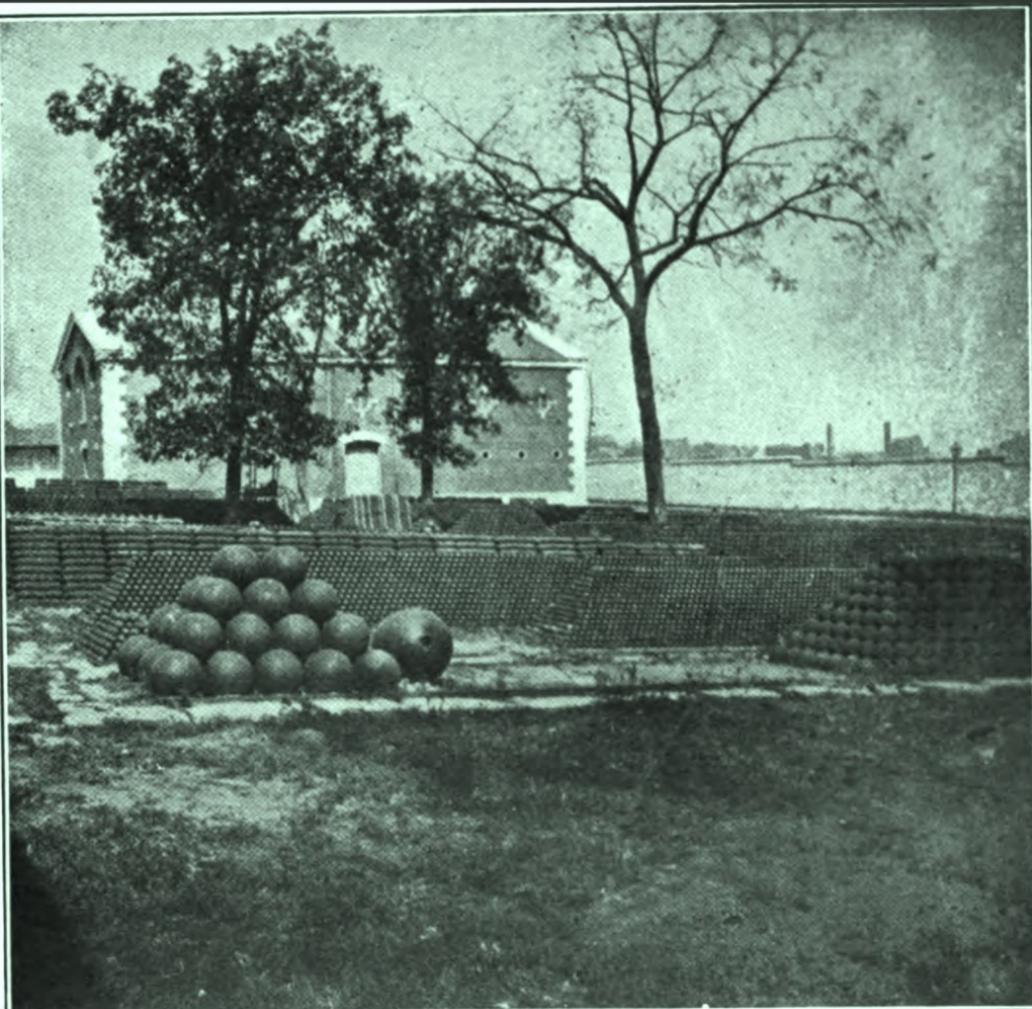

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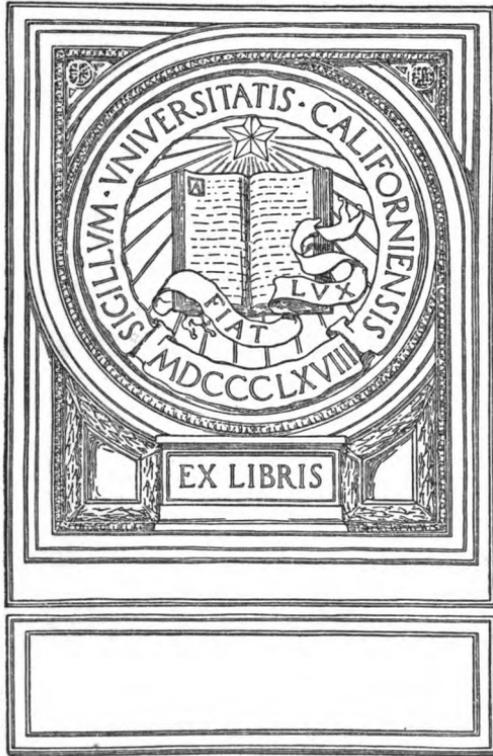




*The story of a border city
during the Civil War*

Galusha Anderson

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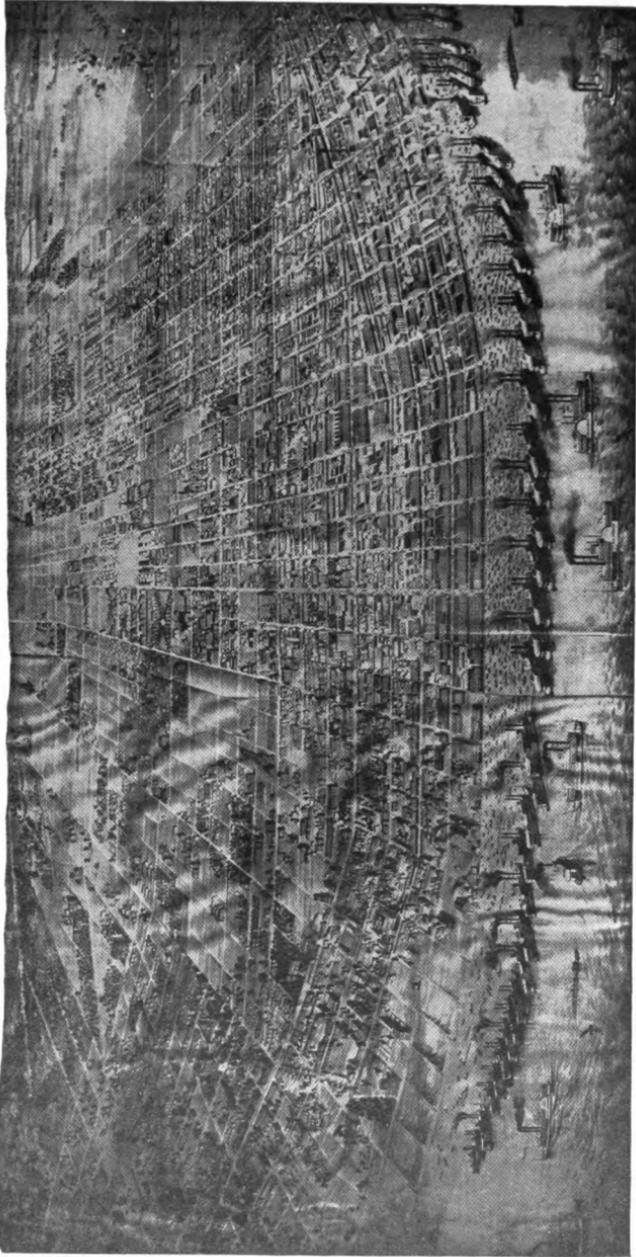




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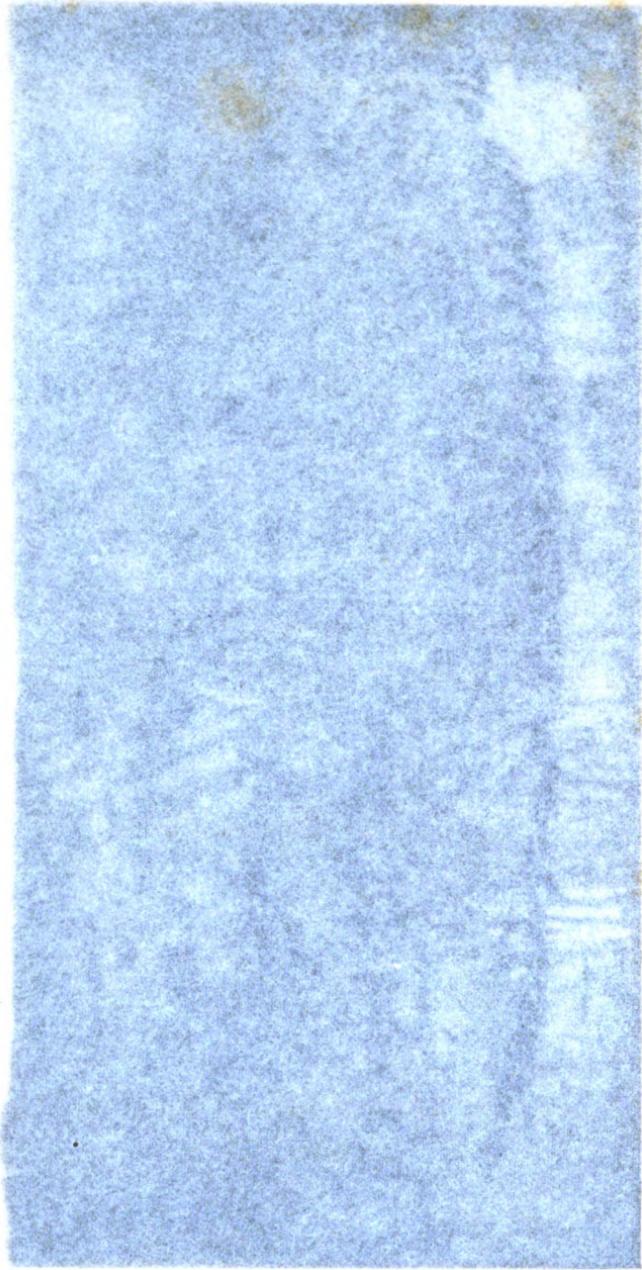
**THE STORY OF A BORDER CITY
DURING THE CIVIL WAR**



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. LOUIS IN 1860.
[Frontispiece

"On the perilous edge of the abyss,"

Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1908



THE STORY OF A BORDER CITY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

BY

GALUSHA ANDERSON, S. T. D., LL. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
RESIDENT OF ST. LOUIS FROM 1868 TO 1898

With Twelve Portraits and Views

"On the perilous edge of battle." — *John Milton.*

Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1908

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*To all those, living or dead, who by wisdom, tact and
self-sacrifice helped to keep Missouri in the
Union, this book is affectionately
dedicated*

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AN EXPLANATION

I HAVE been frequently urged by men in different parts of the country to write out, and give to the public, the story of St. Louis during the Civil War. Having had of late my time largely at my own disposal, I determined to yield to these earnest solicitations. But I have found the task somewhat more difficult than I anticipated. While all that I saw in St. Louis, and all in which I participated, came back to my mind with remarkable freshness and vividness, I have been compelled, because of the lapse of time since the war, to verify my recollections by wide reading and painstaking research. I have tried to weigh impartially what has been said both by those who were for, and those who were against, the Union.

Upon some points pertaining to military operations in St. Louis and Missouri, I have found considerable conflicting testimony. In such cases I have either given authorities on both sides, or, having sifted the evidence pro and con, have presented what seemed to me to be, at least approximately, the historical facts. And while in some instances I may have come short of absolute accuracy, in all my statements I have earnestly endeavored to present the exact truth.

But I have treated of the movements of troops and the acts of the general government only in so far as they immediately affected the life and experiences of those within our city. My sole object in all that I have written

has been to portray as clearly and vividly as I could what transpired among us from 1860 to 1865; to note some events that preceded the war and were the harbingers of it; to reveal the currents of thought and feeling in St. Louis during the whole fratricidal struggle, and especially to point out what was peculiar to us as a community made up of the loyal and disloyal.

To my own mind it is clear that our great Civil War can never be fully understood without a knowledge of the unique experiences of a border city, and especially of St. Louis, for the possession of which both parties to our great national conflict so earnestly contended. During the long and bloody battle for the Union, my home was there, and this book is simply "an unvarnished tale" of what I saw and of work in which I shared. As a testimony I trust that it may be of some worth.

And since I intended it to be only a simple testimony, it has not been written to make out a case. I have tried to divest myself of the spirit of a partisan, and to present in an unbiased manner what I personally observed. I have endeavored to write, as the martyred President did, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

GALUSHA ANDERSON.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

April, 1908.

For the originals of several of the illustrations in this volume the author is indebted to Miss Mary Louise Dalton, the late Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, whose many kindnesses will always be held in grateful remembrance.

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THE STORY OF A BORDER CITY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

CHAPTER I

ST. LOUIS

I NEED not say that St. Louis is built on the western bank of the Mississippi River about twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri, since everybody knows that. But the present generation thinks of the city only as it is to-day, with its more than half a million of inhabitants, extensive parks, palatial residences, well-constructed churches, imposing business blocks, great railroad bridges spanning the river, unrivalled central depot and attractive trolley cars. But all this has flowed from its wonderful development since the close of the Civil War. We write of it as it was immediately before, and during, that mighty conflict.

In 1860 it had only one hundred and fifty-one thousand seven hundred and eighty inhabitants, about one thousand five hundred of whom were slaves. A large number of enterprising young men had flocked to the city from every part of the United States, so that the white males of the city exceeded the white females by more than ten thousand. Among the whites there were many thousands of intelligent, manly, thrifty Germans, a fact which needs to be borne in mind, if we would fully understand and duly appreciate the part which the city acted in the earlier stages of the Civil War.

