

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY JOHN HENRY FRICK.

My home was in old Clay county, Missouri, six miles northwest of Liberty. Our neighbors had come mostly from Kentucky and Tennessee, a few from Virginia and North Carolina. There were also a few German and Irish families. My father came from Germany in 1839, and my mother was born in Ohio, her ancestors having come from Germany, Scotland and Wales about 1750. As far back as I can remember my father voted the Democratic ticket.

One day I had been sent to town for the mail when I learned that there was recruiting for a "Border Ruffian War." I heard a young man offer his services to Judge J. T. V. Thompson to fight to make Kansas a slave state. Before I left for home this young man and others were parading the streets on horseback in red flannel shirts, announcing they were "border ruffians."

At the election of 1860, father voted for Douglas, believing that his election would prevent the secession of the slave states. Abraham Lincoln received no votes in Clay county.

As the inauguration drew near, the secession element became vociferous, while those opposed became quiet and uneasy. Preparations for secession went on. Good men, who loved their country, tho in sympathy with slavery and the South, were fearful of the rising storm, but loath to come out in active opposition. Even General A. W. Doniphan seemed to waver. He was offered a commission as brigadier general by the State forces but after a few days of indecision refused. It had been reported that when appealed to for advice he answered: "There seems to be a great tide rising and I guess it will be safest for us just to float along with the tide." As there was a tide of "conditional Union" rising, many were doubtful which tide he meant, and floated off into disunion while others, with himself, remained loyal to the Union.

The United States Arsenal at Liberty Landing was a landmark on the bluff, four miles south of Liberty. Captain Nathaniel Grant was in charge when the war began. I remember visiting it once when we hauled a load of produce to Baxter's Landing. As we passed thru, I remember seeing cannon and pyramids of cannon balls, but no soldiers. As soon as the war was getting under way the arsenal was robbed and all the arms and ammunition stores carried off and hidden away to be sent to Price's army. I learned, years afterwards, that some of my boyhood playmates had taken part in this affair; that two of the cannon were hidden on the Picket farm and afterwards removed, one dark night, by A. J. Calhoun with the assistance of a trusty negro, and delivered to the Confederates at Blue Mills Landing.

A short time before the Battle of Lexington many young men were persuaded to join General Price's army. One day about dark a number of men on horseback, with ribbons on their bridles and hats, suddenly appeared at our home, saying they were "Cy Gordon's" men going to join Price's army and wanted to *borrow* our young three-year-old horse. I led "Charlie horse" out, and they took him with them. That same night they took horses from two of our neighbors who had expressed Union sentiments.

On July 4, 1864, E. M. Samuel, president of our bank in Liberty, reported to General Rosecrans (Rebellion Record, Series I, Vol. XLI, pt. II, p. 44) that our county was in a deplorable condition, Union men coming to town for safety. B. A. Bailey, S. G. Bigelow, and John Bigelow, Union men, had been killed. Captain Kemper and two of his men had been wounded, and two killed. His report closed with the appeal: "Is there no remedy for those who have, thru trials and sufferings, adhered to the flag of their fathers?"

"It was a time that tried men's souls." A brother member in father's church spoke of sending his son, Joe, to join the rebel army. It might make a man of him, he said. Father ventured to say it was a dangerous thing to rebel against a government, many of those who had rebelled against their government lost their heads, as was the case in the rebellion

of 1848 in Germany. "Oh, all the Dutch will have to be run out of the country," was the reply. "Run 'em out and confiscate their property," was the slogan of some of the most rabid secessionists. Some are said to have laid plans as to how our property should be divided.

When reports of the battles of Carthage and Wilson's Creek came, I was in Liberty and heard Peter Grant telling about it and of the loss of his own son, who had been killed. Captain Tom McCarty also came home, wounded.

I happened to be in town the day after the battle at Blue Mills Landing, four miles from Liberty. The Federal wounded had been brought to town and placed in the rooms of William Jewell College. There were about sixty of them. With others, I went to see the wounded. Doctor Owen, president of the college, was there and I heard a witty Irishman say to him: "Doctor, it's a curious lot of students you have here, Sir." While we were there a company of infantry arrived from Kansas City and began "pressing" conveyances, buggies, spring wagons, etc., in which they began to place the men, in order to take them to hospitals in Kansas City.

I was sixteen years old in 1861, and to keep me out of the military service, my father kept me in public school and later he had Dr. Morton examine me for exemption on account of a defect in my left eye. I wanted to join the Union army, but father was afraid if I did he would be in more danger.

There were troops of one kind or another stationed at the county seat, coming and going. General Prentice passed on and our local enrolled militia held the post. When bushwhackers increased in number and were committing depredations, other troops would be sent in to assist. Captain Anthony Harsel organized one of the earliest companies of militia and it was stationed in Liberty. Captains McMillen of Smithville, and Sessions of Missouri City, and Garth of Liberty also organized companies. Most men of military age belonged to these companies. Many did so for protection, rather than because of loyalty, and could not be depended on to fight Confederates. The men in Harsel's, McMillen's and Younger's companies were considered genuine Union men. Captain

Younger's company was not organized till 1864. Two of my uncles were in the militia. Uncle Henry Frick belonged to Garth's company, and was permitted to spend a part of the time at home on his farm. Uncle Karl Faller moved his family to town and was in continuous service as cook.

