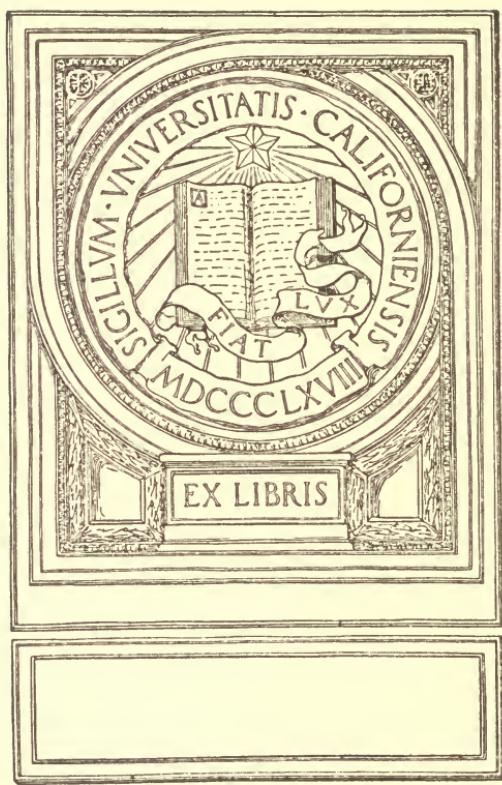


REMINISCENCES
OF THE
WOMEN OF MISSOURI
DURING THE SIXTIES



COMPILED AND PUBLISHED
BY THE
MISSOURI DIVISION
UNITED DAUGHTERS
OF THE CONFEDERACY



CONFEDERATE. Reminiscences of the
Women of Missouri during the Sixties.
Jefferson City, N. D. 8vo. Cloth. Mint
copy. Contains 74 original contributions.

\$5.00

Reminiscences of the Women of Missouri During the Sixties

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Missouri Division, United Daughters
of the Confederacy



*"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."*

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THESE CONFEDERATE MEMORIES
ARE DEDICATED TO THE MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE
WHO LOVE THE SOUTHERN CAUSE

MRS. BLAKE L. WOODSON, Kansas City *First Chairman Reminiscence Committee*
MRS. G. W. HYDE, Lexington *Second Chairman Reminiscence Committee*
MRS. MATILDA WEIDEMEYER GANTT, Jefferson City *Chairman Publication Committee*

"To live in the hearts of those who love us is not to die."

TO MARY
RICHARDSON

PREFACE.

By Mrs. Blake L. Woodson

In publishing the Reminiscences of the Women of Missouri during the Civil war, the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy does not desire to keep alive sectional bitterness or revive memories which have lain dormant for half a century. The gathering of these precious statements from the survivors of that terrible time has been a labor of love.

For many years after the close of the war the whole South, our dear old state, Missouri, included, was intent upon rehabilitating itself as it were; upon accepting the new order of things, and trying to bring a new life out of the ashes of desolation; a desolation appreciated only by the brave who had cast their all in a righteous cause and lost. There was no time or thought for the things of yesterday, and as time went on, and order came out of chaos, there arose a mighty gathering of the daughters of the Southland, to band themselves together for the purpose of caring for the helpless veterans who had worn the gray, for the rearing of monuments to the memory of the "Lost Cause," and for the gathering of and preserving all the matter of historical nature.

All these things have been and are being done; but for years the heroines of this most disastrous period have been forgotten.

Few monuments have arisen to tell future generations of the heroism and grandeur of the women of the South. The Missouri Division of the U. D. C., recognizing the fact that the history of the sufferings of the women of this state had never been memorialized by monument of marble or tablet of

bronze, determined a few years ago to gather the reminiscences of the women of Missouri during the sixties, and although much valuable material had been lost by the passing away of many of these grand women, whose patience and bravery under conditions which would fill the stoutest heart with terror, still enough material has been gathered and bound together, making a Chaplet of Immortelles to be placed as a tender offering to their memory, a chaplet which will tell to the world that the bravest women are often the gentlest, and that an enemy can be combatted and conquered by the soft, tender tones of a woman's voice, words spoken as she guards the home hearthstone while her best loved are away fighting the battles of life.

The Missouri Division, U. D. C., presents this book to the world, that the youth of the future may read and learn of what material their forebears were made, and feel proud to say I am a descendant of the bravest, truest race that ever lived, whose women were as brave as lions when the necessity arose, but always as pure and gentle as the dove.

Go forth and tell the story of each individual one, that the world may learn that never before in history was there recorded such suffering, borne with such noble heroism as that endured by the women of the South and of Missouri during the sixties.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Standing as we do upon the threshold of a new age of discoveries and progress in literature, science, art and religions, we glance backward for forty years into the dim and misty past and can hardly realize that those days were ever here in our own beloved land when brother fought against brother, father against son, and a man's foes were those unthought of and unsuspected.

At the present time all nations and peoples think and talk with pity and commiseration of the wars and revolutions in the far eastern countries, but this generation cannot imagine, nor will they believe when told, of the horror of such an internecine war as took place between the southern and northern states during 1861 and 1865.

To us the struggle is too terrible to contemplate with calmness, and the sting of injustice still rankles in the breasts of those who fought for their homes and loved ones, for their pride, honor, manhood, their principles and rights, for all that man holds nearest and dearest in this life.

Since the war and all its attendant miseries and evils are buried in the past and peace has settled upon our country, obliterating many of the differences between the two sections, the greatest boon that we ask or that can be bestowed upon us is a true and unbiased history of the struggle, so that children and young people of this day, and generations yet unborn, can be taught to love and reverence the memories of the South and to become imbued with the right emotions, sentiments and principles, always remembering that their fathers were never *rebels nor traitors to their country*. We wish them to acquire a just and intelligent conception of the struggles and trials of our people, of past events and noble deeds; we want them educated in southern history so they may be able

to discuss the burning questions of those times, and interested enough to talk and teach of that sorrowful period and refute the falsehoods and scandals of the impudent and ignorant with whom they may come in contact; we want them to ever respect those who fought and died, not for a *lost cause*, but for a cause that demanded the respect and interest of the whole civilized world.

The women of the South were neither by birth nor education ever expected to endure toil and hardship, but when the tocsin of war was sounded and the hills and valleys rang with the notes of the bugle, calling their sons to battle, none tendered their hearts' best jewels, their words and work more cheerfully than did those same gentle daughters, wives and mothers. They could not follow their loved ones to the battle-field save in thoughts and spirit, for theirs it was to care for the aged, little ones, and home; to nurse the sick and wounded, praying to and trusting their all to "Him who doeth all things well," and to whom the puny resistance of frail humanity is unavailing indeed when opposed to the matchless power of Him who directs and overrules alike the humblest creature of His handiwork and the brightest seraph that flits in light around His golden throne.

As the mother is the first teacher and upon the plastic mind of the child makes the deepest and most lasting impressions, we would have all truly eligible southern women members of that much loved organization, the "United Daughters of the Confederacy."

After the war was ended and their "tattered battle flags were folded with honor," brave men returned with bowed heads and aching hearts to their desolated, ruined homes and scattered families, leaving buried in many an unknown grave some of the brightest and best soldiers of the Sunny South. Then the women gathered up the broken fragments and said to each other, "Come, let us bury our griefs and sorrows in binding up the broken hearts, remembering the dead, educating the orphans, benefiting the living, becoming charitable

to our enemies, helping each other to fulfill our every duty and teaching our children to love the dear old Southland and show to the world that like Truth, though "crushed to earth," we will "rise again," and that our fathers, brothers and sons with renewed courage are ever ready to shoulder arms and fight against the common foes of our united country, and uphold that emblem of our nationality, the beautiful star-spangled banner. The women viewed from memory's golden shore the past with regrets but large hope for the future, and rejoiced that peace once more overshadowed their country, and as the heart of the true woman, wife or mother, knows no change, and as woman was last at the cross and first at the tomb, 'twas fitting that she should be the first, not only to remember the living, but the dead; for them nothing could be done except to mark their resting places and keep alive the memories of their valor and bravery, and show by decorating their graves with flowers that "though dead yet do they speak."

All honor is due to two noble women, Mrs. L. H. Rains of Savannah, Ga., and Mrs. M. C. Goodlett of Nashville, Tenn., who were the originators of the U. D. C. Mrs. Goodlett was elected first president at the Nashville convention in 1894, that chapter being number one, and Savannah's number two. Soon the news was borne to the ears of the southern women that a society was to be formed, the objects of which would be educational, benevolent, memorial, historical and social—and that all respectable white women who aided the South during the war or were related to men who honorably served their country, or materially aided the South during those stirring times, would be eligible to membership. Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas were quick to respond to the call, while the chapters sprang into existence as if by magic in all the southern and western states, and even in Indian Territory. They know no North, South, East or West, but claim the right to organize chapters wherever they live in this land of the brave and free. The

U. D. C. now number over 70,000, with daily increasing numbers, each state having chapters doing local work, but all assisting and contributing to the national work. The Daughters are deeply interested in all that pertains to their work, but especially so in training of the children that are to come after them, hoping through them to perpetuate their high and noble aims. For this purpose they have organized junior chapters, and hope by this means to accomplish great good.

The badge of the U. D. C. is a gold pin, being a representation of the Confederate flag (the Stars and Bars) in red, white and blue enamel. The sign of the victor, a laurel wreath, encircles the flag, and on the loops of the bow tying the wreath is the monogram D. C. and the dates "61-65." Each local chapter has its own motto, all carrying out the general motto which contains a most beautiful lesson—"Think—Love—Dare—Pray—Live." The seal is a facsimile of the great seal of the Confederacy, having on its outer rim the inscription "United Daughters of the Confederacy." The U. D. C. work with and are greatly interested in every good effort and work of the Confederate Veterans or Sons of the Veterans, and wishing to show their regard and respect for every brave and honorable man who wore the gray, concluded to bestow upon these soldiers or their immediate male descendant some lasting token of their regard. Mrs. S. E. Gabbett of Athens, Ga., selected the Iron Cross of St. John as an appropriate emblem. One side of this design bears the Confederate battle flag surrounded by a laurel wreath with the inscription, "Southern Cross of Honor." The reverse side has the Confederate motto "Deo Vindici," 1861-1865, and the letters U. D. C. to U. V. C. The bestowal of these crosses takes place twice a year, on Gen. Robt. E. Lee's birthday, January 19th, and Jefferson Davis' birthday, June 3rd, and they are proudly received and worn by the recipients.

"The Confederate Veteran," a superior paper published in Nashville, Tenn., is the organ of the U. D. C., and is worthy of being read by all.

The U. D. C. have had many trials and disappointments, but the Heavenly Father has greatly blessed them in the past, and this renews their courage and stimulates them to greater exertions and brighter hope for the future. The society is growing rapidly in numbers, in power and usefulness, and fills a place in this country that cannot be filled in any other way. I appeal to every southern woman to find her place at once in some chapter, where I am sure she will be happy in working for a noble, much-loved cause, that is dear to the heart of every southerner.

OUR FIRST FLAG.

A Reminiscence by Florence May Porter.

One gloriously bright day in the spring of 1861 there gathered in the little town of Plattsburg, Mo., a large and enthusiastic concourse of people, drawn together by a unity of purpose and principle, the giving of outward expression of their sympathy with the more southern states in their contention for "states rights."

The occasion was one of great moment to the citizens of the town, county, state, and in fact, to the entire South, in as much as it tended to express the inclination and will of the mass of the people of our own Missouri.

It proved, indeed, to be a most important and historical day in the lives of many of Clinton county's best citizens, for upon that day of sunshine, flowers, inspiring music and speechmaking there was signed and sealed to the cause of the South many brave and chivalrous lives.

The occasion of the great gathering and the cause of the intense excitement and enthusiasm was the presentation of a southern flag—the new "Stars and Bars"—by the southern ladies of Plattsburg to the several companies of enlisted southern sympathizers, then known as the "Missouri State Guard."

The officers in command were Col. John T. Hughes and Captains Cromlow, Bainbridge and Clark. The flag was made by the ladies at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Turner—afterwards known as "Rebel Headquarters."

The flag was formed of three wide bars, two of which were red and the center one of white satin. The field was a square of blue, bearing seven bright silver stars. The stars were designed and painted on the blue field by a Union man,

a Mr. Rogers, who was an expert workman, and Mrs. Turner gave him in exchange for the seven silver stars five silver dollars.

The day of the presentation was looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by many of the citizens of the town, while many others were filled with dread and apprehension—for the majority realized that not only life and death, but their liberties as well, were at stake.

The eventful day finally arrived, and a most pleasant one it proved to be; with it came a large assemblage of men, women and children of all ages and sizes. Southern enthusiasm and excitement ran high; every home was filled with visitors, all intent on viewing the newborn flag of the Southland, the beautiful "Stars and Bars." About half past one o'clock in the afternoon the long procession formed on Locust street, in front of the old Christian Church, headed by the Plattsburg brass band, the members of which, I think, are now dead. Next in order was the bright new flag, the staff of which was wound about with red, white and blue ribbons, and ornamented with heavy silk cords and tassels.

The flag bearers were two of the handsomest and bravest youths of which our little town could boast. One was afterwards killed upon a southern battlefield while fighting for the land he loved. The other fought through the entire four years of the war, and is now an elderly, white-haired citizen of Moberly, Mo. When the young standard bearers uplifted the staff and the folds of the flag first floated out upon the spring breeze there went up from the crowd a wild cheer which continued for some minutes.

Following the flag came three young ladies robed in white and garlanded with flowers. The central one—Miss Brooks—had been selected to present the flag, and her attendants, Misses Laura Scearce and Sallie Craig, carried above her head a floral arch. Next to the young ladies marched the seven seceded states, represented by seven little girls, all of

whom were dressed alike, in red, white and red, and crowned with flowers. Each little girl bore a small southern flag, on which was printed the name of the state which she represented. The little state girls were Misses Ella Lincoln, Sallie Shoemaker, Mary Gibson, Maggie Young, Bettie Whittington, Mary Lyons and Florence Turner. Back of the states marched the speakers, visitors and citizens of town and county. The long procession wended its way out to the college building, where the exercises were to be held. The crowd was too great for the size of the building, and many were unable to procure even standing room within its walls. The chapel and gallery were soon crowded to their utmost capacity. The chairman then called the house to order and some one made a short speech explaining the purpose of the meeting. The ladies were then introduced. Miss Brooks stood beneath a floral arch, and, in the name of the southern ladies of Plattsburg, presented to the soldier boys the first southern flag ever made in Northeast Missouri. The presentation address was, I presume, appropriate to the occasion, although I do not remember the words. Hon. Upton M. Young received the flag in behalf of the soldiers, and his speech in response was full of southern fire and patriotism. I can recall only the closing words of it. They were, "And if need be, protect it with our lives." Many of them did.

Six of the little seceded states now circled around their leader, South Carolina, who also stood beneath the floral arch, as she spoke to them the following words of counsel:

"Sisters: Listen to the voice of South Carolina. We are standing here alone. Dangers crowd thick on every side. But we are not afraid. Oh, no! We will watch and pray and keep our house in order; and if from the windows of our beautiful home we see an enemy approach we will say, "Go tarry with our half-sisters who are married to your own people." Our tall, grown-up brothers have become cold, and proud, and insolent. They would chastise us into obedience

to their whims and caprices; but we will resist. We are strong in our love for each other—in our devotion to this lovely land, bequeathed to us by our patriotic fathers. It is our garden—our garden of blossoms, and fruits, and flowers. Sweet birds will sing to us from orange groves. Soft winds shall fan us. We will dwell in peace and joy under our own vine and fig tree. No serpent shall enter our paradise. Angels will guide and guard us. Heaven will protect us. It is our own—our native land."

The band played "Dixie" and other southern airs. Strong and patriotic speeches were delivered by Gen. David R. Atchison, Col. John T. Hughes, Mr. Charles Ingles, Mr. Craig, Col. Winslow Turner and others whose names I do not remember.

The meeting adjourned from the college grounds and marched back to the corner of the public square, where the flag was hoisted upon the tall pole which had been erected for the purpose several days before. The band again struck up the tune of "Dixie" as the "Stars and Bars" floated high above the town. There was more speechmaking, and many men and youths enlisted to fight, if need be, in defense of the rights and liberties of our state.

It was a day and an occasion never to be forgotten by those who took part in the ceremonies, because it was fraught with so much of history, of state pride and of personal sorrow and sacrifice.

Many good and brave men, both old and young, enlisted on that day to march forth at the call of their state and country—never again to return to home and friends. They died as brave men ever do, loyal and true to the banner for which they fought and neath which they fell. We should revere their names, honor their memory, preserve their heroic deeds in history, and twine into wreaths the fairest and sweetest of Missouri's flowers to lay upon their graves.

Of the many people who thronged the streets of Plattsburg on that bright spring day, more than fifty years ago, a

very few are left to tell the story. The southern ladies who so lovingly sewed into form the "Stars and Bars" now rest in the cemeteries of our town. The voices of the speakers are forever silent. The band boys make music in another sphere. And only one of the three white-robed, flower-garlanded young ladies is left. Of the seven little girls who represented the seceded states all, I think, are still living save one. The little flag carried by South Carolina is still in existence, but it is not known as to the fate of the beautiful large first flag of Northwest Missouri.

THE FOUNDER OF DECORATION DAY, APRIL 26, 1865.

By Mrs. J. J. Holt, St. Louis Chapter U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.

It seemed most appropriate at this the June meeting of our Chapter to speak somewhat of the origin of Decoration Day, inasmuch as the 26th of May the whole Southland garlanded the graves of her heroes. While in preparation of my paper, it seemed singular therefore that there came a letter to my mother from an old friend of her girlhood, and from whom she had not heard since the close of the war, and her letter and enclosures pertaining to the origin of Decoration Day will no doubt be of historic interest to us, as they are from no other than the founder of Decoration Day, Mrs. Sue Langdon Vaughn of Virginia, then Miss Sue Adams. Then again, there seems to be within the past few years several claimants for this honor, and it was this circumstance which brought forth her letter referred to above, and if you will kindly pardon any reference of a personal nature, will give the circumstances and conditions under which the South's Decoration Day was founded.

Mrs. Vaughn is a descendant of crested families, allied to great houses of Scotland and England. She is connected with the Washingtons, Balls, Bayards, Bufords, Hardins, Deerings

and many other old Colonial families that furnished governors, legislators, a score of Confederate generals and battalions for the Civil war. She is the daughter of John Adams of Rockbridge, Va. However, at the time of the war she was a resident of Missouri and from there she came to Jackson, Miss., with a letter of introduction to my grandfather, James Boyd, then mayor of Jackson, where she was made welcome in his home, "The Oaks." Her intense interest and zeal in the southern cause was manifested in a material way by the fact that she smuggled through the lines, in quilted petticoats and bosom pads and even in the brim of her hat, morphine, quinine, etc., which she carried safely to Cockrell's Missouri Brigade, at that time stationed at Mobile, Ala. Such was the character of the woman who so enthusiastically and devotedly served her beloved Southland.

On the evening of April 25, 1865, one of the darkest in the struggle, assembled in the parlor at "The Oaks" were my grandfather, his wife and children, a couple of soldiers and Miss Sue Adams. As previously arranged with Coloned McFarlane, then in command at Jackson, Miss. (who by the way was a gallant participant in the battle of Franklin, Tenn.), the news of Lee's surrender was brought to Miss Adams by couriers. In her own words, she writes: "I was standing at the end of the piano to your right (referring to my mother, then Miss Sallie Boyd), reading the accounts of Marathon and Plato, of how the Greeks garlanded their heroes with olive and ribbon wreaths—as tearfully I listened to the plaintive strains of your song, "Our Banners are Waving O'er Vicksburg no More," my face as if a rain had fallen over me, your mother's lips purple, then ashen hue; I remember, too, she said, "If I had a thousand sons I'd buckle on their swords and send them to Gen. Adams—right then I seized the stub of a dead Confederate's pencil, and tearing a blank leaf from Plutarch, wrote the following:

"An appeal to the daughters of Southland to meet at the cemetery in Jackson, Miss., April 26, 1865, at 2 p. m. to 'gar-

land the graves of our fallen braves,' our heroes in gray, who defended with heart and hand our bannered cross, our sacred Southland."

This appeal was not suggested by any one. The thought came like a signal flash, "Garland the graves of our fallen braves." It was written under the wreathed, creped colors of our mourning land."

One of the couriers pinned the leaf to this tattered cadet gray jacket and ran down State street to the office of the "Mississippian," arriving just in time to insert the appeal in the paper before it closed down forever.

The brief announcement seemed to touch every heart, and a lovely typical roseburst of radiance greeted Decoration Day. Thousands coming out wreathed a lone grave on a slope (now Belhaven hill). This young soldier boy fell under a leaden rain on the retreat of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army over Pearl river. There were withered wild flowers on the hilt of his sword. This was the first grave so garlanded on this first Decoration Day.

The scenes at the cemetery were mournfully impressive. The children—a garland-laden band—were the first to kneel "On the field of the grounded arms." Colonel McFarlane led the troops through the rose-wreathed avenues as the bands played funeral dirges. Colonel Burts' grave was canopied with jasmine and roses and the battle-stained flag under which he fell at Leesburg, Va., "Fallen on the field of Battle," was embroidered on a buckler that covered his pulseless breast. A group of sisters with mournful tenderness wove chaplets over their brother's slab; near a leaf-fringed urn a weeping widow mourned her princely boy. Hundreds wreathed the graves.

After the commemoration—the vesper service of the patriot dead—the stands of their faith were folded. Let us write it on history's laureled page—Decoration Day was founded April 26, 1865, under Southland's battle banners reddened in such costly dye—the heart blood of heroes.

MRS. VAUGHN, MEMORIAL DAY FOUNDER, IS DEAD.

WASHINGTON, July 24, 1911.—The woman credited with having first expressed the idea of a general memorial day, Mrs. Sue Landon Vaughn, is dead here at the home of the Eastern Star Masonic Order, on which she was dependent. She was a descendant of John Adams, the second President of the United States.

On April 26, 1865, she led some southern women in strewing with flowers the Confederate graves in Vicksburg, and the date and custom were perpetuated in the South. Three years later May 30 was adopted throughout the North as Memorial Day.

Mrs. Vaughn was of distinguished ancestry and was the wife of Judge J. H. Vaughn of San Francisco. The earthquake destroyed the family property, and his subsequent death left Mrs. Vaughn without resources. Her body will be cared for in Washington by the Masonic order.

REMINISCENCES FROM 1861 TO 1865.

By Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, St. Louis, Mo.

My father, Samuel Fowler of Maryland, was one of the first settlers of Benton county, Missouri. Our home was a mile from the little town of Cole Camp, which is about twenty miles northeast of Warsaw, the county seat, and about the same distance from Sedalia on the north. In September, 1858, I was married to Charles C. Rainwater of Ray county, Missouri.

My husband entered the mercantile business at Cole Camp in the fall of 1859. Mr. Rainwater's parents being of Carolina and Tennessee stock, and mine of Maryland, there was no question about where our sympathies lay when the "War

Cloud" appeared in 1861. The first outward sign of sympathy in our little town was in May when the "red, white and red" flag was hoisted and unfurled to the breeze on the town square.

The women made the flag and aided in sending it aloft, and greeted it when its folds were unfurled. This, I believe, was the first Confederate flag raised in the county. Soon after this it was rumored that a man named Cook, who lived some four miles north of Cole Camp, and who had some years before moved from the north, was getting up a company of home guards composed of union men, mostly Germans. It was said that he had succeeded in getting some three or four hundred men together and gone into camp in and around a vacant house in the timber, some two miles east of town. In the meanwhile the southern men were not idle. Recruiting was going on at Warsaw. My husband, with other southern men, went there to enlist under the southern banner. Walter S. O'Kane was elected captain of the Warsaw Grays. The Confederates at Warsaw and Leesville determined, if possible, to disperse the home guards masked at Cole Camp. The Warsaw Grays (infantry) started from Warsaw Sunday afternoon, June 16, 1861. Early Monday morning Captain Cook and his men were taken by surprise—a battle ensued—the home guards routed and dispersed. The number of killed and wounded has never been accurately told. The Confederates had two killed and four wounded. I had gone up to Warsaw a few days before, not knowing that any movement was contemplated. Well do I remember the agony of suspense while awaiting news of the expedition.

The women were making uniforms for the soldiers, and I do not remember ever working harder in my life than on that Monday while awaiting news of the battle, for we knew there had been or would be one. Wednesday, the 18th, the Warsaw Grays returned and buried their dead.

On the morning of the 19th Governor Jackson crossed the Osage at Warsaw on his retreat from Boonville. The peo-

ple of Warsaw were panic-stricken, thinking that General Lyon was following Jackson closely. Many left their homes. It was here I took leave of my young husband, not knowing when or how, or if ever, we would meet again. The southern army moved south and our locality was ever after left to the mercies of home-guard rule. It was some months before Captain Cook succeeded in getting a small company together again.

Every man suspected of being in sympathy with the South was under constant surveillance. Unfortunately for our section, there congregated in and near Cole Camp lawless men from many places, and, under the guise of home guards, committed thefts and murders.

Before committing depredations drinking was always resorted to. They were the terror of surrounding counties. Men would be called to the door at night and shot down without warning or provocation. In the fall of 1863, one Sunday afternoon, these fiends started out and by Monday morning had murdered three innocent men in their homes surrounded by their families. Notwithstanding the horrors and anxieties of the times, we were often amused with the results of expeditions sent in to the Osage hills, some ten miles away, to capture or kill two men named Smith. These men had been with the Confederate army but did not remain, and came back to their cabins in the hills, and from being hunted became what was termed "Bushwhackers." The home guards determined to rid the county of these men—either kill, capture or drive them away.

We would frequently see a squad or company start out after the Smiths, and possibly the next day would hear that the Federals had dined at a farmhouse, and in less than an hour the Smiths dined at the same house. The houses of these men were burned and their wives taken prisoners, but by threats of retaliation by burning the homes of union men, forced the release of the women.

This game of hide and seek was kept up for years, and so far as I know, the Smiths were never captured.

In 1863 times became so very troubled and our family so anxious for the safety of my father that it was decided that he and myself should go to Maryland and visit relatives until peace be restored. I was to go because of threats to burn the house over my mother's head if I remained, inasmuch as my husband was in the southern army. In 1864, while in Maryland, I received word that Major Rainwater had been dangerously wounded at Ditch Bayou, in July, and wished me to come to him. This news reached me in September, and as soon as I could arrange I came on to St. Louis, expecting to ask that the Federal authorities permit me to go through the lines, but on arriving in St. Louis I found that the message was sent me by Miss Hattie Snodgrass, who had been banished from St. Louis and had ventured back to look after her aged mother, but intended to return south, and I was expected to go with her. Miss Snodgrass would not be ready to return before October. This meant a wait of some weeks, running the blockade and slipping through the lines. The plan was to go by boat, be transferred to the gunboat patrolling between Helena and Vicksburg, and get the captain to put us ashore at Columbus, Ark., thus avoiding army posts where soldiers were stationed. In our party was to be Miss Snodgrass, known for the time as Miss Miller, Miss Rainwater and Mrs. Van Court. Miss Snodgrass being so well known in St. Louis, it was deemed best that she and myself should go to Cairo by rail and take the boat there. No bridge being over the river at that time, we had to ferry over and take cars in East St. Louis. A mistake was made in calling for us; we missed the train and had to return to St. Louis for the night. Of course, we were fearful that we would miss the boat, but fortunately for us, the boat got on a sandbar and did not get in until we arrived. We were to go on Captain Burdeau's boat, he knowing who we were, and what we wished to do. There was a detective on the boat whose duty it was to search all baggage for contraband goods, such as Confederate gray cloth, letters, gold, etc.

Miss Snodgrass had so much that was contraband, includ-

ing gold and a large package of letters, that she was advised by a friend in Cairo not to attempt to take all; so she repacked her trunks and left one behind. We all had gray cloth made into make-believe underskirts.

I had no fear of being recognized myself, but was uneasy about Miss Snodgrass, as she was so well known in St. Louis. As we went aboard the boat, one of the clerks standing by the captain remarked, "Why, if there isn't Miss Hattie Snodgrass!" The captain quietly answered, "You are mistaken, that is Miss Miller." The hint was observed, and the young clerk, who had been a Sabbath school pupil of Miss S.'s, knew her thereafter as Miss Miller. She found an acquaintance in one of the pilots also, but he, too, was a southern man. The detective was a nephew of a Mr. Dutrow, who was banished from St. Louis at the same time Miss S. was, and thus she knew of him and his family without his knowing who she was. We were exceedingly anxious to have our baggage searched and have the anxiety over. We asked several times that it be done, and I am inclined to think that our expressed willingness somewhat disarmed the so-called "trunk digger." When the search took place we assisted at the performance, opening the apartments and lifting trays, the officer not lifting a single article, simply pressed his hands around the sides of the trunks a little, and that was all. The trunks were prepared for the occasion. All went well until we reached Memphis, where we had to go to a Federal office and take oath of allegiance to the U. S. A.; swore not to aid or abet, etc., all with a decided mental reservation. At Memphis we were joined by a Mrs. Nichols, whose home was in Chicot county, Arkansas, and who wished to land at Columbus also. Of all the lame stories ever mapped out to be told in case we got into close quarters, the one we adopted was the lamest. I really do not know why we were not suspected, arrested and sent back. Here is the story: We were from Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Miller had left there some years before the war and had gone to Arkansas to teach school, had been north to attend to business and was on her way home.

I was a friend going to spend the winter with her. Mrs. Van Court was a friend of Miss Miller's mother, who was going down for her health. Miss Snodgrass as a child had lived in Pittsburg, but neither Mrs. Van Court nor myself knew a street or any person in that city.

Shortly after leaving Memphis we were all seated in the cabin; not far from me was seated our quondam Miss Miller in conversation with our detective. I was attracted to them by hearing her say, "Yes, I am southern from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet." Others had heard the remark also; poor Mrs. Van Court's tell-tall face began to burn, and red spots appear on each cheek, and a lady from Helena was trying her best to warn Miss Miller to whom she was talking, while I wondered what next. Mr. Dutrow, the detective, answered, "I am surprised, Miss Miller, to hear you say this, and you from Pittsburg!" "Yes," she said, "I am for the South. I have lived with the southern people long enough to know them, and they have my sympathy." She discovered that others were listening, and she turned and said, "Mr. Dutrow, I did not seek this conversation. You have forced it upon me. I may have offended some one; there are wives of Federal officers aboard. They may have heard and this may get me into trouble, and if it does, you must see me through it."

He protested that no harm was meant, and none should come of it, and nothing more was said. An amusing incident took place one day when the detective was sitting by the table in the cabin and picked up a pair of new gauntlets belonging to Miss Snodgrass.

There was pen and ink near and he said, "With your permission, Miss Miller, I will mark your gloves for you." With her consent he wrote, "Miss Hattie Miller." And turning to her said, "Your address, how do you spell it?" She was nonplussed and continued very busy with her sewing, for she could not spell the name of her adopted county and village, but Mrs. Nichols, who was to the "manor born," promptly came to her aid and spelled Chicot.

To our dismay, we passed the patrol gunboat in a fog at night, and what to do was the question. After consulting with the captain, it was deemed best to remain on the boat, make the trip to New Orleans and try to catch the gunboat on the up-trip rather than transfer to another boat and run the risk of encountering another detective. While awaiting the transfer of cargoes at New Orleans, we one morning visited the famous French market, dressed, of course, in northern clothes and naturally were judged accordingly. After we had our French coffee and had seen the sights we started for the boat, and as we were passing down an aisle of the market met two negro women. One of them attracted my attention immediately by her large and venomous eyes. I never saw such complete hatred expressed in eyes before. She was looking me squarely in the face, and just as she passed my shoulder she turned her head and hissed "Yanks," and went on. We started north the third day, and all went well until we passed the gunboat again at night, while it was anchored at Vicksburg. Now something must be done—to go back to St. Louis meant certain detection. The only alternative was to land at Skipwith's Landing in Mississippi, where there was a gunboat stationed, provided the captain would allow us, and care for us until the patrol gunboat came up. We arrived at Skipwith on Friday about noon. The gunboat captain received our party of four courteously, but said the only accommodation that he could offer us was the occupancy of a small vacant storeroom a short distance from the shore, and have a negro woman prepare our meals. We were furnished bedding and a pistol. Mrs. Nichols could use a gun effectively if necessary. Our situation was not an enviable one, when it is remembered that the gunboat housed its officers and crew and that on shore and nearer us were armed negroes. We were not molested in any way, and in fact we discovered, after retiring, that a guard had been set for our protection, as we could hear the patrol pass. The officers treated us with the greatest courtesy, however. I have always thought that a little gunboat practice was gotten up the last

evening of our stay for our special benefit. We had heard from our first arrival that Confederate scouts had been not far away, and it was feared a dash might be made for Skipwith and the gunboat, and this particular day more rumors than usual had been brought in. We were not alarmed for we were not afraid of the Confederates. About dusk the captain and his lieutenant came up to see how we were getting along. They had been there but a short time when an officer called for the captain, who went out, and almost immediately we heard the report of a gun and then another, and the lieutenant got out of the room on "double quick." In a moment the firing seemed general, and we thought that the Confederates had made a dash sure enough. Our captain, Miss Miller, was equal to the emergency. Her order was, come help bar the door, and now girls drop on the floor and be out of the range of bullets. While the firing was at its height one of the combatants gave a dismal groan as though desperately hurt, and Mrs. Van Court remarked, "There is one poor soul gone to glory." The fray lasted only a few moments, and we soon found out it was simply a ruse, whether for our benefit or to give the gunboat crew practice, we never knew. When we saw the lieutenant again we laughed at him for making such good time towards the river. He said that he did not feel a bit comfortable when he reached the bank to hear orders being given and the gunners at the guns.

On Sunday, about noon, the much desired gunboat came in sight, was signaled and landed, and we four women were rejoiced when Captain Burns, who was in command, graciously consented to take us to our destination. Miss Miller was our spokesman and made all arrangements with the captain. Only two of us could take meals at the captain's table, the other two must mess with the other officers. I was to take Mrs. Van Court to the captain's table, as this would be less trying for Mrs. Van Court than with so many officers.

At the first meal it became my part to make good our lame story. After preliminary table courtesies, the captain re-

marked, "You are from Pittsburg, I believe." "Yes, sir;" I replied. And I thought, now for some big story-telling. His next was, "The most of my crew are from Pittsburg. My first officer, Lieutenant ——, is from there. Do you know him?" I called the name over several times as though trying to remember, and said, "The name is not familiar to me, and I am sure I never met him." The captain let the subject drop, for which I was exceedingly thankful. Poor Mrs. Van Court's cheeks had assumed the hectic's flush and I thought any one might know that something was not right.

We were treated with the greatest courtesy by the captain and officers.

As the sun was nearing the western horizon on Monday we reached Columbus; a landing was made north of the town in a clump of willows. We were ready to go ashore and were standing talking to the captain. The quondam Miss Miller was opposite the captain and doing most of the talking when he cut the subject short and asked, "Have you any letters?" "No, sir;" was her prompt reply. I have a verbal message for a lady who went to Texas before the war for the health of her husband. He has since died. Her mother wishes her to go home. A verbal message for her, sir, and that is all."

The little hand bag carried by Miss Miller and almost touching the captain would have told a different story had it been examined. We bid a glad good-bye to the gunboat and its officers and were soon with friends who had been on the lookout for us for weeks.

A courier was sent to Hamburg to secure transportation, which finally reached us in the shape of a plantation cotton wagon drawn by four mules. I had not been quite well for several days, and at the end of the first day's journey had to be left behind to await the coming of my husband. He was at Camden, and as soon as he heard that we had landed started for the river in an ambulance and met the wagon a day's journey from where I was. His feelings may be imagined when he found that I was not one of the party. The first intimation

of his nearness was when it was reported to me that an ambulance was at the gate. I looked out and saw my husband on his way to the house leaning on a crutch and cane. My bright, buoyant, active husband permanently disabled for active service in his country's cause! We went to Camden, remained until the third week in December, when we went to Clarksville, Texas, where we were when the surrender came in 1865.

Major Rainwater gradually grew stronger, first discarding the crutch and then the cane. And when he found that he would be able to do without either remarked, "I am so thankful that, although I carry a reminder of the war in my body in the shape of a leaden bullet, no one can tell it." In August, 1865, we started for St. Louis to make it our future home, arriving in September.

CAN FORGIVE, BUT NEVER FORGET.

By Mrs. W. H. Gregg.

The spring of 1860 found me a "Tomboy" girl of fifteen summers. I say tomboy because I did not like the house; I loved to be with my father out on the farm, or with him among the stock; I owned a horse before I could ride horseback. Everybody was happy and prosperous, but when the news reached us that General Beauregard had fired on Ft. Sumter we felt that war was inevitable, though many of our people thought the war would not reach so far west.

Governor Jackson called for volunteers to uphold the honor and dignity of the state and to repel any invasion. It was then that we began to realize the seriousness of the situation. Men were organized into companies, regiments, brigades and divisions to join General Sterling Price, who was appointed to the command of all state troops.

The battles of Carthage, Wilson's Creek and Lexington were fought, General Price being successful in each of these battles, but it was not until 1862 that the horrors of war were realized.

My father and mother were strong southern people, having been born and reared in Virginia, always used to the negro. When they came to Missouri they brought their slaves with them. Of course, these negroes married and raised children. My brothers, sisters and I were raised up with them, and let me tell you that I had never known a sorrow or a care until one day a company of Federal soldiers came to our home with wagons in which they loaded the negroes and their belongings; the negro men were mounted on my father's horses and forced to ride them away. We children were broken-hearted and cried ourselves nearly to death.

My father was too old for service, but he aided the South in every way he could, by furnishing horses, clothing, provisions and money. A southern soldier always got something to eat at our house, and if practical, a place to sleep, and for this he was imprisoned during most of the war, and finally sentenced to be shot. Finally Order No. 11 was enforced, depopulating and devastating all the border counties south of the Missouri river, the refugees wending their way east and north (they were not permitted to go south) aimlessly, stopping wherever they could get assistance. O, the misery! Old men, women and children plodding the dusty roads barefooted, with nothing to eat save what was furnished by friendly citizens.

My father was again put in prison for giving aid to these unfortunates. Colonel Jennison came down from Kansas, robbed, murdered and burned everything in his way. Mother had spun and woven five pairs of blankets; had only recently before had them scoured, and these Redlegs took every one of them, placing them under their saddles. Of course, we were furious, but dare not protest; if we did we were cursed and insulted for our temerity.

There were many things happened in the absence of our fathers, brothers and sweethearts that wrought up the nerves and made the southern woman fearless to a degree, unknown to those who have never been placed in the same trying situation. One morning while attending the funeral of a southern

boy, who had been ruthlessly murdered by Federal soldiers, we heard firing. One of the girls went to ascertain where it was and what it meant. She soon returned with the news that a southern soldier had been killed in a barnyard, and if not attended to soon would be devoured by the hogs; so five of us girls went and carried the body to the house, placing it on a board, washing the body the best we could, combing his hair, etc. We kept vigil over the body until morning; the only sound through the night was the continual drip, drip of the blood from his wounds. This vigil was a silent one, for we were afraid to talk, lest we might draw the fire of a Federal picket. Next morning we went to our various homes and summoned the old men of the neighborhood, who nailed together a rough box for a coffin. With a yoke of oxen and wagon the body was conveyed to the woods and buried. Dead—yes, dead, but not forgotten. After the close of the war his father came, found the grave, reinterred the remains, giving it a Christian burial.

In the summer of 1863 a sick Confederate came to our house. My mother had him taken upstairs, had a negro man give him a bath, put clean clothes on him and put him in bed and sent for a physician. In a day or two he was better, and word came the Federals were coming. O, Mrs. Hook! he exclaimed, they will kill me and burn your house; what will we do? My mother was always equal to the emergency; she said, "Be calm, we will fix you all right." He had a feminine face; mother parted his hair in the middle, put a nightcap on his head (you know we all wore nightcaps in those days), dressed him in a woman's gown, and told him to be too weak to talk. Fortunately, however, as the Federals were about to enter the house a negro woman (who was strictly southern) came rushing 'round the house yelling the Bushwhackers are coming, run for your lives. They fairly fell over each other, scampered to their horses and left without disturbing anything. This man lived to get to the Confederate army and was a soldier for the remainder of the war.

Doctor Jones spoke of the Spartan soldiers being natural thieves. We had just such during our Civil war; our

homes were ransacked and jewelry, money—in fact, everything they could carry away was taken. Captain Gregg's mother wore her watch and other jewelry concealed in the breast of her clothing, but alas, they finally discovered the watch chain about her neck. They tore her dress open, robbed her, almost choking her to death in trying to release the chain.

In October, 1864, my father had thirty head of hogs in pens fattening for the year's meat. General A. J. Smith's command came along in pursuit of Price's army, camped at my father's place, shot down all the hogs, cutting such bits of meat as suited them, leaving the carcass where it fell. The officer in command gave as an excuse for this wanton destruction of property that if they did not destroy it Price's army would subsist upon it, well knowing that Price's army was miles and miles away, retreating to the south.

While General Shelby was camped at Boonville he clothed Captain Gregg with recruiting powers and sent him to Northwest Missouri. After performing his mission, Captain Gregg came to our home (we had been engaged nearly two years), persuaded me to marry him and go to Texas. We were married on the third day of November, 1864, and in four days after we started, in company with two other ladies, Captain Gregg's sister, Mrs. J. A. Hendricks, and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Mattox, and fifty men, we started with an ambulance with four horses attached, in which was loaded the "trousseau" of the ladies and provisions, such as meat, flour, coffee, etc. We ladies were each provided with a good horse and side saddle—the women of those days were more modest than some of the present day; they did not ride astride. Our first night's march took us near Grand river, in Cass county, where we slept from two o'clock till daylight. On resuming our march our ambulance broke down. Fortunately, however, we were in sight of one hundred militia, with a small train of wagons. The men charged, scattered the militia, capturing their wagons. Selecting the best one of the wagons, we put our team to it, loading in our valises, trunks, provisions, etc., and resumed our march.

Some of you, perhaps, remember that the girls of those days were good horseback riders. We followed Price's trail some distance. We saw many dead mules and horses with a wound in the hip, where a steak had been cut out by a hungry Johnny. We would ride all day and part of the night, camping some distance from the road. Mrs. Hendricks and Mrs. Mattox were much older than myself and knew more about preparing the meals and other camp duties. Our husbands would pull grass, making quite a mound and spread the blankets over it; that was our bed, and if ever I put my whole faith and trust in the blessed Lord it was when I lay down to sleep, not knowing if I would ever awaken again. Morning would find us much refreshed and ready for another day's march. We always had a bodyguard, besides our husbands, and in my opinion there was not a man in that company who would not have given his life in defense of us women. Second morning in Indian Nation we met and had a brush with Federal soldiers, leaving six dead on the field. Later in the day we encountered Indians and Negroes, whom we fought for four or five hours. In the day's fighting our little band killed forty-five Federals, Negroes and Indians without the loss of a man, either killed or wounded, our only loss being one horse killed. My dear sisters, I had bullets whiz all about my head that day; do you wonder at me being a United Daughter of the Confederacy. The only horror I had on this day was of being captured; I never thought of being killed. By the divine mercy of our Heavenly Father, we were spared. Arriving in the Confederate lines we disbanded, the three families going to Sherman, Tex.; Captain Gregg returned to his command, which was then resting at Clarksville, Tex. I remained with an aunt at Waxahachie, Tex., till the close of the war.

I bear no malice toward the northern soldier until I see their uniform, which carries me back to the sixties, when the blood was kept at fever heat, the heart made to quiver, the tongue suppressed to save our homes, our fathers and brothers. I can forgive, but never forget.

JIM LANE'S RAID INTO WESTERN MISSOURI IN 1864.

By Sam P. Gott, Liberty, Mo.

Very few sections of the country suffered more during the war between the states than did that part of Western Missouri included in the famous (and commonly considered infamous) Order No. 11. After it turned out that General Ewing had begotten for himself a disgrace second only to that of Nero or Judas Iscariot, General Brown was placed in command at Kansas City, and in March, 1864, he issued another order, also called Order No. 11. Whether intentional or otherwise this second order was called Order No. 11, I am unable to say, but it seems to have been intended to remove some of the odium of the "Ewing Order." By the terms of this second order, under certain conditions, people were allowed to return to their homes from which they had been driven by the order of August 25, 1863. A few returned at once, a goodly number returned after the war, and many never returned. The few who did return in March, 1863, were there in time to witness some of the horrors of Lane's raid.

There were bands of Bushwhackers scouting this part of the country constantly, but there is no positive proof that Lane was hunting any of those fellows. Otha Offeit, Al Scott, Alex. Todd, West and Ike Gann, Wood, Tuck and Tom Hill, Joe Moonehan, Carrol and Polk Helms, Dave Poole, Joe Fickle, Hense Wagoner, Bill and Jim Anderson, etc., were trying, in a way, to protect their friends and former neighbors, but they were conspicuous by their absence when they were most needed. And the fact that they were in the country made it harder on their friends when their enemies came.

About the first of January, 1864, a band of Kansas redleg soldiers came into the northwestern part of Johnson county, Missouri, and robbed, burned and murdered in that part of the country for two or three days. An old man named Shafer was

killed and the house and barn were burned. An eyewitness told the writer that he saw the smoke going up from twenty-seven houses and barns at one time.

These murderers, claiming to be Jennison's soldiers, under the command of Jim Lane, returned to Kansas City with their booty and remained there until the first of April, 1864. They then came back into southwestern Lafayette county, apparently to complete the work of devastation in that part of the country. It was on Sunday afternoon that they came into the neighborhood of Chapel Hill (I think that it was at this time they burned Chapel Hill College). They hung an old man nearly eighty years old in a barn belonging to a man named William Harris. Old Uncle Joe Johnson was the man who was hung. That night they camped on the farm of Mr. Alph Cobb, about three miles east of Chapel Hill. Early the next morning they went to Washington Martin's and took away about fifteen head of good mules and horses, besides whatever other valuables they could load into wagons and haul away.

From Mr. Martin's they went to Peter Gott's, a mile northeast of the Martin place. Mr. Gott was feeding some cattle and hogs, and his two sons, Robert and Thomas, were with him. They were small boys, but they were of considerable help in the work on the farm. The soldiers came galloping up, and with drawn pistols they demanded of Mr. Gott to tell them where he had hidden his horses, the team he was using being oxen. He told them the only horse left was the blind one in the lot. They cursed him and accused him of lying, and asked him his politics. He told them he was a southern man. They then told him that his neighbors had told them that he was a rebel and that he had been harboring Bushwhackers, and that he had horses hidden in the woods. He told them that the things whereof they accused him were not true, and that he would be willing to go with them to any of his neighbors who were Union men and prove by them those things were false. They told him that there was a quicker way of settling that than to go to hunting up witnesses. And they ordered the little boys to go to the house. As they went away they saw the soldiers

put a rope around their father's neck and lead him off into the woods. They ran to the house and told their mother, and she came with them as quickly as she could. She heard an officer tell them they were carrying that too far, and ordered them to cut him down. They evidently thought he was dead, for they allowed his face to fall against the tree and they went away, leaving a part of the rope around his neck. The wife and the little boys removed the rope immediately, and in a little while signs of life were manifest.

The soldiers divided into two companies, one squad going to the home of Mr. John Wagoner, a mile further northeast, and the other squad going to the home of Mr. Asbury Hook, a half mile north. Before Mr. Gott had recovered sufficiently to reach his house he heard shooting over at Hook's. The party who went to Mr. Wagoner's secured two good horses, and Mrs. Wagoner followed them, begging them to at least leave one of them. Mr. Hook and Mr. Thos. Murphy had tied their horses in the brush near the house, and when the soldiers came the horses neighed, and thus revealed their place of hiding. As soon as the horses were found and taken the thieves shot poor Hook. Hiram Bledsoe, another of Hook's neighbors, was present, and he and Mr. Murphy ran for their lives when the firing commenced on Hook. Mrs. Wagoner, still following the other band and begging for one of her horses, came up at this time and asked Mr. Hook what in the world was the matter. The other band, thinking he was dead, had left him and were pursuing Murphy and Bledsoe. He told Mrs. Wagoner that he was shot and that he was trying to get to the house to die. This second squad then shot him several more times. After he was on the ground never more to rise, one of the villains shot him twice in the head, holding the pistol so near that the powder burned the hair of the dying man.

It seems that it would have been an easy thing for those who were after Murphy and Bledsoe to have killed them, but a part of the race was through pretty thick timber and they

ran for nearly a mile before Murphy was killed. Only one ball struck him, and that took effect in the back of the head. He was killed instantly. Bledsoe ran over the creek bank and was out of sight of his enemies for a moment. In this precious moment he plunged into the water and found shelter under a ledge of protruding rock. The horses were soon standing on the rock over his head and he heard the dastards speculating as to what had probably become of him. He stood right there in the mud and water until late in the afternoon.

Mr. Green Saterfield and Mr. Ben Bradley had been captured and saw poor Murphy when he was killed. Among their captors was a Mr. Meadow, whom Saterfield recognized as a friend of his boyhood days. Meadow saved Saterfield's life, and he promised that he would use all his influence to save Bradley. The wives of Saterfield and Bradley had followed as best they could in an old worn-out buggy, drawn by an old mare not worth stealing. They intended to know the fate of their husbands. When Saterfield was released and allowed to turn back he urged the women to follow on and see what became of Bradley.

He was closely guarded that night, and he heard two of the men talking. He learned that it was settled that he should be released in the morning, but the men who were talking had planned to follow him a little way from the camp and shoot him. Before he had gotten out of sight of the camp, however, he met his faithful wife and Mrs. Saterfield, and he got into the buggy with them, and very soon after they were out of sight they came to a not very frequently traveled road leading off into the woods, and they followed that. They never knew whether they were sought after by the men who had planned to follow and kill Bradley or not.

Surely a more villainous, bloodthirsty and cowardly band never disgraced the name of soldier than were those thieves and murderers who followed Jim Lane. We can well leave their punishment to a just God who has said, "Vengeance is mine; I will recompense."

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Mrs. S. E. Ustick.

The young people of this generation have no conception of the thrilling adventures that many of us who lived in those stirring times of the Civil war experienced. They cannot realize the truth of the hairbreadth escapes and the great anxiety of those fearful times that "tried men's souls." We who lived in the border counties of Missouri which were adjacent to Kansas recall with a shudder even now those dark days when the Kansas militia, or "Jayhawkers," as they were called, swooped down on us day and night, searching our homes for money or contraband goods. They usually appropriated whatever they desired on their raids that was obtainable. They came to search our houses. They frequently ran their bayonets through all the clothing in the wardrobe or through the mattress to see if there was any one concealed there. When making a dash into Missouri towns they would order the men in the town to erect the Union flag and command the women not to give food to southern soldiers or Bushwhackers under penalty of death, telling us if we failed to comply with this command they would return and sack and burn the town, shoot the men and take the women and children prisoners. Frequently the next day the Bushwhackers would gallop through the town and leave orders for a meal to be ready at a certain hour at whatever house they designated, and if the owner refused it or hesitated about granting it they would make even heavier demands.

Those who read the story of the Civil war in the histories of today will never know the terrors of war. To illustrate what we were called upon to endure, I will give you my own personal experience, and hundred of law-abiding citizens fared far worse than I. My house, occupied by myself and four daughters (my husband having died before the war), was searched seven times by drunken Jayhawkers, six times being

at night, which greatly frightened and unnerved us when we heard the clank of sabers as they surrounded the house and pounded upon the doors with their heavy guns, demanding admittance. With pistols cocked they asked questions, blowing their drunken breath in my face, cursing the most bitter oaths until I was so frightened I could not tell my name.

One night five hundred men camped on my place of nine acres, burned my fencing, thrashed the apples and peaches off the trees, and robbed my cellar of all it contained. There was an attic or garret in the house where was concealed money and valuable jewelry belonging to my own family and friends, and though they searched diligently they never found this hiding place.

At one time Major John N. Edwards was sitting in the hall when a company of Federal soldiers appeared, and as he ran through the house they shot at him, the bullet passing over the transom of my front door. He escaped in the woods pasture beyond my home, and the captain never knew that one of Gen. Joe Shelby's officers came so near being captured.

Thus the border counties situated like Lafayette and Jackson counties were continually harassed and intimidated with threats, and often our citizens were made prisoners for some real or fancied offense "against the Government," and innocent men were called to their doors or hunted down and shot in cold blood, frequently the only charge being that they were southern sympathizers. After General Ewing of the Union army issued his famous Order No. 11, many citizens left their homes and fled for their lives beyond the boundary lines of Jackson county. In many instances their homes, with the accumulated earnings of a lifetime, were burned before their eyes, their stock appropriated or driven to camp, "confiscated," as it was called. The home thus rudely broken up, the inmates were forced to seek shelter wherever they could find it. I was in Jackson county on a mission of love and mercy for our sick and wounded soldiers, and I remember having counted twenty-nine blackened chimneys which marked the spot where once

stood that number of country homes. Many of them doubtless were happy homes, now desolated by the cruel hand of war. Those were stirring times, and truly we knew not what a day would bring forth. Yet with all the sorrow, suffering and anxiety incident to war, there were many amusing things happening; among them I recall "my first horseback ride," and though my surroundings were far from agreeable, even yet I cannot recall it without smiling. It was in the autumn of 1864, immediately after Gen. Sterling Price's memorable raid through Missouri, when he marched through the very heart of our state to Kansas City under such fearful odds in point of numbers and equipment, and literally cut his way back to Arkansas on his return, as every town and hamlet was bristling with guns and full of Federal soldiers, well fed and splendidly equipped to do battle. The trite old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," was verified. The soldiers who enlisted from our state were impatient to tread Missouri soil once more and meet loved ones from whom they had been long separated. With courageous hearts this intrepid band of Confederate soldiers marched boldly through the state. Jackson county was the scene of several hard-fought battles. Between Lexington and Kansas City a stone fence formed a lane for some distance and in this lane occurred a fearful battle, and while many of General Price's men were wounded, yet the Federal dead and wounded far outnumbered the southern soldiers who encountered the Union soldiers in this stretch of the road. Their merciless guns swept the lane where the Union soldiers passed, and the carnage was terrible. The Confederate wounded were taken to Kansas City and improvised hospitals were made of several of the churches. As my only son was in the raid, being a member of Shelby's cavalry, I was vitally interested in the sick and wounded soldiers who were left behind as General Shelby's men formed the heroic vanguard as they entered the state and the rear guard on that memorable retreat. Besides my own interest, I was deeply concerned for the sons of my neighbors, as in those perilous times we stood very near

together and gave assistance to each other without discrimination, as though we were one family. I was selected from that southern community to drive to Kansas City, about fifty miles away, to take money to relieve the immediate needs of any of our "boys," as we were wont to call them, who were sick or wounded in Kansas City. We had but few men left in our section of Missouri, and besides, men were not permitted to pass through the lines, so that women were sent on these missions of mercy and aid. I took some money of my own, and this, with the contributions of friends, swelled the amount to \$1,000.00, which I placed in a purse and carried in my stocking for safe-keeping. Our starting point was Dover. The lady who was selected to accompany me was a quiet, unobtrusive woman who had very little to say, and when spoken to usually answered in monosyllables. She had been reared in a country home and had resided there all her life. As she had married a farmer and he had enlisted in the southern army, she cherished the hope that she would be able to see him or at least hear from him in Kansas City, or perhaps see some straggling soldier on the retreat who would take a message or perhaps a package she would like to send. We were directed to stay our first night out with a southern man who lived on the Lexington and Independence road. He had been robbed of all his stock and horses except one team, with which he was trying to cultivate a few acres of his once productive farm. His house was built of logs, with a passage between, which had a dirt floor. In this place he kept his horses for fear of them being stolen, and as it was only two days after General Price had passed, he brought our horses also into this passage and guarded them all night with a gun in hand. As he and his family sat up all night, my friend and I also took our part and watched with them, taking turn about. This being my first night on guard, and although we had no adventure, it was truly a night of anxiety.

The family was very kind and hospitable, giving us the best service they could render, and helped us off on our journey the next morning.

After driving for a few hours we came to the stone wall where the bloody battle was fought between the opposing armies. The Federal troops were still burying the dead. The stench of the battlefield frightened our horses, as well as the terrible sight of dead men and horses, lying singly and in groups. Hats and coats were scattered everywhere, and some of the horses had great holes through them as if shot by a cannon ball. It was a sickening sight, and we were glad to hurry through it. The officer who was in command of the squad of soldiers who were burying the dead very kindly detailed two men to lead our horses through this lane of carnage and bloodshed. While we saw only a small battlefield, yet its horrors can never be obliterated from my memory.

As we were two harmless women, with no baggage but our lunch basket, and as we were bound for the nearest town ahead of us, we were permitted to pass on quietly through the lines. We encountered difficulties, however, that we had not anticipated, as either the Federal soldiers or the retreating Confederates, to impede the march of the enemy, had felled saplings across the road, and we were several times compelled to stop the carriage and remove the obstructions, and now and then other persons who desired to pass assisted us. While driving quietly along my companion, after becoming better acquainted with me, confided to me this secret: She had made for her husband a nice warm suit of jeans clothing, such as he was accustomed to wearing during the winter when at home, and hoping she might be able to see him or meet an opportunity to send them, and knowing if our carriage was searched (which was highly probable), she had donned this heavy suit of clothing under her dress, which made her handle herself rather awkwardly. In order to prevent the bottom of the pants from showing she had given them several artistic rolls, which made them still more clumsy. She was a tall, slender pattern, while her husband, whose clothes she was wearing, was a stout, heavy-set man, who probably weighed 200 pounds. After knowing this I was more fearful that we might be searched, as the sum of money I carried and her male attire would cer-

tainly have been considered contraband, and would surely have caused our arrest had it been known to the Union soldiers within whose lines we had just passed.

We had been directed by friends before leaving home where to stop for the second night, as we traveled very slowly in those days, even when we were on the "King's business." Before reaching our destination we had to pass through several miles of creek, or river bottom land, where the carriage sunk to the hubs, making our progress very slow. When almost half a mile from the home of the old German farmer at whose house we were to spend the night, while making a turn in the road, the tongue of our carriage snapped off and left us sitting still in the sandy bottom. Discouraged and sad, we planned what we should do, my friend thinking it best for us to unhitch the horses and ride to the house, but here a new obstacle confronted us. I had never ridden on horseback and feared to mount a barebacked horse for my "first ride," and I might have walked that distance, but was also a poor walker. She finally suggested that I should ride the gentler horse and could hold on to the old-fashioned harness, and she would ride the other one and carry our lunch basket and lead my horse. In those days wooden hames were used on the horse collars, which stuck up far above the collar and formed a good place to hold. Imagine if you can such a grotesque-looking couple mounted on farm horses, she leading my horse while I held on with both hands to the hames with a grip that made my hands and arms sore for a week afterward. Presenting such a ludicrous picture as we did, I have since wondered that the good old man of the house ever permitted us to alight and invade his premises, for in those exciting times strangers were not often permitted to spend the night when traveling, lest it might involve the parties in serious trouble.