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Most of the city stood then, as now, on bluffs or extended terraces that rise gradually one above the other. Its situation is both healthful and beautiful. But before the war its area was comparatively small. It extended along the river only six and a half miles and between three and four back from it. It contained only fifteen and a half square miles. The ground now occupied by the finest residences was then rough, open fields, lying beyond its western limits. The city was built of brick. The business blocks, warehouses, hotels, residences, schoolhouses, and churches were all of the same material. Most of the sidewalks were also made of red brick. Whichever way you looked your eyes rested on red brick, and wherever you walked you trod on red brick. I remember but one business block that had a stone front, and that was marble. The enterprising citizen who built it made quite a fortune out of it. Its very novelty made it attractive, and its rooms were readily rented to professional men. The city is still largely built of brick. The clay from which the brick is made is found in large quantities near the city, and its inhabitants naturally and wisely use this excellent building material that lies close at hand.

Most of the dwelling-houses were built out to the street, so that, with rare exceptions, there were no front yards. On warm summer evenings the families living in any given block sat on the front stone steps of their houses, that they might be refreshed by the cooler air of the evening. But most of the streets were macadamized with limestone, and in summer absorbed during the day so much heat, as they lay under the burning rays of the sun, that they continued to radiate it long after the sun went down. At such times a perch on the front stone steps afforded so little relief from

the heat-laden atmosphere that the half-baked sufferers longed for the arctic regions. A distinguished man from the East, on a hot night in September, waking up at two o'clock in the morning from a troubled sleep, declared that he found himself, on account of the stifling heat, swelling up like a mouse in an exhausted receiver. But such days were exceptional and not peculiar to St. Louis.

The larger part of the fuel then consumed in the city was soft coal. We bought it not by the ton, but by the bushel. In those days there were no smoke-consumers. Vast volumes of smoke poured forth from the black throats of great chimneys in manufacturing establishments, while the chimneys of every dwelling-house, and the smoke-stack of every steamer on the river, added their contribution to render the atmosphere dusky. In still days of the autumn or winter the smoke hung like a pall over the city.

But in spite of a few such drawbacks it was even then a very pleasant city. There were few who were very poor. None were permitted to go unclothed and unshod. Most of the people were thrifty; many of them were rapidly accumulating wealth. The markets of the city were well supplied with all the varied products of the fields and the forests. The homes of the people were comfortable, many of them attractive. Their tables were loaded with abundant and wholesome food. The churches were numerous and well attended. The public schools were of a high order. Private schools and colleges had been founded, and were already doing good work.

The inhabitants of the city were a conglomerate; but just on that account were broad and catholic in their thinking. Coming from every section of the

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Republic, by attrition their provincialisms and prejudices were worn away till they came to take comprehensive and just views of the great questions that were at that time agitating the nation. Men from the South and North had learned each other's excellences, and with mutual respect and high esteem stood shoulder to shoulder in business, civic duty and charitable and religious service. I have never met anywhere men of broader gauge.

Among them were those distinguished as lawyers, statesmen, and preachers. To name some to the neglect of others would seem to be invidious. But among the lawyers, Samuel Glover and James O. Broadhead; among the preachers, Henry A. Nelson, Truman M. Post, Wm. G. Eliot and Father Smarius; among the statesmen, Frank P. Blair and Edward Bates, the latter afterwards Attorney-general in President Lincoln's Cabinet, are names which readily occur to those of that generation who still live.

When, in the autumn of 1858, I made St. Louis my adopted home, the name of Thomas H. Benton was on all lips. He had died in April of that year. The people of the city were justly very proud of him. He had represented Missouri for thirty years in the Senate of the United States, and was unquestionably the most distinguished man of the State and of the Northwest. A funeral procession fully five miles in length had followed his body to its burial-place in Belle Fontaine Cemetery. But this great man, like many others who have been pre-eminent, had marked peculiarities. In the Senate he was called "The Magisterial." In consonance with that descriptive phrase, when he addressed crowds at political meetings in St. Louis, he never said, "Fellow citizens," but always simply,

"Citizens." And the contents of his speeches from the stump were often quite as magisterial.

Mr. Benton, while United States Senator, at times took an active part in the election of congressmen from St. Louis. It was customary then for those opposed to each other to speak in turn to the people from the same platform. On one occasion Mr. Crum was the name of the candidate who, with Mr. Benton, was addressing the voters of the city. Near the close of one of Mr. Benton's speeches, he said, "Citizens, is my opponent a loaf, or even a crust? No," then suiting the action to the word, he apparently picked up and held a very small particle between his thumb and finger, while he added in a tone of great contempt, — "No, citizens, he is nothing but a tiny Crum."

During another canvass, he was stoutly opposing Mr. Bogie, who was a candidate for Congress. Late one evening when about to close his speech in reply to him, he said, "Citizens, you have been told that my opponent's name is Bogie. Citizens, it is a mistake; his name is Bogus. But, citizens, notwithstanding that, like Cato of Rome, I would now send my servants (slaves) to light him home, were it not that to-morrow you would be asking, 'Mr. Benton, what sort of company do your servants keep?'"

In 1856, his son-in-law, John C. Fremont, was offered the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and asked him if he thought it was best for him to accept it? Benton, believing the Republican party to be sectional, was bitterly opposed to it; so he said to Fremont, "If you accept the nomination, I'll drop you like a hot potato, sir! like a hot potato, sir!"

These incidents, standing alone, would misrepresent Mr. Benton; but they throw a side-light on his char-

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acter and help us better to understand the most eminent citizen of St. Louis, a statesman of large mold and of a well-merited national reputation.

The early history of St. Louis is so full of interest that we cannot refrain from briefly noting a few items that belong to it. Its beginning carries us back to 1764. It was then a mere trading-post of a company of merchants, whose leader was Pierre Liguette Laclede. The post consisted of one house and four stores. It was named St. Louis in honor of the patron saint of Louis XV of France. Though not possessing the dignity of an incorporated town, the following year it became the capital of Upper Louisiana. Through the wise foresight of Jefferson, despite his party principles, the vast and vaguely defined territory of Louisiana was purchased from France at a time when Napoleon sorely needed money. In transferring this immense region there were two formal ceremonies, one at New Orleans, Dec. 20th, 1803; the other at St. Louis, on March 10th, 1804. On the latter day Major Stoddard, who was the agent of the French Government to receive Upper Louisiana from Spain, for France, was also the accredited agent of our government to take over the same territory for the United States. That one man should represent both nations in affairs of such tremendous importance was, to say the least, unique.¹ This ceremony of transfer took place at the northeast corner of First, or Main, and Walnut Streets. The event should be commemorated by some suitable tablet or monument erected on the spot of transfer. We trust that the Missouri Historical Society will have the honor

¹ The originals of both these commissions are in the archives of the Missouri Historical Society. See also Scharf's History of St. Louis, and Billon's Annals of St. Louis.

of doing this work so consonant with its aims and character.

The town of St. Louis was laid out between the river and the first range of bluffs on the west, and a series of circular towers was erected around it for defence. The houses were mainly built of rough stone and white-washed, and each house had a separate lot for fruit and flowers. These houses were without cellars. The first house provided with such a convenience was built by Laeclde on what is now called Main Street, between Market and Walnut. Indian women and children helped dig it, carrying out the dirt on their heads, in wooden platters and baskets. In this house civil government was inaugurated in 1765 by Captain Louis Saint Ange, Acting French Governor of Upper Louisiana; in it, also, the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained in 1825.

The streets of the old town were all quite narrow; it was thought that such streets could be more easily defended. And there they are, cramped and narrow to this day. But in time the land above and west of the village was laid out in town lots, and the chief promoters of this enterprise, Judge Lucas and Colonel Chouteau, built their dwelling-houses far back from the river and the old town, the former at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets, the latter at the corner of Sixth and Olive Streets. In 1809, the year in which St. Louis was incorporated as a town, Fort Belle Fontaine became the headquarters of the Department of Upper Louisiana. It was several miles north of the village, on a high bluff, overlooking the Mississippi. The land for this fort was secured by treaty from the Sac and Fox Indians. On it was a great spring of pure water capable of supplying a thousand men; hence the name of the fort, Belle Fontaine.

St. Louis was early called the Gateway of the West. In 1817 the first steamboat tied up to her levee.¹ This was the beginning of an imperial trade. Streams of commerce now began to flow into her markets from the great continental rivers, from the upper Mississippi, the Illinois, the Missouri, the Ohio, the lower Mississippi with its far-reaching affluents; and, through the Gulf of Mexico, even from the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. For many years her chief trade had been in the pelts and furs of wild animals; but now this lucrative traffic was greatly augmented. For forty years the annual value of it alone was between two and three hundred thousand dollars, while commerce in all agricultural products and in manufactured goods was constantly swelling in volume. Still it is worthy of note that deerskins were an article of barter, and furs were currency in St. Louis, from the days of Laclede until Missouri became a State in 1821; and a year later, even before St. Louis had five thousand inhabitants, it was chartered as a city.

When under Spanish control, it was strictly Roman Catholic. In 1862 I met at a wedding in St. Louis a lady almost a hundred years old. She was still in excellent health. Her intellect was clear and vigorous. As she took my arm to go to the wedding supper, she archly remarked, "Your wife will not be jealous when she learns how old I am." Yet, when we were seated at the table, after some moments of absolute silence on her part, into which I did not venture to intrude, she said, "I do believe that God has forgotten me." I looked at her with mingled astonishment and curiosity and said, "Why so?" She replied, "All the friends of my early life are gone and I am left alone." She now

¹The Louisiana Purchase; Hitchcock, p. 248.

became reminiscent and added, " I lived here when St. Louis belonged to Spain. And just as for many years no free negro has been permitted to enter this city without a pass, so for years, in my early life, no Protestant could enter it without a written permit from the Spanish authorities."

But, while under the rule of the United States all religious intolerance disappeared, African slavery flourished, established and protected by law. And although in 1860 St. Louis had but few slaves, nevertheless pro-slavery sentiment largely prevailed. Those who cherished it were often intense and bitter, and at that time socially controlled the entire city. But on the other hand the leading business men of the city were quietly, conservatively, yet positively, opposed to slavery. Many of them had come from New England and the Middle States and believed slavery to be a great moral wrong; but those from the North and South alike saw that slavery was a drag upon the commercial interests of the city and all were hoping that in some way the incubus might be lifted off from it. For St. Louis, the commercial capital of Missouri, already had many great merchants and enterprising manufacturers, who were not only throwing out their lines of trade into every part of the State, but also into all the surrounding States and territories. It was linked by the Mississippi and Missouri, fed by numerous and important affluents, with a vast territory which was probably the richest on the earth's surface. And very much of its trade was with southern cities. In 1860, more than four thousand steamers, with a capacity of one million one hundred and twenty thousand and thirty-nine tons, loaded and unloaded at its wharves. To obstruct the Father of Waters at the mouth of the

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Ohio, or to divide it by secession, was a matter of life and death to all the business interests of St. Louis. And no one without this conception clearly in mind can adequately understand what took place there in those days of awful storm and stress between 1860 and 1865.

CHAPTER II

FOREBODINGS OF CONFLICT

FOR many years the subject of slavery, in its varied aspects, had been constantly and hotly discussed in all political and religious journals, on the stump, in the pulpit, and in the Congress of the United States. The higher law doctrine, propounded by William H. Seward, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the Kansas war, Lincoln's celebrated debate with Douglas, and his pregnant declaration in 1858, that the nation could not continue to exist half slave and half free, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," had greatly agitated the whole nation. In the hearts of pro-slavery men, vengeful fire was smouldering; it needed only an added breath to make it shoot up into a devouring flame. The apprehensiveness and extreme sensitiveness of pro-slavery Missouri manifested itself in the winter of 1859-60, through its legislature. That body of law-makers passed a bill by an overwhelming majority, expelling from the State all free negroes. There were more than a thousand of that class in St. Louis, and a large majority of these were females, doing domestic service in the best families of the city. The excitement caused by this short-sighted action of the legislature was intense. The bill enacted was a declaration in the form of law, that the presence of free negroes was a menace to slavery. Many men in St. Louis were

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asking with flushed faces, "What shall be done to meet this emergency, to avert this calamity?"

I met on the street one of the coolest men that it has been my lot to know during a long life, and even he, whose spirit never seemed to be ruffled by any exasperating event, was hot with indignation. With great vehemence he denounced the barbarous legislation, and said that something must be done to thwart its purpose. But on inquiry I found that he was unable to suggest any line of action by which this vicious legislation could be neutralized.

Now let us note in contrast another man. There was a negro pastor in the city by the name of Richard Anderson. When a boy he was a slave, and had been brought from Virginia to Missouri. When he was twelve years old his master, Mr. Bates, had given him his freedom. He now began to do odd jobs about the city. He became a newspaper carrier, and thus aided in distributing among its subscribers *The Missouri Republican*. While doing his work he learned to read; the newspaper that he carried from door to door was his spelling-book and school reader. With his ability to read came broader intelligence. He industriously thumbed and mastered good books. The Bible was constantly read by him. He became a Christian. He was called to be a preacher and pastor. He was a large man of commanding presence, a descendant of an African chief. He was very black. While his nose was somewhat flattened, it was straight and sharply cut; his thick lips were firmly set. His eyes were large and lustrous, his forehead was high and broad. He preached well. His manner was quiet, suggesting reserved power; his thought was orderly and clear. He had great power over an audience. If his black

hearers became noisy with their shouting of "amen" and "hallelujah," by a gentle wave of the hand he reduced them to silence. He was a born leader, but he led by the inherent force of his character. One of his deacons said, "He led us all by a spider's web." He was universally respected, and was welcome to all houses where the members of his church were employed. He never betrayed any confidence reposed in him. Like his Master "he went about doing good." Nothing diverted him from his purpose. Nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity. While he sometimes burned with indignation, he never lost control of himself. He was a man of rare balance of mind.

