



BIOGRAPHIES

Two biographies located on Maj. Gen. Blunt. Slight differences so both are included here.

MAJ. GEN. JAMES G. BLUNT.

This illustrious General was born in Hancock County, in the State of Maine, July 21, 1826. Until the age of fourteen, he remained at home, where he received a good common school education. With a naturally energetic and restless disposition, he soon tired of the restraints and routine of his every-day life, and while still young, ran away and went to sea, shipping at first before the mast and remaining as a sailor, serving in various capacities, for four years. In December, 1845, he abandoned the sea and emigrated to Ohio, where he studied medicine with Dr. Rufus Gillpatrick. Was married in the same State to Nancy G. Putnam, January 15, 1850, and resided and practiced his profession at New Madison, Ohio, until December, 1856. He then immigrated to Kansas, and settled near Greeley, in Anderson County, where he continued to practice as a physician until the outbreak of the rebellion, having in the meantime served the county as its delegate in the Wyandotte Constitutional convention. At the commencement of

General James G. Blunt
Robert Collins

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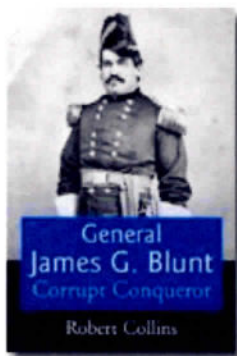
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A 40-year veteran of law enforcement, security & fire prevention advocacy, author Larry McMicking knows what you can do to keep yourself and your family safe. [Click here for more on A Guide to Protecting Your Home, Business & Person from Assault, Burglary, Fire & Fraud.](#)



General James G. Blunt:
Tarnished Glory
Robert Collins
Pelican Publishing Company
Hardcover
240 pages
July 2005
★★★★☆

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Here is a very enjoyable Civil War biography. General Blunt was the only Civil War Kansas major general in the Union Army. He served in the trans-Mississippi west of the Civil War, leading many campaigns against the Confederacy. He was involved in the Battles of Prairie Grove in Arkansas in 1862, Honey Springs and others in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) in 1863. In 1864 and early 1865, he was involved in preparations to invade Texas, but the war ended before he had a chance to do that.

General Blunt was born in Maine in 1826 and attended the Ellsworth Military Academy a high school for boys. He moved to Ohio in 1845 and attended Starling Medical College in Columbus, Ohio. His uncle, Dr. Rufus Gilpatrick, was one of his teachers. He graduated in 1849 and married Nancy G. Putnam in 1850. In 1856 he moved to Kansas. A committed abolitionist and Republican, he was involved in Kansas politics that eventually led to that territory entering the Union as a free state. His involvement in Kansas politics helped him to become a friend of one of Kansas' most powerful politicians, James Lane, who became one of Kansas' first U.S. senators.

curled up
with a
good book

When the Civil War broke out, Senator Lane got Blunt a commission as a brigadier general. Blunt was a pretty successful general in battle most of the time, but he had a bad temper and used very foul language which offended many people. He was very stubborn and would not back down in a conflict without always justify his actions. He was accused of corruption in military business and was known as a womanizer. He could have gone far, but his bad behavior prevented this from happening, which justifies the subtitle "Tarnished Glory."

Robert Collins, a Kansas freelance writer, has written on a variety of topics ranging from history to science fiction. His previous books are *Kansas Railroad Attractions* (2004) and *Ghost Railroads of Kansas* (1997). He has written articles for the magazines *Wild West* and *Chronicle of the Old West*.

The book would have gotten five stars if there were no typos. There are wonderful photos and clear maps. Collins provides a good bibliography and a short index. Overall the book is a good one and a joy to read. It is recommended to those interested in the Civil War, especially the trans-Mississippi West, or those interested in Kansas history.

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advanced into the edge of the timber, and the fighting was unremitting and terrific for two hours, when the center of the rebel lines, where they had massed their heaviest force, became broken, and they commenced a retreat. In their rout I pushed them vigorously, they making several determined stands, especially at the bridge over Elk Creek, but were each time repulsed. In their retreat they set fire to their commissary buildings, which were 2 miles south of where the battle commenced, destroying all their supplies. I pursued them about 3 miles to the prairie south of Elk Creek, where my artillery horses could draw the guns no farther, and the cavalry horses and infantry were completely exhausted from fatigue. The enemy's cavalry still hovered in my front, and about 4 p.m. General Cabell came in sight with 3,000 re-enforcements. My ammunition was nearly exhausted, yet I determined to bivouac on the field, and risk a battle in the morning if they desired it, but the morning revealed the fact that during the night they had retreated south of the Canadian River.