As this good old German was a southern sympathizer we confided to him the fact that we desired to go into Kansas City next day to see our sick and wounded soldiers, and, if possible, give them financial aid. Although the old gentleman had a wife and several children, they could not speak English, and all

their communication was carried on in German, and though they might have talked about us in our presence, we knew it not, as the head of the household acted as our interpreter, he being the only member of the family who could speak English. He lived in a stone house which looked like it might have been built for a jail, and was strong enough to have served as a fort in war times. While their manner of cooking and serving meals was somewhat novel to us, they were very kind and treated us with true southern hospitality. About 9:00 o'clock we were given a tallow candle in an old-fashioned candlestick, and pointed upstairs to bed.

On reaching the top of the stairs imagine our surprise to find the whole upstairs one big room, which was used as a granary, and the whole wheat crop seemed to be stored there. On one side the wheat was piled almost to the ceiling and gradually sloped down to where our bed stood, where it was about two feet deep. We tried to be composed and made as little noise as possible, but the experience was so novel and so laughable that we could scarcely disrobe for the night. When we did, our shoes and stockings got full of wheat, and I made good use of the bed, but my friend sunk almost to her knees in the wheat while trying to remove her husband's jeans suit, and in the rolled-up bottoms of the pants I think she must have carried off next morning fully a gallon of our host's fine wheat. Had she not previously informed me of her unique method of carrying her husband's clothes, I fear I should have offended our German friends with my laughter, but as I was in a measure prepared for her ludicrous appearance I was enabled to repress my mirth. Even yet I cannot relate the story without being convulsed with laughter. Strange to say, we slept well that night amid our peculiar surroundings, and were refreshed and ready to continue our journey the next day. The kind old German took his boys to the scene of our accident before breakfast next morning, repaired the broken tongue, and we started for Kansas City, which we reached in a short time, passed through the picket lines and visited the various wards of the hospitals, where we found several of our friends and

neighbors among the sick and wounded who were delighted to meet old friends and receive financial aid. We learned they were kindly cared for by the surgeons and local physicians and the southern people of Kansas City. With a feeling of relief that we found none of our home boys dead or dying and the wounded well cared for, we bid them a kind adieu on a bright October morning and started on our homeward journey, bearing loving messages to the dear ones from wounded soldiers, who were grateful for our coming, glad in our own hearts that we were permitted to give even "a cup of cold water" in His name to those who were giving up their young lives for home and country.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

By Martha F. Horne.

At the outbreak of the Civil war, Mrs. Horne, whose husband's first name was Richard, lived on a large farm—a section of land in Cass county—some fifteen miles from the Kansas line. We owned a few slaves, about a dozen, and these were worked upon by the Kansas emissaries until the men, four in number, ran off in the night, mounting themselves on horses from our stables. The women and children were left until some months later. The men had gone in 1862, in January. In February the Jayhawkers came, and hitching up our wagons with the few remaining horses that had not already been taken by the Redlegs or the Federal militia, loaded in supplies that we had hauled out from Kansas City for our winter's use, and took negroes, provision stores and all out to Lawrence. We heard that on arriving at Lawrence the redleg thieves robbed the negroes, taking horses, wagons, supplies and all, and left the deluded creatures to root hog or die. Following that, the Kansas thieves stole everything that was movable. About the only things they left were the wells, the cellars and the post holes—after they had taken up the plank fencing. It is known that they dug up young orchards close to the line and reset them in Kansas. They also mounted houses on wheels and hauled them over into Kansas.

I had never cooked a meal when the negro women left, and had a hard time learning. But we got through somehow, and remained on the farm until General Ewing's "Order Number Eleven" (which Gen. George C. Bingham has immortalized and rendered infamous in his painting) was issued. Then we vacated our home and came, first, to Pettis county, where we spent the terrible winter of 1863-4 on a farm, from whence the owner, George Priest, a friend and distant relative of my husband, had gone and wrote us to take possession.

The succeeding spring we decided to move to Arrow Rock, in Saline county, which we did, arriving there in time for Mr. Horne to raise a crop on some rented land.

We had brought through, as saved from the wreck of the war, two or three wagonloads of household plunder, some four or six horses and three cows. That, with a few hundred dollars in gold that my husband had managed to keep hidden and to smuggle through, was all our personal belongings. Soon after the surrender we sold the Cass land for a little over \$8,000—about one-fifth of what it is now worth. Altogether our entire fortune after the war was not exceeding ten thousand, while twice that amount in the loss of slaves, live stock, feed, forage and even household plunder, all went the general chaos of those terrible times.

After moving to Arrow Rock I had one experience worth recording. Shortly before Lee's surrender a detachment of State Militia came down from Marshall. We were living in a rented house to which premises was a barn, on another lot. Mr. H. had just unloaded a few loads of high-priced corn which he had hauled five miles from out of town. The door to the barn and crib gangway was locked with a light padlock. The little door or window, with a wooden shutter, was not locked, only buttoned. I saw these militia helping themselves to our corn without so much as saying "by your leave." I grabbed a hand ax and a few nails and rushed down, arriving after the men had made off, each with an armful of corn. A boy who wore the blue uniform was in the crib waiting for another gang who were to come. I spoke so imperiously to the

youth that he hustled out, and I had him throw back all the corn he had pitched out. Just then a second bevy of corn hunters arrived, but I was nailing up the crib door. An officer of low rank, corporal or sergeant, told me I must unlock the door. I told him I would not. He said he must break the padlock, and picked up a rock as large as he could handle with his two hands. He raised the stone as if to strike it. I took a step toward him, drew back the ax over my shoulder and told him if he struck that lock I would brain him. He gave me one full look in the eyes, his hands mechanically parted and the rock fell at his feet. The whole party then left, and I could hear them laughing for several blocks. And I, of course, womanlike, went home all of a tremble and had a good cry. But I know that if that officer had hit that lock I would have hit him, whatever might come of it.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR IN ST. LOUIS.

Writer Unknown.

It was my glorious privilege to be born of Virginia parents, therefore I am southern by blood, birth and education. And when the war of states was on I had ample opportunity to display my southern proclivities.

My home was in St. Louis, the seat of war of our state, and Missouri being a border state, we were not spared, because of the fact that we had no southern army to protect us.

There had been several "skirmishes" between our citizens and the foreign horde that was rushed upon us prior to the capture of Camp Jackson, which occurred May 10, 1861.

Many southerners had been arrested and imprisoned. These were called "rebels," and were not recognized as Confederates, but were classed as "Guerrillas," "bridge burners" and political prisoners. They were confined in Myrtle street, the first, and Gratiot street, the second, military prisons opened in St. Louis.

I visited both these prisons and found that a loyal southern woman could serve her country elsewhere than on the battle-field.

When Camp Jackson was captured martial law was enforced in our city, and everybody seemed panic-stricken. Those who had relatives in the camp trying to find their loved ones, many had been killed, most of them women and children who were in the camp to see the southern boys drill.

The bulletins and extras issued during the night frightened many and enraged others. Everybody in the neighborhood where I lived was on the street all night, only little children slept. The excitement was at fever heat. Hundreds of young men left our city at that time who did not return until the war was ended; and many, alas! found graves in the Southland.

With the surrender of Camp Jackson St. Louis realized a hopeless defeat. The arsenal was already occupied by foreigners, Jefferson Barracks was rapidly filling with recruits for the northern army, our fair grounds taken for a camp of military instruction, and our state money worthless.

During the summer battles were fought in various parts of our state, in Palmyra, Lexington, Rolla, Pea Ridge and Wilson's Creek (near Springfield), while we of St. Louis, the Queen City of Missouri, could only pray and wait and care for prisoners when we were permitted to do so.

The first Confederate prisoners in uniform that reached St. Louis were the gallant defenders of Fort Donaldson. They were brought up the river on open barges in February, through a heavy snowstorm, and when they reached our city many were suffering with pneumonia, and most of them had not had their wounds dressed.

To add to their discomfiture, there had been no preparation made for their reception. Both prisons were crowded. A large building, intended for a hotel, was in process of erection on the west side of Fourth street, near Franklin avenue. It belonged to a southern family and was confiscated when Camp Jackson was captured. Into this unfinished building, without

fire, without cots, or any other comforts of life, these wounded and dying prisoners were taken.

It was my privilege to be on the spot when the first vehicles containing prisoners arrived. I had been to market, and was waiting for a street car. My servant saw the awful sight first and called, "Oh, look, Mrs. ——, what does that mean?" I knew at once it was our brave "Donaldson" boys, and I asked a gentleman who wore a Federal uniform if I might give the prisoners some apples.

Please don't think that I intend to confuse a gentleman with a Federal uniform; 'tis a misnomer, I confess, but during my four years of war service I met three of these renegades.

This first one, Doctor Mills, a surgeon in the regular army, was a humane gentleman, and should have been on the other side. Well, he granted my request, and we gave the poor fellows the contents of our baskets.

I sent my servant for Mrs. Elizabeth Ivers, who was my niece and my devoted friend, and in little more than an hour she and my servant were with me in the hospital with all the half worn white goods they could carry. Mrs. Ivers' mother, Mrs. Pickering, notified her neighbors and mine of the situation, and more than twenty came in the afternoon bringing material for bandages and lint, and baskets filled with delicacies.

Everything was chaos and confusion, but during the afternoon cots came and a large force of physicians and surgeons, and the dining room and kitchen were partially furnished. Early next morning as many as fifty ladies reported for duty, among them Mrs. Sarah Morris and Mrs. Washburn.

Those who could not bear the sight of suffering were assigned to the linen room and the kitchen, others went out to solicit material for bandages and lint. All realized that the war was on and that it had reached our city, and they all worked like Trojans. In a few days order was visible.

The penitentiary at Alton, Ill., was changed from a convict's to a Confederate military prison, and all of the "Donaldson" men that had a chance to live were sent to Alton.

In this transfer I experienced a severe heartache, having

to witness the parting of friends and brothers and officers from their men, many of whom knew they would not meet again until the last "roll call."

The battle is not where drums are beating, flags flying, cannon roaring and battalions charging the enemy in defense of their homes and rights. All this is glorious and the most powerful exhilarant that a brave man can ever know.

But the scene changes for the wounded soldier when he reaches the military hospital, a prisoner among strangers.

I thank God that I lived at that time and was permitted to serve them.

Doctor Mills appreciated the help given him by women of St. Louis, but when our work became known to the provost marshal he decided that it was aid and comfort, and that these women were in sympathy with the rebels. An edict was issued to the effect that no woman should be admitted to the hospital unless she would take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

But this plan failed of success, for by this time so many loyal southern women were willing to do whatever they could to relieve and encourage our brave soldiers that many took the oath rather than be excluded from the hospital.

But to me it seemed a compromise, and I decided to wait awhile. I was absent from the hospital two or three days when a friend came to know the cause; I told her I could not take the oath. She rebuked me, said she would take an enforced oath every morning for the privilege of serving these poor wounded soldiers. She told me that the boys missed me, and many asked for me every time she passed their cots.

This was a strong appeal, but I could not be induced to take the oath. I asked to see her pass. It was a piece of paper four inches long, half printed and filled in with writing.

When martial law was proclaimed in St. Louis a war tax was levied on the public schools, and children had to pay a quarterly tuition, for which receipts were given. I had a number of these school receipts, and they so closely resembled the

provost marshal's pass that I decided to venture using one. I did, and was not questioned.

I had used my school receipt about three weeks when one morning I met Doctor Mills in the rear hall with two Federal officers. He knew that I had refused to take the oath, and was surprised to see me. Said good morning without speaking my name, and requested me to wait for him in his office.

My first impulse was to abandon the position and retreat in haste, but Doctor Mills had granted me many requests, and I could not cause him trouble, and feeling like a culprit, I went to his office and awaited the ordeal.

When he came he accosted me rather curtly with, "Mrs. _____, how did you get into this hospital?" I replied, "I have a pass." "Will you permit me to see it?" I gave him the school receipt. He looked at it and handed it back to me, saying, "You have given me the wrong paper." I told him I had no other pass. As the fraud dawned on him, he smiled and asked, "Have the guards passed you in on that ticket?" "Yes, sir; I showed them this and was not questioned." Doctor Mills gave me my pass and said, "If the guards let you in on that pass you may continue to use it."

In the early part of our hospital work one of our "Donaldson" boys, a Tennessean named Duvall, had a wound in the right side, just below the hip. The ball had been extracted, but the wound would not heal. He was one that Mrs. Lacy Welsh had charge of, and she had found a southern family of the same name.

When Doctor Mills said that Duvall could only live a few days, Mrs. Welsh induced this family to claim "her boy" as a relative, and with the assistance of Doctor Mills, a parole was secured and he was removed to comfortable quarters.

Mrs. Welsh had his wound examined by her family physician, and he removed several thicknesses of his clothing that had been driven into his body by the minie ball. The wound healed rapidly, and in a few weeks he was transferred to Alton for exchange.

The transfer of prisoners to Alton opened a new field of work for me, Alton being in an abolition state, where there were few, if any, who were in sympathy with the South. I realized that our poor boys would have a hard time in Alton, and I was persuaded by Colonel Stone and Colonel Reynolds, both of Mississippi, to visit Alton.

The prisoners had a great desire to send letters to their relatives in the south, and as I had some friends in the secret service, it was no trouble for me to transmit their mail.

I had much help in my work. Mrs. Washburn and Mrs. Sarah Morris went with me sometimes. Mr. Joseph Garneau, an extensive baker, always honored my order by sending boxes of crackers and small cakes. Mr. Hunt, who was in the tea and coffee business, rendered valuable assistance; he introduced me to a number of merchants near his store, Jews, who sold boots and shoes, and he assured them that they were safe in trusting me. A friend of Mr. Hunt made a saw from a watch spring, set it in a tiny steel frame and sent it to me with a request to use it when he should occupy a cell. The saw was used, but not to open a cell.

My esteemed friend, Mr. Dan H. Donivan (Mrs. O'Rilie's father), sent me to a merchant in South St. Louis, who gave material aid, and many others, who were not personally in the work, helped the prisoners in Alton.

All this may seem meaningless to you, but Oh! so much to me. To be trusted and helped in my work, when it meant confiscation and imprisonment had their deeds of charity been discovered by those in power, was everything to me when the war was on.

And the perfume of the memory will remain with me to the end of life's journey.

The South went down without disgrace,
They leaped to ruin's red embrace.

ECHOES FROM SOUTHERN HISTORY.

But soft the azure skies surround
And white the lilies bloom,
To deck the lowly Southern mound
Or wreath the Northern tomb.

For he who rests beneath the palm
Strove in a hero's part;
Misguided may have been the arm,
But valiant was the heart.

From the time America threw off the grasp of England's rule and declared herself free and independent, on up to the present day, when her President can mediate between such great conflicting countries as Russia and Japan, and loose the strings that will let fly the dove of peace, she stands the greatest republic under which the glorious sunshine falls.

If we turn over her history's pages and focus our gaze to the years of 1861-1865, we will find that the most thrilling chapters of America's history were enacted during that period. Then it often happened that brother was arrayed against brother, friend against friend, and

Many a time I've heard it said
They fell so thick where the battles were
Their hot blood rippled and running red,
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead,
Staining the heath and the daisies there.

for some of the fiercest battles, such as Manassas, Gettysburg and others, were fought during the melting heat of summer days.

In Missouri, in particular, the most desperate fighting seems to have been done during the torrid days of summer. Hard, indeed, it is for us who live in these times of peace and friendly intercourse, to realize that within the confines of this great and splendid commonwealth, almost within the threshold of our home city, battles were fought, lost or won.

The shifting scenes, now of success, now of defeat for Confederate or Federal, is interesting, but of all the 300 battles and skirmishes fought within Missouri during the Union war the greatest was that of Wilson's Creek.

In fancy we can picture the afternoon of August 9th, hot, dry and sultry, as Lyon and his men start out from Springfield, moving along on the road about five miles when they come to Little York; then turning southward cross the prairie, arrive about 1 o'clock the next morning in sight of Rains' camp fires, which extend northward as far as Gibson's Mill. He is in the rear of the Confederates, having turned their left. Rains, whose quarters are near those of Cawthon, sends out Snyder to ascertain what force is approaching from the northwest. He reports the Federals, and is immediately ordered to report the same to General Price, who, like McCulloch, had not, up to six o'clock, even suspected that Lyon had left Springfield. Snyder's alarm was hardly given when another officer came up to tell heavy and instant reinforcements were immediately needed.

It was but a moment when McCulloch was in the saddle and on his way to take command of the troops on the eastern side of the creek, Price taking command of Cawthon's brigade, to the left of which was Slack in charge of Hughes' regiment and Thornton's battalion, now on the brow of the hill.

Price had thirty-one hundred men and four pieces of artillery in line. Lyon had nearly nineteen hundred men, Totten's six-gun battery and Dubois' four-gun battery.

The two lines were not more than three hundred yards apart, but concealed from each other by intervening foliage.

With the word "Forward," uttered by Lyon, the battle was on.

It is impossible to give within the time allotted for this paper anything like a detailed account of the fight, of which it was said: "Never before—considering the number engaged—had so bloody a battle been fought upon American soil; seldom has a bloodier one been fought on any modern field."

The first to yield to the intrepid firing of the Confederates under McIntosh was Plummer, who had about three hundred regulars, lost eighty officers and men, and was himself severely wounded. Sigel was surprised, his whole force took

fright and he, with one man, escaped to Springfield. By degrees Lyon's forces began to give way, yet his courage did not forsake him. While approaching Totten's battery, his horse, the reins of which he held in his hand, was shot down, and he was wounded in the leg and in the head. He was at first stunned, but soon rallied, mounted another horse, after having first ordered Sturgis to rally the First Iowa, which was beginning to break, and bade his men follow. A portion of Mitchell's Second Kansas closed around him and he advanced to the front, but soon after a ball pierced his breast, inflicting a mortal wound. The Union army having lost its general, soon became defeated.

While the battle raged General Price could be seen walking up and down among his soldiers, although the enemy's bullets whizzed through the air. His men begged him to spare himself from danger, but he felt where they were was the place for him, and with them he remained, speaking brave words of cheer.

Though conquerors, the Confederates were none the less humane and courteous to their enemies, magnanimous to the defeated.

Thomas L. Snead, who is our authority on the subject, says: "The Confederates remained upon the field which they had won and ministered to the wounded, and buried the dead of both armies. Before the unpitying sun had sunk behind the western hills, all those who had died for the Union and all those who had died for the South had been laid to rest, uncoffined, in the ground which their manhood had made memorable and which their blood had made sacred forever."

General Price directed that the body of General Lyon be given to the bearer of the flag of truce, who came to ask for it, and it was tenderly and lovingly borne away.

Of General Price much might be said of his devotion to his men, and in return of their loyalty to him, but we will content ourselves to quote from one whose noble tribute seems to be the outpourings of the heart of a sincere friend: "Out of the dust and smoke and out of the din and carnage of the battle

Sterling Price emerged the leader of his people. Never till now had they known him. That he was just and upright, that he had been a successful general in the war with Mexico, that he had governed Missouri wisely and well for four years, and was a man to be trusted at all times and in all circumstances, they knew; but not till now had they seen him display that genius for war which fitted him for the command of great armies. Calm, quiet and unimpassioned in the affairs of everyday life, and somehow slow of thought and of speech, the storm of battle aroused all the faculties of his soul and made him "a hero in the strife." When friends and foes were falling fast around him and life and death waited upon his words, then it was that he saw as by intuition what was best to be done, and did it on the instant with the calmness of conscious strength and with all a soldier's might. Of danger he seemed to take no note, but he had none of that brilliant dash, of that fine frenzy of the fight which men call gallantry, for he was great rather than brilliant. He was wise, too, and serenely brave, quick to see, prompt to act, and always right. From this time he was loved and trusted by his soldiers as no Missourians had ever been; and never thereafter did he lose their trust and devotion, for throughout all the long years of war—years crowded with victories and with defeats—the virtues which he displayed that day grew more conspicuous all the time, while around them clustered others which increased the splendor of these—unselfish devotion to his native land, unending care for the men who fought under his flag, constancy under defeat, patience under wrongs that were grievous, justice toward all men, and kindness toward everyone."

It seems fitting that the Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in St. Joseph, which bears his name, should be one of the strongest factors in maintaining the Home for Confederate Soldiers in Higginsville, Mo., where many a gallant old veteran now lives quietly awaiting "taps," which sound from his Great General shall call him beyond to join his comrades who gave their lives to a cause lost, but who were as great in defeat as in victory.

It is beautiful, too, to think of the loving care this same chapter bestows upon the graves of the Confederate dead. From them, from time to time, come the sweet plaint:

O! sound the timbrel o'er our chosen ones,
In sacred notes of sorrow let us weep;
For those of our brothers who have crossed the bar
And with the Father in sweet peace now sleep.

KANSAS JAYHAWKERS' RAID UPON OSCEOLA, OCTOBER, 1861.

By Mrs. M. E. Lewis, Osceola, Mo.

We learned that General Lane with an army from Kansas was approaching, and at about 12 o'clock at night a neighbor waked us up to tell us they could be heard coming. Doctor Lewis had gone to the country to see a wounded man. I called our daughter, and we prepared to watch them from the window. It was a clear moonlight night—we could see them plainly and hear them talking. They passed our house on horseback, their guns glistening in the moonlight. When their front had passed us some three hundred yards, and the roadway filled with horsemen as far back as we could see, suddenly a company, under Captain J. M. Weidemeyer, fired upon them from the brush. They wheeled and galloped back up the road without firing a shot. Then a piece of artillery was run down and fired upon Weidemeyer's men. They returned the fire and drove the artillerymen away; soon their mounted men came down the road again and were again driven back. Weidemeyer hearing them forming dismounted, took a few men and crawled close to them and again fired on them. We heard a tremendous volley of musketry, and soon they marched into town, all opposition gone.

About daylight several ladies called and asked me to go to find our wounded. I could not go, but they found two men of Weidemeyer's company badly wounded. One John Woodall was shot in the breast, and died that day about 9 a.

m. The other, Nathan McMinn, was wounded in the hip. He was taken care of and recovered.

When it was day about twenty-five of Lane's men came into my kitchen. After I had given them breakfast they lay down all over the house and slept. Some of them talked about the fight and said there must have been two or three hundred against them, when there was only about forty. They said several of their men were wounded. There must have been a number of them killed, for they dug two large graves near the road.

That day they loaded six mules and horse wagons with the goods from the stores in town; then they fired and burnt the town, leaving only a few houses scattered in the suburbs. We were very much afraid that our house would be burned or catch fire from flying shingles which were on fire from other houses, but it was saved. As soon as the town was looted and burned General Lane and his men left hurriedly for Kansas. We supposed he had twelve or fifteen hundred men.

A NIGHT AT VICKSBURG.

It was in June, the siege had lasted nearly a month, the hoards of Federals had day after day drawn their seried ranks of infantry nearer and nearer to the Confederate lines. By zigzag approaches they had come within speaking distance. A glance at their lines would show many trenches filled with bluecoats, one line after another, for half a mile. These were confronted by one single line of Confederates, strongly entrenched behind breastworks on the hills.

Back of the Federal lines their artillery was posted, so that they could fire over the heads of their troops into our lines. All of our field guns had been silenced by the overpowering number of Federal guns. On the river were Federal vessels and great mortar boats, so posted behind the bend of

the river as to be secure from the fire of our heavy guns along the river front.

It was a dark night; firing had ceased; the stillness was so unusual as to be ominous. When it was midnight their big mortars all at once rained their immense shells upon the city, setting it on fire in many places. As suddenly many hundreds of cannons startled our sleeping soldiers. Then, with the city in flames in our rear, the thunder of our big guns on the river, the roar of hundreds of cannons in front, to the right and the left of us, the crash of over a hundred thousand muskets, make a picture both grand and fearful.

WAR REMINISCENCE.

By Captain John M. Weidemeyer.

After several battles were fought in Missouri by the state troops under General Price, nearly all of which were successful, he organized, whilst at Springfield, Mo., in 1862, two brigades for the Confederate service. These brigades were commanded by Brig.-Gen. Henry Little and Brig.-Gen. Martin E. Green. After the battle of Elk Horn, on the border of Missouri and Arkansas, these brigades were ordered east of the Mississippi river, where they served until the close of the war. I think I may safely say, for conspicuous bravery and efficient service, they were not excelled by any troops in our armies—nearly always placed in the post of honor and of danger, that of reserve, and called to the thickest of the fight. Of these brigades I want to place on record a few of my recollections, and especially of the Sixth Regiment of Missouri Infantry, to which I belonged.

Our brigades joined General Beauregard's army at Corinth, Miss., soon after the battle of Shiloh. The engagement at Farmington took place in a few days, but was not a general one. Beauregard retreated to Tupelo, Miss. On the 19th of September, 1863, our army, under General Price, attacked the

Federals at Iuka, drove them from the town and captured a large amount of arms and supplies, but by the morning of the 20th the enemy was heavily reinforced. A bloody battle was fought in which we were temporarily successful, driving the enemy and capturing nine pieces of artillery. General Maury says in his report of this battle:

"In this action General Henry Little fell, an officer of extraordinary merit, distinguished on many fields, and than whom there was none whose loss could have been more deeply felt by his Missouri brigade, as well as the whole army."

Our next important battle was that of Corinth on the 3rd and 4th of October, 1863. On the 3rd, at daybreak, the Missouri brigades were deployed for attack, and by ten o'clock had reached the front of the enemy's entrenchments. On the 3rd we beat him back from all his strongholds outside his main fortifications, and drove him in with great slaughter. On the 4th the enemy was heavily reinforced, although we charged him in his inner works and many of our men penetrated into the city, but we could not hold it. The Sixth Missouri was almost annihilated. Of three hundred who went into the charge on the 3rd but thirty answered roll call the next morning. Of the commissioned officers twenty-six and of the non-commissioned officers twenty-two were either killed or wounded.

From May 1 to July 4, 1863, the battles around and the siege of Vicksburg were fought. Our two brigades were in all of these battles. I have in my possession the reports of the casualties of these brigades, as follows:

		Aggr. killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
1st & 4th Mo. Inf'y..	Col. A. C. Riley.....	47	164	52	263
2nd " "	Col. F. M. Cockrell...	27	124	38	189
3rd " "	Col. W. R. Ganse....	31	146	44	221
5th " "	Col. Jas. McLown....	20	101	37	163
6th " "	Col. Eugene Erwin...	46	189	132	367
		—	—	—	—
		171	714	353	1206
Guibor's Battery, Capt. Henry Guibor..		3	5	2	11
Landis' " "	Capt. Jno. C. Landis..	8	7	0	15
Wade's " "	Capt. Wm. E. Dawson	3	5	4	12
Lowe's " "	Schuyler Lowe.....	4	9	0	13

I give in detail the losses of the Sixth Missouri Infantry. I belonged to Company F of this regiment.

From May 1st to July 4th:

Company.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
A	3	27	9	39
B	3	15	17	35
C	3	14	14	31
D	6	11	17	34
E	1	19	13	33
F	12	32	8	52
G	8	15	11	34
H	4	17	11	32
I	2	23	19	44
K	4	16	13	33
Total	46	189	132	367

My paper is growing too long, and I cannot now tell of the campaign before Atlanta nor of the battle of Altoona, Franklin, Nashville and many others. It is sufficient to say only a scattered few Missourians of these two brigades ever reached their homes after the war, but their bones mouldered in Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. Of my company of 108 men there are now just ten living.

In Mr. Davis' book he says: "The Missourians who fought at Vicksburg and who, after that long and disastrous siege, asked when in camp of paroled prisoners, not if they could get a furlough, not if they might go home when released, but how soon they might hope to get exchanged and resume their places in line of battle, show of what metal Missouri troops were made and of what they are capable when tempered by the fiery furnace of war. I can recall few scenes during the war which impressed me more deeply than the spirit of those prisoners waiting for exchange that would again permit them to take the hazard of battle for the cause of their country."

General Pemberton says in his report: "I cannot close this report without brief tribute to the memory of two of the best soldiers in the Confederate service. I refer to Maj.-Gen. John S. Bowen and Brig.-Gen. Martin E. Green. Always

faithful, zealous and brave, they fell as became them in the discharge of their duty. General Green upon the line he had so long and gallantly defended. General Bowen having passed unscathed through the bloody scenes of Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek and Vicksburg, perished by disease after capitulation." See Mr. Davis' book, page 416.

WAR TIME JOURNEY FROM MISSOURI TO TEXAS.

By Mrs. J. M. Weidemeyer.

It was in October, 1861, that our beautiful little village, Osceola, Mo., situated on the Osage river, was pillaged and burned to the ground by the Kansas Jayhawkers, commanded by Gen. Jim Lane. My husband was captain of a company he had raised for service in the Confederate army, and was at Osceola awaiting orders. He, with his little band, tried to prevent them from entering the town by giving them a battle. But the Jayhawkers so outnumbered them that they had to retreat with the loss of one man and several wounded.

At this time Price's army was at Lexington, but not long afterwards it came to Osceola and then on to Springfield. I had nothing to stay in Missouri for, so I took my two little babies, got in a little buggy I had, and started alone to catch General Price's army. I caught up with them near Humansville. When we were ready to start next morning a home guard had taken the tap off of my buggy wheel, and I was horrified to think I would have to be left behind. A soldier found an old shoe and made a tap of leather so we could go on. We then went to Springfield and stayed there until March. I left the army and went south, stopping at Fayetteville, Ark. My husband then went east of the Mississippi river. I was left at Fayetteville. My husband wrote me that the country would be abandoned to the Yankees, and it was best for me to go south while I could. I left immediately, thinking I could reach Fort Smith before the army left. I was alone with my children, and followed some wagons that

were hauling goods to Fort Smith. They found a place for me to stay at night. It poured down rain every day and night. I was three days making the trip on account of swollen streams. I shall never forget "Frog Bayou," the name of the stream I crossed about forty times a day, and each time I thought I surely would be washed away.

We reached Fort Smith at last, to find the army gone. What to do I did not know. Husband and friends all gone. I was almost a child in years and experience. Fortunately, I met a boy I had known. He found me a place to stay until I could decide what to do. I had only a change of clothing for myself and two little children. All our belongings had been burned at Osceola. In a day or two a gentleman, Mr. Davis, heard of my situation and came to see me. I told him I wanted to go to Sherman, Tex., as most of my friends were there. Mr. Davis said a boy from Sherman, whose brother had been killed at Elk Horn, was there, and he was going to Sherman. The boy was horseback. So I started to Sherman that day with a boy I had never seen before, traveled through the Indian Nation, and stayed at Indian houses at night. Sometimes the Indians were drunk and shooting and carousing all night. We could not eat what they would give us. I thought we would starve before we reached Sherman. On the 10th of April we drove into Sherman. There I found many friends. The following September a son was born to us. On October 2nd the battle of Corinth raged. My husband's young brother was killed in that awful battle and my husband wounded. We named our boy for the young brother, who was just past eighteen. He was handsome and very talented in music. He said before he went into the battle that he would rather lose his legs than his arms, so he could play the violin.

I never saw my husband until after the surrender at Vicksburg, when he came to Texas on parole for a short time. He then returned to his command to endure all the hardships of war until the close in 1865.

MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

By Capt. John M. Weidemeyer.

This little story is written for my family, because I was asked to write it and because from my silence about the war. Even my children knew so little that one of them recently asked me if "I was in the Confederate army," and a friend asked, "If I was actually where I could be shot at." I am proud of my service, though it was inconspicuous, as a Confederate soldier. I gave what strength I had and shed my blood for the cause, and count it glory to have done so. The deplorable conflict on the border of Missouri and Kansas, the wrongs suffered by Missourians from Kansas fanatics and thieves, and the illegal and murderous acts of Lyon and Frank Blair in St. Louis decided me to take up arms and eventually to go into the Confederate army.

The trouble over the slavery question in Kansas assumed such proportions by the year 1860 that the Governor of Missouri sent General Frost to the border with five or six hundred men to stop the incursions of Kansas desperadoes into the state. It was at this time that I began to raise a company to go to Kansas against the Jayhawkers. I had enlisted about twenty-five young men, had bought cloth to make their uniforms, and was negotiating with firms in St. Louis for guns when the Legislature passed a bill making independent companies illegal. My company was at once disbanded.

The election of Governor of Missouri as well as President of the United States took place in 1860. Both Governor Stewart and Governor-elect Claiborne F. Jackson held that the North was solely responsible for the troubled condition of the country. That if the North would guarantee to the South political rights it would bring peace and quiet. It was believed that from three-fourths to ninety per cent of the people of Missouri felt that way. See Thos. L. Snead's book, page 26, and James O. Broadhead, in the History of Missouri, by Howard L. Conrad, page 331. Instead, General Lyon and Colonel

Blair continued to raise and arm troops, principally Germans, about St. Louis. They took possession of the United States arsenal, with its large supply of arms and ammunition, captured Camp Jackson and fired upon the citizens of St. Louis, killing men, women and children. Then, additional troops being sent from northern states, General Lyon, on May 15, 1861, captured Jefferson City, driving away the state officers and Legislature. The Legislature had ordered the organization of the Missouri State Guard, and General S. Price was made commander of it. He assembled a small force at Boonville to check the Federal advance into the state. The first Missouri battle was fought in the hills along the river near that place. The small force under Governor Jackson retreated. Part of his men passed through Osceola, where I lived. The citizens of Osceola were nearly all with the Governor and the South. Four companies were at once organized—one infantry, Capt. Geo. H. Vaughan; three cavalry, Captains John T. Crenshaw, Thomas Johnson and J. M. Weidemeyer. The three first mentioned joined the southern army in its flight south. I remained at home at the earnest solicitation of the citizens, as a protection from home guards then organizing in several places in the country. Thus I missed the battle fought by Price's army in Missouri.

General Lyon sent General Sigel with about three thousand five hundred men over the Iron Mountain railroad to Rolla, thence to Springfield and South Missouri, to intercept Governor Jackson. The two armies met at Carthage, and a battle was fought on the 5th day of July, 1861. Sigel was defeated. President Davis in his book says, "The killed and wounded of the enemy, left along the route of its retreat of over a space of ten miles, were estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred killed and from three to four hundred wounded. Our loss was between forty and fifty killed and one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty wounded." After the battle of Carthage the state troops continued south to Cowskin Prairie, McDonald county. When I learned that General Lyon with a large army was following

the state troops in an effort to overtake them, I went to our army to give information of that fact. I passed through Carthage the day after the battle and saw a number of the wounded. I found the state troops at Cowskin Prairie, General Price in command. General McCulloch, with Texas and Arkansas troops, was there also. I returned home through the Indian Nation.

Generals Lyon and Sigel united their forces at Springfield. Generals Price and McCulloch moved to Wilson's creek, and on the 10th of August the battle we call by the name of that creek was fought. The Federal army was defeated and General Lyon was killed. Colonel Snead says in his book, "The Federals lost not only their general and so many of their field officers as to come out of the fight under the command of a major, but of the thirty-five hundred men that went into the action nearly nine hundred were either killed or wounded, and of the forty-two hundred men who fought there under Price nine hundred and eighty-eight were either killed or wounded." The fruit of this wonderful victory was lost because General McCulloch declined to pursue the enemy.

General Price soon defeated an enemy at Dry Wood, near Ft. Scott, then moved to Lexington. On the 20th of September, 1861, he captured that city after a short siege with the Federal army under General Mulligan, and thirty-five hundred prisoners, seven pieces of artillery, over one thousand stands of muskets, many sabers and a valuable supply of ammunition, horses and other property were taken. He returned to the bank nine hundred thousand dollars which the enemy had taken from it.

Whilst the southern army was at Lexington, General Jim Lane, with about 2,000 men from Kansas, came to Osceola. This was about the first of October, 1861. I had there two companies of about two hundred men, all raw recruits. With the few men I could keep together we fired three times on them at short range with shotguns and rifles. It was about midnight, but the moon shown brightly. We retreated to Warsaw. We must have done some execution, as they dug two

large graves, into which a number could have been buried. I lost one man killed and one was severely wounded. They looted and burned the town.

The fear of the Kansas men was so great that nearly all the people left Osceola and went to the country. My wife took our two babies, Mattie and Charley, put a few things in a trunk, and in her buggy fled to the country. The only thing that my father carried was his violin.

General Lane did not continue on to Jefferson City as I supposed he would do. The next day after the burning of Osceola I returned with my company to find the town still burning and the Jayhawkers all gone. I found my wounded man (Nathan McMinn) in a cabin, being taken care of by the ladies. He greeted me with "Hurrah for my little captain." With twenty men I followed after Lane's army, hoping to capture stragglers, but caught but one man. We got his horse and complete outfit, including a Sharp's rifle, which I appropriated and carried to Tennessee. We learned of a company of home guards, commanded by one Obediah Smith, a preacher, who had been to Osceola with Lane's men and carried off wagonloads of goods. I determined to follow them and retake the plunder, but when we were within a mile of the creek that ran near Captain Smith's residence we were met by a southern man who said he came to tell us that Smith with about sixty men was in ambush on the creek waiting for us. We did not attack, but returned to Osceola. Of this man Smith, John N. Edwards, in his book, "Noted Guerrillas," says: "Obediah Smith, at first a peaceable man and at last a terrible one, operated along Spring river as a base, and ranged at will and when there was game afoot to the north and the south of it. He would take no chance in open battle. He was not brave; cunning of immense energy, having the gift of penetration and much philosophy of individual control. He soon established a local reputation for enterprise, and soon enlisted about him a company of desperate thieves and cutthroats. Terror ensued, houses were burned, some robbed and then burnt, and some old men killed, much stock driven off and

outrage and oppression dealt out with no unsparing hand. Quantrill, through the exercise of a little strategy, got Smith into his possession * * *. The next morning as the Guerrillas broke camp and rode away to the north, one might have seen, if he had been at all curious about such things, an aged oak of many limbs, and on the lowest of these limbs a swaying body." Soon after the burning of Osceola I went with my company to General Price's army as he fell back from Lexington to the south part of the state. We reached the army in Dade county, and were placed in Col. James McCown's Second Missouri Cavalry, General James Rains' 8th Division Missouri State Guards. We camped at Neosho, where the Legislature met and passed the ordinance of secession; also camped at other places, Osceola being among them. From the latter place we went to Springfield, where we took up winter quarters.

I intended for my wife and children to remain with Uncle Zack Lilly and family near Osceola, but the day after we left Osceola my wife overtook us in her buggy, saying she did not want to be left. Whilst in Springfield I enlisted in the Confederate service for three years of the war. Some fifty of my old company enlisted with me. We were at Springfield only about two months, I think. Then learning that General Fremont, with an army of from twenty to thirty thousand men, was approaching from Rolla, our army began to retreat south. My wife and children left before the army and went to Fayetteville, Ark. Our army began the retreat about the last of February, 1862, and continued it for six days and nights, not halting long enough to cook anything to eat. Our wagon train must have been at least ten miles long. Our rear guard of cavalry fought the advance of the enemy daily, and sometimes several times a day the infantry had to go to the assistance of the cavalry. I had never traveled on foot before, and I have no words to sufficiently tell how weary and footsore I became from continual marching and countermarching. Halt was not made until we reached Cove

Creek, Ark., near the corner of Washington county. Here, by orders, regiments were formed from battalions and companies from squads. Captain Flemming with about forty-five men and myself with about sixty men united. He objected because he said he could not be elected captain, and proposed to toss a coin. I foolishly agreed. He won and was elected captain and I first lieutenant. I was nearly first captain in the regiment, but lost my seniority by this arrangement.

At this place we again united with the troops under General McCulloch. General VanDorn was placed in command on the first of March. The army was then immediately moved to attack the Federals under General Curtis, lying on the borders of Missouri and Arkansas. On the afternoon of the fifth of March, 1862, our advance struck General Sigel's troops and drove them through Bentonville. Price reached the Springfield road north of the Federal army. On the morning of the 6th we attacked and drove them steadily southward. In the afternoon our regiment charged a battery and captured it. George H. Vaughan of my company was the first to the guns. We continued to follow the fleeing Federals. I saw a man in our front waving a handkerchief to surrender. I ran to him at great risk, as our men were rapidly firing. I had no uniform or sword, carrying only my Sharp's rifle. He declined to surrender to me, saying he wanted to surrender to an officer. I convinced him I was an officer. He gave me his sword, asked my name, rank and company. It proved to be Col. Heron, commanding that day a brigade. He was wounded on the foot. His sword was a beautiful one. I gave it to Col. Rosser, commanding our battalion. I also gave him a fine sorrel horse that had escaped from the Federals and I happened to catch. When a few days after I was at General Price's headquarters he told me that Colonel Heron sent to him demanding his sword. General Price satisfied Colonel Rossen to give it up by giving to Colonel Rossen his sword that he wore in the Mexican war.

The night of the battle we were without rations. I took one of my men and went to the Elk Horn tavern, where were

a number of commissary wagons we had captured from the enemy. We passed over the field where the battle had been fought and from which we had driven the Federals. We found a great many wounded Federals, among them one Captain Adams, whom I met at Springfield when we had our reunion there. I gave him water from the spring and made him as comfortable as I could. He offered me any thing to stay with him. I told him we were not out for pay. Instead of renewing the battle, as we expected to do the next day, we were ordered to retreat and cross the Mississippi river. General McCulloch and Colonel McIntosh, whose commands had fought the Federals on the south of our army, had been killed and their commands thrown into confusion. Our troops traveled several days amongst the mountains without food. The enemy did not pursue us. We reached our wagon train with provisions at Frog Bayou.

My wife and children were stopping at Dr. P. M. Cox's, not far from our camp, and my wife sent me word that Charley was very sick. I went to see them. As soon as Charley was able to travel they returned to Fayetteville. Afterwards she went to Texas, driving all the way a single horse and buggy. She expected to find my father and other friends at Fort Smith, as they had been to our army, but when she reached that place they had all gone to Texas. See wife's account of this trip to Texas in the Confederate Veteran, page 562, year 1904.

When our army had rested a few days at Frog Bayou, it began to march across the country to Des Arc, Ark., a trip never to be forgotten. The constant heavy rains had inundated all the low country and our route lay through numerous marshes in which we waded sometimes the whole day. The labor of getting our artillery and wagons along was very great; frequently the men had to take the place of horses to drag these through the mud or across the creeks. When we finally reached Des Arc our wagons and teams were sent to Texas. We took steamers to Memphis, but remained there only a few days. From there we were taken to Corinth, Miss., on the

cars. Again orders were given to consolidate and reorganize companies and battalions. At that time I was unanimously elected captain. Captain Flemming proved so incompetent he was not elected to an office. One day our brigade commander, Colonel Martin E. Green, called his officers together and told us that the next day we would have the privilege of engaging in one of the greatest battles of this or any other war. The next day my company, with another company from the Fourth regiment, was placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Waldo P. Johnson, and sent to the front as skirmishers near the town of Farmington. Though we skirmished for several hours no important fighting took place in our front, but there was heavy fighting to our right, but not with heavy bodies of troops. Late in the afternoon we were recalled inside our works at Corinth. The following day the whole army retreated. It was halted at Tupelo, Miss. The summer was passed in drilling and fitting the army for active service. One of the places where our regiment camped for several weeks was Guntown, Miss. Here the ladies of that town presented to our regiment a beautiful battle flag. It was carried in all our battles to the Vicksburg surrender. It was not surrendered, but Mrs. General Bowen hid it on her person and carried it out. She gave it to Capt. James E. Payne, who placed it in the Confederate Home at Higginsville. Mrs. Clay demanded the flag, and it was given to her, and is now in her possession at Lexington, Ky. At the Confederate reunion at Lexington, Ky., our flag was displayed, torn by shells and pierced by many a musket ball and soiled by the smoke of battle.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD McDOWELL MEDICAL COLLEGE, AFTERWARD A FEDERAL PRISON, AT EIGHTH AND GRATIOT STREETS, ST. LOUIS.

By Mr. Bernard J. Reilly of St. Louis.

After diligent inquiry in regard to the story of the bear in the basement of the McDowell Medical College, I have found no one who ever heard of it. There are, however, some other facts connected with the building which may be of interest to you, and which came to me while investigating the bear story. It seems to me that it was erected by old Doctor McDowell in 1847 for the use of the Missouri Medical College, the medical department of "Kemper College."

It was an octagonal building of gray stone, surmounted by an odd-shaped cupola; it had two wings, one extending on the south to Gratiot street, and the other north to building of the Christian Brothers' College. The building had the appearance of a fortress.

During the "Know-nothing" political troubles before the Civil war, Doctor Ware, who was a man of strong prejudices and hated Catholics, made many intemperate speeches denouncing Catholics and especially the Jesuit Fathers, and it is said, fearing an attack on the college building because of his conduct, he had stored in the basement of his building about fifteen hundred muskets, several cannon and other military supplies. It is also said he wore a brass breastplate and went heavily armored. After the breaking out of the war between the North and the South he shipped these supplies to Memphis for the use of the southern army. Doctor McDowell, following shortly afterwards, became a surgeon and medical director. He was an orator of considerable ability, eloquent and fluent of speech, and preceding the opening of the war made many speeches from the courthouse steps denouncing the Abolitionists.

He had a strong hatred for the negro, and they stood in mortal terror of him, being called by them "Old Saw Bones."

His hatred and dislike for the Jesuits is supposed to have been intensified from the fact that they had added to their college a medical college.

He was a man of many eccentricities, and it is said of him that when several of his children died he had the bodies placed in metal-lined coffins filled with alcohol and sealed tight.

Though very young when placed as a boarder in 1860 at College of the Christian Brothers, I have some very vivid recollections of events taking place in the McDowell College. It was confiscated by the United States Government in the fall of 1861 after Doctor McDowell had gone south, and was converted into a military prison known as "Gratiot Street Military Prison." The extensive and varied museum collection, both physiological and pathological specimens and medical apparatus, the accumulation of years of toil and study, were rudely scattered and destroyed. The prisoners confined there from time to time included many persons of distinction, ministers of the gospel, United States Senators, legislators, leading officers of the Confederate army, influential citizens of St. Louis and Missouri, also many female prisoners.

I can remember the excitement caused by the arrival of about twelve hundred prisoners a few days before Christmas day, 1861. They were followed by a large crowd who cheered them, and this greatly angered the soldiers, and we thought for a time there would be shooting done by the military. The building was inadequate to accommodate the great number of prisoners kept there (it is said there were as many as seventeen hundred at one time confined within the walls of the prison), and was dark and unsanitary. It was also said that the prisoners were starved, frozen and brutally treated, that many of them were unable to lay down for sleep. Many escapes occurred through the stone wall dividing the two buildings and through the grounds of the Christian Brothers College.

The most notable outbreak and escape was made by

twenty prisoners in 1864, who overpowered guards in jail yard. Five escaped, five were shot dead and remainder captured, some of them badly wounded. One of the latter was the celebrated Abe Grimes, mail carrier and spy, who was first arrested in 1862 on his way out of the city for the south, bearing important dispatches and many letters from St. Louis families to relatives in the south. For this he was sentenced to be hung, and while in close confinement escaped from the prison in 1862, was recaptured and returned to prison, from which he again escaped in January, 1864. He was never executed, and lived to tell of his thrilling experiences. In the early part of 1862 the roof of the prison was set on fire, which caused great excitement among prisoners and students. There were executions of soldiers and persons charged with being spies. The spies were hung in the prison yard, the last one being in December, 1864. The military executions were by shooting, and took place at one of the forts built about Clark avenue and Ewing avenue. The last of the executions that I can recall was of five soldiers in October, 1864, and was one of retaliation ordered by the military commander of the district (Rosecrans, I believe). I saw the mournful procession start from the prison about 1:30 in the afternoon. The prisoners were accompanied by a body of soldiers and a great crowd of people. I wished to go to the place of execution, but the Christian Brothers would not allow it. Always after these executions there was a great gloom over the students, who were largely southern sympathizers.

It became the custom of the ladies of the city with southern affiliations and sympathies to visit the neighborhood of the prison on fine days, passing to and fro in front of the building and in view of the prisoners. These daily occurrences were looked forward to by the inmates with a great deal of joy and satisfaction, especially by those who were so fortunate to be confined to the Eighth street front of the building.

After the war Doctor McDowell returned to the city and reopened the college, but found the building so dilapidated as to be beyond repair, and they were again deserted and left to

crumble away until they were finally pulled down by the city as a menace to life. The college was opened in another building on Clark avenue (then known as Myrtle street), near Sixth. Doctor McDowell died in this city in 1868.

REMINISCENCE OF DR. C. A. WARE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

By Kate W. Beall, M. D.

Doctor Ware, now and for many years past a practicing physician of St. Louis, enlisted early in the war at Harper's Ferry, Va., and fought all through the war. During the latter part he held appointment as surgeon. He enlisted first in the First Virginia Cavalry, but afterwards the company was transferred to the Sixth Virginia Company under "Jeb" Stuart, then holding the rank of colonel. This was called Clark County Cavalry. He was with General Stuart until after the second Battle of Manassas. At the first Battle of Manassas "Jeb" Stuart, then colonel of the First Virginia, asked General Johnson for orders, and was told, "Go where the fire is hottest. So he charged uphill upon a battery guarded by Zuaves. They had to pull down a fence to get at them, then face the battery in full fire. It was a forlorn hope, fully as bad as the famous "Charge of the Six Hundred."

Captain Welby Carter's company went first, and only eight of the company came out alive. Captain Welby Carter's horse was shot from under him by the first volley, and the fall saved Captain Welby Carter's life. After this doomed company came the next company, Clark County Cavalry, who captured the battery with no loss except two wounded, one of whom, David Allen, died later. This gallant charge, which won for Colonel Stuart his promotion to general, was credited to the Black Horse Cavalry, while it was in reality the First Virginia Cavalry, Stuart as colonel, that made it. The captured battery was not held, for they were forced to fall back later.

A funny thing (?) happened soon after this battle. Near Catlett's Station, when the Confederates had captured General Pope's headquarters, General Stuart's command had way-

laid a wagon train when we made a raid in the rear of the army. Four soldiers, one of them Doctor Ware, had captured a wagon containing a safe, afterwards found to contain several thousand dollars. As they could not carry off the safe, they were endeavoring to open it by the light of a camp fire, as it was after dark. The four were standing around the safe, each with his bridle rein over his arm, pounding and prying at it, when the Yankees slipped up on them and fired. The Confederates made fine targets, showing up against the fire light. The bullets whistled around, and all hastily mounted and fled except Doctor Ware, whose horse ran off before he had time to mount. Fortunately, the rein was over his arm, so half following, half dragged off, he went over the fields till in a dark lane he met General Stuart himself, who called "Halt!" Neither Doctor Ware nor his horse were in any frame of mind to halt. The soldier behind him was a better disciplinarian and did halt and was killed, while Doctor Ware lived to fight another day.

The first prisoners taken by Stuart's Cavalry were near Martinsburg, Va. The command came upon an outpost where the bluecoats were sitting around playing cards in a field. Stuart rode up near and called in a tone of command, "Pull down that fence!"

The men immediately jumped up and obeyed without observing that it was not one of their own officers. While they were busy with the rails he called "Surrender!" Surprised and panic-stricken, they threw down their arms and threw up their hands. The Confederates were highly elated and excited, as these were their first prisoners, and one rough fellow got so boisterous that he drew out his pistol and wanted to begin shooting. General Stuart did not want his prisoners to be mistreated, nor did he want the noise of firing to bring down on him the large force of men of which this was only the outpost, so he drew his own pistol and said, "If you fire that pistol again I will kill you." That stopped him, for he knew better than to trifle with "Jeb" Stuart. This fellow was rough, but the regiment was made up of gentlemen, nearly all of them

of the first families of Virginia, each one having his servant.

The prisoners were sent on to Winchester under the charge of Sergeant Calmees, who was so proud of the honor that he acted in a laughable manner.

On the road they met several carriages containing ladies. Sergeant Calmees would call a halt, flourish his sword and call out, "Prisoners, ladies, prisoners." He did this many times on the way. Finally meeting General Johnson, he repeated the same performance and passed on. These prisoners were all stupid Low Dutch, but looked so dull and miserable that Doctor Ware, who was young and tender-hearted, had his sympathies excited and stopped at a country store and bought out their entire stock of stick candy, which was the only dainty procurable. This he divided amongst the prisoners, and did the same thing at the next country store and the next, till all his money was gone. They received and ate in stolid silence, and the doctor thinks that they would have eaten and enjoyed tallow candles just as much, and had not the slightest appreciation or even understanding of the attention. The captors had quite an ovation and joyous reception from the citizens of Winchester when they marched their prisoners into that town, and Mr. Brent, a leading banker of the town, presented Doctor Ware with a fine pistol, which was very gratefully received, as he had no arms except a saber, which shows the general poverty of the Confederate army. At the battle of Slaughter Mountain or Cedar Run, which one sees in the play Shenandoah, was the only time Stuart ever dismounted his men to fight. He dismounted, supplied them with carbines and placed them on the brow of a mountain.

"My God! I did not know what to do with a carbine," exclaimed Doctor Ware, remembering his dismay at the situation after more than forty years, "It was all I could do to manage a pistol and saber." Doctor Ware said he was always ready to run, but he was afraid for fear of disgracing his family.

One incident of the second Battle of Manassas Doctor Ware remembers vividly. General Stuart had ordered a

charge—and by the way, that regiment got whipped right there—but while the men were under way charging the enemy, Doctor Ware saw General Stuart, as he thought, leaving the field. He was galloping away followed by his aids, and turning in his saddle, slapping the back of his horse and shouting, “Go on boys, pitch in! Give them the mischief!” To see his general headed the wrong way was too much for the doctor. He did not have time to consider the general’s reasons for going to another part of the field. He wanted to follow, although he was bidden to go forward. His knees knocked against the saddle and his bridle reins shook in his trembling hands. He must do something, so he turned to the soldier next to him and began scolding.

“Don’t disgrace your family, Joe. He knew if Joe broke he would. “Be brave, Joe, be brave.”

Joe was brave and so was the doctor, and old Virginia was not disgraced that time—but if Joe had run the doctor would have surely followed, and perhaps others, and “Jeb” Stuart’s Cavalry’s reputation lost. But poor Joe had never thought of running, and all the exhortations were really for himself. After the charge, in which the enemy fled, when falling back from Manassas, spring of 1862, they fell back for a space, then formed a line till the shells from the Yankee batteries got too thick, then fell back again, alternately retreating and forming till about the middle of the day, this way covering retreat of army. After crossing the Rappahannock, they drew up behind a little sugar-loafed shaped hill. They dismounted and tried to feed their horses. Doctor Ware had taken the bit out of his horse’s mouth and was pouring out oats before him, when a small cannon ball landed in their midst, throwing dust over everybody, and General Stuart also, who was standing in front of Doctor Ware. The doctor sprang upon his unbridled horse and was starting away from there in a hurry when General Stuart sternly commanded him to get off his horse.

“Why, General, you said ‘Mount,’ ” remonstrated the doctor. “I did not,” replied the general, “get down at once!”

He had not given the order, but the force of imagination was so strong that the doctor still declares he heard the order in his mind, if not his ear. It was in the first Battle of Manassas that General Stuart met a man running with his hand on his back, making a terrible noise. "What is the matter with you?" asked the general. "O, General, a cannon ball struck me on the back and bounced off." The general was disgusted and thundered out, "Go home right now and stay there." "Jeb" Stuart did not need any cowards.

Doctor Ware said he was always scared, and even after being appointed surgeon it was not much better, for there were always hot times and something to scare him. Once, however, he appeared brave.

When a surgeon on General Imboden's staff, he was one day quietly eating his lunch when, looking up, he saw General Imboden before him nervously pulling his beard, looking very pale. The general stood looking at him so strangely that Doctor Ware said, "General, will you have some of my bread and bacon?" The general gave him a peculiar look and turned away, and Dr. Ware found out from some one else that the army was in full retreat while he was taking it so calmly. There was one soldier of the Sixth Virginia that surpassed everyone in phenomenal nerve that Doctor Ware will never forget. He was T. Kinloch Fontleroy. He was freckled-faced, red-headed, cross-eyed, stammered, very profane and ugly besides, but he was smart and popular and became an Episcopal minister after the war. In some little fight he lost the cylinder of his pistol. The boys loved to tease him, and so they said to him, "Kinloch, President Davis and his generals are holding a council of war. Why don't you go to him and ask him for a commission for having lost your pistol cylinder?"

This idea pleased Kinloch, so he went to President Davis' headquarters and asked to see him. The sentinel at the door replied:

"No one can see the President. He is in a council of war and cannot be disturbed.

"Tell him I am from Stuart's command and just from the front."

The guards thinking it of the utmost importance, called the President out and Kinloch Fontleroy told his story, reminding President Davis that his grandfather had been in the Mexican war with him and asked for a lieutenant's commission, which President Davis promised, remembering the boy's grandfather, and perhaps admiring his audacity in securing the interview.

"Now, I can depend upon you?" asked the youth.

"Certainly," replied the President, "if you have your colonel's recommendation."

But either the recommendation was not strong enough or President Davis forgot it. Away along in September, three months afterward, the boys began teasing little Kinloch about his commission, and he braced up and wrote to the President and got it this time.

Dr. Ware, like everyone else who knew him, had pleasant memories of General Stuart. He remembers how he used to sing the songs around the camp fire and listen to them. One of his favorite songs began—

Oh, the winds, how they blow, blow, blow,
Oh, the seas, how they flow, flow, flow.

George Shumate used to sing this song for him often. George Shumate was a fine fellow as well as a good singer. He was killed afterwards.

Doctor Ware has a souvenir of the first Battle of Manassas in the shape of a scar on his neck, making a dimple which many a society belle would be glad to own and for which she would pay a good price to a beauty doctor. The doctor did not know he was hit until the battle was over, and thinks it must have been a spent ball.

HISTORY OF EVENTS PRECEDING AND FOLLOW-
ING THE BANISHMENT OF MRS. MARGA-
RET A. E. McLURE, AS GIVEN TO
THE AUTHOR BY HERSELF.

By Mrs. P. G. Robert, St. Louis, November, 1906.

Born of Virginia parents, it is but natural that Mrs. McLure should be in warm sympathy with the South in its war for the maintenance of the liberties won in the long struggle of the revolution. Her sympathies already enlisted, her interest was greatly deepened by the home-coming of her son, Parkinson McLure, who gave up a lucrative position in Denver and hastened to St. Louis in order to tender his services to his state. He, however, found it necessary to push on farther south, as Missouri soon, through force of circumstances and from various causes, was hopelessly in the hands of the enemy. After his departure months passed without one word from him, and Mrs. McLure then began the work that was destined to end only with her life, that of helping the Confederate soldiers. She was a constant visitor in the hospitals and prisons, trying to forget her own deep anxiety, and in the fond hope that some tidings might reach her of her absent one. She soon was so well known as the friend of the Confederate soldier that her house became headquarters for the mail and contraband goods, as well as a refuge for escaped prisoners and those wishing to join the Confederates. This, of course, brought her under the suspicion of the Federal authorities. One day she left her home with funds to supply the needs of the wretched prisoners in the "pens" of St. Louis, called "military prisons." As she was walking along some one touched her on the shoulder (who she never knew) and hurriedly whispered: "Guards are around your house, and orders for your arrest have been issued." Not wishing to be arrested on the street, she hurried to Ender's store, and taking from her pocket two commissions sent her by General Price, one for a major and one for a captain, she mailed them to Col. E.

