

Jones having, in due time, removed his goods from the forbidden ground, the building was committed to the flames, by order of the commanding officer, when the bugle sounded a retreat, and in a moment more the U. S. dragoons were spurring across the prairie in the direction of Fort Atkinson, flushed with the conquest of Sodom.

REPORT OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAJOR GENERAL STERLING
PRICE, IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1864.

(Continued from page 197.)

Cattle, camp equipments, negroes, provisions partly cooked, and stolen goods were scattered over miles of the forest camp and along the lines of the retreat. Few were killed on either side, as the night and early morn attack created a general fright in the rebel lines, and only random shots on either side.

General Sanborn's brigade being in advance, and the Colorado squadrons, assisted by my escort, which came up early in the skirmish, did most of the work. After following in hot pursuit for a mile, Gen. Sanborn halted his brigade for breakfast, while Gen. Pleasanton led the advance with the remainder of his division.

This battle of Marias-des-Cygnés was a gallant affair, commenced in a dark and rainy night, and consummated at early dawn, after a day and night march, to the surprise and horror of Price's forces. They burned a public store-house, formerly used by our pickets, and fired many haystacks in the vicinity, but their loss of two guns, many cattle, sheep, and thousands of little necessaries for sleeping and carrying supplies, were serious losses to the enemy. Gen. Sanborn, being afterwards separated with Gen. Pleasanton from my command, reported to

Gen. Rosecrans, so that I cannot give his version of this and other events of this day's transactions.

Major Weed, A. A. D. C. of my staff, reports concerning his detached duties as follows. After reporting the matter of a proposed movement to the left by Gen. Pleasanton, which I rejected, as likely to separate us on the march of the 24th, he says:—

“The pursuit was continued regularly until eight o'clock p. m. at which hour we reached West Point, where the division of General Pleasanton was placed in the advance, for a night march, and, at midnight, reached the vicinity of Trading Post, a small settlement at the crossing of the Marias-des-Cygnés, and halted. I immediately proceeded to the front, in company with Major McKenny, to ascertain the cause of the halt, and learned from Brig. Gen. Sanborn that his advance had struck the enemy's column on a high mound, half a mile north of the town, and that, owing to the darkness of the night, and want of knowledge of the country, he could not and would not assume the responsibility of moving any further until daylight. On making these facts known to the commanding general, he ordered the artillery of Gen. Sanborn's brigade forward, to open at once on the enemy's lines.

“At four o'clock a. m. on the 25th, no firing having been heard, I was directed to go to the front and ascertain why the artillery had not been opened as directed some hours previous. On arriving there I found the battery just going into position, about half a mile from the position occupied by the enemy during the night, and four guns were very soon opened on the crest of this mound. After a few shots had been fired, Major R. H. Hunt rode up from our skirmish line and begged them to cease firing from that point, as their shells were falling in the midst of our own men, who had already driven the enemy from their position. I then learned from Major Hunt that three companies of the 2d Colorado cavalry, who had been in advance during the day and night previous, had, in the darkness and rain, pushed forward without support and gained possession of this commanding point.

“On returning to report to the commanding general I met Brig. Gen. Sanborn, who had just left his quarters, and informed him of the facts above stated.

“I remained with the major general commanding until Phillips’s brigade had crossed the stream at Trading Post, when I was ordered over with a message to Gen. Pleasanton, and, after delivering it, proceeded to the front, with Col. Blair and Maj. R. H. Hunt.”

Maj. Hunt, my chief of artillery, who commenced this contest at the Trading Post, or Marias-des-Cygnés, says, after speaking of our march on the 24th:—

“The commanding general insisted on the troops keeping on the shortest line; marched all day and night,—distance, probably, fifty miles. Before daylight on the morning of the 25th I directed Capt. Kingsberry, who commanded three squadrons of the Colorado troops, to take the hill on the left of the road, which he did, in connection with Col. Gravelly, who commanded this picket line, driving the enemy across the Marias-des-Cygnés, where they had felled trees to obstruct our passage. Quite a spirited engagement occurred during the passage of the creek. Our forces crossed and resumed the pursuit on a run. The enemy opened with a number of guns, one of which was here captured.”