The little blue cavalry caps appealed to us boys and we got possession of a few. I remember that several of us, sporting these caps, rode to an open prairie on colts we were breaking, a few miles north of home, one Sunday afternoon, and tried to imitate some of the cavalry drills we had seen. A couple of negro lads were sent to find out who we were. We captured them and swore them into the Union service with the admonition not to wash their faces in the morning till they got up, "so help you Gen'l. Jackson and Uncle Sam." This amused the boys and we returned home thinking we had had great fun.

On meeting my sister she told me a tale of horror which happened that afternoon. A squad of soldiers had passed with a prisoner. Soon after, several musket shots had been heard, and a horse with empty saddle came running along the road. She headed off and caught the horse. The bridle, saddle and neck of the horse were covered with blood. While going up a hill the prisoner had tried to escape and was killed by his captors. His name was Asher and he lived seven or eight miles north of our home. The bushwhackers killed Union men and Union soldiers killed rebel spies and their active allies. It was "dangerous to be safe," no matter whether you were for or against the Union in those days.

While Pennick's men were in Liberty, I attended a Fourth of July celebration at their camp. Captain O. P. Moss, a Mexican War veteran, read the Declaration of Independence and made a few remarks. Only a few citizens were present, but the soldiers cheered lustily. It was the first time I had heard the Declaration read, and it was eloquently done by Captain Moss, and filled my soul with patriotic feeling. How could our good friends and neighbors get it into their heads to try to destroy such a government? In most ways they were kind and given to generosity and hospitality, but on the ques-

tion of slavery there was an unreasoning intolerance, which amounted to fanaticism. Some of those who were too poor to own any slaves were, if anything, more rabid and intolerant than those who did.

When Order No. 11 went into effect many refugees from Jackson county came into Clay. I remember that a niece of Uncle Bob Walker, daughter of Morgan Walker, came to live with him. She was a fine looking woman, and visited us with my cousins. There were also many Confederates and bushwhackers, who had not reported and been paroled, lurking around in our county. This cousin of my cousins proved to be a notorious spy for Quantrell.

Some of these returned Confederates had joined what was called "the Pawpaw Militia," an organization used to guard the Kansas border against "Red Legs,"—thieves who occasionally came into Missouri from Kansas. These men were camped among the pawpaw bushes in the Missouri river bottoms in Clay and Platte counties. They were not expected to, nor could they be, depended on to fight Confederates—only Kansas "Red Legs"—and when Colonel Thornton began recruiting and conscripting for Price's army many of them joined him.

Notwithstanding the losses of Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, the southern sympathizers by whom we were surrounded still hoped for final success. But the Union cause was growing stronger in the hearts of the loyalists. Recruiting for both the Union and Confederate armies was in progress. Captain John W. Younger organized a company of Enrolled Missouri Militia, and my cousin, Will Faller, joined. I was anxious to go but helped put in the crops first. Reports became numerous that Coon Thornton was conscripting young men for the Confederate service. I kept in hiding during the day-time and slept out at night for a short time. I soon tired of this, and on a Sunday afternoon in July, 1864, I went to Liberty to join the Union army.

The town was full of Federal soldiers, some from Kansas, and Colonel Ford's 2nd Colorado Cavalry. On the next day, James Bond offered me his revolver, saddle, bridle, blanket

and six weeks pay then due him, to become his substitute. I accepted it and Bond returned to his old home in Indiana. Captain Younger swore me in and at roll call I answered to the name of Bond, until March 10, 1865, when the Enrolled Missouri Militia were all discharged, and I enlisted in Younger's Company, Volunteer Missouri Militia, to serve to the end of the war, in my own name.

The Kansas and Colorado troops, after numerous skirmishes with the bushwhackers, had passed on and Colonel Catherwood with the 13th Missouri Veteran Cavalry had taken their places. The Colonel's tent was in the yard of Colonel Steve Shrader, who had returned from Confederate service.

I soon got my own mount from home—a fine three-year-old bay. Our duties were mostly foraging and scouting, and I went on scout duty as often as I had opportunity. We had very little drill. Reports were coming in that the woods were alive with bushwhackers in the north part of the county. I went with a big scout, made up of militia and parts of the 13th Missouri Veterans, to drive them out. We found the bushwhackers had gone east and followed their trails east all day. We soon found they had left some twelve hours ahead of us, and we returned to camp. Here we learned they had attacked our men in Ray county and that Captain Colly and four of his men were killed. In the meantime, Colonel Catherwood had gone after them and followed them into Ray county, but finding they were far ahead of him, he returned to Liberty.

I detested camp guard duties and preferred scouting. When a call for a detail of sixteen for a two weeks scout came to our camp late in August, I promptly volunteered. Lieutenant David Smith, a kindly old gentleman, was in charge of the detail, and Major A. A. King of the 13th Veteran Cavalry, with a battalion of his regiment, was in command. The bushwhackers had been driven down into Howard, Boone and Callaway counties and we headed east, stopping at Richmond the first night; then on down thru the Wyaconda prairie next day. No house or evidence of habitation was to be seen for many miles. I had heard my mother tell of crossing this prairie

in 1840, when my grandfather with his family moved to Missouri from Ohio. It was a long dreary ride for me, but my mother said she had walked nearly all the way behind their wagon when they moved to Missouri. The blue stem grass was as high as a man on horseback in many places. When we reached Grand river, we crossed on a flat boat.

Major King took details of militia from the various posts thru which we passed. Captain Tiffin and Lieutenant McKowen, with about forty men had joined our ranks at Richmond, and when we reached Glasgow, we had about 275 to 300 men. Here the government had ample stores and this place became our headquarters.