The enemy's loss was as follows: Killed upon the field and buried by my men, 150; wounded, 400; and 77 prisoners taken, 1 piece of artillery, 1 stand of colors, 200 stand of arms, and 15 wagons, which I burned. My loss is 17 killed, 60 wounded, most of them slightly. (*)

My forces engaged were the First, Second, and Third Indian, First Kansas (colored), detachments of the Second Colorado, Sixth Kansas, and Third Wisconsin Cavalry, Hopkins' battery of four guns, two sections of Second Kansas Battery, under Capt. E. A. Smith, and four howitzers attached to the cavalry. Much credit is due to all of them for their gallantry. The First Kansas (colored) particularly distinguished itself; they fought like veterans, and preserved their line unbroken throughout the engagement. Their coolness and bravery I have never seen surpassed; they were in the hottest of the fight, and opposed to Texas troops twice their number, whom they completely routed. One Texas regiment (the Twentieth Cavalry) that fought against them went into the fight with 300 men and came out with only 60. It would be invidious to make particular mention of any one where all did their duty so well.

I am indebted to Col. Thomas Moonlight, chief of staff; Capt. H. G. Loring, acting assistant adjutant-general, and Captains Cox and Kinter, of the Fourth and Fifth Indian Regiments, acting aides-de-camp, for valuable aid rendered during the engagement.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JAS. G. BLUNT,
Major-General.

Maj. Gen. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,

Commanding Department of the Missouri.

P. S.--I have designated this engagement as the "Battle of Honey Springs," that being the headquarters of General Cooper, on Elk Creek, in the immediate vicinity of the battle-field.>

New York Times, October 18, 1863

QUANTRELL IN KANSAS

The Massacre of Gen. Blunt's Escort

A Thrilling and Heartrending Narrative

halt and form a portion of them. When the escort stampeded, the enemy, on discovering it rushed on with a yell, followed by another line of about 200 that emerged from the edge of the timber. Being better mounted than our men they soon closed in on them. The men of the escort were much scattered and with them it was a race for life.

After going a mile, I succeeded in halting fifteen men, including Lieut. Pierce, of Company A, Fourteenth Kansas, who has done his duty well and nobly throughout. As soon as I got them in line and commenced advancing upon the enemy they fled and fell back to the road, when the whole command (600) formed in line of battle. The balance of the escort that had escaped were all out of sight in the advance. Maj. Curtis had been seen to fall from his horse, which was wounded, and stumbled in crossing a ditch.

About one o'clock I sent Lieut. Tappan, (who had kept with me all the time,) with four men, to Fort Scott, while with the other nine I determined to remain until the fate of those who had fallen should be ascertained. As they fell back to the road I followed them up over the ground we had come, to look for the wounded, but all with two or three exceptions, (which had escaped accidentally) were killed--shot through the head. All the wounded had been *murdered*. I kept close to them and witnessed their plundering the wagons. At one time they made a dash at me with about 100 men, endeavoring to surround me, but failed in this purpose.

As they moved off on the road leading south I went down to the spring, and found them all O. K. Lieut. Pond, of the Third Wisconsin, and his command, are entitled to great credit for the manner they repelled the enemy and defended the post. The colored soldiers fought with great gallantry.

The band wagon was captured, and all of the boys shot in this way, after they were prisoners. The same was the case with the teamsters, and Mart. O'Neill, my driver, was killed with the band boys. All of the office clerks, except one, were killed. Lieut. Farr is among the killed; also my Orderly, Ely. Maj. Henning is with me. But few of the escort who escaped have come in. I suppose they have gone to Fort Scott. The dead are not all buried, but the number will not fall short of 75.

The enemy numbered six hundred--Quantrell's and Coffey's commands. They are evidently intending to go south to the Arkansas. I have scouts on their trail. Two have just come in, and report coming up with them at the crossing of the Neosho River. Others are still following them up. Whether they will go directly south, on the Fort Gibson Road, or cross Grand River to Cowskin Prairie, I cannot yet determine. When they came in they crossed Spring River, close by Baxter. I have sent messengers to the Arkansas River, and if they succeed in getting through safe, our forces there will be put on the alert, and may intercept them.

I am now awaiting the arrival of troops from Fort Scott. If I get them, which is doubtful, as the Fourteenth is not armed, I will follow the hounds through the entire Southern Confederacy, as long as there is a prospect of overtaking them. And I will have it well understood, that any man of this command who again breaks from the line and deserts his post, shall be shot on the spot, and there shall be no quarter to the motley crew of murderers. * * *

I was fortunate in escaping, as in my efforts to half and rally the men I frequently got in the rear, and got considerably mixed up with the rebels, who did not fail to pay me their compliments. Revolver bullets flew around my head thick as hail, but not a scratch. I believe I am not to be killed by a rebel bullet.

Yours truly, JAMES G. BLUNT

The attack was made on the camp at Baxter simultaneously with that on the General's escort. The entire force numbered 600 to 800 men, and were under the command of Quantrell, Todd, Gordon, and Hunter. It appears they were moving South out of Missouri, and proposed to signal their departure by the annihilation of the command at Baxter's Spring. They emerged from the timber of Spring River and dashed into the camp while the negroes were at dinner,

