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THE HOME COMING OF SHELBY'S MEN

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

The first reunion of ex-Confederates of Missouri was held at Roanoke in August, 1871. It was an historic postlude to "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico." Readers of that fascinating narrative by John Newman Edwards, which has been running as a serial in *The Missouri Historical Review* will appreciate the significance of this gathering at Roanoke and what was said there.

Roanoke, as a community, is scarcely known to this generation. It gave to Missouri its full quota of distinguished sons, chief among them Dr. Isidor Loeb, formerly of the University of Missouri faculty, where he served as professor, dean, and acting president, lately of Washington University, St. Louis. Located in Randolph county, near the borders of Chariton and Howard, Roanoke was famous for an annual fair in the Seventies. The people of these three counties came together in great numbers. Fairgrounds and buildings on an extensive plan were situated in a fine grove half a mile from the town. Yearly the owners of the splendid farms of Randolph, Howard and Chariton brought to the Roanoke Fair their choicest livestock and crop products. But in 1871 the feature which overshadowed all of the usual attractions was this gathering of the ex-Confederates. It was the home coming of those Missourians who had felt when the Civil war ended that there could be no home again for them in Missouri. They had gone away to Mexico and, as told in the book of John N. Edwards, had planned new homes in that country. But Maximilian had died on the hill at Queretaro. Juarez was at the head of the new republic. The life in the foreign country had palled. Missouri had called with a movement to rehabilitate the ex-Confederates in full citizenship. And here in Roanoke the expatriated were home again.

In the throng of five thousand were twelve hundred ex-Confederates indicated by the white silk ribbon badges.

Among the speakers were General Shelby, Colonel A. W. Slayback, Captain Collins of battery fame. All disclaimed any political significance in the gathering and in all that was said was breathed a spirit of fervent loyalty to the Union. One of the resolutions adopted with hearty unanimity was this:

"Resolved that from this time forward, as citizens enjoying equal rights with all other citizens, we shall be guided in our political action by the present and the future attitude of public affairs, giving our support to men of uprightness, merit and liberality, regardless of political antecedents."

Another of the resolutions read:

"Resolved that in the present situation of affairs in this state, we recognize a new order of things rendering it proper for all men of progress to turn their backs upon the past, and grasp manfully the duties and possibilities of the future."

But in public expression the feature of the day at Roanoke was the address of Thomas C. Reynolds. Elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, and succeeding him as the governor of Missouri in the recognition of the Confederates, Governor Reynolds was one of the earliest and most aggressive of the secessionists. In his advocacy of this he was carrying out his South Carolina nativity and education in ultra states' rights. During the war he became involved in controversy with General Sterling Price and left a "memoir" full of bitter criticism of Missouri's chief Confederate. But at the Roanoke gathering Governor Reynolds said:

"Our aim is to live in friendly harmony, as peace-loving citizens, with all. To do so we must of course be harmonious among ourselves. We Missourians are not more given than others to differences and controversies; but we conduct them with an openness and vigor which tend to make them appear greater than they really are. However, when they are ended we harbor no malice. Unavoidably there have been differences among ourselves during the late war, but we should now consign them to the past. As evidence of my own sincerity in this counsel, one of my motives for attending this reunion

is to have an opportunity of saying, as I now do, in the district in which he passed most of his life, and in the presence of so many of his old friends and neighbors, that, adopting the sound maxim that a great man should be estimated according to the merits of his carreer as a whole, and regardless of whatever differences may at one time have existed between him and me, I shall ever cheerfully and fully acknowledge the many excellent qualities and eminent abilities and public services of Missouri's foremost soldier, General Sterling Price."

Governor Reynolds then expressed the appreciation of the ex-Confederates for their restoration to full citizenship in Missouri and declared their attitude on several pending political questions. He called these "certain ghosts of dead questions." One of the ghosts was the fear of some people that ex-Confederates might oppose payment of interest on the public debt or might endeavor to have the Confederate bonds made valid by the United States. And a third ghost was the possibility that the ex-Confederates might some time oppose the payment of pensions to Union soldiers. In the plainest possible words Governor Reynolds declared full acceptance of the war's results by the ex-Confederates. He said:

> We meet together for the first time in the six years which have passed since the close of the war, and one of the first impulses of every one of us must be to congratulate ourselves on the course of events which has led to our re-enfranchisement as citizens of Missouri. We, of course, find not a few who claim our special gratitude to themselves as the authors or engineers of the movement which resulted in that change. Without denying to any one the praise he may be entitled to for his course in advocating a measure which had become inevitable, we must be permitted to remember that we owe it mainly to ourselves; to the wise, patriotic and self-respecting conduct of the Missouri Confederates in quietly attending to their private affairs during the period of our disfranchisement, and thus convincing our late foes, by deeds rather than by words, that there was no danger to the peace and welfare of the state in restoring us to political equality with themselves. By a like course in use of our recovered birth-right we can and should contribute to the peace and prosperity of our noble state and of the whole Union. It is solely with that view that, believing that I well know your feelings and opinions, I venture to indicate them on some few points.

While all merely political questions of the day are by our own free decision excluded from consideration, on this occasion there are other subjects not yet brought into the arena of actual political strife, but specially referring to us, on which it is almost a duty to ourselves and the country, that our views should be known. There are certain ghosts of dead questions which haunt the imagination of some of our people, and in aiding to lay them we contribute to the welfare of our common country. Senator Morton, in a very able and candid speech, has expressed apprehensions which, as the discourse was delivered last week in the chief city of our own state, it will not be out of place for us to notice here and now. They were that at some future period the existing settlement of the issues of the late war might be disturbed by a refusal to pay interest on the United States debt, or an assumption of the debt of the late Confederate states and compensation for emancipated slaves; by a refusal to pay the pensions granted to Union soldiers or a grant of like pensions to those of the Confederacy.

It may, with almost absolute certainty, be asserted as far as the Confederates of Missouri, and I am confident those of other states, are concerned, these fears are wholly groundless. We have played at the grand game of civil war, and so ably as to gain the admiration of the world, and the respect of magnanimous opponents. We lost it for want of trumps, but we drew at least our fair share of the honors. Confederates, and especially Missourians, are not the men to attempt afterwards to filch the stakes from the winners. The payment of the interest on the U. S. debt, and of the principal of it when due, and both as contracted for, is secured by a principle stronger than any constitutional amendment. The prosperity of all the people as individuals is so intimately connected with the preservation of the public credit that on a mere calculation of profit and loss, it is better to preserve the latter as a basis of the former. We confederates have as much interest in preserving both as any other citizens. No one who is familiar with events in the confederacy in the last years of the war will ever dream of an assumption by any one of any of its obligations, whether in bonds or for loss of property in slaves, or anything else. Not only by general public law, but also by the express terms of the contract, every creitor of the Confederacy made his repayment dependent upon the establishment of its independence, and as it failed to secure it he has no claim, either legal or moral. You, soldiers, know that even when success was possible, the common talk in the camps was that the amount actually received by the Confederacy for its bonds and notes was in such ridiculous disporportion to the amount promised to be paid that no sense of abstract law or justice would ever secure their payment. How, then, would you receive a proposal now to tax yourselves to pay anything whatever on them when brought up, as they certainly would be, on any prospect of gain on them, by sordid speculators, for a mere song? With regard to losses of property, from the horses which many of you whom I now see

before me had killed under you in some gallant charge, up to millions lost in slaves by some unionist or lukewarm planter who denied you their labor to aid you in erecting breastworks against Federal balls, all must go alike the road which universal public law marks out for the unsuccessful in civil war. One pays his stake in life or limb, another in loss of property or exile or both. Let each one support manfully the adverse fortune of war, and not degrade the cause for which he fought by going about, to the victors, whining for compensation. You, at least, and I believe nearly all Confederates, will not countenance any one in doing so. The pension question would be summarily disposed of by any one who knows the Confederate soldier. For us to accept any compensation from the government, against which we fought, would be to receive alms; it is to be hoped that no demagogue will ever insult us by proposing to us any such meanness. To the Union soldier his pension is an honorable distinction conferred on him by the government he served, and according to law or usage a part of the compensation pledged to him before he entered its service. Opposing armies have a certain feeling of fellowship, as even the general public began to notice in the intercourse between the Federal and Confederate outposts; if any demagogue proposes to take the pension from Union soldiers, let them call across the line to us, if they need help, and we shall march with them in solid column to the ballot box to put the swindle down.

For the newspaper account of the Roanoke reunion, giving the foregoing facts, *The Missouri Historical Review* is indebted to Hon. Enos Clarke, of Kirkwood, who took an influential part in the Liberal Republican movement resulting in the enfranchisement of the Missouri ex-Confederates.

In the winter of 1877 these ex-Confederates who had expressed so frankly at Roanoke their acceptance of the war issues took a position in the Hayes-Tilden contest for the Presidency which was of widespread influence. As the weeks went by, following the November election of 1876, with no settlement, conditions grew threatening. Henry Watterson announced that there would be 100,000 Kentuckians in Washington the 4th of March to see that the right man was seated. Investigations of the elections in several southern states were long drawn out. The electoral commission of fifteen was sitting but there were reports that the Senate and House, one Republican, the other Democratic, might refuse to abide by the commission's finding. In that event civil war might follow. At the crisis, General Joseph O. Shelby gave an interview to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in which he

declared his intention to stand by President Grant in whatever course he might take regarding the contest. General Shelby deprecated the talk of violence. If there was a failure to decide the election in a lawful and constitutional manner and President Grant decided to exercise the power of the chief executive in favor of the one he regarded as duly elected, General Shelby intended to support the President in his action whether that action be favorable to Tilden or Hayes.

Shelby's interview was published far and wide. The next day Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback, who had offered the resolutions at Roanoke in 1871, and Colonel Clay King, also an ex-Confederate of distinguished record, came out in indorsement of Shelby's position. Other southerners of Confederate record fell in line with the Missourians. The talk in the north of organization to seat Tilden by force, if necessary quieted down.

There were still later echoes of "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico" and of the Roanoke lovefeast. In 1874 Governor Reynolds was elected to the Missouri General Assembly. He was a linguist of extraordinary ability and if he had chosen education instead of politics he would have ranked high in some college faculty. His experience in Mexico and his familiarity with other languages recommended Governor Reynolds to President Arthur when the commission was appointed to investigate possible improvement of commercial relations with Latin-American countries. Governor Reynolds was made the Democratic member of the commission. The late William E. Curtis, traveler and writer, was a colleague of Governor Reynolds in that Central and South American tour. He told of the surprise which Reynolds caused, as the commission went from capitol to capitol, by his reponses in several languages to the addresses of welcome. Governor Reynolds replied officially in English and then translated his remarks into one language after another until everybody present understood him. The result was to give a most favorable impression of the commission at the outset of its negotiations in each country visited. Senators Cockrell and Vest had made no mistake in bringing Governor Reynold's

unusual qualifications for this work to the attention of President Arthur.

During the second Cleveland administration the name of General Shelby was presented for the appointment of United States marshal of the western district of Missouri. Major William Warner, former commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, who served in both branches of Congress as a Republican, wrote a letter indorsing Shelby for the appointment, and then wrote Shelby a personal letter of congratulation when the appointment was made. Ex-Governor Thomas C. Fletcher, the war governor of Missouri, went to the attorney-general in Washington to say to him that no mistake would be made in the selection of Shelby. Missouri Union veterans joined with ex-Confederates in manifestations of good will toward Shelby. Old Roanoke looms as an historic spot in Missouri's Civil war convalescence.

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, Thrailkill, 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 reenforcements 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 accountrements 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 hallooed: "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 cartridge 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 thot 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 accellerated. 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 cooly, 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 Oll 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.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MISSOURIANS

BY DANIEL M. GRISSOM

SEVENTH ARTICLE

HAMILTON R. GAMBLE

He was Provisional Governor of Missouri during the Civil War, from 1861 to 1864, not chosen by the people, but by the State Convention of 1861, called by Gov. Jackson to consider the relations between the State and the Federal Government, and to take such measures as the crisis demanded. It was confidently expected that this Convention, when chosen and assembled, would pass an ordinance of secession, and ally the State with the other seceding slave states by taking position against the authority of the Federal Government to "coerce" the seceding states into submission. But when the body met, it was found to be composed of different material from what had been looked for. One of its most important acts was to declare the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor vacant by the withdrawal of Gov. Jackson and Lieut. Gov. Reynolds from Jefferson City, and choose Hamilton R. Gamble, of St. Louis, and Willard P. Hall, of St. Joseph, to fill their places. But although it was not a direct vote of the people that made him Governor, the act of the Convention met with popular approval, and his authority as Governor was recognized except by Gov. Jackson's adherents.

Gov. Gamble was, probably, the most perfect representative of the prevailing popular sentiment in the state that could be found within its borders. A Virginian by birth, a slaveholder, all his blood relations in the Southern states, conservative in opinions and habits, his personal sympathies were with the Southern people, and he never found himself able to wholly approve the policy of the Government at Washington. But he believed secession was disorder, confusion, strife and disaster, and that, come what might, Missouri's

place was, and, of right, ought to be, in the Union; and this was the spirit that animated his three years of administration. His policy was as conservative and moderate as he could make it, under the difficult conditions of repeated invasions by Confederate armies, and bloody massacres and tearing up of railroads by local guerrilla bands, which kept the state in a perpetual turmoil; and there were times when the violent demand of a powerful and active party for radical measures threatened to overwhelm his administration and even to bring about his deposal and the substitution of a military governor in his stead. That he was able to maintain himself against this violent opposition is a proof of his ability.

He was a man of noble presence, of full height, and form, calm and grave of demeanor, cheerful in manner, and at the time he was governor, sixty-five years of age. With his grey head and grey side-whiskers, he would be singled out in any crowd as a man possessing the appearance and the qualities of governor. On horseback his appearance was somewhat martial, and gave the impression that, if he had been trained to arms he would have been an able commander.

Gov. Gamble died in office, and his funeral took place at the Second Presbyterian Church on the southwest corner of Broadway and Walnut streets, of which he and his family were members, and where Thomas H. Benton was accustomed to attend worship, also, when he was in the city. It was remarked, at the time, that the occasion brought together the largest concourse of people ever seen before at a St. Louis funeral.