Johnston, a brother of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. She then quietly set out for her home, where she was destined to be held as a prisoner from the day of her arrest, March 20th, until May 12, 1863. On reaching her house on Chestnut street, between Sixth and Seventh, she found guards stationed at her door, who crossed swords at her approach and forbade her entrance. Advancing quietly, she said, "Your prisoner is not in that house. I am your prisoner, and wish to enter." She was admitted at once, and found her parlor occupied by officers, who told her she was not to leave the house for any purpose without permission. While they were talking below, Mrs. Clark, Miss Laura Vaughan and Miss Lou Merriwether were quietly but in great haste destroying the mail and other compromising papers in the custody of Mrs. McLure, who took charge of many hundreds of letters sent back and forth by Ab Grimes, the trusty Confederate mailman. It was a scene to call forth tears, from harder hearts than those of these southern women, to see the red flames destroying the messages of love and hope and the poor but dearly prized pictures and tintypes sent to cheer the long weary hours of absence, and that were perhaps all of the comfort that would ever come to those who would watch and hope in vain for their loved ones' return.

A few days after Mrs. McLure's imprisonment every article in her house was sent off and sold, the house fitted up with cots, put in charge of a matron and used as a prison for women; and here for weeks some of the noblest and loveliest women of Missouri were held as prisoners.

Mrs. McLure had been but a short time in prison when she learned that her son, Lewis, a lad of fourteen, had been arrested while at school at Pleasant Ridge Academy as a spy, tried before a military commission and put in Gratiot street prison. Being a fine penman, he was put to work in the office. In a few days a prisoner was brought in who had six hundred dollars on his person. It was, of course, taken away; and when shortly afterwards he was brought into the office to be sent along with others to the prison at Alton, the prisoner de-

manded his money. The guard denied that he had any such amount. The prisoner seeing Lewis McLure still at the desk, appealed to him; the lad at once asserted that he had counted the money. For this offense (of speaking the truth) Lewis was taken away from the desk and sent up to the attic, which had been previously used as a smallpox hospital. Here he soon sickened and became so poisoned from the foul atmosphere that word was gotten to his mother of his need of immediate care if his life was to be saved. She at once requested her faithful friend and physician, Doctor Lemoine, to go and see her son. The doctor wished to vaccinate him, but was refused permission unless he used virus furnished by the hospital. This he refused to do, but left the prison determined to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to have Lewis released. This was finally accomplished, mainly through the influence of Judge Glover; and Mrs. McLure had the comfort of hearing that her son was back at school, though permission to visit his mother even for an hour was refused.

All this anxiety had greatly worn on Mrs. McLure; and perhaps the kindest order that the not too kind authorities ever gave was the one for her banishment. She would surely have broken down completely if she had been kept longer in prison, where the only food served to delicate women was spoiled bacon and hard tack, with coffee so wretched it could not be used even by prisoners, who are not supposed to be too fastidious. The matron proved to be a kind-hearted woman, and offered to serve Mrs. McLure her meals in her room, and to add to them some of the delicacies found in the house; but Mrs. McLure refused to fare differently from the others.

On the twelfth of May the order of banishment came; and Mrs. McLure, accompanied by her son Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and a number of other southern sympathizers, were put on board of the Sultana and sent under guard to Memphis. There they were transferred to a train and run out as far as the condition of the road would permit, and then again transferred to ambulances that had been used the day before to move the dead and wounded after a skirmish, and

yet bore the bloodstains on the floor. Major McKinney, who had charge of the exiles, did all in his power to lessen the hardships of the journey, which were great indeed. On one occasion, for instance, no house could be reached; and bedding being scarce, the party had to spread sheets on the ground and sleep so, as all the blankets were needed for covering. The major seemed greatly surprised at the character of his prisoners, and even went so far as to tell them that if he had known the material of his party he would have brought his bride along—a statement he would not have made at the end of his journey most certainly—for as they reached a point about sixty miles from Okolona a countryman in brown homespun came out and asked the ladies in the rear ambulance what was the meaning of this strange sight—a lot of women and children escorted by Yankee troops? And when informed that they were prisoners, replied, “If this is what they are making war on, God help us!” Just as he turned off the major rode up and asked what the man had been saying. Before anyone else could think of an answer, Mrs. General Frost replied, “He was telling us the woods were full of Bushwhackers, many hundred strong, and we might run into a party of them at any moment.” The color left the major’s face, and it is needless to say, he did not then wish he had brought his bride. He at once asked for a towel, put it on a pole, hurried forward a flag of truce to Okolona, with the request that General Ruggles, who was in command there, would send out an escort for the prisoners. The general came out himself and escorted them to his headquarters, where they were most kindly and courteously welcomed, and every comfort possible afforded them. After a few days they received a pressing invitation from Columbus, Miss., to make it their home, which invitation they gratefully accepted, and were most cordially received and entertained; and the weary fugitives soon felt at home in hospitable Columbus.

Mrs. McLure was entertained by the widow of the noted

philanthropist and Methodist minister, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, where she remained until after the fall of Vicksburg. Immediately after that sad event the First Missouri Brigade, under General Cockrell and other troops, established a camp for paroled prisoners at Demopolis, Ala. Soon thereafter they dispatched an officer, Lieutenant Hale, to Columbus, to bring Mrs. McLure, "the soldier's friend," to see them. She had never refused aid or comfort to any Confederate soldier, and set off at once to see what she could do for the poor fellows who were, like herself, exiles from home. She went with the expectation of only remaining a week, and was the guest of Mrs. Gen. Nathaniel Whitfield at their beautiful home, Gaineswood. This invitation was highly appreciated by Mrs. McLure and the Missouri brigade, who were sorely perplexed when they found that refugees from in and around Vicksburg had so filled up the little town that not a room was to be had for love or money. It proved a most happy arrangement, for when the week's visit came to an end an invitation so cordial and hearty was extended by Mrs. Whitfield in her own and the general's name that Mrs. McLure would make their "house her home till the war was ended, if it ever did," it could but be accepted. Her son soon joined her and secured a good position, and Mrs. McLure remained until after the close of the war, growing daily more fondly attached to the lovely family who had taken her in as a stranger, but had become, and ever remained, close and devoted friends. After all was lost, with a heart saddened for life Mrs. McLure returned to St. Louis; and it has been the rare privilege of many of us to know how, in the evening of life, when rest and personal comfort would seem to be her paramount object, her whole strength and thought was given to her loved work, the care of Confederate soldiers.

This brief sketch can do but faint justice to this noble woman, and but feebly portray her work for our brave men and holy cause in those dark days. If it has but imperfectly recorded her work and her sufferings, its object has been

partially accomplished. The writer feels herself unequal to the subject, and wishes some abler pen could do it justice.

There are two things specially worthy of mention: First, though in her eighty-seventh year when these facts were given, she used no written data, but furnished facts, names and dates as if of yesterday's occurrence, so clear and accurate was her memory.

Secondly, that in going over the record of these sad and sorrowful days not one word of bitterness escaped her lips; and I must add that in a close association of over thirty years, the writer has never heard from her one harsh criticism of any human being.

Deliberate in judgment,
Firm in principle,
Unswerving in integrity,
Unbounded in charity,

Our Chapter is honored, indeed, in bearing the name of Margaret A. E. McLure. Let us strive individually, and as a chapter, to imitate these four salient characteristics of this most noble woman.

The above sketch was written seven years ago for the chapter which bears her name. Mrs. McLure's latest distinct work was as president of the first Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy ever formed, viz., January 27, 1891. She was elected president for life, and to her deep interest and enthusiasm is largely due the noble work of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri in building the Confederate Home. When the home was turned over to the state hers was the first name signed to the application for a charter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and she has been an earnest and a faithful member and a valued adviser to the chapter to the close of her life. Meeting with a serious accident, her wonderful constitution battled against the shock for nearly two months, and when hope was almost assurance that she would yet rally, she quietly and suddenly fell asleep on January the thirty-first in less than two months of her ninety-first birth-

day. Loved and admired by all who knew her, adored by veterans and daughters alike, who, in spite of the severe weather, gathered in numbers to pay her their last tribute of respect, she leaves a precious legacy to the southern heart which will ever keep her memory green.

REMINISCENCES OF RICHMOND DURING THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT, BY A CHAPLAIN'S WIFE.

By Mrs. P. G. Robert.

To one who had shared the life of the "storm-cradled" Confederacy, it would seem almost invidious to select any period as of special interest where events of such moment followed each other in such rapid succession, but to me the period of the seven days' fight around Richmond has always stood out as apart and alone, unassociated with what had gone before or followed after. Now, after more than forty years, that same impression of the isolation of this period of my life exists in full force.

Well can I remember the scene as I entered the city on the Richmond & Petersburg railroad, crossing James river just before sundown the day the battles around Richmond began. The sun was bathing beautiful Hollywood with its last rays on the left, shedding a glow of peace and quiet over all, while on the right the imposing statehouse of Virginia, the then capital of the Confederacy, rose in its grandeur and simplicity. As we neared the northern bank of the James river the scene of beauty suddenly changed, for we came in view of the Tredegar Iron Works, where the munitions of war were being manufactured by three shifts of men, the pressure for arms being so great that there was a ceaseless run of work by day and by night. On entering Richmond one realized at once how changed the city was. Soldiers were everywhere, by companies, by regiments, and guards and sentries were stationed in every direction. We felt as if we had passed through a military camp before reaching the residence portion of the

town, where the city began to assume something of its normal appearance.

I had left my older children with my mother, my father and myself coming up to the city to be near our dear ones in case of any accident. Looking back now, in view of subsequent events, it astonishes me to see with what absolute confidence we looked forward to the day that we should drive the enemy from our front and restore our beautiful city to its former peace and quietness. I reached the residence of my husband's mother about seven o'clock in the evening, and all night long the boom of the cannon and the sound of the picket firing made us realize how near the enemy's lines we were. Still no thought of fear, no anxiety as to the future disturbed our peace, for we felt that Jackson and Lee were between us and the enemy, and that meant safety for us and honor for our cause. The night wore itself away, filled with anxieties and cares for loved ones exposed, but the day seemed worse than the night, and how to fill in the time now that I was in Richmond was a problem that confronted me with appalling force after breakfast was over on the morning after my arrival. A friend came in during the course of the morning and suggested to me the need of nurses in various hospitals of the city, as they were all being rapidly filled with wounded men from the front. I grasped the idea as a very welcome resource, and hurried off to the Clopton hospital to tender my services, which were gladly accepted.

On looking back at the crude accommodations and preparations in the hospital, one wonders that any soldiers ever survived the treatment there. I do not know what the medical profession knew of germs and antiseptics in that day, but certain it is that no antiseptics were to be found in the hospital, and the germ theory had not yet reached the laity, however much the medical profession may have known of it; but something told me instinctively that there was in that hospital something that I didn't want to swallow, and so during my whole stay there I confined my noon meal to hard boiled eggs and apples, eaten in the hospital yard. I would go out to the hy-

drant and wash and scrub my hands thoroughly and then sit down and shell the eggs and peel the apples for my lunch and eat them there.

Great as was the suffering in the field, in the hospital it was greater. Our magnanimous foe having declared medicine and Bibles contraband of war, our supply of both articles was most limited, and medicine had to be reserved for extreme cases. The exigencies of the times were such that in the arrangements of the hospitals the laws of hygienics had to be entirely disregarded, and men with open wounds were placed in the room with typhoid fever patients, cases of measles and cases of malarial fever. Patients were indiscriminately brought in until the room was filled, and then they proceeded to fill up another one. My special charge from the day I entered was a young lieutenant painfully wounded with a minie ball through his right shoulder, which entirely disabled the right arm, and the left arm was equally useless from a shell which had torn all the flesh from the elbow to the wrist, leaving the bare ligaments and the bone exposed in many places, and leaving him, of course, as helpless as a child. Across the way from him lay a young lad scarcely eighteen years old (although he said he was), a fair-haired boy, "somebody's darling," fast sinking into the last stages of typhoid fever, to which he succumbed a few days after I entered the hospital. On another cot lay a stalwart soldier suffering with malarial fever in its worst form, and yet from these three men not one murmur, not one complaint, not one groan was heard during the six days in which I ministered in that room. Always greeting their nurses with cheerfulness, it made it but a privilege to wait on them, to attend to their wants.

These were the days of the long ago though, when ladies did not consider it their duty to attend solely and entirely to the wants of their male patients, and soldiers only half recovered from their own sickness were detailed to aid the ladies in the care of the sick, they ministering in all cases where the ladies felt it were better to have such assistance. The women of that day were not then so far unsexed, even in their ministrations.

tions to the sick, nor do I think it has been any advantage to them that such a condition has been attained in the present day.

For five long days—and how long God only knows, to those who watched and suffered—I waited beside this patient sufferer, all the time bearing in my own heart a rankling agony, as day after day passed and I could hear that my husband's and my brothers' regiments were engaged, and not one word came to relieve our anxiety about them, no messages being allowed to be sent to the rear. It was only through occasionally meeting the wounded men that we heard anything that was going on at the front. On the morning of the sixth day, on reaching the hospital, one of the ladies rushed up to me with the statement that a man had been brought in the night before from my husband's regiment and was in the third story of the building, and that if I would go up and see him I could probably hear some tidings of my husband. When I reached his side I found he had just fallen into the first sleep since being wounded. One of the ladies urged me to wake him and ask him the question, assuring me he was so sleepy he would go to sleep again immediately, but I could not disturb the first rest of that sufferer, wounded at three o'clock the evening before and getting not a wink of sleep until after nine o'clock the next morning. His nurse, however, kindly consented to go down and take my patient and allow me to remain with him so as to get the first tidings on his awakening. For two long hours I sat and fanned him, hardly knowing whether I wished that he would wake or not. My anxieties and fears were so great that I felt perhaps ignorance in my case might be the last happiness I should ever know. At last, after the two hours had passed, he stirred and finally opened his eyes and looked at me anxiously. I found him suffering greatly from thirst, and while I tried to frame and ask the question, my heart failed me entirely and I could not, but instead I asked him if he wouldn't like a cup of coffee. I don't know what I gave him in the place of coffee; I only know it was not coffee. It might have been parched sweet potato, okra seed, or parched rye, anything that was used as a

substitute in the hospitals in the Confederacy, but no grain of coffee could we secure to furnish even one of our wounded. When he told me how anxiously he wished the cup I rose and went downstairs immediately to get it, still without asking him the question I so much longed yet dreaded to have answered. On my return he took the cup eagerly and drained it to the last drop. Then I felt that I must know something, and trying to steady myself as much as possible I said, in a tone as calm as I could command, "You are from the Second Louisiana?" "Yes, madam," he said with pride, "I am from the Second Louisiana." "Do you know the chaplain?" I then asked with quivering lips. "Oh yes," he said, "he helped to put me in the ambulance last night." Is it any wonder that I broke down completely, and to the man's astonishment, burst into tears. It was the first tidings I had had since five terrible engagements had taken place, and I had heard not one word from my husband; and to learn that the night before he had been well and able to help a wounded man into the ambulance was a relief beyond the power of language to express.

The scenes that one passed through in those days must, of course, be indelibly inscribed on the tablets of our memory. How many times in going to or from the hospital did I have to pause to allow the dead body of some poor soldier to be borne past me up to the steps of his home from which perhaps but a day or two before he had gone forth in the glow and flush of manly pride and military esprit. One especially touching incident occurred just a square from where the hospital was located. A bride of six weeks, going to the door on her way out, returned to tell her mother that the next door neighbor's son had been killed and was being carried into the mother's house. Her mother hastened with her to the door, only to find that the soldiers had mistaken the house, retraced their steps, and were coming up their own steps, bearing the groom who but six weeks before, in the pride and strength of manhood, went to join his regiment; although he held in his pocket a furlough for several days, he could not let his regiment go into active service without him. The mother, taking

in the incident, caught her daughter in her arms and bore her into the parlor and laid her on the floor on the identical spot where six weeks before she had stood as a bride.

Mothers would go out to the hospitals and come home to find the manly form of their husbands or the idolized son stretched cold and still in their own parlor, past all nursing and ministration. Volumes could be written of the touching incidents and the tragic scenes which transpired in Richmond during those memorable seven days.

On the eighth day of my stay in the city tidings reached me that my brother had been wounded and brought to the American Hotel in Richmond. I hastened down to find to my delight his wound was slight and glorious, won at the head of his regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, where he had lost seven color bearers, and from which point he was ordered back by General Gordon saying, "it was cruel to sacrifice such men in a situation so hopeless." This was the advance of Malvern Hill. Later in the day a call was sent to me to go to the hospital on Church Hill to see the "only son of his mother, and she the widow" of our old family physician. This gallant young fellow, hardly eighteen years old, had seized the colors when the fifth man had fallen in my brother's regiment. Having promised his mother to take care of him, my brother turned and took the colors from his hand and said to him, "I promised to take care of you, Willie; you must not carry those colors." But a moment afterward, my brother rushing on and the sixth falling, when the time for the seventh one came Willie seized the colors, but a fatal ball laid him low, and after lingering a few weeks he, too, "passed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees."

I found at the hotel besides my brother two cousins wounded. I had to pay a visit to my lieutenant in the hospital and tell him that I would have to go now to nurse my own. He was greatly improved, and while he grieved to give me up he seemed to realize fully the importance of my going; and so for several days I remained at the hotel nursing my brother and two cousins. Fortunately, their wounds were all so slight that

at the end of three days we were able to return to our home, taking my brother with us. My husband also accompanied us for a brief visit, his wounded men all having been safely housed in the various hospitals of Richmond, and he greatly worn out by that arduous seven days' incessant fighting in which the glorious Second Louisiana had borne such an important part and had suffered so heavily.

Saddened as we were by the sacrifice of so many noble lives, we were yet elated that our confidence in our leaders had been justified and our arms victorious on so many hard-fought fields where we were always greatly outnumbered. We had defeated the "On to Richmond" and driven the enemy to seek safety on the gunboats and transports hurriedly sent to their aid. Richmond once more safe, the siege lifted, and our tired, almost exhausted troops enabled to enjoy for a brief period their hard-earned and much-needed rest.

And so ended my experience as a hospital nurse; but brief as it was, it gave me an insight into the character of the Confederate soldier which I could never have gained anywhere else. Wounded, racked with pain, burning with fever, he was always the same indomitable, patient, gallant sufferer, never a murmur, never a complaint escaping his lips; and those of us who stood beside them learned lessons of patience and endurance that must have gone through life with all who witnessed it. From that day to this I have never seen a Confederate uniform nor a Confederate flag that I have not wished for a moment that I was a man that I might have a hat to take off to it.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Mrs. J. A. B. Adcock.

To write a paper on "Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War" is quite a task, especially to one who was only six years of age when the war began. I was born and reared three miles east of Independence, Mo., where the contest was bitterest between Kansas, a free state, and Missouri, a slave state.

At that period of Missouri's history most of her people were of southern parentage, nearly all from Virginia, Kentucky or Tennessee. My father's family was from Tennessee, having moved here in 1828 and settled at Independence, Mo. My father, as were all the rest of the people in that section, was a slaveholder. All had trouble with the slaves, as the Kansas people and the Federal soldiers were driving the slaves to Kansas, a free state, as fast as they could. The slaves, as a rule, did not want to go. My father and his three brothers sent theirs with wagons and mule teams to Texas, where they were hired out, and at the close of the war they received several thousand dollars in Confederate money from the sale of the teams and wagons and for the hire of the slaves. We have several hundred dollars of this money yet as a souvenir.

About my first recollection of the war was seeing whole companies of soldiers marching through the country. The Federal soldiers were stationed at Independence, consequently they lived on the people. They would go out with those large government wagons, and were particular to go to the homes of southern men and fill them with corn from the barn, then kill hogs and chickens and put on top of the corn. Then they would drive all cattle and horses and take all household goods that they could use, and some things they had no use for, such things as fancy articles and as large and heavy a book as an unabridged dictionary.

Quantrill was a frequent visitor at my father's home. Of course, it was reported to the Federal authorities at Independence, consequently there was constant trouble. My father was taken out twice to be killed at night; each time he got away. This was during the summer and autumn of 1862. Finally my father made his quarters in the woods, where he slept at night. Physically he was not able to go to the army, or he would not have been subjected to the indignities and humiliations that he was. He outfitted two men and sent them to Price. Soon it grew too cold to sleep out. He had no teams or wagon by this time, but he had just eighty dollars in money left, which he had kept buried, with which to get an old

wagon and a yoke of oxen, one black and one white. With this equipment we started on our journey about the middle of December about twelve o'clock at night to avoid meeting soldiers. We were on our way about ten miles when the sun rose on us, and our black ox was white with frost. This struck me as a child very forcibly. We were five days on this journey, and when we arrived at my grandfather's we remained until the close of the war in 1865. Of course, my father became a day laborer in order to support his family, which consisted of a wife and five children, of which I was the oldest.

The infamous Order No. 11, which was given in June, 1863, was the most famous order of the war in that section of the state. All southern sympathizers were ordered to leave the country within thirty days.

We returned in September, 1865, to find the country a desolate waste, with now and then a lone chimney to tell the story of a fire. Most of the people returned that autumn and winter to find things as we did, some much worse than we, for we had the walls of a brick house of two rooms left. Into this we moved our very few belongings to begin life anew. We had to practice the very strictest economy in order to live. The bare necessities were ours; we had one chair, one table and one bedstead the first winter, no carpets, two open fireplaces, with which we made the house as comfortable as we could. Now, this was not only our lot, but that of all others in the country. Everything was so expensive. For instance, muslin and calico were fifty and seventy-five cents a yard, coffee and sugar one dollar a pound, flour eight and ten dollars a hundred, but my recollection is this, that every one was in about the same condition and so happy to return to their homes and to know that peace was restored once more that they were willing to put up with the inconveniences that accompany poverty. Then the task of rebuilding the homes and putting things in shape generally began in earnest, though slowly, for there was a scarcity of money everywhere, but they did rebuild and builded well, too.

The feeling of animosity that was engendered during that strife never died out among those who were engaged in it. It takes time and the passing of generations to do that. The facts as they existed ought not to die out; they ought to be preserved in order that future generations may know the truth of that awful period. But the saddest feature of all this war was the breaking up of families; not all members of families ever returned—fathers and brothers and sweethearts and husbands yet sleep in far-off graves. Many died on battle-fields without so much as a drink to quench their thirst.

This contribution seems to me to be very commonplace to go on record as history, but my extreme youth during that period only furnishes me now with the things that impressed me as a child.

SKETCH OF COL. SIDNEY D. JACKMAN.

By Mrs. Mary Jackman Mullins of Howard county, Mo.

A conspicuous figure of “strenuous” movement in the disturbed days of the border warfare, forced upon Southwest Missouri by the raiders from Kansas, and in the first two years of Missouri’s troubled war experience, was that of Col. Sidney Drake Jackman. A Kentuckian by birth, a Missourian by rearing and environment, he proved himself worthy of both states as a dashing, fearless soldier in time of war, his fiery courage, tempered with a sound judgment that brought speedy promotion from recruiting captain, regularly, to the colonelcy of his regiment, the close of the war leaving him brigadier-general.

In the troublesome times preceding the war he lived with his young wife and family in Southwest Missouri, near the Kansas border, and as an unavoidable consequence, became involved in the defensive movement to repulse the raiding bodies

from Kansas, who made havoc of life and property of every description in that region. Consequently, he and his family were forced from the home never to return to it again; the sick wife, with her children, through much hardship and dreadful anxieties, finally finding a refuge with Colonel Jackman's mother in Howard county, Missouri, north of the Missouri river. Here they were not allowed to rest many months, as both families of women, including his two sisters and aged mother, were placed under military arrest and taken to St. Louis, where they were detained some time, Mrs. S. D. Jackman and children being finally sent south through the lines to take her chance among utter strangers.

While Colonel Jackman's family was with his mother he came north on a recruiting expedition and visited them, after crossing the river at midnight in a skiff with horse swimming beside him. Betrayed by one upon whom he had every reason to depend, he was severely wounded in a skirmish, concealed in the deep woods, and shifted from place to place by night, tended by his faithful brother, Doctor Jackman, in hourly danger of death by disease and enemy until able to travel.

While being thus hid in the woods, and to avoid surprise, the enemy had to be watched daily. And for this duty his cousin, Mark Jackman, Matthew Mullins and Tom Smith were chiefly used, and they were never deceived. And thus he knew every move of the enemy, who were stationed at Rocheport, Boonville and Fayette.

His wife and sisters would occasionally visit him in the night, and the good women of the neighborhood furnished him all things necessary for his comfort. The Misses Turner, the Misses Thurman, Miss Maxwell, and their mothers, deserve honorable mention in this connection. His faithful friends outside, Baswell Maxwell, James Campbell and others, kept a never-ending watch until finally he escaped southward, taking with him a number of recruits who still waited for their leader, and with whom he rejoined Price's army, continuing

in active service until the close of the war, whence he returned with all lost save his life and his honor.

He then found his family, which had been located near Shreveport, La., went out into Texas, settled on the Rio Blanco, twenty-five or thirty miles south of Austin, where he lived until his death in 1886, a most useful and esteemed citizen of his adopted state, which he had served with warm-hearted loyalty at home and in her legislative councils. At the time of his death he was serving the government in good faith as United States marshal of Western Texas, his appointment to that office being the first of the first Cleveland administration. A true, noble man in all the relations of life, whether family, civil or military, he held the warm esteem of his friends and the thorough respect of his enemies.

Of course, his memory and conversation were rich with incidents—some thrilling, many tragic, many ludicrous. Of the last mentioned is one he heartily enjoyed telling of Gen. L. M. Lewis, at that time Captain Lewis, an eloquent preacher, educator and brave soldier. I give it in his own words from manuscript left by him.

"Our camp was near the village church. On Sunday morning as the people gathered for worship it was learned that we had several preachers in our command, and we were requested to furnish one for the occasion. As Lewis was always ready and equal to any emergency, he was selected to preach for us.

"I should remark just here that our officers did not carry dress suits on the march, consequently presented no better appearance than their men, who were often a sight to behold.

"To return, Captain Lewis took the stand with all the dignity of the presiding elder he had been, and began a flow of eloquent speech, to which I began listening with closest attention, which, however, was soon so distracted by the peculiarities of his garb that I could only give my best endeavors to preserve a decent aspect of the decorum proper to the occasion, hence lost the benefit of a fine sermon.

"He was clothed in a roundabout of butternut jeans and pantaloons of the same material in blue, the last being decorated with an immense patch of white leather, which covered the entire saddle-worn seat. In fact, it was as large as the full moon, and looked considerably like it; and when he addressed the ladies our side of the house had the benefit of its full orb'd splendor; when he turned his attention to our side, the moon rose beneficently upon the ladies, until the ludicrous element in my make-up rose almost beyond control."

After his return to Price's camp from the recruiting expedition to Missouri, during which he was severely wounded, he says, "I was notified on my return that my mess had been reorganized to consist of Colonel Cockerill, Capt. L. M. Lewis and Capt. James Watson and myself, the three first being Methodist preachers. 'But hold on, gentlemen,' said I, 'this is a little more preacher and a little more Methodism than I had bargained for.' 'Yes,' Lewis replied, 'but we will need a little water, you know, and so can't well do without you.' This being a little fun at the expense of my church affiliation, I answered, 'All right, I accept the situation, and as it is mighty little water that will do you fellows, I promise to supply all you need; and then a little leaven you know may leaven the whole lump.' I found these men not only brave and gallant soldiers for their country, but equally brave and uncompromising in fighting the battles of their Lord and Master against the forces of evil.

"This same Captain Lewis was struck in the battle of Lone Jack by a spent ball squarely in the forehead, high up, just sufficiently hard for it to stick. He picked it out, calling my attention to it. I told him if it were painful he had better retire, but he said not for that, but very soon received a shot in the hand. The two were enough, and he retired on my suggestion. I afterward told him I had hoped our association might result in his conversion to 'Campbellism,' but since his head was proof against Yankee bullets, I despaired of theological arguments making any impression on such a hardened case, and so should have to sorrowfully give him up."

BROWNLEE'S LETTERS.

AN INTERESTING LEAF IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

At the request of a friend of young Brownlee, we give below his letter written the day before his death to General Sanborn. Many of our readers will remember Brownlee, who, at the beginning of the war, joined the Confederate army and was captured by Federal forces while within their lines on recruiting service in Missouri.

He was incarcerated in the Boonville jail and tried and convicted as a spy and condemned to be shot; but, with the assistance of a young lady friend, who made a key to fit the jail door and passed it in to him, he made his escape from prison, was afterwards recaptured and executed under the sentence which had been passed upon him. Like the brave young Andre, who, in the old Revolution, died under the necessary stern rules of war, Brownlee, in the ardor of youth and in his devotion to the cause he had espoused, went wherever the voice of what seemed to be duty called him, and met the cruel fate which threatens every one who takes such dangerous risks.

Charles Brownlee was a native of Pennsylvania, of good parentage, was well educated, a graduate of a law school. He came to Tipton, Mo., in 1858, where he located for the practice of law and where he soon made many friends, who regarded him as a high-toned gentleman and most promising young attorney. As a soldier he was a favorite with his comrades and was among the bravest of the brave. We publish his letters to General Sanborn and to his mother, not with any desire to rekindle the fires of animosity which blazed so furiously during and for a long time after the war which time and calm reflection have extinguished, but only because it may be well sometimes to recall the horrors of the war that desolated

so many homes and brought sorrow to so many hearts, in order that we may not forget how terrible a thing war is, and that ambitious adventurers, reckless politicians and mistaken patriots may, in the future, be more careful how they appeal to the sword, especially when it is to be raised in fratricidal strife.

Those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue, when they laid aside their arms laid aside at the same time all animosity, and the survivors of them, should a foreign foe appear, would be found side by side battling for their common flag and country. May the cruel lessons of war serve only to cement the bonds of our union and make stronger the ties which bind us together. (Amen.)

"Springfield, Mo., May 9, 1865.

"To Brigadier-General Sanborn, Commanding U. S. Forces at Springfield and Vicinity:

"General—I beg leave to intrude upon your attention while you read this address. It is to you and your superiors and all succeeding generations. Having heard the sentence of death read to me this evening, I will now occupy the few remaining hours of my life in saying something which, if spurned, may be read by posterity, and my sad fate commiserated.

"I engaged in this war in what I thought to be the cause of liberty, and to disengage myself from a government which near fifteen millions of people declared to be oppressive; but too many who were the recipients of this struggle basely abandoned their first principles and turned their arms against the cause they first espoused and left the weight of disaster fall on the heads of the few who stood to the cause. But all is over and the future historians will do justice to the conquered and the traitor. The Confederate armies have surrendered, or are surrendering to the victorious armies of the Union, and the cause of hostilities exists no more; but the hatred and prejudice already engendered will continue to darken the breasts of the present generation as the waves of the ocean continue to roll when the storm is past.

"I fought for the independence of the Confederacy till the present time, when it exists no longer. Did it exist and were I at liberty, I would fight for it still, but my advice to all my friends is now to return to their allegiance to the Union or seek refuge on some foreign shore, and do not become outlaws to civil society. I perhaps can say nothing which will alter or mitigate the sentence already pronounced against me. The order has gone forth, and no eloquence perhaps could move a public enemy to countermand his predetermination; yet, if by his humanity and kindness these, my last words, may be preserved until time will have worn away the asperities of a nation's wrath, future generations and unprejudiced nations may pronounce your determination cruel and my doom unmerited. We all remember the fate of the Irish patriot, Robert Emmett, who, by falling into the hands of his enemy, was condemned and executed, and who is now living that does not accord to him a priceless reputation or eulogize his historic devotion to what he deemed to be the principles of liberty? Who speaks with praise of judge who pronounced his sentence, or of those who executed it and took his life? Their names may be found on the musty records of the tribunal where he was tried, while the patriot's name is recorded in every living and sympathetic heart throughout the world and there will remain forever. But you all know that he is not the only one who has gone on the same road upon which you have determined I must so shortly travel. History has recorded their names, and hereafter you, who are familiar with my fate, when you read of them will pause and think of me. The fabric of government to which I gave my support is fast falling to decay, and my sun of life has about gone down upon its smoking ruins, so at best life to me could have but half its charms—there would be no country I could call my own. No people would be called my people excepting the exiles perhaps scattered over this wide world. In the presence of my relatives, did you permit it, I might find consolation the remainder of my life; but for that limited period of happiness I will not now compromise my dignity nor my manhood, for

the principles of honor were implanted in my bosom when but a boy. I will not eradicate them now. But to preserve that life which God has given me and which I had hoped to have enjoyed longer, and to have been more useful, but which I fear you are now bent on taking away for purposes which I think will find but a limited satisfaction, when you all will be resting in your graves with me, I now make this last, perhaps futile, effort.

"The world is large enough to hold all its living inhabitants until the Creator of all may see proper to call them away, and there are places to which I could be sent if you feared I would be a dangerous enemy to society, where I could do no harm, even had I such hostile intentions. My liberty you may now take away, and the revolution of society one day may restore, as in the case of Lafayette, who pined in the dungeons of Olmutz, or Kossuth in those of Australia; but life can never be restored until time is no more, when we will all rise together to go before the Judge of all to receive a sentence which will last through eternity. My death I know cannot benefit your government; it could at most but satisfy for a short time the malice of a few personal foes to which an enlightened government, as is that of the Union, should give no heed. You have conquered by the power of your armies the enemy who opposed you, and now in the hour of triumph let me entreat you not to practice upon your subjected and conquered foes the dark precedents of the monarchies of Europe, especially in this age of civilization and Christianity. O enlightened America, thou boasted asylum of the persecuted and home of the oppressed of all nations! Wilt thou now abandon, in the hour of triumph and strength, the principles by which their infancy was cherished and deny thine own child or children, born and nurtured upon thy bosom, that safe enjoyment which thou hast extended hitherto to all people and tongues. It seems to me that the opprobrium which I would receive during a life which through your mercy and that of your superiors in office might be indefinitely prolonged would be punishment enough for all I have done. The crimes which you have

charged are more fanciful than real. The Government has suffered but little from what I have done. The rules and articles by which I have been adjudged were established in an age dark and remote and never enjoyed the civilization of which the present boasts, but which I fear is about to be tarnished by the blood of many unfortunate victims.

"Let me entreat you to remember the reign of terror in France, the laws by which blood flowed around the guillotine. Remember the religious persecutions of the Reformation of Germany and England. Does history justify the conduct of those governments during that time and say they shed no innocent blood?"

DRINK IT DOWN.

Southern war song.
(Author unknown.)

Here's to the old Palmetto,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the old Palmetto,
 Drink it down,
Here' to the old Palmetto,
The first to meet the foe,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

To Georgia fill the bowl,
 Drink it down,
To Georgia fill the bowl,
 Drink it down,
To Georgia fill the bowl,
For she's with us heart and soul,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to the Land of Flowers,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Land of Flowers,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Land of Flowers,
For she swears she will be ours,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Alabama,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Alabama,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Alabama,
For she slid from Uncle Sam,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Mississippi,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Mississippi,
 Drink it down,
Heres to old Missip,
For she gave old Abe the slip,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Louisiana,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Louisiana,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Louisiana,
For she bears the "secesh" banner,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to the bright Lone Star,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the bright Lone Star,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the bright Lone Star,
For she lights up freedom's Car,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Rackensack,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Rackensack,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Rackensack,
For she beat the Yankees back,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.
Here's to the Old Dominion,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Old Dominion,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Old Dominion,
For she's fighting for opinion,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Tennessee,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Tennessee,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Tennessee,
For she swears she will be free,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to the Old North State,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Old North State,
 Drink it down,
Here's to the Old North State,
She was slow but not too late,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to Old Missouri,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Old Missouri,
 Drink it down,
Here's to Old Missouri,
For she will be ours sure,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Here's to old Kentucky,
 Drink it down,
Here's to old Kentucky,
 Drink it down,
Here's to old Kentucky,
For her cussed bad luck,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

By Mrs. Bettie Shelby, widow of General Shelby.

The early years of the war between the states found me, still a girl in years, with two children, as I had married at the early age of sixteen.

General Shelby, who had refused many tempting offers to join the Federal army, organized a company from the flower of Howard county, and proceeded to join General Price at Springfield. Myself and children were left under the protection of an aunt, a high-spirited woman, who had sent several sons to the southern army, and when taxed by the Federals with furnishing altogether too many rebel soldiers, she boldly retorted that if she had a hundred sons they would all be there. Many threats were made to burn out this nest of rebels. Frequently as many as twenty-five soldiers would appear and order a meal of the best we could produce, which we dared not refuse, else our smokehouses would have been raided and nothing left to us.

My aunt provided a cot and nursed for several weeks, in the brush, one of our men who had been badly wounded. A surgeon came surreptitiously in the night and set a broken bone. My aunt went every day and dressed the wound and sent him food. We were in daily terror lest the negroes should betray him, but they never did, and he recovered and joined the army.

On another occasion two of our men were secreted under a dormer window in the top of the house. They had been traced there, and the Federals threatened to burn down the house if they were not produced. Had they carried out their threats our friends would have been shot down in endeavoring to escape. Soon, however, we had to leave our homes, and finally when General Shelby's raids became more frequent had to leave the state. We first went to St. Louis, where we were somewhat protected because of the relationship between General Shelby and Frank Blair, but the authorities feeling that Shelby's raids would be less frequent if his family was out of the state, we were completely banished. I went to my husband's relatives in Kentucky. Later, when General Steele was operating in Arkansas and Louisiana, I started in company with another lady, accompanied by our colored maids, for the south. It was suggested that our nurses might desert us on occasion, consequently we had their trunks placed in close touch with us as a precaution after boarding one of the river boats for Memphis. As our maids did not appear as usual in the morning our first move was to see if the trunks were still there. They were gone. And we were left to battle with the babies as best we could. On arriving at Memphis we were held for three weeks at a hotel. We suffered untold trials getting through the lines at all as there was fierce fighting raging around Little Rock and vicinity. We were finally, in company with other refugee families from Missouri, placed at Clarksville, Tex., where we remained until the close of the war.

General Shelby and his men decided to go to Mexico instead of surrendering at the close of the war. I accompanied him as far as Austin, Tex., but as Federal troops were already approaching Texas, and they might be captured before reaching the border of Mexico, it was decided to push on rapidly, and I was left to follow them by another route. My husband met me at Veracruz, near where he was trying to start a colony. This enterprise was finally abandoned, as the Mexicans made it so disagreeable for us by shooting into our camps, etc. I will mention an incident which has been questioned:

As Shelby's command could not carry the Confederate flag into Mexico, a consultation was held, and it was decided that they should bury it beneath the waters of the Rio Grande, which they did. I have heard General Shelby speak of this disposition of the flag frequently as a matter of fact.

The soldiers all gradually drifted back to the old homes, or rather where they had stood, but where now was nothing but ruin. We now settled in Bates county, where we reared a large family of children and lived happily until my husband passed away. He left me several sons and one daughter to mourn his loss. Yearly at the memorial services in the beautiful Forest Hill cemetery may be seen, in company with the family, an aged faithful body servant, now the coachman, paying a beautiful tribute in flowers to his former master.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. LUCY NICKOLSON LINDSAY.

*By Mrs. Tyler Floyd, Historian Robert E. Lee Chapter No. 1245,
Kansas City, Mo.*

Mrs. Lindsay is a very beautiful and interesting lady of 84 years. I asked her if she wouldn't tell me some of her experiences during the war, that I might send it to our reminiscence committee. She reluctantly consented. A few days after this I went to see her and she related the following story. I give it in her own words:

At the beginning of the Civil war we had an underground road of communication, and by that means people that were southerners would go from one point to another, then were finally directed to Price's army in Springfield—from Jefferson City on down to Springfield. They would come from Doctor Lewis' to our house. We would then direct them on out to Versailles to Doctor James'.

One day during the time of this underground system some one knocked at our door. The ladies generally went

to the door, for they were in the habit of shooting down the men (I don't know the number of men who were shot down in our own immediate neighborhood during those times.) In response to the knock I went to the door. Two men were standing there. One asked me if I was Miss Lucy Nickolson. I replied that I was Miss Nickolson. He then said they wished to see me privately. I knew from the manner of their speaking they were southern men. They gave me messages from Mr. Harper and Mr. Thornton, and also from General Price. They reported that they were out of quinine and morphine, and they were very much in need of clothing. They wanted to know if the ladies could do something for them. I told them I would do all I could to help them. I said nothing at all to my mother of this interview.

The following day I got in our carriage and went over to Doctor Ellis'. Mrs. Jim Ellis and her sister were there. After relating the conversation I had had with the two southern gentlemen I finally said, "Well, I will go after these things if you (Mrs. Ellis and her sister) will go with me." Mrs. Ellis asked, "What can you do to obtain the quinine and morphine?" I replied, "I'll get it all right." I did not return home but went on to Boonville. I went into Mr. Harper's store (his brother kept the general store, also a drug store, there). I knew he was a southern man; so I called him aside, telling him what his brother George had said. I then said, "Now, you will have to supply me with quinine and morphine." "I can't do it," he said, "it would be the ruination of me; but here it is, I am compelled to go down town." I took the hint, and when he had gone I closed the door and just helped myself. I got nearly all the quinine and morphine in the store. That was the only drug store in the town. I suppose the people would have blessed whoever took it. I then went to a dry goods store. I knew the owner quite well. I told him I wanted some gray flannel and some black velvet. I bought two pieces of gray flannel. I said, "I am not going to pay for this now." He asked, "When are you going to pay for them?"

I replied, "O, some of these days." He wrapped the flannel and velvet up for me, and I went out of the store.

Mrs. Ellis and I cut the flannel into shirt lengths and made a skirt out of the whole two pieces. In those days skirts were made very full and plaited to the belt. It sounds almost incredible, but I put twenty-two pair of home-knit socks in that skirt. It was then the fashion to wear velvet rolls on the head; so I made two immense rolls of the velvet and filled one with quinine and the other with morphine. I put one 'round the coil of my hair and the other 'round the crown of my head. When I put the skirt on my dress wouldn't touch the ground, of course, and I looked like "Mother Bunch." Mrs. Ellis was very tall, so she gave me one of her loose wrappers; I put that on and a white apron. My brother brought out our carriage and Mrs. Ellis let us have her horses. Dressed in this way I rode out of Boonville. Mrs. Ellis went with us.

We had gone almost to Versailles when we met a company of Federals. Brother turned 'round to me and said, "Now, what are you going to do? They will search the carriage?" I said, "If you will hold your tongue and not speak a word, whether I tell a lie or not, I can get through all right." Mrs. Ellis commenced crying. I said, "Now, that isn't any way to do; if you are going to cry I will just give up." The soldiers came up to where we were and halted. One asked where we were going. I replied, "I have an aunt out here about twenty-five miles who is very ill; I want to get to see her before she dies. If you want to search the carriage, you may—there is my valise." They picked up the valise, saw it was very light—there was nothing in it—and put it down. The spokesman finally said, "You say your aunt is ill?" I said, "Yes, sir; she is quite ill." So they let us pass.

We got through the lines and went on out to Springfield, where we stayed three weeks and made up the flannel skirt into shirts.

On our way home we stopped at Versailles again. While there it turned bitter cold. I had just gone to bed one night

when Doctor James (we were staying at his house) came in and said, "Miss Nickolson, you will have to get up. There are three thousand Federals and the home guards not five miles from here." So brother got out the horses and carriage and off we rode. When we reached the creek it was just booming, and so bitter cold that we could scarcely breathe. Brother stopped right at the creek's edge and said, "Now, which will you do, go through the creek—'look at it,'" he says, "or fall into the hands of the Federals or the home guards?" I replied, "Go through the creek," and we went. The horses had to swim, the carriage rolled back and the water came up to my waist. We were just dripping wet, of course, and we rode three or four miles in that condition, and my brother's beard was just a sheet of ice. We rode on until we came to the house of Mr. Garrett. My brother called him out and said, "We are just from the southern army and had to come through the creek, and my sister is nearly frozen" (one whole side of my face I could not move). They took me in and put me in a large tub of water and I remained there one entire day and night. I was nigh frozen. My big toe nails came out.

After a few days at Mr. Garrett's we started home. I was sick and excited, of course, and we had no more than reached home before Judge Baker, who was a Union man, came to our house and said to mother, "You send Miss Lucy away, for Epstine, provost marshal, knows that she has gotten home and he is going to arrest her." We found out later that some one at Springfield, instead of keeping my visit to themselves, had written of it to their friends. So we made all arrangements to leave; but that very evening Epstine sent a party of men out and arrested me and took me to Boonville. There I was called up before him—he made a great many ugly remarks, and I expect I did, too. However, while I was there Colonel Crittenden, in the Union army, came through with his regiment. Of course he could do as he pleased, so when he heard I was there he came to see me. He expressed a great many regrets that "that Dutchman," Epstine, had had

me arrested. He said, "If there is anything I can do to atone for this I will do it, for this is an outrage. I am not out to make war on women and children." I told him, "They have my brother out at the fair grounds, a prisoner likewise; he has just returned from California and has had nothing in the world to do with this affair." So he sent out and had him brought in and just turned us both loose.

Then I went out home again. I had not been home very long before they sent out to arrest me again for something—I never knew what. But I got off this time and went to Boone county, where I taught school the entire winter.

I had a good many Confederate visitors—at least would-be Confederates—as they were trying to get away. One day a note was handed me in the schoolhouse. It was from Colonel Jackman. I said, "very well, very well," and tore the note into small pieces. I met Colonel Jackman that evening and had a talk with him. The next Sunday I went to church at Rocheport. As we came from church Colonel Connell said to me, "Why, there is a party of Federal troops! What can they be doing out there? They have an ambulance." I said jokingly, "They are after you; they know what a rascal you are." We went on home and had not been there long before the troops came up. Colonel Connell went out and they asked him if Miss Nickolson was there. There was a Lieutenant Wood commanding. He asked if I could be seen immediately. I went out at once and said, "I am Miss Nickolson, what do you want?" He replied, "I have an order here from General Guitar to arrest you." "What! arrest me? What for?" He said, "I cannot tell you what for, Miss Nickolson, but I have an ambulance here, and I would be glad if you would get in it and go with us without any fuss." I replied, "Well, you don't expect me to fight, do you?" He was very polite—I will do the man justice. I finally told Lieutenant Wood I would have to get my bonnet and wrap. He said, "You will not try to escape?" I said, "How can I escape? No; I am not going to escape; I will not get any one into trouble." I just took time

to write a note to Mrs. Lintz, the lady whom I was boarding with, and told her to get my trunk and burn every paper and everything she could find. Then I went out and got in the ambulance and drove twenty-five miles to Columbia, where I was left at the hotel for the night. There were two soldiers detailed to walk beside me everywhere I went. When I went up to my room to go to bed they went up and stood at my door. When I went down to breakfast next morning they stood at the back of my chair. I attracted a great deal of attention.

From there we went to Centralia. They sent an escort of one hundred men with me. I said to Lieutenant Wood, "What are you sending so many men for? Are you afraid I am going to try to escape? Well, now, you had better be careful, for Colonel Jackman is in this vicinity, and you will hear from him." At this he was much alarmed.

From there they sent me to St. Louis, where I was taken before Provost Marshal Dicks. They plied me with questions; they tried to get me to tell if I had taken the quinine and morphine. I never opened my mouth. They then sent me to Gratiot street prison. There were never but two women put in that prison—Mrs. Lowden was the other. Lieutenant Wood told Marshal Dicks to make me tell about the quinine and morphine, but I would not answer his questions. It would have gotten so many people into trouble. The drug store and everything would have been burned down, so of course I was not going to tell.

At this Gratiot street prison there was a man by the name of Masterson, who was the keeper. Oh, he was a horrid man! When I was escorted into his presence, he said: "Huh! southern aristocrat, dressed in silk! Wonder how she'll like prison fare?" When I was taken to my room this Masterson led the way; when he opened the door he said, "I hope you are not afraid of ghosts—this is Doctor McDowell's dissecting room, and the floor and table are covered with blood." I said, "Well, I much prefer ghosts to Federals."

Mrs. Lowden, whom I have mentioned before, was in this room. When I entered she commenced screaming and said, "Oh, they haven't brought you here, have they?" I said, "Why, this is a very good place." She cried and cried, saying, "It is bad enough to bring me, a married woman, here, but to bring a young girl here!" Mr. Masterson then went out, closing and locking the door, and took the key with him.

Mrs. Lowden was almost dead with consumption. They had put her in this prison because she would not tell where her husband was. He was a southern courier. They had taken her away from her children, one a six-months-old baby. She told me all about it after she got quiet and composed.

Just above us was the hospital. Every time they brought our meals they would take that time to wash up the hospital, and down would come the water on us. We would have starved if it had not been for the Sisters of Charity. Mrs. Lowden was a Catholic, so the sisters would come in with their baskets every day. They always brought plenty and the meals were good, but somehow or other that water didn't taste good.

We had a straw pallet on the floor. One night Mrs. Lowden said, "O, there is something in this straw!" We ripped the tick and found there were mice in the straw—just two. Mrs. Lowden was very frightened and began coughing and had a hemorrhage. I went to the door and pounded on it, crying, "There is a lady in here who has a hemorrhage, and I want a doctor." "Damn her, let her die!" was the reply. So we did not get a doctor, but we lived through it.

We were there quite awhile, I think three weeks. One day one of the officers came in and said to Mrs. Lowden, "Can you stand trouble?" She sprang to her feet, thinking only of her children. "O," she said, "one of my children is dead." "Yes; your baby died last night of croup," was the reply. She commenced screaming and had another coughing fit. I said to the officer, "there is not one word of truth in that; you know you are lying." I gave him a good tongue lashing. He laughed and said, "I just wanted to see how much grit she

had." I said, "Well, you knew before you came in that she is sick and has no grit." He then turned and walked out.

They tried me the same way. Masterson came in and brought one of those yellow envelopes, saying, "Miss Nickolson, I have bad news for you." "I don't suppose you have," I replied. "Yes, I have; your brother was shot by Colonel Epstine day before yesterday." I said, "Well, I know that isn't so. Colonel Epstine had no right to shoot him; he would have been killed before night; my brother is not shot." "Well," he said, "you seem to know." With that remark he turned and walked out. My brother was not shot.

At the end of three weeks we were taken to the Chestnut street prison. We stayed there two weeks.

Colonel Dicks then said all the women who had been in prison for disloyalty must be banished. They were Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Dr. Pallan, Mrs. McClure, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Haines, Mrs. Sappington, Mrs. Smizer and others. They all had children and were obliged to leave them behind. That was the worst part of it. When we were ready to start south the children were all brought to say good-bye. You never heard such screaming—two of the ladies fainted. "O, it was dreadful, one of the worst scenes I have ever seen."

Then we were all put into ambulances and carried down to the boat. I have forgotten the name of the boat. Major McKinney had charge of the ladies, and we all went down as far as Memphis. Then we got in the ambulances and were sent into Mississippi—I have forgotten the name of the town—but I do remember very well that after we got into Mississippi they sent all the provisions back and said, "Now, you are in your own country; you will have to depend upon it for something to eat and something to drink."

Mrs. Frost, Mrs. McClure, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Smizer and myself were all in the same ambulance. We didn't have a thing to eat from Sunday night until Wednesday night. One of the Federals who was with our company came up to me with a cup of coffee and some of his hard tack, and asked me

if I wouldn't eat it. He said, "It is dreadful; I have children of my own and I know what it is." I drank the coffee, and that night we got into a farmhouse and they gave us a meal; that is, they gave it to our ambulance. I do not know what the others did for something to eat.

Then we went to Columbus, Miss., and there we stayed awhile. General Frost hearing we were there, sent Colonel Smizer for us, and we went to Arkansas.

While in Arkansas Major Lindsay and I were married at General Frost's headquarters. General Price's division was there also.

The evening before our wedding a lady in Pine Bluffs sent a large box with a note: "To the young lady who is to be married tomorrow eve." Upon opening the box I found it contained a most elegant white satin dress, white slippers and white kid gloves, also a lovely bridal veil. I said to Mrs. Frost, "It would be the height of folly for anybody to wear such beautiful garments at this distressing time when we are all nearly starving." I returned the box with a note thanking the lady for her kindness, but told her under the circumstances I would much prefer being married in what I had. However, she sent back the white kid gloves, insisting that I wear them at least, so I did.

We were married in the year 1862. All the officers of the brigade were present at the wedding.

After we left Pine Bluffs we were tossed from pillar to post, first one place, then another. We would pack our trunk nearly every week and move; it would be only a short while till the Federals would be on us again.

While going through Arkansas we came upon two women who were digging with spades along the side of the road. Upon making inquiry we found they were digging a grave for a child. Major Lindsay got out of the ambulance, took the spade, finished digging the grave, buried the child and said a prayer.

I was in Columbus the night after that terrible battle when 800 of our soldiers lay dead upon the field. There was scarcely a family in that large city that did not have some loved one dead or dying. All night long we could hear the screams of the women.

I was in Arkansas after one of the battles. We were traveling and stopped for the night at a farmhouse. The lady at this house had just received word that her son had been killed that day, and her husband and another son had been killed the day before. Think of it! Now they say "forget;" but we can't forget; no, nor can we forgive. I can go so far as to wish them no harm.

THE BREAD RIOT.

Major Lindsay was commanding the post at Louisburg. There were three or four hundred women and their children at the post crying "Give us bread, give us bread!" Major Lindsay sent to the quartermaster's and ordered everything that could be spared to be given them. He sent a lady, her sister and myself out to beg for these poor women. We went from house to house. Very few people gave money, but all gave what they could. But oh! that dreadful cry—"Give us bread, give us bread!"

It was indeed pathetic to hear Mrs. Lindsay relate this experience. After that cry, "Give us bread, give us bread!" we sat in silence for at least five minutes. After that the conversation drifted into chapter work.

A REMINISCENCE.

By J. T. Palmer.

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Fort Sumter had been fired on, and the "war dogs" had already been turned loose at other places. Men were leaving their homes and women were in distress. The mails being stopped, the country was full of dreadful reports, and to those

whose fortune or misfortune it was to be living on the border of Missouri the name of Jayhawker or Federal brought terror to the heart. A man was liable to be shot down at any time without a minute's warning.

I had several reasons for not engaging at that early date in the conflict. I was somewhat conscientious about taking an oath that would place me under the command of wicked men who would be likely to lead me contrary to what I believed to be right, for I had confessed the name of Jesus Christ before men and accepted him as my leader. I had been reading the Bible, and was not sure that I would be doing right in going to war. I was living with Mr. Wells, and my friend, Mr. Perry Rippetoe, was living with Mr. Chiles. Mr. Chiles was preparing to move to Texas. Mr. Wells said to me, "Will you take my wagon and team and help Perry to bring some freight wagons from the Up Hayes farm?" I said that I would. We went northwest past the Watts mill, then along the Kansas line, then northeast into Missouri. If I ever hauled an awkward load, it was two Santa Fe wagons tied to a common two-horse wagon. Perry Rippetoe was an experienced freighter, and I followed him.

We brought one load, and dinner not being ready, we ate a few late peaches and started back after another. We had passed Mr. Poteet's house on the state line and half the length of the big corn field on the east, the open prairie of Kansas being on the west. Mr. Rippetoe, looking ahead, said, "Look yonder." Looking, I saw a company of armed men horseback coming over the prairie ridge in front. "Yes, they are Jayhawkers or Federals—see the flag." Mr. Rippetoe said, "What had we best do—hide in the corn or take a mule each and run?" "Neither," said I, "if we hide in the corn they will find us, there are so many of them; just see them still coming over the ridge; and if we run there are plenty fast horses among them, and they will catch us on any of these mules; and besides, if we attempt to run or hide they will kill us sure, for they will think we have done something wrong. My word for it, we had better drive right ahead, put on the

best face we can, meet them and risk our chances." He said, "If you think best we will do it." All this time we had been moving onward. The advance came up; we turned to the west, intending to give them the full benefit of the road, as there was plenty of room. "Halt!" "Halt!" We obeyed. "Get down off that mule. Have you any arms? (having our coats off they did not search us). In the meantime, the Stars and Stripes were streaming past with the bright colors glittering in the sunbeams: Glorious, indeed, was the old flag in the hands of true men, but on that occasion it was calculated to inspire in our hearts anything but respect. While we were thus held captive at the roadside a few words were exchanged by those who held us captive and the soldiers as they rode by, such as "I will attend to that business," and another, "I will see you again about something else," which showed that they were intimately acquainted with each other; and now they turned their attention to us. "Where are you going and where are you from?" "We live back here a few miles and are going after some Santa Fe wagons for Mr. Chiles. The freighting company has dissolved and Mr. Chiles is having his part of the wagons brought home." "Get on your mules and drive up," was the positive command, and we readily but not cheerfully obeyed. "What is your politics?" came the horrid question, and I heard Mr. Rippetoe reply that he was a Union man, and always had been. "Why are you not in the army fighting for your country?" was the next question, in an angry mood. My turn came next: "What is your politics?" "I am a southern man; I was born and raised in the south." We were now traveling rapidly west, guarded closely by four men, who made it their business by turns to question us. Here comes a rather low, compact-built man, with his rifle in direct line of my body. He has his broad-brimmed hat set a little to one side. He seems to be proud of his situation—really, he has a mean look. He don't have very much to say, and I am glad of it. A small man now rides up, with his revolver in his hand and sword at his side. He asks, "Do you know any Secesh?" I replied, "Yes," sir." "Where do they live?" "They have gone south, to the

southern army." Now he gives place to a tall man with a heavy double-barreled shotgun, who is my especial escort for awhile. I would rather he would turn his gun in some other direction.

I—"Where are you taking us?"

Tall Man—"Into Kansas City."

I—"We are going in the wrong direction for Kansas City."

Tall Man—"We will turn and go into the city. If we went down the line we might run into a company of Secesh." "Why are you not in the army fighting for your country?" he asks in a pompous manner, and continues, "the southern men are trying to destroy the Union." "I don't look at it that way," was my reply.

Tall Man—"They have taken Fort Sumter and are now in rebellion against the Union."

I—"This is not altogether a one-sided business." "What do you mean, sir," said the tall man. "I mean that the southern men could not get their constitutional rights in the Union; when their negroes were stolen they could not get them back."

Tall Man—"Who stole their negroes?"

I—"Why a great many men from the north have made it their business for years to persuade and steal the negroes which belong to the southern people under the Constitution, and you know it as well as I do."

Tall Man—"Why didn't they get them back by law; the northern man helped to enact the fugitive slave law."

I—"They did try, but could not have the law enforced."

Tall Man—"I don't believe that the war is about the negroes. The southern men have violated the Constitution and want to break up the Union."

I—"The northern men have violated the Constitution too. Old John Brown took Harper's Ferry and fought the soldiers, and now they have violated the Constitution, from the President down."

Tall Man, angrily—"When did President Lincoln violate the Constitution?"

I—"Why was it necessary for Congress to pass bills legalizing the acts of the President if he had not violated the Constitution? He did violate it."

Tall Man—"How did you get this information?"

I—"It was published in the papers."

Tall Man—"There are a great many things in the papers that are not true. I don't believe it."

I—"I admit that many things are published in the papers that are not true, but I believe this, and the war is carried on contrary to the Constitution today. Here we are taken up on the public highway and marched as prisoners although we did no wrong."

Tall Man—"This rebellion must be put down." As the subject was an unpleasant one I tried to talk about something else. The small man with the sword and revolver who was the leader is again at my side and we are now going southwest. I said, "Captain, where are you taking us?" He replied, "to Mound City, sir."