Major T. J. McKenny, A. D. C. and my inspector general, thus reports concerning the night and morning operations of the 24th and 25th:—

“The command was halted by order of the major general commanding, about nightfall, to cook some beef, at a small place called West Point. At eight o’clock P. M. an order came from the major general commanding, directing Gen. Blunt to remain in present position; that Gen. Pleasanton would take the advance. Proceeded until three o’clock at night, it being exceedingly dark, and raining, when the column halted. I was ordered forward to ascertain the cause. Found Gen. McNeil, who said he had his instructions from Gen. Sanborn, in advance, to halt and build fires to dry. At this time, an order came from the front to extinguish fires. I reported these

facts, when I was again ordered to the front to ascertain from Gen. Sanborn the cause of the halt. Found Gen. Sanborn in bed, some two miles in advance, and about three miles from Trading Post. He told me he had ascertained, to his satisfaction, that the enemy was in full force, perhaps ten thousand strong, immediately on the high hills in his front, and that he thought it unsafe to proceed further. These facts being communicated, we bivouacked for the night."

October 25th Gen. Pleasanton, in the advance, skirmished with the enemy across the Marias-des-Cygnés. During that night Generals Pleasanton, Lane, and myself traveled most of the time between the divisions; but, at early dawn, we went forward and saw most of the conflict, especially the advance of our troops on the plain and the taking of the mounds. We also joined the advanced movement in the timber, while our troops were skirmishing with the foe and driving him from the crossing.

Brig. Gen. Sanborn and the troops of his brigade, Major Weed, Major Hunt, and Major McKenny, of my staff, deserve special commendation for their efforts in this *Battle of the Marias-des-Cygnés*.

BATTLE OF THE OSAGE—OCTOBER 25, 1864.

Mine Creek, a branch of the Osage, and the Osage, at this point, are small streams, several miles apart, both skirted with timber, and surrounded by open prairie country.

After the affair at Trading Post, considerable delay and consequent separation of troops had occurred at the crossing of the Marias-des-Cygnés.

While Gen. Sanborn halted to breakfast his brigade, Gen. Pleasanton led the advance, consisting mainly of Colonels Benteen's and Phillips's brigades, in rapid further pursuit of the enemy. About three miles from Trading Post the enemy formed on the north side of Mine Creek, and made stubborn resistance. The brigade of Col. Phillips, composed of Missouri troops, came into line of battle and commenced firing at

long range, his men displaying good discipline and great gallantry. Col. Benteen, whose brigade comprised Iowa, Indiana, and other troops, came up on the left of this line. Meantime, the heavy roar of cannon induced me to hurry forward my own escort, with two little howitzers and other artillery at the utmost speed.

Col. Benteen met some of my staff officers on his arrival at the left, who suggested an immediate cavalry charge. The Colonel had already resolved on this movement, and only waited for the same order to be communicated to Col. Phillips. Major Weed conveyed the order to Col. Phillips. Col. Benteen's brigade came into line in a moment, and dashed against the enemy's right, outflanking and surrounding it, gaining position on and beyond the creek. Col. Phillips, also, with his brigade, moved quickly upon the enemy, so as to surround or overpower a large detachment of them, who immediately surrendered as prisoners of war. Among them were two rebel generals (Marmaduke and Cable), killing another (General Graham), and many colonels and other officers, and taking, altogether, five or six hundred men.

Gen. Pleasanton, being in command of the advance, had directed the general movement, and took an active part in the field. Gen. Lane, Col. Blair, Col. Crawford, Col. Roberts, Maj. Weed, Maj. McKenny, Maj. Hunt, and Maj. Curtis, of my volunteer and regular staff, and Capt. Hinton, and others of Gen. Blunt's staff, were also very active in the field on this occasion, which occupied, perhaps, thirty minutes.

I directed Col. Blair, who presented Gen. Marmaduke to me as a prisoner of war, to turn him over to Lieut. Col. Sears, 18th U. S. C. T. whom I directed to act as provost marshal, and take charge of the prisoners. I also detailed a regiment of Missouri troops to take charge of them, soon after informing Gen. Sanborn and Gen. Pleasanton of the detail.

All this transpired as we moved forward, crossing Mine creek, and while the advance were still skirmishing with the enemy. The rear brigades were also coming up at full speed, and the enemy again forming on a hill about a mile in

front. This point he soon abandoned, and we halted to form and close up our extended lines. After our rear brigades came near, the whole force advanced with caution, in two lines, our skirmishers pressing the enemy beyond the ridge which divides Mine creek and Osage. He now formed on the Osage, and the rear of our troops still being far behind, although I had repeatedly sent orders to hurry them up, I mentioned the matter to Gen. Pleasanton as somewhat remarkable; he told me Gen. McNeil seemed insubordinate or neglectful of his orders, and did not come forward as directed. His brigade being in front of Gen. Blunt's division, any delay by Gen. McNeil also delayed all the Kansas troops.