THE NEW JOURNALISM IN MISSOURI

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

TENTH ARTICLE

"THE CHIEF" AS THEY KNEW HIM

Some personal impressions and experiences of men in long association with Mr. McCullagh are interesting. O. R. Lake, who died in the summer of 1923, served thirty-seven years on the staff of the *Globe-Democrat*. During twenty-five of these years Mr. Lake was telegraph editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, a position which gave extraordinary opportunity for close observation of the chief. He said to the writer:

Every man has a dual personality. McCullagh seemed to have half a dozen. Many people said he was gruff and boorish, yet you and I know to the contrary. His so-called gruffness was merely a cloak which he put on to cover his diffidence, for he was as diffident as an old-fashioned girl in her 'teens. Few knew of the many kindly deeds he did. He was not a man to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing in giving assistance. He was often misjudged, but went serenely on his way doing what was right as far as was within his power. Three incidents which came under my observation may be of interest. You remember the story of the Eastern potentate who asked who was the most powerful person in his kingdom. The courtiers all responded: "Why, you are, Sire." The king replied: "You are wrong. It is a child, my infant son. He rules his mother and she rules me, while I rule the kingdom." It was a child of some five years who caused Mr. McCullagh to reverse himself and to order for the Sunday paper a colored supplement. He always had been opposed to the colored supplement and had criticised that feature unsparingly. But he explained his reversal by saying he observed his little niece every Sunday cried for the colored supplement and would not be appeased until one was given her. Then he argued to himself that if the child wanted a colored supplement the mother naturally would buy the paper that had one. And so the *Globe-Democrat* must fall in line with a colored supplement or lose subscribers, or, at least, the rival papers would gain an advantage with their colored supplements. The result was the colored supplement, which the chief despised, was ordered for the *Globe-Democrat*.

When Jim Butler was a candidate for an office, his mother came to the *Globe-Democrat* and sought a personal interview with Mr. McCullagh. She told the chief that, as he knew, her husband, Ed. Butler, and she had

been poor people with little education. They had sent Jim to college and and he had graduated in law. They wanted him to have a chance to be a gentleman. They had plenty of money and nothing else. She begged Mr. McCullagh not to ridicule Jim but to give her boy the chance to bring honor to the family name. The chief heard the old lady through. Ed. Butler, as the Democratic politician, had been the object of many a good paragraph. You will remember how the chief used to ring the changes on the Butlers' theater. "The Home of Folly. Two Frolics daily." But the chief said to Mrs. Butler that while the *Globe-Democrat* could not support Jim Butler against the Republican nominee, he could assure her that for her sake he would see that nothing unkind about her son would appear in the paper during the campaign. And he kept his word, as he always did when he gave it.

The third incident showed the heart of the man, and I thought at the time it was one of the best revelations I had ever seen of his character. The chief had a wonderful insight about news. He could forsee events as could no other newspaper man I have ever known. He certainly realized where news was to be found, and had a man there in advance of other papers. He didn't like to miss anything of news value. One night there came over the wires the story of the scandalous misdeeds of a young man. It was a cracking good story of the kind, full of human interest, as we used to say. It came from one of our oldest and most reliable correspondents, and was unquestionably true. I had some scruples about the propriety of running the story and took it into the chief for his judgment. Mr. McCullagh listened while I told him the substance of the special. Then he said: "I wouldn't publish that. The *Globe-Democrat* can get along without it. He may have an old mother."

C. S. Webb, as a member of the *Globe-Democrat* staff, held positions which brought him into close contact with the chief during a number of years. He recalled these incidents and expressions.

One one occasion, being doubtful about the advisability of using an item, I went to him with it. In stating the case as briefly as I could—he was always impatient of words—I said something to the effect that a question of tact seemed to be involved. "Tact, sir?" he said, looking up quickly, "decency is tact."

Another time, when the article in question contained an attack on some man, the chief said, with an air of weariness, "Oh well, better leave it out. It's no use to jump on a man just because you've got a newspaper."

While Mr. McCullagh appreciated good work he generally expressed it by a gift or a raise of salary—very seldom by praise. On the morning in 1892, when Cleveland was nominated at Chicago for President, I and those assisting me did some pretty fast work and scored a first page beat on the opposition paper. I came down in the evening somewhat elated

and rather looked for some sort of recognition. When the chief said nothing I modestly referred to the matter. The chief remarked: "Yes, I noticed that. We have very good printers upstairs."

When Congressman James N. Burnes, of St. Joseph, concluded to sell the *Gazette* of that city, which he had owned for years, he called upon Mr. McCullagh and asked if he could suggest a buyer. "No," was the reply. "I know of no one. Men with sense enough to run a newspaper haven't got money enough, and men who have money enough haven't got sense enough."

Mr. McCullagh had affection for Charles A. Dana, Henry Watterson and John Sherman. When Sherman was a candidate for the Presidential nomination the chief sent him a friendly telegram and signed himself, "your old private secretary." He had once held that position with Mr. Sherman.

He admired Robert G. Ingersoll, John J. Ingalls, U. S. Grant and Jefferson Davis. He had a high opinion of Mr. Davis as a scholar and a controversialist. He thought that Mr. Davis often had the advantage of General W. T. Sherman and General Wolseley in their points at issue on the Civil war. He would say, "They had better let Jeff. Davis alone."

Something like this was the chief's comment on a certain writer whom he often employed and as often discharged. The writer had failed to come to the office. The chief surmised that he had been drinking, as usual, and said. "That's the way. If they can write, they drink; and if they don't drink they can't write."

Some time in the seventies, I think it was, George G. Vest came to Mr. McCullagh, said he had an opportunity to buy an interest in the *St. Louis Times*, and wanted to know what he thought about it. Mr. McCullagh told him if he wanted to stay in politics to let newspapers alone. If he wanted to go into the *Times*, he should let politics alone; they wouldn't mix. Mr. Vest thanked the chief for his advice and said he would stay in politics. Here are a few of the chief's sayings: "There is no secret about making a newspaper. The whole thing is to get the news and print it." "Some news we print for some people; some for all the people." "Some men's speeches we print for what they say, as Ingersoll's; other men's for the manner of saying it, say Depew's."

Of a certain city editor, nervous and excitable by nature, the chief said: "He is all right, but he thinks the house is afire."

The chief's favorite actor was John E. Owens. He had a poor opinion of actors and often spoke of the emptiness of those who followed that profession. He once printed a paragraph that Lawrence Barrett was the only actor who could write "a stickfull" fit for a newspaper to print. He dined once with Booth and Barrett and when he came back to the office he said it was "a mighty dull affair."

A characteristic story of Mr. McCullagh is told by Homer A. Danford whose thirty-nine years with the *Globe-Democrat* justifies him in calling himself "a lifer."

> McCullagh delighted in catching writers and speakers in misquotations. Woe to the man who misquoted! McCullagh would go after him, red-eyed and round-shouldered. Then he would give him this bit of advice: "Always verify! Always verify!" One night he thought he had one on Dr. Cave. He raked the doctor over the coals in his usual vigorous style, ending up with "Always verify!" The proofreader who read McCullagh's paragraph happened to have a book of quotations. Refering to it he discovered that Dr. Cave was right. When Mack's attention was called to it and he was shown the correct quotation he crumpled the proof of the paragraph in his hand, and, as he fired it into the waste basket, growled: "All right! We'll give him the benefit of the doubt—this time." A day or two later an editorial paragraph appeared in the *Globe-Democrat* something like this: "A proofreader is a gentleman employed in the composing room to prevent the editor from making an ass of himself." There were only a few of us who could fully appreciate the humor of that paragraph.

ENTER COLONEL JONES

The coming and going of Charles H. Jones supplied an element of gaiety in the new journalism in Missouri,—gaiety to the onlookers, anguish to those who came into close journalistic relations with him between 1890 and 1895. Colonel Jones came from Florida. He arrived in Missouri with a reputation for super-aggressive journalism. A tradition followed that he had, during part of his career in the South, found it expedient to seek and leave his Jacksonville office by the alley route.

The St. Louis *Republican*, through the passing of the men who had made that property influential and profitable, and the division of their estates among many heirs, was without stable direction. William Hyde retired from the editorial management. According to current report Colonel George Knapp had in mind for the succession William V. Byars whose tryout on the local force had strongly commended him. But Colonel Knapp died on his way home from a European trip before his plan took effect. Frank R. O'Neil, the star reporter of his generation, took charge of the paper for a time

but found conditions uncongenial. During a brief period the *Republican* devoted considerable attention to cooperation and the labor organization. A man was sent to England to write of the growth and success of labor unionism there. The temporary policy was at variance with the conservatism which had characterized the *Republican* in the generations of the Paschall and Knapp influence. It was in advance of the times. It was a course which might have been wise for a new newspaper desiring first of all to draw public attention to itself. But it did not tend to enhance the prestige of an "old reliable."

Then came Colonel Jones' flash, which could not be compared to a meteor for that usually is lost in unproductive thud. The colonel had an erratic, sensational, meteoric time of it, but when he went it was with a pocket full of money. He left behind him two stunned newspapers and marveling Missouri.

Colonel Jones was of slight, upstanding figure, had flashing eyes and a wealth of blonde whiskers. His belief in himself was monumental and was matched by ability to convince others. Else how could he have gathered in the various proprietary interests of the *Republican* and induced them to turn over to him the absolute control of the paper! And later how was he able to do what no other human had done or did afterwards,—hypnotize Joseph Pulitzer!

In gaining control of the *Republican*, Colonel Jones displaced in the management Charles W. Knapp, who had been made managing editor after the unsatisfactory experience following the retirement of William Hyde, and who was gradually restoring the *Republican* according to the former conservative tendencies. Colonel Jones was given full swing. His first innovation was the change of name by the elimination of the last syllable. The *Republican* became The *Republic*. And then the colonel proceeded in divers ways to make the paper what it had never been before—a personal organ. He took many trips to Washington. He was active in political conventions. He essayed Democratic leadership not only in Missouri but assumed to speak for the party in the whole Southwest. He so impressed himself that at the Democratic National Convention which met in Chicago in 1892 he had an

active part in the framing of the platform. That platform included a plank:

"We recommend the prohibitory 10 per cent tax on state bank issues be repealed."

This raised a storm among Missouri bankers. Rufus J. Lackland went to Colonel Jones about it. The colonel repudiated that part of the platform, claiming it was the work of Russell of Massachusetts.

As he increased the intensity of the spotlight upon himself Colonel Jones, true to his Florida record, indulged in savage editorial personalities. There was method in this policy. It made the paper talked about. The colonel's picture was printed conspicuously in the *Republic* in connection with some part he had played in politics. The *Globe-Democrat* printed a cartoon of Jones holding up the front page of the *Republic* with his own picture upon which he was gazing with great apparent admiration. Colonel Jones attacked the *Globe-Democrat* at considerable length. The *Globe-Democrat* came back at Jones with three lines which silenced the colonel, so far as the *Globe-Democrat* was concerned. Mr. McCullagh said to a member of his staff, pointing to the three-line paragraph:

"When you have to go after a man, don't pour a barrel of vinegar over him. Apply a drop or two of vitriol."

One of Colonel Jones' vindictive editorials provoked a physical encounter with David R. Francis, then governor of Missouri,—probably the only time Mr. Francis ever had his philosophic disposition upset by a newspaper attack. The affair took place on Grand avenue. The governor's follow-up was the purchase of a block of the *Republic* stock which made it possible to get rid of Jones and put Charles W. Knapp back in editorial control.

MR. PULITZER MEETS COLONEL JONES

By his contract with the owners of the *Republic*, Colonel Jones had acquired an interest in the paper. In getting rid of him the owners paid a round price for his shares. Accord-

ing to rumor the colonel had cleaned up in Florida with $35,000 or $40,000. But when, a year or so after he left the *Republic*, he concluded his dicker with Mr. Pulitzer, he was able to pay $80,000 for one-sixth interest in the *Post-Dispatch*.

Testifying of his relations with Colonel Jones, Mr. Pulitzer said:

"I first met him I believe in May, 1893, shortly after he severed his connection, or his connection was severed with the *Republican*."

The colonel went to the New York *World* in an editorial capacity. Mr. Pulitzer was so impressed that he welcomed negotiations from the colonel to take an interest in the *Post-Dispatch* and manage it.

"I wanted relief," said Mr. Pulitzer, whose health had begun to fail. "I am perfectly frank to say that I thought he would go out there and relieve me."

"Hasn't he relieved you?" asked the lawyer for Colonel Jones, James M. Lewis, in the course of the litigation which was bringing to a close the journalistic career of the colonel in St. Louis.

"He relieved me too much," replied Mr. Pulitzer, who was never wanting in sense of humor even when it was at his own expense. "I will say now that he actually relieved me. I assure you that he has given me dear relief."

In December, 1894, Mr. Pulitzer was considering the reduction of the price of the *Post-Dispatch* to one cent. Florence D. White and other directors favored this. At that time Mr. Pulitzer had such confidence in the newspaper judgment of Jones, after a year's experience with him on the *World*, that he sent him to St. Louis to report on the situation. Colonel Jones returned to New York and advised the reduction. Mr. Pulitzer directed that the change take place January 1, 1895.

On the 24th and 25th of December, 1894, Mr. Pulitzer and Colonel Jones exchanged notes, both of them being in New York. Mr. Pulitzer dictated his, addressing "My dear Colonel Jones:"

"I have accepted your advice about St. Louis and must most seriously ask you to go out there—at least for a time—

to help in the new departure and to carry out your suggested changes in the character of the paper.

"There are obvious reasons in our difficulties and your present environment in the *World* which, to my mind, should make this an agreeable change and opportunity—especially if you return with fresh laurels of Western success.

"I am leaving town for the winter and should like to have your answer at the earliest moment."

Mr. Pulitzer's letter concluded:

"With kind regards and best wishes for a pleasant Christmas—faithfully yours."