A part of the 17th Illinois Cavalry and Captain Vance's company of local militia were stationed here. From this point, with provisions and ammunition enough to last a few days, our scouting began against the guerrillas under Holsclaw, Todd, Thraikill, Anderson and Quantrell. The guerrillas were numerous and we had many skirmishes with them as we scouted thru Howard, Randolph, Boone and Callaway counties.

On one of these scouts we camped over night at Roanoke and next day found a strong camp of guerrillas on a high woodland ridge, south of a stream, somewhere north of Fayette. They had so many friends it was hard to find them or surprise them, but our spies succeeded in locating this camp. Major King sent Captain Turner with sixty men to attack the camp from the north side of the stream, while the main body marched on to get on the other side of them and intercept them as they retreated. Turner attacked, but instead of fleeing as usual, they made a stand and were strongly posted. A messenger from Turner overtook us, saying, "They don't drive worth a d--m. Captain Turner says, come and help him." At once we countermarched and went to his assistance. As soon as the head of our column came in sight, Turner's men raised a yell and charged across the creek and up the steep ridge. The enemy opened fire and raised a yell as tho they were going to overwhelm us, but when they heard the yells of our reinforcements they sought safety in flight. Two of our men

were wounded and Major King reported five bushwhackers killed. I saw only one, a negro, said to be the body-guard of Anderson, as I passed up the ridge. A number of horses with fine accoutrements and a couple of Confederate uniforms were captured. After a few miles chase, the enemy began to scatter and we halted. That night we camped in Fayette.

After resting a day here we were again in the saddle and marching south on the public highway. As our advance was passing a farm-house on the left, it noted several horses hitched near the house, and several men came running out toward the horses. Our men were so close that they turned and ran for the woods, shooting at our men as they ran. Their horses were captured, one man was killed a short distance from the house and another captured in the uniform of a Federal sergeant. One of the bridles of the horses captured had four human scalps tied to the headstall and another had two scalps. All these I saw, also one man killed, and the one captured in our uniform. Major King questioned him a short time, then said: "Fall back in the rear with this man, and I don't care what you do with him. Column forward! March!" After we had gone some distance, I heard several shots fired, and the men who had charge of the prisoner, galloped past toward the front.

A short distance further south two men came into the road from the west. They at once turned north to meet the head of our column and halloed: "Who are you?" Major King drew his revolver and answered: "We are Federal soldiers. Who are you?" They answered, "So are we," but at once turned back and ran east as hard as their horses could run, firing back at our boys, who gave chase. Our column halted a short time, the shots soon ceased, and one of our boys returned on the gallop. "We got both of them," was his simple announcement, and we marched on south.

Several other skirmishes were reported to have occurred before we camped for the night in the river bottom. We returned via Rocheport and New Franklin to Glasgow. At New Franklin, we were halted and searched. Two of the soldiers were found to have some lead pencils, knives and

combs, which were claimed to have been taken from one of the stores. They were taken to the rear and made to lead their horses during the day's march, and kept under guard for a time after reaching camp. Thus a strict observance of private property was enforced.

We drew flour, coffee and some bacon for our rations. The bread we made of dough was baked on coals or wrapped on a stick and held over the fire, and was such poor fare that many of us had diarrhea and dysentery. The coffee was sometimes ground in a tin cup by stamping it with the iron ramrods of our muskets. We were camped one night on a ridge east of town where other troops had been camped, and ever afterward we referred to it as "louse hill," because it was infested with "graybacks." These stayed with us and kept us company till we returned home in December. They kept us busy at every stop, and stripping and boiling our pants and underwear failed to rid us of them.

When Fayette was attacked by the guerillas on September 24th, we were in camp at Glasgow and were sent to assist our men resist the attack. We arrived a short time after the fight was over, saw several dead guerrillas on the ground and one of their officers in a nearby residence.

After a short stop we set out on their trail and followed them as fast as our horses could carry us for eight days. On the sixth day we got one-half a cracker apiece and that was all the bread we got till we reached camp. Our mess had secured an old gander and we were cooking him at every stop. We boiled him, we stewed him, and roasted him, and gnawed and chewed on him for two or three days. It was a tough job, but we were hungry, and before we reached camp the last vestiges of the gander were gone.

The night we camped at Mexico, the crackers issued to us in the darkness tasted somewhat peculiar. At daylight we saw they had a thin green beard (mould) about an inch long.

The chase was sometimes very exciting. We usually had to ride some six to ten miles before striking their camp, and our horses having become somewhat jaded, the guerrillas with their fresh mounts got away from us. We were told repeatedly

there were about 600 of them, but somehow they refused to stand and fight. We were hot on their trail near Huntsville. They led us into the Perche Hills of Monroe county and scattered. We returned to the North Missouri Railroad, near Moberly. Here we received the news of the massacre at Centralia and hastened after them. The next day we heard of the fight with Major Johnson and the massacre of his men. We saw many broken and bent muskets and cast-away cart-ridge boxes as we followed after them. One night we camped at Columbia and were joined by General Douglas and some Iowa troops with two cannon.

Next day we ran upon the guerrilla camp in the woods east of Columbia. Their outpost showed fight and General Douglas ordered up the artillery. Two shells, fired and bursting among them, put them to flight. We followed on the charge but could not overtake them. A few men returning to their camp were encountered. Howard Munkers fired, at long range, at some of these and remarked with a grunt, "That's the first shot I ever got at a bushwhacker." We chased them for miles, now thru the prairie, but few were overtaken. At dark we were in the bottom of Cedar Creek, near a little corn field. A thunderstorm came up, and I was detailed for guard duty. Guided by a fire, I got to headquarters and was added to the camp-guard over the artillery. Fence rails with some fodder on top were used as beds, and the tired artillerymen were soon asleep. We had ridden about sixty miles that day. I was tired and so sleepy that I actually went to sleep while standing on post, and fell down across several artillerymen. The fall woke me up, but the sleepers only said something about, "donner-wetter" and slept on. As soon as it was light we were ordered to fire off our guns and re-load with fresh cartridges.