He presided over a church of a thousand members. Fully half of them were free. The bill for the expulsion of free negroes from the State fell with greater severity upon him than upon any other man in St. Louis. I met him expecting that he would be greatly agitated and cast down; but was surprised to find him absolutely unruffled. I ventured to ask him if he had heard of the recent legislation pertaining to free negroes. He quietly replied that he had, and then added with emphasis, "That bill will never become a law." With mingled curiosity and surprise I asked, "How do you know that?" Lifting his hand and pointing upward toward heaven, and turning his eyes thitherward he replied, "I know because I have asked up there." Calm and assured as he was, I feared that he was the victim of a fatal illusion from which he might be soon rudely awakened. But nothing that I said in opposition to his conclusion moved him in the slightest degree from his conviction.

Time soon showed that this black man with his great, calm soul, and unswerving faith was right. Hon.

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R. M. Stewart was then governor of the state. He was a staunch Bourbon Democrat. He believed slavery to be right. He drank whiskey freely and said: "Cotton is not king, but corn and corn-whiskey are king." He knew that. He spoke from abundant and sad experience.

But he had been brought up in eastern New York. The doctrine that all men, irrespective of color, have an inalienable right to liberty had been breathed in with the air of his native hills, and had become part and parcel of his life-blood. As he looked at that infamous bill, passed almost unanimously, the teaching received in boyhood asserted itself. It was stronger than his pro-slavery Bourbonism, stronger than party ties; his soul was in revolt against this shameless iniquity. If, however, he should veto the bill, these legislators would quickly pass it over his head. So he took the only course by which it could be effectually defeated. The legislature was about to adjourn. It was his constitutional privilege to retain the bill instead of returning it with his signature or his veto. If he did not return it within twenty days, it failed to become a law. He pocketed it, and the free negroes were left in peace. And who can say that the praying, believing, black pastor did not know?

But although this execrable legislation failed, it left its indelible mark on the public mind. Men were made by it sensitive and suspicious. They doubted, as never before, the possibility of maintaining a government which extended its ægis over forces so utterly antagonistic as freedom and slavery. In this portentous state of the public mind the presidential campaign of 1860 began. Throughout the Union the political conflict was fierce, but in Missouri, and in its great com-

mercial city, St. Louis, it was unusually hot and acrimonious. African slavery was the distracting problem. None attempted to disguise it. Men on every hand spoke plainly and boldly. Most of the people of the slave states, and the citizens of Missouri among the rest, believed with all their hearts that if the Republican party should be successful at the polls, henceforth slavery would probably be excluded from the territories, and, at no distant day, would become extinct even in the states. They seemed to see on the wall the handwriting that foretold its doom. Their more fiery orators declared that if slavery were hemmed into the states, "like a scorpion girt by fire, it would sting itself to death." This was a most unfortunate simile with which to characterize an institution that they stoutly contended was not only beneficent, but also divine.

They regarded the Republican candidate for the Presidency as the embodiment of all their apprehended woes, and so they poured out upon him without stint their bitterest execrations. In this they were encouraged by the outrageous cartoons of *Harper's Weekly*. In one of its issues he was depicted in ludicrous, not to say horrible, uncouthness of figure, as drunk in a bar-room. The moral turpitude of such a representation was simply unspeakable when we remember that Mr. Lincoln in his boyhood promised his mother that he would never drink intoxicating liquor and had sacredly kept his word. In another issue of the *Weekly* he was portrayed as frightened by ghosts, his shocky hair standing on end. So, sustained by a widely read Northern journal in their grotesque and monstrous representations of Mr. Lincoln, many of them, not all, emptied upon him a flood of billingsgate. Some in common conversation, others in their political harangues

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on the stump, called him an idiot, a buffoon, a baboon, the Illinois ape, a gorilla.

But in St. Louis there were from fifty to sixty thousand Germans, and they were almost solidly Republican. During this vituperative presidential canvass they invited Carl Schurz to address them and their fellow citizens, on the burning question of the hour. He was not as widely known then as he afterwards became; still he had already acquired considerable reputation as a political speaker. Moreover, he came to us from a free state, and a host of men in the city were anxious to hear what this German from Wisconsin had to say to them concerning our great national problem. In the evening of the first of August, 1860, he appeared in Verandah Hall. Fully three thousand enthusiastic souls were there to greet him and hear him. He spoke, as was his custom, from manuscript. His subject was, "The Doom of Slavery." With rare lucidity and forcefulness he justly stated the position of slavery and showed that, from its very nature, it could not permit men on its own soil freely to discuss it; nor could it safely permit the slaves to be educated except for servants, lest thereby there might be engendered within them aspirations for freedom incompatible with involuntary servitude; nor could slavery favor the development of domestic industries, since that would build up the free states more rapidly than their own, and so disturb the political equilibrium of the Republic; and for the same reason slavery could not consent to be kept out of the territories of the Northwest.

In contrast with this, he stated with equal clearness and cogency the position of free labor. It requires the highest advantages, educational and industrial,

for all; instead of class privileges it demands privileges that are universal. He showed the utter incompatibility of slavery and free labor.

With unusual incisiveness he now analyzed the platforms of the parties that were then appealing to the people for their suffrages, pouring out his racy satire especially on squatter sovereignty or non-intervention, of which Senator Douglas of Illinois was the champion.

In the latter part of his masterful speech, by the clearest and most trenchant argument, he revealed the egregious folly of attempting to dissolve the Union, and then powerfully appealed to the reason and good sense of the slaveholders, some of whom sat before him, and urged them to abandon their position.

Two short paragraphs will reveal in some measure the spirit with which the orator spoke. He said: "I hear the silly objection that your sense of honor forbids you to desert your cause. Sense of honor! Imagine a future generation standing around the tombstone of the bravest of you, and reading the inscription, 'Here lies a gallant man, who fought and died for the cause — of human slavery.' What will the verdict be? His very progeny will disown him, and exclaim, 'He must have been either a knave or a fool.' There is not one of you who, if he could rise from the dead a century hence, would not gladly exchange his epitaph for that of the meanest of those who were hung at Charlestown."

"I turn to you, Republicans of Missouri. Your countrymen owe you a debt of admiration and gratitude to which my poor voice can give but a feeble expression. You have undertaken the noble task of showing the people of the North that the slaveholding States themselves contain the elements of regeneration, and of demonstrating to the South how that regeneration can

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be effected. You have inspired the wavering masses with confidence in the practicability of our ideas. To the North you have given encouragement; to the South you have set an example. Let me entreat you not to underrate your noble vocation. Struggle on, brave men! The anxious wishes of millions are hovering around you. Struggle on until the banner of emancipation is planted upon the Capitol of your State, and one of the proudest chapters of our history will read: Missouri led the van, and the nation followed." (Immense and long-continued cheering.)

It was a great speech, profoundly philosophical, keen in analysis, virile in argument, brilliant in style, and absolutely and refreshingly fearless. It strengthened feeble knees, stiffened gelatinous backbones, and gave courage to the faint-hearted. Again and again the great throng that listened broke out into rapturous applause. Thinking men were profoundly stirred. The free-soilers who for many months had been battling against fearful odds for the freedom of all, from that hour walked with firmer tread. One could feel in it all the first breath of the coming battle between freedom and slavery.

At last the canvass was over; November came; the ballots were cast and counted, and, in spite of all the abuse heaped upon him, Mr. Lincoln was triumphantly elected. In the slave State of Missouri, he received more than seventeen thousand votes, almost wholly in St. Louis, Gasconade and Cole counties.¹ To me it has always been a genuine joy that it fell to my lot to cast one of those ballots. They were ballots of freedom and progress.

After the election, all those in St. Louis, who had hoped

¹ W. R. S. 2 Vol. I, p. 244.

against hope that the Republican party might be defeated, seemed to settle down into sullen, silent, blank despair. Under the circumstances no one cared to talk openly. Those whose hearts were full of joy over the outcome of the battle of ballots gave little or no public expression of their gladness, lest they might unduly vex their disappointed and downhearted neighbors; while most of the latter rigidly refrained from openly proclaiming their bitter chagrin over their defeat, lest they might augment the elation of the victors. Moreover, most of those in St. Louis, irrespective of their party affiliations, felt the supreme importance of keeping the peace of the city unbroken. A large minority, however, were too proud to give expression to their despair, but thought in silence, and, as subsequent events proved, much of their thinking was desperate. From one cause or another all, so far as public utterance was concerned, held their peace, but it was that ominous stillness that precedes the bursting of the storm.

But underneath this surface-calm there were clandestine, but energetic, movements that portended armed conflict. There were two formidable political clubs in the city. The one was the Wide-Awakes. This was Republican in politics. It was made up of the most progressive young men of St. Louis. Many of them had just come into the Republican ranks; their political faith was new; they had the zeal and enthusiasm of recent converts. They were also stimulated by the fact that they were called upon to maintain their political doctrine in the face of the stoutest opposition. With their torchlights they had just been marching and hurraing for Lincoln. They had cheered the vigorous speeches of their brilliant orators. Their candidate, though defeated in their city and State,

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had been triumphantly elected to the Presidency. Such a body of men, flushed with victory, was a political force which every thoughtful man saw must be reckoned with.

The other political club was the Minute Men. They were mostly young, but conservative, Democrats. They had supported Douglas for the Presidency. They too had had their torchlight processions. They had listened to impassioned harangues from the stump and loudly cheered them. Even their distinguished political leader came during the canvass and spoke to them with rare persuasiveness in defence of squatter sovereignty, and they were proud of "The Little Giant," as Senator Douglas was popularly called. Then, in their city and State they had been victorious at the polls. While defeated in the nation at large, they felt strong, braced, as they believed themselves to be, by the old and oft-tested doctrines of Democracy. Here was another mighty political force. If armed conflict were to come, on which side would it array itself? While Mr. Douglas, their admired leader, was a staunch Union man, most of these Minute Men, who had so strenuously striven to elect him to the Presidency, after they learned the verdict at the polls, began to drift into the ranks of the secessionists. Nor did they disband; but they began to organize for hostilities. When this was observed, influential Republicans advised the Wide-Awakes not to break up their organizations, but to continue to meet stately, just as they had during the presidential campaign, to procure arms so far as they were able, and to subject themselves to military drill. And during the winter of 1860-61 these antagonistic political organizations, the Minute Men and the Wide-Awakes, now to all intents and

purposes transformed into military bodies, met regularly at their various rendezvous and went through the manual of arms. Late in the evening, I often passed a hall occupied by a company of Minute Men, or secessionists, where I heard them march, countermarch and ground arms. Things like this were unmistakable premonitions of bloody battle. Some of our immediate neighbors and friends evidently already contemplated appealing "from ballots to bullets," and a shiver of apprehension ran down our spines.

But a serious problem now presented itself for solution. How could arms be obtained for the Wide-Awakes or Union men? In some mysterious way the Minute Men or secessionists had been at least partially armed. We could only guess what was the source of their supply. But where could the Wide-Awakes secure guns? There were arms in abundance at the Arsenal in the southern part of the city, but they belonged to the United States; and as there were as yet no open hostilities, private military organizations could not lawfully be furnished with them. Notwithstanding this, we did not propose, if the hour of need should strike, to be found napping. So after due deliberation it was announced that, in a certain hall, there would be an art exhibition, which would continue for three weeks or more. To the general public it seemed to be an unpropitious time for such a venture, but as it had no warlike look it aroused no suspicion, and was generously patronized by those of all shades of political opinion. The exhibition in its display of statuary and painting was not only creditable but attractive. It was also a financial success; but outside the few determined Union men who made up the inner circle, the secret reason of that burning zeal for cultivating the artistic tastes of the city was

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quite unknown. Considerable material for the exhibition was sent to us from the East; among other things was a plentiful supply of plaster casts from New York. These were packed in large boxes; but some patriots of Gotham, who sent them, knew our secret and our necessities, and also forwarded to us boxes of muskets labeled as plaster casts, with plain directions to handle the fragile contents with care. Those who arranged the material of the art exhibit, unable, on account of the rush of work, to unpack these boxes in the day-time, were compelled to leave them till midnight before they were cared for. Then, unopened, they were carted to the places where patriotic Wide-Awakes were gathered. Shining muskets never gave more joy than these imparted to the Union men of St. Louis. And during that anxious, dismal winter, they often met in their secret places, and while hoping that all threatened disaster might be averted, stately went through the manual of arms. Hoping for the best, they determined to be ready for the worst.

So the city had a number of hostile camps, which had been so secretly formed and maintained that many did not even know of their existence. These hostile bodies had been armed; but no one yet knew where the Minute Men, or secessionists, obtained their arms; and the secessionists did not even know that the Wide-awakes, the Union men, were armed at all. Yet there these opposing bands of men were, cherishing diametrically opposite purposes. Some of them had determined if possible to disrupt the Republic; some of them had determined to do all in their power to prevent such a catastrophe. To make good their respective purposes, they were secretly drilling, while the whole city was full of apprehension, often

greatly depressed in spirit and sometimes wrapped in gloom.

While these things were being done under cover, the people of the city carefully abstained from all outward manifestations of their patriotism. The fire burned in the bones of Union men, but for prudential reasons they did not permit it to flame forth. They determined if possible to avoid conflict and bloodshed within our gates. No preacher spoke for the Republic. No congregation sang, "My country, 'tis of thee." No band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Outside of the Arsenal there was but one United States flag hung out in all the city, and that floated over the main entrance of a dry-goods store; partly, as we thought, from patriotic, and partly from mercenary, motives; but to all lovers of the Union, it was a cheering sight. And this flagless condition of the city continued till May of 1861, when gradually the houses, places of business, and in some instances even the churches of the loyal, began to blossom with national banners.