Colonel Jones replied at considerable length and in much detail. He wrote:

> I am willing to go to St. Louis on the basis you proposed to me last summer, namely, that I be allowed to purchase a majority interest in the stock of the *Post-Dispatch*, so that I can utilize my knowledge of the field and exercise whatever abilities I may have to the full and entire freedom of justice and action.
>
> It is only in this way that I can be of the highest service to the *Post-Dispatch*. The people of St. Louis and the Southwest know what kind of a newspaper I will make, if left untrammeled. If they know I am untrammeled they will look for that kind of a newspaper eagerly. Even if it sounds egotistic, I think I can say with truth that every intelligent reader in Missouri, Southern Illinois, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas would turn with attention to any newspaper in St. Louis that they know I control and direct. That was so before I came to the *World*. I now have the added prestige of having been the *World's* editor. But none of these advantages would accrue if I returned there simply as an employee, even if I were willing to do so.
>
> Under conditions that leave my individuality free play I can make an editorial page that will be just as valuable for getting and holding circulation as anything that can be done in the news columns. I will make a newspaper that will make its influence felt throughout the West and in national politics. I will write or largely determine the platform of the next Democratic National Convention.

There was much more to the colonel's letter. He expressed a desire to retain Florence D. White as managing editor of the *Post-Dispatch* and said he "should feel it necessary to have Mr. Byars" who was then an editorial writer on the *World*. He also said he "should stipulate" to "have the right

to make all possible use of the *World's* news service and its Sunday features."

Then the Colonel took up the subject of what he should pay in cash for an interest in the *Post-Dispatch*, although he said: "I feel the same reluctance as you to approach the monetary question." The colonel thought the basis of valuation of the *Post-Dispatch* should be on "the aggregate of the profits of the five years next preceding the date of purchase," a basis which had been suggested by "Old Fletcher Harper" of Harper Brothers in negotiation over the purchase of a New York publication. Colonel Jones concluded his letter:

"I can command, at short notice, $80,000 in cash—perhaps a few thousands more. Probably you would be willing to arrange the terms of payment for the rest so as not to bear too hard on me. Faithfully yours."

The negotiations proceeded, the scene shifting to Jekyl Island where the colonel visited Mr. Pulitzer and rode with him. The hitch was over the board of directors of the *Post-Dispatch*. The colonel wanted a majority of the board. Mr. Pulitzer would not yield this point. He wired Carvalho, who was attending to details, offering to let the colonel have one other director besides himself, giving him two of the five. He told Carvalho Colonel Jones "steps in to secure prestige and harvest of success prepared for him. No trouble possible if he keeps up currents of success."

This message was sent to Carvalho from Brunswick, Ga., January 24th. Mr. Pulitzer explained what he meant by "harvest of success prepared for" Jones if the colonel accepted the terms and took charge of the *Post-Dispatch*.

"My distinct recollection is that the price of the paper was reduced to one cent on the first day of January, and I am perfectly safe in saying that before the first thirty days had expired, almost instantaneously, in spite of the worst weather, blizzards and the snow storms, the city circulation in St. Louis, which, of course, is the basis of prosperity, doubled. Something never known before, never heard of before; not even the supposed success that I may have had elsewhere has had quite such an effect. I refer to that. The circulation, in other

words, in the city was booming day after day and day after day. I think it had doubled in thirty days anyhow, even less. That is what I referred to."

But the negotiations dragged until the colonel went down to Jekyl Island and brought his hypnotic personality to bear at close range on Mr. Pulitzer. On the 7th of February, the colonel left the Island bearing his commission addressed to Colonel Sam Williams at St. Louis in this form:

"Dear Mr. Williams:

I hereby appoint Col. Charles H. Jones editor and manager of the *Post-Dispatch*. Please instruct everybody accordingly.

Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH PULITZER, President."

THE COLONEL PUT ONE OVER

Colonel Jones paid down $80,000 for one-sixth interest in the *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Pulitzer took it but said later of the transaction:

"The only thing about money—you know it was a singular fact that Jones and I never talked about money except that I said to him that I hated to have his money, and I did not want his money, and I should have preferred to make an arrangement without taking any of his money, simply giving him an interest which would pay for itself, and he said—I remember that very well, because it showed a great deal of shrewdness on his part—he said, 'No, I prefer to pay you; take my money; I want you to.' He was pretty shrewd. He got $160,000 worth of stock for $80,000 of money, stock that had paid dividends for ten or twelve years, ever since its existence, so that, of course, he was getting a great deal more than he gave, and, besides, it was a very advantageous position."

Within six months the question of control of the *Post-Dispatch* was in the St. Louis courts. Colonel Jones sought to enjoin the board of directors from interfering with him. Mr. Pulitzer with the old directors suspended dividends "to start a building fund."

It was a great game for the control of a great newspaper. The public for weeks followed every move on the journalistic checkerboard with intense interest. Mr. Pulitzer conceded frankly the ability of the colonel. He said under oath:

"I think Jones is a wonderfully industrious man. He is the most industrious man I ever saw; but he is wasting his power; he is misdirecting his talent, which he ought to apply to the paper, and not to statesmanship. I deliberately contracted with him that he should not play the statesman; that was the understanding; that he should devote his whole time to the paper and not be a statesman."

The colonel's chief offending as a statesman consisted in going for free silver with a whoop. Mr. Pulitzer had warned him against this very soon after the agreement between them was made. He wired him at St. Louis after the colonel had taken charge:

"Please remember the very large business interests and property classes that are somewhat shy and offended with paper already on account of some wild talk in past. Let me be the first to congratulate you in your good luck and great opportunity."

Explaining what this telegram meant, Mr. Pulitzer said:

"In other words while I did not interfere with the paper, I had reason to know—while I did not read it—I had reason to know that the paper had not been very sound on that thing; that old man Williams himself was contaminated on the silver question, and I felt anxious on that point then; that is, as a principle and as a conviction, I believe, free, unlimited coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1—which the paper did not advocate at that time, nothing like it; never did until Jones took hold of it—was false and wrong in morality, public honor and public welfare, was just like advocating counterfeit money, and I did not think any paper of mine should do that, and that is the reference to that in the telegram, and, moreover, Jones accepted it. I was a Western man for a great many years, and I never advocated soft money or rag baby; my reputation out there is perfectly clear. Not even in the craziest period

of 1874 did I advocate it. Colonel Jones, like the sensible man he was at that time, accepted my suggestion."

Notwithstanding that Mr. Pulitzer thought in February he had fixed the colonel on the silver question, "a written remonstrance" was sent in September, "in which he was asked to stop the silver craze and the Stone factional fight, on the distinct ground that it was a violation of the restriction of the board and of his agreement." The litigation followed quickly with a succession of sensational developments until the colonel departed from St. Louis with a sum of money which justified a prolonged tour in Europe and later paid for a trade paper in New York. Florence D. White, who had been relieved by Colonel Jones, resumed his place as the directing head of the *Post-Dispatch*. George S. Johns was given charge of the editorial page. The paper quickly regained its prestige. In his seven or eight months of control the colonel had not been able to do much damage. Not so was the case with the *Republic*. The Jones regime there had been longer and the results more serious. Charles W. Knapp again taking control did his best to undo the damage done by Colonel Jones, but the gain was slow and not commensurate with the steady advancement of the *Globe-Democrat*. The Presidential campaign of 1895 brought a crisis for the *Republic*. Colonel Jones' policy had been to make the *Republic* a thick-and-thin party organ. In the old days, while consistently supporting Democratic principles, the *Republican* had preserved a measure of independence and conservatism. Mr. Knapp was confronted with a difficult situation. The Democratic party in Missouri was committed to free silver. St. Louis was for sound money. The *Republic* found it impossible to satisfy both country and city constituencies. Moreover the day of the metropolitan newspaper as a party organ was waning.

THE FIRST MISSOURI "COLUMNIST"

The new journalism in Missouri extended beyond the metropolitan papers. One of the first, if not the original of "the columnists," as they came to recognize themselves in a later generation, was a Missourian who drew attention from

beyond state borders to his weekly collection of paragraphs. His output was widely copied under the caption of "Brunswickerisms." It began to be popular in 1870. The Brunswicker man antedated Eugene Field by a few years. The paper in which his matter appeared was published at Brunswick on the Missouri river, once the commercial capital of the Grand River Valley, and, before the days of the railroads, "no mean city."

In Macon county, about the beginning of the decade which revolutionized newspaper policies in St. Louis, there was living a youth named I. Jeff Buster. His home was at or near Kaseyville. Country papers practically ignored ordinary local happenings at that time. They filled their columns with news from Washington clipped from the city papers, with literary miscellany, prose and poetry, and with long editorials. Buster got the idea that country folks were more interested in what was going on among them. He prepared a budget of items, neighborhood happenings, and read it at a school house gathering. Marriages, births, deaths, accidents, personals, crops, weather, jokes—all was grist to Buster. The budget delighted the lyceum. When Buster had tried out his idea a few times he went to Clark Green of the *Macon Times*, showed him a sample budget, told how it had caught the Friday night gatherings in the country school house. He argued that if the plan was carried out generally in the county and made a regular part of the weekly issue, it would mean a largely increased list of subscribers. Green was sceptical. He told Buster that the regular subscribers wouldn't stand for columns filled with what everybody knew. Buster persisted and got Green's consent to try the experiment with Morrow township and show the editor what neighborhood newsgathering and printing would do for the subscription list. When the news from Kaseyville, assembled with the industry that had been exercised on the budgets for the lyceum, appeared, Buster took a bundle of the papers under his arm and went from farm to farm and from house to house in the village distributing them. He carried back to Green such a list of new subscribers that the editor was convinced. *The Macon*

Times at once covered the county with a department devoted to neighborhood news. The innovation spread until the weekly press of Missouri applied everywhere the cardinal principle of the new journalism,—the recording of current history.

HISTORICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

The West, including to Eastern ideas all lying on the sunset side of the Alleghanies, has long been struggling to lift the veil of pioneer culture. Such a culture it once enjoyed and endured. This was decades past. But, somehow, in Eastern thought that culture has remained here, not as an asset, rather as a critical liability. It may furnish mental food for residents and strangers to read Miss Guitar's article on "Monuments and Memorials in Missouri." Here are facts, scores of them, embodied in bronze and marble for strengthening pride in State and citizens.

Nearly every national leader these past fifty years has been credited with linking North and South. It may surprise many to learn from Dr. Walter B. Stevens' "The Homecoming of Shelby's Men" that credit belongs to those who led and fought. The speech of Governor Reynolds at the Roanoke meeting of 1871 and its approval there by the 1,200 ex-Confederates from Missouri exhibit an American spirit of unity sufficient to link all sections. Only the heroic extend the hand of peace and friendship to their victors.

If asked to name Missouri's benefactors these last one hundred years, how many would include Charles V. Riley? After reading his biography by Mr. Floyd G. Summers, I would be inclined to rank this State Entomologist with our greatest statesmen and warriors. There is achievement Olympian in conquering the microscopic in nature. The parasites of plant and animal life are more potential than desert or mountain range. To control them is to give prosperity to the largest class in your population, well being to a nation.

"The Folktale of Johnny Appleseed" by Miss Iantha Castlio is interesting. Whether or not this unique western hero ever came to Missouri may still be debatable. Miss Castlio has presented some evidence in the affirmative.

If ever a state was unfortunate in war that state was Missouri between 1861 and 1865. It had no "war governor," its chief executive was remarkably balanced and temperate, its soil was largely controlled by one side, but life and property were insecure. The people were divided in spirit and allegiance. Professor Frick's "Recollections" furnish all too many reliable proofs of the tragedy of Missouri in the War Between the States.

Mr. A. C. Burrill, curator of the Missouri State Museum in Jefferson City, gives a factual exposition of a State institution long needed in Missouri. A visit to Missouri's New Capitol, which houses the State Museum, should be on the itinerary of every Missourian. It will inspire pride in State and people.

There is something about Hamilton R. Gamble that commands respect and calls forth sympathy. Ability and integrity, dignity and poise, clear vision and conservatism, were blended in his character. A Southerner by birth and rearing, he was the titular head of a Union government in a Southern state, hated by foe, condemned by friend. Mr. Grissom has presented a suggestive sketch of this exceptional man.

I like natural interviews. They breathe a spirit not found in critical or laudatory descriptions. Miss Cranmer introduces and conducts one. I feel fairly well acquainted with the two great Missouri writers she has met thus far in

her series. Fannie Hurst and Sara Teasdale will now always be associated in my mind with the State of their rearing.

"The New Journalism in Missouri" closes after running in the *Review* for over two years. Every one of the ten installments has been vividly interesting and truly instructive. I do not recall a clearer picture of men and their work. My personal regret lies in the ending of the tale. My deepest hope is to induce its author, Dr. Walter B. Stevens, to renew the story along similar lines. Such compilations have the integrity of source material, the vitality of recollections, and the fascination of fiction.

Each year strengthens my conviction that the historian can profit himself and reader most by observing in general the rule of tending to one's business. History is factual, not metaphysical. It may contain legend and story as well as facts and statistics. It may be and really should be interesting. But it should not become theory, however finely ratiocination lends itself to exploitation. "A history is durable or perishable as it contains more or less of the writer's own speculation." I would add that a history is interesting or dull, instructive or inane, as it presents more or less theory.

"Wherever possible, let us not be told *about* this man or that. Let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own opinions about him. The historian, we are told, must not leave his readers to themselves. He must not only lay the facts before them, he must tell them what he himself thinks about those facts. In my opinion this is precisely what he ought not to do."

"And if this be true of Poetry—if Homer and Shakespeare are what they are from the absence of every thing

didactic about them—may we not thus learn something of what History should be, and in what sense it should aspire to teach?

"If Poetry must not theorize, much less should the historian theorize, whose obligations to be true to fact are even greater than the poet's."

A friend once told me that he had found interest in few histories. Most writers know too little and say too much. The tales of wandering minstrels, the relations of palsied pioneers, and the reminiscences of tottering warriors may be drawn out. They may cover pages and include repetitions, but usually they interest and instruct. I wonder why? An author of education and even ability attempting the same imposition loses his reader. Are these different results due to naturalness in the one and needlessness in the other? Do we unconsciously approve the appropriate and reject the inappropriate? When a tale or legend tries to point a moral, present a cause, or advance a theory, I am at least interested and maybe instructed. If a compilation attempts these, I am inclined to turn over, unless I know the author has the ability and skill to warrant him in presenting *his opinions*. If he lacks these essentials he should confine his story to the facts or the tale and not impose *his views*. Such a rule, broken as seldom as possible, might cause more to become lovers of history.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

From the *Columbia Missourian*, March 3, 1925.