I then sent my adjutant, Major Charlot, with a special order which brought forward the brigade of Gen. McNeil at the utmost speed of his horses. On reporting to me, the General said his delay was no fault of his, and it was evident General Pleasanton's orders had never reached him, which caused some misunderstanding; and he further assured me that I would find him ready to obey all orders as promptly as possible. I directed him to deploy as quickly as possible and take the advance, which he did, with great success. I also told him to continue to report to Gen. Pleasanton, who commanded the division.

Before this occurred, the skirmish line reporting to me as broken down from fatigue, Gen. Sanborn, at my instance, had changed them, by placing Col. Cloud, of my staff, with some of the 2d Kansas volunteers, on this duty. Entering fields and forests, Col. Cloud continued the skirmish to the valley of the Osage, and beyond the stream. Meantime, Gen. McNeil, with his brigade, soon broke the lines of the rebels, that had extended for miles on the heights beyond the Osage, and, after about an hour's fighting in cornfields and timber, where our troops manifested great gallantry in repeated charges, the enemy again broke in great disorder, scattering arms, utensils, wagons, and all kinds of equipments over the field.

Gen. Blunt's division came up rapidly about the close of this battle of the Osage and began to deploy; but the flight

of the enemy was so rapid I could not get all the troops in line before it was necessary to resume the march in column.

All this conflict between Mine creek and Osage, and, including the fighting at both streams, occupied some two hours or more, and extended over several miles of onward march.

Being mostly a prairie country, the troops of both armies were in full view, and the rapid onward movement of the whole force presented the most extensive, beautiful, and animated view of hostile armies I have ever witnessed. Spread over vast prairies, some moving at full speed, in column, some in double lines, and others as skirmishers, groups striving in utmost efforts, and shifting, as occasion required, while the great clouds of living masses moved steadily southward, presented a picture of prairie scenery such as neither man nor pencil can delineate.

I present extracts from the reports of my comrades who mingled bravely in the great panorama, showing some of the details of this eventful struggle.

Col. Blair, now acting on my staff, after detailing his movements at and near Marias-des-Cygnés, says:—

“I here fell in with Major Weed, of your staff, and Surgeon Walgemotte, and we advanced in front of the left of our line. On an eminence in rear of where their last line of battle was formed we came across an abandoned wagon, the first I had seen since the burning ones just south of their camp. Finding a lot of books, letters, and papers of various kinds in the wagon, we stopped a few minutes to make a hasty examination of the contents, and, on resuming our forward movement, I observed that the brigade on our right was some distance past us, although we were still in advance of the one on our end of the line.

“Arriving on the table-land, which formed the summit level between the Marias-des-Cygnés and Osage, we again saw the enemy's line, and at this time it was evident he was in full force, although his whole line was not visible, his right being behind the brow of a hill which descended into Mine Creek. Meanwhile the gallant brigade on our right was steadily ad-

vancing with skirmishers well out, though brought to a check, apparently unsupported, in the face of this overwhelming force.

The artillery was playing with great rapidity and considerable effect. I looked at the enemy's line, close serried, and vomiting fire; I looked at the dauntless little brigade, which was unflinching and steadfast in its front, and then turned to the rear, and it seemed a fearful distance to the head of the supporting column. I called Major Weed's attention to the situation, and he galloped to the rear to hurry forward reinforcements, as it was evidently here the battle was to be fought, and the desperate issue joined, on which the fate of the south tier of Kansas, at least, depended.

Advancing alone, to see, if possible how far the right extended beyond the cover of the hill, the bursting in the air and the tearing up of the earth, soon satisfied me that they were firing canister at an enemy that they supposed was advancing on their right, and hidden from view by the acclivity immediately in their front. This conviction on their part, I am satisfied, saved the brigade on our right, as a rapid and vigorous advance at that time would either have overwhelmed, or utterly put it to rout.