Events outside of the city greatly agitated us. In December of 1860, the Governor of Alabama sent commissioners to all the slaveholding States, inviting and urging them to secede from the Union. He wished these States to act as a unit, to go out of the Union together, in order that the resulting Confederacy might from the start be as formidable as possible. One of these commissioners, Mr. William Cooper, presented this appeal from Alabama to Governor Stewart at our State capital, who received him with frigid courtesy and listened unsympathetically to his message. He then called on the Governor-elect, Claiborn F. Jackson, who unhesitatingly expressed his sympathy with the pro-

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posed secession movement.¹ This of course aroused our indignation, but it was what we should have expected of one who had been prominent among armed Missourians, that, at an earlier day, invaded Kansas, and by force deposited their votes in order to make it a slave State.

Then on the heel of this came the secession of South Carolina on the twentieth of December. To be sure, the excitement caused among us by these ominous political measures was shared by the whole nation. But as the situation of a border city was peculiar, the agitation that we felt was unique. Unionism and secessionism in our streets, homes, places of business, and social gatherings met face to face. An awful uncertainty pervaded all minds. Our political destiny trembled in the balance. Which way the scale would turn no one knew. Moreover, the same events awakened in the city opposite and antagonistic emotions. When one party was filled with apprehension and sadness, the other was filled with hope and joy. Which party was most numerous in those days that immediately preceded the war was a matter of uncertainty. Upon which side our neighbors, our partners in business, and often those of our own households would array themselves it was difficult to determine. Nor could we forget that the announcement of the secession of a State might lead to bloody conflict in our streets. Under such peculiar circumstances the proposed, or actual, secession of States stirred profoundly our whole city. The excitement was not noisy, it was too deep for that. Men met, and transacted business, without uttering a word concerning the country. Many of the most thoughtful seemed to hold their breath and listen to the beating of their

¹ W. R. S. 4, Vol. I, pp. 1-75.

hearts. Not because they were afraid, but because, standing in the presence of such portentous movements, they did not yet know what they ought to do.

Still, some relief came from engaging in the benevolent activities of the churches and in attending the usual concerts and lectures. Among the lecturers were two of special note. One was the Hon. Thomas Marshall of Kentucky. He was a brilliant man. He had won distinction at the bar, when his State was noted for able lawyers; the highest legal and political honors were within his grasp; but through drink he had sadly sacrificed them all. At times he rallied and seemed to have conquered his infirmity. During these sane and sober intervals, to turn an honest penny he sometimes lectured. Occasionally from the depths of his own sad experience, with rare eloquence, he advocated total abstinence. In the winter of 1860-61 he lectured in St. Louis. He was a tall man and well-proportioned. He came to the lecture platform dressed from top to toe in spotless white. He spoke without notes and with ease. His articulation was distinct. At times he was simply and naturally conversational; at times he became imaginative and impassioned; in his oratorical flights he profoundly impressed and swayed his audiences. He was a Union man, and among the subjects that he chose for discussion in our city were Henry Clay, and the war of the Revolution. He tried by his lectures to stir in the hearts of his hearers the purest and loftiest patriotism. All that was noblest and best in Mr. Clay as a man and as a statesman was justly and vividly set forth. In speaking on the Revolution he did all that he could to lead those who at times hung upon his lips with breathless interest to defend the government which had been wrought out at so great

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self-sacrifice. In this manner he rendered to our city and to his country an invaluable patriotic service, at a time when, and in a place where, it was most needed.

In his lectures on the Revolutionary War he was compelled to speak at considerable length on the priceless contributions made to that conflict for freedom by Massachusetts. But at that time Massachusetts was foolishly but intensely hated by many in St. Louis. Many men with Southern sentiments seemed to regard it as a duty and privilege to reproach her. There were before him not a few hearers of that sort. How could he surmount an obstacle so great? When he reached the passage in which he was to set forth what Massachusetts did during the period of the Revolution, he uttered the name, "Massachusetts,"—and then stopped speaking, and looked at his audience. Every eye was riveted on him. He walked slowly to the extreme left end of the platform. There he stood for a moment in silence, still surveying his audience. Then he said deliberately, "I suppose that it would be the popular thing in this place to damn Massachusetts; but whatever you may think of her now, in the Revolution she was some pumpkins." The great audience broke out into a hearty and prolonged cheer. With marvellous tact and consummate art he had brushed the obstacle that confronted him from his path; broken down the wall that separated him from his hearers, and for the nonce they listened without prejudice as he glowingly set forth the great work which Massachusetts did in achieving our independence.

A few days afterwards I caught my last glimpse of this fascinating orator. A damp snow had fallen. It lay fully two inches deep, half-melted on the brick sidewalk. He came out of a house on Chestnut Street

where he was being entertained by a friend. He was hatless and in his study-gown and slippers. He walked hurriedly on through the slush. His eye was wild. The demon that had robbed him of wealth, of a good name, of friends, of untold usefulness once more had him in his relentless clutch.

During the same winter the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, a lawyer of high standing, came to lecture in our city. He was not a brilliant speaker like Mr. Marshall; but he had something to say which was of real value to his fellow-citizens. He had no flights of oratory, but he uttered sound sense and talked right on. He was a self-made man of massive character. For twenty-one years he had represented in the United States Congress the Connecticut Western Reserve in northeastern Ohio, and during all that long period of important public service had sturdily opposed slavery. He had been assaulted and mobbed in Washington for his opinions. But no vituperative opposition in debate, nor physical violence daunted him. Seeing his unflinching courage, many that did not endorse his political doctrines, nor approve of his course of action, admired him. He came to St. Louis with the garnered wisdom of years and with convictions as firm and immovable as a mountain of granite. Still, a large number did not gather to hear him. He was generally regarded as an abolitionist, and that, in the estimation of most men in St. Louis of all parties, was worthy of the deepest detestation. He spoke in Mercantile Library Hall. It was about two-thirds full. Many that came had no sympathy with the speaker's views. They were attracted by curiosity; they wished to hear what this old anti-slavery war-horse would say in the great commercial city of a slave State. His lecture was a plain unvar-

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nished statement of the rise and growth of slavery in the United States. When about half way through his address he made a declaration that aroused the antagonism of a part of his audience, which expressed itself in an emphatic and prolonged hiss. Those in sympathy with the doctrine of the speaker answered the hiss with a loud and hearty cheer. After the cheer there was a still more determined hiss, which was quickly followed by a still louder cheer. But at last when there came a lull in this sharply contested battle of hissing and cheering, the lecturer, who had stood without the slightest movement coolly surveying the tumultuous scene, said, in a strong, clear voice, "It makes no difference to me whether you hiss or cheer." By that one declaration he seemed to capture his entire audience, and all broke out into enthusiastic applause. True men everywhere admire honesty and pluck. The coming to our city of one so prominent among anti-slavery men, who was permitted to make unhindered a judicial and luminous historical statement of the beginning and development of African slavery in our country, before a large audience of our fellow-citizens, marked for us the dawn of a new era. The old was passing, the new with its broader freedom was at hand.

But on New Year's Day of 1861 we were startled by an event altogether unique. It filled many pro-slavery men with bitter resentment, but put new life and hope into anti-slavery men of all shades of opinion, and even some who were supposed to uphold slavery were amused and in their secret souls rejoiced over the strange happening. It came to pass in this wise. When estates in St. Louis and St. Louis County were in process of settlement, there were often slaves belonging to them that must be disposed of at their market value. But

when there was no immediate demand for such property these poor creatures were put for safe keeping into the county jail, until they could be sold. Of course they were not regarded as criminals, but simply as valuable assets that, having brains, and wills, and consciences, might run away, to the financial detriment of voracious heirs. So, until the conditions were favorable for a sale, these self-willed chattels were securely lodged behind the stone walls and barred doors and windows of the malodorous jail.

In connection with this reprehensible procedure, a culpable custom had sprung up, — a custom exceedingly offensive to most of the inhabitants of St. Louis. It had become the duty of the sheriff, or his deputy, when the kind-hearted heirs gave the order, to sell at auction, on New Year's Day, these imprisoned slaves from the granite steps of the Court-house. So, on the first of January, 1861, a slave auctioneer appeared with seven colored chattels of various hues, the thinking fag-ends of estates, just led out by him from the jail, where, some of them, for more than a year, without having been charged with any crime or misdemeanor, had been forced to be the companions of thieves, adulterers, and murderers. The auctioneer placed these cowering slaves on the pedestal of one of the massive pillars of the Court-house. Crowning the cupola of this building, dedicated to the righteous interpretation and execution of the law, was a statue of Justice, with eyes blind-folded, holding in her hand a pair of scales, the symbol of impartial equity. From the top of the great granite pillar, beside which these shrinking human chattels stood, waved for the hour a star-spangled banner, the symbol of freedom for all the oppressed. This auction of slaves had been extensively advertised, and about

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two thousand young men had secretly banded themselves together to stop the sale and, if possible, put an end to this annual disgrace. The auctioneer on his arrival at the Court-house found this crowd of freemen in a dense mass waiting for him. The sight of bondmen about to be offered for sale, and that too under the floating folds of their national flag, crimsoned their cheeks with shame and made their hearts hot within them. Yet they scarcely uttered a word as they stood watching the auctioneer and the timid, shrinking slaves at his side. At last he was ready and cried out, "What will you bid for this able-bodied boy?"¹ There's not a blemish on him." Then the indignant, determined crowd in response cried out, at the top of their lungs, "Three dollars, three dollars," and without a break kept up the cry for twenty minutes or more. The auctioneer yelled to make himself heard above that deafening din of voices, but it was all in vain. At last, however, the cry of the crowd died away. Was it simply a good-natured joke only carried a little too far? The auctioneer seemed to be in doubt how to take that vociferating throng. "Now," he said in a bantering tone, "gentlemen, don't make fools of yourselves; how much will you bid for this boy?" Then, for many minutes, they shouted, "Four dollars, four dollars," and the frantic cries of the auctioneer were swallowed up in that babel of yells; his efforts were as futile as if he had attempted to whistle a tornado into silence. To the joy of that crowd of young men the auctioneer was at last in a rage. It had dawned upon him that this was no joke; that the crowd before him were not shouting for fun on this annual holiday, but were in dead earnest. When their cries once more died away,

¹ They called all male slaves, boys.

he soundly berated them for their conduct. But they answered his scolding and storming with jeers and cat-calls. At last he again asked, "How much will you bid for this first-class nigger?" This was answered by a simultaneous shout of "Five dollars, five dollars," and the roar of voices did not stop for a quarter of an hour. And so the battle went on. The bid did not get above eight dollars, and at the end of two hours of exasperating and futile effort, the defeated auctioneer led his ebony charges back to the jail. Through the force of public opinion freedom had triumphed. No public auction of slaves was ever again attempted in St. Louis. But in the cries and counter cries of the auctioneer and that throng of freemen could be felt the pulsations of the coming conflict. We had before us in concrete form Lincoln's doctrine, that the nation cannot exist half slave and half free.

CHAPTER III

RUMBLINGS OF THE CONFLICT

FAR away to the south we now began to hear, like the low growling of distant thunder, a rumbling of the approaching conflict. Early in 1861, secession ordinances in quick succession were passed by the Gulf States. By February 1st all of them, following the lead of South Carolina, through the action of their respective State conventions, had severed their relations with the Union. They also forcibly seized United States forts, arsenals, arms, custom-houses, lighthouses and subtreasuries. In Texas the United States troops had been treacherously surrendered. The Federal government offered no resistance to those who thus trampled on its authority, inaugurated revolution, and resorted to acts of war.

These hostile movements, coming before the inauguration of the President-elect, made all classes in St. Louis anxiously thoughtful. To be sure a few extreme pro-slavery men, who were pronounced secessionists, heartily approved of what the Cotton States had done, and were secretly rejoicing over it. From prudential motives they refrained from open and noisy support of the acts of the seceding States; but most of our fellow-citizens, who had formerly lived in States further south, regarded these early acts of secession as at least ill-timed and precipitate, as born of thoughtless, groundless hatred and blind passion. They were not at all prepared to join this open and violent revolt against

the Federal government, and to engage in the unlawful seizure of its property. And in this conservative, pro-slavery class lay the hope of the unconditional Union men of St. Louis and Missouri. If its undivided influence, through any motives, however diverse, could be directed firmly against the secession of our State, we might remain in the Union.

Very few in St. Louis had at all anticipated such early, radical, revolutionary action on the part of the Gulf States, and perhaps least of all was it foreseen by those who were unconditionally loyal. They had fondly hoped that threatened secession would expend itself simply in violent talk; that a second and sober thought would come to control the acts of the pro-slavery States; that the ill wind would blow over without doing any serious damage. They knew, to be sure, that a messenger from Alabama had, in December, visited our Governor and Governor-elect, urging them to join in a concerted secession movement of the slave States; that in that same month South Carolina had passed an ordinance of secession; but they could not believe that this madness would continue, that the slave States would generally be infected by it. To their minds abrupt and violent secession was so palpably foolish that it seemed to them impossible that it could be approved by any large number of men in the South. But when in January one State after another seceded, and these seceded States on the 4th of February assembled by their delegates at Montgomery, Alabama, formed a confederacy, adopted a provisional government, and elected a president and vice-president, they unmistakably heard in the distance the angry growl of the coming bloody conflict.¹

¹ W. R. S. 4, Vol. I, pp. 1-75.

