordered to move to the right, and take position in rear of the enemy with a view of cutting off their retreat from Grand River, and Fort Gibson, whilst the remainder of the command moved to the foot of a large mound in the open prairie, and halted to give time to the two former regiments to get into position. From the top of this mound, with the

aid of the glass, could be seen the working party, mowing hay as if in perfect security. Sufficient time having elapsed for the first detachment to get into position, and move simultaneous with our own movement, the command moved rapidly forward, to another mound within a mile and a half of the encampment. Again a halt was called, and the position of the troops for attack quickly made. The remainder of Watie's Brigade moved to the [illegible] and northward of the encampment, cutting off [illegible] that direction, and forming the prong of [illegible] V; the 29th T. C. leading off to the right at the same time, constituting the other prong; the [illegible] regiments, and unattached companies of the Texas Brigade, with Howell's battery, con[illegible] the apex of the letter, rushed forward to the attack. The surprise was complete, and be[illegible] we reached the camp, the Federals had evacuated it, and the cavalry portion were flying in every direction, endeavoring to make their escape. The infantry (negroes) after running some two hundred yards down the creek, and in the direction of the Grand River, perceiving the 30th Texas cavalry in their rear, and all hope of a successful retreat cut off, halted in the brush, behind trees on the creek, and opened on the charging column. An immediate demand for surrender was made, with the assumption that their lives would be spared. This they refused to do, and fired upon the officer who bore the flag. A few rounds were exchanged with them, by the scattered men from the various commands. Failing to dislodge them, Howell's Battery was ordered to open. One shot thrown in their midst, had the desired effect: they scattered in all directions along the Creek. The troops were dismounted and penetrated the woods upon both [sides? banks?], as well as up and down it. Singular to say but few could be found. The vengeance of the red [?] man was not thus to be appeased, and his natural sagacity suggested that in the creek, and under the tall grass and bushes overhanging the banks, the "*contrabands*" might be found. A search proved the supposition to be correct, for there sure enough, with noses protruding from under the water, the foe had secreted himself. Call to memory the Choctaws at Poison Springs, and you have the remainder of the fight described. I leave off here to [illegible] up the result. The enemy numbered 175, and were encamped on Flat Rock Creek, 17 miles north of Gibson, on the main road from Scott, to Gibson, of this force 90 were taken prisoners, and between 65 and 80 killed. 200 six shooters, and half the number of breach loading rifles were captured, with all their camp and garrison equipage; also of mowing machines, 30 wagons, and 3000 tons of hay burned.

We encamped on the field for the night, and moved next morning up the road, in the direction of Fort Scott after the train which the captured prisoners stated was due at their camps that night; leaving Major Looscan in command of Hardeman's Battalion, to contend with the force sent up from Gibson that night, and which by this time had arrived. Battle was offered them, which they declined, and at every charge made by Looscan upon their columns, they gave way.

A rapid march during the day brought us to within ten miles of Cabin Creek by sundown, without anything definite as to the whereabouts of the train. Under the supposition that the train had moved off down the Grand river road, we moved back five miles, and encamped midway between the two roads, so as to be accessible to either scouts in the meanwhile having been thrown forward, and in rear, upon both roads. The scouting party returned at daylight next morning, without any positive information.

Learning that there was a small party of Federals encamped at Cabin Creek, a depot for supplies, enclosed by a stockade, Col. Gano called for 300 volunteers from the Texas Brigade, for the purpose of attacking them. This call was instantly responded to, and with the volunteer force, and two pieces of Howell's Battery, we moved forward, and arrived within a mile, and a

half of the place at 3 o'clock in the evening. From this distance the tents of the enemy was discernible with the naked eye, but not a single man could be discovered. A reconnoissance [sic] of the place was immediately made, and the expected train was discovered to be encamped there; but we could make no estimate of the force from the fact that they were all within the stockade. Upon the discovery of this, Gen'l. Watie was sent for, to come up with the remaining force, and the artillery. We retained our position until dark, when we withdrew to a better one, farther back to our rear, to await the arrival of Watie. This gallant officer, ever prompt, arrived at 12 o'clock, and the whole line was moved forward, and a partial investment of the place was made.—The enemy by this time infuriated with whiskey, would ride within a short distance of our lines, and defy us to move up, and give battle.