I moved to the right to get out of the sweep of the canister, and then advanced till their extreme right was developed to view, and then rode rapidly to the rear with a tolerably full understanding of the situation. Meeting Col. Crawford but a short distance back, I explained matters to him very hastily, told him they had commenced canister firing, and urged him to go back and hurry up the troops, as he was acquainted with most of the brigade officers of Gen. Pleasanton's division, and I had no acquaintance whatever with any of them. He agreed to do so, and again started to the rear. I then moved off to the brigade on our right, and when I arrived there, found it engaged at long range, and halted for our other troops to come up in our line. The enemy's artillery was playing on this line with fearful effect, and we had nothing but musketry to reply, but the men were steady and self-pos-

essed, and perfectly easy under the fire. I don't know how long it was before the other brigade came up; to me, it seemed a long time, and I had ridden from this brigade back towards the enemy's right once or twice before it came up. When it *did* come in line, the whole command advanced to short range, and for a time, the fire was incessant and terrific. Both lines seemed like walls of adamant,—one could not advance, the other would not recede. The crash of musketry, the scream of shell, the hissing sound of canister and balls, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the cries of the wounded, set off, too, by the walls of fire in front, and girdles of steel behind, which marked both lines, formed a scene more easily remembered than described.

During this terrible conflict I passed along the whole line and met your gallant staff officers everywhere, counselling, encouraging, exhorting, and commanding, and the tenor of the whole was, "Charge!" It was evident that our only safety was in a successful charge, by which we might capture the guns.

At length, the movement commenced; slowly at first, but increasing in velocity until it swept on, resistless as an avalanche. A rush, a scramble, and all was over. The guns were captured, the enemy broken and flying to the rear, while our victorious squadrons were in almost breathless pursuit. So rapidly was this accomplished that, when our left pushed forward into a field on the south side of the ravine, the shells from our own artillery were crashing right into their midst. I was to the right of this, but so close that I could see this result, and could also see Captain Hinton, of General Blunt's staff, in the midst of our victorious line. Pushing rapidly forward, I witnessed the capture of Major General Marmaduke, by Corporal James Dunlavy, of company "C," 3d Iowa Cavalry. Marmaduke was endeavoring to rally his men, and Dunlavy was galloping towards him, occasionally firing at him. Marmaduke, evidently, mistook him for one of his own men, and started towards him, reproving him for firing at his friends; at least I so judged from what I could see and

hear, and so the boy afterwards told me. The boy stopped and coolly waited until Marmaduke got within twenty or thirty rods of him, then covered him with his carbine and ordered him to dismount and surrender, or he would fire. Marmaduke dismounted, and his horse galloped off. Seeing that I was an officer, the boy proposed to turn him over to me, but I declined being bothered with a prisoner. Marmaduke then said, "Sir, you are an officer; I claim protection at your hands; I am a general officer—General Marmaduke." I then took charge of him, and informed him that I would protect him until delivered to you as a prisoner of war, at which he seemed very much relieved. The boy then spoke up and said, "Colonel, remember I took him prisoner; I am James Dunlavy, corporal of company 'C,' 3d Iowa cavalry. I told the boy (who was severely wounded in the right forearm, but who still grasped his pistol with vigor and energy), to come along also, and he should have the honor of being introduced to you as the captor of Marmaduke.

On the way, General Marmaduke complained of being dismounted, and Dunlavy promptly apologized, saying, "if I had known you were a general officer, I should have allowed you to remain on horseback." Marmaduke then informed me that he was very faint and weak, and could not walk much farther. Meeting a soldier with a led horse, I took charge of him and mounted the prisoner.

Soon after this, I met Major McKenny, of your staff, and proffered to turn the prisoner over to him, but he was too intent on getting to the front, to be troubled with him. On my way back I saw one or two general officers, but I preferred delivering my prisoner to the commanding general of the army of the border, and you will remember that I accordingly placed him in your own hands, at the same time introducing his captor, giving his full name, company, and regiment.

This is the true, unvarnished story of the capture of Marmaduke, about which there has been so much misrepresentation in the newspapers. Having rid myself of this responsibility, I again hurried to the front.

When I overtook the advance, I found it halted at the foot of the precipitous mound descending into the Osage valley. Leaving Col. Cloud, of your staff, here, Capt. Hinton and myself pushed forward to the skirmish line, away in the advance almost as far as we could see over the smooth prairie, and on arriving there, we could plainly see the rebel column moving straight in the direction of Fort Scott. At the same time, a smaller column was effecting a junction with it, and came from a point to our right, higher up the Osage, and which was, most probably, the force engaged by Col. Moonlight, near Fort Lincoln. The column in our front moved off and disappeared from sight, while our own line still remained stationary in our rear. I picked up an orderly from the skirmish line who belonged to the 2d Kansas cavalry, and sent him back with a message to Col. Cloud, requesting him to get Gen. Pleasanton to move forward, as I feared for Fort Scott, and at the same time got a citizen who had come forward with us, to make a detour to the right and try to reach Fort Scott, with a verbal message to the commanding officer to hold out to the last if the enemy struck him, as we were immediately upon his rear. Minutes passed, and still our line did not move. I grew impatient, and sent another man of the 2d Kansas, with a second message to Col. Cloud, requesting him to see you and tell you that the enemy was moving in a direct line toward Fort Scott, and that to save it, something must be done immediately. I feared that some one unacquainted with the topography of the country had led you to believe that the enemy was diverging to the east, as I knew at that time he was not.