completely surprising them. Eight men were pistolled as they stood, ere the negroes obtained their arms, to which they immediately flew, driving them out of camp in splendid style. One wretch pointed a pistol at the head of Mrs. Pond; another shot a babe, the child of a refugee and his own cousin, and he *knew* it. A negro who saw the hellish crime shot the wretch through the heart. Several charges were made by the rebels on the rifle pits, but the cool courage and discipline of the negroes drove them back. Their only officer, First Lieut. Cook, was killed in the fight. Lieut. Pond, during its progress, got on the outside of the works, to a small mountain howitzer, which he had received the day before, and, unaided, brought it to bear on the enemy, loaded and fired it three times with canister, making the rebs leave hastily into the timber and behind the hill, where the attack on Blunt had been made. Hence the whole force assembled at the plundering and burning of the Staff train. The band, orderlies, etc., were all murdered, and many of their bodies burnt with the wagons. The members of the band fought with great gallantry, but were, of course, overpowered. Lieut. Farr (who was formerly a law partner of Gen. Butler) was wounded in several places, and after capture shot through the head. His clothes were stripped from his person. Major Henning and Capt. Tought, the scout, fought with gallantry, as did Lieut. Tappan. The most marvelous escape was that of the General himself. His transcendent courage was never so brilliantly displayed. Had the escort stood their ground there is little doubt the enemy would have been defeated. The total number of our dead is seventy-eight of the escort, and nine at the camp, including Lieut. Cook. The cool audacity of Gen. Blunt was never more apparent than in his deliberately following the enemy as they moved South. As they moved by the valley road, he kept the high grounds. They were impressed with the conviction that he must have a large force in the vicinity, and so desisted from attempts to take him in.



NOTE: Thomas Leach, a Fairwater enlistee, was killed during the attack on the wagons. G. M. West, editor of the *Brandon Times*, described the event as follows in his 1867 publication, *Metomen, Springvale, Alto and Waupun, During the War: Thomas P. Leach enlisted at Fairwater, February 22, 1862, under J. B. Pond, who was recruiting for Captain Stephens Company of Kingston, which was mustered in as Company C, 3d W. C. He was with the Regiment in all of the campaigns and engagements, part of the time acting as teamster. He was killed while driving his team near Baxters springs, C. N., in the assault made by the notorious Quantrell on that place on October 6, 1863. He surrendered when surrounded by the rebels, but they gave no quarter, but murdered him in cold blood and burned his wagon. He was buried near Baxters Springs.*



HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, Rhea's Mills, Ark., December 20, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, on the 2d instant, and four days subsequent to the battle of Cane Hill, or Boston Mountains, of November 28, I obtained reliable information that the entire force of infantry and artillery of General Hindman's army had crossed the Arkansas River and joined General Marmaduke at Lee's Creek, 15 miles north of Van Buren, to which point the latter had retreated after the battle of the 28th ultimo. I further learned that the united forces under General Hindman's command numbered between 25,000 and 30,000 men, and that he designed advancing upon me in case I did not attack him south of the mountains.

Determined to hold my position at Cane Hill, unless driven from it by a superior force, I immediately telegraphed to the Second and Third Divisions to come to my support by forced marches. I may here mention that I had no knowledge of the whereabouts of these two divisions, except from rumor, and had not been apprised of their movements or locality for a period of over two weeks. My telegraphic dispatch reached General Herron, commanding the Second and Third Divisions, on the 3d, who promptly responded to my order, keeping me advised, by telegraph from Elkhorn, of his progress. The Second and Third Brigades of the First Division, with my headquarters, were at Cane Hill; the First Brigade at Rhea's Mills, 8 miles north, where a large supply train, just arrived from Fort Scott, was halted. My pickets were advanced 6 miles beyond Cane Hill, on the road leading to Van Buren, and a strong outpost of the Second Kansas established where that road intersects the Cove Creek road, running from Fayetteville to Van Buren, and which road passes about 6 miles east of Cane Hill.

On the morning of the 5th instant, this outpost was attacked by a large force of rebel cavalry, but they were repulsed and driven back some 6 miles through the mountains. Expecting that the same demonstration would be repeated on the next morning, I directed Colonel [W. F.] Cloud, commanding the Third Brigade, to strengthen this post by the addition of 100 cavalry and two howitzers, to be at the outpost at daybreak. In consequence of this order not being promptly carried out, and the support not arriving at the time directed, the pickets, on being attacked about daylight by a superior force, were compelled to retire some 3 miles, when, support having reached them, they held the ground during the day, with continual skirmishing, in which several of my men were wounded and a number of the enemy killed.

The enemy had now got possession of the Cove Creek and Fayetteville road, and I learned about 8 p.m. that a force of about 10,000 had advanced beyond the junction of the Cove Creek road with the Cane Hill and Van Buren road, and were massed upon the mountain in front of my outpost, while the remainder of the rebel army was below the junction of the roads just named, about 3 miles in rear of their advance. The Third Brigade, under Colonel Cloud, was ordered to bivouac for the night on their arms upon the ground south of the town that I had selected to make a stand upon in case I was attacked in front.

It was now evident that a general engagement must take place next day, and my apprehensions were that with their superior numbers they would make a feint in front, while with their main force they would make a flank movement on my left, by the Cove Creek road, to intercept General Herron before he could reach me from Fayetteville, which point he was expected to reach by daylight on the morning of the 7th.