Among other appropriations asked of our present Legislature is that of $55,000 to carry on the work of The State Historical Society of Missouri. The Tax Commission recommended only $47,800.

The work of this society is not only beneficial to those who want casually to look up old records and histories, but

has a vital importance in being able to furnish past records. When the names of all of the state auditors and their periods of service were needed recently, this was the only organization capable of furnishing such material.

The Historical Society is twenty-four years old but is first in the Missouri Valley in membership and second in the United States. It has the second largest collection of historical material west of the Mississippi River. This is the result of untiring work by the officers of the organization.

The indexing of newspapers is one of the big jobs that the society has undertaken. This means a greater expense, which is one of the reasons for asking for a larger appropriation. The society cannot expect to carry on such a great work unless there are sufficient funds.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FROM MISSOURI, 1920

BY HERMAN GOTTLIEB KIEL

The *Review* for January, 1925, pages 363 to 364, under "An Honored Missourian" by Loyd Collins, gives a generous statement concerning Herman Preston Fair, Clinton, Henry county, Missouri, nominated in Columbus, Ohio, June 6, 1924, by the Prohibition Convention, for President.

One sentence therein quoted here, is not giving Missouri full credit: "He holds the honor of being the first Missourian to be nominated by a political party for president of the United States."

William Wesley Cox, St. Louis, Missouri, was nominated by the Socialist Labor Party Convention in New York, May 5 to 10, 1920, for President.

Benjamin Gratz Brown did not directly get a convention nomination, but was nominated for Vice-President and after the death of Horace Greely on November 29, 1872, he received the eighteen electoral votes from Missouri for President, while forty-two were cast for Thomas Andrews Hendricks, nine for Charles J. Jenkins and one for David Davis.

A DISTINGUISHED MISSOURIAN.

COLONEL FRANK C. BOLLES.

By Lieutenant Colonel William E. Persons, formerly Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Missouri

Frank C. Bolles was born at Elgin, Illinois, September 22, 1872. When he was five years old his parents moved to Rolla, Missouri. His father, Dr. E. A. Bolles, died at Rolla in 1899.

Young Bolles attended the Rolla public schools and was a student at the Missouri School of Mines from 1890 to 1891. Then he was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point by the Honorable Richard Parks Bland. He graduated from West Point in 1896 and was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry and assigned to the Sixth Regiment.

In 1898 Lieutenant Bolles commanded a company of infantry in the attack and capture of Manila. On February 13, 1899, he was severely wounded at the battle of Jaro. General M. P. Miller, commanding the expedition, recommended Lieutenant Bolles for the congressional Medal of Honor.

Lieutenant Bolles also participated in General MacArthur's campaign against the insurgent General Angelis. He was again wounded in the battle of Tagalan, P. I., February 24, 1900, and was recommended for distinguished gallantry by General Wheeler in his report as Lieutenant General of the Army, and later recommended by Brevet Board for brevet first lieutenant for distinguished gallantry in action and was nominated to be first lieutenant by brevet.

Lieutenant Bolles was promoted October 7, 1901, to captain. From 1902 to 1905 he performed the usual routine duties of an officer. In 1906 his company participated in the attack on hostile Moros at Bud Dajo, Island of Jolo, and he was recommended for suitable award for gallant and meritorious services in rushing with his men to Lip of Crater at the time of the charge on the first cotta and by his fearless

example encouraging others. This greatly contributed to the final success of the assault.

Captain Bolles was promoted major July 1, 1916, lieutenant colonel August 5, 1917, and colonel July 1, 1920.

In 1915 Major Bolles was a student at the Army School of the Line and was named on the rolls as a "Distinguished Graduate."

In 1916 Brigadier General H. A. Green recommended this officer as qualified for the position of brigadier general. Two years later he was again recommended for this position by the commanding general of the Hawaiian Department, General John P. Wisser.

At about this time the Governor of Hawaii requested the detail of a regular officer to be appointed brigadier general and placed in command of the Hawaiian National Guard. Colonel Bolles was the officer selected and his reply to the communication suggesting the detail is characteristic of the man:

"Returned.

"1. The advantages of this detail, if made, would be the rank and pay of brigadier general.

"2. The disadvantages are:

1st. That it would probably be many months before the guard would be capable of service on the firing line.

2d. It is possible that the guard will be retained in the Islands for service.

"3. *Inasmuch as I am desirous of service in the field and that I have made request to that effect, the detail would not be acceptable to me.*

"4. Request that this letter or copy of same be filed with my application for service in France.

F. C. BOLLES,
Lieut. Colonel, 2d Infantry."

Colonel Bolles was assigned to the 39th Infantry, which he trained and commanded through all the vicissitudes of service in France. As early as July 5, 1918, General B. A. Poore recommended:

"For Brigade Commander, Colonel Bolles, 39th Infantry. He is an exceptionally able Infantry Officer, energetic and resourceful, and he gets results. He has been a Colonel but a few months, but in that time the regiment has, in my opinion and in that of the Division Commander, risen from the poorest to the best in the Division. He wears two chevrons for wounds received in action in P. I."

During the same month Colonel Bolles and his command, the 39th regular infantry, were cited in Order No. 42-0 of the 33d French Division.

In August, 1918, General Poore again recommended Colonel Bolles for promotion to brigadier general.

In October, 1918, Colonel Bolles was cited in General Orders No. 67, Headquarters, 4th Division, for superintending and rectifying the advanced lines of his regiment and attached troops under heavy machine gun and shell fire where he exhibited great coolness and indifference to danger. During this action Colonel Bolles was wounded.

General R. L. Bullard added his recommendation for promotion on October 31, 1918, and that great son of Missouri, General John J. Pershing, wrote as follows:

"American Expeditionary Forces
Office of the Commander in Chief
France, Nov. 29, 1918.

(Personal)

My dear Colonel Bolles:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that on October 17th I recommended you for promotion to the grade of Brigadier General, basing my recommendation upon the efficiency of your service with the American Expeditionary Forces.

The War Department discontinued all promotion to the grade of general officers, after the signing of the

armistice, and I regret that you will not therefore receive the deserved recognition of your excellent services.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.

Colonel F. C. Bolles,
Comdg. 39th Infantry,
American A. E. F."

It is interesting to note that Colonel Bolles was always with his men at the place of greatest danger and that this son of "Old Missouri" has that rare combination of qualities of leadership, ability to train those under him on the peaceful surroundings of the drill ground, fearlessness and cool judgment in battle, demanding and yielding unquestioning obedience to orders or superiors.

Colonel Frank C. Bolles was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action near Septsarges, France, September 26, and Bois-du-Fays, France, September 28, 1918.

He was awarded the decoration of Officer of the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with star and palm for personally directing the assaulting battalion of his regiment while the lines were being violently bombarded, and attaining all the objectives in view. This citation was ordered by a Marshal of France, Commander in Chief of the Armies of the West, Marshal Petain.

He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services throughout the various campaigns in which the 4th Division participated until the early stages of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, when he was wounded. By his exceptional ability and energetic leadership he proved to be an important factor in the successes of his command during its active operations against the enemy.

Colonel Bolles graduated from the General Staff School in 1920 and was placed on the General Staff Eligible List. He graduated from the Army War College in 1921 and received

the recommendation for higher command and all branches of the War Department General Staff.

In 1922 the University of Missouri awarded him the degree of Civil Engineer.

Colonel Bolles at the time of this compilation is in charge of the Plans and Training Section in the Office of the Chief of Infantry, Washington, D. C.

This officer enjoys the rare distinction of having been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross on two occasions: once in his early service as a Lieutenant, and again as a Colonel commanding a regiment.

We salute this distinguished Missourian.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

The recent cyclone in Murphysboro, Illinois, the town which was for many years the home of General John A. Logan, United States Senator from Illinois and Republican nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with James G. Blaine in 1884, recalls the fact that Mrs. Logan was a Missouri woman, born and raised in Boone county. Her maiden name was Mary Cunningham, and she lived in the now abandoned town of Petersburg, five miles south of Sturgeon. Mrs. Logan was related to the Fountains and Tuckers, many of whom still live in Boone and Audrain counties.

The Logan school building was one of the public schools of Murphysboro that was destroyed by the cyclone, and the old Logan residence was badly damaged.—N. T. Gentry. Columbia, Missouri.

THE MISSOURI ASSOCIATION FOR CRIMINAL JUSTICE

From an Address to the Public.

The appalling crime condition is not, as some assert, an aftermath of the war. The war may have intensified, but it has not caused it. To those who have given attention to the subject, the swelling tide of lawlessness has been plainly apparent for the past thirty years. From time to time it has

receded, but it has always returned and mounted to a greater height than before, until today the condition cannot be described as aught but alarming, for life itself is now held cheap indeed. If you should be held up by a footpad today, or your house should be burglarized tonight, it is by no means certain that the criminal, if caught, would be convicted. The fear of the law is not strong enough to deter many in our midst for murdering you in cold blood if the provocation should arise; and should you meet with that unhappy fate, it is by no means certain that your assailant would pay the penalty with his life if he were caught red-handed, even though he should be tried before a learned and an upright judge, and be prosecuted by an able and fearless circuit or prosecuting attorney. Indeed, it is altogether possible that he would not be caught at all, and that the crime would remain forever a deep and hidden mystery.

When we are reminded that our losses from forgeries and embezzlements are $200,000.000,00 annually, and from false credit statement swindles $400,000,000.00 per year; when we are advised that burglaries and robberies during the past ten years have increased 1200%; when we are told that banks and bank messengers in the St. Louis district alone during 1924 were robbed of $247,137; when we realize that murders in our country have reached the appalling total of 8,500 a year, we are impressed with the imperative necessity of improving our criminal law and its administration, and our methods of dealing with crimes, criminals and delinquents.

The Departments of Police of the following cities have furnished the following information with respect to murders in those cities during the year 1923:

City	*Population*	*Murders*	*Unsolved*
Philadelphia	1,823,775	163	8
Chicago	2,701,705	235	78
St. Louis	772,897	112	32
Kansas City	324,410	58	7
	5,622,787	568	125

Thus, in these four cities, with an aggregate population of 5,622,787, there were last year 568 murders, of which 125 remain today unsolved. And yet, in the City of London, with a population of 7,258,000 (1,600,000 more than the combined population of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City) there were last year 27 murders, not one of which was unsolved. It is interesting to note the dispositions made of these 27 cases. We quote from the official report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis for the year 1923, page 14:

> In seventeen cases sixteen persons (one in respect of two murders) were arrested. Nine were convicted and sentenced to death (including the double murderer); four were found to be insane at the time of the commission of the offense; one was acquitted on the ground that the act was committed in self-defense; one died while awaiting trial, and one is not yet dealt with. In the other ten cases, three of which were double murders, the murderers committed suicide.

Why is it that in Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, with 1,600,000 people less than the City of London, 568 citizens were murdered last year, while only 27 were murdered in the City of London? We speak the same language, live under similar conditions, pursue the same occupations, worship the same God, and administer the same law. It must be chiefly because the British are more efficient in their administration of the criminal law than are we. The survey to be conducted by the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice will yield us the facts that will readily disclose the deficiencies of our system.

RARE ST. LOUIS STAMPS

From the *New York Times*, June 30, 1922.

As a result of the high prices paid at the recent Ferrari sale in Paris for early United States postage stamps many letters have been received by *The New York Times* from persons in various parts of the country relating "finds" of old envelopes bearing stamps long since out of date. The majority of these, being of the three-cent red variety, possess no material value, as even the imperforate type is a common stamp. A lawyer in St. Louis, however, is one of the fortunate ones who has discovered something of real value. He is Morrison Pettus, and with his letter he sent a large

photograph showing ten of the rare St. Louis Postmaster's stamps of 1845 and 1846, all on original envelopes addressed to his grandfather and grandmother.

In each case one stamp is on an envelope. Nine are of the 5-cent value, and there is one 10-cent stamp. One of the 5-cent stamps has not been canceled. The majority of the others bear a pen marked cancellation, but on a few the St. Louis postmark overlaps on the surface of the stamp. They are all in good condition and two of the 5-cent copies are veritable gems, as they have exceptionally wide margins and would be an honor to any of the best collections in this country.

"They are especially interesting to me," says Mr. Pettus, "because my grandfather was Secretary of State of Missouri in 1821 when the seal for the newly-formed State was adopted and approved by him. Among the 5-cent stamps are specimens of all three varieties mentioned in John K. Tiffany's book called 'History of the Postage Stamps of the United States of America,' some being on greenish paper and some on gray lilac."

In the Ferrari sale several copies of the 5-cent stamp sold for from $60 to $110 apiece, but $700 was paid for fine unsevered and unused pairs of that stamp on greenish paper. Copies of the 10-cent stamp sold for from $60 to $220. One used 20-cent copy sold for $360, but it was not in excellent condition. On the original envelopes the stamps are worth considerably more, and such fine specimens as Mr. Pettus owns are doubtless worth, at a conservative estimate, from $150 to $250 apiece.

Mr. Pettus admitted that he had never seen the 20-cent St. Louis stamp and mentioned that Mr. Tiffany in his book expressed doubt as to its authenticity. That book was written about thirty years ago, before the existence of the 20-cent stamp was known. It came to light through the discovery of a bundle of letters in Louisville, Ky., about 1895 on which were several smaller values of the St. Louis issue and, of more importance, half a dozen of the 20-cent copies. Since that time a few more 20-cent copies have been found. They are not plentiful, and perfect copies would probably bring $500 or more at auction.

Of the 5-cent stamps, J. M. Bartels of this city estimates that about 1,000 are probably in existence, and fully as many of the 10-cent variety. Philatelic students have ascertained that there were three stages of the plates. Each sheet contained six stamps. The first issue had three fives and three tens on a sheet. As more of the 10-cent stamps were used than of the smaller value—10 cents being the postal rate then for moderate distances outside of the Post Office area—a change in the plate was made by erasing the figure 5 on two stamps and inserting the value 20.