At length, my suspense was ended, and the line began to move, and from this on there was no unnecessary delay. Simultaneously, the skirmish line also advanced. I waited till Gen. Pleasanton came up (he being with the advance), explained to him the topography of the country, the direction the enemy had taken, my fears for Fort Scott, its situation, amount of stores, &c., and then hurried forward again to the skirmish line.

[It is proper to say here, that the delay at the mound spoken of, and subsequently on the summit, was only sufficient for General McNeil's brigade to come up and take the advance, which seemed absolutely necessary, to relieve the weary troops that had before acted in front.

Fort Scott was Col. Blair's home, and his regular post, and a few moments seemed to him a long period. Besides, Col. Cloud was then in the advance, by my orders, leading the skirmishers, and could not have received Col. Blair's report.]

"The movement was then rapid and continuous, till the skirmish line was checked near the verge of the Osage timber. The woods seemed alive with rebel soldiers, but in rapid motion. The skirmishers kept up occasional firing at them until the advance brigade came up, and we all charged rapidly down into the timber, but the enemy disappeared before our arrival.

"Col. Cloud was in the charge, with about sixty veterans of the 2d Kansas cavalry. He halted in the timber to rest his horses for a few minutes, and I passed on with the advance brigade, which, I think, was Brig. Gen. McNeil's; at all events, it was commanded by a general officer. We followed down the stream some distance, crossed at the ford, and just as we were emerging from the timber, on the south side, the head of the column was fired on by the enemy's skirmishers. We soon dislodged them, however, and pushed on towards a cornfield on the left of the road.

The head of the column was here checked by a heavy fire from the field, and it was evident that another battle was to be fought. Accordingly, the General (McNeil) formed his brigade in close column of companies, and made them a little speech while forming, to the effect that, "It made no difference whether there was one thousand or ten thousand men in that field, he wanted them to ride right over them." The men responded with a yell, the dismounted skirmishers tore down the fence in the face of a galling fire, and the column swept through it like a tornado.

In the rear of the cornfield another line was formed on the prairie, the right resting on the skirt of timber fringing a small

stream, while the advance of the brigade, rapidly deploying into line, charged and broke them at the first onset.

A third line of battle was formed still further to the rear, in a low basin, where there had been an evident intention to encamp, which was surrounded by a semi-circle of hills, where they held us at bay, under a severe fire, for about twenty minutes or more, and until the whole brigade formed in line and charged. Before this impetuous charge they were again broken, and as I passed through their temporary halting place there was abundant evidence of the haste they were in, in the broken weapons, dismounted forges, fragmentary mess-chests, and smashed crockery with which the ground was strewn. The chase then continued about a mile, to the top of the hill south of the valley of the Osage, and on getting view of the enemy from the summit of the hill, I was gratified to observe that he was bearing very palpably to the east, thus giving me my first reasonable hope that Fort Scott might be spared. I noticed, too, with increased satisfaction, that we were at least a mile east of the wire road, and that for the first time, the enemy's direction was turned from this place. Satisfied that I could render no further service, I determined to come directly here (Fort Scott) to see to a certainty, whether the post, which was my special care, was safe or not, and to satisfy those cravings of hunger, which, though persistently ignored for three days and nights, would still, despite of resolutions, occasionally become clamorous.

I refrain from adding the glowing compliments properly bestowed on others of my staff by Col. Blair, although he and they deserve all he has written, for, undoubtedly, much of the success of this day's operations are due to their unceasing and extraordinary efforts.

Col. W. F. Cloud, acting on my staff, with a small detachment of his own regiment (2d Kansas), reports of these battles as follows:—

“Accompanied by a small detachment of Kansas cavalry, the 2d, commanded by Sergeant Peck, I moved forward in the

space between our extreme right and the left, giving such orders and encouragement to our forces as seemed necessary. In this order we came to a rebel battery, the men of which had ceased to fight, from fear, at which a rebel Colonel Jeffries surrendered to me, claiming protection for himself and men. Giving such directions as seemed proper for guarding the prisoners, I moved to another part of the field, assisting in arresting prisoners, and securing several pieces of artillery abandoned by the rebels in their retreat through the brush and creek.