Whilst in this position the rumbling of wagons, and the confusion incident to the gearing of mules, gave evidence that the enemy under cover of night, were endeavoring to run off the train. Instantly the command of column forward ringing upon the midnight air, aroused the hitherto impatient attacking party, and upon ground already historic from Watie's defeat last year, by the bright light of the moon, through the tall wet grass, destined to be the final resting place of a few, our column with a shout, rushed gallantly forward. The bright flashes of musketry along both lines, the white smoke of the bursting bombs, the whistle of the minnie ball, accompanied by the guttural sound of Howell's artillery as it belched forth its iron messengers of death, at the hour of midnight, under the brilliant lustre [sic] of the moon and stars, upon both parties engaged in the death struggle, rendered the scene sublime.

After a hotly contested fight of an hour's duration, the desired effect was accomplished, for the time & ammunition being a serious matter with us, the troops were withdrawn to a position secure from danger, to await the dawn of the morning. We were not long in this position, before the enemy under the impression that we had suffered considerably in the attack, and were repulsed, again endeavored to remove the train to the rear, when Martin's Regiment, and Hardiman's [sic] Battalion were ordered forward and delivered two well directed rounds, which drew the enemy's fire for about an hour, upon our entire line, but with the same effect upon the enemy. The firing then ceased for the night, and Col. Vann with the two Cherokee regiments, was ordered to take position in rear of the enemy on the Fort Scott road, to intercept any part of the train that might have been removed, and to catch all stragglers. At the dawn of day four pieces of Howell's Artillery opened upon the enemy, while the two remaining pieces were moved to our extreme left, and opened upon the right flank of the enemy's position. The Seminoles and Creeks, under Col. Jumper, conjointly with the 30th Texas Cavalry, engaged them upon this flank, whilst the remainder of the Brigade held its former position. Gano soon detected that this was the weakest point, and the entire command was immediately concentrated upon this position.

The 29th Texas cavalry being first in position was ordered forward with the 30th, drove in the enemy's sharpshooters, and wrested from them the bank of the creek, and a large number of the wagons, behind which they had been fighting all the morning, within two hundred yards of the stockade, and partially in its rear. Howell's Artillery supported by Martin's Regiment, and Hardiman's [sic] Battalion, were immediately thrown forward within six hundred yards, and the Battery opened.—Martin's Regiment (Maj. Mayrant com'dg.) was then moved forward, and took position upon the right of the 29th T. C. Under cover of a heavy fire from Howell's Battery, a charge was ordered, and the three regiments moved forward, and were received by a volley from the enemy, from the stockade. High above the red tide of battle waved the Stars and Bars, but higher, still higher, rise the shouts of the victorious troops as they pour into the stockade and take

possession of it. The entire train is now in our possession, with its vast amount of stores. One hundred and sixty two wagons out of the three hundred and twelve, are all that can be saved, the enemy having broken the tongues of the greater portion of them.

Stubborn fighting has heretofore been the order of the day, this must now give way to skilful [sic] maneuvering [sic], for to Forts Baxter and Neosho, reinforcements have been sent for, and are hourly expected. Between us, and the Arkansas, there is already a force of about 600 men confronting us. Col. Gano immediately moves forward to attack these, whilst the train is brought to a halt. The Batteries from both sides open, and an artillery duel at long range is kept up until dark, between both parties, and under cover of the night the train is moved off. What a ruse we played upon the enemy that night to induce them to think the train was still with us, it may not be politic to state, as we may have use for it again. Sufficient to say that when day dawned; to their surprise no train was to be seen, but there in battle array, flushed with victory, and still defiant, stood the ragged Texas rebels, still eager for fight. Seeing no disposition upon the part of the enemy to give battle, Col. Gano withdrew his command, and followed the direction of the train, without any farther molestation from the enemy. Last night, much exhausted, with 140 wagons, rich in plunder from the conquered enemy, the entire command arrived at this camp.

Conspicuous for his daring and gallantry was Col. Jno. Jumper, commanding Seminoles, and Creeks. His towering form was always to be seen in the thickest of the contest, a conspicuous mark for the enemy, as he mingled among his braves, encouraging them, and setting for them a noble example.