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The loyal men of St. Louis turned their eyes to Washington, hoping that they might discern something there which would quiet their baleful apprehensions. But instead of sunshine and hope, they saw there the same black war-cloud. The representatives and senators of the seceding States were shamelessly plotting the overthrow of the very government in whose legislative councils they still continued to sit. In the Cabinet of the President were some who were aiding and abetting secession. The Secretary of War, John Buchanan Floyd of Virginia, had sent large detachments of the standing army to distant and not easily accessible parts of the country, and had removed large quantities of arms and ammunition from Northern to Southern arsenals, that, at the beginning of the conflict, which he evidently believed to be close at hand, the South might be better prepared for battle than the North. In the midst of all this treachery the chief executive sat nerveless. In his last annual message, he declared that the general government had no power to coerce a State. He said: "After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, nor to any other department of the Federal government." He again declared: "The power to make war against a State is at variance with the whole spirit and intent of the Constitution." Moreover, he asserted: "Congress possesses many means of preserving it (the Union) by conciliation; but the sword was not placed in its hand to preserve it by force." This message for a moment quite disheartened the loyal men of our city. The executive of a great nation, by his own public confession, stood powerless before those domestic foes that were tearing down the government bequeathed us by our fathers. In his

message he assured them that with impunity they could complete their work of dismembering the Republic. So for a time the secessionists seemed to have the upper hand all around; at Montgomery they ruled over the seceded States; at Washington they subsidized to their own interests the Federal government; its President openly proclaiming that, do what they might, he had no constitutional power to lay upon them punitively even the weight of a finger.

We had no Andrew Jackson in the presidential chair. In 1832, when South Carolina arrayed herself against the general government and proceeded to nullify its legislative acts, he said with an emphasis which showed that he was conscious of having the whole constitutional power of the nation behind him to make his words effective, "The Union, it must, and shall be, preserved;" and nullification in weakness and shame hid itself. If we had had such a President in December, 1860, when South Carolina seceded, we might have been saved from the awful conflict that, unchecked in its beginning, daily gathered to itself power until it was almost beyond control.

Loyal men throughout the nation utterly repudiated the President's interpretation of the Constitution. The unconditional Unionists of St Louis shared the thoughts that were pervading and agitating the minds of all true patriots. But they had anxieties which were peculiar to all, in the border slave States, who were uncompromisingly loyal to the Federal government. These States, largely on strictly economic grounds, hesitated to join in the secession movement; still a large majority of their inhabitants were in profound sympathy with the underlying cause of secession, the preservation and perpetuation of slavery. So the absorbing thought of

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the uncompromisingly loyal men of St. Louis was, whether, in the sweep of events, they would be drawn with their State, against their will, into the vortex of secession. What could they do to avert such a dire calamity? They still hoped, even when hope was seemingly baseless, that as muttering storms which blacken the horizon often pass on and away forever, so in some way, hidden from their view, this rising, growling storm of rebellion and revolution would be finally dissipated, leaving the southern sky once more clear and serene. Nevertheless, while they were thoughtful and anxious, they were undaunted. There never was a band of braver men. The precipitate acts of the Gulf States, the disintegration of the national Congress, the unrebuked intrigues in the Cabinet of the subservient President saddened, but did not terrify them. By these untoward and ominous events their courage was re-enforced, their vision cleared, their purpose made definite and robust. They resolved anew to resist with all their heart, and with all their mind, and with all their strength the secession of Missouri from the Union. Any that had been timid became suddenly courageous; any that had been weak became strong in spirit. These unconditional loyal men, surrounded by a morass of difficulties, beset on every side by insidious, plotting political foes, often utterly at a loss in whom to confide, with everything seemingly against them, at last, fully aroused and braced for the conflict, became the hope, and, as it proved, the political salvation of St. Louis and Missouri. They became the leaders who, by wise counsels and sane action, gathered around them the conservative pro-slavery men of the city and the commonwealth, and these two classes standing together saved the State from the disaster of secession.

The fourth of March drew near. Mr. Lincoln, in tender, pathetic speech, bade adieu to his neighbors at Springfield and hastened on to Washington. As he journeyed towards the national capital the loyal of St. Louis followed him with almost breathless interest. They pored over his short speeches to the crowds that gathered to greet him at railway stations. They were thrilled with his brave and patriotic utterances at Independence Hall in Philadelphia. In the malicious plot laid at Baltimore, they heard once more the rumbling of the approaching conflict; and when, in his great inaugural address, he said, "In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not *in mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one 'to preserve, protect, and defend' it;" we knew that, if neither the Federal government nor the secessionists yielded, the civil war of which the President spoke would inevitably burst upon us.

But the rumblings of the bloody conflict were not heard alone in the black war-clouds that hung threateningly over the Gulf States and the national capital, but at last directly over the streets along which we daily walked.

Succeeding the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln there was a period of silence more painful than actual battle. To us who were straining our eyes toward Washington, to see what the President, of whom we expected so much, was doing; who, intent, were listening that we might hear from his lips words of cheer and wisdom, he seemed to be paralyzed. We saw nothing. We heard

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nothing. Perhaps he was vainly hoping that those already in rebellion against the general government would yield to his eloquent appeal at the close of his famous inaugural. "I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." But he could not, by any appeal however reasonable and urgent, persuade men in the Cotton States. It was too late. He could not extinguish a conflagration by pouring oil upon it. Perhaps, however, he himself had no hope of peace, but was noiselessly preparing for the inevitable conflict. But whatever was the cause of these days of silence, they were days of sorest trial to the loyal of our city.

During all this time the secessionists were active; active everywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line; active in St. Louis. For the sake of peace in our city, loyal men still withheld from the public gaze the Stars and Stripes, but just at this time, when the Unionists were greatly depressed, when the tension of mind and heart was so great that it seemed that the addition of another grain would be unendurable, a rebel flag, attached to a wire, was hung out over Sixth Street near one of the central avenues of the city. The war-cloud was now right over our heads. From its black belly a thunderbolt might fall at any moment. I saw the whole street under that defiant, revolutionary flag packed with angry men. They had flocked together without collusion, from a spontaneous and common

impulse. They were a unit in their determination to tear down that symbol of revolt and destroy it. My whole soul was knit in sympathy with that pulsating, heaving, throbbing throng all aflame with patriotic passion. But there soon appeared, mounted on a barrel, at the side of the street, a citizen, southern-born, and highly respected by all. He spoke from a full heart earnest words to his friends and neighbors. The din of voices gradually died away. The speaker was master of the situation. He assured that excited, indignant multitude that he was in full tide of sympathy with them, that he too ardently longed to tear down that insulting banner, but in eloquent, impassioned words he entreated them to bear patiently the stinging indignity offered to a loyal city, and not needlessly to precipitate mortal combat between those who had been for years neighbors and friends. He assured them that the secession flag would soon be taken down by the authority and arm of the government, the star-spangled banner would be vindicated and would float in honor and triumph over our streets. The quieted but resentful crowd by degrees melted away and the stars and bars, oh, the shame of it! was left there for a few days to flutter undisturbed in the breeze. It however did a good work. Every loyal man that saw it, determined as never before to stand for, and, if need be, to fight for the integrity of the Union. So that over-hanging, growling, threatening cloud did not hurl its bloody bolt among us. We were, in spite of it, mercifully still at peace.

CHAPTER IV

THE BOOMERANG CONVENTION ¹

MISSOURI could not escape the dreaded, impending conflict. She carried the elements of it within her own bosom. Union and disunion forces angrily faced each other throughout all her borders. They jostled each other in the streets, marts and society of St. Louis. But amid these strong cross-currents of opinion, she remained securely anchored to the Union. She was, to be sure, somewhat battered and broken, but was surprisingly kept from the disaster of disunionism, that overtook most of her sister slave States. It is my object in this chapter to show that this great State, probably contrary to the expectation of a majority of her inhabitants, was early in 1861, through the very machinery devised to take her out of the Union, kept from that destructive folly.

When a Southern State contemplated seceding from the Union, first of all, through an act of its legislature, it provided for the creation of a sovereign Convention. The delegates to this Convention were duly elected by the people. At the appointed time they assembled, organized for business, and took up the question of secession, which they had been chosen to examine and decide. If they passed an ordinance of seces-

¹See, on this whole Chapter, Journal and Proceedings of the Missouri State Convention, 1861.

sion, it was believed that by such action the relations of the State to the Union were utterly and irrevocably severed, unless the convention determined of its own motion, or was required by the legislative act that called it into being, to submit the ordinance to the people to be ratified or rejected by their suffrages. For example, in Texas and Virginia the secession ordinances were ratified by popular vote.

In Missouri the secession Governor, re-enforced by a secession legislature, early in 1861, began to devise measures to take the State out of the Union. He followed in the wake of the Cotton States. The legislature, in full sympathy with him, passed an act which provided for the calling of a State Convention. In a "Whereas," which precedes the sections of this act, it announced in fair words its "opinion," that "The condition of public affairs demands that a Convention of the people be called to take such action as the interest and welfare of the State may require." Then the act specifies the time and the conditions of the election of the members of the contemplated Convention, and specifically designates the subject that the Convention was expected to consider, viz.: "The then existing relations between the government of the United States, the people and governments of the different States, and the government and people of the State of Missouri, and to adopt such measures for vindicating the sovereignty of the State, and the protection of its institutions as shall appear to them to be demanded." But this act contained one section of vital importance. It provided that any act of the Convention, changing or dissolving the political relations of Missouri "to the government of the United States," should not be deemed valid until ratified by a majority of the qualified voters of the

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State. However, when this act became a law, neither the Governor nor the legislature seemed to have the slightest doubt that the people of the State would ratify by a decided majority an ordinance of secession; happily, no occasion ever arose for testing that question.

Nor was the confidence entertained by the Governor and the legislature unfounded. They had every reason to believe that the same voters who had elected them, when appealed to, would elect a Convention that would favor their project of secession, and that an ordinance of secession submitted to them would be triumphantly ratified. But

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft agley.”

Still, to the secessionists at that time all things betokened certain success. Their skies looked bright. If there were a threatening cloud as big as a man’s hand they did not see it.

But too great confidence often leads men to overlook weaknesses in their most hopeful projects. Those who devised the legislative act providing for a convention, neglected to put into it any provision for limiting its continuance or life. It was made a sovereign body, and also the sole judge as to the time when it should adjourn *sine die*. So, as we shall see, the Governor and the legislature “buidled better than they knew.” To them the Convention proved to be a boomerang, but to the State a priceless blessing.

This act was approved by the Governor on the 21st of January. The election of the members of the Convention took place on the 18th of February, and the Convention met, according to the provision of the act

by which it was created, at Jefferson City, the capital of the State, on February 28th, 1861.

But if this Convention was to keep the State from secession as some began to hope it might, it was unmistakably clear that it should not continue its deliberations at the capital of the State. Jefferson City was then a small, and to sojourners in it, a somewhat desolate place. Since the legislature was in session the Convention could not meet in its halls, which, for such a body, were the only suitable places of meeting in the city. Instead of that, the delegates were compelled to occupy for their deliberations a small, repulsive court-house. No desks were there provided for them. Moreover, the hotel accommodations were meagre and unattractive, and, most of all, the libraries and reading-rooms of the capital were about equivalent to nothing. The tallow candles and oil lamps which at night gave just enough light in the houses and on the muddy streets to make darkness visible, were far more luminous than the intellectual lights of that then cheerless place; and the light of the legislature then in session was darkness. There was at that time hardly any considerable town in Missouri more intellectually stagnant than its capital. Should the Convention carry on its deliberations there, its members would have few if any facilities for the investigation of vastly important questions that were certain to arise, while all the currents of influence that would flow in upon them, would urge them on to declare for secession. To all this the Union men of St. Louis, together with a few scattered here and there throughout the State, were keenly alive. Dr. Linton, a distinguished physician of our city, and a member of the Convention, said, "When I got to Jefferson City and heard nothing but the 'Marseillaise' and 'Dixie' in place of 'The

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Star-Spangled Banner,' I felt uneasy enough, and when I heard Governor Jackson speak I felt badly. . . . I recollect, with my colleague, Mr. Broadhead, hearing 'Dixie' played on the streets, and that we stepped up to the leader of the band and asked him to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner;' he said, being a foreigner, 'Me 'fraid to play that.' We assured him that there was no danger, and he played one stanza of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' but immediately went off into 'Dixie,' and of course we went off in disgust."

The Union men of St. Louis not only saw the danger arising from the continuance of the Convention in Jefferson City, but they determined if possible to avert it. Having in secret seriously considered the whole matter, they cautiously and wisely laid their plan to bring the Convention to their own city. Since many men in the State were deeply prejudiced against St. Louis, regarding it as the stronghold of Free-soilism, it was necessary carefully to conceal the movement that was being made. If any delegate from St. Louis had openly moved that the Convention should adjourn to our city, the motion would undoubtedly have been promptly and decisively voted down. But the delegates from St. Louis, instead of making an open move, quietly and unobserved found some delegates from the country to whom they deemed it safe to make their suggestions, and without any knowledge of it on the part of the Convention these men were won to their ideas. When, therefore, the Convention, on the second day of its session, was perfecting its organization, Mr. Hall of Randolph County, — a strong pro-slavery district near the centre of the State, — moved that when the Convention adjourned, it should adjourn to meet "in the Mercantile Library Hall of St. Louis, on Monday

morning next, at 10 o'clock." The motion met with strong opposition, but after some discussion it became evident that there was probably a majority in its favor. Still, the Convention, wishing to act prudently in a matter of such vital importance, inquired if it were certainly known that they could occupy the hall mentioned in the motion of the gentleman from Randolph County? This brought to his feet Judge Samuel M. Breckinridge, a delegate from St. Louis, who said that at the request of some members from the country, he had already telegraphed to St. Louis, and had received an answer that the Convention could occupy without expense either of the two halls belonging to the Mercantile Library Association. The undivulged fact was that the Union men of St. Louis, days before, had arranged to offer to the Convention, without cost, either of these halls, if by any means that body could be induced to occupy it. At last, to remove any objection that might arise from pecuniary considerations, the citizens of our city telegraphed that the railroad fare of all the members of the Convention had also been provided for; so, at the close of the second day's session at Jefferson City, on March 1st, the Convention, by a decided majority, adjourned to meet on the following Monday, March 4th, at 10 A. M. in the Mercantile Library Hall of St. Louis; and by that move the doubt that Missouri would secede from the Union was greatly strengthened.