Now, I had heard that Mound City was the headquarters of the Jayhawkers. If he had said that he was going to deliver us into the hands of the whole United States army and navy combined it would have been good news compared with going to Mound City, for I verily believed that if they took us into Mound City we would never get out alive. So I said, "Captain, it is getting late and we have had no dinner; don't you intend to give us supper?" I was not hungry, but did not wish to let him know that there was any dread in my mind.

Captain—"I don't know; it is war times now, and you will have to do as I do; sometimes I eat once a day and sometimes oftener, just as I can get it."

I—"I am in the habit of eating three times a day and would like to have supper if you can get it; if you don't I will do the best I can without it." I kept on secretly praying, yes, praying. I could raise my heart to God in prayer, for the Lord is nigh to all that call upon him in truth, and he could hear me now, although I was very closely guarded. I thought of many instances where God had delivered his people in the

Bible times and of many cases recorded in history. I was trying to plan our escape. I felt as if I could act my part in a desperate manner if the Lord should give me the opportunity, provided it did not endanger the life of my friend, Mr. Rippetoe, could I get hold of the revolver, rifle or double-barreled shotgun and a few seconds time to use it. You may well think that these were very wicked thoughts for a Christian to harbor, but remember that I am but human, and if the Lord had not been watching over me I might have been turned into a desperado. They did not give us the least opportunity to escape. About dark they stopped at a house and the captain gave us each a piece of pie. Here one man, whom I have not described, took leave to go to Olathe. We then turned due south. I was quite willing to let my mules slack their speed, but when I was commanded "to hurry up" those mules I knew I had to do it. The moon arose about dark and shone brightly. I still talked to my escort as calmly as if nothing unusual was happening, and on we went until about one or two o'clock in the night. We had just crossed Coffey creek in the Black Bob district of Kansas when we were stopped in the midst of an old Indian camping ground with brush around the edges. The moon was shining in splendor. As the night air was cool I slid down from the saddle, and our guard stood consulting near Mr. Rippetoe, for they seemed to guard him closely, and they may well have afforded to do so. At this time I was near my team looking down, kicking my feet in the dust and thinking so deeply that when the captain said "step here," I paid no attention to it. Mr. Rippetoe then said, "the captain wants you to step here." Immediately remembering what the captain had said I hastened to obey. Everything looking very suspicious, so I determined not to become excited if I could help it. As I stepped forward I said as calmly as I could: "Well, captain, what is it now?" The captain spoke as if excited, "You men have one or two things to do right here and now." I spoke again: "Well, captain, what is that?"

Captain—"Take the oath and return to your homes or die right here."

I—"That looks hard; but what is your oath?"

Captain—"That you will support the Constitution of the United States and not take up arms against the Government."

I—"Captain, I have no objections to taking part of that oath. I am willing to swear that I will not take up arms against the Government. As I told you before, I do not want to fight; I could have been into it before now if I had chosen to do so, but to swear to support the Constitution, I can't do that. I think you should let me off without taking that part of the oath."

Captain—"It is against my oath to do so. Will you take the oath?"

I—"I will not?"

Captain—"Then you shall suffer for it."

I—"The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

The captain now turned to Mr. Rippetoe, inquired if he would take the oath, and hastily swore him, then turned toward me, at the same time raising his revolver, which I plainly heard click. Click went the rifle in the hands of the man with his hat set on the side of his head. At the same time click, click, went the double-barreled shotgun, as the tall man raised it to his face. Already my heart seemed feeling for the messenger of death. I could feel my body bracing itself to receive the shock. My last earthly hope was gone, and I had but one request to make. I said, "Captain, give me a few minutes for prayer, please." Without waiting for an answer I knelt down. Mr. Rippetoe sank down, covering his face with both hands as he groaned out: "Oh, Lordy!" All this had taken place in very quick time, yet I could watch as well as pray. There stood the three ready to send me to eternity—the captain with his revolver presented, the man with his hat set on the left side of his head taking deliberate aim along his rifle, seeming very anxious to show his skill, and the tall man with his big double-barreled shotgun has squared himself, and I think his aim is true. In a few broken sentences I acknowledged my dependence upon the great God that had

made and taken care of me, confessed my sins and shortcomings, prayed the Lord to forgive all my sins and be with me, committed myself into his hands, offered up a short petition for those who were near and dear to me, and then said in my prayer: "Lord have mercy on our nation and country; may this war and bloodshed be stopped, and may the time soon come when war shall be no more; but all shall know Thee, from the least to the greatest; and these men, remember them in Thy great mercy; may they see the wickedness of their ways and turn before they go down to eternal ruin. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Here I thought I had finished my course, but as they did not fire I continued praying in a few broken sentences, when the man with the rifle said: "Captain, stop this foolishness." The tall man then spoke: "Captain, I think you should let this man go; he don't believe there is any Union." The captain said: "I don't like to kill him." My friend, who had by this time uncovered his face, spoke a few words in my favor. The captain then stepped to where I was, still on my knees; he put out his hand. I arose and took his hand, and he spoke in a mild tone, as follows: "Do you, sir, pretend to say that you are a better man than Washington and the men who made the Constitution and gave their lives for it, and all the great and good men of our day who swear to support it, and are ready to die for it?" I said, "No, I don't say any such thing; Washington and the men who made the Constitution have done a great and good work, and all I have to say about the great and good men of our time who are swearing to support the Constitution is this, they think different from what I do or they would act different from what they do."

Captain—"What do you think about the negroes?"

I—"I think that they are just in the place God intended them to be."

Captain—"Well, I don't."

I—"Well, I do."

Captain—"Well, I guess that I will have to let you off; will you take that part of the oath?"

I—"I have no objections to swear that I will not take up arms against the United States."

Captain—"In case a company of southern soldiers were to come along, would you swear to support the Confederate states?"

I—"I couldn't do it if I had taken this oath."

Captain—"Then hold up your right hand and be sworn. Do you solemnly swear that you will not take up arms against this Government?"

I—"Yes; I swear to that."

Mr. Rippetoe was soon at my side and the captain said, "Now you can return to the place from whence you came."

I said, "Captain, let me drive Mr. Wells' team back with me."

Captain—"Can't; I dread it."

I—"Well, the two old lame mules in front; they will do you no good in the service; let us each have one to ride home."

Captain—"It is against my oath to do any such thing."

I—"Well, captain, there is that saddle; I borrowed it from old Rube, a real good old negro; you won't take that?"

Captain—"You couldn't take it to him if you had it."

I—"I would just hide it here in the brush and tell old Rube and he would come and get it—he knows all this country."

Captain—"Do you ever go to Kansas City?"

I—"I have been there often."

Captain—"I can't spare it now; the next time you go to Kansas City you come to Camp Union, on the hill, and I will either leave the saddle there or pay for it; you can come and get it for him."

I—"All right, good-bye;" and we shook hands with the captain and started. We had not gone twenty yards when the captain called to us to come back; we looked at each other, looked toward the brush, but were not long in turning back. The captain had a little blank book in his hand and said that he had forgotten to take down our names; we gave him our full names. He again told us that we might go, and

we could hardly keep from running, we felt so light and free. We crossed the branch and took the road for home. We had not gone far when Mr. Rippetoe squatted down and crept into the tall grass and wild sunflowers; I followed as quickly as I could. With our heads close to the ground we could hear a tramping sound, but it did not sound like horsemen. I whispered, "Perry, what did you see?" "I don't know, was his reply. I finally ventured to part the grass and look out. I saw that it was a herd of cattle going toward the creek. I said, "Perry, it is nothing but cattle going to water." He said, "I can stand it if you can." We went ahead then on quick time until within about four miles of New Santa Fe, when a thunder storm came up. We took refuge in a little vacant house near the roadside. As the rain came rattling down and the thunder jarred the windows I lay down among the pea vines on the floor and was soon sound asleep. My friend, Mr. Rippetoe, was more cautious. He had been west among wild Indians and knew how to keep a sharp lookout. The shower soon passed over. My friend called to me. Remembering where I was, I sprang up to my feet. We arrived at New Santa Fe at daybreak. Seeing a light burning, we knocked on the door of Mr. A. R. White. Mrs. White came to the door; she was excited and talked very fast. She said, "the Federals have been here and taken Mr. John Davis' goods; we have been up all night; the men are all hid; the soldiers have been all over the neighborhood; we heard guns firing all around and no telling who is killed; but they are all gone now; won't you come in?" We said, "No, thank you; they have had us and we must go home." I soon saw my friend Rippetoe buckle on his heavy revolver.

As we started south he said, "They have forced that oath upon me and I don't feel bound by it. They will never get me again alive."

After the war was over I saw a stranger turn into the yard. He looked as if he was tired; he came toward the house and I recognized him as my friend, Perry Rippetoe. As I took his hand I noticed that his revolver was gone and he had

on a palmetto hat that had been made and presented to him by the ladies in the extreme south. He said, "I heard that you were living here and determined to stop and see you before going home." Since that time we both have been permitted to live peaceable and quiet lives at home.

The above reminiscence was given me by Mrs. B. Z. Palmer, a member of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. J. T. Palmer was her father-in-law. He wrote this for her children away back in seventy-eight or nine. His son vouches for the truth of every word. Mr. Palmer was a citizen of Jackson county, Missouri, and experienced many hardships during those turbulent days on the border. He passed away last winter in his ninety-fourth year at his home near Independence, Mo.

A REMINISCENCE OF MISSOURI WAR TIME.

*Mrs. Maggie Stonestreet English, per Mrs. Julia Woodruff Kern,
Historian George E. Pickett Chapter.*

The political bitterness engendered between the adjoining states of Missouri and Kansas just preceding the war between the states precipitated a border strife which, for the barbarity of its execution, was almost unprecedented in the annals of American history. One atrocity succeeded another in brutal revenge for the last.

Missouri was almost equally divided in political sentiment. One neighbor was arrayed against another. Hostile bands entered the state from Kansas, burning homes and arresting or killing all who dared to side with the south. These were not at first regular Union soldiers, but their deeds were winked at by those in authority. So atrocious were their deeds that southern sympathizers who could not reach the southern army were compelled in self-defense to organize as Guerrillas. So the outraged Quantrill, in desperate revenge, repaid them in exaggerated coin by the massacre and burning of Lawrence, Kan.

Previous to this a marauder, Jennison by name, who had organized a band of freebooters called Redlegs, from a peculiar uniform they had adopted, had made frequent inroads, quartering themselves upon prosperous farmers, collecting silver plate, burning family portraits, loading negroes into their masters carriages and sending them over into Kansas, and finally burning their homes. My most painful childish memories were of officers searching the house for my father, who was secreted there. They failed to find him and came a second time, but he had escaped and succeeded in getting to the southern army. Our home was raided and robbed, as others were; a box of old family silver was unearthed and taken, keepsakes were appropriated, even to a locket containing a dead child's hair, amid the piteous entreaties of the mother to spare her that one small treasure. The house was burned and the plantation devastated.

"Order Number 11" came from General Ewing when the mother with her children was compelled to leave the country as best she could. We proceeded to St. Louis, thence down the Mississippi river, and finally found a haven of rest in Southern Texas. Our lands were confiscated or sold for taxes, and when the family returned after "Reconstruction," the beautiful site of our old homestead was desolate and our fair acres had passed into other hands.

Such were the disheartening conditions which faced the fathers of many families who were spared to return from the war. And wonder not that bitter memories will be cherished so long as one remains whose tender sensibilities were so grossly violated when all should have been gay and joyous to the free and careless heart of childhood.

MRS. AMERICA MARTHA MADDOX.

By Mary Harrison Clagett.

War brings in its train the marauding, irresponsible band, to whom it is not a profession or occupation, but the means to obtain a livelihood without its equivalent in labor, by whom

large returns and small effort expended and much braggadocio is employed. Such are the camp followers and the shirk who prey upon the invaded country. Families suspected of having money on the premises or valuables concealed were in peculiar danger of being raided upon during the war between the states. Of such must have been the squad of Federal soldiers that swooped down upon the home of Mrs. Maddox of Callaway county, in Central Missouri, one winter night, demanding an entrance. She told them they could not come in. They persisted, and she stood with ax in hand ready to fell the first one that entered, and advised them of her intention. This weapon, by some wise provision of that farsighted woman, was concealed in her pantry till needed. They pounded upon the door, but it was one of the stout hardwood, old hand-made variety, and did not yield to blows; besides, a very determined woman, straight as an Indian, of slender build, ladylike, too, and not affected with nerves, was ready for battle inside, armed not with a broom but a dangerous ax. They parleyed with her; she would not yield nor would she capitulate. The night was cold and their beds were inviting. Headway must be made. They would resort to firing the house. They succeeded in raising a window and threw in bunches of burning hay brought from the barn. She abandoned her post at the door and told them that they should not burn her house, and she swept the burning mass into the big, open fireplace. They threw in more and she continued to sweep it into the fireplace and to defy their efforts to fire her home. She had no fear of man; she trusted in God implicitly and an ejaculatory prayer was ever on her lips. She feared the consequences of sin. She accepted without question that she was in the keeping of One who held her in the hollow of His hand. The host of Midian delivered unto Gideon with his band of three hundred was her inspiration. She knew her Bible and loved it. Finding their tactics of fire unsuccessful, they then demanded her son, Irvin. Further resistance was madness; his life would be endangered, which, indeed, it already was. He was not given time to dress, and was forced out into the yard with only his night clothes on—

and the mother prayed within. She had reared, largely in widowhood, a family of little children, and all but this son had left the roostree, and he was just a little nearer to her than the others, and above all women on earth, he adored his mother. She had come from Kentucky to Missouri in 1830, and that hidden, irresistible force in pioneering had generated power, with much of inherited strength from a sturdy ancestry. Hand in hand she and her son Irvin had fought their battles in the business world and controlled a large and trying family of slaves on their constantly expanding farm. Mrs. Maddox sought her sanctuary and cried unto her God, and her son was restored to her unharmed. He had succeeded in convincing the Federals that they had nothing concealed with which they could enrich themselves. They doubtless reflected as they returned to Fulton, eight miles distant, that they had gone on a fool's errand and remembered this courageous woman to their dying day.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. MARGARET HARRISON CAVE.

By Mary Harrison Clagett.

Of the many tragedies of the war between the states one stands out in Central Missouri with prominence and surpassing sadness during all of the years the flag has been furled and the state has developed her resources and matured in strength and beauty, like the sun shining in his glory, and all nature being at peace after a horrible cataclysm.

On a beautiful farm in Boone county, overlooking the town of Columbia, noted then as now for its University and schools, for its old-time aristocracy and its handsome and well-kept homes, was the home of Major William S. Cave and his wife, who was Miss Margaret Harrison of Callaway county. Both were of much the same ancestry. He was descended from Benjamin Cave, member of the House of Burgess from Orange county, Virginia, a devoted churchman and founder of the Cave family in America ; she of the Foulby, Yorkshire Harrison's, a family of English nobility, of whom,

among many of note, were John Harrison, the inventor, and Robert Harrison, the distinguished jurist. Following the trend of homeseeking in those days, both families left their homes in England for King George's new possessions across the Atlantic and settled in Virginia. With the tide of emigration the Cave family drifted to Kentucky and then to Missouri. The Harrison family had come from Virginia to Missouri in 1817.

On their beautiful estate in Boone county lived Major and Mrs. Cave with their children and large family of devoted slaves. Life flowed along easily, happily and care free alike for master and slave. A negro was at their command to drive the carriage into town and on near-by excursions, to see relatives or friends, a county fair, baccalaureate sermon, graduating exercises and public speaking, they being the principal diversions of the day.

This happy, peaceful life, rudely shattered by the bursting of the war cloud, brings to mind Blennerhassett in the magnificent security of his island home on the Ohio, blessed with the love and society of his beautiful wife till the fateful day that Aaron Burr crossed its portals and entangled him in his intrigues; but be it fully understood that there the parallel ceases, for to both Major and Mrs. Cave grief came without stain.

“Oh, realm of tears; but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time.
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.”

An Englishman's well-deserved tribute to the South tells our story and of the people collectively.

The dogs of war barked and snarled; the people hoped and prayed that the clash might be averted. Armed neutrality did not avail; protesting one's desire to remain out of the contest did not always keep danger from the door. The call to arms came, welcomed by many but dreaded by all thoughtful, patriotic citizens. Major Cave had cared only for his family. The allurements of office and public life did not at-

tract him. His title was won in his youth, in old muster days. He loved his state and the South, and all of his sympathies went with the cause, but he could not sanction nor consent to the determination of his eldest son, Thomas Henry, a lad of only fourteen, to join the Confederate army. In addition to his youth, he had never known hardship, but in neither was he unlike many others who espoused the southern cause. When persuasion did not avail, his father outfitted him well with all the necessary equipment and he rode gayly away to join Price's army, and never to return. The state was recruiting ground for both Union and Confederate soldiers, and for one like Major Cave, whose heart was with the South, the situation was most trying. The fact of his young son being in the Confederate army made him an object of suspicion on the Union side, and his sympathies and affluence made a heavy drain from the Confederate forces. Finally, in the late summer of 1864, the Federal troops occupied Columbia. They kept a guard, or lookout, in the cupola of the courthouse commanding a full view of the Cave farm, a mile from town. Major Cave was made the target for their animosity. It was evident that they desired to pick a quarrel with him. They persisted in annoying him in every possible way. They rode through his farm, tearing down fences, leaving open gates so that his stock would either get into his fields of grain or stray from home. They raided his growing fields to feed their horses and resorted to many methods to tax his patience until he would show resentment, but he tried to keep peace and bore all in silence. He knew too well the futility and danger of resistance. He owned a very fine horse which they particularly wished to get possession of, but he had succeeded in keeping it concealed from them. As a culmination, on Sunday afternoon, September 6th, the guard in the courthouse cupola reported to the officer in command that he had seen a squad of Confederate soldiers enter the Cave farm and remain long enough to eat a good dinner and ride away with the coveted horse. The officer immediately ordered a detachment

to go out and capture the Confederates. They were on their way south to join their company and had driven steadily ahead, not remaining for dinner, and were not overtaken by their pursuers. Upon reporting their failure to capture the Confederates, four men and a leader were ordered to go out and kill Major Cave. They rode out to the place and found him in the house surrounded by his wife and children. They called him to the gate and told him they had come to take his life and to go back and tell his wife and arrange his business affairs. He had his forebodings and now the supreme hour had come. Of the thoughts that overwhelmed his brain in the few steps intervening to his wife and five little children, none can tell. He told them that the men had been sent out to kill him and he believed they would do it. He gave what instructions he could in regard to his business, offered a brief prayer, bade the loved ones good-bye, and his executioners were at the door ready to fell him on the spot but for the entreaty of his wife. They then marched him in front of them about two hundred yards from the house and a little out of sight of it and fired upon him. The shots were heard by the family, carrying a conviction of the certainty of the dreaded result, but not till the Federals had ridden away did they venture to the spot and found his life blood had ebbed away. Death was instantaneous. The times were perilous, and all feared for their lives. The kindly, sympathetic offices of the neighbors and friends were largely denied the mother and children. The poor wife had to help carry the lifeless body of her husband to the house. Major William Brown, a cousin of Major Cave, lived near by, and when he heard of the murder, went over and took charge, and with a neighbor interred the remains in the family lot upon the Cave farm. Telephones were unknown in those days and telegraph wires not to be trusted, and not till after all was over did Mrs. Cave's family in the adjoining county of Callaway know of her bereavement. The negroes had become disaffected and had gone into town with the enemy, with the exception of Ann, a faithful maid, who never left and remained with her mistress until her

death, many years after the war. Winter came on before the corn was gathered, and Mrs. Cave, with her little children, and expecting soon to become a mother, had to go into the frozen fields and gather corn. Later, Gulliver, the brother of Ann, came back and told her how hard the Federal soldiers had worked him in the dining room and in cleaning their clothes, and wound up by saying, "Old Miss, if you will only take me back I will never leave you." She took him, and he staid with her as long as she needed him, then others came back and did the same.

The son, Thomas Henry, was killed in the battle of New Market, Va., May 15, 1864—had almost gone through the war—and in his seventeenth year. Many years after his family was told that while loading his gun a bullet struck him in the throat and he was instantly killed. Mrs. Cave did not know of his death till the October following, and his father died without the knowledge of it. The soldier boy suffered illness and imprisonment, and when exchanged from the Alton prison he, with many others, was shipped to Baltimore in cattle cars. From there he was sent to City Point, on the James river, where the 64th of Missouri was organized, and it went with the 62nd Virginia regiment, which was later transferred to McNeal's Battalion under General Early. When sent east from the Alton prison, with forboding given by suffering, he wrote his mother: "It was good-bye forever."

His company had spent the winter of sixty-three and four at Harrisonburg, Va., about twenty-one miles distant from New Market, and had so endeared themselves to the citizens that the killed in battle were taken there for burial. He sleeps on Virginia soil with many a fallen comrade, but who shall say far from home when it was the home of his ancestors.

Some of the students of the Virginia Military Institute were among the slain in battle, and every year the students from the school go down and have what they call New Market Day, and have some kind of exercises and call the roll.

Mrs. Cave was the daughter of Thomas Harrison, one of the earliest settlers of Callaway county. He was a soldier

in the war of 1812 and a member of the Regulators to prevent depredations from the Indians passing through on their way to Washington City, and distinguished himself for his tact and bravery in dealing with them. In 1832 he went to St. Louis on one of the periodical early day trading trips, and on his return died of cholera in St. Charles, where, from the contagious nature of the disease, he was interred, even with the money on his person.

Thus lived and suffered a gentle, sweet-spirited woman, and whose heart in the zenith of her womanhood bled for the Confederacy. The many sad incidents of her life only served to sweeten and to make her more tolerant. No word of complaint or abuse came from her. She sealed her lips about the unpleasant things of the past. The summons to meet her "loved ones long since gone and lost awhile" came to her October 24, 1895. It seemed to those who watched by her bedside that from the beginning of her illness her spirit had gone out to them and that the earth held only the material substance.

SPENT THE NIGHT ALONE WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED.

By Mrs. Ann C. Everett.

The U. D. C. Committee on Reminiscences has requested me to write of some of my experiences during the Civil war, and I shall try to give a brief account of some of those that I remember most vividly.

I have tried vainly to forget some of the ordeals through which I passed, as my experiences were many and sad. Well do I remember one afternoon in October, 1862, I, with my two little children, went to spend the afternoon with a neighbor living near by. We had been there but a short time when we heard the firing of guns and the whooping and yelling of men. Looking towards my home, which was in sight, I soon saw that it was surrounded by a company of Federal soldiers. I with my little ones hastened home and soon learned the cause of the excitement. The Federals had caught up with

three Confederate soldiers who had been cut off from General Price's army a few days previous and were trying to make their way back to the south by traveling in the night and hiding in the brush during the day.

These boys, for the eldest had barely attained his majority, had gone into my field and taken out some corn and fodder to feed their horses and had carelessly dropped fodder through the brush by which the Federals tracked them to their hiding place, and finding them asleep, shot and killed two of them and wounded the third.

I knew one of the young men well, had known him all his life, but the other two were strangers to me.

After the shooting was over the company of soldiers surrounded my house and one of the number told me what they had done. He said they had found the boys napping and had sent them where they would cause no more trouble. I saw the company was making arrangements to leave, and I asked one of them what they were going to do with the men they had killed and wounded. He replied, "We are going to leave them right where they are, they will make good food for the hogs; that is as good as they deserve, and I don't think it will be very safe for anyone to interfere with them."

I stepped out on the doorstep and called to the soldiers to know if the captain of the company was there. A man rode up to where I was standing and said, "Yes, I am the captain; what will you have?" I said, "Will you give me a permit to have the men you killed buried and the wounded one cared for?" He said, "Certainly I will," and took from his pocket a blank book and pencil, and with trembling hands wrote the permit giving the privilege of doing the best I could with them, assuring me he would see that I was protected by him and his men.

It was almost impossible to get a man to help me care for the dead and wounded, as the few men left at home felt it would be risking their own lives to give any assistance in a case of that kind.

My brother was living with me at the time, but, like all

other southern men, was in danger whenever he came home. However, he came home that evening and obtained the help of an old negro man and two boys to bring the dead and wounded men to the house. We felt that he was risking his life in doing that much. I was afraid for my brother to try to stay with me, and finally prevailed upon him to leave.

I and my children, one five and the other seven years old, spent the night alone with the dead and wounded. What thoughts and feeling attended me through the long and lonely hours of that night none but God can ever know; my eyes were not closed once in sleep. I was kept busy trying to relieve the suffering of the poor wounded boy who I thought could not live through the night.

The next day two or three men ventured to come and dig a grave to bury the dead. It was impossible to get coffins or even planks to make a box. The men lined the grave with rough boards, I washed the blood from their faces and hands, had each wrapped in a clean sheet and blanket and we laid them to rest side by side in the same grave.

The captain of the company sent a physician from Clinton to attend the wounded man. He improved slowly, but his life was threatened and we lived in dread until his friends came one night and smuggled him away.

A still sadder experience, to me the most dreadful of that terrible war, happened one Sunday morning in August, 1863. My brother, who had stayed with me since the death of my husband in 1859, and who would have been in the Confederate army had it not been that he was so nearsighted he was unfit for duty, was called out by a company of Federal soldiers who, unheeding my prayers and pleading with them to spare his life, took him a short distance from the house and cruelly murdered him almost in sight of my door. I heard the report of the gun and ran to him, but he had breathed his last before I reached him. As it was in the other case, there was not a man we could get to help in our great need.

The women in the neighborhood came to my assistance

and brought his body to the house and washed and dressed him for burial.

The old men living some distance from us heard of it and came the next morning and made a box of planks—which was the best we could do for a coffin—and with the help of the women, dug a grave and laid him away the best they could.

This was the hardest trial I had to bear. I thought at the time I could not possibly live through it, but found we never know what we can endure until we are put to the test.

As I look back over the years that have passed since we heard with aching hearts of Lee's surrender, I thank God for the white-robed angel, Peace, that has hovered over us and dwelt in our hearts these many years. I am glad the bitterness of that long struggle has passed away and we can forget many of the hardships and sorrows of that trying time, but I do not wish to forget the bravery, the heroism of our gallant boys in gray who gave their lives for a cause they felt to be so just and holy. All honor to the private in ranks. "No stars and bars to deck his homespun jacket." Oh! may we never forget what we owe his memory.

SOME WAR EXPERIENCES.

By Eliza Freleigh Shippey, Higginsville, Mo.

When our family had been about a year in Grenada, Miss., as refugees from Memphis, Tenn., one afternoon the monotony of the usual routine at school was broken by a messenger suddenly appearing and saying:

"There's a raid comin', and the Yankees will be here in an hour or less!" And he sped on like Paul Revere to warn others.

Instantly there was wild excitement, children rushing for hats, or the door without them, with the one aim of reaching home before the foe arrived. We did not know what a raid was, but the dreaded name of "Yankee" was enough. Not a child there had ever seen a Yankee except myself, and I had seen them drilling and finally departing by trainloads to conquer the South, for I had been sick in Wisconsin when war was declared, and when able to return home Memphis had fallen into Federal power and occupation.

When we reached our homes we found everyone busy, housekeepers directing where smoked meats, lard, chickens, etc., should be hidden; boys taking off horses and cattle, with the aid of one or more trusted negro men, to woods or ravines out of the way of any public road, to save them from confiscation; young ladies secreting jewelry and family silver, and old men doing the same with any valued or useful weapons, and sometimes uniforms left by young rebels until an expected return in cooler weather.

Nearly an hour after the first rumor, about four p. m., mother, counting her children, for there were large families in the south those days, missed one of my little brothers and sent us about to look for him. But he soon came, panting, with wonder showing in his eyes. "O mamma, I have seen the Yankees—and they're men!" He seemed to expect all to

be amazed at this statement. Mother said: "Why, what did you think they were?" He looked blankly at her, amazement still struggling with the discovery just made, and stammered: "I thought—why, I thought they must be some dreadful kind of animals!"

Just then, as we stood gathered about our gate, which fronted on the main street, a mingled sound of voices and hoof-beats drew our attention, and there they came—a dark-blue mass of Federal troops; and we, with other watchers, vanished indoors.

We were soon visited by petty officers looking for Confederates and arms. They had been told that an armory in town had been emptied and the contents hidden in private houses, and that really was the case, but they found none. And, to our surprise and delight, left very shortly. We heard later that some wise schemer, who lost himself in the crowd, had told a darky, who repeated it loudly, that Forrest was near with lots of men.

Later there was another raid when several young men were home on furlough, and with a few very youthful and some old men went out to meet and vanquish. Alas for pride and patriotism! They soon came rushing back at full speed, with bullets singing after them as they turned swiftly into cross streets which led into thick woods on one side and the river on the other. As several gray coats were half across the river a squad of Federals galloped up and began firing. One Confederate, Montjoy by name, turned and fired back, swam on, gained the other bank and stood calmly returning their shots while his companions reloaded and the Federals cheered. He bowed, and then he and his companions discreetly withdrew into the bushes.

This raiding party remained three days, confiscated flour from the mill, ordered citizens to cook it into bread, and also cook other rations they had brought with them. They entered homes, took possession of dining rooms and parlors, and made the negroes wait on them. At one house an officer and

a number of his men were enjoying a meal while the lady of the house, with her children, looked on from the hall. One said to a dusky waitress: "Sis, get me some water." The girl hesitated, looked toward her mistress and back at the soldier, seemingly uncertain what to do. Her mistress said quietly, "Sallie, get your brother some water." The officer in command laughed, the others joined in except the object of the joke, whose face showed anger and a desire to box the daring lady's ears, but his captain told him to sit down; that he had brought it on himself. At another home three lovely young women and their mother were the only tenants, their father and brother being in the army. An officer rapped on the door with his sword. When a timid darky opened it he said he wanted to see the lady of the house. The mother stepped forward, the daughters drawing near enough to give moral support or manual assistance, if necessary.

"I want some good bread cooked for my men, and as they have other duties, you will have to do it," he said curtly. "I'll send some materials and be back to dinner at one o'clock with twenty men."

"Give your orders to my servants," was the reply, and, turning to the negro girl: "Tell Susan and Aunt Maria to step here."

"Mother," said the youngest girl, "why don't you send him to the kitchen?"

The mother waved a silent rebuke to her, and as the cook and dining room girl appeared, drew her daughters into the sitting room, and, locking the door, warned the girls that the enemy could not be expected to treat women of the South with the same deference used by southern men. No doubt, southern women would not have been so daring in speech if they had fully realized that few men outside of the South held women in such high esteem, and it was lucky, too, that even when the bluecoats were not well-bred they were mostly manly and decent.

One night, a rainy, cold one, we heard the steady tread

of horses' feet and a command, and went out on the porch to see. We found that a large number of our troops were passing through the little town to meet others, they would not or could not tell where. As the lights from doors and windows fell on the dripping hats, splashed and muddy trousers and horses and glistening firearms, even the children realized something of the discomforts and sacrifices, and when we returned to our glowing fireside someone sat down to the piano and sang :

Under the homestead roof
Sheltered and warm are we,
While they through rain and cold march on
To duty, where'er it be.
Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we can never forget
How many brave boys must fall.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

By Elizabeth Ustick McKinney.

“O War! What art thou?

“After the brightest conquest, what remains of all thy glories?”

To the present generation the recital of the experiences and hardships endured by the men and women on the stage of action fifty years ago, during the war between the states, seems almost incredible. And yet men and women of the sixties experienced war with all its horrors. The memory of many of the incidents come to us like troubled dreams of a sorrowful past, which we would never refer to except that the historian's pen might record truthfully the devotion to principle and the true nobility of nature, which in a measure was some compensation for the many cruel deeds perpetrated during the war from 1861 to 1865.

CHAPTER I.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

Crowning the summit of a gently rounding hilltop on the fertile prairie four miles south of Warrensburg, Mo., stood the beautiful country home of John Phillips Thistle. The house commanded a fine view of the surrounding country and was designated by the people of the community as the "White House," on account of it being painted white, and also for its more pretentious and attractive appearance and pleasant surroundings. The farm contained 640 acres of splendid land, most of it prairie. The part of the farm in cultivation was rich and productive, while the virgin soil produced many tons of hay each year, besides furnishing excellent grazing for the fine herds of fat thoroughbred cattle in which the owner took much pride and pleasure. The view as one approached the Thistle home was very beautiful, with undulating outline giving variety to the landscape, while woodland pastures in the rear formed a lovely background for the rural home. To the right of the house was a thrifty young orchard, and at the time our story opens, in the spring of 1861, peach, cherry and apple blossoms mingled their varied tints and fragrance, lending an added charm to the verdant landscape. In the rear of the home stood the houses of the negroes, two strong negro men and Aunt Creesie's cabin, where she lived with her children, her husband having died several years before. Mr. Thistle was of Irish ancestry, on the maternal side related to the celebrated Irish orator and patriot, Phillips, for whom he was named. His father, Archibald Thistle, came to Missouri many years ago from Maryland and entered a large body of land, of which his own farm and that of his two sons formed a part. He, too, boasted of Irish lineage, and today there is a large estate of the Thistle family which is entailed property, at the present without a tenant because none of the immediate heirs cared to reside in Ireland. John Phillips Thistle, after building his house and improving his farm, claimed for his

bride Miss Mary Ustick, a beautiful and cultured young lady, the oldest daughter of Charles and Susan Ustick, Virginians, who had located in Lafayette county, Missouri. Here the young couple had spent two years of happy home life when a little daughter blessed their lives with the sunshine of her presence. Mr. Thistle was a devoted husband and father, but when his country's call came for men to stand for state's rights and defend their homes, he became troubled and sorrowful at the thought of leaving his young wife and child; but there was enough of the patriotic blood of his Irish ancestors in his veins, commingling with his American love of liberty, to feel that duty called him to his country's defense. He arranged for his wife's sister, then Miss Lizzie Ustick of Lafayette county, a school girl in her teens, to come to his home as a companion for his wife and babe, and the servants promised to remain on the farm and continue at work until his return. After making these arrangements he did not deliberate long, but equipped himself as best he could for his country's service. He took with him a couple of blankets, his fine double-barreled shotgun and a good pistol, and bidding a hasty and sorrowful good-bye to wife and babe, he mounted his finest saddle horse and enlisted in General Price's army. His young wife, through blinding tears, watched him as he rode proudly away in the sunlight of the bright May morning. Just beyond the limits of the Thistle farm, near a small branch, was a rugged tract of land where lived several men with their families who worked for farmers in the vicinity. They were a shiftless set of men, never seeming to accumulate anything, and Mr. Thistle, who possessed a kind, generous heart, often assisted them, giving them meat, groceries and supplies when they called upon him or whenever sickness entered their homes. These men later in the war identified themselves with what was known as the Johnson County "Home Guards," and proved to be cowardly, treacherous and ungrateful; and their kind benefactor was like the man in the fable who warmed back to life in his bosom a viper only to sting him. As weeks

and months passed by, only those who have lived through the troubled period of war could imagine the deep and anxious solicitude for loved ones in the army.

In many localities in Missouri few men were left, and to the women of the household came the added responsibility of getting supplies for their families, so that the mothers, wives and daughters did most of the purchasing. One pleasant afternoon a neighbor of Mrs. Thistle called to ask if her sister could accompany her to town. She consented, and in a few minutes the two were driving pleasantly along a shaded winding road in one of the woodland pastures about half a mile from the Thistle home when suddenly the horse became frightened and began snorting and plunging in the harness. The lady leaped out of the buggy and caught the horse near the bridle bit and turned him around toward home. As she alighted from the buggy she saw just ahead of the horse at the roadside a dead soldier in Federal uniform. Her companion was dumb with fright as she, too, caught sight of the dead soldier. They returned home, after calling at the house of a farmer and telling him of the incident, and asked him to report it at headquarters in Warrensburg. The commander at once sent a scouting party to bring the body to town and search the vicinity for "Bushwhackers" or bring as prisoners of war any paroled Confederate soldiers. Upon investigation the dead soldier proved to be a man who had acted as one of Fremont's guides when he was exploring in the Rocky Mountains. He had joined the Union army and was on picket duty when shot.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Thistle was still in Colonel Cockrell's brigade in General Price's army; he and Cockrell had been chums and classmates at college before the beginning of the civil strife. Mrs. Thistle now and then received a letter from her husband when it could be smuggled through the lines by a Confederate mail carrier, who, after remaining a few days, would return to camp carrying hundreds of letters to absent loved ones. Mr.

Thistle had never returned since his enlistment, and the young wife was growing heartsick and weary watching and waiting for his coming. Every few days the Union soldiers came out to search the houses of southern sympathizers, and would sometimes run their sharp glistening bayonets through clothing hanging in the wardrobes or through the beds or mattresses to see if any one was being secreted there. Almost daily the scouts would ride up to the negro men at work in the field and ask about Mr. Thistle's return, and offered them many inducements to leave the farm and join the army, but the faithful servants refused to go, and would tell Mrs. Thistle all the soldiers would say at these interviews.

Weeks passed wearily into months and September came with its balmy air and the charm of its sunshine, when the leaves turn brown and russet and golden, when all nature dons regal robes, and the blue mist of the autumn hangs over hill-top and valley, until with the advance of September days General Price and his army started back on Missouri soil, Lexington being the objective point. After skirmishing then for a few days, on September 19, 1861, the news of the surrender of the Federal forces massed there to General Price's army was hailed with great joy by the southern people, when 3,500 men, arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the victors with a very small loss of life to the southern forces. Among the distinguished prisoners were Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, White, Grover, Major Vanhorn and 118 commissioned officers. Confederate forces and southern sympathizers were jubilant over the great and almost bloodless victory. Mr. Thistle felt he was so near to his home he asked the officers to give him a parole for three days that he might visit his family. Many persons had heard cannonading that day and messengers had told of the impending battle, and as Mrs. Thistle and her sister sat on the front veranda at eventide they felt anxious and uneasy about results of the engagement and strained their eyes in the gloaming to watch every horseman that came that way. At eleven o'clock they retired to their sleeping rooms in the second story and soon the anxiety of the day was soothed

into the forgetfulness of peaceful slumber. Just as the clock struck the hour of two Mrs. Thistle awoke and called excitedly to her sister to arouse quickly, for she believed the house was burning, as she was almost stifled with smoke. The young girl awakened with fright, to find her own room also filled with smoke. She groped her way down the stairway and Mrs. Thistle gathered up a skirt, threw it over her babe, and descended the steps. When the sister finally opened the back door at the foot of the steps the flames leaped into their faces and they jumped through the open door while the fire was burning fiercely and crackling on either side. They rushed to the cabins of the negroes and awakened the men first, and then aroused Aunt Creesie, and laying the little sleeping babe on Aunt Creecie's bed, they all hurried to the well to draw water to quench the now furious flames. Two drew water while two others carried it to the burning building, and, strange to say, after heroic efforts, the fire was subdued. All were exhausted and their night clothes were torn and dripping. After the excitement had somewhat subsided they discovered that the front door as well as the back had been fired, but for some reason had not burned, but the kindling in the doorway and the charred matches near told the story of the cowardly attempt to burn the entire family in the home. Both Mrs. Thistle and sister had a long spell of fever afterward, due, the physician said, to the exposure and hard work of that awful night. While still talking excitedly of the narrow escape from being burned to death, they heard the rattle of sabers and the sound of horses' hoofs, and supposed it was the Union soldiers on guard, seeing the house did not burn, had returned to kill them, when suddenly one of the men dismounted and spoke to his horse, when Mrs. Thistle recognized the voice of her husband. Imagine the transition from fear to joy as Mr. Thistle and his two companions entered the yard. Two comrades had been paroled with him, and came to rest several days in the home. During the two days at home Mr. Thistle arranged for his wife and child to return to Lafayette county to the Ustick home, and their good and faithful serv-

ants promised they would remain on the farm and attend to the crops. Several months after they returned word reached Mrs. Thistle that the house was robbed and then with its contents had been burned, and the Union soldiers were camping on the spot where the house stood. Later she returned on business, only to find the beautiful home a place of desolation. Orchard trees were cut down, the cattle had been killed for beef, the fine stone barn razed to the foundation, the fences burned, the negroes compelled to go with the soldiers as cooks, and the fine tract of land had been confiscated because of Mr. Thistle joining the Confederate army. Sick at heart to see the wreck and desolation of the once happy home, she returned to her widowed mother's home only to learn of the capture of her husband, who was then on his way to Gratiot street prison, St. Louis.

CHAPTER III.

When the name of John Phillips Thistle was published as a recently captured prisoner, now in St. Louis, the treacherous "Home Guards," anxious to curry favor with the officers, sent word to St. Louis headquarters of the Union army that Thistle was the man who had killed the Federal picket on his farm in Johnson county, and it was officially announced that he would be court-martialed and tried for the offense. Mr. Thistle was in a damp room in old Gratiot street prison, half starved and sick, with several fellow prisoners, and knew nothing of what was in store for him. His noble and devoted wife never faltered at their misfortunes, but went at once to St. Louis and worked faithfully until the date set for the trial, finding evidence to prove her husband's innocence and engaging the best counsel she could obtain to defend him, ex-Governor Crittenden being one of the attorneys, to whom she paid a large sum of money to defend her husband. At last the dreaded day arrived for the court-martial, and the home guards, whom Mr. Thistle had so often befriended, were there to give their false testimony that Mr. Thistle had fired the fatal shot that killed

the Union soldier whose body was found on his farm, while the counsel for the defense had witnesses to prove an alibi. Mrs. Thistle begged to be present at the trial, but the presiding officer refused to permit her to enter the court room. She waited at the home of a relative with intense anxiety visible in every lineament of her features. We had no telephones in those days, and when the trial was concluded, Colonel Crittenden and another attorney, whose name I do not now recall, came to see her and broke the news as kindly as they could that the judge advocate had found her husband guilty, and he was sentenced to be shot the next week, giving the date. She lapsed into unconsciousness and a physician was called, who spent most of the night in the home. The next morning she was better and said she felt stronger to do her duty, and would make one last appeal for her husband's life. I do not now recall the building where the trial took place, but after two days Mrs. Thistle took with her a lady friend and went to the building where the trial was held. I do not know what official tried him, but Major Eaton was the man to whom she spoke, as he was then in authority. When she called at the office the guards refused her admission into the room. She sat quietly down, took out her notebook and wrote to the officer, "I must see you; I have something of great importance to say to you." The account which follows was given me by the friend who accompanied her. She handed the note to the guard, who soon appeared and escorted the two ladies into the officer's presence. Mrs. Thistle was small of stature, with a girlish face. Her recent grief had shadowed her usual brightness and there was a look of inexpressible sadness in the large deep blue eyes as she entered the presence of a room full of staff officers, Major Eaton being the central figure. In the presence of these grim-looking soldiers, with only one friend beside her, she stood pale and trembling with emotion for an instant. Then greeting the officer, she spoke courteously and kindly. There was a slight tremor in the low, sweet voice as she stood with tear-wet eyes and told her life story of her happy home, of how her husband had bravely answered the call of

duty when his country needed him, and how her dreams of happiness had been shattered, and though he had been absent doing nobly what he conceived to be his duty, his enemies, the "Home Guards," who had been warmed at his fireside and fed from his table, and otherwise befriended, had sworn falsely against him, when other reputable witnesses had sworn he had not been at his home since he enlisted in the army and could not have been guilty of this crime for which he had been sentenced.

"It is a crime against justice and right to shoot my husband like a criminal, and I declare to you upon my sacred honor, which I value above all else, my husband is innocent of this base charge! He is a true and noble American citizen, and justice and humanity demand that he have a fair and impartial trial before this tribunal. Perhaps you have a wife and lovely children in your happy home! Put yourself in my husband's place, and can you carry out this unjust sentence? I ask you, as the wife of a brave Confederate soldier who has been honorable and true to every trust in life, the father of my innocent little daughter, who today is all unconscious that her mother stands at this moment before a judge who has pronounced the death sentence against the parent who should be her protector in life, can you execute this sentence? I am here to plead with you to spare the life of my husband! O Judge! I plead for clemency—will you not commute this sentence?

She had been speaking with all the impassioned eloquence of her womanly nature and seemed to realize that this was the crucial moment; she had grown calmer, but a deathly pallor was on her face. I glanced at the strong, sturdy soldiers, and their eyes were dimmed with tears as Major Eaton arose slowly and with tremulous voice said in kindly tones:

"Mrs. Thistle, I have heard the lawyers' statements and listened to the eloquent addresses of Colonel Crittenden and other attorneys who spoke in defense of your husband, and I heard them unmoved, but I cannot withstand the pleadings of a wife and mother for the life of her husband, and when you leave this building you may go back to your child, to home

and friends, bearing in your hand your husband's pardon, and though he must still remain in prison, when released or exchanged he will go to his home a free man."

There was a breathless stillness in the court room, and every heart present felt the deep solemnity of the moment as Mrs. Thistle stepped forward and grasping his hand in both of hers, she exclaimed, "Major Eaton, I thank you! I cannot express to you in words the gratitude my heart feels at this moment for your clemency in granting my husband's reprieve, but I will never forget the kind officer that today has saved the sacrifice of human life and made it possible for a once happy family to be reunited."

At the close of the war Mr. Thistle was reunited to his family, and like many other southern soldiers, his indomitable energy and industry recuperated his lost fortunes and he again enjoyed a happy home and the sweet companionship of his devoted wife and little daughter. But he did not live to see her grown to womanhood, and today the father and mother "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," reunited never to part again in the great eternity.

NOTE—If Major Eaton is still living and his eyes peruse this pathetic incident of the war between the states he will recall the frail little woman who plead so heroically for the life of her husband and her grateful response to his kindness.

JOURNAL OF MILDRED ELIZABETH POWELL.

By Mary Stella Hereford Ball.

In 1861 the storm clouds were gathering over Missouri with almost cyclonic swiftness and men and women waited breathlessly until the decision of Missouri's loyalty or secession was known.

Families and friends were divided here as elsewhere in the states by this decision. One small Missouri town especially, Palmyra—afterwards to be made famous by the inhuman massacre of ten innocent men—was eagerly discussing

war news. Even children fought their sham battles in the streets, young girls and youths held their enthusiastic, though friendly debates, at evening gatherings, little dreaming that soon their own lives, too, would become involved in the great tragedy of the states. Among the belles of the town was Mildreth Elizabeth Powell. Young, exceptionally beautiful, cultivated, of high parentage and distinguished ancestry, she easily swayed her young friends by reason of her eloquent enthusiasm, her expressive brown eyes and her ready tongue, which knew well how to employ the heated rhetoric which was so customary in those days. Her nineteen years had been spent in Missouri with those who had reared her with extreme tenderness and affection, and her heart glowed with the loving sympathy and loyalty to those who had shared her youthful friendship. Among these was a young girl, Margaret Creath, daughter of Elder Jacob Creath, the great expounder of the tenets of the Christian Church, then in its infancy. It was while visiting at her home that she urged her young friends "to go south," as the expression was then used, and join the Confederate forces, and not to listen to the persuasions of the Union men or their newspapers. Her character was of so positive a nature and her influence was so great that she became feared by General McNeil, then commanding the Union forces at Palmyra, and without warning she was arrested and made a prisoner of war. The great lawn at Prairie Home, the name of Elder Creath's home, was one day surrounded by soldiers in numbers, commanded by Colonel Smart, who requested to see her. She fearlessly complied, but her spirited answer whetted the anger of her captors, and in a few hours she was imprisoned, to remain until months later she was banished to Nevada, then a far-away territory, where communications with her friends could but rarely be received. Extracts from her journal at that period of her life will give a better idea of the oppression and cruelty that she underwent in her desire to aid Missouri in her struggle for liberty than anything I can say:

PRAIRIE HOME.

Monday, September 29, 1862.—Rose this morning to find our beautiful prairie in front of our dwelling overspread with hostile troops who, like the frogs of Egypt, have covered the land in an hour. Through the day various privates and officers have invaded the house, demanding milk, butter, eggs, chickens, turkeys, etc. The command, Colonel Smart's—poor Elliott Majors is held by them as a prisoner. Aunt and I prepared a nice breakfast for him this morning and sent it over by "Cuff," who found the poor fellow, all mounted, to be taken to Mexico. Of course, he was not allowed to receive any favor from his friends or relatives, so some of his persecutors had the pleasure of enjoying a meal solely intended for poor unfortunate Elliott. I could not suppress my indignation when I heard the circumstance. About six o'clock Captain Poillon, with a guard of forty or fifty, drew up in front of the house and alighted. A guard immediately surrounded the dwelling whilst five or ten officers entered, and upon being called for I went down. Captain P. met me rather excitedly and commenced a general introduction to those who accompanied him. I requested him to dispense with this, as it was not my desire to be introduced to those whose acquaintance I had not sought and did not expect to cultivate. To this he replied with asperity, stating with evident satisfaction that his business at that time was to arrest me. I insisted that the lateness of the hour would prevent me from accompanying him to Colonel Smart's headquarters. However, with him acting under imperative orders, and being assured I should be returned by nightfall, I reluctantly consented. Uncle's buggy was impressed, and I was taken to Colonel Smart's headquarters. As we approached the camp the soldiers drew up in line for us to pass. The escort drew up in front of a dirty-looking tent surrounded by at least fifty dirty, dusty, unshaven, unfeeling-looking hirelings who commenced gazing and staring in my face as though I was a hyena. Upon being

ordered to alight and enter the tent, I refused, and after a few sharp words Colonel Smart presented himself—a heavy, strong, athletic man about forty-five years of age. He addressed a few remarks to me, told me I was his prisoner, and that my arrest was designed as a punishment for the many offenses that I had committed against the government in discouraging enlistment, persuading my friends to fight against the administration and a great many other things, to all of which I exhibited the most profound indifference, and unconcernedly remarked to him as he ceased speaking that from the beginning of the war in our state the unprincipled party that inaugurated it had waged it against the women and children, and that the cries of the weak and unprotected were more pleasing to his party than the defiance of the brave. He did not reply to this, but turned and left me. I overheard him giving his orders to McElroy, captain of the escort, and instead of allowing me to return home I was sent to a farm house about two miles distant for the night. "McElroy," said Colonel Smart, "take this rebel to Mr. Alverson's house, now used by our men as a hospital, and keep her tonight under double guard, as Majors' men are in ambush not far off and may attempt a rescue. Tomorrow she will be taken to Mexico." Captain Poillon also heard every word, and promised to befriend me in any and everything consistent with his duty. I then asked him if he would also send word to my aunt to have my trunk in readiness for the next day's journey. He promised to do so. My kind friend, Mrs. Alverson, was very much surprised to see me under arrest, and poor Lou sobbed outright. Here I met with several Federal officers with whom I had but little conversation. To all their questions I gave the most bitter sarcasm for answers that my excited brain could suggest. Here at tea for the first time in my life I sat at the same table—but how could I eat—break bread—eat salt—with the enemies of my country. The house is surrounded by guards, one of whom has threatened to shoot me. Captain P. refused to send my message for my trunk. Write a note to aunt and pin

it under the negro girl's apron and tell her to rise early in the morning—pass the pickets for the ostensible purpose of hunting the cat.

Tuesday, September 30.—Slept very little last night—had such a headache, produced by excitement. Dear little Lou, with her small, soft hand, would smooth back the hair from my burning forehead. The parlor is occupied by six soldiers. Early after breakfast Captain P. came, bringing with him my own sweet cousin, Irvin, who had gained permission to accompany me. Captain Poillon continues to annoy me by introducing Federal officers—among the number is Lieutenant Bradley, who is to take command of the escort that is to take me to Mexico, twenty miles distant. Major Woodson has sent letter by us to Yeiser, the provost marshal. My note was received and my trunk sent accordingly. About nine we started and for two hours the ride was very pleasant, but the heat and the air became oppressive, and last night's headache returned. Our escort consisted of sixty soldiers, styling themselves "Red Rovers." When we arrived at the suburbs of the city the train halted. The soldiers fell into line, unfurled the desecrated old stars and stripes and marched us into Mexico with all the pomp and display as though I had been a Madame Roland. Great God, can men, calling themselves Americans, take such infinite delight in waging a war against defenseless women! "Judgment has fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason." Was delivered over to the provost, who permitted me to be taken to Mrs. Walker's without a guard. The greatest excitement prevailed on account of my arrest. The house was crowded with friends to know the cause of such an outrage. Among the ladies who called were the Misses Larne, whose cousin had been banished to "Ship Island" by General Butler; also Mr. —————, and my own sweet friend, Mattie Y—.

Wednesday, October 1st.—Several calls this morning—Dr. Lee, Mrs. L. and others. Hear several flying reports about myself—annoying because of their falsity. One charge was

that I had been traveling as a Confederate spy, recruiting for President Davis. Have to report by proxy twice a day to the provost marshal.

Afternoon.—Lycurgus Batey called; had almost forgotten him in the change of three years. Sick and dispirited and retire early, but not to sleep.

Thursday, October 2nd.—Sent a polite request to provost marshal to allow me the privilege of seeing poor Elliott Majors, who is a prisoner here under sentence of death and desires to see me. The rough, crusty refusal I received brought the tears to my eyes despite my efforts to the contrary. About ten o'clock an officer came to tell me to prepare to leave in half an hour for the cars. He brought a buggy, thinking I would ride with him. I refused to do so, and Mr. Smithy, a friend, drove me up to the depot, where I met with Lieutenant Stidger and a number of friends who had assembled to see me off. One old lady, who was a stranger, came up and seemed very much affected. Mr. Morris gave me some fine peaches. Cars arriving, bid adieu to friends and embark with my guard for Hudson City. Met Mr. William Bowen, an old friend, on the cars. Purchase a "Republican" containing an account of the execution of ten men at Hudson City for the offense of being southerners who did not regard an oath imposed upon them to support Lincoln's administration. Among the number was a boy of fifteen years, a brave, bright youth, who even at his age had borne arms in defense of his country. They were shot by order of Col. Merrill, who, for the dark deed, was promoted to a generalship. Upon arriving at Hudson City our guard conducted us to General Merrill's headquarters. We were duly presented to this cold-blooded man who, attired in full dress, paraded up and down the room, his hands crossed behind him, dictating to his secretary. Here we remained only a few minutes when we were escorted to the "Union House," Egleston the proprietor.

Afternoon.—Sitting reading. General Merrill entered my room desiring a conversation, remarking that he had never

met with an intelligent southern lady in Missouri. I replied that he had been very unfortunate in his associations. He said the accusations against me were that I had discouraged enlistments; was a rebel spy; corresponded with Price's army; had proven myself a firm friend of Colonel Porter, supplying him with ammunition and valuable information at the peril of my own life. To some of his questions I refused a reply. He assured me I should soon be released and that every courtesy should be extended me which my position in society entitled me to receive. Professed to be very much interested in my behalf, complimented me highly, amounting even to flattery. I assured him, under the present circumstances, I did not feel disposed to receive his sarcasm or his flattery, whichever it might be.

He remained nearly an hour, and after tea Cousin Irvin and myself were seated playing chess when he again entered. We spent some time discussing religion, politics and war, differing materially upon the two last-mentioned subjects, and kept up quite a firing of grapeshot and shell in the form of words. Spent a very unhappy night, having no fastening to my door and feeling myself entirely among foes. The Union Aid Society had a dance in the dining room just under my room. The old general invited me politely to participate, which, of course, I refused with some indignation to do.

Friday 3rd.—After breakfast we had another game of chess. General Merrill breakfasted at 11, then came in to inform me we would continue our journey in one hour. Says our destination is Palmyra, and that he will send an officer as a guard for his "fascinating captive," and says I should have been Union—that he would be proud to know that I, with my intense feelings and devotion to a cause, was numbered among the loyal ladies of Missouri. Great Heavens—how preposterous the thought that I could identify myself with those who marked their pathway through my native state with despair and gloom. With Queen Catherine I can say, "Is it possible for me to love the enemies of my country and my liberties."

Cars arriving at one, Lieutenant Easley presents himself to accompany me, and proves quite a friend and quasi-southerner—gives me a copy of Edgar Poe to read and proposes assisting me in escaping to Illinois, which proffer I refuse, telling him I belong to a party that never runs. Reach Palmyra at 4 o'clock. The lieutenant kindly assures me he will not report me till morning, so that I may rest one night without a guard. Take rooms at the National Hotel and order my supper in my room. Landlady, Mrs. Reider, very kind, and thinks I am a Union lady, sister of Lieutenant Easley; consequently tells me of the arrest of Miss Creath, and that a young lady friend of Miss C. was also under arrest and was expected hourly; said she had heard General McNeil say they would be held as prisoners till the close of the war. I humor the joke by an attempt to play Union and learn by it many little things that will prove of interest to me. Mr. Clay Vivian of Paris and cousin spend the evening in the parlor with me. Clay V., traveling under an assumed name, is making his way to Richmond. Retire to my room and sink to sleep to the measured tread of military beneath my window.

Saturday 4th.—Awakened by the bright sunlight streaming in at my window. Breakfast in my room, after which Cousin P. came in and talked with me until the landlady announced Lieutenant Easley in the parlor desiring to see me. Went in and found him waiting to escort me before Colonel Strachan. Went with him with much reluctance and had the humiliation of being introduced into a room filled with gentlemen. Yet it did not require much time to discover that most of them, like myself, were prisoners. Colonel Strachan, a low, red-faced man, with small, keen black eyes and dark hair, brown whiskers and heavy mustache, rose when I entered and drew up a chair for me in close proximity to the one he had occupied. I bowed politely, took the chair, placed it some distance from him and took a seat. With a frown he resumed his writing at the table—occasionally remarking to a prisoner: "Stand up here, sir. How many horses have

you stolen," etc., at the same time casting sidelong glances at me, with a look of triumph, to know he had me at last in his power. He had been making the threat—now it had been executed.

Remained in his office nearly an hour, during which time several lady applicants presented themselves for passes to see friends in prison—most of whom were refused in such a heartless manner that my heart swelled with indignation, and the contempt—supreme disgust—I felt for the soulless being manifested itself in every reply I was forced to make him. After a spirited discussion of the circumstances by which I was surrounded Lieutenant Fuller of H—, who rejoiced in the position of a subofficer in the militia, made his appearance with a band of bleached muslin encircling his hat—I suppose to designate his rank—and I was ordered to go with him to the house of Elder J. Creath, to keep company with his notoriously disloyal daughter. Just at this moment my friend, Rufe Anderson, opened the door and exhibited great surprise in seeing me and requested the privilege of taking Mr. Fuller's place, which was refused, Colonel Strachan remarking, "Mr. Anderson, Miss Powell has the honor to be at present under military surveillance, and you are not a military man," but added, "You can walk with her if you desire, in company with the lieutenant."

We returned to the hotel, where I called the landlady, informed her that I had been her prisoner, and had been sent by the colonel to keep company with my particular friend, Miss Creath. The surprise the old lady exhibited was highly amusing.

Poor Sister Mag, how fearfully imprisonment tells upon her delicate frame. She was almost beside herself with joy to know we were not to be separated. At tea time the house was surrounded by a guard. Sister Mag and I spent the whole night in conversation.

Sunday, October 5th.—Spent most of the morning in reading my Bible and in conversation. In the afternoon Mrs.