This second stage of the plate contained one 5-cent, three 10-cent and two 20-cent stamps. Some of these were printed on greenish paper, similar to the first plate printing, and later it was changed to gray lilac. It was found that there was little demand for the new 20-cent value, and the plate was again altered by reasing the 20 and restoring the value 5. This third

plate printing with three fives and three tens was made in 1846, a few months before the first Government issue of 1847, and comparatively few from that plate were used. They can readily be distinguished from the two earlier printings by their bluish pelure paper, and these are the scarcest varieties.

Unlike some of the early Postmasters' stamps, the St. Louis issue has an interesting and distinctive design. The value is near the top in large figures with a well-engraved design of the Missouri coat of arms in the centre, supported on each side by an upright bear, which has made them popularly known as the bear stamps. The bear is the Missousi grizzly. Missouri became a State in 1820, and in the following year Governor Alexander McNair suggested to the General Assembly the adoption of a State seal. The plan, as approved by the Governor in 1822, left to the Secretary of State, then William G. Pettus, the option of using a grizzly or a white bear as the supports to the shield. Mr. Pettus chose the Missouri grizzly bear, and it has ever since appeared on the official seal.

The coat of arms is divided into two portions, the left side containing the coat of arms of the United States, showing the eagle with arrows in its talons, surmounted by a constellation of stars representing the States. The lower right portion has the grizzly bear as its design, and in the upper part is a crescent representing the new moon with various symbols of which it is emblematic. The coat of arms is surrounded by a band bearing the words, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall."

Over the crest is a helmet with six bars, indicating strength, and above is the star of Missouri, with a background of twenty-three small stars—the number of States in the Union when Missouri was admitted. As supports to the seal, on each side are two grizzly bears standing erect on a scroll inscribed with the motto, "Salus Populi Suprema Lex Esto," and beneath is the date 1820 in Roman numerals.

This somewhat elaborate shield is excellently designed, and in good copies of the stamps stands out very clearly. The stamps were issued by John M. Wilmer, the Postmaster in 1845 and 1846. It is said that Mr. Pettus, as Secretary of State, chose the grizzly bear for the State arms as typifying the rugged character of the citizens of the State.

MISSOURI MATERIAL WANTED

Knights of Columbus (Missouri State Council)

The Society has only the 1st, 1902; 2d, 1903; and 3d, 1904.

Knights of the Maccabees (Grand Camp of Missouri)

The Society has only the following: 1900-01, 1907-11, and 1911-15.

Knights of Pythias (Grand Lodge)

1st, 1870 to 14th, 1884; 17th, 1887; 19th, 1889; 29th, 1899.

Knights Templar (Grand Commandery of Missouri)
11th, 1871.
Loyal Temperance Legion
The Society has only the 4th, 1909.
Master Plumbers (Missouri State Association).
The Society has only the 6th, 1900.
Mississippi Valley Grape Grower's Association
1st, 1867; 4th, 1870; 6th, 1872 and all others published later.
Missouri Association for the Blind
5th, 1916.
Missouri Association of Funeral Directors
8th, 1895; 13th, 1900.
Missouri Association of Public Utilities
1st, 1906 to 11th, 1917; 13th, 1919; 17th, 1923.
Missouri Bankers' Association
3d, 1893; 14th, 1904; 24th, 1914.
Missouri Bar Association
13th, 1893.
Missouri College Union
1st, 1893; 2d, 1894; 3d, 1895; 6th, 1898; 17th, 1909.
Missouri Commercial Secretaries' Association
2d, 1921.
Mothers' and Parent-Teachers' Association (Missouri Congress)
The Society has only the 1914-16 Year Book.
Missouri Elks Association
1921, 1922, 1923, 1924.
Missouri Federation of Music Clubs
1st, 1918; 6th, 1923.
Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs
21st, 1916-17.
Missouri Library Association (Programs)
5th, 1904; 15th, 1914; 18th, 1917; 23d, 1923.
Missouri Medical Association
2d, 1852 to 8th, 1874; 10th, 1876 to 16th, 1877; 18th, 1879 to 21st, 1878; 28th, 1885; 33d, 1890.

Missouri Pharmaceutical Association
1st, 1879; 3d, 1881; 4th, 1882.
Missouri State Allied Printing Trades Council
The Society has only the 3d, 1904.
Missouri State Federation of Labor
1st, 1891 to 22d, 1913; 24th, 1915; 26th, 1917.
Missouri State Grange
1st, 1872 to 13th, 1885; 15th, 1887; 18th, 1890; 22d, 1893 to 29th, 1900; 32d, 1903; 37th, 1908; 38th, 1909.
Missouri State Music Teachers Ass'n.
1st, 1897 to 4th 1899; 8th, 1903 to 21st, 1916; 24th, 1919 to 27th, 1922.
Missouri State Sunday School Convention
1st, 1865 to 6th, 1871; 8th, 1873 to 21st, 1886; 23d, 1888; 30th, 1895; 31st, 1896; 34th, 1899 to 47th, 1912.

EARLY POWDER MILLS IN MISSOURI

The following request, received from the Hercules Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware, has inaugurated a search among the records of The State Historical Society for information on the early manufacture of powder in Missouri:

> In compiling data for a History of the Explosives Industry to be published by this Institute, I have come across a reference to the existence of a powder mill in Missouri in 1819.
>
> I am also advised, without having any definite authority for the statement, that S. & G. (de?) Trotter sold powder and perhaps had a powder mill at St. Louis in the early days of the last century.
>
> We are anxious to secure authentic and complete information about these early mills and should appreciate it if you could furnish us data about the powder mills that existed in Missouri before the Civil War.

After consulting a number of sources, we were able to locate data on only one early powder mill. This mill was established in Stone county, Missouri, in 1835. The Crane (Mo.) *Chronicle* for December 16, 1915, contains an interesting article on this mill:

FIRST POWDER MILL IN MISSOURI.

. . . . . Those rugged hills and high bluffs away in the distance mark the course of the James river and Flat Creek, two of the important streams

that traverse Stone county and on whose banks her first settlers found a foothold.

It was on Flat Creek, one mile above the confluence of that stream and James River that John B. Williams sought to wrest a subsistence from the streams and soil and pitched his camp on Christmas day of the year 1835. Mr. Williams had journeyed across the State of Kentucky and Missouri with his family in an ox wagon, cutting loose from kindred and friend to brave the dangers of an absolute wilderness. One member of that party was Enoch Williams, then only one year of age, to whom we are indebted for the information in this article.

His father was a man of more than average initiative and as soon as possible after arriving in the new country began the erection of a town. Cape Fair, located on the farm now owned by T. W. Bennage just above the mouth of Flat Creek. Among the industries established and operated by Mr. Williams were a general store, cotton gin, blacksmith shop, cabinet shop, distillery, saw mill, grist mill and a powder mill, the first one west of St. Louis, so far as is known. All the machinery was operated by water power but not all from one main drive shaft as would be done now. Instead each mill had its independent water wheel, crude in the extreme but the best and only ones the country afforded.

Enoch Williams thus describes the construction of the powder mill: "The mill was erected in the middle of the creek by setting a heavy log frame in the water with a cross beam to which a paddle wheel was attached. Another cross beam made of a big log in which large depressions had been dug at short intervals served as the mixing mortar. The pestle was made of heavy posts set upright the ends fitting into the depressions in the mortar log. Pins were driven into these logs and made to work against similar pins in the wheel shaft so that when the water, running under the wheel, turned the shaft it caused the pestle to be lifted and dropped into the mortar, mixing the sulphur, salt peter and charcoal into gun powder, to be used by the pioneer in his flint lock for the protection of his home and the procuring of meat for his table."

The sulphur for making the powder was purchased but the charcoal and salt peter were manufactured at the mill. Box Alder wood was used exclusively for burning the coal, it being a soft wood containing no grit. The salt peter was mined in Bear Den creek a few miles south east of the old townsite of Cape Fair, the dirt bearing the chemical being treated as our mothers used to treat the ashes for obtaining lye. After the water had run through the dirt it was allowed to evaporate leaving the salt peter in crystals in bottom of the vessel.

The chemicals were properly proportioned then placed in the mortars and mixed, after which the mixture was allowed to dry when it was ready for use. . . . . .

The fact that a search of several days brought forth so little information on powder mills made the subject more

interesting. Mr. William Clark Breckenridge of St. Louis, the well-known Missouri bibliographer, was consulted and he sent in this quotation from "The Far West" by Edmund Flagg (From *Early Western Travels* by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Vol. XXVI):

> Passing through the narrow streets, and among the ancient edifices of the old City, we came to that section called *South St. Louis.** At a short distance from the road were to be seen the ruins of the 'Eagle Powder Works' destroyed by fire in the spring of '36. They had been in operation only three years previous to their explosion, and their daily manufacture was three hundred pounds of superior powder. The report and concussion of the explosion was perceived miles around the country and loss sustained by the proprietors was estimated at forty thousand dollars.
>
> *This is the earliest reference I have found to the manufacture of powder at St. Louis, Missouri, but I should judge from the amount of the loss by this explosion, that the manufacture of powder was not a new industry at St. Louis at that time—there must have been a market developed by previous manufacturers here to encourage the investment of the sum of money mentioned.—Wm. Clark Breckenridge.

Mr. Breckenridge suggested that the following works be consulted:

Bishop, J. Leander. A History of American Manufactures from 1608 to 1860.

Census Reports of the United States.

Stoddard, Amos. Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Louisiana.

Schultz, Christian. Travels on an Inland Voyage Performed in 1807-1808.

Brackenridge, Henry M. Views of Louisiana.

Saxe-Weimar, Duke of. Travels in North America.

Sealsfield, Charles. The Americans as They Are.

Stuart, James. Three Years in North America.

Latrobe, Chas. Joseph. The Rambler in North America. 1833.

Hoffman, Chas. Fenno. A Winter in the West.

Shirreff, Patrick. A Tour Through North America.

All of these books were read carefully but very little definite information was obtained from them. The *Compendium* of the 6th Census for 1840, printed by Thomas Allen, Washington, 1841 (p. 318) gives the following on a powder mill in Franklin county:

1 mill—in Franklin county, Missouri
2 persons employed by this mill
7,500 lbs. powder manufactured
$1,050—capital invested

This mill was probably established about the same time as the one in Stone county, Missouri.

Stoddard in one paragraph of his work, *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Louisiana* (1812), states definitely that powder was made in Missouri earlier than 1835:

> The western country generally furnishes plenty of salt petre, which is found in some instances, almost pure in its native state, the banks of the Arkansas in many places are incrusted with it, and at some seasons exhibit whiteness equal to that of snow. What the adjacent country contains is not ascertained; but from the quantity already discovered, and the places where it is produced, it is reasonable to conclude, that it yields an abundance of that article. Considerable quantities of it have been taken from the rocky caves and apertures in the ridges and bluffs, along the Missouri and its waters. The powder makers have used it in its crude state; and some of it by refining did not lose more than four *per centum*. This in time will become an article of exportation and prove a source of wealth to the country.

As early as 1809 there was a "shot tower" in Herculaneum, Missouri. The lead for making the shot was mined near the town. All of the histories give full accounts of this industry. It seems plausible to assume, from the scarcity of material on the subject, that the powder manufactured in Missouri before 1830 was manufactured in small amounts and by individuals.

QUERY

The following request has been received by The State Historical Society. Mr. Rollins will appreciate receiving any information on the subject:

"I am anxious to get the address of some representative of Chancey Durkee of Lewis county who was one of the Commissioners to select the site of the State University in 1839."—C. B. Rollins, Columbia, Missouri.

CENTRAL MISSOURI IN 1855

The original of this letter is in the possession of The State Historical Society. It was donated by Dr. J. C. Jones, former president of the University of Missouri. Its worth warrants publication.

Columbia, Missouri June 10/55.

My Dear Wife,

You perceive that this is dated from the interior of the great state of Missouri. While I was in St. Louis, I became acquainted with a gentleman from this place, who was under the care of your father for a temporary illness, and he gave me such a glowing description of the wealth of this county (Boone) and of the character of the inhabitants, and particularly of Columbia, and his statement was universally corroborated by numerous other gentlemen that I met with in St. Louis, that I could not forego the inducement to visit it, particularly as it was averred, that, although there were several highly respectable physicians here, there was no one that pretended to do much at surgery. This is represented as being the richest county in the state with the sole exception of that of St. Louis. Above you will see a representation of the state university which is situated in full sight of the door of the room in which I am now writing. It is liberally endowed by the state, and has seven professors of high standing. The celebrated, but eccentric, Prof. McDowel, of whom your father related us many anecdotes, when he was in Ithaca, gave me a letter of introduction to an eminent gentleman here, (who by the by lives in a magnificent country seat a mile from here and whom I have not seen) and Prof. Pope, of whom you heard me say so much last year, and who was elected President of the American Medical Association, gave me not only a very elegant personal letter but also one of introduction to Prof. Hudson of the University. This latter gentleman having been informed by one of the other professors, to whom I was casually introduced, that I was in town, with a letter from Dr. Pope, called upon me yesterday morning with President Shannon, one of the most splendid orators of the south and southwest. The President invited me to dine with him at a *family dinner*. I accepted the invitation and in due time made my appearance at his house, which you will see represented at the left of the University, where, to my surprise, I found a select company of ladies and gentlemen; the dinner was not only elegant but splendid. After dinner, the President, regaled us in his large drawing-room with a few *lively airs on his fiddle* accompanied by his daughter on the piano. Today I heard him preach one of the most fervidly eloquent sermons, to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen; the sacrament was then administered; and I am sorry to say, I was almost the only individual in the whole congregation, that did not partake, not even excepting the children.

So far as my observation serves me, this is one of the most moral places I have ever seen, and this has been the quietest Sunday I have spent for many a long year, with this exception, that, this afternoon one of the largest churches was occupied by the coloured gentlemen and ladies, (*slaves!*) would to God Miss Harriet Beecher Stowe could have witnessed the streets thronged with the happy groups of the finest looking blacks you ever beheld, dressed in the tip of the fashion, in silks, furbilos and flounces. I would have given a ten dollar bill to have had my family group at home, to behold the same with me; nay, I thought of many others in Ithaca, who might have been benefited by the sight. The servants in this hotel are treated with a kindness and consideration, that you will never see extended to the Irish servants at the north, and in point of fidelity of service the blacks here are greatly superior.