Next day the enemy began to scatter, till, as one of the advance reported, "they've all scattered but one man and there's no use following him, for he'll scatter like the rest of 'em." Each mess sent out a man to forage for food. As one of these appeared at the door of a house on a bluff to our right, four men with revolvers in their hands invited him in. He

turned and ran toward the road. As their bullets sung past him, he yelled: "Boys! they've got me; they've got me!" Their aim was bad. Our men swarmed up the bluff and around the premises and got some of them. One of our men was wounded. At the end of eight days, we got back to camp in Glasgow.

Camp and scout duties alternated till Major King, with the greater part of his command, was taken to Jefferson City, by General Fisk. About 150 men, consisting of our Clay and Ray county militia, and a few of the 13th Veteran Cavalry, together with the local militia, were left to take care of the horses and guard the post. Price's Army was advancing on the south side of the river and nearing the State capital. The bushwhackers on the north side were getting bolder and more troublesome every day. For most of the time our tents had been the open sky. Our army overcoats turned water quite well. While riding or standing up, we just let it rain, but when we had to sleep we sometimes got soaked to the skin and chilled.

Our position was becoming more precarious. We had orders to hold the post at all hazards. Things were looking pretty blue for us when, on October 13th, two boat loads of soldiers came down the river from above. On the West Wind and Benton were six companies of the 43rd Missouri Infantry under command of Colonel Chester Harding, Jr. We were filled with joy and now that we were safe. There were now about 550 43rd Missouri Infantry added to Captain Mayo's force of 150, consisting of 13th Veteran Cavalry, Enrolled Missouri Militia of Ray and Clay counties, and local militia and loyal citizens, all told about 700 men as we then understood it. But Colonel Harding in his report puts our effectives at only 550 men. To add to our joy we were told that new suits of clothes would be issued to us to take the place of the ragged ones we were wearing. "Yes tomorrow you shall have the clothes," Lieutenant Perkins told us. I had been on the sick list for a few days with jaundice—"yaller janders" the boys called it. I had procured a pint of whiskey which I poured into my canteen in which I had also placed wild cherry bark. I had been taking a drink of this remedy, every

so many hours apart, without noting any marked improvement, but when the new re-enforcements arrived I rejoiced with my comrades and my improvement was accelerated. When we, on the night of October 14th, 1864, laid down on our blanket beds, on the floor of the old warehouse, we felt perfectly safe.

At daylight, October 15, General Shelby, with two pieces of artillery, on the west side of the river, gave us a sudden awakening. We sprang to our feet, put on the old torn uniforms, without thought of new ones or even breakfast, grabbed our muskets, and went out to answer his greeting. There they were on the sandbar across the river, hosts of them, shelling the West Wind, first, then the town, and sharpshooters firing at any one in sight. Without waiting for orders some of our boys ran up the river to some piles of cordwood behind which they took position and gave the rebels such a warm reception that they made their lines and battery retire to a more respectful distance. We were ordered to mount our horses and take them up the hill where there were some entrenchments. This done, we were ordered out on skirmish line, southeast of town, near a deep ravine.

Confederates were found on all the roads, south, east, and north of town. About eight o'clock, General John B. Clark, Jr., appeared with his division, followed by Jackman's brigade of Texas Rangers, and completely invested the town. From our position on skirmish line we saw the shells from Clark's battery sailing thru the air. The advancing lines of the enemy soon drove us from our first position and we formed behind an embankment of the Fayette plank road. This we held till we saw the enemy pouring out of the ravine in great numbers in front and on our flank, when we were ordered to fall back to the entrenchments on the hill. My last shot was aimed at an officer waving his sword, and riding a black horse, not more than fifty yards away. Then, without reloading, I ran for dear life, preceded by Charles McKarnin and followed by Lieutenant Smith, who fired the last shot in our part of the line. A bullet took off the heel of McKarnin's shoe and he left me behind. The bullets were flying thick as hail. There

was a house on the right. I ran thru the front gate and around behind the house. Several bullets struck the gate post as I ran thru. As I passed a window in front of the house, every glass seemed to fall out. Partially sheltered by houses, I kept up a rapid retreat till I reached a position opposite the rifle pits. Here I learned that two of our men were killed, Captain Steinmetz and another, before reaching safety. How many were wounded I never knew. Corporal Sam Weber was missing. Cousin Will Faller had exposed himself behind an ice house behind the rifle pits and was wounded by a sharpshooter.

The battle now raged across from the ridge in our front. The enemy was firing from behind houses, fences and anything that gave it shelter and gradually getting closer. A sharpshooter, on a bluff south of town, got the range of the rifle pit where Lieutenant Smith and I were. Cartridges for our muskets were running low and we had been advised to save our ammunition for the charge that was expected on our works. An officer had given us words of commendation and encouragement and said that re-enforcements were expected to come to our relief.

Two citizen soldiers, with double barrelled shotguns, were very active and fired many rounds. One of them said he expected to be killed and gave to the other, brother of Captain Steinmetz, who had fallen just as he reached the rifle pits, his watch and some other keepsakes. They had fired some forty rounds when young Steinmetz was himself shot thru the top of his head. He died the next day.