Pittman and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who are the only ones outside the family we are permitted to see, came out to see us, and bring no very encouraging news to us, as they think we are here for the war. The dark clouds that have been rising in the sky all afternoon begin now to dissolve themselves into a slow rain—a dreary, chilling rain—almost enough to sadden the heart of anyone, much less a prisoner's.

Monday, October 6th.—Guards still stationed around the house, carefully watching every movement. My friends see General McNeil and make an ineffectual attempt to have me paroled. Colonel Strachan absent in H., trying to collect evidence against us.

About 10 o'clock an officer, calling himself Lieutenant Moon, came up to station guards, called for me, and when I appeared pointed to his dirty-looking men and told them to know their prisoner, to look at me well and know whom they had to guard. I felt frightened for a moment, but it soon gave place to indignation, and I said, "Yes, take a good look. It may not be often that you see a lady—a real live rebel—besides, I have the power of assuming a great many forms. One day I may metamorphose myself into a bird of passage and will take my flight."

Sister Mag and I agree to read three hours a day, play chess two and work one, commencing with the History of the Bastile. One of the guards, styling himself Thos. Allen, boasts that he was a spy in General Green's camp in July. I make an attempt to bribe him and find I could succeed if I desired. Poor, indeed, is the prospect of such a cause when such unprincipled creatures are relied upon to sustain it.

Beautiful moonlight! We sit and sing, and then retire to dream of "Home, Sweet Home," and freedom once more.

Tuesday 7th.—Spend the morning reading and playing chess. Hear that poor Tom Sidener, who was captured in Shelby county, is here, confined in this loathsome prison. A great many other southerners are also in that unhealthy jail waiting exchange. According to the proclamation of General

Halleck, they were to be exchanged in three weeks if they would give themselves up.

But the weather grows cold and the leaves are falling, the only protection from heat or cold that those brave, noble boys have known for months; willingly sacrificing personal comfort rather than become the slaves of these cruel tyrants who infest our state.

After we had retired I had a note from Colonel Strachan saying he would call the next morning.

Wednesday, October 8, 1863.—A dark, dreary day. Wake with no very pleasant reflections. Begin to realize that I am, indeed, a prisoner. The day passes as usual, with work, reading and writing. In the evening Colonel Strachan came, bringing with him Major Cohen, a former acquaintance. Went into the parlor and quite a sharp, bitter discussion ensued. Agree to arrange with Colonel Porter a cartel for the exchange of horses. Colonel Smart tells me the sentence of "banishment" is passed upon Maggie and myself, confining us to the northern portion of Indiana till the close of the war. He promises to remove the guards if I will give bond for my appearance.

Thursday, October 3rd.—Dear Mrs. Pittman has called and promises to see Colonel Strachan and try to have the sentence of banishment revoked.

O Heavens! Is this the "Land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Friday, October 10th.—Clear, bright and beautiful overhead but muddy underfoot, and a bleak fall wind sighing and moaning through the yellow-tinted tree tops. Write some letters and lay them aside to await an opportunity to get them to the office. Our friends see Colonel S., and find him determined upon banishment to Indiana. Maggie and I join together and write an appeal to General Merrill, requesting him to have the sentence revoked or delayed until we could have a fair and impartial trial.

Saturday, October 11th.—The day lovely, calm and bright—a strange contrast to the many scenes of carnage and

bloodshed enacted before its close. Mrs. Agnes Smith called and we stole down to see her. Mrs. Thompson sent Maggie a beautiful bouquet of rare flowers by the underground railroad, and among the buds we found a little note secreted expressing the heartfelt sympathy extended us by the dear southern people of Palmyra.

Sunday, October 12th.—Mr. and Mrs. S. and Mrs. Pittman came out—brought late papers and some nice grapes for the “poor fettered birds,” as they styled us.

Monday 13th.—Just two weeks a prisoner—feel the effects of confinement and loss of freedom. Maggie and I are left alone today, and in the afternoon disguised ourselves completely and went down street to the dressmaker’s; only made ourselves known to Judge Redd and one or two good friends.

Tuesday 14th.—Unpleasant dreams woke me early today, and upon looking out of my window behold the face of the sky covered with clouds. A chill, dreary atmosphere prevails and warns of the sad approach of the “sere and yellow leaf.” God grant protection to our noble-hearted soldiers exposed to its chilling rains and frosts. Every hour of my life I am more forcibly impressed with the hardships and sufferings they undergo for the sake of liberty. More especially do I sympathize with those who, like myself, are prisoners.

Afternoon.—Sister Em and Charley with Laura C. came up. They applied for a pass to see me, but were refused, when they determined to come anyhow. So they did, and oh the joy it occasioned to see the loved ones from home. They stayed but a short time and had to hurry back to the cars. How sad I felt to see them leave for H. without accompanying them.

Irene Pittman and Nannie Willock came out to see us, accompanied by the officer of the day; had to converse in his presence.

Heard that General Merrill was under arrest for the murder of those ten men.

Wednesday 15th.—Commenced reading the “Talisman.”

Thursday 16th.—Day passed without anything of interest occurring.

Friday 17th.—This afternoon received from General Merrill a reply to our letter in which he says we should not seek "immunity when made to suffer the penalty of our crime anywhere in the Federal Union." Answered in a manner we expected, consequently not disappointed.

Hear at the supper table that ten of the poor, persecuted prisoners now confined in the Palmyra jail tomorrow at one o'clock are to be shot. Some time since Colonel Porter, in the capture of Palmyra, arrested and carried away with him Andrew Allsman, a spy and reporter. A notice was promulgated by Joe Winchell allowing ten days for him to return, and alleging as a penalty for his nonappearance the execution of ten southern men. The time has expired and he has not returned, and General McNeil has already issued the death warrants. Great God! I cannot realize that I hear aright. Surely 'tis but a repetition of their cruel threats—so often made against those who dare oppose their vile, polluted deeds.

Mr. Kennedy of Monroe calls and assures us that it is too true, and—O Heavens, can I write the word? My poor, dear friend, Captain Sidener—the noble, brave, bright youth, the handsome, dark-eyed southerner, the dependence of helpless orphans—is one of the fated ten.

What sleep is there for my red and swollen eyes tonight? What rest is there for this poor burning, bursting brain? Sister Mag and I, with arms locked closely around each other, pace back and forth our lonely room, sobs only disturbing the silence. Then occasionally we kneel and pour forth our burdened hearts in prayer. The sound of the saw and hammer are plainly heard, and the light at this late hour in yonder casement bespeaks the preparation being made for the living dead. What must be the thoughts of those poor, doomed beings tonight—no sweet sleep can fold her balmy wings around their hearts—no sweet thoughts of future meetings

with the loved ones at home to come to cheer them. O, my soul! Lift, lift to God thy strongest, purest prayer for help in this trying hour. O, may the thunderbolt of His wrath fall upon those wicked murderers and save the lives of the innocent and the good.

Saturday, October 18, 1863.—Such a lovely day in Indian summer. Ah! It seems that more appropriately Nature should be clothed in sadness and her face bedewed with tears. Yes, she, too, should weep. Too many tears cannot be shed for these, the good, the brave, “who go forth strong in life and come not back to us save with the dead.”

Grandpa Creath has gone over to talk and pray with those poor, distressed victims. O, that I might sleep till the dreaded hour be past. A large number of women have gone this morning to General McNeil, and almost on bended knees begged that the sentence might be revoked, but all in vain. He is lost to all feeling and is almost unconsciously drunk.

Ten O'clock.—Grandpa has returned, and exhibits more emotion than I ever saw him manifest; his eyes are red with weeping, and he says never—no, never in his eventful life—has he witnessed such a scene, and with trembling hands clasped earnestly, his gray “eyes sheltered in their lids,” prayed heaven to spare him from such a trial again. He visited them in their dark, loathsome cells, and the dear creatures threw themselves into his arms and pierced the heavens with their shrieks, their prayers and lamentations. Eight are young men, in the prime and vigor of life, and oh, it seems so hard to yield to the cruel tyrant monster's decree. One o'clock is the hour appointed for their execution. My brain runs wild, my blood seems frozen in my veins, my very heart seems pulseless. * * *

'Tis over! The dread ordeal is past—and ten noble patriots have been hurled into eternity. At half past twelve o'clock they passed through the city seated upon their coffins and waving a final adieu to friend and foe. Women rushed

out in front of the procession and prayed for mercy, which was denied. Mrs. McPheeters, whose own nephew is one of the condemned, prostrated herself before General McNeil and prayed him, if he expected mercy at the throne of God, to spare, if but for a few hours, the dear lives in his power to save. 'Twas all in vain; her petition was unheeded.

Arriving at the fair grounds they were seated upon their coffins and a bandage to bind their eyes offered to each, which was promptly refused. After prayer by Rev. Rhodes, they were ordered to kneel to receive their fate, to which Captain Sidener replied: "I kneel to none but my God." The command to "fire" was given by Ervin, and 60 shots were fired at the defenseless brave. Two fell instantly; the remainder, though almost perforated by bullets, still manifested signs of life. Observing it, the fiends rushed upon them with bayonets and drawn swords and butchered them in a most horrible manner. My poor friend, Tom Sidener, was among the latter number. He bravely bared his bosom to the shower of leaden bullets and requested them to aim at his heart, remarking to a friend near him, "We will meet again; my home is in heaven."

They died like men—like heroes—like martyrs!

One of the condemned had a wife and six little children. She pleaded long and earnestly with General McNeil to spare his life, and upon being denied, sank in convulsions at his feet. A young and noble boy, about seventeen years of age, who had just arrived that morning to visit a brother in prison, was so affected by the scene that he stepped boldly forward, and, lifting his hat from his forehead, remarked to McNeil: "Sir, if you are destitute of all feeling, I am not. Receive me as a substitute for her husband. True, I am young, and life has many charms and ties to bind me to it, but I have not a wife and six helpless babes." The noble sacrifice was accepted, and that great, heroic heart perished with the others.

"O Father, forgive them! they know not what they do."

"Tis a calm, beauteous twilight that is now stealing gently over the earth, yet a pall darker than Egyptian blackness has settled over the hearts of the people.

From our prison home we can see the residence of Mrs. Boswell beautifully illuminated. Upon asking the cause we are told that a large party is given there tonight in honor of the perpetrators of the foul deed which has plunged, not only the city, but the whole country, in despair and gloom. "O woman, with a devil's purpose and an angel's face!" Why seek to encourage, by your base approval, the crimes of men who are aiming deathblows at the heart of the Constitution which you pretend—falsely assert—you love?

Sunday, October 19th.—How calm, how beautiful the day! Yet what heart can feel enlivened by the voice of nature when ten dear southerners are to be hurried away in their rude coffins, their heads pillow'd upon pine shavings, to the final resting place of the dead?

Hear from Colonel Porter that he has crossed the Missouri river at Portland, Callaway county.

Monday, October 20th.—Sent today to procure a lock of Captain Sidener's hair, which was dark, long and curly. Joe Winchel, Editor "Courier," in describing his dress and appearance at the time of his execution, remarks: "We were forcibly reminded of the beautiful but misguided Absalom."

Tuesday and Wednesday, 21st and 22nd.—Mrs. Pittman brings us "Frank Leslie."

Thursday 23rd.—Wave today at 150 prisoners who are sent to St. Louis. They responded in cheers, waving their hats. A Federal officer grew indignant and called out to us pettishly: "Give them God's blessing and pray they may never return to disgrace their country again." How my heart ached to see them go, knowing that before the winter is ended many of that noble band will fall victims to the horrible diseases that infest their loathsome prisons. Hear that Colonel S. is removed.

Friday 24th, Saturday 25th, Sunday 26th.—Three days

pass without bringing an incident worthy of notice. This evening the chaplain of the regiment took the liberty to call upon grandpa because he was a minister. Sister Mag and I gave "Major" a quarter to unhitch his horse, which the little — darkey did, showing his ivory at what he considered a capital joke.

Monday 27th.—Hear that General McNeil says we are not to be taken out of the state; says he will decide our cases today. A funeral takes place this morning, Mrs. Hoskins' son.

Tuesday 28, 1862.—Maggie and I are alone today and revive old memories of Cousin Mortimer and dear Capt. R. E. D., their many trials, their cool daring, and our sympathy, hopes and fears.

Wednesday 29th, Thursday 30th.—Days pass gloomily away in a prison when not permitted to see friends, to receive a letter or write a note. Nothing of interest occurs sufficient to be recorded. Life grows as tedious as "a twice-told tale."

Wednesday, November 12th.—A note was handed me slyly today from home. How strong a desire it awakened to be with them once again, visiting—free and untrammelled—with my friends and breathing again the pure air of God's universe. Sister M. and I have concluded to put our heads together to effect our release or escape.

Friday, November 14th.—All day my brain has been bent upon some plan of escaping, if only for a few days, from our monotonous prison life. Miss Nannie calls and thinks we can get a parole for a few days.

Afternoon.—Get Grandma to accompany me to General McNeil's headquarters. How I shrink from appearing before such a man asking a favor. Down, down pride! Let me be politic, for a few minutes at least, when so much depends upon it.

Have some misgivings, not having any permission to leave the house, and expect to be sent back under guard.

See General McNeil, who expresses surprise at my boldness in coming out without being bidden. I tell him that I demand a trial; that I have waited seven long weeks for him to decide our case, and ask him to release us altogether. Upon being refused, ask him to parole Maggie and me for one week to go to Hannibal. He granted our request, adding that he was pleased to grant me a request or favor; that he did not suppose prisoner was a lady possessing the superior qualities he had found, and his greatest desire was to see me love my country. I replied, "General McNeil, I am devoted to my country and her cause, as my present surroundings indicate."

Started from grandpa's at 3; went up Main street and met several friends, all surprised at seeing us. Waited at depot some time for the cars. Met Miss Muldrow and sister. Joe Winchell came in and eyed us with round-eyed wonder. Reach home after dark; find Laura C. awaiting us.

Sunday 23rd.—Receive a few calls.

Friday 28th.—An officer and two privates came twice today to search the house for Lieutenant Boles, who has made his escape from jail. He was under sentence of death, and fortunately they have not yet found him. Great God, shelter and protect him from those who seek to destroy him!

The snow is falling rapidly and has already covered the ground some inches. 'Tis the first snow that has fallen upon the graves—the new-made graves—of those ten noble champions of liberty. May it rest lightly upon their bosoms! The "Times" today contains a demand for the head of their murderer, John McNeil, purporting to come from President Davis.

Monday, December 1st.—Get Grandma Creath to see Colonel Strachan to ask if we were not released from confinement by the late order of the War Department relating to political prisoners. His answer was, if we had repented, become loyal, and would take an oath to that effect, he would release us. Grandma was highly insulted by his manner towards her. I wrote him a pithy little note this afternoon which

I suppose has settled all doubts upon that subject, telling him I am as loyal as any faithful subject can be to the best and most superior man that ever graced a presidential chair. Perhaps it was injudicious—imprudent; but death is preferred to a cowardly, craven spirit that will uncomplainingly submit to every indignity. Mrs. Pittman and Mrs. Smith went to see Colonel Strachan in regard to our release; found him in the depot surrounded by prisoners and Federal officers. He was reading my note to the crowd, and was highly incensed at me for what he was pleased to term my “sarcastic, bitter letter and impudence.”

Thursday 4th.—Irene and Nannie got permission from McNeil to call on us. Nannie gave me a photograph of President Davis.

Sunday 7th.—Ten long weeks since my arrest. Grandpa went yesterday to secure the interference of Colonel Benjamin in our behalf. Were it not for Sister Mag my heart would break. We are as devoted as the “Siamese Twins.” What a sad fate to fall into the hands of such despots! May their reign be short!

Tuesday 9th.—Sister Mag and I played another good joke on our tormentors. Dressed ourselves in disguise and went to Mrs. A’s, where we met Mrs. McPheeters and spent most of the afternoon. When we get home find Mrs. Thompson, Irene and Nannie Willock had stolen out to see us and to bring us some late southern news.

Town in excitement about enrolling, and the jail is crowded with poor southern men who refuse to comply with their requirements.

Wednesday 10th.—My imprisonment becomes almost unendurable. All health, appetite and energy seem to have forsaken me. Poor Maggie is sick in bed and is suffering intensely. She cannot bear to feel that I am sick, sad and unhappy, and the kind-hearted creature makes every exertion to make me contented and happy.

Venture once more with grandma into the detested pres-

ence of McNeil. He was quite polite and has granted me leave of absence until my shattered health is restored. Says if I will take the oath I shall be released entirely. I promptly refused, telling him plainly I had rather die in prison than to perjure myself before God and man. He was profuse in his compliments and expressions of admiration. Spoke of the murder he had committed, and I shuddered at the thought, which he observed; said I must consider him inhuman and barbarous, and I frankly replied that I did. A dark scowl crossed his features, and he proceeded to write a "leave of absence" for me.

Thursday, December 11th.—Prepared for home. I am instructed by General McNeil to consider myself still a prisoner, and that my prison is only changed. I am also required to report twice a week to him by letter. At four the cars came, and after bidding grandma and dear Maggie an affectionate farewell, grandpa and I went down to the train. Arrive in H— about five and find my trunk is left behind. Found Mr. Tom Henson here. All were pleasantly surprised to see me and supposed at first that I was released.

Sunday 14th.—Heard today of the repulse of the Federals at Fredericksburg and the removal of Burnside. Thank heaven! Victory still perches upon our banners.

May the names of the noble dead that perished there

Fill memory's cup to the brim;
May the laurels they won never perish,
Nor a star of their glory grow dim.

Monday 15th.—Amanda B—n brings out her album of Confederate generals. After tea stole out to Mr. Foreman's prayer meeting. Meet with Sallie G. and Mrs. T., who come home with me.

Tuesday 16th.—Jennie M. came today and sang "Officer's Funeral" for me.

Thursday 18th.—Mite society met here tonight. Every room crowded. Laura stays all night.

December 31st.—New Year's eve. Go over to Mrs. H's

and receive three letters. One from dear M., who received her unconditional release the 26th. One from General Merrill, giving me the preference of banishment to Indiana during the war or to remain in prison in Missouri. The other from Colonel Strachan telling me I was released. How joyously the tiding was received and how guarded I must now be lest by word or deed I offend these supercilious, female-persecuting dignitaries of our land. Like a bird when set free from its prison home, it sits for a moment as if afraid to unfold its trembling wings for flight, lest it is by some rude hand thrust again in its cage, so I sit, perfectly stupefied, inactive, desiring to flee from my persecutors, yet knowing not what course to take, what plan to adopt.

New Year's Day.—All hail, thou new-born year of '63! May peace, sweet peace, spread her gentle wing over our distracted country before thy days are run! May the states of the South take their places among the nations of the earth, and before the dawn of '64 may the South be acknowledged a free, independent power!

Receive several calls from gentlemen friends and enjoy the day because I am once more free. Form the acquaintance of Miss Zadie Bagwill of St. Louis.

January 4th.—Charlie H— comes out for me to assist in dressing cake for the supper tonight in Brittingham's—a supper given ostensibly for Fire Company No. 2, but in reality for the benefit of the southern widows and orphans. I cannot refuse anything pertaining to an act of charity for those I love. Eunice Eddy and I succeed in trimming cakes and arranging tables nicely. Nothing will do the boys but my attendance this evening; they will receive no excuse. Promised Mr. R—d to attend with him. He has been banished to Illinois, and allowed to return last week by orders from War Department. Meet with Mr. T. D. Price, provost marshal, who solicits an introduction and passes several compliments; refuse for the reason that I do not wish to devote the evening to entertaining a Federal officer.

January 6th.—Meet with an important rebel today at church, a nephew of Joseph E. Johnston. Was introduced by Miss Zadie. Long may he live to enjoy the glory he has so richly deserved.

January —. Answer Maggie's letter, and also write to General Price and mail one to General Merrill. Zadie came to say "good-bye;" she is going home tomorrow.

January 14th.—Sitting today reading to sister when an officer came to order me to report forthwith to Provost Marshal Major Price.

Do not feel well enough to leave my room, yet go down with Mrs. Bowen to his office. Shows me an order of banishment, requiring me to leave my native state in twenty-four hours to return no more "during the war." Major Price tells me if I refuse to obey the order I am to be again imprisoned. Show him my release from McNeil and demand the cause or reason for this change of action. No satisfaction was given me except that it was for no new offense that I was again under military arrest. 'Tis, I feel, an illegal, personal persecution, instituted by Major Price himself, because I refused an introduction to him. He paroles me to the limits of sister's yard.

January 17th.—Brother Wilks came out today to confer with me and to offer his Christian sympathy.

January 18th.—Hail glorious Sabbath! As I sit at my window watching the crowd of passers-by, winding their footsteps to the house of prayer, how sadly my heart throbs in my bosom to think of the many long weeks and months I have been denied the blessed privilege of taking my accustomed seat and mingling my voice, as I once did, in their sweet songs of praise. My dear little Sabbath school scholars take every opportunity to assure me that I am missed. Will there be a prayer breathed for me today? Will one sigh be heard for my cruel fate? Ah, yes; I know I will be remembered by the "faithful few" among whom I have so often met. Spent most of the day in reading my Bible; the Psalms are my selection

now, because they are so sweet and sad, yet withal, so comforting.

Mr. R—y and Mr. Richmond called, kindly bringing me books. Amanda B came to say good-bye, as she leaves tomorrow with her mother for St. Louis. Mr. H—n and John T— spent the evening. We never know what a host of warm friends we possess until the dark storm of adversity beats upon us. Poor J. T. says he wishes he might suffer in my stead.

Monday, January 18th.—Receive another order to report tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to hear my fate. All advise me to refuse banishment from my friends in the severest months of winter and my present ill health. So I know my doom will be a second incarceration. My poor old father placed his thin trembling hand upon my head this morning when I finished reading him the order, and with tears in his eyes remarked: "My daughter, trust in God." O Father in heaven, do I not, have I not trusted in Thee through the saddest trials of life, and hast Thou turned a deaf ear to the many heartfelt prayers offered for the success of right over might.

Thursday, January 20, 1863.—Wake to find a heavy, wet snow upon the ground, and poor head almost bursting with pain. Directed a note to Major Price requesting him to call if his business was imperative, as the weather and ill health would prevent obedience to his commands.

At noon he came, somewhat indignant, and said he would place me forthwith under guard. Brother Willie offered himself security for my appearance if he would permit me to remain until my health was restored, but he was persistent, cruelly persistent, and demanded my appearance at his office at three o'clock. Says I am to be placed under guard in solitary confinement in a room at the Continental. Poor sister is almost frantic, yet tries to suppress her grief in my presence. My little niece—my little motherless pet—stole in a few moments ago, and winding her soft arms around my neck, whispered through sobs: "Aunt Lizzie, will not those cruel men

let me come and stay with you? You can take little Bobbie—he is a prisoner, but he will sing to you."

Six o'clock. Alone, all alone in my prison room at the Continental. Methinks I caught a glance of pity and sympathy from the landlady, Mrs. Short, as I passed through the parlor. Major Price is from Massachusetts, and I can expect no favors. Oh, I should hate myself if I asked one at his hands.

Twilight deepens, and I sit alone—sad but not cast down—listening to the measured tread of the armed and savage-looking German guard at my door, which is the only sound that disturbs the stillness.

Wednesday, January 21, 1863.—Opened my door this morning to ask a knife of the guard to sharpen my pencil. Was struck to recognize in him a friend of other days. Frank Jackson, a brother to one whom I once loved as devotedly as a sister. O war! With all thy attendant evils, what can be more maddening than to find former friends changed to deadly foes. How strange to see that slender boy dressed in the uniform I so much detest standing guard over one whom he once professed to love and respect so kindly. Emma, sweet pet, and Katie B. came—I could see them from my third story window—said they had been three times to Provost Price to see me, but he will not give her permission to so do. Little Arthur H. came to the door and asked the guards if he could see me. The guard opened the door and permitted the little fellow to look in, but would not allow him to speak to me. He brought me some nice yellow apples, and I could see a tear in his brown eyes as he turned away. He is just six year old. When he grows to be a man will he remember this scene in his early life? Will he, can he love and respect the flag that was waved over imprisoned females—over the ruins of our temple of liberty. Heaven bless the boy! How my heart warms towards those who show a kind sympathetic part when in distress.

'Tis twilight, the close of another lonely day in prison.

How eagerly I listen to each footstep passing my door, wishing, oh so fondly, to hear a pause before my door and some loved one would enter. What would my poor R. E. D. think, away in his sunny home in the South, if he knew the sad circumstances that surround me. I sit by the window and strive to forget my sorrows in gazing down into the street upon the motley crowd hurrying towards their different places of abode. So many all bound one way—each heart a mystery to the other and each a little world to itself. Today the enrolling officers have been trying to enforce Order 1001, and many southern men refusing to enroll their names with those whom their souls detest are, like myself, prisoners.

Thursday, January 22nd.—Today sister, Mrs. Wilks, Mrs. Robards and other friends applied to see me, but I presume it was in vain, for sister waved at me from the street and shook her head, indicating her ill success. My Bible! Sweet, hallowed book!—whose sacred pages a mother's eye hath scanned, what a treasure art thou now in my lonely hours. How consoling are thy precious words. Yes, it is thy pages that record the sweet promise of my Saviour to His sorrow-stricken children, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” And I know He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb and heareth the young ravens when they cry. He, too, hath said, “Let not your hearts be troubled.”

Friday, January 23, 1863.—Gave the guard money to buy me a paper and some reading matter, but he replied Major Price had given him his instructions that he was to let me have no books or papers to assist me in passing away the time. How fortunate then that I brought a volume of Walter Scott and my Bible with me. In my Bible I can always find something new. Tonight new guards are stationed, and they all have to take a look at their prisoner. One is a Dutchman, the other is a fine looking man. He seems kind and sympathetic, and I overheard him say he would perish sooner than load his gun for a woman; that he would rather be a prisoner with a thousand men to guard him than to engage in the unmanly

act of persecuting me. When the evening wore on and he was left alone he slipped a note under my door. I picked it up and read, "Young lady, you are not unknown to me, and I am a friend. Tomorrow they expect to take you from this house, either to a dilapidated hotel in S. Han. or to St. Louis. If I can be of service to you do not fear to trust me." How my heart beats. Can it be that I have found a friend in this horrid guise, or is he seeking to betray me. How my brain whirls; how can I leave my home and my friends and be thrown in those miserable prisons in St. Louis, to suffer with cold and die, perhaps, with those infectious diseases that are hurrying away the poor victims there by the hundreds.

No, I will refuse to leave this city, and if I have to go it will be by physical force I am taken.

Saturday, January 24th.—My guard, in whom I found a friend, has been removed and a raw Dutchman fills his place. Before he left he threw a Harper and some late papers into my room. He was an editor in Fulton, knew R. E. D., and published his key to the "Emanant." He was also nine months in Price's army, and upon the margin of the magazine was penciled: "Think not I am here by choice—far from it—and tomorrow morning you will hear that with six others I have made my escape. Be of good cheer. You are effecting more for our holy cause in your cheerless prison than a dozen recruiting officers could do."

O, I would I had trusted him to mail some letters to my friends. Do they not know how soon I may be forced from them. The Dutch guard I heard this morning wishing that I with all the d—n traitors was in h—l.

Later.—O, what an unexpected kindness I have received. How my heart bounds with gratitude too deep for words to speak. Tears will force themselves into my eyes and my heart bounds with emotions unknown before. I have friends, thank heaven! That has been demonstrated even in my solitary prison—I knew this morning when the Dutch guard was relieved, yet I knew not who took his place, until my door was

quietly opened and friend W—l spoke to me. A note was thrown hurriedly in, the door closed and the calm, measured step renewed before my room as before. I read hurriedly: "Lizzie, poor girl, you are to be taken tomorrow to St. Louis; refuse positively to go, and tell them that they will have to use main force to take you. You have many friends and sympathizers who are groaning beneath their oppressions and your own. Tonight at nine open your window and lower from it anything you may wish to communicate to friends. Persons will be present to receive them and also to send up to you letters and money. Be cautious for the sake of heaven, as the safety of yourself and friends depend upon it." That was all, and the key has turned gratingly in the lock. A low conversation in the hall denotes the return of the guard.

Afternoon.—The guard let poor little Arthur H. look in at me today. How his bright eyes and sweet face cheer me, and he looks up into my face with a look of such sweet, childish innocence and pity that it reaches my heart. Boy, may thy young heart, like Albert Tell's, early learn to love truth and freedom next to life. Major Price sent back my letter today because I had not "left it open to his inspection." 'Tis night once more and I wait impatiently the hour of nine. I have written two letters and several notes, made a long line of yarn, the only string I had about me; I have tied my letters in a handkerchief with a little apple to give it weight to descend quickly.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Armstrong came to say I was to prepare to leave my present prison. "Where am I to go, Mr. Armstrong?" I asked pleasantly. "It is not necessary for you to be informed. All you have to do is to obey orders," was his reply. "One thing is certain, Mr. Armstrong," I answered, "I do not leave here this night." At this he laughed in my face with a defiant air, remarked he had the means, the men and the power, and he would tame at least or subjugate one rebellious "South Carolinian." Uttered in the spirit of a true black Republican, whose ambition, patriotism and bravery

aspires no higher, I replied "than to shoot unarmed men and imprison defenseless women." He wheeled and left the room, closing the door violently after him and turning the key with a hurried hand upon me. What am I to do? To Thee, O God, I turn and pour forth my burdened soul in prayer.

Nine O'clock.—Mr. Armstrong handed me a note from Major Price which read: "Owing to the lateness of the hour, Miss Powell is excused from obeying orders tonight. Tomorrow morning she will hold herself in readiness to leave at eight o'clock as her presence here is disagreeable to the loyal inmates of the Continental." A few minutes after Major Price came in. Oh, how much solicitude I feel for the safety of my friends who are doubtless waiting to assist me. Major Price said I had done right in refusing to leave; that he admired and commended me for it. Charged me with trying to convert one of the guards, as he with six others had deserted and would be shot if captured. Said he did not wish me to have papers or books with which to employ my time. That he desired to punish me so severely that I would be glad to obey the order of banishment—that he had refused at least a dozen friends the privilege of seeing me, and that my confinement was to be as solitary as possible. I do not remember now what I said to him, but I know that he left me with a burning cheek and remarked, "Miss Powell, if every man that fills the southern ranks is actuated by as much principle and devotion to the cause as yourself, I would always love and respect the South. Would that our ladies were half so zealous in their country's cause." After he left I blew out my light and sat in the window. Waited a few moments only till I heard a well-known voice in subdued tones whisper, "All is right." In an instant almost my package was lowered, and in a few minutes more I drew another up—a number of notes and letters and a roll of "greenbacks." My dear friends, how sincerely interested they appear. Mr. H. has gone to St. Louis with a petition to Governor Gamble to have me released. Judge P. has written to Major Rollins and J. B. Henderson

in Washington to have the freedom restored of which I have been so unjustly deprived. To know we have friends fills the heart with gladness, even in a prison.

Sunday, January 25.—The occurrences of last night seem almost like a dream, and I would persuade myself that I have been dreaming did I not find closely grasped in my hand unmistakable evidence that it was indeed a reality. How many causes I have this holy Sabbath for thanksgiving and prayer. At eight Mr. Armstrong called again and informed me for the present I would be taken to R. R. house to await an order from St. Louis requiring my presence there. I pronounced myself in readiness, and after descending two flights of stairs I found myself at the parlor in which were assembled officers and their wives, and as I passed on, closely followed by the Dutch guard, I heard whispering, laughing and clapping of hands. At the door a closed carriage stood in waiting. Mr. Armstrong handed me in, stepped in himself and closed the door, and we moved slowly off, the guards, with their guns at charge, marching along by the side of the carriage. Arriving at the R. R. house I found again the windows filled with heads, men and women congregated to see a live Secesh. I wore a bonnet dressed in southern colors, and, passing through the crowd, I threw aside the veil which partially concealed them. This house bears the reputation of an asylum for runaway negroes. My room, with no fire, no carpet, very, very small, with but one little window, presented such a cheerless appearance I felt my fortitude forsake me, and when I heard the savage-looking Dutchman turn the key upon me I could no longer suppress the tears that seemed choking me. From my little window I could see the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, a stream I have always loved, and feel an emotion of pride that my home has been so long beside its waters. It is forcing its way along towards the mighty gulf with a calm, quiet, resistless freedom which the icy breath of winter has not checked. O, friend of my earlier and happier days, as thy waters which I now see fast receding from my view lave

the shores of the sunny South, bear upon thy bosom a message to the brave hearts there that upon thy bank stands a Lincoln bastile in which is pining one whom they hate and scorn because she has dared to love the brave and desires to be free.

'Tis night. O heaven, how can I sleep upon this horrid bed of straw, these offensive, dirty, greasy quilts, these hard pillows of straw. My brain seems a ball of fire, my hand trembles so I can scarcely write, a strange, wild feeling seizes me, and I pace back and forth this gloomy room until it seems if the uncarpeted floor were not iron it would bear the imprint of my footsteps for ages to come.

Monday, January 26, 1863.—O, what a long, sleepless night I have passed. The guards, drunken and infuriated, made several ineffectual attempts to enter my room, and had it not been for a small bolt I had fastened over the lock their efforts must have been effectual. Finding they were defeated, I could hear them heaping their curses upon me and planning to come in through the window. I was almost speechless with fear—to cry for help would have been but mockery when there was no arm to save. I sprang upright in my bed and kept that position until daylight. O, how I welcomed the first rosy tints of morning that peeped with cheering light into my little window.

Two o'clock. Great heavens! I have had another return of that horrible hemorrhage which caused my life to be despairs of when at school. I am perfectly prostrated and the crimson tide of life continues to rise in my throat and mouth without abating. My hands are colorless as marble and it is with great effort I clasp this pencil in my trembling fingers. O, to suffer so and be alone. No kind, cool hand to rest upon my burning brain, no one near to breathe a kindly word of sympathy. No one has entered my room since nine o'clock, when the chambermaid brought my breakfast—a cup of cold coffee, some fried mush, codfish and potatoes—and left my room with a curled lip and many airs because I could not eat.

Sent a note tonight to Major Price requesting a physician, as I feel a great deal worse as night approaches. O, how can I spend such a night as the last. The landlady came in about three o'clock bringing me my dinner, which I found impossible to eat. She is German, and sat down a few minutes by my bed, drew from her pocket a large Dutch pipe and filled my room almost to suffocation with the smoke. From my window I can see a boat has landed at the depot, the first boat that has ventured this far for some time. A woman with a babe—I suppose a passenger—has been assigned to the room adjoining mine. Through an aperture in the wall, made for a stovepipe, between us I heard her inquire of the chambermaid why the guards were stationed in the hall. Shortly after the chambermaid left her she peered through the aperture into my room. Supposing it was curiosity that prompted her to see who the young lady was, I glanced up at her, then turned my head away. She spoke my name in a whisper and indicated by her gestures that she desired to speak to me. I felt almost too weak to stand, but by supporting myself with the bedpost I stood up almost face to face with her. She commenced by assuring me that she was a friend; she had just returned from Alton prison, where she had been to visit a sick son confined there, and, added she, "The mean cowardly treatment the poor fellow received there, the intense suffering I witnessed during my short stay, has caused me to make a solemn resolve that henceforth and forever my humble means, my life, is dedicated to my country's cause." She then remarked if I needed assistance as far as she could she would render it. How I thanked her in my inmost heart as I sank back almost exhausted upon my couch of straw. In a short time I had penned a note to father telling him how I was situated, also one to another friend in Palmyra. These I gave her with the one I had written to the President. If she should betray.

Tuesday, 27th.—Pa came this morning and had received my note. O, my dear father—it has been many, many months,

and even years, since I saw him so much affected, so broken-hearted as he seemed the fifteen minutes allotted him to stay. How his pale lips quivered and his hand trembled as he stood by my bed. Price had given him a pass, but had refused to allow our family physician to accompany him. Sister sent me some dinner, and dear Mrs. C. sent me "brandy peaches," of which she knew I am so fond. 'Tis evening again and my illness it seems increases. Sent for the landlady and her husband, Captain Gillett. The captain seemed moved with compassion when he saw me, he could scarcely control his voice to speak; said he would have given me a room with a carpet and every accommodation, but Major Price would not permit. Captain G. sat down and wrote a hasty note to Price, telling him to send a doctor immediately. In about an hour Dr. Duffield, our family physician, came; says I am very sick and need constant care. The landlady at my request takes the key tonight from the guards.

Sunday, February 2nd. Four days have passed since I recorded my thoughts and feelings upon the pages of my journal. Dr. D. says that I have been very low, but now danger is past if I take good care of myself. Received a note today from Major Price, accompanied by a box sent to me from Palmyra. The note said that he was determined still to make me obey the order of banishment and that he would make my prison unendurable. Hoped I would see the propriety of yielding implicit obedience forthwith. I replied that it was impossible to do so, and that I would endeavor to bear patiently and heroically any measures his heart prompted him to enforce. Tonight he came himself, seemed surprised to find me so weak, thought my illness had improved my appearance as it had given me a "helpless, dependent, patient air, which he desired to see depicted in my face." Repeated again his threat that if I did not consent to leave and said he felt convinced that close confinement would kill me. I begged him long and earnestly to let sister visit me some times until

I recovered, but he obstinately refused. Said he would remove guards until I grew better.

Mrs. Gillett has grown very kind to me; takes care of my dear little bird, "Robert Lee." She brought her brother, a Mr. Selleck, in to see me. He is a Democrat and could not find expressions too bitter to apply to those fanatics who would persecute a woman.

Friday 30th.—Captain G. and lady came in this evening to request me to instruct them in chess. He took his first lesson and seemed delighted. A captain's wife sent me a glass of cider.

Sunday, February 9th.—Mr. Selleck sent me by his sister the "Caucasian" and "The Times" to read today, the first papers I have seen since my illness. How drearily the time passes with no one to talk to but my little canary.

Monday 10th.—Captain G. and lady came again and we had a stolen game of chess. Captain G. has been negotiating with Price for my release, which he has said can be effected by taking the oath. Refuse again to forswear myself.

Wednesday 12th.—Mrs. Selleck sent me Ballou's Magazine and a Democrat. Major Price told me he had fully intended sending me to St. Louis, and might do so yet, but for the present I was to remain where I was. Said I was much more comfortable than the prisoners in Richmond, confined in tobacco warehouses and in Libby prison. How I detest the man! Seemingly so devoid of feeling and everything that pertains to manliness.

Thursday 13th.—How swiftly the weeks seem gliding by. Would that I were free to enjoy them as they pass. A buried life, I suppose, will be mine for years if the fettered spirit does not burst its prison bars and basks in the light and freedom out under the sun. A light snow has fallen and a sleigh containing two friends passed my window this morning. A handkerchief was waved in token of recognition and away they whirled, the merry sleigh bells dying away in the distance like a fading dream, reminding me of the days that

once were free and joyous and my heart kept time with their merry music. Mr. Selleck sent me a little present with a note, and no one can tell how much a little kindness is appreciated under such circumstances. He pitied my loneliness and relieved it all he could. Sent a note to Brother Wilks.

In their part of the long war the southern women proved themselves glorious heroines in many ways, though I think but few of them were actually made prisoners of war. When banished my mother was accompanied to Nevada by her devoted brother, James Powell. She was the only white person of her sex in the large territory, and at first she suffered greatly from fear of the Indians, who were so numerous and many of them hostile. Eventually she learned their language and made many staunch friends among the red faces. Here she instituted the first Bible class, reading to those rough miners who had come to seek gold in the mountains of Nevada. At first this was but a handful of men sitting under a great pine, but eventually this gentle and eloquent woman read every Sunday long portions of her Bible to hundreds of men who had pitched their tents near the mining center of Virginia City. It was here that she met my father, Alfred Powell Hereford, a young lawyer practicing in the active little mining town. They were both descended from Col. Levin Powell, a hero of the Revolution, but were not aware until many years afterwards of the distant relationship. They were married in Virginia City in 1864, where one child was born, Jennie, who died in infancy. They removed to St. Joseph, Mo., after the war, where one daughter, Mary Stella, was born, now Mrs. R. E. Ball of Kansas City, and four years later one son, William Richard.* Her health, impaired by her long imprisonment, would not stand the Missouri climate, and on the advice of her physician, my father took her to Denver, Colo., where they were both prominent in that rapidly growing city.

*W. R. Hereford is prominent in social and literary circles of Paris and New York, and is the author of several popular books—as well as being contributor to most of the leading magazines of the day.

My mother, of an extremely religious nature, here again exercised her influence and organized a small body of Christians, who called a minister and thus founded the first Christian Church of Denver. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her, and was interested actively in the politics of the day. She was instrumental in establishing the Red Cross Society, then in its early growth, and was the close friend of its founder, Miss Clara Barton. In returning from a drive with Mrs. John B. Routt, the Governor's wife, the horses became frightened, throwing my mother from her victoria to the curb, thus giving her the wound which resulted in her death November, 1877. Her loss was greatly deplored, as she was actively associated with the charities of the town and its hospital, and her sympathies for the poor and unfortunate were very keen. Their stories always had a ready ear. My father never recovered from the shock of her death, and survived but two years. Her life was particularly blessed in that she ministered unto such numbers. Her aid was far-reaching and her influence widely felt, her interest in all whom she could help keenly alive. Her whole life was full of tragic, interesting, vivid and thrilling experiences, all resulting in the supreme good of those associated with her—but my article dwells only upon the incidents of war. She was a daring youthful prisoner, and her zeal for the cause militated against her, and sometimes in after years she would laughingly cross swords with my father, who was an equally loyal southerner, but whose uncle, Gov. Henry Foote of Mississippi, had defeated Jefferson Davis for that position of honor, she claiming she would have entered the field against so fine an opponent.

In my possession I hold scores of original notes, commands from leading officers, and a small Confederate flag, fashioned in prison from bits of ribbon, and showing the infinitesimally small stitches for which I believe the southern women, taught from babyhood to be skillful with fine needles, almost as a hall mark of gentle birth, are unequaled in their

perfection. Her lineage, unexcelled, bears no part here. Her actions show she was "to the manner born." Her life, tense and full as it was, was brought to a tragic and terrible climax, being suddenly killed by runaway horses while returning from one of the many errands of mercy she accomplished during her short life.

EXECUTION OF LIEUTENANT BROWNLEE.

By Mrs. Susan Bunce of Nevada, Mo., May 15, 1907.

In the spring of 1863 Lieutenant Brownlee of the Confederate service came into Cooper county, Missouri, as a recruiting officer, by permission of General Shelby, and while not a commissioned officer, he had his orders from his commander, like many others.

He had enlisted two, and maybe more, young men, but these two with Brownlee are the prime actors in this drama. Their names were Patrick and Carrol. They told Brownlee where arms and ammunition could be obtained, and knowing so well how both were needed by the South, he consented to go with them. They took him one night to a house near Pilot Grove, owned by a northern man named Brownfield, expecting to capture arms, but he fired at them and wounded Patrick. This enraged the two recruits and they set fire to the house, but it was extinguished. They now proceeded to the home of young Carrol's mother, so that the wounded man could be attended, and then spent the night in the woods near by, little dreaming that the early morning would bring a company of Federal soldiers on the scene. The three southern boys were on the alert, however, and would have escaped, but one of their number tripped on a grapevine in running and fell, and his comrades went back to his aid, and thus all were captured and taken to Boonville, a distance of ten miles. Patrick with his wound, as well as the other two, were made to walk that distance, guarded by a company of cavalry. They

were tried by a military court and condemned to be shot as Bushwhackers or spies.

Young Patrick's mother had married the second time and was by this marriage my step-grandmother, Mrs. Cole. As soon as she heard of her son's misfortune she went to Boonville to be near her doomed boy. Carrol's sister, Mary, also went to Boonville, and they immediately commenced to make plans for the escape of the prisoners. This was a difficult matter as both were searched, as well as every basket of food that was carried to the condemned men. The two women succeeded in carrying a crowbar into the jail under their clothes, but the men could not use it, and it was dropped in the sewer. Brownlee, having a very artistic eye, looked at the key as it hung at the jailer's side, and cut a pattern of it out of paper. These two women took this pattern and made a wooden key, which grandmother took to the prisoners one night, going through back yards and gardens in her stocking feet, so they might try it in the lock. It seemed to fit, and then they took it to a blacksmith several miles in the country, and after Mrs. Cole promised never to tell who made it while he lived, he copied it in iron. Never while the smith lived would she tell who her faithful workman was.

The women again visited the jail, guarded and searched as usual, but with the key hid in their clothes. They sat down on a cot and slipped the key in the bedclothes and in some way let them know where to find it. When alone the men tried the key and found it too large. A file was procured and Brownlee filed it, making it now too small. He then took a piece of leather and wrapped around it, and thus succeeded in opening the door. With all the impatience that doomed men could have they waited for the two noble women to have everything ready for their escape. Every night they would take the ball and chain from each ones ankle and take exercise, so that they would be more able to walk or run, for they had been in prison about two months.

Mrs. Cole, by permission, went to her home to wait, knowing all plans that had been made. Sunday morning orders

came for the prisoners to be shot at sunrise Monday morning. Sunday night when the church bells were ringing and citizens and soldiers were going to church the poor men offered up a fervent prayer for aid and opened the door, this time to freedom. They separated at the jail door, agreeing to meet at an old cemetery a mile from town. Their escape was discovered sooner than expected, and scarcely had they reached their rendezvous when they heard the soldiers in close pursuit. They took refuge behind a log lying close to the ground, and the Federals actually made their horses jump that same log.

The news of the order to shoot the men had flown like fire over the whole country, and on Monday morning grandmother took my mother and went to Boonville to find out how her plans had worked. I, a child of twelve, was left at home to care for the younger children. At eleven o'clock I went to the garden for vegetables, taking a younger child with me. I had scarcely commenced to gather the vegetables when I heard a knocking on the fence, and looking up, saw a man who beckoned me. I was greatly frightened, and taking the child by the hand I tried to walk slowly to the house. I then investigated and learned who my visitors were. I soon notified my grandfather, who lived near, and he and I fed them that noon. That evening my grandmother had returned and I took her to their hiding place, again taking something to eat. I shall never forget the looks of those men sitting on the grass with their wounded ankles, made by the balls and chains, exposed to view. As the sun went down we bade them Godspeed on their journey south. Carroll was killed by Federals in Southwest Missouri. The other two joined Shelby's forces and fought through the war. After the war was over Brownlee was going into Springfield, Mo., to surrender and was arrested and shot under the old sentence.

SAVED BY THE BIBLE.

By Mrs. Kate S. Doneghy, Macon, Mo.

January, 1862, was an intensely cold month. I was on our large farm one mile and a half southwest of Hickman Mills, in Jackson county, Missouri. My husband, James Doneghy, was in the South. I was alone save my six little boys, the oldest 11 years, the youngest, Hanson Weightman, 6 months. We were living very uncomfortably, as an attempt had been made to burn the house by Federal soldiers in October, 1861. We were among the first in the county to suffer in every way possible. I, however, saved the house till October 22, 1862. In order to pass away the lonely evening I would read Bible stories to my children from an old family Bible, which was always in its place on a small table near one of the front windows. One cold bright night, so cold that the air seemed to snap with electricity, and a brighter moon I never saw—I remember it well—all at once there was a dash and crash on the outside. My window shades were not lowered for the night, and I could see plainly the house surrounded by Federal cavalry, who had hitched their horses about one hundred yards from the house, walking stealthily, that we might be taken by surprise—guns and bayonets at every window—threatening to fire into the house. I called out not to shoot, that I would open the doors and they could come in. After telling my children not to be alarmed I, with my baby in my arms, opened the doors, when the house was soon crowded with soldiers in full uniform. O, I see the gleam of their arms today. They were much excited, I may say, enraged, and with drawn revolver, said they came to burn the house. Imagine yourself surrounded by fifty enraged men, but O! how a child will quell them.

One of the soldiers said, "I will burn this house, and if you want to save anything take it out." My little boy, only 6 years old, who had been hearing all that was said, called at the top of his voice and gathered the Bible in his arms say-

ing, I will take the Bible; I know my mother does not want to lose her family Bible. That was enough. Silence reigned and pistols fell to the side; they were subdued by the power of the Bible presented by the child. After a short while they left, not a word spoken; they were softened, leaving without any threats. The Bible has been rebound and willed to the one who saved it. He is a good man and lawyer in Kirksville, Mo.

Those Federal soldiers had been told that my husband had returned from the South, and their object was to capture him and then burn the house. They were enraged in their disappointment, but when my little boy called and asked to take out the Bible, hugging it in his arms, they were speechless for a few minutes and stood as living monuments, all in full uniform. Finally one of the leaders had the courage to say, "Let's go, boys." Not another word was spoken. They left peaceably; a little child led them. There was reverence for that book in their hearts that conquered.

THE BATTLE AT WESTPORT.

Copy of letter written by Mrs. Robert Hill of Independence to her sister, Mrs. Kate S. Doneghy of Jackson county, who left Missouri under Order No. 11 and went to Kentucky.

October 23, 1864.

Dear Katy—I received your letter two days ago and hasten to reply. I was very uneasy about you, fearing you had started for Missouri. We are all alive so far as I know. Mr. Hill and Mr. Campbell went over to Clay county a few days ago, or started there, and I hope got there safely. I have braved a storm that is beyond description. For two weeks past the Federals have been massing all the force they could to meet Price, and gathered a large army, variously estimated from 15,000 to 20,000. Of these many were Kansas militia, who were camped in and around Independence. We had 3,000 militia camped in and around our lot from Monday till Friday, when they were called out to meet the rebels. The fighting commenced about nine o'clock in the morning six

miles from town, on the Lexington road, the Confederates fighting at great disadvantage as the Federals had picked their ground behind rock fences. The Confederates had to charge those fences, and I can't tell how many were killed and wounded, but more Federals than Confederates. George Todd was mortally wounded and died in town. Major Smith, a brave and clever Federal, who had commanded our post, was killed, besides other under officers. Curtis gradually fell back until five o'clock in the evening, when the Confederates came into town. The firing ceased for a time. The Federals fell back as far as the Blue, the Confederates passing out as far as Rock creek and resting for awhile, but soon took up their march for battle. By midnight we heard the firing in front of town, and the country for six miles was covered with General Price's rear. Yesterday about 10 o'clock General Pleasanton attacked General Price's rear with 10,000 cavalry whilst his front was fighting a very large Federal force. Heavy fighting all day, the Confederates in the rear retreating, until about three o'clock, when the fight grew desperate, and the Confederates passed through town rapidly, fighting with small arms, and the Federals pursuing not one hundred yards behind. From the balcony of our house (which is very high) we had a view of the battle for more than a mile; saw the Federals capture a battery in Noah Miller's yard. From there on to the Blue the fight was terrific—mostly with small arms—until they got to the Blue, when cannonading commenced. The fight ended at dark, and commenced this morning about 7 o'clock in the neighborhood of Westport. General Price was only making a raid, but some were hopeful enough to think he would hold the state. This evening the report is that he is crossing Kaw river and is badly whipped, but we can tell no more about it than you can. What occurred here is all we know; the confusion is so great that we cannot get a correct statement. We do know that the dead and wounded are being cared for today. The Jones Hotel is the Confederate hospital and the bank the Federal.

Twice in the last ten days our town has been left to the

women and children to care for. The first evacuation was caused by a false rumor that General Price was close to hand with an overwhelming force. It occurred in the night. Next morning all the men were gone save a few old ones. Mr. Hill remained at home. That day the Bushwhackers came into town and took some clothing from Keller's and Sampson's establishment, but of little or no value, as all that was of any value had been sent to Kansas City. They behaved well, much better than many supposed. I did not leave my yard while the Confederates were here, but many of my old friends among them came to see me. More than fifty ate with me yesterday.

Since last Monday I have fed over one hundred men, and ten days ago I did not feel like I had enough for my own family. I have often thought of the loaves and fishes.

The last we heard from the Confederates was yesterday at noon—they were fighting in John Wornall's lane, and his house a hospital—they were marching and fighting.

Mrs. Hill was widely known among the older people. She and her husband were influential citizens. We could not get a more correct statement of the battle, as far as it goes.

"COPY OF THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE."

*Personal Experiences of Mrs. Cason, Washington, D. C.,
formerly of Marshall, Mo.*

I, Sue M. Bryant of Cooper county, state of Missouri, do hereby solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States and support and sustain the Constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the national sovereignty paramount to that of all states, county or Confederate powers; that I will discourage, discountenance and forever oppose secession, rebellion and disintegration of the Federal Union; that I disclaim and denounce all faith and fellowship with the so-called Confederate armies, and pledge my honor, my property and my life to the sacred performance of this my solemn oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States of America.

SUE M. BRYANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1864, at St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM A. KEYSER,
Assistant Provost Marshal.

Witness: J. C. Galbreth of St. Louis, Mo., Clerk P. M. G.

The above is a facsimile of an oath of allegiance taken by Miss Bryant of Marshall, Mo., now Mrs. John R. Carson of Washington, D. C.

Miss Bryant was the daughter of Judge Jno. W. Bryant of Saline county, who, at the opening of the war, was one of the ablest jurists in Missouri.

During his career he had sentenced many criminals to state prisons, and of these prisoners many who had been pardoned and others having served their allotted sentences had nurtured resentment towards Judge Bryant, and the war gave them the opportunity to vent their ill-cherished feeling towards his family.

After some false rumors and the display of the southern colors by Miss Bryant, she was taken prisoner and sent to the famous Gratiot street prison in St. Louis, where she remained for months, refusing to allow any discussion as to her taking the oath.

After months of lingering anxiety, illness, due to ill-ventilated quarters and the reports that her father was sick unto death due through anxiety as to her safety, Miss Bryant was influenced by her father's friends to take the oath and secure her pardon for the sake of her family. This she did, and hurried home to find all well and that the deception had been entered into by friends to force her out of the awful confinement of prison life.

Mrs. Carson assures her friends and children that she is yet true to the principles of the glorious South that caused her to suffer for the Confederacy and the "Men who wore the gray."

REMINISCENCES OF WAR TIMES.

By Mrs. Mary Dobyns DeHaven, Boonville, Mo.

It was in 1861 while at Mrs. Trevis' girls boarding school in Kentucky that my father came and told us of the rebellion, and that he had formed a regiment known as the Louisiana Tigers, and he was colonel, and I must go home with him. He was a wholesale dry goods merchant of New Orleans; he had a summer home on our 800-acre plantation in Louisiana, near New Orleans, and it was here he decided to have our family live during the war with about 50 slaves.

The further south we got I found everything in excitement over the war cloud. The southern women were active, and I became very enthusiastic. Sewing societies were organized to work and sew for our dear Confederate soldiers. The society I belonged to sent a big box off to Virginia every week containing clothing, lint, blankets and socks. I learned to knit, and as I finished each sock I wrote a sweet note of encouragement. Every girl's and woman's heart was for the safety of our gray-coated soldiers and victory for the cause.

My mother took up all the carpets in her big southern mansion and cut them up for soldiers' blankets. She was only one of many who did the same.

We girls hunted the house over for linen underwear which we scraped to make lint.

We even melted lead and made bullets. I put a wish in every one that it would kill a Yankee.

Every woman and child did all in their power at home to aid our beloved South.

My father was off with his regiment, "Tiger Riflers" No. 2 of Louisiana, men and boys. For a while they camped near our house and were then ordered off to Virginia.

Our plantation consisted of a very large house, in which my mother, seven daughters and one baby son lived. Father was off at war. The outbuildings, etc., were like those of any well regulated farm of today.

There was a part of each plantation set aside for the negroes, known as the "Negro quarters." Here was a nice roomy house for the overseer and his family. The ground was laid off into streets and the owner's line was at the end of one street. At the end of another was a chapel, where services were held regularly by a preacher hired by the year. A physician's services were also hired by the year, and all medical attention given the ill.

Now, up and down these streets were cottages consisting of two rooms, front yard and garden spot back. The front room had a big fireplace. The darkies were to have Christmas holidays as long as the back log lasted, and some took advantage and would cut their back log as soon as Christmas was over for the next, and put it in a pond of water to soak a year. So this custom had to be stopped. Some were thrifty and had plums and vegetables. Others were never attended to, but depended upon the gardens of others and the rations given out once a week. Two good negro seamstresses were kept busy the year 'round sewing, as clothing was given out twice a year. Again management was shown by the negro, as some had clothing left from season to season and others would have to be given before time for general distribution.

All infant wardrobes were given the expectant mother, and doctor and woman to nurse them during confinement. And never was a negro woman allowed out of her home before four weeks, and if not then able, was attended until she was.

At the end of one of these streets was a large square room and many windows and a big long porch called "Nursery." There were three old negro mammies to nurse all the babies and young children. Each baby had a tiny wooden cradle which the mother carried to the nursery and had her child cared for while she went to her duty, whatever it might be. In this nursery was a huge fireplace and a slow fire burning, and many little tin cups set around containing milk. It always looked so cozy. It was my favorite place to go to, and

often my mother had me hunted for and found here. The babies were washed and well cared for, and if one was not thriving the cause was looked after.

Let me tell you of a wedding of one of our housemaids. We girls made her a white dress of lawn and a new set of underclothes. She was jet black, had a veil of same lawn and a wreath of natural flowers.

The plantation preacher performed the ceremony. My mother furnished the supper, and they left our house for a dance, fiddles and patting. The best dancers were those who cut the most antics. Never were there such jigs. All so happy, singing and clapping almost muffled the music of fiddle. Bride and groom always had a holiday next day.

There was a great big kitchen at the end of one street where ten negro women prepared meals for the hands.

The overseer looked after all this, and my father looked after him.

Some negroes made extra money and had chickens and eggs to sell to my mother (and they never had many hens compared to our number), but thrift was always encouraged.

It was at these quarters frequently Abolitionists were found trying to incite the negroes to rebellion of all kinds. Many a night my mother, seven of us girls and little brother of 10 years sat up all night, armed, not knowing what would happen. But our negroes were kind to us and never once did they rebel, and only a few young ones left, or run off, and several  of them came back and went willingly to work.

Finally the Yankees took Mississippi river, Memphis, Vicksburg, and then dear New Orleans, and we were in Yankee lines. The thought of how we felt is terrible now. All our hidden cotton was taken, houses burned, and while burning, the young lady of the household would be compelled to play the piano and sing Yankee songs. Meals had to be served the Yankees any time they called for them. Silver, jewelry, diamonds, all were taken before our eyes.

It was near the close of the war I met my future husband, Capt. David DeHaven of Boonville, Mo., who had charge of the navy yards at Selma, Ala.

He came to New Orleans on business connected with the Confederacy. When he came, lover-like, and sat on the sofa beside me in the parlor of a friend I was visiting in New Orleans, I was knitting a soldier's sock and would not look up from my knitting, and he took the sock and threw it over in the corner behind the sofa and proposed.

Our marriage took place at our plantation home, Arnit City (the little station's name nearer home), St. Helena Parish, Louisiana.

In spite of the war I had a big home wedding—ten attendants. Father came home for the occasion and to meet Captain DeHaven. General Sterling Price and staff were there in full uniform, as were all the other officers. Our plantation was ten miles in Yankee lines, and there was some fear the Yankees might come and capture the officers, so we had sentinels out.

Among the decorations were many Confederate flags, the marriage ceremony being performed under a large one held by General Price.

We went to our future home, Selma, Ala., where Captain DeHaven had charge of navy yards and Confederates were building gunboats.

