fire to their camp, get all the horses ready, detail a guard for
the prisoners and be ready to march in the quickest time possible.
I gathered up a firebrand out of their camp fire and started in
the first tent in the line and kicked up the straw and applied the
torch and was ready to go out again when I saw an old fashioned
pair of saddle bags, the same as the frontier Methodist preachers
used on their circuits. My curiosity was aroused to know
what it contained, so I rescued it from the fire and threw it across
my saddle and proceeded to help gather up the horses.

In a few moments we were on the march and by this time the
rain was falling in torrents. The Lieutenant, instead of starting
toward the Bluff, started on the road to the main Rebel camp
but only followed it until we were out of sight of the houses that
surrounded the mill and then took to the woods again. We made
another circuit back around the mill and struck the Bluff road
three or four miles north of the mill, getting there just at dark.
We got into Pine Bluff the next morning about one o'clock. We
led in sixty-three horses, twelve or fourteen prisoners, among
them Captain Henry, their commander, with no loss to our
command except some scratches from the limbs of trees we came
in contact with. When I opened the saddle bags I had in my
possession an old undershirt, which was inhabited, and the Muster Roll. This is a partial history of the scout in which it was
captured.

The Hamilton Freeman has closed its seventh year, and is making leaves for a new volume. It was started by Charles Aldrich,
who, by the way, is a born editor for whom there is no happiness
in this life outside of a newspaper. He is one of the best para-
graphists in America. The present editor of the Freeman, Mr.
Ballou, understands his business thoroughly.—Daily State Regis-
ter, Des Moines, June 7, 1866. (In the Newspaper Division of
the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)