Some men under a flag of truce early in the day had informed Colonel Harding that General Clark had 4,000 men in our front, that General Shelby's whole division was on the west side of the river, and that a steamboat was on its way up to cross the river. Colonel Harding in his report says that by noon he had become convinced that he could not hold the place and therefore he ordered the public property destroyed. We heard the explosions and thot that the city hall, where the ammunition was stored, had been set on fire by enemy shells. The enemy sharpshooters were now getting very close and we were expecting an assault at any moment. The headquarters

flag could be seen some distance north of us. At about one-thirty o'clock, someone said, "Look yonder. We've surrendered!" An officer was seen standing on the parapet. He took down the beautiful standard and slowly rolled it up. Then we heard the order to "cease firing." In another minute or two, Confederate soldiers came into our lines, ordered us out of the trenches and to ground our arms. This was complied with but all this time some of the enemy kept firing on us. One of our men, after we had grounded our arms, was shot in the hand and wounded severely. The enemy now came swarming in and commanded us to exchange shoes and hats with them and some even searched our pockets for valuables. We were marched out into a street and many of the good ladies of the town began bringing us something to eat.

Not long afterwards we saw a Confederate officer with a plume on his hat, followed by his staff, coming up the street from the river. This proved to be General Joe Shelby. I heard him ask, "Are there any western troops among you fellows?" Several of us answered, "We're all western troops."

"I knowed it! I knowed it! By ---! We always know when we are fighting our kind! Why I expected to take you fellows in within an hour, and here you've given me six hours of hard fighting!" And he passed on up street to headquarters.

Some time after we were lined up, roll called, and paroled. A guard told us we could now go where we pleased; inside these lines we would receive protection, and on the next day they would give us an escort to guard us into our own lines. Very few of the men ventured outside of the protected lines. I know of only one of our mess of fourteen who went to town and mingled with the rebs. When he returned to camp he brot a bolt of dress goods. We asked an explanation and he said, "In my ragged citizen clothes they thot I was one of the rebs while they were robbing a store. They said, 'Pitch in boys its all ours.' I didn't want them to have it all so I took this."

Next morning we saw the Confederate wounded taken from nearby residences. There were many of them and their cries of pain were pitiable. We lost nine men killed and two died the next day. About sixty were reported wounded. Some

of our men detailed to help bury the dead said there were over one hundred Confederates buried, and that they had many wounded there is no doubt. Some of the Missouri Confederates visited our camp to find acquaintances. Captain Dever, friend of Lieutenant Smith, informed us that they proposed to capture Kansas City and go into winter quarters near St. Joseph. We told him that their winter would more likely be spent in Texas.

On the afternoon of October 16th, we were taken across the river in a steamboat, captured at Boonville, and marched down the river, part of the way thru the woods, and camped that night at Miami, a little river town. Next day we reached Arrow Rock and halted for refreshments, raw flour and fresh beef. We were marched on down the river, getting apples from the orchards on the roadside, and camped on the Lamine river that night. Our guards had treated us well, even letting some of our boys who were sick ride their mounts while they walked along with us. They sent a flag of truce into Boonville and General Fisk sent an escort out to meet us next morning. There was a flatboat on the river, on which the men were crossing all night. As soon as all were across we started for Boonville. We met our escort in the early morning, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the air and such yelling as we set up was seldom heard. On arrival we were told to scatter out over the town and the good people would give us breakfast. This they did and we were happy boys once more.

We were taken down the river, with General Fisk on board part of the way, and landed at Jefferson City. Here we were quartered in the old court house a few days. Most of the time we remained indoors as the weather was getting cold, and our clothing was worn quite thin. After a few days we were ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, and again went by steamboat as far as Washington, Missouri.

We reached Washington and were again ordered to scatter out and try to find something to eat before train time, as we were to be sent by rail on to St. Louis. I well remember my good luck on this occasion. Two or three of us soon found a "feed" at a hospitable home and I went out to see the town

As I was passing a home on the outskirts of the village, I noticed several of our boys sitting in the yard, waiting for breakfast. I asked if they had room for one more. A comrade went in and asked the good lady who said, "Certainly, bring him in, breakfast is ready." I went in and got another good breakfast. Everybody wanted to be good to the paroled prisoners, and we had been hungry so often that we could eat a meal when we had a chance on very short notice. On our trip to St. Louis, I remember the train ran through several tunnels, which was a new experience to most of us and caused no little fear on the part of some of us having our first ride on a railroad.

We arrived at St. Louis that night and got to Benton Barracks somehow, I was too tired and sleepy to know how we got there. Here we had only to eat and sleep and answer to roll call. How long we were kept here I don't remember, but after a few weeks we were told that the Enrolled Militia would be sent home but the 43rd Infantry and 13th Veterans would have to remain. After we left the barracks and were marching through the city, I purchased a pair of pants with all the money I had, \$4.00, and discarded the "holey" double pair I still wore. I was greatly impressed with the large buildings of the city, some of them three or four stories high. The Clay and Ray county men went to the depot on Biddle Street and were taken on board of a North Missouri train. At St. Charles the cars were ferried across the Missouri river as there was no bridge there at that time.