About 9 p.m. of the 6th, I received a note from Colonel [M. La Rue] Harrison, of the First Arkansas Cavalry, who had been ordered down from Elkhorn at the same time that General Herron started from Wilson's Creek, informing me that he had arrived at Illinois Creek, 8 miles north of Cane Hill, with 500 men, and that his horses and men were so tired that he did not think he could move farther until Monday, the 8th. Whether his regard for the Sabbath or the fear of getting into a fight prompted him to make such a report to me, I am unable to say; but, judging from his movements that he was not a man upon whom to place much reliance on the battle-field, I ordered him to proceed by daybreak to Rhea's Mills, to guard the transportation and supply trains at that point, the First Brigade having been ordered to join me at Cane Hill. Had he, instead of making unnecessary delay, promptly obeyed that order, he would not have had a portion of his command and transportation captured by General Marmaduke's advance, as occurred on the morning of the 7th.

At about 10 p.m. of the 6th, Colonel [D.] Wickersham, with about 1,600 cavalry, of the Second Wisconsin, First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, and Eighth Missouri Regiments, who, at my request, had been sent forward by General Herron, arrived at Cane Hill. I had, as I have before remarked, considerable

apprehension that a flank movement would be attempted on my left during the night. I therefore determined to send a cavalry force across on a road called the Hog-eye road, running from the north part of Cane Hill east to the Telegraph road, and crossing the Cove Creek and Fayetteville road about 4 miles north of the junction of the latter with that running from Cane Hill to Van Buren, already referred to, and from which my outpost had been driven in the morning.

A Colonel [J.M.] Richardson, of the Fourteenth Missouri State Militia, who had arrived during the day with about 150 men, importuned me to be detailed for this service, recommending himself as a brave man, eager for a fight. Committing the folly of taking him upon his own recommendation, I furnished him 100 additional men, making his force 250. Endeavoring to impress upon him the importance of the trust with which he was confided, and stating that I expected the enemy would advance up the Cove Creek road during the night, I directed him to proceed east on the Hog-eye road to the crossing of the Cove Creek and Fayetteville road, to select the best position for defense, sending his pickets down the road toward the enemy, and, if their column approached in that direction, to resist their advance to the last extremity, and notify me promptly of their movements. How I was deceived in sending the wrong man on so important a service, the sequel will show.

At daylight on Sunday morning, I had the transportation of the Second and Third Brigades, of the First Division, hitched up, ready to move to Rhea's Mills, should circumstances render it necessary, and the Second Brigade was ordered to the front, south of the town, where the Third Brigade had bivouacked during the night, the First Brigade and Colonel Wickersham's brigade of cavalry being stationed about 1 mile in the rear, on the north side of the town, where the Hog-eye road intersects that between Cane Hill and Fayetteville, and where it was possible the enemy might attempt to come in upon my rear.

About 7 o'clock, with my staff, I proceeded to the front. On arriving there, I learned that the enemy were still in considerable force upon the mountain, and so soon as it became sufficiently light they threw several shots from their artillery at my advance outpost, which was replied to by two of my 12-pounder mountain howitzers, without any damage to either party. I directed Colonel [W. F.] Cloud to withdraw his troops on the outposts, with the view of drawing them out and ascertaining their force and design. Upon my advance falling back, the rebels came forward a short distance and formed in line of battle, their right resting on the mountain, their left extending down the valley, and presenting a front of half a mile. It now became evident that their demonstration in front was only a feint, and that their main force had gone by the Cove Creek road, for the purpose of intercepting communication between General Herron and myself, and, notwithstanding that I had received no intelligence from Colonel Richardson, upon whom I had relied to watch this movement, I determined to act accordingly. I immediately ordered the transportation to Rhea's Mills, by a road leading directly north over the mountain, guarded by the Third Indian Regiment (Colonel Phillips), keeping the bottom road on the right, leading to the same point, and also the Fayetteville road, open for the movement of troops. I ordered Colonel Wickersham, with his cavalry, to move rapidly in the direction of Fayetteville and form a junction with General Herron. He was followed by General [Frederick] Salomon's brigade, and the Second and Third Brigades *were withdrawn from the front and directed to move rapidly on the Fayetteville road.*

As soon as I determined on this disposition of the forces under me, I sent two messenger parties with dispatches to General Herron, apprising him of my movements, and what I believed to be those of the enemy, and urged him to press forward as rapidly as possible, that we might form a junction of our forces before Hindman could get between us, and also directing him to send his train to Rhea's Mills. Neither of these dispatches reached him, the messengers being cut off by Marmaduke's advance.

At about 10 a.m., and after the whole of the First Division was in motion toward Fayetteville, I received the first intelligence from Colonel Richardson, who coolly informed me that the rebel forces had been moving up the Cove Creek and Fayetteville road since midnight, and he judged, from the noise, that

several batteries of artillery had passed. I afterward learned that Colonel Richardson, instead of obeying my orders, had only gone to within 2 miles of the Cove Creek road, sending a light picket to the crossing, which was driven back by the advance of the rebel column to where the remainder of the party had halted, and where the valiant colonel was content to remain until 9 o'clock the next morning, listening to the tramp of the rebel army, and not even notifying me of the fact until the rear of their column had passed. The conduct of Colonel Richardson in this instance, upon whose vigilance and strict compliance with orders depended the safety and success of my command, is, to say the least, deserving of the severest censure.