Captain DeHaven had owned a most magnificent steamboat, "Alonzo Child," but the Federals had captured it and used it until the close of the war as a transport and then sold it for \$30,000.00.

We lived in Selma until the Yankees run all the Confederates out. The stockade our soldiers built to put Federals in was taken and all our home guards were imprisoned in it.

Most of Selma was burnt. Captain DeHaven being a Missourian (from Boonville), our home had been headquarters for all Missourians. Senator Vest, when not at his duties at Richmond, was with us. Col. Joe Davis was with us when we had to leave our magnificent home on short notice, and I never

saw one thing in it afterwards except my piano, which a Yankee soldier had given one of our negro women. We went back to Selma after peace was declared to collect our scattered property. I had to rip Captain DeHaven's lovely brass buttons off his uniform and cover them with black cloth, as Confederate uniforms were not allowed and it was impossible to purchase others. Everybody had to take the oath (how I hate that word), and every one who refused was imprisoned.

The whole South a wilderness of chimneys, nothing left; destruction and poverty was all the South showed.

I could tell of woman's hardships for hours both before and after the surrender, but my eyes fill now as I think of them.

My noble father died of a congestive chill, brought on by exposure in the swamps. When the soldiers lay down to sleep water would gather under and around their bodies, and it proved too much for him.

Captain DeHaven and my household negroes (?) cried when told they were free, and two refused to leave and lived with us years afterwards.

My widowed mother's slaves were like a mob of dependent children turned loose. Every wish and want had been provided for and no thought of the tomorrow taken; they did not know what to do first. She went back to New Orleans and only took Rachel, our beloved old black mammy, and afterward she gave Rachel and her husband a house and lot, all furnished, to live in. Each year a big box was sent her, for had not she been one of us? Our heads pillow'd in her broad bosom in sorrow. Her smile been the warmest in prosperity. It was she who bathed us first, and it was she who dressed our baby sister last and crossed the tiny wax-like hands over the pulseless heart as her black face bent reverently in prayer.

I have recalled this little of the past at the request of my daughter, Mrs. Carrie DeHaven McMahan of R. E. Lee Chapter of Marshall, Mo.

REMINISCENCES OF MAJOR T. S. CHANDLER.

In 1862, while the Confederate forces under Generals Beauregard and Price were at Corinth, in Mississippi, Col. Warner Lewis of Dayton, Mo., was ordered by General Price to proceed to Missouri for the purpose of raising a regiment of partisan rangers. I was permitted to accompany him and aid him in his mission. Let it be remembered that at this time there were no mails in the states in rebellion, and little did General Price dream of the condition of affairs in Missouri, or our mission would never have been undertaken.

It was known to our generals that Fort Pillow, which is a short distance above Memphis, was on the eve of being evacuated, and as soon as this took place Memphis would be occupied by the Federals. If we could get across the state of Mississippi and reach Memphis before this event, then we could get a boat that would take us to Little Rock, Ark., and from there we would make our way as best we could to Missouri. A hasty trip across the state on horseback brought us to Memphis on the — day of —— at 10 a. m. When we came in sight of the Mississippi river our vision was greeted by the appearance of the Confederate gunboats from Fort Pillow on their way down the Mississippi. The fort had been evacuated and the Federals were on their way to invest Memphis.

We found that the last steamboat on the Confederate side would leave Memphis in about two hours, bound for Little Rock. We were soon on board, and in two hours our boat turned her prow down stream. We reached Pine Bluff, Ark., without accident, but at this point the Arkansas had fallen so low that the boat could go no farther, so we were tied up at the south bank in the shade of immense cottonwood trees. The next morning I arose early, and going to the forecastle, found it covered with blood. There lay a man with his throat cut from ear to ear (fortunately a jugular vein was not severed). I immediately went back and reported the case to a

surgeon who was on board. The surgeon refusing to get up and minister, I took the case myself. After trying in vain to get a surgeon's needle and thread, I made the deck hands take my patient ashore and lay him on the grass. Going to a planter's home I made my mission known, and the lady tore up an old table cloth, gave me some flaxseed and a number 1 sewing needle. The deck hands held him while I sewed up the gaping wound. The needle being a round one, it was with difficulty that I forced it through the skin of the neck. It was very painful and he yelled manfully. I bound up his neck, and in three days he was perfectly well. I asked him why he did it (he was an Irishman and had been on a long drunk). He said he was well off, and, in his delirium, thought that the Federals had robbed him of his wealth, and for this reason he cut his throat. After performing the surgical operation I saw what his condition was and that his whiskey had given out. No more was to be had for any consideration. There was a planter aboard on his way home, and I knew he had a barrel he had bought at Memphis. I applied to him to sell me one quart that I might minister to my patient to relieve his nervous condition, but could not persuade him to let me have one drop, and my Irishman had to dismount his high horse as best he could.

After staying here three days Colonel Lewis and I hired a conveyance and driver, and in a few days were in the north-east corner of the state. The day we reached Fayetteville had been appointed for the meeting of the Confederate element there to form a company for the Confederate service. Colonel Lewis and I went to a hotel for dinner. In the meantime I had bought a horse and saddle. After dinner the colonel handed me my commission, directing me to go to Cooper county for the purpose of enlisting men. From Fayetteville I took up my line of march for Missouri. There were no Federal troops in Arkansas at that time; I was not on the lookout for any. I had not gone very far (more than two miles) when I saw at a distance a body of cavalry approaching at a very rapid rate.

I did not dream of their being Federals or I could easily have escaped into the thick woods. They proved to be a Federal cavalry making a rapid dash on Fayetteville to capture a company of Confederate troops there being organized. I was made prisoner, placed under guard, and started back toward Fayetteville. My commission as colonel of Partisan Rangers was in my pocketbook in my coat pocket. I knew it would go very hard with me; so while dashing rapidly forward between two Federal guards I took a chew of tobacco, returned the tobacco to my pocket, and as I drew my hand out, drew the pocketbook out, and with a quick movement of the wrist threw it from me into the edge of the woods. I hoped thereby to get clear of my commission; but we had not gone but a few steps when I heard one of the stragglers call out, "O! I've found a pocketbook." I knew they would be able to connect and identify me as the owner and a commissioned Partisan Ranger, and therefore determined at all hazards to escape from them before they had time to do this. I had seen service in the Mexican war and was by no means a novice in this line.

We reached Fayetteville, and I, with a large number of recruits, were taken to the courthouse. There I saw Colonel Lewis and told him of my mishap. He said that was bad; but I told him I'd get away.

Presently one of the Federal officers came in and commenced making his selection of those whom he would retain as prisoners and those he intended to release. He put a number of questions to each. Those who showed decided southern proclivities by their answers were destined for Camp Douglas. I managed to keep unnoticed by the officer. Soon he ordered the sentinel at the door to "Let these men pass out," referring to some thirty or more whom he had concluded not to make prisoners. As these passed out I succeeded, by a quick movement from the officer's rear, in mingling with these men and passed the guard with them into the street. I went back to the hotel, and as I reached the porch steps was made prisoner again. I told them I had just been released

from the courthouse by order of the commander. One of them said, "Your face shows that you have been where the sun shines damned hot; we'll take you back." It happened at this juncture that a country man with a load of corn came along. A quarrel arose among them as to who should have it. While this was going on I darted into the hotel, passed through the dining room where, a few hours before, I had taken dinner, went through the kitchen and crawled under it, as it was raised sufficiently above the ground to admit my body by a tight squeeze. In about forty-five minutes I heard a lively clatter of knives and forks and dishes in the dining-room, and knew the officers were demolishing the landlady's viands. I then crawled out and took down an alley leading westward to the woods. Just as I was entering the woods two Federals sprang up and presented their carbines, and I was again a prisoner and headed for the courthouse. It was an excessively hot day. On the way back the guards picked up a number of prisoners. We stopped at a lawyer's office to get water. While they were drinking I stepped into the bedroom and hid myself in a closet until I heard them depart. I stayed hid until about sunset. The town, I knew, was closely guarded, with sentinels all around it. Taking one of the lawyer's large volumes under my arm I left the office and walked due north. As I neared the woods I opened the back gate of a residence and passed up the garden walk to the house and inquired if Mr. Staple Hanler lived there—was told he did not. I laid my book down and passed out at the front door. Looking around, I saw there were sentinels to my right and my left. I walked leisurely to the front gate and passed out. Expecting a challenge from them at any moment, I slowly crossed the road and was soon in the woods again. Making quick time for three miles, I found myself in a deep valley with mountains on either hand. I thanked God and laid down in the very dry grass and leaves to sleep. About ten o'clock I was aroused by a heavy, sliding tread in the dry leaves on the western declivity—a "bear" flashed across my

mind ('twas very dark). I sprang to my feet and felt for my bowie knife, when I remembered it had been taken by the Federals. He threw himself upon his hind feet, uttering a hissing, gutteral sound. I ran a short distance and stopped a moment. He had resumed his march and was ascending the mountain on the east. I thanked God again and returned to my bed of leaves, feeling assured that I could spend the remainder of the night unmolested, and was soon again wrapped in the arms of morpheus. Was awakened in the morning by the crowing of a cock in an apparently far-off farmhouse, and at the same time recognized the heavy, sliding tread of bruin descending the mountain on the east, and he was very close. I gave one bound into the air, and long and rapid strides soon brought me within reach of a tall sapling with branches seven or eight feet from the ground. With the agility of a cat I sprang up this tree and secured myself in its branches. When I ran bruin again threw himself upon his haunches and saluted me as before, and then resumed his march with his heavy tread up the western mountain, from whence he came the night before.

This was in the Boston mountains where bears were plentiful, and I had unfortunately made my bed in the exact path that he was wont to take going and coming in his foraging expeditions at night on the farmers' barnyards. They go and return by the same path through the woods. I came down from my perch, awaited the coming of day—my horse had been taken from me—so again I took up my line of march for Missouri, this time afoot. After having gone four or five miles I discovered, at a short distance, a farmhouse. I stopped, was met by a large man with red face and shaggy eyebrows, very much the appearance of a bull dog. I was very hungry and asked for breakfast. He made no reply to my request, but commenced plying me with questions as to who I was and where I was going, what I was going for, et cetera. The questioning continued for about a quarter of an hour; the object was to find out whether I was Confederate or Federal. If

the latter, I was to be shot; if the former, then I was all right. It was evident to my mind that he thought me a Federal. They gave me breakfast, after which I was taken into the front yard, where I found quite a number of Boston Mountain Home Guards, one of whom said he had been with General Price at Cowskin Prairie, in McDonald county, Missouri, some thirty miles distant from where we were then. This man was made inquisitor-general, and questioning was again commenced and continued for an hour or more. I was then taken to a neighbor's, and there another consultation was held as to whether they should shoot me. About 11 o'clock we returned to the house, it having been decided that I was a Federal and must therefore die. I happened to raise my arm when one of them sternly demanded what that was sewed up under my right arm. I answered by taking my pocket knife and ripping my shirt sleeve and handing them a roll containing \$1,500.00 in new, crisp Confederate bills. They counted the money over and they all looked as though each of them had stolen a sheep. They handed me my money and then I was all right with them. I stayed till after dinner and then bought a roan pony from one of them and announced my intention of resuming my route to Missouri. To this they dissented, said I would never see my destination, as every hamlet and village was invested with Federals—that the paths even were strewn with dead men's bones. I, however, left, and after five days' travel, riding at night and in the day, reached home and found everything in Central Missouri in a state of terror from the Federals.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WAR AND PRISON LIFE.

By A. M. Poage.

We left Holt county, Missouri, as recruits under Louis M. Lloyd, on the 10th day of March, 1862. Traveling with a guide, sometimes by day or a part of a day and of night, sometimes stopping for several days in one neighborhood and

scatter out and break hemp or shuck corn, maybe two of us in a place (I broke hemp for Ebenezer Price, a few miles from Missouri City, in Clay county, Missouri). Our stay there was more to let the running ice in the Missouri river pass than anything else. In the meantime two of our boys were captured, but as they were going to St. Joseph from Liberty they made their escape. As soon as the ice was out of the way we swam our horses across the river at Missouri City and us crossing in a skiff. And then we remained on the Little Blue, on the farm of an old gentleman by the name of Dunahou, and we shucked corn out of the shock for him.

Finally we made another start (but it was on the Little Blue our captured boys came to us, one of them was my brother); then it was that we got down on the Sni, where, on the 23rd day of April, we held a little shooting match with the Federals. In the engagement there were eight of us captured. Captain Lloyd gave himself up, as he and my brother had gone to some of the farmhouses after some rations. Two of the boys were wounded, one O. G. Fansher in the arm by the captain with a revolver after he had surrendered. The other was John Colclasior of Jackson county, Missouri, who was shot with a minie ball through the right side just above the hip bone and the ribs.

And there it was that I thought my time had come, as I saw no chance of escape and was completely surrounded. I threw down my gun and held up my hands, and I guess my hair, too, as there came up to me two Dutch soldiers, one in front of me and the other at my side, and jabbering in Dutch, "Tam secesh, tam brushwhack," and had their bayonets against my body and the hammers drawn back ready to fire. I tell you it made me feel all over in spots as large as a blanket. Now, I'll explain why Captain Lloyd gave himself up; it was to show his commission from General Price, and then they recognized us as soldiers and not Bushwhackers.

When they got us all straightened out they started to Lexington, but night overtaking us at Wellington we

camped there for the night in a church. The ladies brought us a fine supper, and a doctor was called by some one to attend to the two wounded boys. Mr. Colclasior was left there. I never knew anything more of him. Mr. Fansher got along all right. We proceeded on to Lexington, where we were lodged in jail and in a dungeon, where we stayed for nine weeks without seeing daylight and until it began to get so hot that I reckon that they took mercy on us and put us upstairs and gave us access to the hall in the daytime. I will here say when we were first taken there Mr. Alford Nickols was jailer, and because two other prisoners made their escape one night he, Mr. Nickols, was discharged, but he was not to blame, for I know all about it. I will tell you all about it: One of the boys had a ball of beeswax. Mr. James Wait one of the escaped prisoners, worked it until soft, and when they brought our dinner in they swung the door open and we all stood between the key (which was in the lock) and those who brought the dinner in. Mr. Wate took the key out of the lock and printed it in the beeswax and got the shape of the key, and then with his penknife cut out the raised parts in the wax and then laid it on a maple chair back and marked it out with a pencil and then cut out a key that fit the lock and even unlocked the door. He and his partner were over us in an upper cell, and we had communication through a stovepipe hole. At the time he got the pattern of the key he was in the lower cell with us boys. The Yanks took a notion they would take us out of the cells below and put us upstairs, so they put Mr. Wate and his partner over us, and then in a few days they moved us, so the wooden key answered both doors, and by the move it only gave Mr. Wate a better chance to get away, as he could unlock the inside door just after dark and went out into the bedroom of Mr. Nickols' and stayed in there until everything in town was quiet, which he did, and made a clean go of it. The next morning Mr. Nickols got it from the Yanks, and he either quit or they made him quit, and a Mr. Hickum took his place. During our stay at the jail the ladies

would come about twice a week and bring us dinner, consisting of a variety of everything that was good for man to eat, until the Yanks could not stand it any longer, so they put a stop to it. After awhile our family at the jail had increased so in numbers that they took a lot of the best of us to the Arkana Hall, and there we stayed until after or about the time of the Lone Jack battle. Now, I will tell of an incident that happened there one night. A Mr. Estes and Mr. Steveson were made prisoners and brought to the hall, and they, like the rest of us, would fain stay if they could get away. One night during a thunder storm they prepared an exit by tying a pair of check lines, which they had in a pair of saddle pockets, with some clothing; so they tied a line to a bench and then a blanket and the other line to the other end of the blanket. And down went Mr. S., and just about the time Mr. S. reached the ground the sentry saw him, halted and fired. Mr. S. made good his escape. Up came the corporal and several men, got us all in line, called the roll, and then they wanted to know who was sleeping with that missing man (Mr. S.). Estis said I was. Why didn't you tell us? Because it is our place to get away and yours to keep us here if you can. At this one of the men gave him a back-handed lick across the nose and the eyebrow, laying the hide open until I could have laid my finger in the gash, and knocking him senseless for awhile. He bled until his face was covered with blood, and when he came to they set him on the rostrum and tied him with lines, and he had to sit there until about 9 o'clock the next morning with all that blood dried on his face and his hands tied to his feet or ankles. Then he was removed to the jail and put in a dungeon. The ladies of Lexington were very kind to us as far as they were allowed. They would send us word by those they could get to see their friends for us to bring our clothes to have them washed. And among them was a Mrs. Chrisman (she had gotten my name some way), who sent me word to bring my clothes to her, saying that was her name before she was married. So I got a

guard to go with me. I told her who I was and the word I had received. Then she began to ask me some questions. Mr. Yank says no time for talking; come on. When I took my duds out I did not have many, so one of the other boys brought them back in quite a large basket. I went down on the next floor after them, where the corporal had to inspect them before we received them. He took out a piece at a time; the clothes were all out, and there was some of the nicest of victuals or grub. That was all the good the grub ever done me. I had a curiosity to know what they intended to do with it, so I emptied a part of a pail of water out of the window and went down after a pail of water. The corporal says, "We haven't time just now" (they were eating Mrs. Chrisman's grub). Now, as I said in my other letter, it is for the many kind deeds and favors of the ladies of Wellington and Lexington that I feel so grateful to them for, and never shall forget them and the many people that I formed an acquaintance with, among them Dr. John Perry, Wm. Greer, Parson Ridley of Chapel Hill, Judge Slaughter of Jackson county, and a number of others. When we left Lexington we were sent to McDowell's College, St. Louis. But being an apt scholar, I soon graduated; it only took us two days and nights, and then we were sent to Alton, Ill., remaining there three weeks, when we were sent to Vicksburg, Miss., in exchange. I must tell you a treacherous act of a Yankee doctor. He mixed a jar of quinine and morphine and made one of our doctors a present of it when we left Alton. Joe Lyons, one of our Lexington prisoners, was his only victim. He had a chill at Vicksburg, and the doctor gave him a powder and went off to town. Lyons took a drink of water and laid down and went to sleep and never woke up any more. The doctor was summoned and he said he was poisoned. They had it analyzed and found it mixed with morphine. Here I must relate a little incident about Mr. Lyons (he was a German) and while we were at Lexington. The ladies would wave their handkerchiefs at the prisoners as they would go by the hall. There was an

order issued to arrest them if they did not stop it. So Joe, as we called him, was at the back end of the hall looking out of the window where there were some horses hitched. Joe came into the front part of the hall. "Boys," he said, "the Yanks have arrested one of them horses." "What for?" was asked. "Why, he was switching flies off of himself with his tail and they thought he was waving at me, and arrested him for it." After a short stay in Vicksburg we were sent to Tupelo, Miss., on the cars, and then we marched from there across the country to Oxford. There we took the train for Holly Springs, and joined the army there just after the battle of Corinth. After a short resting spell we threw up breastworks and made large preparations for a battle near a little town by the name of Abbeville. Finally the Yanks flanked our position and we had to fall back to Grenada. But while at Abbeville I witnessed a painful scene. One of our men had to, in self-defense, shoot another one of our men. I understood that James Baxter, the one that was killed, was from Kansas City; the other man was Tom Finch from Buchanan county, Missouri. We remained at Grenada for some three months, and it was while we were there that Colonel Gates took the small-pox, and as luck would have it, there was not another man in the whole command that took it. It was on Christmas day, 1862, that President Davis and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston reviewed the army at Grenada. Our next move was to Jackson, Grant having given up his overland march through Mississippi; and as he still continued to demonstrate above Vicksburg the closer we moved toward the city.

We were finally moved from Jackson to Big Black Railroad bridge, twelve miles from the city, and were there when the gunboats run the blockade. The next morning after that we got marching orders to go to Port Gibson, some sixty miles below Vicksburg, to intercept Grant's crossing. But as you are aware, it did no good; so after a hard-fought battle at Grand Gulf, and being shelled back by the gunboats, we had to fall back toward Vicksburg. And

then we were sent out east toward Jackson and met the Yanks at Champion Hill, and there had another severe fight on the 16th of May, 1863, and then had to fall back to Big Black bridge, and on the morning of the 17th a part of our command was captured with parts of another command, about 1,500 in number, and I among them. We were marched around above Vicksburg to Millican's bend, on the Mississippi river, and then put on board of transports and sent up to Cairo, Ill. While we were thus traveling they issued us flour and pickled beef, raw. I was on the hurricane deck of the Southwester—and not a stick nor a stove to cook or boil anything in. We managed to draw water out of the river and worked up dough on an oilcloth and held it up against the smokestack until it dried a little on both sides, and then ate it and the raw meat together, until we got to Cairo. And then we were sent to Indianapolis, Ind. Were there ten days; then they told us that they were going to send us to Richmond, Va., for exchange. Instead, they sent us to Fort Delaware, below Philadelphia, on the Delaware Bay. After four months we were put aboard of a ship and sent around by way of the Atlantic Ocean and up the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Potomac, a narrow peak or strip of land running down between the bay and the river. It was called Point Lookout, M. D. After eleven months we were again loaded on board of another vessel and sent to Baltimore, Md., and then in cars to Elmira, N. Y. And then, after seven months, we were sent over the same route to Point Lookout, and then on to City Point, on the James river, for exchange at Richmond, Va. By this time there were but few of us that were of any account. And so they gave all a furlough that did not want to go outside of the lines. As I was a Virginian and from near Salem, Roanoke county, they gave me a leave of absence for forty days, and before that time the war was over. I was imprisoned altogether twenty-one months and three days. I was not sick a day during that whole time. If it was not too long and tedious I could tell you some horrible things in the way of treatment

while a prisoner. But I must say I was more fortunate than some of my fellow-men were.

I must tell a little about Fort Delaware. The fort is located about the middle of the bay, on a submerged island, and but for the levee around it, it would be covered with water when the tide is in. All the water we had to use was brought from Brandywine river in a boat and pumped out in large wooden tanks, and was almost as warm as dishwater when we got it. All the Gettysburg prisoners were brought there. There were 14,000 in all there at one time. The way they did die would make a fellow think that his time was coming soon. The Yankees' mode of punishment varied some at the different prisons. Mostly they would knock the head out of a barrel, cut a hole in the other end large enough for a man's head and set it over him and compel him to wear it for so many hours, according to what he had done. At Elmira, N. Y., I saw two men that had kidnapped a Yank's pup and dressed it, cooked it and ate the whelp. They had to wear a wooden shirt eight hours a day for ten days. I was told their shoulders were raw at the end of their sentence. Another man I saw tied up by the thumbs and his arms were drawn up behind him, besides he was gagged by tying a tent pin in his mouth. He hung there until he was black in the face, and will never be any nearer dead until he is dead. It was all to make him tell which guard brought him a canteen of whiskey. At Point Lookout I saw a Yankee officer hammer a prisoner on the head with a revolver. When they put negro guards around the camp this man holloed, "Boys, get your lanterns, its getting so dark we can't see." The officer rode up to him and hammered him as though he meant to kill him. It was a common thing for guards to shoot through the camp and seldom miss some one.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. ANNIE K. MAJOR OF
HENDERSON, KY.*By Mrs. Alexander H. Major.*

Little has been told in history of the depredations and crimes committed in the border states along the Ohio river during the early years of the Civil war. The great advantage of location was not overlooked by the enemy, and southern sympathizers were subjected to many indignities.

My father's beautiful country home, "Oakwood," was located three and one-half miles north of Henderson, Ky., on the Spottsville road, and in those days was the center of much southern hospitality, also the retrospect of many sad scenes full of anxious moments to us all. It was a calm July afternoon in 1861. My mother, Mr. Luke Trafton (my cousin) and Mr. Alex. Major (whom I afterwards married) were seated on the front portico. My father, Col. Jackson McClain, had just ridden away to oversee some work on the farm. My school friend, who was visiting me, Miss Hunt, and myself had just gone upstairs to our room to enjoy a quiet afternoon "nap" when I heard my mother calling us excitedly, "Girls! Girls! Look out the window, the soldiers are coming." Hurrying down stairs we found the Federal soldiers lined up in front of the house, and Captain Gilbert, who was in command, stood with bare head before my mother, and in response to the question, "Gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he replied in very aggressive tones. "Madam, we want to see Colonel McClain." When told my father had just left, he was much displeased and further informed my mother he had orders from headquarters to get supplies. They were in need of corn, hay, meat and horses, and further, he had orders to burn Colonel McClain's house to the ground and take him prisoner; also, Mr. Trafton and Mr. Major, as they had all been represented as southern sympathizers and shielding the

southern soldiers. My mother, of course, was greatly agitated, but knowing she must arise to the occasion, immediately sent a negro servant in haste for my father, then had a bucket of cold water sent around to the front yard for the soldiers, hoping to keep the situation as pleasant as possible until my father's arrival. A very amusing incident happened which tended to relieve the strain and throw every one into laughter. The soldiers were about to drink the water when my cousin, Mr. Trafton (then a young man of 22), stepped out on the porch and commanded halt! Every man obeyed. With a merry twinkle in his eye he said, "Gentlemen, this is southern water; better let me take a drink first; there might be 'pisen' in it." He raised the dipper and drank freely. The soldiers laughed heartily and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as we. My mother then invited Captain Gilbert into the parlor and commissioned Miss Hunt and myself to entertain him. At first—it was not an easy task, for we were thoroughly in sympathy with the South and hated the Yankees—but Captain Gilbert asked me to sing for him. And glad of an opportunity to give vent to my inward feelings, I sat down to the piano and in a half mischievous way commenced to play "Dixie." The longer I played it the faster my heart beat in harmony with the melody expressed. The soldiers cheered from the front yard, where they stood with "rest arms," and I continued playing all the southern melodies I could think of. When I finished Captain Gilbert cheered and said, "You are a little secesh girl, ain't you?" I answered, "Yes, sir; from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet." Then I played "Home, Sweet Home," and Miss Hunt joined me in singing those beautiful words. When the last strains had died away I turned to Captain Gilbert. He was silent, his head bowed low. From his inside pocket he took something out, kissed it and handed it to me; there were tears in his eyes—a picture of his young wife and baby. He said, "I, too, have a "Home, Sweet Home," which I left behind, and these two loved ones await there my return." Thoughts of my own dear loved ones came to me, and in spite

of his terrible mission, I was sorry for him and expressed a desire that he might return to them soon. My father came in at this moment, and extending his hand to Captain Gilbert, asked him of what service he could be. Captain Gilbert replied: First, Colonel McClain, I want your weapons. Quick as a flash my father said, "Follow me, sir." He led him to his own bedroom, opened his private secretary and said, "These sir, are my weapons," handing him an old bowie knife and a pistol which had not had a cartridge in it since my father's boyhood days. He then took Captain Gilbert through the house, opening every closet, to convince him he was unarmed. When they had finished the hunt for weapons Captain Gilbert turned to my father and said: "Colonel McClain, you have enemies—you have been represented to me as a dangerous man—and if I live to see this war ended I am coming back to tell you who they are. I have orders from Colonel Foster to burn your house and take you a prisoner, but if Colonel Foster wants those orders carried out he will have to send another man." My father thanked him kindly for his consideration and said: "Captain Gilbert, I have never had an opportunity to assist the South, as I am past the eligible age to enlist, but I am proud to say, sir, I am a southern sympathizer, and if I ever get a chance to help lick those d—n blue-bellied Yankees I'll be right there, sir." My mother came in at this moment, and with some diplomatic remarks (for she could plainly see my father's excited expression), turned the conversation to more pleasant things. We girls joined her and besieged Captain Gilbert not to take our sweethearts away. He was firm but courteous. My mother had in the meantime gone out quietly and had all our beautiful horses, and a splendid driving horse, "Black Joe," which belonged to Mr. Major, corralled and driven away off in the back pasture. We were all feeling well satisfied that we had outwitted the Yankees when we looked out of the window, and there, much to our horror, came "Black Joe," head and tail erect, prancing down the big road in plain view of all the soldiers. Our hearts were too heavy for utterance. We knew the fate of "Black

Joe." My father then ordered his horse and buggy, one for Mr. Trafton, and Mr. Major loaded up all the muskets they could carry, to relieve the soldiers on their march back to Henderson. He then told Captain Gilbert if he would send his men out the next morning he would give them the supplies they had asked for. The parting hour had come; oh! the bitterness of it all—for we knew not whether it was good-bye for a short while or a farewell for eternity—but there was a silver lining, for as Captain Gilbert rode away he waived to us and said, "Never mind, little girls, your sweethearts will be back soon," and he kept his word.

BRIBED THE GUARD.

Written by Mrs. Samuel Vance Warth, from incidents told by the wife of Mr. Lawrence Daly.

Lawrence Daly joined the Confederate forces under the fearless General John Morgan in Kentucky. After many encounters with Federal forces, they crossed the Ohio river into Indiana and made a sortie through the southern part of the state of Ohio, finally meeting an overpowering number of Federals in a skirmish. Morgan and his fearless men were forced to surrender or make their escape as best they could, every man for himself.

Lawrence Daly was captured and sent to a military prison in Chicago, where for nine months he did not see the sky. All this time his friends in Kentucky were trying to effect his release.

The daughter of Governor Blackburn of Kentucky, a very brilliant woman, had married a gentleman who became mayor of Chicago during the Civil war, and the friends of Mr. Daly applied to her to secure his release.

Nothing daunted, she set to work to effect his escape. She bribed a contractor who had a force of masons at work repairing a building within the prison yard. He in some way sent a lime-bespattered suit to the prisoner, telling him to don

the suit and come out with a bucket of mortar when he opened the gate for the workmen in the evening. When the gates were opened a sand storm came up, and the foreman hurried the men out without counting them, as was his custom, and Mr. Daly was ushered beyond the prison walls with the workmen. He looked about him, and the sky was so beautiful that he stood a little while admiring it. Still holding the bucket of mortar, he stepped onto a street car, not knowing where to go. Just then a gentleman stepped up to him and whispered to him to go two blocks and he would meet him there. Was he a friend or foe? was the question which agitated his mind, but he thought he must be a friend, so he pulled the bell rope and stepped off the car. The gentleman met him, pointed to a fine residence across the street, telling him that in that residence lived the mayor of Chicago; that his wife was a daughter of Governor Blackburn of Kentucky, and to take the bucket of mortar, ring the bell at the front door and she would tell him what to do. He did as he was advised, and the lady met him in person. She said the repairing she wanted done was in her sitting room. As they passed the drawing room the mayor of Chicago sat conferring with Federal officers. When the door of the sitting room closed behind him she told him she had effected his escape; that she had a horse and the great coat and wide hat of a cowboy awaiting him, and now he could ride to Kentucky after a good night's sleep. In a week he made the trip, and how joyful was the home-coming. They were ready to kill the fatted calf because the loved one had returned to them again, but alas, the joy was soon changed to sorrow, for before dawn a colored boy had reported his return, the house was surrounded by Federals and Lawrence Daly was taken prisoner to Lexington, tried as a spy within Federal lines and condemned to be shot. Again the parents applied to a wealthy friend who posed as a Union man to save his property. The friend gave a champagne supper and invited the officer who had passed sentence on Mr. Daly. After the colonel was hilarious with imbibing the champagne

the friend persuaded him to revoke the sentence and release Lawrence Daly, who lived to ripe old age, a useful citizen and a resident of Nevada, Mo., until the time of his death, August, 1905.

ATROCITIES UPON THE MISSOURI BORDER.

By Mrs. N. M. Harris, Rich Hill, Mo.

A history of the Civil war in Missouri recording merely the career of Jennison—not his military exploits, for that outlaw's methods deserve no such honorable distinction—if only this record gave a full account of the raids of this colonel and his cohorts in Missouri, it would fill a volume.

Some contend that it serves no good purpose to chronicle such deeds of outlawry and cruelty as marked Jennison's forays. Why? Isn't this a part of the history of the Civil war? Does any historian spare Quantrill? Would the world's history be complete without the record of the cruelties, the vandalism of Alaric, of Attilla, Geiseric, Herod, Weyler and scores of other miscreants who have figured prominently in public events?

I will not attempt a full resume of Jennison's outlawry in Western Missouri—the record, though “true as holy writ,” would seem, in this peaceful era, incredible and the details too distressing.

I will give one sample of his many, many misdeeds under the guise of military measures. Col. E. McC—, a bank official in Kansas City, was compelled, on account of his southern sympathies, to leave his home. One night during his absence, in the autumn of 1861, while the family was asleep, the door of Mrs. McC.'s room on the first floor was broken open and a squad of noisy soldiers rushed into the apartment. The alarmed lady entreated them to retire until she could put on her clothes, but they cursed her and told her to get up pretty d—n quick or they would prod her with their sabers. A bright fire was burning in the open hearth; the wretches took blazing brands and carried them about as they ransacked the

closets, dresser drawers and trunks. A little girl, who was sleeping with her mother, was awakened by the unusual noise and began to cry, and one of the men went to her and, holding a saber against her face, told her if she uttered another sound he would cut her head off. The poor little thing was so frightened and subdued that she did not speak a word for days.

The young girls who were asleep upstairs were aroused by the disturbance below, hastily dressed and ran to their mother's room. The outlaws then turned their attention to the girls, using insulting terms, searched their persons for valuables, all the while singing ribald songs or telling obscene jokes. They took from a pocket in the housemaid's petticoat forty dollars, tearing her apparel from her person. The creatures made the girls go before them as they searched every apartment in the house, from which they purloined every article of value they could carry. Then returning downstairs three of the wretches took by force three of the girls into the yard and marched back and forth in the moonlight, making most vicious threats and insinuations. The fellows demanded to know where a negro man, a faithful servant of the family, was hiding, saying they intended to shoot him on sight because he remained with the damned rebels when he could go with them and be free. After several hours of this atrocious conduct the creatures started away, but just when the family began to breathe freer they burst in again and demanded breakfast. Not waiting for some one to get food for them—they were too frightened to refuse—they went into the kitchen and pantry and helped themselves to every edible in sight.

Finally the Jayhawkers, with threats and curses, went their way.

Three of these midnight marauders, wearing the uniform of United States soldiers, were recognized by the family. One, an officer, was killed shortly after by a fall from his horse, it was reported. It was believed, however, that he was murdered by a man in his command whom he had wronged.

This episode is typical of many during Jennison's dom-

ination on our border. He ordered the execution of wounded Confederate soldiers on parole; he murdered men in the presence of their families, men guilty of no crime save what creatures of Jennison's ilk deemed crime, that their sympathies were with the South or that southern blood flowed in their veins. There yet lives in Jackson county a woman whom Jennison shot for attempting to shield her husband, helpless from illness. This poor lady was crippled for life, never able to walk without crutches. The silver plate and jewelry Jennison and his men stole and carried into Kansas would have stocked many jewelry stores; the bedding, wearing apparel and furniture they carted over into their beloved commonwealth was ample to supply the homes of the whole horde (they carried away three forty-pound feather beds from one house at one time); the cattle, horses and mules these thrifty thieves drove to their state from Missouri were enough to stock (and did) the farms of many of the "emigrant aiders" in Kansas. A staunch and loyal citizen told me that he went from Maine to Kansas in 1859, expecting to make the new state his home, but when he heard his neighbors' plans he left in disgust. He said the farmers around him boasted of the fine opportunities they would have when hostilities were well under way to go over the border and take what they desired or needed from the rich Missouri planters, and, my friend continued, they carried out this plan to the letter. Jennison's command hauled from a graveyard near Harrisonville a number of tombstones—this was a gruesome kind of highway robbery, but they doubtless reasoned that the smooth side of the marble slabs would make substantial doorsteps. This regiment was not at all fastidious in their tastes—they took the patchwork quilts from the negro cabins as eagerly as they pulled from the beds of invalids among the aristocracy the downy silken comforts and costly counterpanes.

On one raid into Missouri Jennison's command carried off all the silverware in sight in the neighborhood of the Masons, the Stonestreets, Cowards, Fields, Thorntons and others of the well-to-do residents of that section. They tore up the

hearts to seek hidden treasures; they took the family carriages and drove away over towards Kansas with negro women as their occupants; they packed in wagons all wearing apparel, household articles, harness, plows or whatever they wanted and could make room for. They left not a horse, mule or any cattle they could manage to drive away; they robbed hen roosts, took children's toys, even compelling one gentleman to take off his coat, pants and shoes and give them; they broke dishes they could not carry away; handsome party finery that did not appeal to their pilfering proclivities they wiped their muddy boots on. All this, and the half has not been told. Besides Jennison's raids into Missouri, the sad and sorrowful events told in the Scottish Chiefs sink into insignificance; the forays of the Pawnees and other savage bands into the sparsely settled districts on the frontier wrought not half the desolation and disaster; the history of the world, I believe, furnishes no parallel to the consummate, cruel, low-down, contemptible conduct of Jennison's band of Jayhawkers when they marched over our fair land.

One Sunday afternoon I counted in the Sni hills seven dwellings burning at once, two the homes of poor widows. And this brings me to what I must add before I finish this record—that is, that in Jennison's command not quite all were utterly conscienceless, there are exceptions to all rules. On this fateful Sabbath day the command came to my father's house and, running into the sitting room, some of the soldiers began taking brands from the fire to burn the house. One man said to them, "Boys, you will never burn this house unless you burn me in it." "Listen to me," he continued, when he saw they were paying no attention to him, "Years ago I emigrated to the west with my little family. I was a poor man with money enough barely to cover our expenses and provide a living for a week or so after we reached our destination. Well, cholera broke out on the boat; I had it, and my doctor's bill and medicine took every cent I had, so when we landed at Kansas City we were in a penniless, pitiful fix, I tell you. The man who lives here now then lived near the

town, and he being around the wharf noticed, I guess, that there was something wrong with us. He inquired, and when he learned of our troubles he sent us to a vacant house of his near-by; and that was not all—directly a lot of provisions and fuel were delivered at the house. Then in a day or two our new-found friend came around and offered me a job—and here I am. Now, boys, the world is not swarming with such folks; let's leave them in peace."

Some of the would-be incendiaries threw their blazing brands in the fire; others said, "This feller's a rebel all right, and hadn't ought to have a home." But the man pleaded again, and finally sat down and said, "All right, burn or not, I will not leave this room." At last, for a wonder, the rascallions curbed their vicious propensities and left the house standing.

Conditions were piteous during Jennison's domination, yet now and then amusing. I will never forget the difficulties attending a bath when we knew the Union soldiers were in the neighborhood. We knew not the hour when a squad of Jayhawkers would bounce in unannounced, not even waiting to rap on the door. So we took turns at bathing and keeping guard. One watcher would stand in the lane and look to the east, another to the west; one would patrol the orchard on the north, another glue her eyes to the cornfield in front. Often even then ablutions had to be cut short and clothing thrust on haphazard when one or the other on guard would cry, "the Federals are coming!" I remember once in such extremity I put my garments on upside down, wrong side out, and even then the outlaws were up in my room before I could manage to close my inverted basque. One day when it was my turn to stand guard I saw two horsemen riding like Tam O'Shanter in my direction; I knew if they were Jayhawkers somebody was after them or our men flying from danger. So, in either case, I felt I could stand my ground and gratify my curiosity. As the riders passed me they paused a moment and I recognized Cole Younger and Dave Poole. Dave threw a bundle towards me and said, "Mrs. H., please hide that somewhere until I can get it; my sister sent me two fine shirts and I can-

not afford to lose them." Then off the men galloped like the wind.

I carried the precious parcel into the house and hid it for a week or so when Mr. Poole came for it. These shirts were made of velveteen—no wonder Dave felt he could illy afford to lose them; any kind of a shirt was hard to get in those turbulent times.

Jennison's death by his own hand while he was still in the prime of life was a fitting finale of his wicked career. Let us hope that this deed was an evidence that he had what no one believed, a conscience, at least an atom, that was at last awakened, and that he may have repented of his atrocities upon the Missouri border.

LIFE OF MRS. J. O. SHELBY.

By Mrs. T. Y Brannock, Sterling Price Chapter U. D. C., Nevada, Mo. Sent by request of Mrs. S. A. Warth.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. J. O. Shelby, was born and reared in Lafayette county, Missouri. Her maiden name was also Shelby, being an only daughter of William Shelby. She was educated at Lexington partly, having completed her school days at Columbia, Mo.

At the early age of sixteen she was married to J. O. Shelby—though of the same name they were no relation. Mrs. Shelby was in many respects peculiarly fortunate; reared in wealth, granted every indulgence that affection and money could supply, idolized by a loving father and three doting brothers, her mother having died during the daughter's early childhood.

Mrs. Shelby remained unspoiled, possessing a remarkably sweet, sunny and unselfish disposition.

After her marriage to Mr. Shelby the young couple located at Waverly, Mo.; there the first happy years of wedded life were spent, and the bright, loving character of Bettie Shelby shone as fine gold, winning every heart, ruling her household in loving kindness, an inspiration to the husband who loved her so fondly.

The sunshine of that home was dispelled by the dark clouds of the Civil war. It was a bitter grief to the young wife when she bade her soldier husband good-bye and God-speed.

Mrs. Shelby with two little sons—one an infant of a few months—remained at home with friends while her brave husband went to the service of his country.

At the close of the war when General Shelby and his trusted band of faithful followers—scorning to surrender—made their way into Old Mexico, the little wife hastened to join him there, and once more set up a home in this distant land with her husband, her babies and a faithful negro slave, who had never deserted them. Mrs. Shelby, by her cheerfulness, the motherly hospitality she extended to the soldier boys, endeared herself to those so “tried and true” as but few women could have done. The Shelby home, ever famous for its generous hospitality, was no exception under these trying circumstances to those discouraged, homeless men who had so faithfully followed her husband; she was, indeed, as a sister, a mother, a safe counselor.

After a few years in this far-away home Mrs. Shelby grew homesick for the dear ones here in her native land. They returned to their old home in Missouri, where the husband set to work to rebuild his shattered fortune, and in all things was the faithful little woman truly a “helpmeet.” Without complaints for luxuries gone she adapted herself to new conditions, and as of yore, made home happy and gave a smiling welcome to the host of friends who delighted to share the hospitalities of that home.

To Mrs. Shelby were given eight children, seven sons and one daughter, and no queen ever reigned more supreme than did this little mother in the hearts of her children.

Since the death of General Shelby Mrs. Shelby has made her home with her daughter. Time has silvered the once “nut-brown” hair and coming years have left their impress, but the lovely character remains unchanged. Honored and loved, she is patiently awaiting the summons to come up higher.

FACTS REGARDING SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Given by the daughter of Mrs. Mary Mullins, Rocheport, Mo.

On September 30, 1863, the aged widowed mother of Col. Sidney Jackman, belonging to Price's army, and then with his company skirmishing in Howard county, his old home, was arrested by the Federals and ordered to prepare at once to go to St. Louis. No time was given to arrange the business of her household, but gathering a few things together she, together with her two daughters, Mary and Margaret, and the wife of Colonel Jackman, with a three weeks' old baby, were hurried off in an army conveyance over the rough roads, a day's ride to the nearest railway at Sturgeon, in Boone county. Here they were permitted to get food and what rest they could in the crude station while the officers and escort amused and refreshed themselves until the train came. The baggage was put on board, but the tipsy officer delayed putting his captives in and the train left without them, thereby necessitating a twenty-four hours' stay in this village without even toilet articles until the train should arrive next evening.

The aged mother and young wife, weak from recent illness, suffered much and were faint and exhausted when, after all night in the uncomfortable train of early days, they reached St. Louis and were taken to the office of the provost marshal, the late Col. Jas. O. Broadhead. Here, for the first time, these prisoners learned that the crime of which they were accused was that of allowing the husband, brother and son to visit his old home and seek shelter there for himself and men.

The provost ordered them taken to lodgings until their case could be taken up, where they remained under guard, and the same day the old mother fell down the unfamiliar stairway and broke her arm, thus adding to the general unhappiness.

In the meantime Colonel Jackman had not been idle. He visited prominent Union sympathizers and represented to

them that if harm came to his family retribution would surely overtake those responsible therefor, and so forceful was the interview that these individuals hastened to St. Louis and used all influence in their power to secure the release of the prisoners, succeeding in the case of Mrs. Margaret Jackman and her daughters, but the wife of Colonel Jackman was banished to the South, where she later joined her husband when he marched there with Price's army.

The relatives of Colonel Jackman were watched constantly, and marauding companies foraged and repeatedly drove off their horses. An uncle, Porter Jackman, spent months in Gratiot street prison, suspected of assisting his nephew and the southern cause, while even friends and neighbors were arrested or their homes destroyed if suspected of having any communication with this daring officer who was at all times an enemy to be feared by the northern soldiers.

-- A GLIMPSE OF BOTH SIDES.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Freleigh Shippey.

When Lincoln was elected I, a girl of nine years, was visiting relatives in Milwaukee, and my brother of fourteen was attending Racine college near there. I shall never forget the excitement following the election and the celebration of it. The whole surrounding country seemed to have poured into Milwaukee with lights and torches, and there were parades by the "Wide-Awakes" and other political clubs, bonfires and fireworks. It was stated that not a single dark window was to be seen in the whole city. Arrangements had been made for my parents to come from Memphis to take me home, but the war cloud burst and disarranged all plans. My father had written a pamphlet entitled "The Crisis," and was publishing a magazine called "The Southern Monthly," and as it would have meant imprisonment for him to be found within Federal "lines," and we were in safe hands, he decided to await a better opportunity to bring us South. He and my mother wrote, the latter long letters, filled with accounts of

the exciting and busy times in Memphis; of the drills and parades, and told how she and her widowed sister had joined a society called the "Southern Mothers," and were meeting daily to sew uniforms under the instruction of a regular tailor, whom they had chartered.

Those volunteers who were able to pay did so generously, and the money was put into the general fund for materials and expenses, and those who were not able were provided for.

My mother and others like her, with little ones at home, after a few days instructions took work enough for several days and did it at home. She enclosed in her letters to us Confederate songs (with strange little colored flags at the head), and my brother and I read and memorized them, and when he was home on vacation he and I would go to the attic and talk and recite. Letters began to take longer to get to us, and we were filled with fears between them, for my aunts would read of the battles, the killed and wounded, and our ears were filled with accounts of things unthought of before, and our young hearts, while thrilled and enthused by our home letters, were saddened and frightened by boasts and threats and reports of battles made in the papers of the North. I was just nine years old and had never been away from my mother before. My relatives were most kind, yet many a time I have fled to the attic to cry and pray for my own mother and father and little brothers and sister at home. A year and a half passed. I saw military funerals and camps of new volunteers; I saw drills. My heart sank when I saw hundreds of soldiers in blue marching and packing car after car, ready to go down to my dear Southland to slay and destroy. There were many great vans with painted canvas stretched over, proclaiming bounties to all who would volunteer (I never saw one in the South later), and there were parades of patriotic young fellows who were not old enough to volunteer, and of those who had sent substitutes to the seat of war, especially after a victory.

One of my father's sisters had married a Toledo, Ohio, merchant, and the three sons were of three minds. One had

been living for years, through my father's influence, in New Orleans and Memphis, and sided with the South. One was most zealously devoted to the North, and the third, the eldest, too, declared that though he approved of the Union and disliked slavery, yet he believed the South had a perfect right to withdraw from the Union, and he was not going to fight about it. I heard of people occasionally sending a box of good things or clothing to soldier relatives stationed for awhile at some accessible place, but saw nothing of hospitals with lady nurses, or women knitting hose, making lint and bandages or cutting up carpets to make soldier blankets as I saw them doing in the South afterward. But, of course, it was early in the conflict, and the ravages of war were in the South.

Then came a break in correspondence. For nearly five months we had received no letter or paper from my parents; my brother and I were sure they were killed, at least my father, and my brother talked of running away from college or making his way from Milwaukee when there on vacation (Racine was only an hour's ride on the railroad from us, and the boys were at my aunt's for all the holidays). I would beg him not to leave me, and I really think that was all that kept him. One day my uncle noticed in a list of advertised letters one to W. S. Spear, and as the surname and one initial were his he went to the postoffice to inquire for it, and found it was really for him. It was from my mother, written from Memphis a month before. She had mislaid the address of my uncle's new house; he had moved six months or more before, so the letter had been lying unclaimed; besides, it had taken longer to come than in time of peace. It explained the long silence by telling how, when Memphis was about to be taken by the Federal troops, my family had gone into Mississippi to a little city named Grenada (not Granada), and, of course, letters had to run a blockade to get through the lines, first Confederate then the Federal ones. This letter stated that my mother had returned to Memphis for the sole purpose of getting her children, was waiting at a friend's house for our arrival, and enclosed a draft directing that

after our transportation had been paid for the balance should be spent for shoes, clothing, etc., as such things were scarce and high down South. My brother and I were greatly excited and filled with joy at the thought of going to our loved ones. My aunt and uncle cautioned us as to our behavior and words on the way, and when all was ready my uncle accompanied us to Cairo, Ill., arranged our passage on a steamboat bound for Memphis, and after renewed caution not to "talk southern," tell where else we were going, etc., for fear of making trouble to our mother, bade us good-bye and God-speed. This steamboat was a great surprise to us; we had been only on the large palatial ones running from St. Louis to New Orleans. This was an Ohio river boat filled with families of soldiers going to Memphis to live; also, many soldiers and a few officers. On each side of the front entrance were twenty rifles, and every time there was a stop made for passengers, freight or wood a call was given for forty volunteers to guard the people. Once there was great excitement as two horsemen were seen rapidly approaching, but it soon subsided as after a moment they rode away. Over the large mirror at the end of the ladies' "salon," or parlor, the wood work was spattered with sunken bullets, and we were told they had been put there by Guerrillas on the previous trip. Arrived at Memphis and reunited to our mother, we were happy and excited. It was the rule there that no citizen or traveler should pass through Federal "lines" without a pass, and all going far south should be searched for "contraband" articles. Permits were given to many residents living near Memphis to buy a limited amount of groceries and dry goods and medicine. My mother told us we were going to Hernando first, and we must say nothing about going further. Also I was cautioned not to move about much, as I was to carry packages of drugs sewed to the upper part of my hoop skirts (even girls of 10 wore them then). My mother had printer's ink and other articles considered "contraband of war" on her person, also some letters to soldier boys from

relatives and sweethearts. We were searched at the last outpost by a woman, and as it was not so rigorous as it became later we had no trouble. Only our trunks, bundles, baskets, etc., were inspected. A year later my mother was imprisoned eight days in Memphis after being searched. A faithful darky drove us in his master's wagon, and that made a good impression. Though he was questioned earnestly as to his willingness to go and warned that he might be kept there once he was in "Rebel" lines, and most likely would be taken prisoner and made a slave again, he said he belonged to Marsa Sam Tate, and nobody else would dare to keep him. He was questioned as to our destination, and was true to his instructions. At nightfall we reached Hernando, having been welcomed by the Confederate sentries a mile or two outside, and then began the view of the southern side. Neighbors flocked in after supper to hear the last news from Memphis and questioned my brother with interest regarding what was going on North. After a night's rest we were sent on by our friends (new friends, but true) to our next night's stopping place, and so on till we reached Grenada, a pretty little place set in a valley, surrounded by hills covered with pine and cedar trees.

My mother returned at once to her routine of two daily visits to the hospital, which had once been a young ladies' seminary, knitting socks and dyeing jeans for the soldiers. She had learned to make cloth shoes, which were heeled by a shoemaker. My brother was placed in a private school, but soon begged to go fight for his country, and with his parents permission, equipped with horse blanket, rifle, etc., he proudly rode away to join Sterling Price, and passed his sixteenth birthday in camp. In Grenada I saw General Forest. General Bowen, hero of Vicksburg, and his wife and baby were guests at our house while waiting for transportation to camp; also General Van Dorn, General Price and others, many captains, colonels and majors who had graduated in 1860 and 1861 from West Point. My parents being very patriotic our house became a rendezvous, and many unique gatherings took place

there. If bandages and lint were needed, a call was sent out (a note carried by a darky to each house where young or available persons lived) to come on a stated evening prepared to work, bringing linen and old garments for bandages. They promptly responded, and when work was done there were refreshments of peanuts and molasses candy (sugar sometimes), and cider, and music, too—Cheer, Boys, Cheer! Bonnie Blue Flag, Dixie and other songs. There were many diversions, such as preparing and serving lunches to troops that would pass some hours in Grenada on their way to active service, or perhaps an entertainment of tableaux, songs, recitations or charades for the benefit of the soldiers. School girls had meetings Saturday afternoons to knit and sew for the “brave boys.” The people of this place never suffered as many further south did for food, as raids of the enemy were rare, only two of any consequence during the war. Of course, real coffee was very scarce after the first year, and all kinds of substitutes were tried, sweet potato chips being thought best of all. How cheerful, even gay, the women were, making light of all deprivations and doing all they could to help. Very ingenious were the substitutes they invented for the finery and necessities of the toilet. Beautiful hats were made from plaited palmetto leaves bleached, wheat straw and the “bonnet gourd.” These were dampened and pressed upon inverted crocks or pails, or blocks made in oval shape, and old band boxes of former finery picked over to find buckles, plumes, ribbons and velvets to trim them with. Very delicate were the hats and bonnets made of the inner shucks from dried corn. Aromatic waters were made of rose leaves, orange flowers, lilacs, etc., steeped in vinegar and whiskey, with such spices as might be obtained.

In 1863 there was a “raid,” and we saw some of our own boys who happened to be home on furlough chased through the streets, and saw the flash of arms and even felt the “whiz” of some of the bullets. Also we stood at our front gates and watched the burning of several buildings, one an armory and one a store which had been used for a prison

for Yankees, but was then empty. All ammunition and arms had been distributed among the loyal citizens and been hidden in attics, under floors even (on our place), under the floors of the negro cabins, and were not found.

I saw the grand review of troops held by President Davis, in the autumn of 1863, I think, when 35,000 men passed before him, and it seemed to me and to any older that with all those men and the army of Virginia, and our navy, that we must surely win. On that beautiful day Mr. Davis and staff, Generals Price, Pemberton, Walker, Forest and others, whose names I do not now recall, were on horseback on the edge of a great plain through which ran a public road, and on each side of this group and behind were carriages, buggies, wagons filled with spectators, and as each brigade, battalion or regiment passed with colors dipping in salute to the commander in chief there were waving handkerchiefs and cheers from the patriotic bystanders but military precision and quiet among the soldiers and their officers (save perhaps now and then a cap silently waved at Mr. Davis), until Price's men came hurrying up, when, just as the column came opposite the President, a rousing cheer went up, continuing until they had passed. General Pemberton at the first outbreak rode up to General Price and asked him to reprove his men, to show them they must not be so noisy and undisciplined. It is said that the reply given was: "No, sir; if my men can feel like showing their loyalty to President Davis after marching for hours without food or sleep, I will not forbid them unless Mr. Davis wishes," and Mr. Davis, who was close to General Price, replied that he agreed with him, and appreciated the demonstration. The Texans came next, and, hearing the cheers of the Missourians, took up where they left off, and it was very thrilling. O, those soldiers in gray! How well they marched and how beautifully kept were their arms, and how tattered and soiled were the uniforms—many, many wore only brown "butternut," and alas, many were barefooted, and when the women saw this there were sobs and exclamations and words of praise.

"Brave boys are they
Gone at their country's call.
And yet, and yet we can never forget
How many brave boys must fall."

The women of the South were practical and had come that day with lunch sufficient to give to the soldiers after serving the President and staff and the generals; also piles of socks and mittens or gloves rather knitted of soft cotton with fingers, and these were distributed by the aides of each general after the review.

And then after defeats and brave resistance came the end. I saw men as well as women weep when the news of Lee's surrender came and later of Mr. Davis' capture. For awhile all seemed too broken up and dazed to care what happened, but human nature asserted itself and the needs of family and friends gave all something to still plan and hope and work for, and good hard work truly did many a man, woman and child - who had never done manual labor before.

My father was absent in Selma, Ala., when the surrender came, and was penniless except for Confederate money. His business there destroyed, and even his good clothing taken from him by a young private soldier (Yankee), who was bent on accumulating. It was some weeks, six or more, before my mother, after hearing of his plight (for the telegraph wires and railroads were not in good condition), sent him "greenbacks," raised by selling some valuable furniture, so that he could return to us. We lived for some months on furniture and pictures, which were often exchanged for groceries. Our large garden, orchards, cows, chickens and pigs were quickly taken by camps of soldiers near us, also companies of negroes traveling in haste to reach Memphis to get the land, mules, money, etc., which they had heard somehow that Mr. Lincoln was going to give to each one. These were mostly young men and women; many of the middle aged and old were loyal or cautious and remained where they were. My brother returned well-clad and clean, because he had passed through cities where southerners were looking out for the

poor fellows just paroled and without money. We felt safer when he came, and my father and he hunted, too, and kept our larder in better condition than before his arrival, for often we had only plain cornbread, mush and fruit or baked apples, generally the latter, for we had been robbed of our homemade bacon and hams, and with no cows or chickens and little money to buy meat we fared worse than at any time during the war. Those were strange and trying times, and did not the South bear well her part? Surely we have a right to be proud; we had made a brave and wonderful effort to uphold our principles, and then accepted the fate of war with as little repining as was possible to a people reared as we had been.

A BRIEF REMINISCENCE OF ST. LOUIS, MO., OF THE YEARS 1860-65.

By Theresa J. Freeman, St. Louis, Mo.

The year 1860 in St. Louis is long to be remembered as the beginning of the reign of terror of the unholy war waged by the northern against the southern states, its unnatural and inhuman manifestations of a nation arraying against itself, destroying as it were one portion of the body to build up another.