But to none is more credit due, than to Captain Howell, and his gallant company. The artillery fire during the fight was well directed, and was encouraging to both whites and Indians. Perfect harmony existed between the two Brigades, during the fight, and the march; in fact unity of purpose and action existed every where.

To the indomitable energy of Gen. Watie, and Col. Gano, the country is indebted for this victory. They were everywhere in the hottest of the action; now gallantly leading the charge; again encouraging the men to their utmost exertions.

The result of the trip is the safe arrival within our lines, of 140 wagons; a large amount of clothing, boots, and shoes, to troops that were suffering for them, with much uncertainty about a supply through the Agents of the Government.

The force of the enemy at Cabin Creek was about 800 men.

Yours Truly,
Private.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 21, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The LaGrange True Issue says the Government shoe shop in that place is now in full operation, and turning out over 1000 pairs of shoes every month.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], October 29, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

The Flag of Peace.—The peace flag has at last been flung to the breeze in New York [illegible] the length of an August day it waved from the Cooper Institute, gladdening many a heart with its mute prophecy. Too long had the insanguined banner of Mars, or the baleful black flag of Abolition waved triumphantly over our city, so long had the emblems of hate and force

polluted the pure air of heaven, and insulted the sorrows of our people; but at last—harbinger of the dawning of a better day—our eyes, offended by the gloom of the one, and the glare of the other, rested on the Flag of Peace with its blessed blazonry, and its inspired motto.

The flag, which was the gift of the ladies of New York, was costly, and beautiful, worthy of the donors and the cause. It was of spotless white, and in the centre a dove was represented bearing an olive branch, and beneath was the inscription, "Peace on earth. Good will toward all men."—Metropolitan Record.

Skip to November 19, 1864

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Just Received, and
For Sale,

15 lbs. Blue Mass.

80 dr. Morphine.

50 oz. Quinine.

20,000 Percussion Caps.

700 pr. Cotton Cards.

Sugar and Coffee

Indigo

Salt and Tobacco

Hog's Lard.

By J. H. Darnall.

Clarksville, Nov. 12th, 1864.

Printers Fee \$36, N. I.

no.4—3

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 19, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

Paper---Ink,

Super Congress Letter paper.

Large size stamped Note paper.

Extra heavy large foolscap.

Large, tinted letter paper.

Ruled Folio Post, fine quality.

Best Maynard, & Noyes Ink.

All purchased before the war, and of better quality than is now introduced for sale. Will be sold at the Clarksville Post Office, for old issue of Confederate money, for a short time.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], November 19, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Liberal Donation.—The negro band, Shreveport Minstrels, have recently given four concerts for the benefit of the Soldier's Home, of this place, which netted \$2235, the amount has been paid over to the treasurer of the association.—South Western.

Skip to June 10, 1865.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], July 22, 1865, p. 1, c. 4

Mendenhall's Hand Loom.

This Machine, invented by Mr. Mendenhall, of Richmond, Ind., seems to be an admirable contrivance for saving the labor and facilitating the operations of the hand-loom weavers. It is not complicated, nor liable with fair usage to get out of order, and performs its work by the simple turning of a crank—which is by no means laborious—being far less so than the strain upon the muscles in ordinary hand-loom weaving. Our farmers' wives and daughters who thriftily make much of the clothing which they and their husbands, and parents wear can understand the difference when they are informed that this machine will turn out from 15 to 20 yards per day.

Its inventor claims for it, and we presume truly, that "its parts are all self-changing, requiring no skill to weave, letting off, as it does, the warp from the warp beam, winding up the cloth, throwing the shuttle, and treading the treadles all by one motion. When the warp is once drawn through the reed, and harness of the self acting loom, on the same warp, and without any extra machinery jeans, satinets, tweeds, single, and double plain cloth, various kinds of ribbon goods, fencing twills of all kinds, duck goods, flax, and tow linens, balmoral skirt goods, &c., can be made on the same warp, and the changes from one kind of goods to another can be made in five minutes. No other loom can weave all these kinds of goods on the same warp with the same "drawing in."

It is a much more sightly, and compact machine than the ordinary hand-loom, filling about the same space as a common breakfast table. When its merits become generally known to the farmers of Illinois, and Missouri, we have but little doubt that these labor, and money-saving machines will come into extensive use among them.—St. Louis Republican.