



AROUND THE CORNER

AFTER BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE

Julius Heiderreich of Chicago Tells of Lying Wounded Two Weeks on Battle Field.

Heiderreich's recollections are related by someone of the Civil war and wondered at by a younger generation, but the cause of fortune in the thick of battle are sometimes not the most wonderful of the war. Those that come nearest to being incredible and leave the listener confounded by the thought that only through a miracle has the survivor been saved to the world are those of long continued and faring in prison or in hospital. One man who has such a story to tell is Julius Heiderreich, who lives at 1112 Plurfield avenue, South Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Heiderreich, who for twenty-two years has been a member of U. S. Grant post of the G. A. R. and color bearer, was in Company K of the First Illinois Infantry regiment, which with the Thirty-seventh Illinois and Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana regiments and the Fourth battery made up the division of the Union army commanded by Maj. Gen. (then colonel) Jefferson C. Davis. The story is of the three days' fighting at Pea Ridge, Ark., one of the half-dozen big battles of the west.

"My regiment, the Fifty-ninth Illinois, was sent west after I was formed late in the summer of 1861," said Mr. Heiderreich. "By the beginning of March, 1862, we had gone on foot about 150 miles from Jefferson City, Mo., and were headed into Arkansas at the rate of twenty miles a day. In the presence of General Price's Confederate army. We were 200 miles from our base of supplies. We were shoeless and in rags and we lived on corn issued in the rear by the commissary.

"We caught up with General Price and had three days' fighting with him. This was the battle of Pea Ridge. The afternoon and night of March 6 I helped build defensive breastworks. The next afternoon we were sent through an open field into the woods and there saw soldiers partially concealed by a scrub oak thicket. They discharged the rifle and dragoon, but we suspected them. The order was given to advance, but to kill our foe until the fact that it was the enemy.



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beyond a doubt. Then we fired into them and they returned the fire. They were less to our use.

"I fell in the first volley. One shot went through my forehead, two others, which I still carry, through my right arm and shoulder, another through my left leg and a fifth through my left side and a sixth struck a medicine chest and a tin of tins that I carried over the right breast and knocked me over among the others, who were left or dead and dying.

"What was left of our regiment fell back and the rebels advanced, about half into our rear. At my left lay a corporal, wounded. A rebel plunged through the line, who was his wife and daughter, and died. The rebel was about to do the same to me when another stepped up and prevented him. This man gave me a drink of water from his canteen, washed the blood out of my eyes, straightened my wounded limbs and took my revolver away.

"The enemy all left the place in a few minutes and I lay in the fading light with dead men by my side and with the groans of those not yet dead rising through the darkness. I could get none for the pain of my wounds.

Late that night I heard my name called, but could not answer. Buddy Powers of my company answered for me. Then came my captain and a corporal and told me the battle was won. I was picked up and shored on a wagon and taken to where we had made our headquarters the day before. This was a sort of field hospital with no attendance for the wounded. A man was detailed to take care of me when the army passed on, but he stole my money and deserted.

"I lay there for thirteen days without medical attention or anything to eat except soaked corn. Water was brought to me in a greasy haversack. The wounded comrades beside me were all silent and just beyond my head there was a trench in which the dead were buried. Day by day I could see the grave diggers at work and hear the bodies cast into the trench and the corn filling back again. This went on six feet from me and I saw nothing of it for I could not move or turn my head. After thirteen days General Pharran of the Third Iowa regiment found I was still alive. He picked me up and hauled me on the bare, hard bottom of an army wagon 25 miles over rocky roads to the hospital in the Cassville courthouse.