May 10, 1860, found St. Louis in a terrible condition. All have heard of the affair at Camp Jackson, how the blood of innocent men, women and children was spilled in an uncalled for and diabolical manner by a mob of German rabble, undrilled, with muskets furnished from the arsenal of the United States and under the leadership of one Frank P. Blair and Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, the former a local politician, who resorted to questionable means and methods to retain a following, and among the Germans and that class which composed the lower elements of the city, recruited from the saloons and dives, and whose principal rendezvous was the Turner's Hall, then located on Tenth street, near Walnut, and

the latter the commandant at the United States arsenal in the southern portion of the city. Of this affair I will not go into details, of how the camp was established under instructions from the governor, Jackson, by General D. M. Frost in Lindell Grove, a beautiful place, bounded by what is now Compton avenue on the east, Laclede avenue on the south, Olive street on the north and Grand avenue on the west, and consisted of a brigade of two regiments, the first commanded by Colonel John Knapp, and the second regiment under the command of Colonel Bowen, and a company of cavalry under the brave Emmett McDonald. It was a very pretty camp, laid out in streets and avenues, and was visited by thousands of our respected citizens. The state militia was composed of young men, members of leading families of the state and city. And it was a time while the camp lasted of holidays, pleasure and rejoicing, when families would go to the camp and visit their husbands, sons, brothers and relatives composing the soldiers at the camp. It was such a day as this on May 10, 1860, when a great crowd of visitors, old and young, were at the camp, and was the last day, as the camp was to be broken the next day, when, all unawares, in the afternoon the place was surrounded by that mob of armed Germans, and with military planted at different points, a demand was made upon the commandant to lay down arms and surrender to the United States Government troops under the command of this Captain Lyon. The order being complied with, and their arms hastily stacked, and the men were forming in line as prisoners of war when, without provocation, one of these Germans who had been entrusted with a musket, either bunglingly or intentionally, fired off his musket, which was taken by the rest of the mob to commence an indiscriminate firing into the crowd of men, women and children, as well as into the ranks of the unarmed soldier boys who could not defend their camp, having stacked their arms and were in line, surrounded by bayonets and muskets in the hands of the Germans. After the slaughter the dead soldiers were thrown into wagons and taken with the men, who were marched down to the ar-

senal as prisoners and were held as such until paroled. That was one of the shames, and one of the many such as were enacted during the years of the unholy strife, when right was borne down by might. All was now in confusion and excitement ran high; the people became divided. The outrage at Camp Jackson was followed on the following Saturday by a shooting by a body of German soldiers, who were passing down Walnut street on the way to the arsenal; another gun was discharged, and the shooting was repeated in the manner that it was at Camp Jackson. The walls of private residences for a long time bore evidences of the volleys fired from the ranks of those German demons. Upon the heels of this came rumors that the city was to be sacked and all the southern sympathizers and their families were to be massacred. All who could left the city as hurriedly as possible. There were but few trains running out of the city then, and people became so frantic that they hired hacks and any kind of vehicles at exorbitant prices to take them out of the city. This was the Sunday following the Camp Jackson massacre. In the meantime General Harney, who had been in the west quelling the Indian uprisings, was hurrying with his troops of regulars, and reached the city along in the afternoon. He at once issued a proclamation putting the city under the guard and protection of his regulars, and reassuring the people of their safety and advising them to remain at home and keep down excitement. Thus the city was saved from being laid in ashes, as those infuriated Germans would surely have carried out their threat to burn the city. They had tasted the blood of the innocent, and, like tigers that they were, thirsting for more. Then the war was on in all its horrors. Most all of the young men and a great many elderly ones had gone to the South to join the Confederate army now forming, and St. Louis was full of home guards and bluecoats, mostly of the same element that figured in the event previously narrated. Business was at a standstill, and everything was gloomy and foreboding of strife and evil, and the war clouds had burst and the land was deluged with the fire and smoke

of battle; the streets were patrolled by soldiers; there were daily drills of the recruits on the Old Hay Market grounds on Twelfth and Ohio and between Chestnut and Market. In the earlier part of the war General Harney was superseded by General Hallick; then came General Fremont and others in charge of the Department of Missouri. Many battles were fought in the western and northwestern part of the state, as well as southwest and southeastern, between 1860 and 1865. At about the latter date a time came when woman felt she must arise and struggle to get rid of the chains that bound her. She must shake off its trammels and go to the aid of suffering sisters in the South, which had been devastated and laid waste by Sherman, who marched through to the sea with fire and sword with only women to oppose him and a few feeble old men and children. This conception came to a frail, delicate woman of the South. The idea was the southern women of St. Louis should meet and band together and form a society and try to relieve some of the pressing wants of the downtrodden South. Mrs. Jesse Arnot, the mother of Mrs. Bradford of St. Louis, was the woman who conceived the idea of the project. Only a few dared to accept the movement, which took place in a small hall of the old Mercantile Library. But soon the scheme was found to work and it spread like the fires of the prairies, and soon the whole southern fraternity of women organized into one grand working body with the motto to beg and receive, and with Mrs. Rebecca Sire, our president, we worked like Trojans, and a grand success crowned our efforts in the St. Louis Southern Relief Fair.

RECOLLECTIONS OF QUANTRILL.

By Mrs. R. T. Bass, Kansas City, Mo.

Sometime ago I read in one of our papers an account of Quantrill's raid into Independence, Mo., which occurred the morning of August 11, 1862. As I was an innocent participant in some of the events of that exciting day which is so

indelibly impressed upon my memory, I am sure my record of it will be truthful. My sister and I were visiting friends in town, the older members of whom were away from home, leaving four or five of us young girls under the care of an elderly friend. We were awakened early on that morning by a furious fusilade of guns, it seemed from every direction—the orchard and beyond a stone wall that enclosed the premises—the house now occupied by Mrs. Swope. Being our first experience in such close proximity to an actual real battle, and with no male protector, there was consternation and alarm amongst those young girls, and this was increased to wildest excitement when they began to bring in the wounded men and lay them around on beds and floors until the place was filled with the poor fellows wounded and bleeding, moaning in their agony. There being no one else to go for a physician, it fell to my lot to do that service. It was over half a mile to the nearest doctor, and as I ran through the large yard bullets cut leaves from the trees above my head and fell thick all around me. I made the journey to the public square in safety, however, and succeeded in finding, as I remember now, Dr. J. P. Henry, who returned with me. It required strong nerves for young girls to assist in dressing wounds, nursing and soothing the suffering, but I never heard of a southern woman, old or young, that was not equal to such an emergency when it came to her, and we did our duty as best we could.

I saw Quantrill that day after the fighting was over, when he rode to the house to look after his wounded. He looked as little like the horrible bloodthirsty bandit he is usually described as it is possible to imagine. Instead of this, he was a modest, quiet, good-looking man, with blue eyes, light hair, gentle of manner and courteous as well, true as steel to his friends if implacable to his foes. I gave him a little silk flag which pleased him very much. The southern victory was short-lived, for that same afternoon we were again appalled by the appearance of the dreaded Jennison's Jayhawkers on their horses at every window and doorway with guns

leveled at us, shouting, "Let's shoot the d—n secesh; they have no right to live." A guard was placed around the house for the night, whether to prevent the escape of the girls or the helpless wounded, I can't say. The next morning a squad of soldiers were sent down to carry out the invariable custom of searching the premises, and judging from the booty secured, silverware, jewelry and clothing were the most contraband articles. While the soldiers were thoroughly overhauling every drawer, closet, trunk and every nook and corner of the house, the commanding officer, a major somebody, whose name I have long since forgotten, engaged me in a friendly confidential conversation, feelingly telling me what a sacrifice of his own personal feeling and sympathies he was undergoing for his country when having to carry out the disagreeable but necessary duty of frightening women and children. He would much prefer the "rattle of the battle" or face a cannon's mouth or the foe upon a bloody field, etc., etc., all of which I took with many grains of allowance, having heard the same story before. He also informed me that his stepfather was an officer in the Confederate service. During the conversation he asked for a drink of water, which I gave him, possibly from a glass in which medicine had been mixed. After satisfying themselves that there were no bombs or death-dealing weapons hid away in the house they took their departure. Shortly after returning to their quarters uptown my gallant officer was seized with violent suffering. Immediately he told of having been given a glass of water by a young girl which had a peculiar taste, and was sure she had poisoned him—probably feeling he deserved to be. There was great excitement, and my arrest was ordered. Fortunately, an old friend, who was an influential Union man, attracted by the hubbub, upon learning the cause begged them to wait until he could summon a physician before carrying out the order, pledging his word that he knew me to be incapable of such an act. Upon the doctor's arrival and after an examination he pronounced it a case of effects of bad whiskey instead of poison from my hand. So a dreadful fate for me

was averted. After days of trials, nursing the wounded, being insulted and threatened, we were finally permitted to leave for our home in the lower part of the county, where scenes of sadness consequent upon the ruthless march of war increased with each month, ending in forcing my dear young brother, whose health unfitted him for the exposure and hard life attendant upon army life, into the field, where in a few months after a severe attack of sickness he fell in the battle of Hartsville, Southern Missouri, on January 8, 1863. This death of an eighteen-year-old boy in poor health, literally driven from home by threats upon his life by Union soldiers, is one that time can never heal the wounds in the hearts of those who so loved him. Our home was soon broken up, and we, as refugees, were scattered here and there over the state.

After the battle at Independence I met Quantrill again a few times. We were forced by threats, almost daily house searchings, robbed of stock, food, clothing, jewelry, silver—in fact, anything in sight, to give up our dear old home, three miles out from Kansas City then, but what is now a beautiful residence district in the city at 31st and Olive streets. My father bought a farm in lower Jackson county, where Lafayette and Johnson counties corner. Our hope of a quiet refuge was soon dispelled. To use an old homely expression, it proved to be “jumping from the frying pan into the fire,” for that was the Bushwhackers’ stronghold. Our hospitality, sympathies, and larder as well, were taxed beyond their limit by first one side then the other, searching their foes. One Saturday night Quantrill, with some half a dozen of his men, came to our house and ordered supper. Laying their side arms upon the piano, they went to the dining room and proceeded to get busy. One thing they enjoyed most was a boiled ham which our good Presbyterian mother had prepared for the Sunday dinner. After talking and joking awhile they went on their way. Scarcely an hour had passed when a thousand Federals, under Major Ransom, dashed up in hot pursuit of the terrible bandit—that is, they said they were after him—but when my father told them Quantrill had just

left and the direction he had taken, they decided to be generous and not press the poor Bushwhackers too closely. So they, too, lay their arms on the piano, as the others had, and ordered supper, although nearly midnight. There was scarcely a bone of the ham left, and after camping on us until the next day there was nothing left in the cellar or pantry of preserves, fruit, etc. Leisurely, towards noon next day, with mounted cannon, they started into the brush after Quantrill, with about as good a chance of capturing him on his fleet-footed horses and when he knew every bypath as their prudence would admit. The result, as we were sure it would be, was failure to find a Bushwhacker, but to save the trip from being monotonous, they set fire to the houses that sheltered helpless women and children. We counted from our front door eight burning at one time. That kind of warfare seemed to suit those fine bluecoats though. At one place of refuge in which our father sought to shield his daughters from insults and dangers which constantly beset us, with a cousin, about fifteen miles from Independence, we had another thrilling experience. About midnight we were awakened by a noise in our bedroom, and found it filled with swearing blackguards, dressed in blue uniforms, as usual, opening our trunks, dresser drawers and closets, selecting such clothing as suited them, throwing the balance on the floor and wiping their muddy feet on it. As sister and I had packed our best clothes there for safety, we were left pretty bare of finery until after the war. With this crew there was also a tender-hearted officer who sat by the bedside of our dear hostess, who was ill at the time. He bewailed the iron-clad orders that enforced obedience in dragging out undressed women and appropriating their clothes (we saw a negro woman in Kansas City after that dressed in a silk dress of my sister's, taken at that time). This fellow leaned his elbow on a little table as he talked, in the drawer of which most of the spoons were kept. After his departure we discovered every spoon was gone, leaving only one, used for medicine. There was probably a magnet in one of his pockets. Before leaving, however, to keep their visit in our

memory, they cut the parlor carpet and portraits with their sabers until they were completely ruined; found where the silver was concealed and declared it contraband, persuaded the old family negroes to leave, as well as family horses, cows and everything worth having, leaving the only thing ever left in their wake, desolation and broken homes.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

By Mrs. Bettie A. Reid, Louisiana, Mo.

I have been requested by a friend to write something of my own personal experiences during the war between the states.

While there were many, a very great many, thrilling scenes presented themselves to my mind, there are none more vividly thrilling than the little engagement between Federal troops stationed at Cape Girardeau and a small portion of General Marmaduke's brigade on Sunday, May 1, 1863, at about 10 o'clock a. m. We heard the booming of cannons so frequently that we knew, and as some said, we heard from the street, "the ball had commenced," and we were not long in realizing the fact, and knowing from the direction of the firing. And soon we learned from some persons passing our own little home that their guns were aimed at my sister's home, my own home for many years (my brother had been compelled to leave his home, his life being in danger)—she with her two children and a young lady friend, Miss Priscilla Autry, who had made her home with my sister for quite a long time, and faithful Ike, the colored man, who had been her protector for quite awhile. Imagine my feelings when I knew their aim was to demolish the house if possible. The booming of cannon was regular and very frequent, and during the thickest of the fight Gen. Joe Shelby, who was in command, came in from the west side of the house, called to my sister to take the family to the cellar, which she did, they aiming to shoot the house down if possible. Federal troops were stationed at Fort B., near where the normal school building now stands,

a little northeast of the scene of battle. While in the cellar we smelled smoke. Immediately they thought a shell had exploded, and too true, and had set things on fire. Faithful Ike went from the cellar in plain view of the Federals while cannon balls were flying like hail all around him, drew water, put out the fire which had caught in the pantry from the explosion of a shell. Fortunately, the damage was not very great. The fight continued till in the afternoon, a few hours. The Confederates were on the west side of the house and in the barn and spring lots. There were quite a number of balls passed through the house and smokehouse, also many passed through the barn, which would have burned but from the fact that all the buildings were of brick, which was not so easily ignited. The yard was literally plowed with cannon balls. Imagine my anxiety. We could not learn anything, could not venture out to see if any or all were killed for seemingly a long time. Not until the next morning did we venture out to find none were hurt.

After the skirmish was over Alfred Lacey, my nephew, a mere lad, Miss Autry and faithful Ike went over the battle ground in the spring and barn lot. They buried three or four Confederates simply by wrapping them in quilts or blankets and digging holes and covering them over with earth. While they were burying one poor fellow several Federal soldiers came upon them. They were very nice to them and said they would help them; "He was an enemy while living, but could do them no harm any longer."

They went on further, where they found a young man who was wounded in the region of the heart. He had something in his hand, evidently trying to put into the wound. Alfred removed his hand, in which he held a lady's picture. Whether it was a mother, a sister, or possibly a sweetheart, we did not know.

My husband and myself, in company with others, walked over the Federal battle ground. We saw where quite a number had been made to "bite the dust," judging from the pools of blood we saw behind the stumps, for the field was com-

paratively new ground with many stumps still standing, but the bodies had been removed. We thought they had taken refuge behind; we saw no dead Federal soldiers. We found several trophies on the grounds, some balls, a soldier's belt for carrying ammunition, which, I think, is among my plunder somewhere. It was an unfortunate attack for the poor Confederates, several being killed and fifteen taken prisoners, besides the loss of cannon and horses being killed. The prisoners were kept in the Marble City Hotel, later called the Riverview, which had been confiscated for the purpose.

I visited the prisoners several times until we were forbidden to see them; no admittance allowed. One soldier, Captain Woodsmall, who managed the cannon in my brother's pasture, an intelligent, pleasant, and a man of fine physique, was wounded. I was indeed sorry for him; both feet were shot off. Though he was very cheerful, said he did not know he was shot. His horses, seven in number, were down and all killed. I found myself down, aimed to get up, when I discovered both my feet were shot off. I do not know where the prisoners were taken when removed from Cape Girardeau.

I think General McNeill (though don't know) was in command of Federal forces, and we all loved him, speaking ironically.

Those were times to try men's souls. I think of my poor father being taken prisoner and kept in Cairo, Ill., awhile, then removed to Gratiot street prison, St. Louis, for months, and when given a trial no charges were brought against him. He was sent home with impaired health from which he never recovered, being compelled to eat such food as they saw fit to give him, which was not suited to his condition of health.

BANISHMENT OF MISS MARY CLEVELAND.

By Virginia Yates McCanne, Moberly, Mo.

I wrote to an elder sister, who remembered about Miss Mary Cleveland's banishment, and was more familiar with Miss Mary's ups and downs in war times. Miss Cleveland has a brother in the South, but I have been unable to get his address. I am sure he could tell much of her banishment, as well as her adventurous life in the South, where she had a good time with the boys, and got into trouble more than once in trying to get letters through to the parents and friends of the boys at home in Missouri.

I remember once a little old French woman came up from the South (how, nobody knows) who looked the picture of innocence; but she had quilted in her petticoat letters from the boys in gray, the first word many had heard from these loved ones for over two years. She unquilted her petticoat when safe among friends at Mrs. Cleveland's house; and I always understood that Miss Mary helped her get up the outfit to carry back. My sister, Mrs. J. S. McCanne, who was then Miss Mary Parker, participated in one little excursion which had, no doubt, some influence on Miss Cleveland's banishment.

Dr. Fred Flore, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, and who went from Macon, Mo., was at home in the winter of 1862, as a recruiting officer, it was supposed. He was quite well known in Huntsville, where they were then organizing a militia, or "Home Guards," so called. Dr. Flore, aiming to keep scarce of the militia, spent his time with friends in the country, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Chapman, who was a sister of Miss Parker (both ladies, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. J. S. McCanne, are my half sisters).

Dr. Flore stayed at Mr. Chapman's some time, and after his fellow officers came to the country and he joined them, his horse got away and came back to Mr. Chapman's. Miss

Cleveland and Miss Parker held a serious consultation, fearing that Dr. Flore might be found wounded on the road, and decided to take his horse to camp, ten miles distant, which they did very bravely, in the face of dangers all around, reaching the camp at night. They missed the militia and went to a friend's house, where they stayed all night and reached home safely next day.

The captain of the militia in Huntsville came to our house in search of proofs for the banishment of Miss Parker, but while she talked to him I hurriedly collected letters we had just received from the southern boys and burned them in the kitchen, a faithful old colored mammy keeping watch at the door. They found that Miss Cleveland's share about the horse, and other things, too, perhaps, justified banishment, but never proved who the other party was who was with her.

There were not many neighborhoods where there were not such incidents, and the time will come when no one can tell what would be of interest to collect now. I treasured many things, which I placed, when older, in scrapbooks which have been valuable to me since.

REMINISCENCES OF WAR TIMES AT PALMYRA.

By Mrs. J. M. Proctor, Monroe City, Mo.

I was married June 7, 1860, to J. M. Proctor, and my first child, a daughter, was born in May, 1861, a few days after the first gun of the war was fired. We lived on a part of my father-in-law's farm, back from the main road, between Philadelphia and Palmyra, about one mile. About the beginning of the war some of the leading Secessionists around Palmyra, in order to provide for future emergencies, brought six kegs of powder out to my father-in-law's and put it in his barn, which was about ten miles from Palmyra, but as troops of Federal soldiers and state militia passed along this road frequently, my father-in-law thought it might not be safe to have all that powder in his barn as the soldiers would sometimes stop and feed their horses at the barns, so he sent

it all but one keg down to us to hide in our barn. Not very long after this a small company of militia came out from Palmyra and went to the barn of my father-in-law, and thrusting their swords through the hay, found the keg of powder. We supposed that our negroes had discovered it and reported.

I think the next day, or soon after, a company of soldiers came out from Palmyra to our house, arrested my husband while at work on the farm and my brothers-in-law, Thomas and David Proctor, took them around with them for two days and then released them on their promise to report to Provost Marshal Strawn at Palmyra the next day. They went down and were questioned in regard to that keg of powder, but they denied any knowledge of it, and were released on giving heavy bonds.

The finding of the powder in my father-in-law's barn made us uneasy about our having five kegs at our barn, so my husband first took it out into the woods and covered it up with brush and leaves, where it was left for awhile, but fearing it might be stumbled on by somebody and reported, he went out and emptied all the kegs on the ground and burned the kegs, and then in a day or two, feeling that he had done wrong in throwing away something that might be very useful, he took a large ten-gallon keg and went out and gathered it up again, and one rainy day, when he supposed no one would be traveling around, he took it a mile or more from home and hid it by a log in a dense thicket of white oak brush.

Not long after this one of our neighbors, an old man who spent a good deal of time in hunting turkeys, pheasants and squirrels, was telling us about finding a ten-gallon keg in the woods filled with powder, and, of course, we wondered with him who could have put it there, but the next rainy day my husband went out and poured it out into the branch, which was running by reason of the rain which was falling. That was the last of the six kegs of powder.

Col. John M. Glover, with quite a company of soldiers, quartered one night at the house of my father-in-law, and they

treated the folks very well. He after the war was a Democratic congressman from the First Missouri district.

A terrible raid was made on my father-in-law's place about the second year, or 1862, by a Colonel Turchin, in command of what were called Zouaves, at the time said to be made up of thugs and thieves from Chicago, many of them released from prison on condition they enlist in the army. My father-in-law was not at home at the time of this raid. He was in very poor health and aimed to keep out of the way of arrest and imprisonment. These Zouaves came and swarmed through the house and stripped it of nearly everything in it—all the bedclothes, forty-seven woolen blankets, besides quilts, a large quantity of yarn, all the family pictures, and the groceries, all the bacon from forty hogs, all the lard, preserves, molasses, etc.—and then went to the barns and took every horse and mule, wagons and buggies and harness, and hauled away their plunder. And then a write-up appeared in a Chicago newspaper that Colonel Turchin had found a rebel commissary store and carried off the commissary goods found there.

Some of the officers were considerate enough to put my mother-in-law and her daughter, now Mrs. James Scott, in a room and lock them in there while the raid was going on.

The militia under Colonel Moore of LaGrange were guilty of some barbarous acts, one of which was committed on two of our neighbors, Flannagan and Ewing. A few of the soldiers went to their houses and represented themselves as rebels seeking information about the rebels, and so drew from them information that showed they were sympathizers with the rebels, and when they had gained enough of incriminating evidence they arrested them and started to LaGrange with them, and when they were about half way there they took them out away from the road into the woods and shot them like dogs and left them lying there, and sent word to their friends where they might find their bodies, but when found they were so decayed they had to be buried where they lay.

This company made frequent raids through the country, taking horses and anything else they found.

The shooting of the ten men at Palmyra is pretty well known over the state. This was in retaliation of the taking of a man by the name of Allsman from Palmyra by Col. Joe Porter's men and never returning him, after which Colonel McNeil threatened that he would shoot ten men who were then prisoners in the Palmyra jail. They had been picked up from the farms and had never taken up arms. This man, Allsman, was what the people there called a reporter and spy, who was always prying into his neighbor's affairs and reporting to the authorities everything that appeared to him disloyal, and thus caused the arrest of many good citizens. So Porter went into Palmyra and took him out and he never came back. This killing of the ten innocent men was a brutal thing that stunned the people in this vicinity and demonstrated the fact that war is a terrible thing.

I had two brothers in the southern army. One was badly wounded at the battle of Corinth, and my father went after him and brought him home, where he remained during the rest of the war recovering from his wound. The other brother remained in the army till the final surrender, and died about five years ago; the wounded one is still living. My maiden name was McPike, a daughter of James McPike.

WERE NOT ALLOWED TO PREACH.

By Mrs. Maria J. Walker, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sister Sarah—Edna tells me that you want some of my own experiences of southern life during the long and gloomy Civil war.

Well, dear, I could almost write a book of them, but you will heed perhaps only a few chapters.

I know you, like myself, can remember the hard times we had in religious matters, as our southern friends were not allowed to preach in the Cape, and when some of us united with the church we all went out to that creek, three miles

from town, were baptized by dear Doctor Maple and Rev. John H. Clerk. But we had a large congregation, I am sure.

One's memory of those days includes you and the doctor in a wedding feast up the river at Uncle Wathen's, given for Cousin Chris and Mr. Priest, Mary Welling and Mr. La Pierre. You know we always had a crowd then. While enjoying the evening some United States soldiers came up and said we were holding a meeting of rebels and locked us in. Of course, it was rather "unique," but Uncle Wathen sent five or six of the young men down to headquarters with a protest, and we were soon released.

You know the southerners all suffered some way or another. We had used up all the coffee, and were not allowed any more for a certain time. We parched sweet potatoes, we tried barley, some of us drank red sassafras root, but nothing tasted just right. We had to get permits to go to Jackson or Commerce, and then all our baggage was searched for fear we might be "taking aid to the rebels." But we sent many things by friends who were allowed to visit the Cape on business.

Mrs. Houston took dozens of pairs of good warm socks to our loved ones, and we could slip in a little money and medicine wrapped up.

She wore hoop skirts, and I tell you they were fine ladders to hang things on.

Some of our people were in the guardhouse nearly all the while. Cousin Maria and myself went to see them and take clothing and food, but we had to stay outside and talk to them in the presence of the guards. One day the father of Mrs. Louis Houk, Uncle Andrew Gibony, was in there, and, of course, I went near to shake hands with him when two guards crossed their sabers and cried halt! I said, "I don't think I will be hindered by you from greeting an old friend in trouble," and just went right on, while poor Uncle Andrew held my hand and wept and said to me, "O, what a comfort it is to see some of my people."

The guards threatened me with arrest, but when they

found me ready and willing to be taken prisoner they gave up the idea. But we saw the baskets delivered to our friends.

Another time we were going out to see Cousin Caroline Black, and the soldiers fired on us from the fort and just missed us.

You remember the loyal citizens always reported the "Rebels" to the chief officers and made all the trouble possible. So one Sunday about noon a fine two-horse carriage with United States guards drove up in front. One came in, called for Uncle Wathen and gave him a note for me; when we read it there was consternation in our camp, for the chief wrote asking me if he could have my assistance, among other good workers, in organizing and teaching a Sabbath school for the young colored people of the city. Well, you may know my people were in a panic, for we were already disliked. But I answered the note politely, telling the chief it would be impossible to take any more Sabbath school work in hand, as I had a large Bible class in the First Baptist Church. We heard no more from them, and it was a great relief to all.

Do you remember the Confederate prisoners at Marble City? They were allowed to come and see us under guard, one or two at a time, and Aunt Mintee always had one of her best dinners for them. Poor Doctor Sam Harris was one of them.

Dear brother Tom was in the field from first to last, and many a letter we sent him by faithful friends, and many a tear was shed for him and the dear brave boys in gray. Peace to them all.

REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Mrs. R. K. Johnson (nee Jones), per Mrs. Julia Woodruff Kern, Historian Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, Mo.

My childhood home was in Bates, one of the border counties of Missouri that bore the brunt of the raids from Kansas.

At the outbreak of the war my father and brother of sixteen entered the southern service; they considered that the boy would be in less danger in the army than at home, as the families of southern soldiers would be marked for revenge, and no male member would escape. My mother, however, instructed her children not to deny that their father was in the southern service.

A friend and neighbor, a Union man, informed my mother one day that Jennison and his Jayhawkers were coming in on a raid, and her home lay immediately in their course. He advised her to quickly pack such things as she would need in a wagon, take her children and flee with all speed to her father's, which was at some distance and rather out of their track. He accompanied us at the risk of his own life. We had not proceeded far on our way when he decried, from a high point, our home going up in flames and smoke.

After the retaliation of Quantrill on Lawrence Ewing's Order No. 11 compelled all citizens of the border counties to leave their homes. We went with our grandparents to relatives in another part of the state. There we had an uncle who was almost blind, but on a gentle horse, which knew the way, he would go weekly for the mail. One day he was met by some Union soldiers who ordered him to direct them to some point. He told them of his condition, but was compelled, at the point of a pistol, to go with them. Finally they shot him, putting out his best eye and leaving him for dead. He succeeded in crawling to the nearest house, whose inmates happened to be friends, and who sent word to his family, who came for him and took him to his home. None knew what moment such dreadful visitations would come upon

them. Should a southern soldier dare to visit home, if discovered and caught death was instantaneous. One young man was found secreted in his mother's house, taken out in the yard and hanged before their eyes, and the hogs turned in to devour his body.

Returning to where our homes should have been at the close of the war, there was scarcely a sign to mark the spot, unless it would be the debris where the chimney stood. All the produce was destroyed, and it was said that where so much corn was burned the oil ran in little rills by the roadside.

REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Mrs. J. M. Thatcher, Westport, Kansas City, Mo.

My father came to Missouri from Kentucky in the early days of its statehood, and as none of the relatives followed, we were alone as it were in the wilds of the new settlements and in the cruel border warfare which was to come. After my marriage we made our home in St. Louis, but losing my mother, we went to the old home, thinking to remain until my father would consent to give up a younger sister who was left motherless, and thus the war found us at the old home.

My husband at once enlisted in the state guard, and then began the persecutions from the Union troops. I then had a family of four children, with another to be born later, and who was fated never to see his father. Colonel Pennick, who was in command of 400 bloodthirsty men who had been taken from jails, penitentiaries and what-not, was stationed among us. Our houses were raided and ourselves subjected to indignities. Many of our volunteers were induced to come home and take the oath of allegiance in order to save their families from the dangers which threatened them, my husband among the number. He was detained in their camp for two weeks even after that, and when they found that he intended getting his family away he was taken out and deliberately shot. They

came and told me that I could accompany them and get his dead body. I told them that I could not trust myself with them and sent a friend to get the remains of my dear husband and bury it. We dared not murmur; they invaded my house and terrified us, even throwing their loaded guns across my baby's cradle. I was compelled to leave the home and go to Liberty. My father had a splendid library and pictures which he highly prized. They were packed and left behind. Later I went back to look after my effects, and the garret was literally strewn with the leaves from the books; not a book seemed to remain intact, and the pictures were also destroyed.

These marauders almost forced themselves upon us as boarders. We dared not refuse. A young lady dared not refuse to take a ride with officers, and one lovely girl died three days afterwards with a dread secret untold. How we ever lived through those dark days God alone can tell. It tries my heartstrings now to recall those horrid memories.

WAR REMINISCENCE.

By Mrs. H. F. Hereford, Kansas City, Mo.

It was a troublous time in the early 60's to both Union and Confederate sympathizers. Perhaps in no other state was such hatred engendered because of the earlier experiences with the settling of Kansas. The first Union troops stationed at Kansas City were well disciplined, and no irregularities were permitted. Later a body of militia was posted here who indulged in excesses, confiscating property and permitting Jayhawkers and Redlegs from Kansas to commit whatever depredations they pleased. Wagons would be brought in from Leavenworth and loaded with furniture and valuables of every kind belonging to southern sympathizers.

My husband, Dr. H. F. Hereford, who had been a practicing physician here for many years and who had attended many of the wounded in the skirmishes of the vicinity, became a suspect. He left for Kentucky to attend to some property interests. While absent a Federal gunboat on the Missouri river

had been captured by Quantrill's men, the contents thrown into the river and several of the men killed. They claimed that my husband was implicated in it, though far away, and he was ordered to be shot on sight. His friends tried to get him word not to return, but he missed the message and returned. He was secreted by friends, and I was informed of the fact, and went to see him. Our home was then in Westport. He was planning to fasten himself to a plank and commit himself to the waters in the hope of pushing across the river, but some other way was found for making his escape to another county. Then I was told that there was an order out for my arrest, which actually occurred, but I was kept guarded in my own home; no friend dared publicly to show me any sympathy. Finally, through the intervention of a Union neighbor, I was taken to the commander to ask for a pass to leave the city. "Yes," he replied; "I will give all such a pass, and I will give you just one hour and a half to get away." With my two children I quickly prepared to go, I knew not whither. A friend and his wife said they would go over to Kansas City with me, but I told him no, it would be worth his life; but he insisted nevertheless that he was going, and asked what he could do for me. I told him that I had some money and valuables, and perhaps I might be robbed of them on the way. He took them and made arrangements for me to stop at the Gilliss House, on the levee, it being less frequented by the Federals than any other. He and his wife went there, and while we ate at the table not a word passed between us, but I felt that he would see me off when a boat should come, which was the only way of traveling toward the east in those days. One day I was thunderstruck by his telling me that he was suspected and would have to get away. I all but fainted, for I felt that my last hope was gone, but he being a Mason, and my husband one of high degree, made arrangements for some one else to see me off safe on the first boat, and a mysterious message came that a boat would pass at a certain time. No whistle was blown nor signal given to show the presence of the steamboat; it barely touched, and I got aboard, feeling

that I was safe. We proceeded as far as Lexington, when all the officers of the boat were arrested and it tied up.

I had been educated at this place and had acquaintances there, to whom I applied for a conveyance to take me to the town where my husband had gone to seek some relatives. Some friends urged my husband to go to St. Louis where he could get a good practice, which he did, but it was not long before he was warned to leave there. Myself and children had remained behind until he should be prepared for us. He returned and announced that we would "trim our sails for California," and so we bade good-bye to our Yankee-ridden state. After the surrender we started for home, but hearing of the execution of Mrs. Surratt, turned aside into Nevada, not knowing what might come next. When we did return our home and everything was lost to us and we had to begin life anew as many another had to do.

I have had the Jayhawkers to come in and point their pistols at me threatening to shoot. I bared my breast and told them to do their worst, but to kill the little children at the same time.

A Methodist preacher, who lived at Westport, told me that they took him out with guns in front and behind him, and he thought his time had come. He asked permission to pray just five minutes; they consented, and he poured his soul forth in such fervent prayer for God to forgive them that they allowed him to go. Another case in which they dug a man's grave and stood him up in it, intending to kill him and bury him in it; he also asked for time to pray, which they granted. He then told them he was ready. One said, "I can't shoot that man;" another said, "I can't either, but what are we going to tell them." The first said, "I don't know, but I won't send my soul to hell for any of them."

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By Mrs. J. W. Holmes, Kansas City, Mo.

Away back in the sixties, when time should have tripped merrily with me through the years of girlhood, a vision arises which causes me to shudder with horror even at this distant day. The Missouri State Militia had been stationed at Kansas City and other points, ostensibly for the prevention of atrocities, but in reality only to protect Union sympathizers.

My brother had joined General Price's army and our family was at once marked for revenge. My father went to Kentucky and remained awhile, hoping the bitter feelings would blow over, but finally felt that he must return to his family. The son came home on a visit, and the fact soon became known. A band soon invaded the house, rope in hand, taxing my father with harboring a rebel soldier.

The boy was placed in bed, feigning sickness, and they failed to unearth him; still they had traced him there and felt sure he was secreted. However, they left with oaths, and our father was still more closely watched and doomed. One day he came in and said, "If I live through this night I must get away; they are planning to take my life." That night a party of men called to him to come out, that a friend wanted to see him. Too well men knew what that meant in those days. He refused, and they began battering the doors and windows. He went upstairs, telling his family when they had gotten in the house to give him a certain signal. They broke in the windows and we fought them with pillows and whatever we could find to bar them out, until we were overpowered and threatened. Then we gave the signal, and my father went out on an upper porch, thinking to slide down and make his escape, but no sooner had he stepped out than a dozen guns were opened upon him. He fell with a wound in the side, and they, supposing him dead, left the house. Imagine our horror expecting to find the dead body of our father; we searched everywhere, but could not find him. Then my

mother said, "We must go to the camp for protection, for I am afraid to remain here with my daughters." We asked for the captain, but he refused to show himself. Then we felt sure he was the instigator of the attack. A lieutenant was very courteous, and advised us to get away as soon as possible. My father had crept away, half crawling through the bushes, thinking to reach the camp of friends. Our strongest aim and hope now was to find him and warn him of their treachery, which we did, and all sought out a place to stay with a friend for the night.

The marauders returned and stripped the house of everything that night and made their camps comfortable with our belongings.

We retired into Clay county until we could get away, then went to Kentucky, where we remained until the war closed.

WAR REMINISCENCE.

By Mrs. Judge Graves, Kansas City, Mo.

It is with painful effort that I can bring my mind to dwell on the bitter experiences of the sixties.

When I heard the cannon fired announcing the Spanish-American war I was seized with a hysterical agony. My friends explained that it was too far away to affect me, but I cried, "It will bring sorrow to the hearts of others, and I know what war entails."

When the war began I was living some distance in the country, and because of raids it was advisable to move into Kansas City.

Daily wagons were seen loaded with pianos and other furniture, carpets, etc., for the purpose of furnishing Union homes and camps. Kansas settlers were well supplied from Missouri homes. The principal Union camp was somewhere near where the Coates House now stands.

The firing of a cannon at intervals announced, according to the proclamation, that all the men of the city should re-

pair to those camps. Then in terror the women would begin to dress their children and gather together a few things for any emergency, not knowing what would come next.

When a battle or skirmish was fought near, the wildest excitement would reign and the most extraordinary tales related. After the fight at Independence one woman rushed by frantically exclaiming that the rebels were tearing out the hearts of the men that were killed; that her son was among them, and she believed the worst. Succeeding the battle of Westport, when Curtis fled so precipitately through Kansas City towards Wyandotte, now Kansas City, Kan., I was awakened in the night by a squad of men begging to be let in to a fire and food. With beating heart I opened the door, made them a fire and prepared them a meal. There were three white men and two negroes. I supposed they would all eat together, but the white men went in to the table while the negroes dozed by the fireside. They were all bursting with indignation at being left behind on picket duty while Curtis was making good his escape, and swearing if they could once get out of the army it would be the last of their fighting for the Yankees.

I had a house girl whose husband had bought his freedom and was saving up money to buy hers. One day she told me she had a sister in town whom she would like to visit. As it was raining I suggested that she take the horse and buggy, especially as she wished to take her two children. She dressed them nicely and brought them in for me to see; they were really pretty, and she was quite proud of them. I never saw them again. They had gotten their belongings all out of the way without my suspecting anything. The horse and buggy were left on this side of the river, horse taken out and hitched, buggy cushions turned over, and they had crossed over into Kansas and proceeded to Leavenworth.

When the war had closed some of the older negroes announced that they were going to Kansas. My husband tried to dissuade them from such a course, saying that he would help them to get a home here. Nothing would do but to

Kansas they must go. We gave them many things to help them toward getting a start. It was not long before they came back, and we gave them a lot and house worth about fifteen hundred dollars. It was no great length of time until they sold it for \$200 and returned to Kansas. Again they came back to Kansas City perfectly destitute, willing to work for me again. This was a fair instance of the inability of the negroes to care for themselves.

Jennison was in command here much of the time, and he proclaimed that all men who did not want their path marked with blood would better obtain a pass from him. So I advised my husband that it would be a necessity for our safety.

On one occasion forty or fifty women and children were torn from their homes and brought to town behind soldiers, or in any way, and cooped up in an old building as prisoners because they were accused of harboring and feeding Bushwhackers. The building fell in and some of the unfortunates were killed and crippled. The women of the town went to see what assistance they could render, and the scene beggared description. O, no tongue or pen can depict the horrors of warfare in a divided state, where successive waves of friend and foe rolled in consuming vengeance over the expanse of a once happy land.

SOME OF THE EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR AS I REMEMBER THEM.

One of the first events that comes to my mind—at that time my family and I were living on our farm in Eastern Jackson county, situated in what was known as the "Bottoms," not far from what is now Levasy. From our front door looking west and north we had a fine view of the old Lexington and Independence road, called the "Big road." We could see several miles, and one clear bright morning Ruff, one of our negro boys, called to me as he ran in the kitchen almost breathless, "Miss Mollie, look out at the big hill. The big hill was probably two miles distant from our

house, and over the crest of the hill came the waving stars and bars and the gallant soldiers in gray marching to the battle at Lexington, Mo. We were very much excited. Several friends and neighbors were there at the time, and more came in to see our brave boys march by. We had a well of very fine drinking water, and we hastily secured all of the available cups and gourds and buckets, and as they marched by would hand water and milk and food; everything in the drinkable and eatable line was handed out. All day long they marched by. They drank the well entirely dry. Some would come right in the yard and up to the well. The darky boys would turn the windlass and draw the water until they were all tired out, and then others would take their places. The soldiers would shake hands and march on again. Several young ladies were there to see them march by, and as friends and kindred came in sight cheers and waves were given them. Though hearts were breaking eyes were smiling as our brave boys in gray marched by, some never to march again.

The next event I remember is of a friend who lived near where Lake City now stands. One morning the mother of the family started her young son to Independence to buy warp for a carpet she was getting ready to weave. On the way to Independence he fell in with a company of soldiers on the way south (now, I think that was the way it was, as near as I can remember; I don't think it was the regular army). He immediately joined them, and on the way the Lone Jack battle was fought, and this young boy was in the thickest of it all. It was told of him that he got behind a tree and shot right and left as long as the battle lasted. He then ran, but in some way got with the company again and went on south. In the meantime his mother heard of his whereabouts, also of his bravery. Well, this young boy in his early teens journeyed on until he came up with another detachment, I think Hays', and among the soldiers was his older brother and several boys from the same neighborhood. It seems the whole company was cut off from Price's army, and they turned and came back

to Missouri. One of the number came home and went to Lexington and gave himself up and was made a prisoner, but the others joined Quantrill's band, all but this young boy and his older brother. On the morning they arrived in the neighborhood they went to their father's home for breakfast. When they got there they found their father very ill—in fact, so ill their mother could not tell him his sons were at home. The older brother was riding a very fine horse. He put his horse in the barn but failed to take off the saddle. To the south-east, a mile or more from their house, was Buckner Hill, and a roving band of Yankee soldiers crossing the country were on top of Buckner Hill. They saw the boys riding into the yard. They put spurs to their horses and rode very fast over to the house. They first came by the barn and there saw the horse with the saddle on it. In the meantime some member of the family saw the soldiers and gave the alarm. Then the oldest brother ran from the house and down Free Prairie creek. But at the time the alarm was given the boys were eating their breakfast, and as the younger boy was small for his age his mother told him to sit still. But John, the older boy, ran. The creek was frozen and he ran down the frozen creek—there was some snow on the ground—and the soldiers tracked him and shot and killed him within 200 yards of his home. His mother heard the shot that killed her son, but she could not do a thing. The soldiers came back to the house and demanded to know who he was, but she could not tell, for if she had they would have killed her sick husband and burned the house. So she had to deny her own son. The soldiers left, and she had to leave her son lying dead where he was shot, and all day that heartbroken mother had to minister to her sick husband and never let on. She could not go near or send any one for fear they were tracked, but when the friendly darkness came she and her children brought the body into the garden and there they dug the grave and made his coffin and buried him before morning, smoothed the ground and shoveled snow over it in some way that it would not be noticed in the

remote corner of the garden. She could not tell the father as the shock would have killed him.

The following summer several soldier boys from Quan-trill's band were in the "Six Mile" country and north of Mrs. Susan Chiles' home. There was a large wooded pasture, and near the edge Mr. Christopher Hamilton lived. There were not very many—I don't know just how many—but among them were boys well known to every one, whose friends and families lived near by. They went to Mr. Hamilton's to get something to eat, and while they were in the house the Federal soldiers were seen coming and surprised them, and one of the fleeing boys jumped his horse over the fence, and as he jumped his hat fell off and the Federals shot him in the leg and broke it, but his horse ran on and he held on and escaped. The other boys all escaped, and he was the only one shot. But the Federals got his hat and came on by where his mother lived and showed her the hat and she recognized the hat. They told her they had shot and killed her son. They then came on towards Independence. Just after they left I rode up to the house, having come over to see the lady. She was frantic, thought sure her son was killed, and no one to send to find out anything. I told her I would go over to where he was shot and see if I could learn anything. I rode to a neighbor's, who lived near, and got a young lady, her daughter, to go with me. She caught her horse and saddled it, and together we went, as there were no men who would dare go. When we got over to Mr. Hamilton's we learned this young man had only been shot and had gone in a certain direction through the woods. As there was no road we saw the horse's tracks and followed a narrow path. One horse following behind the other, we rode on several miles; we didn't know who we would meet, whether it would be those we were seeking or the ones who shot them. Finally the path led into a road; at a turn in the road we met one of the men we were seeking. In the meantime we had passed very thick bushes and undergrowth, and the man who was shot was hid there and one man with him; he couldn't ride any further, and they were trying to make

him as comfortable as they could until a doctor could be sent for. The man who was with the man who was shot, as they heard our horses, drew his gun to shoot, but (I shall call him Jim) got a glance of us through the bushes and saw we were women, and he grabbed the hand of the man and said, "Don't shoot, man; don't you see they are ladies." The road led around the thicket, and as we rode around the guard went through and met us at the turn in the road. He halted us and wanted to know where we were going. I asked him if he could tell me anything of the wounded man. I told him who I was, and I wanted to find out whether the man who was shot had been killed; that I came to find out for his mother; she was frantic. He told me the boy was not dead, but had been shot in the leg and his leg was broken. He told me to come back the next morning and go to Mr. Turner's farm, and they would direct me how to go to find the place.

A very brave and courageous young lady living near had gone for the doctor, who was an old and tried friend of all parties. However, she went after dark and carried a pistol. Of course, he would have come anyway; but they couldn't run a chance of a refusal, so they armed her and told her to bring him, and she brought him. It was late and we hurried on home. I was so glad to be able to carry good news to that mother—her son was not dead. The next day Miss Hannah, my young friend and myself got our horses and we took comforts and pillows. The comforts we folded and laid in the saddles and pulled our riding skirts all over them, so they would not be seen unless we were searched. I took one pillow and Hannah another and tied them under our riding skirts; we also took linen bandages and such dainties as we could for him to eat, and started out again. We reached our destination without being seen. The doctor had set his leg and he was getting along very well. His bed was mother earth, and as he lay on the green grass, under a wide-spreading tree, I fancy the angels in heaven were watching over him, for he got along so well. The comforts and pillows were all he had to make him comfortable. He told us how near we came to

being shot. He stayed there several weeks until the Federals heard he was hiding somewhere, and the ones who were nursing him moved him over in the hills of Blue river, and there he stayed until he got well, and in the meantime we visited him and aided him all in our power.

This incident happened the first year of the war.

Another incident I wish to tell in connection with his career. This happened the last year of the war. In the meantime Order No. 11 came, and his mother moved out, her house was burned, her farm laid bare, everything taken that could be—horses, cattle, corn, hay, silver, clothes, blankets—everything, and she was living in Richmond, Ray county, Missouri.

One morning in early fall I had ridden down to my sister's, about one mile from where we were living, and I had been there a very short time when some one said I was wanted at the stile. I went out and a tired-looking soldier was sitting on his horse. He said I was wanted to come to a certain house about two miles from my father's house, where I was living; that this same boy I have told you about had been shot and wanted me to come to him. I hastened to my horse and rode as fast as I could go to the place indicated, a widow lady's home. When I arrived the soldiers were eating their breakfast; they were not Union men, but Quantrill's band. He had been brought to this house after he had been shot. I went in the room, but he had just breathed his last before I got there. His comrades had to go and leave him. I had to take care of the body. The ladies and myself prepared him for burial. We got an old negro man to dig the grave that night in the little churchyard of Green's Chapel, a little brick church in a grove of trees near by. We had to be very quiet for fear the Federals would hear of it and come and burn the house, and early the next morning we had a coffin made of the only available timber—some boards we had planed and made the best we could—and with two old gentlemen, neighbors of ours, and the old negro man, who was as true as steel, we carried him to the little

churchyard and the three men and myself lowered the casket into the grave. Just as we finished one of the boys who had been with him rode up to the fence and took off his hat, as much as to say good-bye, and rode away again.

Another incident comes to my mind. At this time I, with my family, had moved from our home in the bottoms up on the prairie with my father for better protection—more of us together—and about two miles south of my father lived a widow lady. Her house was on a hill surrounded by trees. One morning six soldiers from Quantrill's band came to her house for breakfast—one of the number was the lady's brother. One was stationed outside to watch while the others ate breakfast. He rode down the hill to a spring to water his horse. While he was there the Federals surrounded the house—they cut him off, so he got away without giving the alarm. So the lady ran in the room and said, "Boys, your horses." But alas, they had no time for horses. They ran out the door pistols in each hand. Some went one way, some ran another. The yard had a plank fence, and as they jumped over one was shot and fell dead, left behind on the fence; one ran half way down the hill and was killed; one ran about a mile and ran in some thick bushes. The soldiers passed by the thicket and rode on up the hill. I thought they had gone out of sight and came out. The thicket was right in the prairie, and he soon ran out, scared so he hardly knew what he was doing. They saw him and galloped back and killed him. One poor fellow outran them; he jumped the fence and didn't touch it and ran; he said he hardly knew if his feet touched the ground or not. One of the Yanks ran in pursuit; he gave the fleeing boy a tight race. He said he could hear him breathing. Finally the soldier stumbled and fell, and the boy heard him cursing and said, "Let him go, I can't get him." He ran on and on, and when he came to himself he was about 12 or 15 miles away from where he started. He said he must, it seemed to him, have fairly flew; he was so frightened. But he got away. The troops came back to the house and told the lady they had killed them all and to get some one to bury them.

She came down to our house to get some one to go with her and help her find the dead boys. So I went with her. Men were scarce those days at home, so we and some other ladies went and searched for them and found four; they were found from one-half to a mile apart. In the neighborhood two old men were living. We got them to get their wagon and put them all in it. There was a large tree growing alone out on the prairie, and there the grave was dug so it could be found when their friends should come for them. We were going to put them all in one big grave, but as we were putting them in the grave their friends, who had heard in some way about the fight, came and took them to their homes. But the poor boy that ran so hard and so far sometime afterwards was killed.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

By Mrs. Frances Fristoe Twyman, Independence, Mo.

Many years have come and gone since the war closed. My mind wanders back tonight to the commencement of the so-called Civil war, but to me it was a most cruel and unjust war, a war in which innocent women and children suffered most. Our homes were invaded and ransacked by the Federal soldiers and women and children were dragged off to prison. Not content with all of this, Tom Ewing issued that terrible Order No. 11. I try to forgive, but I cannot—no, cannot—forget. If Tom Ewing is in heaven today his inner life must have been greatly changed. Never can I forget the many scenes of misery and distress I saw on the road when people were ordered to leave their homes on a few days' notice. The road from Independence to Lexington was crowded with women and children, women walking with their babies in their arms, packs on their backs, and four or five children following after them—some crying for bread, some crying to be taken back to their homes. Alas! they knew not that their once happy homes were gone. The torch had been applied—nothing left to tell the tale of carnage but the chimneys. O, how sad! I saw one woman driving an ox team (the soldiers

had taken nearly all the horses); there were three or four small children in the wagon. We came to a bridge that was almost perpendicular (the teams had to be taken out and the wagons taken down by hand); the oxen scented water, and she lost control of them; so here they went helter-skelter down the bridge. It looked like the wagon would turn a somersault over the oxen. We all thought the children would be killed, but a kind Providence watched over them. I will never forget how the mother looked, as she stood there helpless, crying and wringing her hands as she gave vent to her feelings by saying, "I wish all the Federals were in —." Another woman had two cows hitched to a wagon; a little boy was leading them. There were some boughs on the wagon, an old-time coverlid stretched over them; inside the wagon was a very sick child. The wagon halted, the mother got out with her sick babe in her arms and seated herself under the friendly shade of a tree. It was apparent to all that the child was dying. There sat the mother with her child dying in her lap; her husband had been killed, she was forced to leave her home, driven out into the cold world with her little children. O, the anguish of that broken-hearted mother as she sat there, with tears streaming down her pale cheeks, knowing she was powerless to save her child. Some kind-hearted people of the neighborhood came to her assistance. The crowd surged on, women and children dragging their weary limbs through the dust and heat. In our company was a man whose gray hairs had protected him so far; he was a very dignified, intelligent man, one who had always commanded the love and respect of all who knew him. A company of soldiers passed us. One of them said to this old man, "Hello, old uncle; where are you going?" O, how humiliating to this southern man. He turned to his wife and said, "My God, Kitty, what am I coming to?" His wife and I had a hearty laugh at his expense. Some of the people who lived on the road we were traveling, seeing such a dusty, dirty, woebegone crowd approaching, would say, "There come the refugees, take in your clothes," as though we would steal; too much southern blood in us for

that. We could fight but not steal. They say they whipped us, but did they conquer us? No, never; for we will love Jefferson Davis and the southern cause forever. Some of our crowd stopped in Lafayette and Saline counties. We went to Howard county, where we met with many good warm-hearted people who were very kind and helpful to us.

In November we concluded to go to Missouri City, in Clay county, just across the river from our home. We went up on the north side of the river through Saline, Ray and Carroll counties. We had many sad and hard trials on the way. My mother, 72 years old, was with us, besides the doctor, myself and six children, and we had one two-horse wagon and buggy; the children were sick, my mother was old and feeble and we traveled on through snow and sleet; our one incentive was to get as near home as we could. No one was willing to give us shelter at night. I will never forget one day's travel; it was cold and sleetting, the doctor had been trying all afternoon to get some place to stop in out of the cold. I told the doctor that it would be death to my mother and our children to camp out such a night; that we must find shelter and some place where we could have a fire, for we were all nearly frozen. We tried to rent a room or some outhouse; the answer was invariably the same—"No, we can't keep you;" so we traveled on until it was getting dark when we stopped in front of a farm house. In response to "hello" from the doctor, a man came out and down to the fence; another man was just visible on horseback. The doctor asked the man at the fence if we could rent a room or get shelter in some outhouse. The answer was emphatically "No." The doctor then said, "I see a schoolhouse ahead, do you think we could stay in that?" Again came that heartless word, "No." I am one of the trustees, but you can't stop there. By this time I was getting desperate. I said, "Well, sir, I do not know what you are, neither do I care; I am a rebel of the deepest dye, and I do not intend to camp out tonight with my sick family." The doctor said, "Hush, Fannie." I said I will not keep silent any longer; if he wants to kill me he can do so; I had rather

be shot as other rebels have been than to be tortured to death. The man at the fence came up to the wagon and said, "Lady, let me help you out; you and yours will find a welcome in my house, the best we have; we will share with you and your family." The man on horseback rode up and said to the doctor, "That crib of corn you see there is mine; help yourself to all the corn you want, it will not cost you a cent."

We learned from the man of the house that all emigration westward was supposed to be Yankees, coming to take possession of the homes that the southern people had been driven from. After many trials we succeeded in reaching Missouri City. Our negro women stayed at home until a short time before we reached Missouri City. I was arrested several times and came near being shot twice; our horses were taken from us. But alas! Our worst troubles were yet to come. Our daughter, just budding into womanhood, was taken sick and died. She was as lovely as the morning, beautiful as the evening, fair as the silver queen of night. Sixteen summers had kissed her cheeks and fanned her brow; she was as good as beautiful, kind and affectionate, beloved by all who knew her. I looked upon her face in my young motherhood. O, it was happiness for me to know and feel that she was my own, my first-born darling. None ever had a lovelier child.

The hardships we had to endure under Order No. 11 were too much for one of her delicate nature. She was my only daughter. She was too pure for this earth. God took my darling Julia to dwell with Him. I shall meet her some sweet day.

The home of my mother, 70 years old, was burned. She had neither husband or son; she was an invalid, confined to her bed. She was accused of sending a ham of meat to Quan-trill's camp. It was a false accusation, but she owned slaves and had to suffer for it although innocent of the charge against her.

One case or horror that occurred just before Order No. 11 comes vividly before my mind today. Mr. Crawford, an old man with a large family of children, was a southern sym-

pathizer, but had never taken up arms against the government. He went to mill one day with a sack of corn to have it ground to make bread for his wife and children. He left home early in the morning—was to be back by noon. Noon came, the wife had prepared dinner as best she could, but was waiting for her husband's return so she could have bread for their dinner. Two o'clock came and the husband was still absent. The children were hungry, crying for something to eat. The mother would say, "Papa will soon be here, then my darlings shall have something to eat." Three o'clock came, and the mother saw a company of soldiers approaching. They rode up to the door; the mother looked out and saw her husband a prisoner in their midst. He was told to dismount. Then they shot him down before the eyes of his wife and children—shot down like a wild beast. The mother was told to get out of the house with her children, as they were going to burn the house. She asked them to let her give her little children something to eat as they had had nothing to eat since early morning. In answer to her appeal one of them snatched a brand from the fire and stuck it in the straw bed. Everything was soon in flames. The mother hastened from the house, snatching up a few things as she went. Her husband killed, her house burned, she and her little children turned out in the cold world homeless and destitute. Her only son, 14 years old, went to Quantrill—he had no other place to go. Such acts as this is what made Bushwhackers. O, how strange that men, made in the image of God, could be so cruel and heartless.

"MARK YE THEIR GRAVES."

By Mrs. W. L. Webb.

The following poem, written by Mrs. W. L. Webb, as Chapter Historian of the Independence Chapter of U. D. C., is affectionately inscribed to Mrs. J. W. Mercer, our president, and to the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

Low lying, after life's long fitful fever
Your hero dead are sleeping "passing well;"
But the tangled grass above their mounds cries ever,
Go mark the graves of those who fought and fell!

Go mark their graves, how many of them nameless,
Though names unknown to us are carved on glories' shrine;
These lowly heroes' lives have not been aimless,
Their stories' writ in heaven with hand divine.

Go sing a hymn and plant the banner o'er them,
The flag they loved—the old red, white and red—
With sacred ceremony; and deplore them
With hearts like Rachel's still "uncomforted."

Hearts sorrowing, too, because of all the others
Who fell, beyond our knowing and our care,
The thousands of the South's brave sons and brothers,
Who fed the cruel ravens of the air.

How many lie beneath the turbid water,
In matted morass, marsh or boggy fen,
Who filled the darkly crimson sea of slaughter,
And fought and died like heroes and like men.

Go mark their graves; bring garlands of your weaving,
And place the marking stones at foot and head;
The error of neglect, at last retrieving,
While name we them, "Our own Confederate dead."

Behold the damp, dank, unkept sod above them!
Replace with flowers the rankling thistle there.
The Southern cause doth still revere and love them,
And claims for them your thought and tender care.

Would it be sacrilege to thus entwine them,
To place upon each moss-grown earthy bed
Not mourning immortelles, but to entwine them
With emblematic roses, "*white and red?*"

So long they've lain, with only willows sighing
O'er their low mounds so strangely sad and lone,
No voice to weep save that of night-bird crying
In sharp and shrill discordant monotone.

O'er them the creeping ivy's poison fingers,
Wild weeds, where flit the bees and butterflies,
And where the glittering night dew damply lingers,
The faint, sweet, pungent, woodland odors rise.

Six feet of earth, the recompense we make them!
'Tis all that they, the brave, had hoped to gain
Save their *great cause*; and ne'er can bugle wake them
From their long rest on field and battle plain.

As soldiers they knew not life's resting places,
Nor rose nor laurel found, but only rue
Their *lives* were ordered not in green oases;
Make green their *graves*, 'tis all that we can do.

Oh hearts with patriotic fire still burning,
Go lay your chaplets there with tender hand,
Perhaps in that far land of their sojourning,
Their shades may know and feel and understand!
Go mark their graves!

THE UNSUNG HERO.

By Mrs. W. L. Webb, Independence, Mo.

Oh, they sing of the brave
On the foam-capped wave
And the deeds he did at sea,
When he fought with his might
In a bold sea flight
And vanquished the enemy.

And they sing the song
Of the soldier strong
And his prowess upon the land,
How his sword he would wield
On the battlefield,
In quelling a rebel band.

But the victory
Of the brave at sea,
With his dauntless heart and bold,
And the war he waged
While the tempest raged
Was no greater than that untold,

Of the hero who fell
'Mid the rattling hell
Of shot and burning flame—
Whose life went out
With the battle shout,
But who left no sounding name.

But the glories of war
For the living are—
And not for the dead who fall!
What matters, though
Brave hearts lie low?
All glory and praise and honor go
To the living who tell the tale.

REMINISCENCE.

By Mrs. W. L. Webb, Independence, Mo.

On a beautiful moonlight night in the month of September or October, 1863, a company of state militia were camped near the home of _____, which is now a part of Kansas City. They had been in camp a number of weeks and taken almost everything there was to eat in this home, and the country as well. Not being satisfied with this they came to that home with murder in their hearts. The father and mother, struggling bravely on to maintain a family of small children,

were awakened in the still hours of the night with the command for the man of the house to come out—some one was there who wished to see him. This, of course, he refused to do, for in those times he knew it foreboded no good to be called out that way, and at night, too. He was told they had orders to bring him to camp, dead or alive. He said, "Then you will have to take me dead, for I will never go alive." With this they began to pound and batter the door to get in, his faithful wife and oldest daughter trying to keep them back, while his next daughter went upstairs with him to help him make his escape if possible. We all knew it meant death to him if they could get to him. He succeeded in getting out of a window on to the roof of a porch. He had no more than gotten out when the bullets began to fly thick and fast, several of them coming through a window and falling into a "trundle bed" where the smaller ones of the household had been sleeping. They shot until all their loads were out and then went on the other side of the house to reload. The father had been struck with one of their loads and wounded in the hip, but when they went to reload he got down as best he could and made his way to a near-by cornfield and secreted himself in a shock of corn. They mounted this roof in the same way he had done and made a search for him with lighted torches, in which they failed to find him, but found blood from his wound, and thinking he had crept off to die they gave up the search. We took him across the river into Clay county, where he was taken in and hidden, cared for and fed by a kind friend until the mother could collect enough money together by disposing of what little stock there was left to take them to Kentucky, where they remained till after the war closed, and all of this because he was what they called a southern sympathizer and had one son in the southern army.