On learning that Hindman's forces had passed north, I ordered Colonel Judson, with his regiment (cavalry) and two 12-pounder mountain howitzers, to proceed rapidly on the same road by which I had sent Colonel Richardson the previous night, and to attack and harass them in the rear, which order he executed with promptness and gallantry, attacking them in the rear with his howitzers and following them 2 or 3 miles, until they made a stand in such force as to compel him to withdraw his command.

Moving with my staff in advance of the First Division, on reaching a point some 3 miles north of Cane Hill, where a road to the left leads to Rhea's Mills, I learned that Colonel Wickersham, who was in the advance with the cavalry, and had been instructed to proceed directly on the Fayetteville road, and furnished with a guide, instead of doing so had taken the left-hand road to the mills. Not deeming it prudent, under all the circumstances, to separate my command, I was compelled to follow the same road, in order to get my forces concentrated. On coming up with Colonel Wickersham, I ordered him to proceed in the direction of Fayetteville with all of his cavalry, and endeavor to open communication with General Herron. I also sent forward Major [E. A.] Calkins, with the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, for the same purpose. But a few minutes elapsed after Colonel Wickersham had started with his command, when I heard the discharge of artillery in a northeast direction, and immediately moved rapidly, with the Second and Third Brigades, in the direction of the firing, leaving the First Brigade (General Salomon's) to guard the trains at Rhea's Mills. It was now between 12 and 1 o'clock. The distance to where the firing was heard was about 5 miles, by an obscure road, leading through a valley, with strips of prairie and brush alternating across it. The firing between General Herron's command and the rebel forces was confined to artillery, which, as I approached the field, became more rapid.

At 1.45 o'clock I came upon the field, in advance of the First Division, when a hasty reconnaissance discovered the enemy in superior force, strongly posted upon elevated ground, behind timber, with the Fayetteville road (on which he had advanced) running through it northeast and southwest. On the north and in front of the enemy's lines was an open valley, divided into large fields, a portion of them cultivated in corn. At the east end of this valley General Herron, with the Second and Third Divisions, was engaged with the enemy, having met their advance early in the day and driven them back to that position.

For the details of the engagement between the rebels and the Second and Third Divisions, under General Herron, up to the time when I came upon the field, I refer you to the report of that gallant officer. The road on which my column was advancing entered the valley at its western extremity and in front of the left wing of the enemy. They had no intimation of my approach on that road, until a large force of their infantry, which, for the purpose of flanking General Herron's division and overwhelming it by superior numbers, had been massed upon their left, was suddenly confronted by the troops of the First Division, when the engagement soon became general along their entire line.

At about 2 o'clock the fire from the artillery of the First Division was commenced by Rabb's battery, which opened a cross-fire upon two rebel batteries and a heavy body of infantry that were fronting and engaged with General Herron's division. A few moments later and Tenney's battery of Parrott guns came into position on the right and Hopkins' battery on the left of Captain [J. W.] Rabb's. The fire from all

three of these batteries was first directed to the enemy's right, where two batteries of the rebels and a heavy body of their infantry were engaged with the Second and Third Divisions. Shell and case-shot from these eighteen pieces were hurled upon the enemy's right with terrible effect. The rebel artillery and infantry, being driven from this position under cover of the wood, the three batteries above named ceased firing, when the infantry of the Second and Third Divisions advanced upon the enemy's right, and the fire of musketry was opened on both sides with great vigor. The Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa gallantly charged the rebel batteries and drove the enemy from their guns, but were unable to hold them, in consequence of being overwhelmed by a superior force. The Twenty-sixth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois subsequently charged the same batteries with the same result.

Observing that the enemy had now thrown a large force upon my center and right, I directed the infantry of the First Division to enter the wood and engage them, which order was executed with promptness, Colonel [William] Weer leading the Tenth and Thirteenth Kansas Regiments of his brigade upon the right; a portion of the Second Kansas (dismounted), under command of Capt. S. J. Crawford; the right wing of the Eleventh Kansas, under Colonel [Thomas] Ewing, jr., and the First Indian, under Colonel [S. H.] Wattles, upon the left; the Twentieth Iowa Regiment advancing upon the left of the Indians, the left wing of the Eleventh Kansas, under Lieutenant Colonel [T.] Moonlight, supporting Rabb's and [H] Hopkins' batteries. The First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, Eighth Missouri, and the First Battalion of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry, under Colonel Wickersham, and the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, under Major Calkins, were directed to proceed to my extreme right to watch any flank movement of the enemy that might be attempted in that direction, and also to guard the road leading to Rhea's Mills, and prevent communication being cut off with the First Brigade (General Salomon's).