“Seeing Gen. Pleasanton upon the field, near to a section of artillery, I moved forward and reported facts as directed, and then, observing that he was directing the fire of our artillery upon a detachment of our own troops, I so informed him, but was rebuked; still persisting in my statements, I had them confirmed by an officer from the detachment under fire, whose assurances were united with my own, and prevailed upon the General to give the order to cease firing, saying at the same time, ‘You should carry your colors upon the battlefield.’

“At the order of General Sanborn, the 2d Kansas cavalry was moved forward as skirmishers, some mounted, some dismounted, and drove the enemy out of the woods and across the river. Here the enemy had another line formed, and our troops were ordered forward, the 2d Kansas remaining in its position on the right; and in this order, pressing forward, we reached from right to left, in the form of a crescent, which placed us in the advance of the center, when the rebels retreated from our steadily advancing army.

“My command had the advance from the advantageous formation of the ground, and leading, in this manner pursued the enemy for the distance of three miles, in a continuous charge, until compelled to halt from sheer exhaustion of the horses, many of them falling under their riders.”

Col. Cloud was very active during the campaign, and his immediate connection with the capture of Col. Jeffries and the battery of rebel guns at Mine Creek, and leading the

skirmishers at the Osage, are distinguished achievements which ought to secure his promotion.

Major Weed, of my staff, acting A. D. C. and commissary of musters of my department, also participated in this day's fight, and reports his detached service as follows:—

“I remained with the major general commanding until Phillips's brigade had crossed the stream at Trading Post, when I was ordered over with a message to Gen. Pleasanton, and after delivering it, proceeded to the front with Col. Blair and Major R. H. Hunt.

“Three miles south of Trading Post, with Mine Creek in their rear, we found the entire fighting force of the enemy (Shelby's division excepted,) drawn up in line of battle. As only one brigade of our own troops had come up, I rode a short distance back, on a road running parallel with and to the left of the one on which Phillips's brigade had marched, and very soon met Lieut. Col. Benteen at the head of his brigade, and informed him of the position of the enemy. He pushed rapidly forward, and on coming in sight of the rebel lines, at once formed his brigade for a charge. I then started to return to the troops already on the field, to urge upon the commanding officer a charge at the same moment with that of Benteen. Before reaching the command, however, I was accosted by an officer who pointed to the right-center regiment of Phillips's brigade, and asked me to take that regiment into action, and to tell the men their colonel would soon be with them. He then rode off at a rapid pace, in a north-westerly direction, probably on some urgent mission. I at once rode to the head of the regiment indicated, gave the message to all the officers, and to lessen as much as possible the depressing effects of the commanding officer's absence upon the men, charged with and in advance of them. As they came near enough to the enemy's line to open fire, I crossed their front and took position in the line on the right, where, in conjunction with Major R. H. Hunt, I did what I could to encourage and urge it forward.

“After the enemy’s line had been broken, and his whole force put to flight, I rode to the left of our line and assisted in gathering together and sending to the rear a large number of prisoners, who had been captured with the artillery taken by Benteen’s brigade. While engaged in this duty I heard of the capture of General Marmaduke, and some twenty minutes later, meeting General Pleasanton, who was just coming to the field, I informed him of the fact, also telling him that Marmaduke had already been sent to the rear. I then, at his request, took several squads of our men who had been separated from their commands during the charge, and proceeded to pick up prisoners, who were scattered over every part of the battle ground, some under guard, and many working their way to the rear without guards, and no guides except their own fears.

LETTER FROM HON. LYSANDER W. BABBITT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, August 20, 1870.

EDITOR OF THE ANNALS OF IOWA:—

Dear Sir:—I have just finished reading that portion of the July number of the ANNALS devoted to the “Pioneers of Marion County,” and find it, in most respects, very correct; but in the sketch of Judge Williams, in the anecdotes related of him, you have the wrong parties upon the occasion of his nomination for the office of supreme judge by the legislative caucus. I was a member of the legislature at the time, representing Marion and nine other counties, and the incident related transpired in my room in Swan’s Hotel. Hon. Geo. W. Jones and the Hon. T. Wilson were candidates for United States senator, and the Hon. J. Williams, S. C. Hastings, and many others, were candidates for supreme judges. I was numbered among the friends of Williams, and when

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