The scene portrayed in General Bingham's famous picture, Order No. 11, was taken, I have been told, from the scene of an uncle of the writer who had four sons in the southern army, but it is only a repetition of many such scenes in those terrible times of the 60's. The youngest son was

delicate from childhood and remained at home, only to be shot down in cold blood, and when his dear old mother, with aching, bleeding heart, took a pillow and placed it tenderly under the head of her dying boy, it was torn away and thrown in the flames, with the threat that if she did it again they would throw the body in. But let us wrap those scenes in the veil of oblivion and the charity of forgiveness, and pray there will be no more war and bloodshed, for we have but one country and one flag.

THE MISSOURI GUERRILLA.

By Mrs. W. L. Webb, Chapter Historian of Independence Chapter, U. D. C.

We lived in the mid-region of the scenes of the Guerrilla warfare; therefore it is well that we take up here its history. Scant attention has been given by historians to the part taken by the Missouri Guerrillas in the great Civil war. An immense chapter in the final and completed history of that conflict remains to be written on this subject.

The war between the states began between Missouri and Kansas in the early 50's. In 1854 the first emigrants settled at Lawrence, Kan. They belonged to the abhorred Yankee Abolitionist party, and their coming was regarded in Missouri very much as would have been regarded the coming of a foreign foe. Each new settlement in Kansas was viewed as a menace to the security of slave property in Missouri. The fear was not groundless. A fleet of hostile ships anchored outside the harbor of a city would create a feeling of alarm exactly similar to the feeling in Missouri caused by these settlements in Kansas.

The quarrel between Missouri and Kansas was a national quarrel and led to national war. Missouri was settled largely by a hardy and independent race of pioneers from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, all slave-holding states. These Missourians were noble people, but they believed in slavery, and they were quick to resent anything like encroachment on the rights of slave property. The best citizens of Missouri on

various occasions organized themselves into bands and marched across the line into Kansas to dispute with the newcomers at the ballot box or on the battlefield all the debatable questions pertaining to slavery. These bands of Missourians which so often invaded Kansas gave currency to the opprobrious epithet "Border Ruffians." The border ruffian was the direct antecedent of the Guerrilla, but the border ruffian was no ruffian except in Abolition journals.

When the great conflict opened the Guerrilla hoisted the southern flag, but he remained independent. The warfare was irregular and not always endorsed by the Confederate government. The antithesis of the Missouri Guerrilla was the Kansas "Redleg" under Jennison and the irregular troopers under Jim Lane.

Quantrill and his followers on one side and Jim Lane and his followers on the other make up the darkest picture in the annals of this nation. There human nature is exhibited in its least lovable aspect. On both sides there raged tempests of human passion. Arson and murder prevailed, and crimes of all degrees. It will be a terrible chapter when finally written. The appalling features of Guerrilla warfare have, no doubt, prevented the historian from completing his task on this subject. This generation is too close to the horrible things done in those awful days. Too many private wrongs were avenged; too many unpardonable deeds were committed. These are fresh in the memory of those old enough to see them, and those of us born since then inherit a sort of abhorrent memory of the time. But future generations will read of the Guerrilla as we read of Thermopylae, or Salamis, or the retreat of the ten thousand. The shock of detail will then be eliminated. The Guerrilla had his virtues, his chivalry and his romances. He was brave and dashing, and he believed in the righteousness of his cause. Edwards says:

"He believed that the patriotism of Jennison and Lane was highway robbery transformed from darkness to dawn. Desperate and remorseless as he undoubtedly was, the Guerrilla saw shining down upon his pathway a luminous patriot-

ism, and he followed it eagerly that he might kill in the name of God and his country."

In Independence was fought a battle August 11, 1862, in which the Guerrilla chief, Quantrill, took a conspicuous part with his band. Numerous battles were fought in and near Independence, and Jackson county has many a battlefield, some famous in history and some forgotten. Many of the forgotten battles were fought by the Guerrillas; many a nook and corner shows a lonely grave covered with tangled grass where sleeps a soldier.

The noted battles were fought by the regular Confederate armies, but in all of these the Guerrilla bands were present, and their dead sleep beneath the Confederate monuments at Lone Jack and Forest Hill cemeteries.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

In 1862 Miss Sue M. Bryant was a pupil of Professor Hunt's seminary in Boonville, Cooper county, Missouri. At the close of the school they had an entertainment—calisthenic exercises—Harriet Beecher Stowe, the originator. The costume was red and white. Professor Hunt had half of the girls to dress in white and blue, the other half in red and white, making red, white and blue on the stage. All went off well, both southern and northern girls participating. Several weeks after the entertainment Miss Bryant paid a visit to an old friend, Mrs. Sheridan of Marshall, Miss Bryant's old home. The evening of her arrival she dressed in her calesthenic costume and went through the exercise for the amusement of her friend. This was witnessed by a small negro girl, who reported that Miss Bryant was at Mrs. Sheridan's home and that she danced with the secesh flag wrapped around her. A few days later Colonel Lezeare came to Marshall from (I think from Lexington). This dance was reported to him.

In the meantime Miss Bryant was spending a day with Mr. Wm. Burks' family, a Presbyterian minister. Lezeare sent his menials out, had her arrested and taken back to town to Dance's Hotel under heavy guard. Was there several days with about fourteen other girls. This arrest was on the 10th of August. Lieutenant Blair, a Federal, called for me to start on that never-to-be-forgotten ride across the county on a load of corn. We all left Marshall about 10 o'clock and arrived in Brownsville in time for supper—no dinner—a good supper of stale bread and tea. We were honored by a guard at our backs while eating. We left for Warrensburg early the next day without breakfast, traveled all day through the hot August sun and arrived at Warrensburg about 1 p. m. The girls peeped through the little round hole in the back of the wagon, ever on the sly. We saw so many going to church or from church we were ashamed and felt humiliated that we should be seen in such awful company. We reached headquarters about 2 p. m., were taken to a small room and told we would soon be nicely located. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes in walked T. C. Crittenden, a colonel, I think. He greeted us as if we were there seeking the position of barmaids. The first thing was from "Big I." "Colonel Crittenden, we have had nothing to eat this whole day; we are nearly starved to death." He graciously took our names and said, "You will be served bountifully very soon." He called a sergeant and said, "Take these girls to another room." Miss Bryant said, "Is our dinner ready?" He bowed to the sergeant, smiled, and we were marched out and on, on and on, finally landing at a two-room grocery store, where we were locked in, a soldier parading before our door. Just before sundown a corporal came in with our bountiful dinner, a quart bowl of pickled beets, one-half slice of stale bread, all until next day. I was so disgusted I failed to remember our next meal. We remained there ten days, taken at night to a larger prison, then sent to St. Louis the next morning at 5 o'clock—no breakfast, no dinner. We arrived in St. Louis, marched for two

solid hours to our St. Charles prison and received with abuses and small fare. Do not remember how long we were in that place. From there we were taken to Gratiot street prison. From there I was, after taking that "iron-clad oath," sent to Kirkwood and remained under guard and spy for two weeks; then I was allowed to return to my home.

Another instance: One hot summer day about 18 men called at Mr. Bryant's home and demanded a quick dinner, as they were in a big hurry to catch a lot of d—n rebels. They had the housemaid getting pans, bowls, towels, soap. Finally the cook was called. I stepped to the back porch door and said, "If you all call the cook you can't have a quick dinner." One youthful ignorant-looking fellow replied, "You go out and help them." I said, "I have never cooked and won't commence now." He retorted, "You have got to cook; we have set the 'niggers' free." I replied, "The freeing of the slaves did not worry me in the least." He said, "Who will do the work?" I said, "O, I will send north and hire your wives, sweethearts and sisters, make slaves of them." They soon pointed some shooters at me saying, "I have a mind to kill you, a d—n rebel." I said, "You dare not, too many Bushwhackers around." They laughed and said, "Let her alone, she is not fit to kill."

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

Sue M. Bryant of Cooper county, State of Missouri, do hereby solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States and support and sustain the Constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the national sovereignty paramount to that of all state, county or Confederate powers; that I will discourage, discountenance and forever oppose secession, rebellion and the disintegration of the Federal union; that I disclaim and denounce all faith and fellowship with the so-called Confederate armies, and pledge my honor, my property and my life to the sacred performance of this my solemn

oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States of America.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1864, at St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. A. KEYSER,
Asst. Prov. Mar.

Several witnesses.

I. A. Galbraith of St. Louis, Mo., Clerk P. M., General Office.

Description—Age, 16; height, 5 feet 3 inches; color of eyes, dark; color of hair, dark; characteristics, handsome.

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF LEXINGTON—THE FIRST SOUTHERN SOLDIER KILLED.

By Miss Belle L. Green.

Between the time the Federal troops were driven back from their intended expedition to Warrensburg on the 12th of September and the beginning of the siege on the 17th the Confederates under Colonel Rout advanced as far as the fair grounds and there went into camp; and from thence small squads of six or eight or more men would ride daily into the edge of town to reconnoiter or mayhap for mere adventure. “Pomeroy’s addition”—extending from a little east of the present residence of Mr. Vivion to 20th street and from South street to the cemetery—was at that time a field of standing corn, which afforded a safe hiding place from which the Union sharpshooters could “Bushwhack” the enemy as they traversed the lane.

An order had been issued by the commander of the post that such noncombatants as desired would be permitted to pass through the line to a place of safety outside the city. The opening of hostilities was hourly anticipated, and ere sundown that Sabbath numbers had fled the city—women and children and aged people. Mr. W. F. Kerdolff invited his nearest neighbor with her family to take refuge with the members of his household in his flouring mill just beyond the city limits, and some one hundred or two hundred yards, perhaps, from

the road lying along "Pomeroy's cornfield." Between the mill and the road was "the miller's house," which Mr. Kerdolff's family used for sleeping apartments. In the unoccupied attic chamber was a window facing the road, which elevated opening made a fine place for observation, as it afforded a good view in the direction of the fair grounds as well as toward town; and from this point, as well as from the roof of the engine house, with its great square chimney as a wall of protection, with the aid of a good spyglass much was revealed of which the actors had no suspicion could be observed at such a distance. And all unknown to any member of Mr. Kerdolff's family the mill was the last station on the secret line of information which started from Third street, and from this place more than several times did the knowledge of the movements of the Home Guards and regular Union soldiers, number of re-enforcements, etc., reach Colonel Rout's camp.

One day a small squad, some eight or a dozen men, were seen riding from the fair grounds. There was no possibility of warning them of the Federals who had been seen to enter the cornfield shortly before. One inmate of the mill, more curious than prudent, ran up to the attic window, while all the others watched from below to see what would happen when the little reconnoitering party reached the point where the guns could be seen glittering amid the corn. Ignorant of the presence of the foe the southerners rode right on until a sudden volley checked their progress. Halting only for a moment they about-faced and unharmed rode rapidly away. Later in the afternoon a company of thirty-two men returned, and when they reached about the same low place in the road as the others had, the Federals, who were again lying in wait, opened fire, and this time with surer aim, for two men were seen to fall from their horses. The company returned the fire as the wounded man was helped upon his horse, then wheeled and retreated, leading away a riderless horse and leaving their dead comrade where he fell. Several of the "Bushwhackers" came from their ambush, looked upon their victim and gave orders to the few men and boys who had collected to leave

the body where it lay. Mrs. G. said it was inhuman to let it lie there, that he was some mother's son, and after an hour or less she said it should be removed, and at her request Mr. Kerdolff, Dan Carroll, Thomas Greene and a negro man took up the body, carried it into McGrew's rope factory and laid it on a bench. No one knew the man. He was shot through the head. The ball entered back of the left ear and passed out near the front of the right parietal. With face and hair smeared and matted with blood and dust and clothing covered with dust, he was indeed an object of pity. Mrs. G. and her daughter brought water, washed the blood and dirt from his face, hair and hands, brushed the dust from his clothing, and after combing the hair, bandaged the gaping wounds and covered the pale face with a cloth and left him there, where numbers went in to look upon the stranger, the first victim of war that they had ever seen. Ere long some of the soldiers from the fort visited the place and asked who had washed and brushed and cared for the dead. Upon being informed they told Mrs. G. and her daughter they might consider themselves under arrest for rendering aid and sympathy to the rebels. Her reply was that whether Southern or Union, it mattered not, that what she had done for this stranger she would, did circumstances require, do for any other man—that as a Christian she could not do otherwise.

After nightfall several men came in a wagon, and, placing the corpse therein, took it to the camp from which so little time before he had ridden away in the full flush of young manhood, and there gave him a soldier's burial. From these, his comrades, it was learned that the name of the young man was Henry Neville.

HOW ONE PRISONER ESCAPED.

When the Union soldiers were occupying the Baptist College in Old Town they traversed the surrounding country and brought in numerous citizens as prisoners whose sole offense

was that they were southern sympathizers. Among these was Mr. Roland Hughes, a young man from near Greentown. Shortly after his arrest a widowed sister came to the city to supply him with some needed clothing, and he was granted a parole to meet her at the home of a friend. The time was short, but long enough to plan an escape. The son of this acquaintance was to go out and find at what points the pickets were stationed and determine what direction promised the greatest safety for flight. These preliminaries being settled, the prisoner returned to the barracks in due time. Early the next morning the young man set out on his tour of investigation and returned about noon and wrote explicit directions, accompanied by a diagram of the course best to pursue, telling just where the pickets were and at what point to cross Graham's branch and where it would be safe to come into the road a mile or two beyond. The middle of the day was suggested as the most opportune time. These instructions were successfully delivered with a pair of socks, and the results following were anxiously awaited. The next day, in the late afternoon, a visit was made to the prisoners and Mr. Hughes was inquired for. Mr. Hughes had escaped by a well executed trick, and not being missed for some time, he had succeeded in evading capture. An officer rode into the campus, threw the bridle to a subaltern and went into the building. No sooner had he disappeared than Mr. Hughes ran out, quickly got into the saddle, reached for the bridle as he said: "Here be quick! I'm in a hurry! Captain —— forgot something and I have to get off as fast as I can," and so saying he galloped away to freedom.

Twenty-three years afterward the Confederates held a reunion, and for the first time Mr. Hughes and the young man who so plainly mapped out the way of escape met, and not until then did the plotters know the sequel of their scheme. By following the course laid down Mr. Hughes made with but little danger his escape beyond the picket line, and after quite a number of serious adventures reached St. Louis, and there, by subterfuge and disguise, secured passage on a Fed-

eral gunboat, and in due time arrived at Vicksburg, where, after running yet farther dangerous risks, he succeeded in joining the Confederate army in which he fought until the cruel war was over.

RUFFUSED TO BE EXCHANGED,

Among the many southern sympathizers held prisoners in the college was an old gentleman, Mr. David Locke, familiarly known as "Uncle Davy Locke," who, while much esteemed as a man of sterling integrity and irreproachable Christian character, yet was known to be so fixed in his beliefs, so emphatic in his declarations thereof and so positive in his expression of dissent from the opinions of those who differed from him that by many he was said to be "arbitrary," "peculiar," "contrary" and "stubborn." Daily prayer was a habit with him; and this very practice, while it at first afforded amusement to his captors, who forthwith made him the butt for numerous rude jests, for he prayed aloud for himself and his enemies and emphasized his words with a series of groans peculiar to himself alone, ere long became irritating, then so offensive that they told him that he must pray silently or cease altogether. Day followed day and the voice was still heard uttering the same prayer that the Lord, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, would give deliverance from the power of the enemy which held him a prisoner. So consummately obstinate was the captive and so obnoxious did the continued reiteration of the petition become that at last the old gentleman was informed that he was to be exchanged for a fellow citizen. When told the name of a highly respected elderly gentleman he held himself "a better man than that and would consent to no such arrangement." Another name was suggested, that of a rising lawyer and a man of influence. He was indignant that they should think that he held himself at no higher rate than that of a mere boy whom he had known since childhood. As a final effort they proposed the father, himself an eminent lawyer and for a term of years a judge of

the criminal court. But no, the "contrary old rebel" was "worth a great many more than both father and son together." The siege began in earnest, the battle raged, the cannons' roar was deafening, the ceaseless leaden rain poured in from every side, but the voice of the old man in prayer was still unsilenced.

The conflict was over, and the fortress surrendered and the prisoners were at liberty. Some of the soldiers who had from time to time taunted him because of his perverseness and persistence now twitted him regarding his unanswered prayers, but the old man, undaunted and exultant, replied that the Lord had released him with the outstretched arm of the southern army and with the strong hand of General Price.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

An incident illustrative of the Scripture occurred the day after the surrender of Colonel Mulligan to General Price. My mother and I were seated at a window of our home, which was at the corner of two streets, watching soldiers and civilians as they passed and repassed, each manifesting by his manner pleasure or disappointment over the stirring events of the past few days. At length there came down College street four Federal soldiers bearing upon a litter a wounded man. At the same time there came up Franklin avenue a citizen, Mr. Joseph Shaw, accompanied by a man dressed in Confederate gray. The two parties met at the corner and the Confederate officer stopped the litter. We could hear the voices but could not distinguish the words spoken. The Confederate took the hand of the sick man in his own and held it for a moment, then bending over him he gently smoothed the hair back from the brow. The wounded soldier turned his face away; the other again clasped the unresisting hand, spoke a word or two and the incident was closed; the carriers bore their burden on down the street and the two men walked in the opposite direction. When they reached our gate they parted, the soldier passed by and Mr. Shaw came in; and as

he greeted us his eyes were filled with tears, and as apology for his manifest emotion he said, "I was witness to a scene just now that touched me deeply. I do not often give way to my feelings, yet what I just saw and heard moved me to tears." And then he told us of what had occurred and told us the names of the actors in the little drama, and if I mistake not the Confederate soldier was Colonel McGoffin and the Federal was Colonel or Captain Gray. Colonel McGoffin had been at some period and place unknown to me now, and was held prisoner for weeks prior to the siege, and was not treated with the consideration due a prisoner of war or a soldier of his rank. For some reason he was confined in a tent instead of in the college, as the other prisoners were. What his offense was is not known, but it was while here under special guard that Colonel Gray, clothed, perhaps, "with a little brief authority," seemed to take delight in subjecting the prisoner to indignities and insulting words unworthy a man and officer, at one time so far forgetting that he claimed to pass for a courteous gentleman as to spit upon the helpless victim of his malice. And whenever, after one of these visits, he left the tent his parting injunction to the guard was, "If he attempts to escape shoot him down." When the prisoners were released after the surrender Colonel McGoffin sought his friends in the city, and meeting Mr. Shaw, they walked together and thus chanced to meet the soldiers with the litter upon which helpless lay Colonel Gray severely wounded; and Colonel McGoffin, forgetful of all past insult and cruel treatment, stopped the men, and with a kindly handclasp and sympathetic voice said: "Colonel Gray, I heard that you were wounded, and I am very, very sorry to see you suffering thus." And passing his hand tenderly over his hair he continued: "Is there anything at all that I can do for you? I shall be glad to help you in any way and at any time, and I beg you will let me know, for I shall remain in town for some time yet." The strong man was overcome, he was disarmed by kindness, and with voice filled with emotion he replied, "Colonel McGoffin, why do you talk thus? You are

heaping coals of fire upon my head," and turned away his face as if to hide the tears which he could not restrain. The "rebel" offered his hand to say "good-bye," the Union soldier in silence pressed it, and thus the victor and the vanquished parted, each better doubtless for that chance meeting.

THANKED AFTER MANY DAYS.

Very early the morning after the surrender, which occurred the afternoon before, my mother and I, taking with us some hot chicken broth, went up to the College in order to learn of the fate of some of the officers whose acquaintance had been formed during the months in which the post had been occupied by the Union troops, and to see if we could render them any aid whereby they might be made more comfortable than on the field of battle. Finding none whom we knew in or about the College, we crossed over to the "boarding house," a building west of the College, and formerly occupied by the students but now used as a hospital. Going through the hall we entered the first room. Here lay two rows of wounded men side by side the full length of the room. We gave a little broth to such as desired it, and passing along the narrow lane between the rows of feet we entered and passed in the same way the second and the third rooms. Pausing a moment beside a man writhing in a death agony to beg some one to lift him back upon his blanket and remove his canteen from under him, we were recognized by Captain Knox, who came from the adjoining room to greet us. He carried his arm in a sling. "Not shot—only a dislocation." When the white flag was hoisted from the window of the boarding house it could not be seen east of the College, but numbers of those within the entrenchments, seeing the signal of surrender and noting the silence of the guns, thought the conflict over and mounted the ramparts to watch the victorious Confederates close in upon the fallen fort; but ——— battery, which was stationed far east of the Federal strong-

hold, could not see the white flag because of the intervening College building, and sent another and another round of shot, some of which heavy iron missiles fell so dangerously near the watchers on the embankments that they "stood not upon the order of their going," but hastily descended to a place of safety. A cannon ball buried itself in the earthworks near the feet of Captain Knox, and he in his hurry fell backward from the embankment and by the fall had his elbow dislocated, and not being entirely disabled he was caring for some of his wounded friends. On seeing the total lack of comfort of the wounded sufferers as they lay on the hard bare floor with nothing but a blanket for a bed, my mother told Captain Knox that one of her houses was unoccupied and that he was at liberty to remove such of his friends as he desired, and that she and her family would take pleasure in doing all they could to render their condition less miserable. Gladly was the invitation accepted; and we went home and made ready cots and lounges for the more seriously wounded and pallets for the others; and the same day eight men were brought down, all but one, perhaps, officers of different ranks. As remembered, their names were Knox, White, Wheeler, Hill, Barry, an Irishman and Leland. The last named was said to be the first man wounded within the entrenchments. He was shot behind the ear, where the ball still remained, although the surgeons had probed for it. Two days later Mr. Knox asked to be allowed to bring yet another particular friend where he could give him especial care. He said it was an officer, Captain Gausney, who had been taken from the College to Winkler's store—which had been converted into a hospital—and that because of his serious and helpless condition a man had been detailed as special nurse, whose only duty was to care for the wounded officer, and this man had betrayed his trust, gone off on a spree and left his charge to whatever chance befell. Captain Gausney appeared the most pitiable of all the nine. Shot through the back of the neck, he was totally paralyzed and speechless—alive yet in a sense dead his case seemed hopeless.

For a week or ten days, until General Price had perfected arrangements for their transportation to St. Louis, political differences were lost sight of and these nine men received at the hands of this southern family every attention that they could bestow. Not only were their soldiers' rations prepared for them, but these were daily supplemented by delicacies and dishes as might prove more tempting to the appetite.

After they had gone—they went by boat—the report came back that Mr. Leland and Mr. Hill both died before reaching St. Louis. Of the others no word came back.

Somewhat more than a year, probably two years afterward, a well-dressed stranger of gentlemanly bearing called at our home. Perceiving that my mother did not recognize him, although he called her name and greeted her quite cordially, he asked, "Do you not know me?" She did not. "Do you remember Captain Gausney?" She could not recall the name. "Have you forgotten the Federal soldier who lay paralyzed and whom you cared for?" Yes, she remembered the wounded soldier, but failed to see in this gentleman in citizens clothing the helpless paralytic whom she cared for after the battle, and yet it was he. He then said that his wound had unfitted him for military service, and because of this had received honorable discharge from the army, and that he had visited Scotland where he had received an inheritance; that he had married and was now on his way to Montana, where in future he expected to make his home; and that the boat upon which he was making the journey was then at the wharf, where it would remain long enough to take on and discharge freight. Learning upon inquiry that she, to whom he owed so much, perhaps life itself, was still resident here, he felt that he must avail himself of the opportunity presented after so long a time to come and in person express his appreciation of the kindness shown him and his sincere and heartfelt thanks for the many thoughtful things done for his pleasure and his comfort, the remembrance of which would continue through life.

SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

By Mrs. Mary R. Tabb, Member of Confederate Home Chapter 203, Higginsville, Mo.

History does not record a braver, more daring deed throughout the Civil war than the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly by a little band of Confederates called McNeil's Roughs or Rangers. This gallant old captain, after escaping the Federal prison in Missouri by tunneling out with a few others, made his way to Virginia, where he organized an independent company. Many of the men were of the first families in the state, and many, too, from adjacent states, joined this fearless, brave company. Their operations were chiefly confined to the border counties, and thus they were able to make those bold dashes into the Federal lines, capturing wagon trains, horses and supplies and escaping through the mountain paths so familiar to many of the men throughout the entire war. This small company kept the Federal army of thousands in terror, never knowing when they would attack their scouts and raid their camps, making away with their booty before they were discovered. This special feat was arranged to release some of the members of McNeil's company who had been captured by a band of Federal soldiers known as Jesse scouts, who dressed in gray uniforms ran upon a bunch of McNeil's men before they were recognized as enemies. The extreme fear and hatred of this company provoked the authorities of the Federal army to declare that all members of McNeil's rangers captured would be held as prisoners of war, and not exchanged as was the custom with regular prisoners. This announcement caused Captain McNeil and his faithful men to call a council and try to devise some means to release their comrades. At the time of this capture Generals Crook and Kelly were quartered in Cumberland, Md., a city about sixty miles from Moorefield, the chief rendezvous of McNeil's company. The plan to get into Cumberland by night and capture those generals, sur-

rounded by an army of not less than eight or ten thousand soldiers, was perfected after a trusted man or two, natives of the city, had successfully gotten valuable information concerning the location of army, their picket posts and sleeping apartments of Generals Cook and Kelly. Captain McNeil, with not over forty men, who volunteered for the perilous expedition, so arranged their march as to reach the enemy's picket posts after dark. Having been compelled by the progress made over icy roads to change the route first arranged, they decided on a more daring effort to pass a double line of pickets stationed on the shorter route. The usual "Halt! dismount one, come forward and give countersign," was demanded by the first picket. He was captured, while his two comrades, a little distant, fled on hearing the commotion. All were overtaken and separately examined and threatened with immediate death if they failed to give the true countersign, which was given by each as "Bull's Gap." The next post made the same demand, and were answered "Friends with the countersign," all the while closing up on them, and with a dash they were surrounded and captured. Now within the city, Captain McNeil sent the various men to the duties previously assigned them, detailing certain men to cut telegraph wires and others to capture some fine horses, while two or three went direct to each of the rooms occupied by Crook and Kelly, demanding their surrender. Their surprise can better be imagined than described. After a hasty toilet they were hurried from the hotels, mounted in the saddles, their captors riding behind them through the lines of their own army, who, supposing them to be scouts going out, urged them to catch the "Johnnies," and cheered them on their way. After a chase over rough mountain trails familiar to these "Rangers" they made their escape, though hotly pursued by the indignant Federals. Those generals, Crook and Kelly, were glad to effect an exchange of McNeil's men, and soon they were started from their various prisons to Dixie. This capture was made in 1865, near the close of the war, or doubtless other laurels would have been added to this com-

pany. The records of the Confederacy showed that McNeil's company up to that time had captured over twenty-six hundred prisoners. That was about thirty persons for each man in service in the command.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SURRENDER AND HOME-COMING.

By Captain J. M. Weidemeyer, Clinton, Mo.

After General Hood's disastrous campaign in Tennessee the Missouri brigades to which I belonged were sent to Mobile, Ala., to assist in its defense. There were two fortified positions just across the bay from Mobile—Blakley and Spanish Fort. Our troops occupied the former. We were attacked by an overwhelming force of Federals, compelling surrender. I was taken with all the other commissioned officers to Dolphin Island, an island in the Gulf of Mexico. We were guarded there by negro troops about two weeks. One incident is branded in my memory. One day the negroes sang, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a Sour Apple Tree." Some of the Confederates answered by singing "Bonnie Blue Flag." Immediately a negro guard was sent to us to say that if the insult was repeated we would be put in chains in the fort.

We were taken to Mobile and paroled. Whilst there a kind Confederate lady asked Captain Maupin and me to take dinner with her. We accepted, and while there she said she had just sold some cotton and wanted us to take part of the money. We could not without giving offense entirely refuse, so it ended in our taking twenty dollars each in gold.

The United States Government proposed to take our soldiers as near to their homes as public conveyances could carry them. Some six hundred of us wanted to go to Texas and took the cars to New Orleans. On reaching that city I went to the St. Charles Hotel, for I was quite unwell and I had the money the lady gave me at Mobile. My money was soon exhausted. On my way to the camp provided for Confederates a kind gentleman named A. H. Griffith, asked me

to stay at his home, which I was glad to do. In a few days we were allowed to take a steamer for Galveston. At Baliese, the mouth of the river, our boat ran aground, and all efforts to release her were in vain. Another and much smaller boat was sent for us. There was scarcely standing room. The trip to Galveston was a hard one. Sometimes we were out of sight of the land. The heat, the crowded condition and hardships made many of the men sick. As soon as we reached Galveston we took the cars for Navasota, the terminus of the railroad. From that point we had to walk to our homes. My wife and children were at Palestine, one hundred and ten miles from Navasota. I had to make the trip without money to pay for food and lodging. I ate very little and slept on the ground. Once a German family gave me some buttermilk, the sourest I ever tasted. I made the trip in four days.

The weather was hot, the sand deep. When I reached Palestine I was not in a very good plight—footsore, lame and dirty. The gentleman where my family boarded, when my wife rushed to meet me with caresses and kisses, exclaimed as he held up his hand, "Is this ornery fellow the man you have been making such a fuss about?"

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN 1862—A REMINISCENCE
OF MRS. R. M. DREW.

By Mrs. L. H. Carlile.

Federals troops occupied a city on the bank of the "Father of Waters." Several of its large buildings were filled with prisoners from the southern armies. Camps of the invaders formed a boundary line between city and country. Federal soldiers patrolled the streets and were everywhere present. It was near the holy and merry Christmas time, but a sorrowful season to the poor fellows crowded into close quarters in the improvised prisons. Thoughts of home and loved ones whom they might never see again pressed heavily upon their hearts. Christmas festivities, to which they had been strangers

since the day when with hope and a dauntless courage they had marched to battle, floated before their saddened vision, but accompanied by no expectation of realization.

Glad enough were they for the coarse fare that was doled out to them each day. Imagination was not vigorous enough to transform the meager rations into appetizing viands. A dull, heavy apathy had settled upon them. Listlessly they passed from one day to another, awaiting with indifference whatever change might come to them, thinking nothing could be more terrible than the present. "Peace on earth, good will to men" was fraught with little meaning to men whose eyes for many weary months had witnessed only scenes of bloodshed and all the horrors of Civil war. Their hearts ached with recollections of other days. To them sorrows, crown of sorrow, was remembering happier things. No shadow of possibility was there that this Christmas season would find them at their own loved firesides. But theirs were not the only sad hearts in that city. The sympathies of hundreds of women went out to those desolate men, praying fervently and constantly that relief might come to them who could not themselves enjoy whatever of good they possessed because they were in want and sorrow.

Close upon Christmas those prayers and thoughts began to take tangible form, and two days before the 25th one brave little woman, who knew not the meaning of fear or failure, determined that at least in one of those sorrowful abodes there should be Christmas cheer. Secretly and quietly she set out upon a foraging expedition among a few friends, from whom she met a ready response, and secured all the contributions necessary for a grand Christmas feast for the prisoners in the L—g Bl—le, to be delivered at a certain house conveniently near the prison.

On Christmas morning Mrs. D. marshalled her forces, laden with baskets and trays heaping with tempting dainties—turkeys with glistening brown breasts, chickens roasted to a turn, cranberry jelly, pies of mince meat and of apples, cakes, fruit and many other toothsome things, with pots of hot coffee

bringing up the rear—the very odor of which aroused a craving appetite. Presenting herself at the grating of the grim prison what was her consternation to find she could not gain admission without a “pass” from the commanding officer of the city. Entreaties and reasoning availed naught; she was obliged to retire, much discomfited but not discouraged. No time was to be lost. She hastened to apply to General H. for the required permission, but met with a decided refusal; then to the provost marshal, with the same result. Time was passing while these many visits were being paid to the authorities. After unsuccessful attempts with several other officers she repaired with sinking heart but unabated resolve to the office of General V., noted for his uncompromising hostility to the “rebels.” Him she approached with little hope that her request would meet with favor. She found him in one of his worst moods. Upon making known the object of her visit he immediately burst into a torrent of invective.

The d—n prisoners and rebels ought to starve; they should be thankful they are alive, and shall have no Christmas dinner if I can help it. The valorous little woman was a South Carolinian, a devoted disciple of Calhoun, and felt her ire swelling as the avalanche of abuse fell upon her. Since there was no possibility of a reconsideration of the flat decision, she could not resist the temptation the opportunity afforded her to give the mighty general “a piece of her mind,” which she proceeded to do with great emphasis and gusto. In the height of the wordy warfare, which had been carried on with no lack of interest on either side, the entrance of others seeking an interview reminded her that she was losing precious moments in useless argument. Leaving the autocrat without ceremony, in fact, hastily, to avoid observation, disheartened but still determined, a bright idea suddenly flashed upon her troubled brain. Quickly she summoned her attendants, and putting on a bold front marched up to the prison gate and demanded entrance. The general noticing her approach and her appearance as one with authority, not doubting that she was armed with a “pass,” without question opened wide the

heavy iron grating and without parley she, with her servants, entered the crowded, dreadful room. Soon delicious odors permeated the musty atmosphere. The prisoners surrounded her, full of curiosity to see what this unusual invasion meant. It was not many minutes before the unexpected feast was distributed among the hungry assemblage. Thankful and with happiness they had not known for many months they enjoyed the beautiful "spread," though of cut glass and silver there was none, tin cups and fingers doing duty on the occasion. Hot coffee and two cigars each concluded this unique dinner party. Temporarily, at least, their griefs and discomforts disappeared in smoke. Crowding around their happy hostess they pressed their thanks upon her, then gave three rousing cheers that wakened the echoes of those gloomy walls. Mrs. D., smiling and exultant, retired with the blessings of all and photographs of many which she treasured all her life.

The victory of that day was a bright memory in after years when friends recounted to each other the sad and merry incidents of the war in which they have borne part, and always her face beamed with delight in describing her good fortune in outwitting her implacable foes.

DEATH OF JAMES BARNES OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, MISSOURI.

By Mrs. Larima Crow Reiley.

About May 1, 1863, James Barnes, a citizen of Franklin county, sixty years old and almost totally blind, was arrested and sent to St. Louis, where he was kept in Lynch's negro yard at 5th and Olive until the 1st of August, when Colonel Broadhead paroled him for a month. On the 3rd of September, 1863, about eleven o'clock at night, he was taken out of his house by a company of militia, who broke down the door, and carried him to the Bourboise river bottoms, about one and one-half miles from his home. There he was foully murdered, being shot three times and stabbed four times with a bayonet. The next morning he was found dead in the road

by his family. The authorities, or at least the German home guards who terrorized the community, refused the wife and daughters a coffin, and would allow no man in the neighborhood to touch him or help bury him. Finally Mrs. Forsythe, Betty Golson and Mrs. Eastwood, and his daughter, Helen Barnes, wrapped the body in a quilt and with the help of two boys fourteen years old, Albert Barnes, a son, and Ransom White, got it into a wagon and the boys drove it to the graveyard. Edwin Cheatham, Anderson Coleman, Dr. J. N. Crowder, Uncle Dabney (a negro man) and the two boys buried him at night. The cause of this blind old man's offending was the fact that he had three sons, Frank, James H. and Charles, in the Confederate army. He had been unable to read or write for years before he was murdered, and could take no part in the war himself.

REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Bettie Glenn Ellis.

At the time of the Civil war I was living in Cooper county, three miles from Boonville. The battle of Boonville was fought one mile and a quarter from my home. Governor Marmaduke commanded the Confederates and General Lyon commanded the Federals. The southern force was composed almost entirely of school boys and farmers, all raw recruits. Jeff McCutcheon, an intimate schoolmate and friend, gave up his life for the cause in this battle. For years after the fighting old muskets, balls and other relics were picked up on this field.

I was attending college in Boonville when the Federals came. We girls were all sent home, and the Federals used our school for a hospital.

Later my brother, Charles F. Glenn, with several other students, left Kemper school and joined General Price's army when Price made his raid.

One of the negroes who belonged to the family seemed to have been a leader among the other negroes in the neigh-

borhood, and, in consequence, our home was where they often congregated. All the men of the family were away in the war, and the women and children lived in constant fear, and we suffered many exciting experiences during this time.

A CRAPE VEIL.

By Mrs. Alexander H. Major, St. Louis Chapter U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.

I had been going about with my husband, who was in the commissary department of Sherman's division, ever since that famous "march to the sea" was begun from Chattanooga, May 6, 1864. It was rather rough life for a woman, but as I had lived for a number of years in Eastern Kansas during the time she was enduring her exciting border warfare, I found this march rather to my liking. Besides, as we had no children, my husband liked to have his family, as he called me, with him for company.

Many a Union man, homesick for wife or mother, would come to our wagon and talk to me, just because I was a woman. Many a letter from home was read to me just for the comfort the boys got in hearing my comments upon the simple events which it related. And when some poor fellow became sick unto death he liked to be taken to our camp, to have me do for him as he imagined his own women folks would do if they had been there; so that the months that we spent upon the march were on the whole very satisfying ones to me. I did all I could to soften the rigors of war to all with whom I came in contact. Nevertheless, it was with feelings of gladness that we entered the town of R—— with a detachment of Union troops nearly a year from the time that we had left Chattanooga. All the Confederate families who could had left the town at our approach, but there was one Southern woman, a Mrs. Stuart, who declared she would never leave her house until they carried her out feet foremost.

We, that is, my husband and I, were boarding at her house, and whether it was because I was sympathetic or because my

father had been a Southern man, I know not, but she became very confidential to me. She told me how her husband had fallen at Antietam, and how her son, only a lad of 15, had gone with Stonewall Jackson as drummer boy and had likewise died upon the field of battle. "I hate the Yanks," she exclaimed fiercely. "I hate them, and I never will forgive Abraham Lincoln for having brought on this terrible war that has not only beggared us financially, but has taken away our loved ones and left us bankrupt in affections. I wear black for my dead and I weep, but if anything happened to him I think I should shout for joy and be tempted to flaunt the gaudiest colors I could find." I quieted her as best I could, for I feared that some of the Union boys might overhear her, for we were seated at the time on the front veranda, and make it unpleasant for her.

R—— was intensely excited, as was every city, town and hamlet in the whole country, when, on the 15th of April, the word came that Lincoln had been shot the evening before. "Thank God," cried Mrs. Stuart, "the wretch has gotten his just deserts." "Take care, madam," cried a stalwart boy in blue who had brought the message to my husband; "were you a man you would never live to repeat that remark. As it is, I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head before the rest of the boys, who may not regard your sex as a protection as I have done.

Little was done that day but talk over the dreadful happening. Loud threats of vengeance on one hand and muttered rejoicings on the other filled the air. And when later on another message flashed over the wires that the President had died from the effects of the shot of the night before, the excitement knew no bounds. The stores were ransacked for black material to hang forth as symbols of mourning. Every house was ordered to be draped in black, and where the rebel inmates refused, it was done for them by the Union boys. A squad of Northern boys organized themselves into an inspection committee and went from street to street to see that no house was

left undraped. When I suggested to Mrs. Stuart that she had better hang out something black and save trouble, she turned upon me and exclaimed passionately: "I'd rather die first." We had nothing of black whatever in our possession except my husband's coat, and, as he had to wear that, I asked him to go down street to buy a few yards of some black goods, which I intended to hang out from our bedroom window as a token that we grieved at the terrible calamity that had befallen a great and good man. It was while my husband was gone that the committee that I spoke of a few moments before came down the street upon which Mrs. Stuart lived, and seeing the house undraped, halted before it. There was a dead silence for a few moments that was more ominous than curses would have been. Then hoarse cries of "rebel sympathizer" broke from the crowd. The ringleader, who was the very boy who had brought the message to the house the day before, and who had unfortunately heard Mrs. Stuart's passionate outburst, stalked forward and pushed open the door without ceremony and demanded to know why the house was not draped. I sprang forward and stood between him and Mrs. Stuart and tried to explain to him that my husband had gone down street to get us some black, and that as soon as it came I would hang it out. "Yes; but she must hang it up," he cried, pointing threateningly at Mrs. Stuart. "Every d— rebel must this day kiss the dust for this dastardly act. "She must do it herself"—and he added as an afterthought, "It must be something of her own, too."

"What, I show a sign of mourning for Abraham Lincoln—I, who but for him would not be husbandless and childless today!" came from Mrs. Stuart's lips.

"Well, now, we'll see about that," he replied. "Come, boys," he called to the squad without, "some of you hold this she-devil while the rest of us search her house for something black." The front room, dining hall and kitchen downstairs and my bedroom upstairs yielded nothing, but when they entered Mrs. Stuart's private room, just back of mine, I knew

from the shouts of triumph that they had found something; but I was hardly prepared for the sight when a few minutes later they came rushing down the stairs waving with frantic gesticulations Mrs. Stuart's long crape veil; the veil that she had worn as a widow for her husband who had given his life for a cause that to him was holy and just; the veil that she had worn in double bereavement when her son had shed his young blood for his beloved South. Alas, the irony of fate!

"Here, madam, we have found just the thing," cried the leader, "and you yourself must hang it up, right in front, too, where all may see it, or, by George, your life won't be worth a candle!" My heart ached for the proud southern woman, but I dared not say anything for fear of precipitating matters and making it worse for her than it already was. She stared at them for a few seconds with eyes in which hate, horror and revenge strove for mastery. Then, with a mighty effort, she shook herself free from her captors and in a strangely calm voice said: "Give it to me, I will hang it up where you wish. Only leave the room, leave the premises; go across the street; you can see me from there; and you, madam," she said, turning to me, "you go with them."

"Come, young men," said I, turning to them and leading the way out of the room, "let us spare her pride as much as possible. Her life has been keenly embittered and her heart sorely bruised by this war." We all crossed the street and looked anxiously at Mrs. Stuart's front door. Some of the boys even expressed regret that they had carried the matter so far, and would, I believe, have gone on so as not to be witnesses of the humbling of the poor woman's pride, when just then she came out on the veranda. I noticed she had changed her dress since we had come away. She was all in black—her best black; her mourning weeds. She carried a chair in one hand, while the crape veil was thrown over her shoulder and wound once about her neck. We all watched her intently. Her movements were slow and deliberate. She mounted the chair and began tenderly pushing aside the trailing jasmine from the center fretwork above her head. Then she took the veil, the

badge of her stricken life, and threw it through the opening, while at the same time she put something else through. What it was we could not tell at that distance, and then, O horrors! she gave her chair a vigorous push with her foot and her body hung suspended in midair. Several seconds elapsed, in which we all stood as if frozen to the spot, staring at that dangling body across the street. Then, with a cry of horror from each apprehensive heart, we rushed over. A dozen hands reached to get her down, and a dozen eyes filled with tears as we realized it was too late. Under the crape veil floating out upon the April-kissed breezes, with a strong cord firmly knotted about her neck, hung all that was mortal of that once proud southern woman.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG—BY ONE OF PICKETT'S MEN.

By Capt. Robert McCulloch of St. Louis.

HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

One day, away back in the past centuries, a Yankee skipper was sailing his splendid brig-rigged craft up the African Coast, attracted by a good harbor on the shores of which there appeared a settlement. He landed finding a great gathering of natives. He began bartering trinkets with which he was supplied for peltry, and wares of crude and curious design; his vessel was a curio to the natives. They indicated their desire to inspect it, which desire he gratified, and when he had perhaps a couple of hundred of them in the hold the hatches were closed down, his anchor was weighed and he sailed away to Boston. Arriving there he sold these black people into slavery to his brother Yankees, and he sailed back to Africa and brought many other loads of these same black people and sold them all into slavery.

Later on these shrewd Yankees denied that in the years to come a proclamation would be made by the President of the United States releasing from bondage all these black people,

and they proceeded to sell their blacks to their southern brethren; when the money from these sales was safely invested they made declaration that it was wrong to hold black people in bondage.

This doctrine of wrong was preached from many pulpits and its echoes extended to the legislative halls at Washington, and, with this beginning of difference, many grievances, imaginary or real, were added and the representatives of the North and the representatives of the South quarreled and they quarreled so bitterly that the people of the North and the people of the South became aligned against each other.

SECESSION.

One day South Carolina said she wouldn't stay in the combination any longer; the President of the United States told her to come back, and, by way of emphasis, he called on Virginia and other southern states each to furnish 75,000 soldiers to help make her do so. Virginia enlisted her 75,000 and more, but she arrayed them on the side of Carolina and the war was on. Without enumerating the small fights, of which there were hundreds, we come to where McDowell marched his south-going columns across the Potomac and found his progress disputed by Beauregard at Bull Run on July 19, 1861. Beauregard sent to Winchester for Johnson, and on Sunday, July 21, 1861, in the Manassas Fields, McDowell's army was completely defeated and routed, a great part of which did not consider itself safe until it was on the north side of the Potomac. At Yorktown and Williamsburg there were successes for the southern flag, and at Seven Pines also, when, Johnson being wounded, Lee took command of the army of Southern Virginia. Then Lee drove McClellan away from Richmond in the seven days of fighting and Hooker was defeated at Fredericksburg and Pope ingloriously routed at Second Manassas, and when all the various commanders of the northern armies had been foiled by Lee in their attempts to reach Richmond, Lee conceived the idea of camping his army under the shadow of the capitol at Washington, but he found Meade hindering

his march at Gettysburg, and here on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of July ensued three days of fierce fighting between two splendid armies. Lee's army was in the best condition it had ever attained. He had 70,000 lean, hearty, strong and healthy men, trained, hardened and inured to all the trials, dangers and hardships of war. They were in perfect discipline and would obey any order that was given without hesitation or question, believing that because their leaders had set them the task it was entirely possible.

NO TENTS—ONLY GUNS.

We had no tents and scant supplies of food and clothing, but we had guns and cartridges, which we kept dry, and we were eager to test our strength.

We faced an army just as good in all respects, more numerous, and with unlimited supplies of all the possible requirements of a soldier. There was hard, close fighting on the first day with great disaster on both sides, the Confederates constantly gaining ground and never receding at any time.

The second day's fighting was even more bitter and the ground strewn more densely with dead and wounded, the Confederates still gaining and never losing ground.

WHEN PICKETT CAME UP.

And now came the third and last day's fight, the only part in which I participated and the only part of which I have personal knowledge. Pickett's division had been left at Chambersburg and made the twenty-eight-mile march on the second day of July. That night we slept beneath the star-bedecked sky, fully dressed and the musket close at hand. As we lay on the ground we could see reflected in the sky the campfires of the men we were to fight on the morrow. Now and then a shot and sometimes a little volley told us that the pickets on both sides were watching each other. Our confidence in them robbed us of all uneasiness, and we slept a sound, refreshing sleep. A bright, clear sunshine opened a glorious day on July 3rd. Our scanty morning meal was eaten with hearty relish and

then each regiment was formed for inspection. A quadruple allowance of ammunition was issued to each man, and everything except arms, ammunition and canteen was piled in company lots.

We had a thin picket line on the crest of the ridge and now we marched in that direction, halting in line of battle perhaps 300 feet from this crest. Here we laid flat on the ground and soon our artillery began to take position on the hill crown, the pickets retiring to their places in line. The artillery did not at once commence firing, but their appearance invited the attention of the enemy, and then ensued a desultory duel; finally, when all our guns were in place, there were nearly 150 cannon ranged in front of the fifteen Virginia regiments which constituted Pickett's division on that day, being the Brigades of Gamett, Armistead and Kemper. Midday had now come and the sun was beaming straight down on us, though the heat did not seem to be oppressive, for we were hardened beyond the danger of sunstroke or exhaustion. Soon the peals of thunder from our guns became more frequent and this provoked a like answer from the other side, and for two hours nearly 400 guns of the largest size then known to field service belched forth streams of fire and whistling shot as fast as skilled gunners could serve them. The grandeur of that artillery duel has perhaps never been equaled in any battle of history.

Captain Linthicam, General Gamett's adjutant-general, passed along our line and warned us that a cessation of firing by our guns would mean that the command forward would immediately follow. This was a caution that would enable us to act promptly and in unison.

THE ORDER TO CHARGE.

Now a hush came to our hot guns and then in clarion tones, as he stood erect in his stirrups, Pickett sang out forward. General Gamett repeated the command, as did each brigade commander, then each regimental leader echoed the same, and in turn every company commander. The men rose

from the ground at once, and in another instant the word march set the division in motion and a line a half mile long and as beautiful as if for dress parade marched gayly forward. We passed through the artillery and our comrades then uncovered their heads and uttered a farewell prayer for our success. We were now passing over the crown of the hill and the picture which we had not previously beheld was before us. Gamett and Kemper, with their ten regiments, a thin line just two men deep, formed the front. Annistead, with five regiments, came behind as a reserve and this was our all. Before us a field of wheat ready for the sickle, fences, roads and washes. More than half a mile of this and then lines of infantry in blue, some having the protection of fences and of stone walls and others out in the open field. Behind them parks of artillery and up on the high ground more artillery. The task set our little thin line was to destroy all this. There was no man in all our ranks who, had he stopped to think, would not have known that he was marching to his death, but there was no man amongst us who had not faced death many, many times before, perhaps with not such odds against us as this time, but we were flushed with many victories and with a confidence in our leaders that because they ordered us to perform a task we could perform it.

"THE HIGH TIDE."

Never hesitating, never faltering, the little thin line went steadily on. We were soon far enough down the slope that our own artillery could safely fire over our heads, and they followed us continually. The enemy's big guns were now loaded differently, and they tore great gaps through our ranks. Their infantry, too, had better rifles than we had, and they fired on us before we dared to waste our precious ammunition; but on we marched, leaving many of our comrades stretched on the golden wheat dead or wounded. Just midway on the march our whole line was moved to the left oblique, and then steadied and aligned under the galling fire which was constantly poured on us. And now we are within a range that our old guns

will be effective and the order to fire is given. The men who are left close all the spaces to the center, they fight on without fear or even excitement, each one striving for the front, and to load and shoot as rapidly as possible; and they pour well-aimed, deadly volleys into the faces of our bluecoated antagonists. Three volleys follow in rapid succession, and we drive line after line back from their positions and silence the first line of batteries. Gamett has been killed, Kemper has a leg shot away, and the command is all Armistead's now, and smaller in number than had been his own brigade in the beginning; and our little thin line, which only a little while ago marched gaily over the crest of the hill half a mile away and beyond the wheat field, has grown thinner and thinner and thinner, the survivors being just those whom the bullets and the grape and the canister had not yet found. I was one of these until two bullets left me helpless beside a gun carriage.

An incident of the battle is related by General Kress of the Federal army, now retired and living in St. Louis. He was serving then on Meade's staff, but he is such a good fellow that in the next war he is going to be a Johnnie. He witnessed the entire march across the fields of Pickett's division. He was awe-stricken with its horror and grandeur. At many times the smoke of the Confederate volleys completely enveloped the men, but above this sea of smoke and seeming to be implanted in it floated the fifteen Confederate battle flags.

“DOUBLE CANISTER AT TEN YARDS.”

Cowan's New York Battery, a bronze tablet, which bears this legend: “Double Canister at Ten Yards, July 3, 1863.” That tells where Pickett's survivors had reached and what still confronted them; then Armistead was killed. Our whole line was now less than an ordinary skirmish line, further resistance was a tragic comedy, and the battle of Gettysburg was done.

Victory did not perch on the banner of either side. The morning of July 1 found Meade in possession of the town of Gettysburg and all the country south of it. On that day he

was driven out of the town and nearly a mile southward. On the next day he was attacked from the west and nearly another mile taken from him. On the third day, with the exception of a small force on Big and Little Round Top, his whole army was concentrated on a small area, and he simply withstood the attack. He never regained an inch of ground, and on the morning of July 4 Lee marched away southward with his banners flying over his depleted ranks as quietly as though he had been returning to camp from a dress parade, not even a shot being fired after his rear guard, and no challenge of his south-going columns. But not in all the Southland was there a single man to stand in the shoes of any or all the hardened and trained soldiers left on the bloody fields of Gettysburg, whilst within a month the ranks of his adversary had been recruited to even beyond their virgin strength, and then there was more fighting and bloody contest and waste of human life, the South losing constantly what it could not regain or replace, until one day, April 10, 1865, Lee, after a treaty with Grant, issued an order disbanding his army forever. Each regiment was formed, its arms stacked and its adjutant read this order. There was deathly silence and bowed heads and close attention until the last word was said, then the shock was greater than that of the fiercest and bloodiest battle. Men who had braved unfalteringly and unhesitatingly all the trials and perils and exposures of war found themselves absolutely unnerved; tears, blinding, scalding tears, streamed over their bronzed cheeks, they threw their arms around each other, actuated by emotions they could not understand or control. Were they rejoiced that the conflict was over, were they full of regret that the glory of a soldier's life was gone to them forever, or did the hearts overflow with the thought of going back to the loved ones, who had watched and worked and waited and cheered and prayed during all the four long, weary years without murmur or complaint?

THE END OF THE WAR.

Whatever may have been the emotion it was too sacred to put in cold words, as no word was uttered, the tears brought relief; they were soon dashed away and not another tear has ever been shed. The men who had made this grand heroic army were soldiers no longer; they broke into little squads and set out for their homes, and in all the half century that has intervened the men who made this last thin line have not recanted nor faltered in their duty to their loved ones, their country or themselves.

The half century that has drifted behind us since this contest has vested the battle of Gettysburg with a large degree of importance, because it was a measure of strength and valor and endurance between two splendid armies of hardened and trained soldiers, and because Lee suffered losses here from which there was no recovery, and thus this fight became the beginning of the ending of the war. A realization of these conditions brought to the Government at Washington the conception of a plan to bring together on this same battle ground the survivors of the men on both sides who had so valiantly faced each other, and on the exact half century anniversary dates, and see what was the sentiment and feeling and impulse that would actuate them when again they looked into each others' eyes after fifty years of quiet and mature deliberation.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

The plan was happily conceived and faithfully executed. The Government treasury furnished the money and the organized forces of the engineering and commissary and medical departments intelligently performed the work. A 200-acre tract of the Government reservation was laid out with streets and boulevards. On these streets men erected nearly 7,000 tents. These tents were all new and clean, about fifteen feet square, supported by a center pole and with a curtain or wall

three feet wide which could be raised for air in the daytime and lowered for warmth at night. Each tent was equipped with eight cots, a two-gallon bucket, two wash basins and a lantern with a candle in it. It was intended that eight men should occupy each tent and each man was given one blanket and another if he wished. The days were hot and the nights cold and very damp, but no one took cold or suffered any inconvenience. Tents were assigned to each state in accordance with the number of men reported to be in attendance, eight men to a tent. The streets were named or numbered, and each tent numbered and the name of the state conspicuously displayed at the head of the street.

A MODEL CAMP.

Water was supplied from deep artesian wells, from which the water was forced into pipes laid in every street of the camp; hydrants were everywhere, and about every third hydrant was a bubbling drinking fountain, at the base of which was a box in which was a coil of pipe, and the box was kept packed with ice, so that there was always ice-cold drinking water, but the water was good even without ice.

The food was superabundant, fresh, clean, wholesome and well prepared and varied enough with each meal that there could be no satiety, and most men ate heartily and with evident relish; each man was given a cup, plate, knife, fork and two spoons. Everything was scrupulously clean. All refuse was thrown into fires, which were kept constantly burning, and every scrap of paper or litter was promptly picked up, and there was not a fly or a mosquito in the camp.

All officials, all soldiers on duty, all guards, all employes and all persons on duty in whatever position were always vigilant, courteous, patient, polite and persevering to make everything comfortable for the 50,000 Government guests. I wish to say this very strongly because the Government at Washington should be given to understand that their generous and intelligent effort accomplished all that was intended.

Never before were there 50,000 and more men assembled

in one compact camp whose ages averaged more than three score and ten. These men were antagonists fifty years ago and they had come to renew and revive memories of the bitterest and bloodiest struggle of history; the eyes that glared savagely into each other then were filled with kindness now, the hands that clutched fiercely and wielded with deadly purpose the implements of death then were extended now in hearty grasp of good will. These men, now so evidently inspired by the best and greatest instincts of human kindness, can scarcely be believed to have ever differed.

SPIRIT OF THE CAMP.

In all the camp there were no sick men, there were no drunken men, there were no complaining men, there were no ill-natured men—all were hearty and jolly and happy, greeting each other everywhere most heartily, never passing without stopping to chat and inquire. There were hospitals and doctors and nurses, but little for them to do.

A little knot wearing Pickett badges had gathered at a historic spot where another party in blue uniforms and wearing their corps insignia gathered with us. We found that right here fifty years ago almost to the minute we had been almost as close together, but each seeking the other's life. "I am glad I didn't hurt you," was the sentiment heartily expressed now and emphasized by a hand grasp that was sometimes an embrace and a mutual expression of admiration, because each had looked down the other's smoking gun barrel and each knew that only a soldier in all that the term implies will do that. And then those who had fought elsewhere wanted to find "high-water mark" and look at the ground where Pickett's men had marched and fought. Interest centered about this, because the spot was accessible and well defined. It was the finish of the three days of bloody and fierce struggle, which, in turn, was the beginning of the end of the Confederate cause, and there is no American soldier—real soldiers, I mean—whether he wore the gray or whether he wore the blue, whose heart does not throb with pride in the valor and cour-

age of his brother who made this deadly march and fierce fight, and there is no record that, when the command "Forward" rang out in clarion tones that reached the heavens, a single man ever hesitated or faltered.

BETTER THAN A PEACE CONGRESS.

If you ask "what was the purpose of this gathering and what was accomplished by it," I will say that the reward was abundant and ample in one thing, as each man in gray and each man in blue wearing his unmistakable colors, and bedecked with emblems which identified him and introduced him, and of which he was justly proud, as each looked into the other's kindly eye, and as each returned the other's earnest hand grasp, and as each responded to the other's most kindly words of greeting and jolly bantering, there ran through each man's mind this sentiment, "Nothing can ever induce me to shoot at you again." What peace congress so directly effective was ever assembled? This was the sentiment of these men when they first assembled, and a week's association intensified it a thousandfold.

And as we came away there was this reflection and this sweet memory. There had been no apology, no explanation, no expression of regret, no humiliation, no retraction, no recanting. Each conceded to the other the well-earned right to boast of his prowess, each honored the loyalty and zeal and skill of the other, each acknowledged that the other had been a "foeman worthy of his steel." The cheek of each flushed, the eye of each gleamed the fire of youth, the form of each became involuntarily and unconsciously tense as memory recounted the past, but overshadowing it all and absorbing all came welling up from the heart, old boy, I'll never, never, never shoot at you again.

July 12, 1913.

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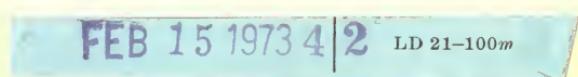
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