Our train stopped at Warrenton Station for breakfast, at the old Woods Hotel. The station is called Truesdale now. The Woods Hotel burned down years afterwards and a Warrenton Station was built a mile west. While some of the passengers ate breakfast we paroled prisoners walked the platform and went without. I here overheard a conversation I have never forgotten. Corporal Samuel Weber said to a citizen, "Can you tell me where the German Institution is?" "There it is on top of the hill this side of town." "I wish I could go to see it, but the train won't stop long enough I am afraid." Little did I think, then, that I would ever see those

same buildings again. But here was located the embryonic Central Wesleyan College, only two months before, and here I've spent the best years of my life, fifty years, 1870 to 1920, teaching in Central Wesleyan College, after finishing the classical course and graduating in its first class with Reverend Wm. Balcke, D. D.

Breakfast over we were on our way again without anything to eat. I think we got some "hard tack" when we arrived at Macon. Here we changed cars and continued our ride on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad as far as Cameron. This was the nearest we could get to our home by rail. From here we hiked to Plattsburg, where we were entertained by the good citizens of that town. I think we were taken in wagons from here to Liberty, our home post, where we received a glad welcome from Captain Younger and the comrades we had not seen for months. It felt good to be among the old boys again and be surrounded by the old familiar scenes of my home town. But how dwarfed the buildings seemed. The big "Arthur House" and "William Jewell College" and other buildings were not half so large as they had once seemed to me.

We were paroled prisoners and could not go on duty until exchanged. This to me was sad and I was afraid the war would be over before I would again have a chance to go into active service. I had been enjoying my active soldier life, scouting and seeing new scenes each day. Simply drawing my rations and loafing around town was not to my liking. But we drew new clothes and cast off the old ones and burned them, with all the "graybacks" they contained. If we could have drawn a few Greenbacks we could have taken our enforced idleness with more enjoyment. But I am not sure with more profit. We had as yet not been paid a penny and were not paid until the end of the war. We thus had a chance to exercise self denial and restraint of appetite in food and drink which was a good thing for most of us.

But rumors of attack by the guerrillas came occasionally. Arms were kept in the court house and loyal citizens were called to spend the night with us in the court house. We could not, with safety, go out into the country to our homes

as was proved by the attempt made by Lieutenant David Smith who went with a small guard to his home northeast of Kearney. They were attacked by Oliver Shepherd and his gang of guerrillas and his son John Smith was killed and the Lieutenant himself wounded, making him a cripple for life. Late in December, when the guerrillas had retired to Texas for the winter, I ventured to go home and took up the old farm life with my parents. My cousin, who had been wounded was left in the hospital in Glasgow, and we had received several letters written for him by Miss Steinmetz. After recovery he came home and one day in February, 1865, appeared with another comrade at my home with a summons from Captain Younger to return to duty as there had been a general exchange of prisoners and we could all now return to duty without violating our parole of honor. This was glad news to me and I donned my uniform, and returned with them to my company at once.

The amount of drill we received in the old company and the new didn't amount to much. We had a few men who had seen service in other commands and were supposed to be well drilled soldiers. One, Jake Miller, had been a German cavalryman, a barber, and was an excellent swordsman. Many of us had purchased revolvers and left our muskets in camp when scouting. I carried two navy revolvers and by practice had become a good marksman. The cartridges issued to us were of paper, those for our muskets contained a musket ball and three buckshot. When loading we tore off the powder end with our teeth.

A part of the company was then stationed at Missouri City. Some of the 3rd Missouri State Militia were also stationed at Liberty. Here, then, I was in active service, but as my horse had been killed during the battle at Glasgow, I was unmounted. Captain Younger gave me a contraband horse which had been captured from the bushwhackers.

It must have been late in February when a report came to us that "Wild Bill Gregg" with a few of his gang of robbers had crossed the river on the ice and were doing devilment in the bottoms below Missouri City, where we were stationed.

A detail of eight or ten men under Sergeant Ben Cooper was sent after them. We took our revolvers and some muskets and started. Bob Evans, who had returned from service in Price's army but was now wearing the blue, was with us, and most eager for a fight, having had several drinks of whiskey before we started. He was a musical genius and played a clarinet. The boys called him "Old Sally," and kept him blowing his instrument till his eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Old Sally" wanted to charge on every farm house to see if the guerrillas were there. When we had reached a place within a mile or two of the Sibley crossing, we saw horses tied around a farm house. We charged at once but a miserable cur began to bark and gave warning. Several of the gang and one of their horses were slightly wounded in the fusilade which followed. The chase took us through a field of cornstalks. We went after them to Sibley Landing, where they crossed the river on the ice over into Jackson county. We returned to camp without loss, with "Old Sally" duly sober and glorifying our victory.

Property in horseflesh was not safe in the country outside of the military posts. So a citizen told Captain Younger he would lend him a young horse for safe keeping, which might be used by one of the men who would take good care of him. He proved to be a four-year-old sorrel and he was assigned to me instead of the contraband. I liked him so well that I bought him for \$125.00, to be taken out of my pay. I taught him to push down and leap over fences and other tricks and called him "Brave." These stunts were all right as long as we were in service, but proved to be otherwise when we went back on the farm.

At Missouri City we had our quarters in an old store, our bunks on the counters shoved against the walls, our horses in a stable nearby. Guard duty and going with a wagon for forage or to Kansas City to get supplies made the days go dragging slowly by. There was a saloon in town where hot drinks were served and a game of "Faro" was kept running. This place was frequented by many of the citizens of the town and some of our men, though there were only a few drunks and

not many of our men indulged in the games of gambling. At our quarters there were various card games for past time, such as "Euchre" and "Seven-Up."