On Monday morning, when the Convention met for the first time in its new quarters, its members found themselves in a beautiful hall, such as some of them had never before seen. Each member was provided with a desk, and pages were at hand to do his bidding, all at the expense of the loyal men of the city. The free use of the Mercantile Library and Reading Room,

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with its papers and periodicals from every part of the Union, and also of the Law Library of the city, was also tendered them. Then, by a secret prearrangement, in companies of from six to twelve, the members of the Convention were daily invited by Union men to dine with them; and, so long as the Convention continued its sessions, in the most conservative and kindly way, at the tables and in the parlors of the best and most intelligent men and women of the city, the whole question of secession in all its phases was thoroughly discussed. By such a procedure, without arousing antagonism, deep-rooted prejudice began gradually to give way, and new light, unobserved, penetrated the minds of the members of this sovereign Convention, and, as one by one the days passed, the hope of the disloyal that Missouri would secede was constantly on the wane.

Let us now notice the composition of this sovereign body, in whose hands was providentially placed the political destiny, not only of Missouri, but perchance also of the entire Republic. It had ninety-nine members. Of these, fifty-two were lawyers, seven of whom were judges. These men by their training were capable of clearly and firmly grasping the fundamental principles of law and government. Happily more than half of the Convention was of this class. Twenty-six were farmers, who from habit of thought were decidedly conservative. Eleven were merchants, who intuitively discerned the conditions that must be maintained in order to secure and promote the commercial prosperity of their State. Three were physicians, one of whom, Dr. Linton, was an exceptionally clear-headed and brilliant man. There were also one lumber dealer, one bank commissioner, one civil engineer, one blacksmith, one tanner, one leather dealer and one circuit clerk. Each of these,

by his pursuit, was fitted to appreciate what was necessary to secure the highest material interests of the State. The Convention as a whole was in ability quite above the average, and unmistakably superior both in intellectual and moral force to the legislature which had called it into being.

Considering the vastly important question which the Convention was called upon to decide, it is also a matter of great interest to note the ages of its members. One man, like an elderly maiden, was coy, and refused to give his age; of the remaining ninety-eight, six were between twenty-four and thirty; twenty-one were between thirty and forty; forty-one were between forty and fifty; twenty-four were between fifty and sixty; and six were between sixty and seventy. Most of these men, then, were in the maturity and vigor of manhood. Two-thirds of the Convention, lacking one, were between forty and sixty, old enough to have gotten rid of crudities of thinking, and the impulsiveness and rashness of young blood, and yet young enough to be free from the enfeebling touch of age.

And since they were to deal with the question of secession, the underlying cause of which was slavery, we should not fail to consider their nativity, and the influences that surrounded them in early life, when the deepest and most lasting impressions are made upon men. Thirty of the ninety-nine delegates to this Convention were born in Kentucky; twenty-three in Virginia; thirteen in Missouri; nine in Tennessee; three in North Carolina; three in New York; three in New Hampshire; two in Maryland; two in Pennsylvania; two in Illinois; one in Alabama; one in the District of Columbia; one in Ohio; one in New Jersey; one in Maine; one in Prussia; one in Bremen; one in Austria; and one in

Ireland. Eighty-two were born in the South, including the one from the District of Columbia, while there were only thirteen born in the North and four in Europe. When we observe that more than four-fifths of the Convention had been born and brought up in slave States, we might rationally conclude from this surface view that Missouri would soon follow her seven erring sisters, like them secede from the Union, and link her destiny to the Southern Confederacy.

Beyond question the Convention was almost unanimously pro-slavery. Some of those born and educated in the North had become sweeping and positive in their advocacy of slavery. There were none in the Convention who did not denounce the Abolitionists, and very many of its members condemned with equal severity the Republican party. All of them, with possibly a very few exceptions, desired to protect and preserve the system of human bondage that had unhappily fastened itself upon the nation. But right here where there was so high a degree of unanimity, strange to say, the Convention divided. The vexed question with them was, "What will preserve slavery?" Some of them were in favor of going out of the Union to preserve it; others with at least equal emphasis and force urged that in order to preserve it Missouri must remain in the Union. These delegates pointed to the geographical position of their State; on three sides of her were free States. If she should secede, she would be confronted on the east, north and west by a foreign nation and by hostile territory, which would be an asylum for fugitive slaves. One speaker declared: "It will make a Canada of every Northern State, and the North will be a bourne from which no slave traveller will return." Such men vehemently urged that secession would be the inevitable

destruction of slavery in Missouri. If the State should secede, it would not be long before she would present to the world the anomaly of a slave State without a slave. To be sure, the Cotton States withdrew from the Union in order to preserve slavery; but even if the citizens of Missouri believed that they had the constitutional right to secede, they could not follow the example of the Gulf States, for if they did, they would blot out forever the very institution that they were so earnestly striving to save. So many in Missouri, and not a few in this Convention, reasoned.

While, however, the Convention was divided on the question of the secession of the State, and, during its earlier sessions, how evenly divided none could tell, nearly all, if not all, of its members were professed Unionists. The people had elected them as Unionists. It was loudly proclaimed that Unionism had triumphed at the polls by from forty to sixty thousand majority. Nearly every man that spoke during the deliberations of the Convention with great vigor asserted that he was in favor of maintaining the Union. The Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, in explaining to the Convention the report of that committee, said: "As far as my acquaintance with the gentlemen of this Convention extends, I know of no gentlemen who avow, or insinuate, or in any manner admit, that they entertain any unfriendly feeling to the Union. You may speak to any member of the Convention you please in reference to his position about the Union, and he will proclaim that he is in favor of the Union. How, then, in the introduction of this question before this body, shall I undertake to speak in favor of the Union, when there is a unanimity, an entire unanimity, among all the members upon the

very view which I would endeavor to take and enforce?"

Any one unacquainted with the hair-splitting political doctrines of that day might have been deceived by this emphatic and universal profession of Unionism by the members of this sovereign Convention. Calhoun also frequently made the strongest declarations of his warm attachment to the Union. But neither he nor they had in mind the actual government formed by the people of the States under the Constitution, in contradistinction to the confederation that preceded it, but simply a compact of sovereign States, which having been voluntarily entered into could by any State be lawfully terminated at will. Many in this Convention were conscious or unconscious disciples of Calhoun, and in their speeches advocated his political heresies. Their effusive professions of devotion to the Union deceived no one who was at all conversant with our political history. The Hon. Mr. Gamble, whose words I have quoted in reference to their "entire unanimity" for the Union, understood them perfectly, and he expatiated on their professions of devotion to the Union in order to induce them, if possible, to act in accordance with them, and to vote to keep Missouri in that Union for which they expressed such fervent love. On the surface there was unity; beneath the surface, contrariety. Some of the Convention meant by the Union a centralized, sovereign government under the Constitution, while others meant a loose compact of sovereign States.

And if both parties when they spoke of the Union had meant the same thing, which manifestly they did not, the phrase, "Union man," would still have been ambiguous. In the debates of the delegates it came out clearly that there were two kinds of Union men in the

Convention, conditional and unconditional. Mr. Sheeley of Independence said: "I admire this Union, and while perhaps I will stick in it as long as any man in the Convention, who is not an unconditional Union man," thus openly announcing himself a conditional Union man. Mr. Vanbuskirk of Holt County, in an able speech, declared that on the part of some of the Convention, "the whole matter is brought to this point, that it is Union upon condition; that is, Union with the 'buts' and 'ifs,' or 'under existing circumstances.'" Of course that kind of Unionism was a mockery. Only about six months before, the rabid secessionist, Yancey of Alabama, had proclaimed himself to be a pre-eminent Union man, but declared that if Abraham Lincoln should be elected to the Presidency, he would favor immediate secession. That was being a Calhoun Unionist, a Unionist according to a construction of the Constitution that was utterly at variance with John Marshall's interpretation of it. In 1861, in Missouri, whenever a man said, "I am a Union man in the Constitution," we knew for a certainty that his Unionism was conditional, and that he should probably be classed with the secessionists.

Let us notice the conditions on which the loyalty of these "but" and "if" Unionists was based. First, they felt themselves to be under no obligation to sustain the Union unless the Federal government should guarantee to them their rights. They meant by this, their rights in slave property. The people of the Northern States must not obstruct by legislation, or in any other way, the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law; in fact must aid the Southern slaveholder in recapturing his fleeing property.

In the second place, they demanded a compromise

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by which slavery south of $36^{\circ} 30'$ should be protected in the territories. In demanding no more than this, many of them thought that they were making very generous concessions to the North, since they believed that, under the Constitution, the Southern slaveholder had the undoubted right to go into any territory of the United States with his human chattels, and there be protected in both person and slave property.

In the third place, they announced that they would not sustain the Union, if the general government should attempt to coerce the seceded States. They declared that they would neither aid their seven erring sisters in making an attack on the Federal government, nor the Federal government in coercing the States that had left the Union. This view was urged by Mr. Howell on the floor of the Convention in a resolution, a part of which was, "We earnestly remonstrate and protest against any and all coercive measures, or attempts at coercion of said States into submission to the general government, whether clothed with the name or pretext of executing the laws of the Union, or otherwise. And we declare that in such contingency Missouri will not view the same with indifference." This resolution intimated, and it came out clearly in the ensuing debate, that if the United States should attempt to compel by force the collection of the national customs in the South, such an act on the part of the general government would be regarded as coercion. This is sufficient to reveal the true character of the conditional Unionists. They affirmed emphatically, "we are in favor of keeping Missouri in the Union, if the Northern States will guarantee the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, protect slavery in the territories south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and the general government will not even in the execution

of the Federal laws south of Mason and Dixon's line use any force whatever; but if these conditions are not fulfilled, we are in favor of going out of the Union, and uniting our fortunes with the Southern Confederacy;" and when the Convention adjourned to St. Louis, the Unionism of a decided majority of its members was unquestionably of that conditional type.

Since we have so fully set forth the composition and views of the Convention, it will be unnecessary to reproduce in detail its organization and proceedings. The Hon. Sterling Price, afterwards a Confederate general, was chosen president, and presided over the deliberations of the Convention with ability and impartiality. The delegates to the Convention took an oath to sustain the Constitution of the United States and that of the State of Missouri. A strong Committee on Federal Relations was appointed, of which Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, an unconditional Union man of whom we have already spoken, was chairman. During the first sittings of the Convention, numerous resolutions in reference to the attitude that Missouri ought to maintain toward the Union were introduced and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations; and while that committee was deliberating, the members of the Convention occupied the time in making speeches on the general subject of secession. As each one seemed anxious to declare himself, there was much speaking. Both extreme and conservative views were freely aired, and each day evidently added new strength to the position that it would be unwise for Missouri to sever her relations with the Union.

There was one unique incident that profoundly stirred the whole Convention. The Convention of the State of Georgia, that passed an ordinance of secession,

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sent the Hon. Luther J. Glenn as a commissioner to present it to the Convention of Missouri and to urge its delegates to enact a similar ordinance and to join the Southern Confederacy. He appeared at Jefferson City, during the proceedings of the second day of the Convention, and his communication from Georgia to the Convention was read by the Chair.¹ This communication was promptly laid on the table, but the incident greatly disturbed all genuine Union men, especially since the commissioner with his secession message had been received with open arms by the Governor, and in the evening both houses of the disloyal legislature in joint session had listened to an address from him with the most manifest marks of sympathy.²

At the first day's session in St. Louis this communication of the Georgia commissioner was called up, and a motion was made that he be invited to address the Convention. Thereupon there was hot debate. Hon. Sample Orr, referring to Mr. Glenn, said: "He is here to-day and called an ambassador by some, by others a commissioner. If he is an ambassador, he has missed the right city. He should have gone to Washington. If he is here as a commissioner from a sister State, then the oath we have taken forbids that we should have an alliance with any other State in the Confederacy." He meant by Confederacy, the United States. Mr. Smith, a delegate from St. Louis, said: "We did not come here to receive ambassadors from foreign States." But finally the Convention deemed it best on the whole to listen to the gentleman from Georgia, who then proceeded to tell the very old story of the atrocious conduct of the Northern abolitionists, and of the equally

¹ Journal of the Missouri State Convention, 1861, p. 11.

² Sneed, pp. 68-72.

reprehensible acts of the Chicago Convention, that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency; of the deplorable condition of his State, on account of the protective tariff, that built up the North and pulled down the South, and that, on account of these things, which a long-suffering people could no longer endure, his State had peaceably seceded, and he was commissioned by Georgia to urge Missouri to follow her example.¹

Georgia's Ordinance of Secession and the address of her commissioner were referred to a special committee, of which the Hon. John B. Henderson, the author of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States,² was chairman. On the eighteenth day of the sittings of the Convention, Mr. Henderson, slaveholder though he was, presented a comprehensive report recommending the rejection of the prayer from Georgia to secede, presented by Mr. Glenn, and urging the weightiest and most conclusive reasons against the disruption of the Union. This report was stronger meat than the Convention was then able to digest, so after a short, sharp debate it was laid on the table³ and was never afterwards taken up. It did not need to be. It had done its work. The author of it had seized his opportunity to deal a staggering blow against the secession of Missouri, and the effect of it could not be neutralized. So what at first was a menace was transmuted into a blessing.

The Georgia commissioner made a vow that he would never buy a new hat until Missouri seceded from the Union. In 1900 he was still living. The

¹Journal Missouri State Convention, 1861, pp. 18-20.