The contest by this time (about 3 p.m.) had become vigorous and determined. The entire infantry of the three divisions, and also a portion of the Second Kansas (dismounted), were engaged in the wood with the rebel infantry, three times their number. The rattling of musketry, uninterrupted for fully three hours, was terrific. The contending armies swayed to and fro, each alternately advancing and retiring. Some rebel sharpshooters, firing from the windows of a house situated in the edge of the wood and a little to my left, were evidently directing their compliments specially to myself and staff. I directed Captain Rabb to open upon it with shell, and in a few moments the house was in flames.

While the infantry was vigorously contesting every inch of ground, I directed Lieutenant [E. S.] Stover, with two 12-pounder mountain howitzers, to advance into the wood, which he promptly did, taking position on a little knoll on the right of the Eleventh Kansas, and directing his guns across a small field, where a heavy force of rebels were massed. He poured into them his canister and shell until his ammunition was exhausted and his horses shot down, being compelled to bring away his guns by hand. I then directed Lieutenant [M.D.] Tenney to advance his battery to the edge of the wood, on the left of the Eleventh Kansas, taking position about 200 yards in front of the rebel ranks. From his six 10-pounder Parrott guns he opened on them with terrible effect, driving them back with great slaughter.

Learning that a heavy force was massing on my right with a view of turning my flank, I immediately withdrew Tenney's battery, and proceeded with it to an open field on the right, at the same time directing the infantry to withdraw from the wood, in order to draw the enemy from under cover and within range of my artillery. On reaching the open field on their right, just alluded to, I discovered the entire division of General Frost advanced to the edge of the timber, and about 200 yards distant. They opened upon us a fierce fire from Enfield rifles, and were in the act of throwing down the fence to make an assault on the battery, which had no support except my own staff and body guard; but Lieutenant Tenney, with commendable promptness, wheeled his guns into position, when their destructive fire of canister and shell soon sent the rebel hordes back under cover of the wood. At the same time a fire from the two mountain howitzers, attached to the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, were directed upon them, farther on my right, with good effect. It was here that the rebel General Steen fell. A few minutes after this last repulse

of the enemy by Lieutenant Tenney, a rebel battery of ten guns, supported by a heavy body of infantry, opened from their extreme left, when, bringing his guns to bear in that direction, he, in less than ten minutes, silenced their battery, dismounting two of their guns and driving them from the position with a severe loss. While this attempt was being made to charge my artillery on the right, the same demonstration was made upon Rabb's and Hopkins' batteries, the enemy following up my infantry as they retired from the wood, and with a wild shout rushed out from under cover of the trees, when the two batteries, supported by the infantry of the Eleventh Regiment, belched forth a perfect storm of canister, producing immense slaughter in their ranks and compelling them again to retire. As darkness approached, the fire, which from both artillery and musketry had been terrific and uninterrupted for over three hours, gradually ceased along the whole line, and my command bivouacked upon their arms, ready to renew the conflict at early dawn.

I could not tell with any certainty the extent of the damage done the enemy, but knowing that they had a force greatly superior to mine in numbers, I felt assured that they would give us battle again in the morning, and made my arrangements accordingly.

My wounded were all cared for during the night, the transportation and supply trains of the whole army sent to Fayetteville, and General Salomon's brigade, which had been left at Rhea's Mills, ordered to the field; ammunition was brought up and distributed, some refreshments obtained for the men, and everything was in readiness to renew the battle at the first dawn of day; but daylight revealed the fact that the enemy had availed themselves of the night to retreat across the Boston Mountains. Their transportation had been left south of the mountains, and their retreat thereby made unincumbered and stealthily. I am assured by my men who were prisoners with them, as well as by deserters from their ranks, that they tore up the blankets of their men to muffle the wheels of their artillery.

Just before daylight I received a note from General Hindman, under a flag of truce, requesting a personal interview, to make provision for caring for his dead and wounded. On meeting him, I soon became satisfied that no other force was there, except his staff and escort and a party left to take care of the wounded, and that his forces had commenced retreating early the previous night.

On looking over the battle-field in the morning, it soon became evident that the enemy had been most roughly handled, and that our artillery had made fearful slaughter in their ranks. Though many had been already carried away, their dead lay strewn over its whole extent.

The entire Federal loss is: Killed, 167; wounded, 798; missing, 183; total, 1,148. (*) Of the missing, the greater portion were taken prisoners, and have been since exchanged. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded cannot fall short of 3,000, and will probably much exceed that number, as many of them, not severely wounded, were taken to Van Buren. Their loss in killed upon the ground will reach 1,000, the greater number of whom have been buried by my command. The entire force of Federal troops engaged did not exceed 7,000, about 3,000 cavalry not having been brought into action. The enemy's force, according to their own admission, was 28,000, and all well armed, mostly with the Enfield rifle.