This is the center of a large region of country that has able physicians, but no one that takes the lead in surgery, indeed, nearly all the surgery goes to St. Louis, which is about like going from Buffalo to New York to have a surgical operation performed. June 11. This morning I visited the State-Female-College in company with Prof. Hudson, and was introduced to President Williams, a highly accomplished gentleman from Kentucky. Near the college is a beautiful place, containing seven acres of ground, with a neat cottage, which can be obtained for two thousand dollars. It could with a little of your taste, and sister Mary's, be made almost a paradise. It has large shade trees, and all it wants is shrubbery. Oh! if it could only be probable to bring our plants out here it would be a sight for them to behold. Mary thought all those things would be common here, but I have seen nothing since I left home to compare with some of our plants. Should you dispose of them don't fail to take cuttings with you.

Physicians' fees here are far greater than in the State of New York, while expenses are at least one third less. This remark refers to Columbia, where not only real estate but all kinds of produce are incomparably cheaper than anywhere else, so far as my observation and enquiry have enabled me to judge. The people here have not yet begun to understand the enhanced prices produced by speculation all around them. As to the prices of city lots at Fort Leavenworth, at Kansas City, at Independence, and elsewhere on the western border of Missouri and the towns springing up in Kansas, you have no conception. As to Council City, it seems to have been the policy of the originators of the project to have but little said about it. From what I have gained in my conversations, with individuals that know something about it, the little investments we have made can not fail to be at least safe. So far, I have no reason to regret the step I have taken. I still believe it will be the best for the interests of our children, and also for our happiness. I have not heard of a case of consumption, or bronchitis since I left home. There has not been a hot day since then, indeed it has been so cool that an overcoat would not have been uncomfortable, with the exception of one or two days. Here, where I have been

three or four days, there is a constant flow of cool breezes. There is nothing about which we are more mistaken at home than the heat of the summer here, in fact they are more moderate than with us. In the first place the influence of the breezes from the rocky mountains, is felt; and then, the days in midsummer are at least an hour shorter than in New York.

This afternoon I shall depart for Kansas, and it may [be] two or three weeks before you hear from me. I shall not write, until there should occur something to write about. That Kanzas is to be a great country I am still convinced; in fact there are more towns springing up there than I had previously conceived. It is even wonderful to find how stupid and ignorant the people of St. Louis are on the subject. Your father, and several others were wholly unaware of facts that were familiar to me, and which I find to be true as I advance toward the borders of that country. You may perhaps be astonished when I tell you that lands continue to advance in value the farther you go west. Since I have been in Columbia, it has been my good fortune to meet several gentlemen who have travelled through Kanzas. They invariably represent it better than has been done by the majority of emigrants particularly as it regards timber. Persons they say may travel a long distance without seeing timber whereas if they would only diverge but slightly from the travelled routes, they would behold plenty of it.

I remained at least four days longer in St. Louis than I should otherwise have done expecting to hear from you. Your father and his wife, and Oscar and his wife, and Mr. Oatman and his wife (he married Helen) were unremitting in their exertions to render my stay there agreeable, sparing no expense for carriage hire etc. Oscar is a mild pleasant gentleman, and his wife is a quite pretty lady, from Maryland. Mr. Oatman, who married Helen, is a sensible noble hearted fellow, who is not only rich, but is engaged in a business that yields him a hundred dollars a day. He has travelled through Kanzas and even Helen has once been as high as Kansas City on a pleasure excursion. You, my darling, would enjoy a trip up the Missouri river, much as you dread being on the water.

Springfield, Illinois, is a beautiful place; it is the capital of the state, and presents many inudcements to a medical practitioner. Should I not conclude to settle in Kanzas, or at this place, it is not improbable that I may fix upon that place. I saw Mr. Isaac Curran (Gen. C. Curran) there, and also his sister, Cornelia. He has the handsomest store in the place, and is highly esteemed. They were delighted to see me.

12 Just as I had written thus far the stage drove up, and I had to postpone writing any further until my arrival at this place this morning. This is Rocheport on the Missouri river, and I am in momentary expectation of a steamboat going up the river for Kansas City. You may expect to hear from me again on my landing there. This place is rather less than Trumansburg. It is in the same county with Columbia. The country around it is rich and like all the rest of this whole region the white inhabitants pay their doctor's bills and the masters pay for the blacks.

How is Augustine getting along with the collections? Tell him I shall never forget his services if he will succeed in obtaining any considerable share of the accounts and notes to which I directed his attention. I left some business with Burr & Dana. Tell Augustine to see Mr. Burr and say to him that I will write to him from Kansas City.

I have just been looking at the daguerreotypes of George, Mary, Addie and Charlie and oh! how it made my heart thrill at the thoughts of home. That of the twins I looked for in all my pockets while I was on the steamboat down our lake but could not find it. Did I not lay it down in my hurry? If so keep it sacredly; but if not I hope you will have another taken immediately; the loss of fifty dollars would not have affected me so much.

If Augustine has made any collection I hope you will send a little money to Mary; but if not tell her to ask for what she absolutely needs of Mr. Robinson and I will remit him the amount.

By day and by night I think of you all individually and collectively; give my love to all the darlings, and to George and his wife when you write to him. If you see brother Isaac tell him I was greatly disappointed in not receiving an answer to my letter before leaving. I must go down and see if a boat is in sight so farewell my dearest. Kiss all around for

Your affec'te

J. E. Hawley.

All written with a very bad pen.

OLD LAND PATENT

N. T. Gentry, of Columbia, has recently given the State Historical Society an original patent to some land in Boone county, which is situated near the present town of Hallsville. The patent was issued to David C. Westerfield, is written on sheepskin, signed by John Quincy Adams, President, and dated September 1, 1825. Mr. Westerfield was a farmer, and was one of the representatives of Boone county to the first and second general assemblies of Missouri; he died in office. General John Ellis was administrator of Mr. Westerfield's estate and obtained possession of this patent; and Mr. Gentry administered on the estate of General Ellis and found this patent among his papers.

PERSONALS

Oliver W. Bagby: Born at New Haven, Missouri, September 29, 1891; died at Washington, D. C., March 12, 1925. He was graduated from New Haven High School in

1907, attended William Jewell college 1907-8, and was graduated from the United States Naval academy in 1912. He was lieutenant commander in the navy at the time of his death. During the World War he was in active service. Lieutenant Bagby was a member of The State Historical Society of Missouri.

Wilber James Clark: Born at Willington, Tolland county, Connecticut, December 2, 1865; died at Hamilton, Missouri, December 25, 1924. In 1870 he came, with his parents, to Caldwell county, Missouri. He received a high school education and entered the printing office of the *Hamiltonian*. In 1887 he became owner and editor of that paper, and continued to publish it until 1907. He was prominent in Republican politics, having served as treasurer of the Third District Republican committee. He was also treasurer of the Northwest Missouri Press association, and for a time postmaster of Hamilton.

Charles Dundas: Born in Cabell county, Virginia, July 17, 1848; died in Benton county, Missouri, January 3, 1925. He came to Benton county in 1858, and was educated in the common schools. His life was largely given to farming and stock-raising, but in 1891 he was elected a representative to the General Assembly, in which office he served for two years.

Benjamin R. Dysart: Born in Howard county, Missouri, April 13, 1834; died at Macon, Missouri, April 1, 1925. After attending the schools in Howard county, and McGee college at College Mound, he went to Cumberland university in Tennessee, where he prepared himself for law. He began his practice at Bloomington, the old county seat of Macon county, in 1858. During the Civil War he served in the Confederate army. Mr. Dysart was the last surviving member of the Missouri Constitutional convention of 1875.

Joseph Flory: Born near Logansport, Indiana, in 1856; died at St. Louis, Missouri, April 2, 1925. He came to St. Louis in 1876, and engaged in the railroad business. In 1894, he was elected to the old State Railroad and Warehouse commission for a six-year term. Following this, in 1900, he made an unsuccessful race for the governorship of Missouri.

Mr. Flory was secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition commission following the St. Louis World's Fair.

Vital W. Garesche: Born at Collinsville, Illinois; died at St. Louis, Missouri, April 14, 1925, at the age of 49. He was educated in St. Louis university, where he took a degree in law, and at Benton College of Law. He was city attorney of St. Louis, 1911-15. In 1916 he was elected to the circuit bench, where he served for six years.

Frederic Aldin Hall: Born at Brunswick, Maine, November 20, 1854; died at St. Louis, Missouri, March 24, 1925. He was educated in the common schools, and at Drury college, Springfield, Missouri, where he received the degrees of A. B. and M. A. He held honorary degrees from Drury, Tufts, and Washington university. He was professor of Greek at Drury college, 1892-1901. He then went to Washington university, and in 1907 was made acting dean of the college. He became dean in 1912, and acting chancellor in 1913. From 1917-1923 he was chancellor. Professor Hall was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

William F. Johnson: Born at Shelbyville, Missouri, February 8, 1861; died at Boonville, Missouri, March 17, 1925. After receiving his education in the Brandenburg seminary, at Brandenburg, Kentucky, and at Shelbina college, he taught school at Shelbina and Pilot Grove. He became the editor of the *Pilot Grove Leader* in 1888, and in the same year was sent to the General Assembly as a representative, in which capacity he served for one term. In 1889 he was admitted to the practice of law. Mr. Johnson moved to Boonville in 1894, and took a prominent part in politics, county, state, and national. He was prosecuting attorney of Cooper county for three terms, being elected 1896, 1908, and 1910. In 1912 he was a delegate to the Democratic National convention. He was the author of a history of Cooper county.

F. H. Kallmeyer: Born in St. Charles county, Missouri, November 8, 1855; died at Glasgow, Missouri, March 17, 1925. He was educated in the public schools of Warren and Montgomery counties, at Westminster college, and at the St. Louis Medical college, from which he received the degree

of M. D. in 1877. In 1893 he was appointed United States pension surgeon by President Cleveland. Two years later he was appointed to the board of managers of the Missouri School for the Deaf, at Fulton. He was also engaged in banking at Glasgow.

Clay C. Macdonald: Born at Stewartsville, Missouri; died at Kansas City, April 18, 1925, at the age of 71. He moved to St. Joseph in 1865, and in 1875 was graduated from Central High school. For a time he served as chief of police of St. Joseph. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American and World Wars, as well as of the Mexican Border campaign of 1916.

William A. Quayle: Born in Clay county, Missouri, June 25, 1860; died at Baldwin, Kansas, March 9, 1925. At the age of 4, he was taken to Kansas. He studied in the preparatory and collegiate departments of Baker university at Baldwin, Kansas. After graduation, he was made vice-president of that institution, and professor of languages. At the age of 30 he became president, but 4 years later he resigned to enter the ministry. He held pastorates in Kansas City, Indianapolis, and Chicago before his elevation to the bishopric of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1908. He was head of the St. Louis area for 8 years. Several years ago his failing health forced him to retire. Dr. Quayle was the author of many books of poetry and religious literature.

Edgar Russell: Born at Pleasant Hill, Missouri; died at New York, N. Y., April 26, 1925. He was graduated from the United States Military academy at West Point in 1886. His first active service as an officer came in the Philippine campaign. At the outbreak of the World War he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and later of major general, in which rank he was retired about a year ago. He was made Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath by England in recognition of his service. He was also awarded the decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor.

Selden P. Spencer: Born at Erie, Pennsylvania, September 16, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., May 16, 1925. He was educated at Erie, Pennsylvania; New Haven, Connecticut;

Yale University, A. B., 1884; and the law school of Washington University, LL. B., 1886. The Missouri Medical College honored him with the Hon. M. D. degree after he had lectured there on medical jurisprudence. Westminster College conferred upon him the degrees of LL. D. and Ph. D. During his political career he held the following offices: Representative from St. Louis to the Missouri House of Representatives, 1895 and 1896; judge of the Circuit Court of St. Louis, 1897-1903; secretary of the Missouri Bar Association, 1897; president of the Missouri Bar Association, 1908; vice-president of the American Bar Association, 1914; member of its Executive Committee, 1915-17; United States Senator from Missouri, during the unexpired term of William Joel Stone, 1918-20; re-elected to the Senate in 1920 for a full term, which would have ended in 1926. He was president of the New England Society, 1905; president of the St. Louis chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, and president of the General Sons of the Revolution in 1923. Senator Spencer was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Alexander H. Waller: Born in Carroll county, Kentucky; died at Moberly, Missouri, March 18, 1925. He moved to Randolph county, Missouri, in 1873, and served as deputy circuit clerk for a time. He was admitted to the bar, and until recent years was an active practician. Judge Waller was prosecuting attorney of Randolph county for three terms, and in 1903 was appointed circuit judge. He held this office until 1917, when he retired to his practice. He was twice mayor of Moberly.

Mrs. Robert Thomas Tandy: Born in Boone county, Missouri, February 11, 1858; died at Columbia, Missouri, April 30, 1925. She was educated privately and at the University of Missouri, where she was a student 1883-4; taught school for a time in Boone, Holt, and Nodaway counties; after which she devoted herself to genealogy. Mrs. Tandy originated the Lewis Day idea for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and was a member of the committee which carried it into execution. She was a prominent genealogist, and the author of *Lewis and Kindred Families*. She was

a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri, the Virginia Historical Society, and the Loyal Lewis Legion; and Missouri representative of the Genealogical Association of New York City.

Edwin Carey Waters: Born near Center, Missouri, August 20, 1854; died at Vandalia, Missouri, August 3, 1924. In 1886 he moved to Vandalia, where, during Cleveland's administration, he served as postmaster. Later he served two terms as mayor, and two terms as the representative of Audrain county in the General Assembly.

J. J. Williams: Born in Washington county; died at St. Louis, Missouri, March 21, 1925, at the age of 87. He was educated in the Washington county schools, and later attended McKendree college. He was admitted to the bar at Hillsboro, Missouri, where he practiced law. In 1872 he was elected probate judge of Jefferson county; four years later he was elected prosecuting attorney. He held this office until 1884, when he was elected to the General Assembly. From 1904 to 1910 he served as circuit judge of the Twenty-first Judicial circuit.