²Blaine's Twenty Years of Congress, Vol. I, p. 505. Vol. II, pp. 202-203.

³Journal Missouri State Convention, 1861, pp. 248-256.

silk hat that covered his obfuscated brain when he represented seceded Georgia before the Convention in St. Louis had been fixed over three times. He was still proud of it and of the cause that he represented in 1861. Whether he now lives, we do not know. He has died, or will die, in the faith. He was made of stern stuff. If he has, or when he shall have, departed to the land where silk hats are not needed, and from which no one ever secedes, every one who admires pure grit will heartily breathe the prayer, *Requiescat in pace.*

We return now from this peculiar and important transaction, unexpectedly thrust upon the attention of the Convention from without, to notice that, by the time it had fairly begun its work in St. Louis, the secession legislature which had created it, repented of what it had unwittingly wisely done, and began to agitate the question whether it had the power to repeal the ordinance that called the Convention into being, and thus permanently dissolve it. They saw of course that the Convention was not of their way of thinking. They refused to vote the necessary means for the publication of its proceedings. Mr. Foster of the Convention said in debate, "Although the legislature of Missouri called this body into existence, yet, sir, its complexion so very materially differs from the complexion of the legislative body, that, if they had the power, in my judgment, they would crush us out of existence to-day." To the Union men of St. Louis and the State this growing antagonism of the two law-making bodies was a cheering symptom. The legislature, however, soon learned from its legal advisers that it could not efface the wisdom into which it had blindly blundered; that the chicken which it had so fondly hatched and fostered into maturity could not be put back into the shell again;

that, in short, there was no political power in Missouri superior to the sovereign Convention which it had evoked into being, and which was now calmly and wisely deliberating in the great commercial city of the State.

All parties were finally convinced that though the legislature had created the Convention, it could not destroy it. So the work of this sovereign body moved on undisturbed. On the eighth day of its sittings the Committee on Federal Relations reported through its chairman. In their report the Committee, with but partial success, detailed the political events which led to the secession of the Cotton States, and had raised the question of secession in the remaining slave States. But they presented with cumulative force many cogent reasons why Missouri should not follow her erring sisters in seceding from the Union, and finally crystallized their recommendations on the whole subject of secession in seven resolutions, the first and chief of which was, "That at present there is no adequate cause to impel Missouri to dissolve her connection with the Federal Union." This resolution seems to us now tame and timid. But a more sweeping and positive resolution could not have been carried through the Convention. Its very weakness was its strength. Its apparent obeisance to the doctrine of secession made it acceptable to many conditional Union men. When the loyal men of St. Louis heard it, they were lifted up with hope.

However the Committee was not unanimous. On the next day some conditional Union men on the Committee presented a minority report. Then numerous amendments were offered, and for eight days longer the debate went on, more earnest and vigorous than ever, but each day it was evident that the more positive secession sentiment was slowly vanishing, so that when

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on the sixteenth day of the Convention, the vote was taken on the resolution quoted above, while nine members of the Convention were absent, all present but one voted for it. George Y. Bast, a farmer from Rhineland, Montgomery County, has the unenviable distinction of being the minority of one that voted for the secession of Missouri. The other resolutions of the Committee, with varying majorities, were also adopted.

On the 22d of March the Convention adjourned to meet on the third Monday in December following; but it also appointed a committee of seven, one from each congressional district, to whom the power was delegated to call the Convention together before the third Monday in December, if, in their judgment, the public exigencies demanded it.

The reasons urged by the Convention against the secession of Missouri as we gather them from its reported proceedings, briefly stated, were these:

First: the geographical position of Missouri. She was so far north that her climate was better adapted to the white man than to the black. Moreover, she was shut in on three sides by free States, into which, if she seceded from the Union, her slaves would flee and from which they could not be brought back.

Second: she had other, and far greater interests than her slaves. They numbered only one hundred and twelve thousand, while she had within her borders more than one million, one hundred thousand white men. During the then preceding decade her slaves had increased twenty-five per cent; while her white population had increased one hundred per cent. The taxable value of her slaves was only forty-five million dollars, while that of her other property was three hundred and fifteen million dollars. Most of her slaves were

engaged in raising tobacco and hemp, while her white population, which, through immigration, was rapidly increasing, was developing her mining, manufacturing, and commercial interests. The members of her sovereign Convention, from whose brains the cobwebs had at last been swept, and whose vision had become clear, saw that the immigration of free white men to Missouri would nearly, if not wholly, cease, if the State by secession should be placed under the political domination of the Confederacy, whose cornerstone had been declared by its brilliant Vice-President to be African slavery.

Third: timid men were everywhere crying out for compromise. And most of the members of the Convention still hugged the delusion that the political antagonisms, which were then shaking the nation to its foundations, and had already severed seven States from the Union, might be overcome by compromise. To inaugurate measures by which such compromise might be effected some advocated a convention of the border slave States; others of the border slave and border free States; and still others of all the States, and, so long as they cherished hope of such a peaceful adjustment of difficulties, they thought it inexpedient for Missouri to secede.

Fourth: most of the Convention believed that the seven States which had already seceded had been carried out of the Union by ambitious politicians; that the people had not been permitted fairly and fully to discuss the question of secession, and freely to cast their ballots for or against it. During the deliberations of the Convention extreme Southern politicians, like Yancey of Alabama, were roundly and bitterly denounced. Moreover, the State pride of the Missourians had been deeply stung by the seceded States. Those States, they affirmed, had rudely snapped the tie which

bound them to the Union, without any consultation with the border slave States, and then after they were out of the Union and had gone so far as to set up a Southern Confederacy, they complacently turned around and invited the States whose counsels they had ignored to join them. Missouri felt that she should have been consulted before secession was enacted, and some strong pro-slavery members of the Convention declared in unmistakable terms that they were utterly opposed to following the cotton lords of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Thus the precipitancy of the hot-headed Southern politicians became no inconsiderable element of the force which kept Missouri in the Union.

But there is reason for grave doubt if even all these considerations combined would have led to this result, if the Convention had continued its deliberations at Jefferson City. It was well known that the object of the Governor and the legislature in creating the Convention was to secure the secession of the State. Had it continued its sittings at the State capital, the influences by which it would have been surrounded would probably have incited its members to enact an ordinance of secession. But the adjournment to St. Louis at once awakened a reasonable hope of a better outcome. The delegates were now surrounded by an entirely different atmosphere. They met in that city the highest intelligence and the staunchest loyalty in the State. They were mightily impressed with the fact that scores of men there who had formerly been slaveholders in the South were unflinchingly loyal to the old flag. Gradually they came to see that secession antagonized all the commercial, educational, and moral interests of the State; that it was, in short, a suicidal policy. As they deliberated day by day, even those

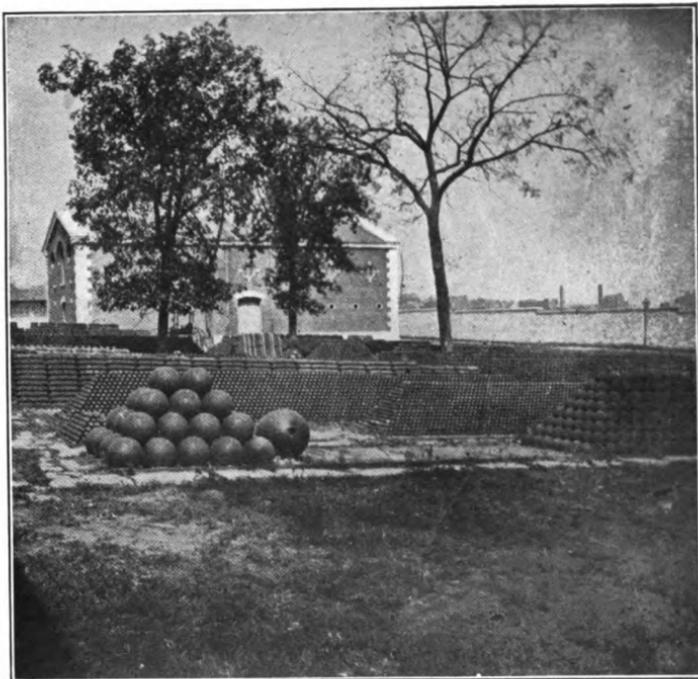
who had been the warmest advocates of such a policy began to waver. Every day their vision grew clearer and truer. Even the president of the Convention, who so soon afterwards became a commander of Confederate troops, for the nonce, seemed to be a genuine Union man, and when the vote was taken on the question of secession, as we have already noted, only one man could be found in the entire Convention, who had the hardihood to vote against the resolution, that it was not just then expedient for Missouri to secede from the Union.

The victory was won. It was a momentous victory. Who won it? A little band of intrepid Union men, men of whom, with perhaps two exceptions, the nation at large knew little or nothing. They had come together in St. Louis from every part of the Republic and from foreign countries. That city was their adopted home. They had largely laid aside the prejudices that they brought with them from their former places of abode. Their contact with each other had made them larger, grander men. Upon them unexpectedly a day of darkness had fallen. Dangers thickened around them, but the very perils which beset them united their hearts in unswerving, burning loyalty to the Union. At last the only hope of keeping their State in the Union was the sovereign Convention called into being for the very purpose of taking it out of the Union. So, before God, they firmly resolved to use as well as they could the unpropitious instrument made ready to their hand. They could not directly control the deliberations and votes of the Convention. Forbidding as the prospect seemed to be, there was hope, however, if this sovereign body could be induced to carry on its deliberations in their adopted city. They must invite the Convention to do this. Not openly; such publicity would utterly

defeat their purpose. They must work in secret. Fortunately some of their own number were members of the Convention. They were good men and wise and true. They did their delicate work with skill. The Convention, apparently self-moved, came to St. Louis. It deliberated there. Missouri stayed in the Union.

What was the significance of this outcome to the nation at large? It had a mighty influence in keeping Kentucky, West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland in the Union. It cheered and strengthened our wise, conservative, patriotic President, whose manifold perplexities and vast responsibilities pressed upon him like the superincumbent weight of a mountain. It put into the Union army more than one hundred and nine thousand men, of whom more than eight thousand were colored,¹ besides the Home Guards in every considerable town of the State. It is probable, however, that part of this number, even if the State had seceded, would have found its place in the Union ranks; but the doctrine of State rights was so dominant that probably at least seventy-five thousand of that number would have followed the State and helped fight the battles of the Southern Confederacy. It is quite possible that this great military force added to the Federal army really decided the conflict in favor of the Union; and that when some future historian impartially surveys the whole field, he may be constrained to affirm that a band of patriotic men, most of them unknown to fame, in a border city, on the western bank of the Mississippi River, confronted with apparently insurmountable obstacles, by prudent, decisive action, not only saved their State from the madness of secession, but the whole Union from irretrievable disruption.

¹ The State of Missouri by Williams, pp. 545-546.



THE ARSENAL, ST. LOUIS, IN 1866.

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CHAPTER V

THE FIGHT FOR THE ARSENAL

THE United States Arsenal was situated in the southern part of the city by the river. It contained nearly thirty thousand percussion-cap muskets, about one thousand rifles, some cannon unfit for use, a few hundred flint-lock muskets, and a large quantity of ammunition.¹ It was the settled policy of the seceding States to seize the United States arsenals and arms within their boundaries. So those, who were now trying to force Missouri out of the Union, were intent on following the pernicious example of the seceded States. Moreover, our secession Governor was about to call out the militia of the State and put it under military drill; the militia would need arms and ammunition; both were in the Arsenal; why should not these citizen soldiers have them? Why should the sovereignty of the United States override the sovereignty of Missouri? So secessionists reasoned.

And the fight for the Arsenal began early. Each party saw clearly that those who held it would hold the city, and those who held the city would hold the State. So all eyes were riveted on the coveted prize. Isaac H. Sturgeon, a Kentuckian by birth, was Assistant United States Treasurer at St. Louis.

¹ Snead in "The Fight for Missouri," p. 110, says there were in the Arsenal sixty thousand muskets. For this I find no authority.

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He belonged to the southern right wing of the Missouri Democracy. He consorted with secessionists. He heard their plans for seizing the Arsenal, and as the Subtreasury vaults contained four hundred thousand dollars in gold, he began to fear that they might also seize that. He therefore wrote a cautious letter to President Buchanan, setting forth the facts of the case, and suggesting that it might be wise to send a company of soldiers to guard the money belonging to the United States. The President turned this letter over to General Scott, who forthwith sent Lieutenant Robinson to St. Louis with a detachment of forty men and ordered that they be placed at the disposal of the Assistant Treasurer. They arrived on the 11th of January, and were quartered in the Government Building. Here, in addition to the Subtreasury, were the Post-office, the Custom-house and the Federal Courts. The report that Federal soldiers, under the control of the Assistant Treasurer, were on guard over the Subtreasury, flew like wild-fire over the entire city. To put it mildly, the excitement was intense. The papers sent out extras, that were carried by running, yelling boys to almost every house. A great angry, vociferating crowd packed the narrow streets on which the Government Building stood. They hurled dire threats of vengeance against the United States, the President, the general of the army and Mr. Sturgeon, that recreant States-rights democrat. Some of the crowd were red, some pale, with anger; they were hot for a fight. But nobody was in any special danger; their rage would unquestionably soon have spent itself in angry yells and in the shaking of empty fists; but in order to calm the secession mind, General Harney, the department commander, ordered Robinson and his detachment

of soldiers to the Arsenal. As they went thither the tempest subsided, and no bones were broken.

But brief as the excitement was, it invaded the capital of the State, and agitated the lawmakers there. A grave and reverend State Senator forthwith offered some resolutions, in which he characterized "this act of the administration" at Washington "as insulting to the dignity and patriotism of this State," and asked the Governor "to inquire of the President what has induced him to place the property of the United States within this State in charge of an armed Federal force?"