Most of us drew our rations and took them to private homes where we boarded. I messed with Lieutenant Smith, Sergeant Cooper and James Smith. We boarded with Mrs. Doctor Chapman, who lived only a short distance from our quarters. She was a pleasant and agreeable lady and set a good table. The doctor had gone to California and returned while we were there. We cut her wood and she gave us our board for the rations we furnished, enough for her entire family. Some of the men had moved their families to town and lived at home on their rations. Rations consisted of sugar, coffee, flour, bacon, beans and hard tack. I have heard at some of our campfires, since the war, of "shadow soup" made by letting the shadow of a bean, tied to a thread, fall in a bucket of water. This, like some other campfire stories, I never realized. Our commissary, Sergeant Arthur Leopold, understood his duties quite well, and kept the company well supplied.

There was a distillery on the roadside near the river bank, just west of the village and some of our men made daily trips up there to get a drink of "white beer" out of the fermenting vats. I had never heard of white beer and out of curiosity went along one day and found a milk-like mixture of corn meal in the vats. This had a slight "kick" and not a bad taste, and when distilled produced the corn whiskey.

Captain John W. Younger, having been informed that the Enrolled Militia would all be discharged, applied for and received a new commission to raise a company of cavalry. General G. M. Dodge in General Order No. 3 authorized the raising of twenty-eight companies of cavalry, called Missouri Volunteer Militia. He asked us to join the new service and many of us did. I succeeded in gaining a number of new recruits, among whom were Louis Hartel, Jacob Neth and Gottlieb Leofler. The E. M. M. Co., was discharged on March 10, 1865, and the new company, Missouri Volunteer Militia, was at once called into service, and recruiting con-

tinued. Some days later we were mustered in by Major Bartlett, of the M. S. M.—John W. Younger, captain; Benjamin Cooper, first lieutenant; and —— Hockaday, second lieutenant. We wanted our old lieutenant, David Smith, reappointed but on account of his wounded condition he was refused a new commission, and a stranger, Hockaday, was appointed in his stead. This caused no little dissatisfaction and ill feeling. The company was divided and a part remained under Hockaday, at Missouri City, and the rest with Lieutenant Cooper at Liberty. The Captain divided his time between the two posts and so we got along with but little friction. Old Uncle Noah Tillory, first or orderly sergeant, lived with his family in Missouri City and remained with the boys at Missouri City.

Many deserters from Price's Army came home, took an oath of loyalty and future good behavior, and remained at home without molestation to the end of the war. Visitors to Kansas City were required to secure a pass from our headquarters at Liberty. There were a good many passes to be written and I was appointed company clerk to write them and authorized to sign the name of the officer in command. Our office and quarters were then on the south side of the public square, upstairs.

One day after roll call Captain Younger called for ten volunteers to go with him on an important expedition, said they should step two paces in front. I stepped two paces forward, at once, and alone. The Captain drew himself up to his full height, over six feet, with the exclamation, "My God! is this boy the only brave man in this company?" Forward came more men than were needed and a detail was selected and away we went down in the bottoms, wondering what was up. The Captain had received an order to visit the homes of men who had violated their paroles or oaths by returning to the rebel army, and confiscate their property consisting in live stock, etc. We went to a few houses, found the women and children at home, asked them to give a list of their taxable property, and then proceeded to gather up and assemble the cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, etc., and drove

them to a corral some distance below Missouri City. Some of the women took things coolly, others cried and begged for their cows and the children for their pets, while others became angry and cursed us and the Federal Government. It was an experience to try the souls of men. It looked like robbing the helpless and innocent. Men were placed on guard at the corral for a time and then, after the Captain had reported that the execution of the order would cause a great deal of suffering to the women and children of the men absent in the rebel army, the stock was released to the owners. It had caused no little excitement among those poor families, but now they were glad to get their stock back again. A lenient government allowed their erring husbands and fathers to return, too, without punishment for the violation of their oaths.

Robbing and some murdering of Union men continued. But we became more and more convinced that the rebellion was on its last legs and more ex-Confederates were coming home and taking the oath. The news of Lee's surrender brought us great joy. Then followed the assassination of President Lincoln. Some of the boys were so enraged they buckled on their revolvers and threatened to go out on the street and shoot every returned rebel in sight, but we were, fortunately, able to restrain them.

A few of our boys were scouting in the Centerville, now Kearney, vicinity and were attacked by the Oil Shepherd gang. They retreated north towards Clear Creek. Gordon Corum, who had two brothers with the guerrillas, dodged out of the road and came back to town and reported. We were greatly alarmed and afraid the boys would all be killed. Soon after dark two more of the men who had dodged out into the woods came in and reported the firing had continued up Clear Creek. A few hours later the remaining men returned and reported the killing of their horses and their surrender and capture by the guerrillas. But instead of murdering the boys as we feared, they had released them and through them began to negotiate their own surrender. After some correspondence with military headquarters, they were allowed to come in and

surrender. Lieutenant Cooper gathered a few of us together and met them on the street north and two blocks east of the court house, halted them, ordered them to dismount and give up arms. All of which they readily did. But they failed to give up all the property taken from Union men and all of their arms, according to agreement as we understood it. Thus the war was over, but had left its tragedies and bitter recollections. We took them to our company quarters where we kept them under guard until Captain Younger came and the papers for their surrender, parole and release, were made out.