MISSOURI HISTORY NOT FOUND IN TEXTBOOKS

ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN

From the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, February 22, 1925.

There is a spot in Missouri, four miles south and one-half mile west of Gallatin, where thousands of people yearly go to pay tribute to a spot of ground where Adam, it is said, will come again to visit his people.

The Mormons have had an option on the site ever since it was settled by Lyman Wight in 1837, who was a Mormon preacher from New York city, who settled on the Grand river and called his settlement Wight's Ferry.

Wight was, however, not the only man in the organization who had to do with the settling of the historic spot. The Mormon church located its administration headquarters in Caldwell county, Missouri, in 1837, and a town was founded there called Far West. It was at this town that Joseph Smith, Jr., the prophet of the Mormon church, declared a revelation in 1838, which revelation definitely fixed the name of the church and also directed the prophet to do certain things that resulted in making history for Lyman Wight's town.

The prophet went on an exploring trip north from the town of Far West and according to his diary did the following:

"In the afternoon I went up the river about half a mile to Wight's Ferry, accompanied by President Rigdon and by clerk, George W. Robinson, for the purpose of selecting and laying claim to a city plat near said ferry in Daviess county, which the brethren called Spring Hill; but by the mouth of the Lord it was named Adam-ondi-Ahman, because, said he, it is the place where Adam shall come to visit his people, or the Ancient of Days shall sit, as spoken by Daniel the Prophet."

This happened in 1838, one year after Lyman Wight had first come to the place. Upon seeing the beautiful prairies stretched out before them, Joseph Smith and his followers came to the conclusion that it would be a very good location for a town. Thereupon they commenced surveying and laying off town lots, and locating government lands for many miles north. The country proved alluring and soon floods of emigrants entered the town. By October, there were more than 200 houses, besides the scores of families with their wagons.

So well did the career of Adam-ondi-Ahman begin that it had more than 500 inhabitants when Gallatin had only four houses. It threatened to rival Far West and no doubt would have done so if it had not been for the civil strife between the Mormons and the native Missourians, which resulted in the expulsion of the religious community from the state.

Now, nothing is left of the once prosperous little town but the log house of Lyman Wight . . . . . and the shallow excavation at the top of the hill which is commonly known as "Adam's Grave."

. . . . . .

Adam-ondi-Ahman is a picturesque spot with its green bluff surmounted by the great trees overlooking the Grand river. Above the site where the village once stood is an elevation enriched by the warm coloring of the strata of limestone of which it is composed. Down the sides luxuriantly grows the cactus with its yellow bloom and at the foot of it all is the pile of limestone loosened in making the shallow excavation in the top of the hill.

It was this elevation to which Joseph Smith made reference when he wrote:

"We arrived at Tower Hill (a name I gave it in reference to an old Nephite altar or tower.)" Out of this has grown the legend told by thousands of people, the real meaning of which is that Joseph Smith, Jr., declared that particular place to be the seat of Adam.

PERSIA, A "LOST TOWN" OF BOONE COUNTY

From the *Columbia Tribune*, September 29, 1924.

Motoring over what was a part of the Boon's Lick road, several members of the Boone County Historical Society, Saturday, visited the site of where in 1820 was laid out the village of Persia, once the rival of Columbia for the county seat of Boone county. Passing this historical spot about eight miles northwest of Columbia, none unacquainted with the facts would dream that 104 years ago a thriving little village lay in the elbow of Rocher Perche creek, as the stream of Perche was known to the people a century or more ago. A water-power grist and saw mill, a carding machine, and several stores flourished in the pioneer settlement whose hardy promoters had visions of a thriving town and a possible county-seat site.

Now a cultivated field . . . stands on the land where Persia was located . . . Later, on account of the occasional floods that Perche poured onto the land where Persia stood, the grist and saw mill, erected by Elisha Stanley, were abandoned, and the other enterprises with which the town started were moved to the hill just above and remained there till the tide of travel veered further south and was directed through Columbia, when, after several years of a precarious existence, the town of Persia gradually disappeared and its streets and surroundings lapsed into their former primitive state. . . .

When immigration was flowing into the Boon's Lick country from Kentucky, Virginia, and some of the other southern states, the Boon's Lick trail was the artery of travel for all these home seekers.

. . . . . .

A short distance from the Boon's Lick Trail is where William Callahan, probably the first settler in that section, pitched his vine and fig tree. This was some time in 1816 or 1817. Next to water, aside from what the earth itself produced, salt was an important consideration. The settler who found a salt spring considered himself lucky. The land on which Callahan settled is now owned by J. H. Drane. Here about 50 yards from Callahan creek, named for the pioneer, Callahan found such a spring. Here he settled, and here he afterwards made salt for the people who came to make their homes in that section. . . .

In the *Missouri Statesman* of 1869, E. W. Stephens . . . wrote the following regarding the town of Persia and its aspirations: "Who chose the locality or promulgated the idea of proposing it for the county seat is unknown. . . .

"In 1820, many reasons seemed to indicate that Persia would grow to be a thriving populous town, but it obtained its maximum at 15 or 20 houses, and after the location of the county seat at Columbia, gradually declined till it sank from existence, and is now almost wrapt in oblivion."

LAWRENCE COUNTY'S FIRST WATER MILL

From the *Aurora Advertiser*, December 4, 1924.

Where was the first water mill in this county located?

From the best information the writer can gather, it was just below the head of Spring River, on or near the spot where the Old Red Mill now stands. . . .

Samuel Munday, father of W. M. Munday of this city, was a pioneer in this work and at different times owned or managed all of the water mills from the head of Spring River at Verona to Hoberg.

. . . Some of them (the mills) were burned during the Civil War and never rebuilt, others were rebuilt, and still others just went the way of the old one-horse shay—tumbled down. The Old Red Mill, not the building now used, but one on or near the same site, was the first, and he ran this one shortly after he came to this country from Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1848.

Later he ran what is now the White Mill, which was built by a Mr. Hoover, burned down during the Civil War and later rebuilt, but lower down the stream in order to secure more power. There was also a mill at the Hillhouse crossing, the Louder's Mill below that, which also burned during the war, and still another at, or near, the Gibson-Adam crossing on the Narrow Guage road to Hoberg. All of these mills were owned or managed by Samuel Munday at some time.

Then between Verona and Marbut Springs was a famous mill. It was owned by John Marbut, and had also a cotton gin and a carding machine. It had an old home-made overshot mill wheel, but when Munday became a partner in the plant it was made modern in all ways. The first turbine wheel was a Nordyke & Norman, and they also used what was,

at that time, the last word in flour-making machinery, but of course they still used the old mill-stones. Very little of this plant is now visible; in fact, the old canal banks are about all.

AN EARLY WATER MILL, AND SOME VERONA HISTORY

From the *Verona Advocate*, January 3, 1896, reprinted in the *Aurora Advertiser*, December 25, 1924.

The earliest definite period we can get is July 1836. At that time there was a family residing at the head of Spring River by the name of Pannel. The husband of this family was Victor Pannel, who procured a small set of burrs and put up a mill, on which was ground the first breadstuff within a radius of forty miles of that place. This mill was a very rude structure, the dam being composed of grape vines, hazel brush, and dirt. The mill house was a 12 x 16 log structure covered with four foot clap boards held on by old style weight poles, there being no nails for sale nearer than Springfield, Mo., which was our postoffice at that time and our nearest point to trade.

This mill had a capacity of about four bushels of corn per day, which amount supplied the neighborhood with abundance of bread, and the neighborhood was no small district, either, covering the territory now occupied by Lawrence, Barry, McDonald, and Dade counties. The above territory was known as Barry county, with the county seat at Mt. Pleasant, two miles west of Peirce City, Mo.

In the fall of 1838, the Cherokee Indians passed through the country on their way to their present location, being fed by the people of this neighborhood upon the products raised here, and it was no small job, there being thousands of them.

The spring and summer following this exodus of the Indians came quite a number of emigrants.

The first person who located upon the territory now occupied by the town of Verona, was Judge J. M. White, who built a house where W. B. Landrum now lives. This was a rude log structure put up in 1832, and destroyed by fire shortly after its completion. This house was supplied with a first class puncheon floor and was quite a loss to the town as it was the only house in it.

The Judge built another house shortly after, about where Dr. I. B. Young now resides. About this time the Judge established a tan yard near the location of the Wick's property. This tan yard was the first business established on the present site of Verona and was a great benefit to the settlers by supplying them with leather to make shoes. In the year 1842 or 1843 there was a petition circulated for a postoffice to be located at the tan yard. There were two names proposed for this office; one was Doniphan, the other Verona. There being an office in the north part of the state by the first name, this office got the name Verona which it has ever since retained.

The owner of the tan yard, J. M. White, was appointed postmaster. About this time Judge White and two other parties put in a small stock of goods. These goods were procured in Boonville, Mo., and hauled here by ox teams.

The first survey of the town was made by Col. J. D. Allen in the fall of 1867; again, in May, 1869, a re-survey was made by Prof. J. W. Black. This was the survey of the original town of Verona and reached as far north as Dora street.

Dr. E. Browning . . . was the first to open up a drug store. He also carried a small stock of dry goods in connection with the drugs.

The growth of the town was very slow until 1852. At this time a railroad survey was made, which caused somewhat of a boom to the village. This road was very slow in materializing, but business after business was added to the town until the war of the rebellion came up, which almost put a stop to the growth of the town and hindered the development of the country until peace was declared. Shortly after the close of the war, work was commenced on the. . . . . railroad, which was then known as the southwest branch of the Missouri Pacific. Since that time we are all more or less acquainted with the history of Verona, which is one of the oldest towns in Lawrence county.

"GRAND OLD MISSOURI"

From *Speeches and Writings of Wm. H. Wallace* (Kansas City, Mo., The Western Baptist Publishing Co., 1914) pages 18-19

The appellation, "Grand Old Missouri," now so often used, is said to have been originated by Mr. Wallace in his apostrophe to Missouri in his published campaign speech in 1892.

Grand, beautiful, magnificent Missouri! Where rolling prairies, fertile valleys, mighty forests, placid lakes, majestic rivers, enchant the eye and woo the heart; where flowers of every hue and clime freshen in the evening dew till the green ivy of the North and the fragrant magnolia of the South meet each other in a common home, and rebuking sectional hate, entwine their arms in tenderest love; where birds of every note and plumage wend their merry flight, from the humming bird that flutters in the honeysuckle to the eagle that builds his eyrie in the craggy cliff, while the nightingale, the bobolink and the mocking bird wake the forests with ringing melodies sweet as those that rose in paradise; where the perch, crappie and the bass leap in the sunbeams and the hunter's horn rouses the fleet-footed fox and the bounding deer.

Fertile, bounteous, exhaustless Missouri! Where yellow harvests are locked in the golden sunshine rich as those that ripened in the land of Nile; where corn and cotton flourish in a common soil, and the apple and peach grow in luscious beauty side by side; where exhaustless beds of coal, lead and zinc lie sleeping in the earth and mountains of iron await the blazing forge.

Enterprising, majestic, imperial Missouri! Where more than half a million souls have swelled our numbers during the past decade; where the lights of a genuine Christian civilization, like vestal virgins, hold their vigils unerring and undying as the silvery stars, and where under the soft and hallowed flame Progress, like the Hebrew giant, bursting the withes monopoly is ever tying about his limbs, is leaping forward in the great race for material wealth and glory with bounding strides, unsurpassed in all the sisterhood of States.

Educated, intelligent, God-fearing Missouri! Where school houses so thickly dot the hills and plains that voice meets voice of merry children romping on the lea till one vast chorus mounts the skies; where from every city, village, hamlet the graceful spire and the church-going bell call the way to heaven; where thousands of Christian homes cluster by the rivers and on the hilltops with the open fire and the dancing flames, with the old arm-chair and the well-worn Bible—cherished scenes, where first we learned to lisp the name of father, mother, sister, brother. Sacred, tender, hallowed old Missouri soil! Beloved land of mingled joy and grief! Where all the flowers of youth have bloomed and grown and childhood's merry laughter in gleeful echoes lingers still to cheer and thrill the drooping heart. Where many a hope has perished in an hour and many a falling tear has found a grave; where our mothers first taught us to kneel in prayer and where under the willows and by the brooks the forms of loved ones gone before us, await our coming to slumber by them till the resurrection morn. Beauteous, glorious, consecrated old Missouri soil! Let others defame thee as they will—thank heaven, in life, in death, you are good enough for me.

HOW PRIMITIVE INDIANS TRAPPED

By A. D. L. Robinson, from *Adventure*, December, 1924.

Their favorite method of trapping bears was by means of deadfalls. For lynx, otter, and mink, snares made of fine sinews, used like our fine hare wire, were much used. For wolves the deadfall as with the bear; poisoned meat—and the Indians were past masters in the art of poison, as you know. Their methods were necessarily primitive, but mostly effective, for in those days the white man had not skinned the country of game as now, and animals were not so wary.

The curing of their pelts was, primitively speaking, according to modern method. The pelts were subjected to a liquid process, using a poison with the same curative effect as the saltpeter used by some taxidermists and having the effect of deodorizing the skin and drying up the animal matter adhering to the skin. Then it was put out in the sun to dry; after which it was scraped with smooth stones— as we would with sandpaper— by the squaws to make it flexible. If the skins were to be used for trousers by the Indians or dresses by the squaws, the hair was all scraped off if for robes, caps, warm winter coats, etc., the hair was left on. Tents,

moccasins—a hundred other uses, the hairless hides were put to. No wonder they worshiped the sun! It did so much for them. It dried their meat, dried the skins, in some cases cooked their food.

THE OVERLAND MAIL

By Raymond W. Thorpe, from *The Target,* Cincinnati, February 28, 1925.

It is, of course, well known that the historic "Pony Express" originated by the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, proprietors of the Overland Stage Company in the late '50s and early '60s, was put in operation between the points of Saint Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco, California, April 3, 1860. The writer will attempt, however, to tell of an earlier state of the transportation of mail and express in the Far West by a like system, and gradually lead up to the much-talked-of pony express of later days.

