

W. R. Howell.

A CAMPAIGN

Anderson, Jr.

FROM

SANTA FE

TO

THE MISSISSIPPI;

BEING A HISTORY

OF THE

OLD SIBLEY BRIGADE

FROM ITS

FIRST ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME;

ITS CAMPAIGNS IN NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, TEXAS, LOUISIANA AND
ARKANSAS, IN THE YEARS OF 1861-2-3-4.

By THEO. NOEL, 4th Texas Cavalry.

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1865.

Military Institute, where he graduated with the highest honors in 1857. Gen Floyd was then Secretary of War. From him he received his first order to report to the first Regiment of U. S. Mounted Rifles for duty as a Lieutenant, in Company B of that Regiment, which was then stationed at Fort Stockton in New Mexico. Before joining the Regiment he was promoted and assigned to duty as commander of company C, then stationed at Fort Craig. At the breaking out of the war, and on hearing that Texas had seceded, he resigned his commission in the U. S. service, proceeded to Richmond, and tendered his services to our young Confederacy. He was ordered by the Secretary of War, Pope Walker, to report to General Sibley for duty. The latter forthwith sent him as bearer of dispatches to Dr. Clark of Texas. He was also authorized by Gen. Sibley to proceed, immediately on his arrival in Texas, to the organizing of a Cavalry Brigade. After mustering in several companies at his own solicitation, he retired from this duty. Shortly after this time he received the appointment of Lieut. Col. of the second Regiment (fifth Texas Cavalry). In this capacity he served throughout the whole campaign of New Mexico—staying with his Regiment and performing the duties of a valorous officer. At the battle of Galveston he played a conspicuous part, and for his military deportment General Magruder ordered him detached and placed as chief of his staff. In this capacity he served until Col. Green was promoted as Brigadier, when he was ordered back to his Regiment as its Colonel. In this position he has since served, both with fidelity and impartiality. On many occasions the Colonel has commanded the Brigade, always giving entire satisfaction to those under him, as well as to his superiors.

As a gentleman of the highest honorable scruples, who would scorn to perform a mean act, the Colonel may have equals, but no superiors.

Although a graduate of distinguished honors from West Point, there is one thing he neglected to learn whilst there—viz., the knack of shifting responsibility and mishaps—a thing in many instances absolutely necessary to insure speedy promotion. At West Point he was a classmate with Strog and Palfrey—both men of high rank at this day—as are also Mead, Alexander and Berry, who command on the Potomac. The Colonel deserves well of his country. He commanded the Brigade through the entire campaign of Arkansas, with much credit to himself.

MAJ. SAM. A. LOCKRIDGE,

The pride of the army, the worshipped idol of the old fifth Texas Cavalry, was born in Jefferson County, Ala., in 1828, and with his parents when quite young he emigrated to Mississippi, whence he moved to Texas in 1850. In 1851 he again started to the "far west"—this time to California. Here he was not contented with gold alone, and in 1857 he joined Walker in his Nicaragua expedition, in whose army he was made a Colonel of Cavalry. By those conversant with Walk-

er's history the name of Lockridge will appear familiar. A short time before the capture of Walker and his party, the subject of these remarks was mortally wounded in the leg, and came to New Orleans for treatment. Here he commenced the study of law, and graduated at one of our highest law universities. Returning to Texas his "shingle" was pasted in Gonzalas for a short season. He was amongst the first of his patriotic county to enroll his name for the defence of his country. He was appointed Major of the second Regiment at Colonel Green's solicitation by Gen. Sibley, and as its commander on many occasions, he won the entire confidence and good will of all who were under him.

He fell while nobly and heroically leading his column forward in the charge on the enemy's (McCray's, now the Val Verde) battery.—Justly has he been styled the hero of Val Verde. In the loss of Lockridge our country and its cause lost a noble, chivalrous and generous officer. Words are inadequate to express a true sense of his worth.—May the turf of Val Verde lay lightly on the bosom of our sleeping hero! May his ashes rest in peace, and may a grateful people honor and revere his noble deeds, and the soldiery of our land emulate them, is all that his old comrades and friends can wish; for now that he has gone to the warrior's house, where with the souls of Greene, Roquet, Shropshire and a host of others, may we but hope he rests in the hands of his God in peace.

LIEUT. COL. J. S. SUTTON.

The subject of this sketch emigrated to Texas early in the year 1836, and although of a retiring and modest disposition, he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his companions. He was a Lieutenant in the army of the Republic of Texas, where he won a name for gallantry and coolness in the hour of danger. At the time of his fall on the hard fought field of Val Verde, he was about forty-five years of age—small in stature, but of good constitution. He was a noble looking man—dark, curly hair, dark complexion, and a clear, steady eye, indicative of the firm and manly spirit that dwelt within.

Like many others, at the time he went to Texas he sought adventure and excitement. At one time he would amuse himself by hunting in the very path of the Indian; at another he might be found Captain of a scouting party; and when he did engage in these expeditions on the frontier, the Indians had cause to lament that they had aroused the Texan.

In 1840 he engaged in the ill fated expedition to Santa Fe, under the administration of President Lamar, and of course was captured and driven to the City of Mexico, where he suffered everything but death. He was liberated some time in the year 1842, after which he made his home about San Antonio, Texas, always offering his purse and services, whenever and wherever needed. He figured conspicuously in the war with Mexico, and after its close, returned to his old and familiar scenes