About this time, or soon after, an order was promulgated to enroll and organize all men of military age in the state. Captain John W. Younger was enrolling officer for Clay county. After we received the blanks and gave notice to the citizens to meet him at places specified, he set out with a small body guard for that purpose and began at Greenville in the northeast corner of the county which had been his home. He worked enrolling names till called to dinner. While he was at dinner other men came to enroll and I was called upon to do the writing. When the Captain returned and saw my work he remarked, "By George, John, you write better than I can." When we returned to Liberty, he discharged the man he had doing the work there, and kept me at it. He sent me to the Arthur House, as his guest, to get my meals with the officers. I don't remember how long it took, but finally the work was done and those enrolled, who had not secured exemption, were called to meet in Liberty for organization into companies. They were separated into companies and the companies chose their officers. It was a gala day for our company, still on duty, and a silk flag was presented to Captain Younger by two Union ladies for the company. We were especially drilled for the occasion and I was chosen as one of the color guards. It was a big day for us, and I remember there was some discussion as to whether some of the new officers were loyal men. I don't think that these companies were ever called to meet again.

On July 11, 1865, our company was dismissed and permitted to go to our homes, with the understanding that we

might be called back into service at any time should we be needed. We had a number of contraband horses, surrendered by the bushwhackers, in our possession. These were ordered to be turned over, with our arms, to the authorities at Macon City, Missouri. The Captain said I might choose one of the contrabands and keep it in place of my horse killed in the battle of Glasgow, and suggested a dun Texas pony. But I selected a nice grey mare instead. She had been taken from a Mr. Cox who came after her soon afterwards. I gave her up without argument but have received no pay for the horse I lost up to this day. A few of our men got paid for the horses they lost at Glasgow, but when the rest of us applied the United States comptroller cut us out on the plea we were not in the service of the United States, only in the State Militia. Champ Clark tried in vain to get the government to pay for my horse. We were paid for our services in Union Military bonds. I at first deposited these in the bank at Liberty, but fortunately had taken them out a short time before the bank was robbed by the James Boys. I afterwards used them to help pay for my education in Central Wesleyan College.

The Union men were in such minority that we had to keep quiet, to avoid difficulty, long after the war was over. Some of our good neighbors thought it a crime to vote the Republican ticket. In 1868 my father and I did so and one of our neighbors said to Bob Adkins in my presence: "What do you think? John and his father voted the Republican ticket today." Adkins replied, "They ought both to be run out of the country." Bob was afterwards appointed postmaster at Kansas City, Missouri.

When orders were issued to disband the company most of the men were allowed to return to their homes at once. A detail of us was ordered to load up all the arms and accoutrements on the old army wagon. This done we set out with the captain for Cameron, the nearest railroad station. When we arrived there the contraband horses were loaded on a freight train with the other stuff, taken to Macon City, and turned over to the authorities. The captain then with

the few boys who went with him to Macon returned on the train to us at Cameron and we all returned to our several homes.

No order has ever been issued to call us back into active service but no discharge was ever given us. Certificates of service can be obtained from the Adjutant General's Office at Jefferson City, Missouri.

Soon after the war Captain Younger moved to Kansas and I asked him to give me a testimonial statement of my service.

This he did as follows:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That JOHN H. FRICK enlisted in the Clay & Clinton County Company of M. Vol. M. on the 12th day of March, 1865, and was on constant active duty until said Company was disbanded July 11th, 1865.

This Company was organized under General Order No. 3, General Series, by Maj. Gen'l G. M. Dodge, Commanding the Missouri Dept. and was relieved July 11th, 1865, by the same Commanding General Officer under order No. 176.

The said John H. Frick also served as substitute for James Bond in the E. M. M. from July 20, 1864, in A Company, which I commanded as Captain and was on constant duty until relieved March 12th, 1865. These were both Independent Companies and were attached to no Regiment and was under the command of Captain JOHN W. YOUNGER.

The said John H. Frick was in constant active service during these two services and was with the Union Forces commanded by Col. Chester Harding of the 43 Regiment Missouri Vol. Infantry at the Battle of Glasgow, Mo., the 15th of Oct., 1864.

Given under my hand at Haskel, Anderson County, Kansas, this 18th day of August, 1872.

JOHN W. YOUNGER,
Late Capt. & Commander of Clay & Clinton
County Company Mo. Vol. M.

MISSOURI'S STATE MUSEUM

BY A. C. BURRILL

Granted that State capitols are the usual depository for the battle flags of state units in the various wars of our history, it may be of interest to readers of *The Missouri Historical Review* to find here an outline of the beginnings of Missouri's State Museum. If this sketch will serve to invite remarks by some older Missourians it will serve a real purpose.

When the old capitol burned a collection of Missouri minerals and other things were destroyed. This may have planted the desire to have more typical examples of Missouri's resources in the new capitol. Active initiative for a better exhibit can be traced to our public-spirited chairman of the Capitol Building Commission, Mr. E. W. Stephens of Columbia, Missouri. In the Capitol Commission's travels to see other state capitols, Mr. Stephens liked the plan of Arkansas and Colorado to adorn the capitol with an exhibit of resources and history of the state. This suggestion the architects adopted for the first floor halls and second floor galleries sufficiently wide to accommodate spacious museum exhibits and beautiful paintings of Missouri in action and of her resources.

For several years the Legislature was too engrossed with the needs of the Capitol Decorating Commission to take up the museum phase of the building's adornment.

With the close of the World War, the then adjutant general of Missouri asked that the History Hall be set aside as a Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall to exhibit especially the battle flags of all the wars in which Missouri soldiers have engaged. This was done despite the fact that the Capitol Commission had already had permanently engraved on the cap stones of the arches over the alcoves and just below the second floor balcony of war and historical scenes, the following periods of Missouri history which it was hoped would be subjected to museum treatment at some future time.