

2436

Flemming Genl. C.

Poisoner Genl. of Str.

Octob. 15/62

Myself

Has been informed that
this office was awaiting
papers in case of the Bolivian
Prisoners. Encloses a letter
written by a member of
Genl. 'Pop' Staff, published
in the Democrat. —

Citizens

Recd. Pro. War. Genl. Oct. 16/62

Hotel St. Union St. Louis
Oct 15th 1862

Ed. Thos. Hunt
J. M. Hunt

Sir I was informed this morning that you were awaiting the papers in the case of the Polkian Seven Citizens confined here. We were informed before leaving Alton Prison by the Comdg Officer that there were no papers in our case. I enclose you a copy of a letter written, I presume, by a member of Gen. Ross's Staff, which in the absence of other testimony may serve to throw some light upon our case; this letter was published in the "Democrat" of this city and though different in some respects from our version of the case is in the main correct.

Very Respectfully

Your Obedt Servant
Jas. L. Fleming

FROM BOLIVAR TENN.

Credit to Gen. Ross—A Small Thunder-clap to the Secesh of Bolivar—Sixteen of the Leading Citizens sent North to Prison—Affecting Scenes at their Departure—Miscellaneous News Items.

BOLIVAR, TENN., AUG. 13th.

Editors Missouri Democrat:

We are slightly stirring up the rebels here with a long pole. There was a thunder-clap that came so suddenly upon them the other day as to make their heads swim.

Let me premise by saying that Gen. Leonard F. Ross, the commander of this division of the army, is as wise as discreet, and as prompt an officer as any I have found in the service. He never acts hastily and unthoughtfully, but deliberately, calmly, firmly, and with a full appreciation of his responsible position. I think you know me well enough, to be satisfied that I am not the man to give credit where it is not deserved. Gen. Ross possesses the entire confidence of officers and soldiers composing his command. Our forces are in the advance—in the heart of the enemy's country—but no matter what force may come against us, they will not take us by surprise, or at a disadvantage; thanks to the admirable guard arrangements of the General, and the disposition of the troops.

Soon after we arrived here, the citizens of Bolivar and vicinity were invited to take the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States. The General is opposed to forcing men to take such an oath—wisely believing that an obligation thus given is of little value, and would be readily broken when an opportunity occurred. A large number of citizens complied with the request; but a few of the leading men of the place, known to be pestiferous traitors, upon whom all forbearance and kindness were lost, refused to take the oath. They were arrested by the Provost Marshal to the number of seventeen, and asked whether they would prefer going North as prisoners of war, or South to their friends. All but one voted to go South. The decision was referred to the General for his approval or disapproval; and to the consternation of the sixteen who wished to go South, an order was promptly received by the Provost requiring him to inform the traitors that they would be dispatched to a military prison in Illinois, there to await the pleasure of the President of the United States, the next morning by train, at 6½ o'clock. O, but it stirred up the bile! Their lady friends heard of it, and they became furious, frantic and foolish. The General was besieged, but he was inexorable. He had a duty to perform, and he did it unflinchingly.

I was present, in an official capacity, next morning at the embarkation. The ladies were there to bid adieu to their dear friends. They were as hostile, as bitter, and as vindictive as any of the Southern termagants you ever saw. They looked quite pretty in their passion, and I thought their rosy lips were made and better suited for kisses than for curses, though they did considerable of both. As the train moved off the sweet creatures waved their handkerchiefs and gave three cheers for the "brave boys of Bolivar." One young man in the crowd was peculiarly favored by the fair ones. One gave him a kiss, another a nosegay, and another a bottle of whisky. He assured them at parting that Jackson would soon be here and gobble us poor soldier devils all up, at which the feminines were hugely pleased. The following is the list of the prisoners, who, ere this reaches you, will be cooling their ardor in some military prison in Illinois:

John R. Fentress, Rev. B. & C. Gray, Rev. A. J. Moore, R. G. Crawford, Jerome Hill, Carrol Walker, Theo. H. Hancock, Col. R. P. Neely, W. C. Dorian, Robert T. Lightfoot, James Collins, Calvin Bowles, G. W. Dugan, James Fleming, J. H. Neilson and Ed. Crawford.

Gray is an Episcopalian, and Moore a Methodist preacher, both dyed-in-the-wool secessionists. Of course their friends look upon these scoundrels as martyrs. It's my opinion that a great many more in this section will yet wear that sort of martyr's crown.

On Monday Capt. Funke surprised a party of guerrillas some eight or ten miles from this place, scattered them like chaff before the wind, and captured some twenty-seven horses with accoutrements. Two of the rebels were wounded—none of our men.

Foraging parties are being sent out daily, and vigorous measures have been adopted to subsist upon the enemy. We are taking such live stock as negroes and horses, and using them both to advantage. The former, to the number of about four hundred, are kept industriously at work on the fortifications, which are rapidly approaching completion.

We hear nothing of the enemy. I think we shall have to go and hunt him up.

Major-General Ord has been here for a few days, on a visit of inspection.

The weather is warm and dry, but the health of the troops excellent.

The boys are just being paid off, and are in fine feather.

Major Coons, who was reported captured by the guerrillas, is here safe, sound, and with his bags of money.

ILLINOIAN.