Many instances of individual gallantry and daring occurred during the day, for an account of which I refer you to the reports of regimental, brigade, and division commanders. As the immediate commander of the First Division, I deem it but justice to say of Col. William Weer, commanding the Second Brigade, that he behaved throughout with great gallantry, leading his men into the thickest of the fight. The same is true of Colonel [T. M.] Bowen and Maj. H. H. Williams, commanding regiments in the same brigade. Capt. S. J. Crawford, of the Second Kansas Cavalry, who commanded a battalion of that regiment that fought on foot, displayed great gallantry, as did also the lamented Capt. A. P. Russell, who fell, mortally wounded. Col. Thomas Ewing, Lieutenant Colonel Moonlight, and Major Plumb, of the Eleventh Kansas, gave evidence of their high qualities as gallant officers. To Captains Rabb and

Hopkins and Lieutenants Tenney and Stover, who served their artillery with such terrible and destructive effect upon the enemy's ranks, too much praise cannot be awarded. All did their duty well and nobly. Men of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana mingled their blood upon the same field, and for the same worthy cause. For their deeds of valor upon the field of Prairie Grove, their native States may well be proud of them.

I cannot close this report without availing myself of the occasion to express my thanks to Brig. Gen. F. J. Herron for the promptness with which he responded to my order to re-enforce me, as also for the gallantry displayed by him upon the field. His conduct is worthy of emulation and deserving of the highest praise.

To the members of my staff, Maj. V. P. Van Antwerp, inspector-general; Capt. Oliver Barber, chief commissary; Capt. Lyman Scott, jr., acting assistant adjutant-general, and Lieuts. J. Fin. Hill, H. G. Loring, G. M. Waugh, D. Whittaker, and C. H. Haynes, aides-de-camp, who were in the saddle, and with me constantly from before daylight in the morning until the close of the action after dark, I am indebted for efficient and valuable services on the field. Made a special target by the rebel troops, in obedience to the notorious address of their commander (General Hindman), issued on the eve of battle, and a printed copy of which, over his signature, each of them carried upon his person, "to shoot down my mounted officers," they were saluted wherever they rode by a perfect storm of balls from the enemy's guns.

I have the honor to be, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAS. G. BLUNT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.
Maj. Gen. SAMUEL R. CURTIS,
Commanding Department of the Missouri.

"At twelve o'clock noon, the enemy having quietly, and, without being observed, crept near the camp, suddenly advanced at double-quick and opened fire. The cavalry and colored infantry were standing around the fire, while dinner was being taken up, when the enemy was discovered advancing and firing rapidly, from the east, south and west. Riding at full gallop, they passed, on the south, between the camp and the men at the cooking sheds, which were outside and about two hundred feet south of the camp. *The colored soldiers and the cavalry at dinner made their way the best they could to the camp, the* infantry seizing their muskets and the cavalry their carbines and revolvers, and all commenced a return fire with undaunted bravery. While this attack was being made, the main body of the enemy galloped from the woods skirting Spring River, on the east, and formed in line sixty or eighty rods north of the camp, on the ridge, apparently with the purpose of making a charge upon us, in full force, simultaneously with an attack by the advance, which had passed around the camp, to the west.

"At the first attack Lieutenant Pond had unlimbered the howitzer, manned it the best he could and had loaded it himself with twelve-pound shell. No one of the command knew anything of artillery drill, and, on this account the fuse was not cut. The shot fell short of the enemy and did no harm; but the firing of the cannon gave them notice that we had such an instrument of death in our hands. Men never fought more willingly and courageously. For twenty minutes there was a ceaseless rattle of musketry and revolvers and the booming of the cannon. After the first dash the enemy, on the west, retreated, scattered and fought from shelter behind trees and from the north bank of the creek, and at the expiration of half an hour, unaccountably to us, they withdrew from the fight, one by one. The main body, on the north, countermarched back to the woods, and then advanced toward us again, though as if undecided whether to attack us or not. They then returned to the woods again.

"All was now quiet, like the calm after a furious storm, and we had time to make a list of the casualties *[sic]*. Of the forces at the Springs, eight white soldiers and one colored soldier were killed, and about fifteen were wounded, including one woman, shot through the heel, and a little child shot through the lungs. Lieutenant Cook and a man who was with him were killed, they being out in the woods practicing with their revolvers at the time. The husband of the wounded woman and the father of the wounded woman and the father of the wounded child, were shot, in cold blood, the latter by a cousin and former schoolmate. About six other married men were killed. A teamster, seeing an old acquaintance among the advancing enemy, tossed his revolver toward him, in token of his surrender, was immediately shot through the abdomen, by his former neighbor and friend, and the poor man died in thirty minutes. The colored man who was killed had seen his former master and was running to meet him, with joyous acclaim, as the master stood on the hill across the creek. His master shot him through the heart, and his body rolled down the hill into the clear water of the brook.

"For an hour or two all was quiet, with the exception of our preparations for another attack, which we momentarily expected. We did not know who our enemy was, nor why he had so suddenly left us; but we fully expected him to return. We afterward learned that the enemy was the notorious Quantrell and his guerrillas.

"About two or three o'clock in the afternoon Maj. B. S. Henning, of General Blunt's staff, rode into camp and told us of the massacre on the prairie; and he called on Lieutenant Pond for a volunteer guard of two or three men, to return with him to search for General Blunt, who he believed, was alive and was hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the massacre. The guard was furnished; and soon after the Major left us a messenger, bearing a flag of truce, approached our camp. He brought from Quantrell a request for an exchange of prisoners. As we had taken no prisoners, Lieutenant Pond, as an answer to the request, sent a proposition, that each party should unconditionally release all the prisoners he held. Soon after this, out on the prairie west of us, we heard quick, successive reports of firearms; and it is probable that the prisoners taken by Quantrell were then being shot.