Old-timers of the West will recall the famous ride of Bill Lowden, in 1854, from Tahama, on the Sacramento River, to Weaverville, Trinity county, California. Ths distance was one hundred miles, the last forty of which were covered in the night over mountain trails and through heavy timber; and the time was exactly five hours and thirteen minutes. In the latter part of the year 1851, Adams & Company and Wells, Fargo & Company, the rival express companies, with Cram, Rodgers & Company, and Rhodes & Whitney, the connecting companies between Shasta and Weaverville, began racing their expresses with horseback messengers. After many hard races had been run, first one and then the other coming out in the lead, in December, 1854, it was arranged by the leading companies that they would run the President's message from San Francisco to Portland on the arrival of the mail steamer, and then stop all racing.

Great preparations were made for the race and all the fast horses along the road were pressed into service. . . . Everything was in readiness by the twenty-eighth of December. Horses were placed about four miles apart by each company, each animal having a man to care for him with an extra horse to ride when the package carrier dashed in with his wornout mount. Both relays of horses were under saddle from the twenty-eighth of December, 1854, until the second day of January, 1855, on which latter date Bill Lowden made his ride. Lowden rode for Adams & Company.

The race was a very close one from San Francisco to Tahama; Wells, Fargo & Company led to Marysville, but between the latter place and Tahama, Lusk (Adams & Company's messenger) passed the rider of the former company, and the Mexican who took the bags from Lusk reached Tahama first, crossing to the Tahama side of the river just as Wells, Fargo & Company's messenger arrived on the opposite bank and leaped into the boat. Here Bill Lowden took the bags—but let Bill tell it himself:

"Now my race commenced. I sprang into the saddle with the saddlebags weighing fifty-four pounds, and rode nineteen horses to Shasta without touching the ground . . . , except for an accident which could not

be helped. . . . I reached Shasta—sixty miles—in two hours and thirty-seven minutes, and was detained there about two minutes to divide the express matter, I taking the Weaverville portion . . . I had nine changes of horses between Shasta and Weaverville, and reached the latter place in five hours and thirteen minutes from the time I left Tahama. . . . "

And now we come to the first transportation of mail across the great American Desert, the pony express of a later day. This great enterprise was founded and put in operation, as stated above, by the pioneer transportation firm of the West—Russell, Majors & Waddell. The company was composed of William H. Russell, a Vermonter who moved to the West while still a boy, to grow up with the country; Alexander Majors, a Kentuckian whose father was a friend and colleague of Daniel Boone; and William Waddell, of Virginian ancestry, but, like Majors, a native of Kentucky. They had begun their freighting operations on a small scale along the eastern part of the Great Salt Lake Trail, which began at Leavenworth, Kansas, but their business prospered to such a degree that by the time (1858) they had taken the Government contract to supply General Albert Sidney Johnson's army with provisions and necessities, they had a capital invested of nearly two million dollars; were operating thirty-five hundred wagons, for the hauling of which they used forty thousand oxen and employed more than four thousand men.

During all their freighting and stage operations, Russell, Majors & Waddell had uppermost in their minds the establishment and maintenance of a mail route throughout the West, and in the early part of 1860 they inaugurated the first complete system of mail transportation known in that then wild section.

This was the far-famed "Pony Express" of the sixties. . . . Many famous men have ridden "pony express," Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," included. . . .

The first rider out of St. Joseph, Missouri, the initial starting point of the line, was Johnson William Richardson, familiarly known to his brother plainsmen as "Billy." Practically all of the riders were known to their patrons by popular nicknames.

At each relay station along the route of the pony express a string of horses was kept, and it was often the luck of a rider to dash up to one of these stations and find that the keeper had been killed by the Indians, and all the stock driven away. In such cases it became necessary for the messenger to proceed to the next station with his already weary mount before he could secure a fresh one to continue on his way. Such instances were not rare, but common everyday occurrences during the period the system was in operation. The prairies and mountains have many unknown, unmarked graves of these one-time heroes of the saddle who braved the many dangers which lurked along the wilderness trails of a bygone day.

As might be expected, the horse as well as the driver traveled very light. The combined weight of the saddle, bridle and saddlebags did

not exceed thirteen pounds. The saddlebag used by the pony rider for carrying mail was called a *mochila;* it had openings in the center so it would fit snugly over the horn and tree of the saddle and yet be removable without delay. The *mochila* had four pockets called *cantilas* in each of its corners . . . These *cantilas* held the mail. . . .

Letters were wrapped in oil skin to protect them from moisture, either from stormy weather, fording streams, or perspiring animals. While a mail of twenty pounds might be carried, the average weight did not exceed fifteen pounds. The postal charges were five dollars for each half-ounce letter, but this rate was afterward reduced by the Post Office Department to one dollar for each half-ounce. At this figure it remained as long as the line was in business. In addition to this rate, a regulation government envelope costing ten cents had to be purchased. . . . The large newspapers of New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco were among the best customers of the service. Some of the Eastern dailies even kept special correspondents at Saint Joseph to receive and telegraph to the home office news from the West as soon as it arrived. On account of the enormous postage rates these newspapers would print Civil War news on the thinnest of paper to avoid all possible mailing bulk.

Though conditions along the mail route were such as caused the death of many of the mail riders, it is not on record that a mail sack was lost beyond recovery in the days of the "Pony Express."

A SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE

From the *Chariton Courier*, August 8, 1924

"Marmaduke's company, which was raised in Saline county, was organized during the latter part of April, 1861, and elected John S. Marmaduke, captain; Lucian Gaines, first lieutenant; John H. Atkin, second lieutenant, and James Craddock, third lieutenant. Our company consisted of from fifty to sixty men. We met about two or three miles south of Marshall and having been ordered to Boonville, we started to that place, arriving there in the evening of June 12, and went into camp on the bluff of the river about two miles east of Boonville.

"We were almost without military training. There were many camp rumors concerning the impending battle, and it was generally understood that Colonel Marmaduke was opposed to making the fight, because the troops were not sufficiently organized. He favored retreating and joining the reinforcements from the south. On Sunday evening Rev. Frank Mitchell made a speech urging the men to do their duty, telling them they were engaged in a just cause.

"A captain also made a speech, saying, 'if every one else leaves I will stay and fight it out by myself.' More belligerent than discreet.

"The fatal day of June 17, 1861, came on and we were ordered to fall in by our captain, who at that time was Gaines. We moved about two miles down the river to the W. D. Adams place, when our march was changed

down a fence on the east side of the Adams farm with heavy timber east of us. We had no breastworks of any kind. We were halted when we came to the Rocheport road and heard a shot east of us, and soon the beat of horses feet coming up the road. The rider was a handsomely dressed young man mounted on a black horse. He said, 'Boys, they are coming. They shot at me down there.' In a short time we were ordered to fall back into a wheat field north of the Adams house. Captain Brown's company formed our extreme right, extending from the Adams house across the road. That company had some protection of trees, fences, and outbuildings. Before taking our positions we were fired on by the federal forces. In an unbelievably short space of time, Captain Totten's federal artillery came down. Our forces having no protection in the wheat field were ordered to fall back over the brow of the hill to escape the missiles, the attacking forces being out of reach of our shotguns and rifles.

"Colonel Marmaduke, riding along the front of our line, gave command to advance to the former position. The troops failed to obey the order, only three men responding, William M. Price, of Arrow Rock, a first cousin of Colonel Marmaduke; A. T. Swisher, of Marshall, and the writer.

"As soon as we were exposed I saw the flash of a cannon. I dropped down as I heard a shot coming through the wheat. It entered the ground within an arm's reach of my foot. Then we heard in the timber near us the command to advance. Colonel Marmaduke having returned to the Adams house and seeing the troops failing to respond to his orders rode down a second time, and finding the men in a little ravine, said, 'If the Yankees catch you in here, they'll kill half of you. Orders are to retreat, and every man take care of himself.'

"The battery kept firing as we retreated through the woods on the west, more for its demoralizing effect than for its execution. Several of us came through our deserted camp, and, reaching the east part of Boonville, we found General M. M. Parsons, with his brigade; Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson, and other officers.

"When ordered to fall in to go down to the battle field a handsome young man, a stranger to me, fell in on my left. In moving our line, we would sometimes get scattered and would have to 'double quick' to catch up. The stranger on my left, not used to such violent exercise would fall behind, but when we came to a walk he would overtake us, almost out of breath. In the skirmishing he was struck in the knee and died from the wound. I afterwards learned that he was Jeff McCutchen, a son of Dr. McCutchen, of Boonville.

"I often thought of the young soldier on the black horse, who first announced the coming of the federals. In about 1886 or 1887 a gentleman came to Pilot Grove, and while he was talking to a friend of mine I felt I had seen him before. Upon inquiring of him whether he was in the

battle of Boonville or not, I learned he was the rider of the black horse, and was Tom Stephens, of Bunceton.

"Captain Marmaduke was elected colonel while we were at Jefferson City, and is an uncle of our fellow townsman, Dr. A. W. Nelson."

THE BATTLE OF ATHENS

By Edgar White, from the *Clark County Courier*, Kahoka, August 8, 1924

Macon, Mo., Aug. 4.—The state primary will occur on the anniversary of the queerest battle of the war between the states. It (the Battle of Athens) was fought near a village by that name in the extreme northeastern part of the state, August 5, 1861. It was memorable as being the most northern battle of the war, and because it was a sort of Bull Run with the enemies reversed. At Bull Run the "Yankees" were the fugitives. At Athens the "Johnnie Rebs" threw away their guns, and before there was any danger of getting hurt.

About 2,000 Confederates from Missouri—country boys mostly, raw recruits—under Colonel Martin Green, faced Colonel Dave Moore across the Des Moines river. Moore had only a few men, but they were drilled and their guns would shoot farther than the shotguns and hunting rifles of the Confederates.

When Colonel Green's men found this out they struck out for home, and some didn't stop running till they got there.

There were men from Macon and all the other counties of the First District in Colonel Green's army. Two of Colonel Moore's sons were with Green.

Colonel Moore's men stood with their backs to a high bluff. They could not run . . .

"Aim! ready! fire!" shouted Colonel Moore, going into action. "Give them h——, boys!"

Across in the Confederate ranks one of Colonel Moore's sons heard the warlike command of his sire, and addressing his comrades, said:

"The old man's mad, fellers; I'm going home," and he led the rout.

The union soldiers were on foot and couldn't follow to hurt, but the fleeing "rebels" thought they saw "Yankees" flying at them from every side.

The casualty list was very small, few if any being killed. But lots of gunpowder was burned, and you could hear the crash of guns for miles.

For a great many years the people living around the corners of Iowa and Missouri would meet at Athens and celebrate the almost bloodless battle.

A Macon man who was with Green that day said after they got over their fright, most of the Confederates lined up with General Price, or some other commander, and made excellent records as soldiers.

OLD COLUMBIA HOUSE WAS PLACE WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN COURTED

From the *Columbia Missourian*, February 17, 1925

When Abraham Lincoln came to Columbia to see Miss Mary Todd, who was visiting her uncle here, he stopped at the home of Roger North Todd, Miss Todd's uncle, who was living in an old house built of logs.

The house is still standing at 206 East Broadway, facing north, and is the oldest house in Columbia, having been built in 1823. The house contained at that time about eight or nine rooms but an addition, facing east, was later built to it by Col. Francis T. Russell who occupied the house for many years.

At the time when Lincoln came courting Miss Todd, her friends told her that she could do better than to accept the attentions of the tall and awkward Mr. Lincoln.

In 1840 a big Whig celebration was given at Rocheport. Miss Todd, who was living in Springfield, Ill., came to Columbia to visit her uncle and attend the celebration. Lincoln, who was also living in Springfield, decided that he would come to the meeting and visit his sweetheart.

Setting out by steamboat from St. Louis he traveled up the river but unfortunately the boat struck a sand bar and was delayed for two days. Lincoln arrived at the old river landing, about ten miles south of Columbia, and made the rest of his trip by wagon. The celebration, however, was over by the time he arrived in Boone county.

In 1842, following a visit, Lincoln married Miss Todd at Springfield. Years later Mrs. Lincoln and her eldest son, Robert, spent a few days in Columbia on a visit and stayed in the old house on Broadway. Robert Todd Lincoln is now living in Washington, D. C.

An interesting thing to note is that the Circuit Court was held in Mr. Todd's home before the courthouse for Boone County was built. Mr. Todd at that time was the circuit clerk.

At the present time the house is occupied by W. A. Wren, who owns a small grocery almost across the street from where the house is standing

THE LEGEND OF TON SAUK

Reprinted from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in the *Iron County Register*, Ironton, November 20, 1924.

The Ton Sauk (locally corrupted into "Tom Suck") tract is a wild stretch of forest covering Ton Sauk Mountain, an unbroken, undulating, symmetrical range of lofty hills, reaching at one point the altitude of nearly 1900 feet, the highest crest in the Missouri Ozarks. It lies directly west of the triplets of Arcadia Valley—Arcadia, Ironton, and Pilot Knob—with its northern and eastern segments in Iron County and its bulk in Reynolds County, and is best reached from these towns by a 15-mile trip, in a general southwesterly direction, over the road leading past hoary Buzzard Mountain, High Top, and through the sleepy village of Munger.

. . . . . .

Ton Sauk Mountain derives its name from a legendary chief of the Piankishaw Indians, whose daughter, Mini Sauk, fell in love with a brave belonging to a hostile neighboring tribe. As the legend runs, he was one day surprised at his wooing, made captive, dragged to the highest peak of the mountain, and tortured. Surviving this, further misery was devised for him. Ton Sauk divided his Piankishaws into small bands armed with spears. A band was staged on each ledge of the mountainside from its crest to its foot. The unfortunate captive was then caught upon the spear points of the band on the summit and tossed to the band just below, who caught him on their lances and tossed him to the next band. This was continued until the captive finally lay dead in a pool of gore at the foot of the mountain.

So overcome with grief at this performance was Mini Sauk that she called down upon her people the curse of the Great Spirit. Immediately a shaft of lightning rent the crest of the mountain, and there came forth from its depths a spring of pure water that overflowed and bounded down the mountain ledges where the suffering prisoner had been tortured, washng away the blood that the cruel Piankishaws had spilled.