"Soon after this, Quantrell, at the head of his entire force of about three hundred men, approached our camp, as we had anticipated, formed in line of battle and halted on the south bank of the creek, where Baxter Springs now stands, about eighty rods southwest of our camp. Our men all quietly awaited his charge, prepared and determined to give him a warm reception. The gap on the west side of our camp had been closed, by placing sutler wagons, poles, rails, ropes and everything else that could be used, and it would have been difficult for cavalry to make a successful charge upon us from that direction, especially as our howitzer was mounted conspicuously in the front and was happily manned by skilled men who knew artillery practice. Knowing our enemy, all of us, white men and black men, were determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible, and to die rather than to surrender, for to surrender would have been certain death, any way. We remained thus for thirty minutes; it might have been longer, when he suddenly wheeled and left us, marching southwardly, and, to our great relief, we saw him no more.

"About sundown Major Henning returned to our camp, accompanied by General Blunt. After dark the few wounded men from the prairie came into our camp, one by one. Most of them were so disfigured that they could scarcely be identified. All of them had been left on the prairie as dead. Jack Arnold came in with five or six wounds in the face, which could not be recognized as belonging to a human being. Others had received from five to eight wounds in different parts of their bodies; but most of the wounds were in the face and head. Those who had escaped being killed did so by feigning to be dead. Even with their wounds, which put them in great pain and suffering, they were rejoiced to find us still alive and in possession of the little fort. It had been generally believed, after the battle with General Blunt's command, that our garrison had been captured in the morning, as Quantrell, when first seen by them, was coming from the direction of the camp. Quantrell's men were dressed in the Federal uniform, and on this account, when seen by General Blunt's command, they were taken to be friends, coming to escort the General and his bodyguard into the fort. General Blunt had halted his command and ordered his headquarters band in front. The members of the band had arranged themselves in position and had their music in readiness for playing a welcome to their supposed friends. General Blunt and his staff were in an ambulance, their horses being led by orderlies. All were joyous, in anticipation of an immediate march into our camp, a hearty dinner and a good night's rest among friends. At this moment Quantrell gave the order for a charge upon General Blunt's command. This was instantly obeyed, and the charge came with terrific force, each of Quantrell's men having a revolver in each hand, firing and yelling like demons, which they were. General Blunt's little command was in the worst possible condition successfully to resist the onslaught. No concerted action could be had. Each must fight or flee for himself, so complete was the surprise and overwhelming the charge. General Blunt gave no command; for a command would have been of no avail. As their foe his soldiers soon learned that it was Quantrell, who, six weeks before, had sacked and burned Lawrence, and had there murdered two hundred men, in cold blood. For General Blunt's men, or for most of them, there was no possible escape. Only a few got away, and these were on the fleetest horses. The band had a fine wagon, built for their especial use, and they wore elegant uniforms, with side arms, fancy swords and revolvers, made not for fighting but for show. They were not enlisted soldiers. Upon realizing the situation, the driver wheeled his horses westward and undertook to escape by rapid driving; but in less than a mile he was overtaken and he and every member of the band were shot dead. Fire was set to the wagon and many of their bodies were burned so they could not be identified. Their bodies had been stripped of all valuables.

"General Blunt and Major Curtis, his adjutant, saw two openings in the enemy's ranks. General Blunt told Major Curtis to run through one of the openings, saying he would try the other. General Blunt escaped; but the body of Major Curtis was found next day with a bullet through his temple. His revolver lay near him.

"On the 7th of October all our available force was kept busy, from early light until darkness covered the field, searching for the dead and bringing them into camp. Quantrell had done his work thoroughly.


GEN. JAMES G. BLUNT

GEN. JAMES G. BLUNT was a brave and able soldier, albeit never recognized as a brilliant man of civil affairs. He was born in Hancock County Maine, in 1826, and until his fourteenth year lived on his father's farm. Running away from home, he was a sailor for four years and then studied medicine. In February, 1849, he graduated from the Starling Medical College at Columbus, Ohio, and in the following January located at New Madison, Ohio, where he practiced his profession until late in 1856, when he removed to Kansas and settled in Anderson County. He quickly became an ardent free-state man and when the Civil war broke out in 1861 enlisted as a private in the Third Kansas Regiment, subsequently being promoted to lieutenant colonel. He served under General Lane at the Battle of Dry Wood and then commanded a force that penetrated far into the Indian country and broke up the band of the notorious Mathews, killing the leader. In April, 1862, he was commissioned a brigadier general and placed in command of the Department of Kansas. At once he began active operations in Missouri and Arkansas, distinguishing himself for bravery and military skill in the battles of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Boston Mountains, Fort Van Buren, Honey Springs and Newtonia. After the war he settled in Leavenworth and engaged in business, spending a large part of his time in Washington, D. C. About 1878 symptoms of softening of the brain appeared and he was taken to an insane asylum in Washington, where he died on August 3, 1881.

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