Since, however, the excitement was over in St. Louis, these resolutions were never passed; and it is now difficult for us to believe that a sane legislator should ever have felt it incumbent upon him to protest against the guarding of United States property by an armed Federal force. But so good men thought and felt then.

The incident at the Government Building, which aroused such passion both in our city and throughout the State, was a side-light which revealed the settled determination of the secessionists to get control of all United States property on the sacred soil of Missouri. Perhaps the fears of Mr. Sturgeon for the safety of the Subtreasury — fears that had been awakened by the declarations of the secessionists with whom he consorted — may have been groundless, but there was no mistake in reference to the determination of the disloyal to get into their possession, at the earliest possible moment, the Arsenal and all that it contained.

To understand the fight for the Arsenal, it will be necessary for us to get before our minds as clearly as possible some of the principal characters that directed and controlled it. The first to claim our attention,

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though at the beginning of the contest subordinate in military rank is Captain, afterwards Brigadier-General, Nathaniel Lyon. He was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of West Point. He had served with distinction in Florida, and in the Mexican War, brilliantly as an Indian fighter in northern California, and with moderation and wisdom in Kansas, when that territory was harassed by the lawless incursions of border ruffians. He was forty-two years old, just in his prime. He was only five feet seven inches in height. He was thin and angular, rough and rugged in appearance. He had deep-set, clear blue eyes, sandy hair and reddish-brown stubby beard. What he was in mind and heart, unfolding events soon clearly revealed. He reported for duty at the Arsenal about February 2d. He at once made himself familiar with its history. He learned that Major William H. Bell, by birth a North Carolinian, a graduate of West Point in 1820, had been its commander for several years; that the major, aside from his duties as an officer of the United States army, had amassed quite a fortune in our city in town lots and suburban property, and had come to regard St. Louis as his home; that his sympathies had been with the extreme pro-slavery men of Missouri; that in January he had pledged himself to General Frost that while he would defend the Arsenal against all mobs, he would not defend it against State troops; that as late as Jan. 24th, Frost had written this to Governor Jackson, at the same time claiming that Bell was in accord with them; that on the same day, to the honor of the military service of the United States, Bell had been removed from his command and ordered to report at New York; that he had refused to obey this order, and, instead, had had the good sense to resign his commission

and retire to his farm in St. Charles County, Missouri.

So at the start, the real situation of affairs in our city was opened up to Captain Lyon.

He was now associated in military duty with Brigadier-General William Selby Harney and Major Peter V. Hagner. The former was the commander of the Department of the West. He was more than sixty years old, having been born in 1798. He was a Southerner; Louisiana was his native State. He had had large experience as a soldier in the Mexican War, and as an Indian fighter both in Florida and on the plains. He had acquitted himself with distinction as the commander of the military Department of the Pacific Coast. For several years he had lived in Missouri. And now in this time of stress no one could successfully question his patriotism, and unswerving loyalty to the Union; but he was so interlinked with Southern families, both by blood and friendships of long standing, that he was unfitted to command where grave and delicate questions, involving old neighbors and intimate friends, were constantly arising. So at last, without any stain on his honor, he was called by his government to serve in another field.

The latter, Major Hagner, was the successor of Major Bell in the command of the Arsenal. Washington, the national capital, was his birthplace. He too was a graduate of West Point and was older than Lyon. He was five years Lyon's senior in service. But as to whether Hagner really outranked Lyon there was room for difference of opinion. Hagner had served in the ordnance department of the army, where promotions were slower than in the infantry, to which Lyon belonged. Lyon's commission as captain in the regular army

was twenty days earlier than Hagner's; but Hagner, having received in 1847 the brevet rank of major, claimed to outrank him. Under this Lyon was restive. He saw at a glance what must be done if Missouri was to be kept in the Union. He was persuaded that Hagner was unequal to the demand made upon him by the exigencies of the hour. So, on the ground of the priority of his commission as captain, he claimed the right to supreme command. When his claim was denied, first, by Gen. Harney, and then by President Buchanan and Gen. Scott, he chafed under the decision of his superiors. He did not, however, sulk in his tent; he was too patriotic for that; yet, in his correspondence, he vigorously and somewhat ungraciously criticized those who differed from him.

While his superiors in command at St. Louis were both men of undoubted loyalty to their government, they did not have the same point of view that he had. He was originally a Connecticut democrat. In 1852 he had enthusiastically advocated the election of Franklin Pierce to the Presidency. But he was sent to do military duty in Kansas, while the people there were struggling in opposition to pro-slavery men from Missouri to make Kansas a free State. There his political views were almost completely changed. The full tide of his sympathy flowed out to the Free-State men and to the negro. He then and there became convinced that two civilizations so diametrically opposed to each other could not continue to exist peacefully under the same flag. He saw the coming of the inevitable conflict, and he was ready, not to say eager, for it.

While Harney was not in sympathy with Lyon's political views, he nevertheless showed that he admired him both as an officer and as a man; but between Lyon

and Hagner there was but little if any real fellowship. Lyon therefore formed his friendly associations in the city, outside the Arsenal. His political views led him into the company of such men as Frank P. Blair, our brilliant congressman and aggressive free-soil leader; Oliver D. Filley, our popular mayor, a New Englander by birth and education; John How, a Pennsylvanian, a member of the Union Safety Committee; and others of the same ilk, whose trumpets never gave an uncertain sound in reference to the maintenance of the Union. These uncompromising loyalists at once saw in Lyon the man for the hour and the place, and he saw in them men who would do all in their power to help him realize his aims. He frequently visited the rendezvous of the Wide-Awakes, now, under the lead of Blair, transformed into Home Guards. He encouraged them in their work, suggested plans for their more perfect organization, and often personally drilled them in the manual of arms. They needed muskets. Blair thought that they should be armed from the Arsenal; and while this was contrary to the letter of the law, Lyon was in full accord with Blair.

In view of threatened attacks on the Arsenal, Lyon urged Hagner to fortify it. He refused. He then urged him to arm the Home Guards; this he regarded as illegal, and from his point of view justly decided against it. Not that Lyon was lawless, but his reasoning was, a law that was made to preserve the Republic must not be obeyed when such obedience would destroy the Republic. In such a case obedience to the letter of the law would be disobedience to its spirit. He held that the commandant at the Arsenal was bound to defend it at all hazards, and by all means within his reach, since on the holding of it depended the political

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destiny of Missouri. Nothing must stand in the way of securing an end so transcendently important. Laws good and wholesome in the "weak piping time of peace," for the highest public good may be held in abeyance in a time of revolt against constituted authority. But this captain, all aflame with patriotism, and so impatient of restraint, must still wait a little longer before unhindered he can do his appointed work.

The first of February, Blair went to Washington and in person urged President Buchanan to give Lyon the supreme command of the Arsenal; but neither he nor General Scott would consent to this, having full confidence in Harney and Hagner. But a serious disturbance around the headquarters of the Minute Men, or organized secessionists, which threatened the peace of the whole city, led Harney, on March 13th, to give the command of the troops at the Arsenal to Lyon, while Hagner was still permitted to retain his command over the ordnance stores. Nothing could have been more impractical and absurd. The Arsenal now had two heads; one over the troops, the other over the arms. If the two had been in perfect accord, the double-headed arrangement might have worked efficiently; but in all their thinking and methods they were at sword's points with each other. But strange to say, out of this apparent deadlock of authority came deliverance.

This anomalous state of affairs, seemingly so favorable to the secessionists, together with a legislative act expressly in their interest, resulted in their discomfiture. In March, the secession lawmakers at Jefferson City, disappointed and incensed because the Convention at St. Louis had voted that, for the present, at least, it was inexpedient for the State to secede from the

Union, determined if possible to neutralize, or to overturn, this reasonable and wise decision. They saw clearly that if in any way they could get control of St. Louis, they could through it, in spite of the Convention, control the State. They thought that if the police of the city could by some device be put under the jurisdiction of their secession Governor, there would be a rational and strong hope of uniting the destiny of St. Louis and Missouri with that of the Southern Confederacy. Swayed by this thought, and intensely anxious to realize it, they framed and passed an act, authorizing the Governor to appoint four commissioners, who, together with the mayor, should have absolute control of the police, of the local voluntary militia, of the sheriff, and of all other conservators of the peace. This act virtually threw the whole police force of the city into the hands of the Governor, and seemed also to put under his absolute control not only the ordinary local volunteer militia, but also the Minute Men, and Wide-Awakes or Home Guards of St. Louis. On the heel of this sweeping and radical legislation came the municipal election of April 1st, when Daniel G. Taylor, a plastic, conditional Union man, openly opposed to Lincoln's administration and to the coercion of the South, was elected mayor by a majority of two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight over John How, a very popular, unconditional Union man. In the preceding February, when the city chose delegates to the Convention, the unconditional Union men had triumphed by a majority of full five thousand; but now we had elected a mayor who would play into the hands of our disloyal Governor. The cause of this backset it was difficult to discover; and the alarming thing about it all was that with a pliant mayor under the thumb of our foxy

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Governor we seemed to be in the tightening grip of the secessionists.

The Governor, under the recent enactment of the legislature, now appointed the police commissioners. In doing this he carried into effect this new and pernicious statute both in its letter and spirit. He had probably originally suggested it. At all events it was evidently a legislative act after his own heart. Under it he named as commissioners three of the most outspoken, virulent secessionists in the city, and a man of Northern birth, who was strongly opposed to any attempt to coerce seceded States. At the head of this interesting quartette stood Basil Wilson Duke, the acknowledged leader of the Minute Men, the organized secessionists of St. Louis. This man inspired those who hung out a rebel flag over their rendezvous on Pine Street, and defied the Union men of the city. He was a man of ability and conviction. He fought for what he believed to be right. Like the Governor that appointed him, he regarded the coming of United States troops, even for the purpose of defending United States property, as an invasion of the State that should be met and repelled by force.

But out of apparent defeat came victory; out of the gloom light streamed. Lyon at the Arsenal was undaunted. While he chafed under his limitations, he used energetically all the power that he had. Rightly regarding the holding of the Arsenal as of paramount importance, he declared, perhaps unwisely, that if the secessionists attempted to seize it, he would issue arms to the Home Guards and other Union men, and if Hagner interfered he would "pitch him into the river." Harney, at last convinced that right there in St. Louis war was imminent, enlarged the powers of Lyon so that

for the time being he had supreme command over the arms at the Arsenal as well as over the soldiers.

Lyon now, as a precautionary measure, patrolled the streets beyond the Arsenal, and planted his artillery on the bluffs above it. Against this the police commissioners protested, but Lyon would not budge. So they appealed to Harney. For the sake of peace he ordered the patrols back into the limits of the Arsenal, and forbade Lyon to issue arms to any one without his consent. This reactionary and disheartening movement on the part of Harney soon made Lyon the master of the situation. Blair appealed for relief to the Secretary of War, who at once summoned Harney to Washington. In obeying this summons on the 23d of April, he temporarily retired from his command.

Lyon had now what he and Blair had so intensely desired, supreme command at the Arsenal. He at once re-enforced it. He fortified it. All approaches to it were vigilantly guarded. Lyon was now empowered by the Federal government to arm the Home Guards; to raise and arm additional regiments and muster them into the United States' service. So the battle within the Arsenal for the Arsenal was at last won. But what of the battle for it without?

Taken as a whole, the city at this time was tossed and torn with doubt and fear. That there was a mighty struggle on the part of the disloyal, in some way to get possession of the Arsenal, we all knew. How many of them there were, and what were their resources, we could not with any certainty ascertain. Our imaginations were often active. When we retired at night we thought it at least possible that, by some strategic stroke, we might wake up in the morning and find our city turned over into the hands of the

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secessionists. The very indefiniteness of the force which threatened us made our situation peculiarly weird, and filled us at times with apprehension. This hostile force was as vague and indeterminate as the shadowy power that passed before Eliphaz, concerning which he said (Job 4: 12):

“ Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a whisper thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof.”

Not that we feared for our personal safety. But we were often anxious lest the city, by some secret move, should be swept into the maelstrom of secession. True men could not help being anxious. Ugly rumors filled the air. The Post-office, the Custom-house, the Subtreasury, the Arsenal were all about to be seized. At last, on April 12th, the whole nation, North and South, burst into flame. Beauregard was bombarding Fort Sumter. Hostilities had not been formally declared. Without any preannouncement, the dread conflagration of war began to sweep over the land. But after all, this was but fanning into fiercer flame the fire that was already burning. For several months the seceding States had been committing acts of war in seizing the property of the United States. From the strong desire of averting armed conflict, such acts had been overlooked by the Federal authorities. The nation had been hoping for a peaceful solution of its difficulties.

But now the belching cannon at Charleston, the very nest of secession, had swept away the last hope of peace. Every ear in St. Louis was attent. The shameful end came all too soon. The Old Flag, around which clustered so many glories, was lowered before a disunion army. On the 14th of April those brave troops that had so gallantly defended the fort marched out with the honors of war. There was now no longer any hesitation at the White House. The President's call for seventy-five thousand men to put down the rebellion rang out trumpet-tongued all over the Republic. The lines that had separated political parties faded away. Persons of all shades of political opinion rallied as one man to save the Union.

To depict the effect in St. Louis of the capture of Fort Sumter and the President's call for volunteer troops would require an abler pen than mine. At first the Union men were silent, but their thoughts were hot within them. The fall of Sumter stirred them to indignation; the call of the President inflamed their patriotism and strengthened their hope. Most of their secession neighbors for a time were also silent. They too were agitated by conflicting emotions. While the lowering of the Old Flag at the behest of Beauregard's thundering guns lighted up their faces with smiles, they hotly protested against Lincoln's call for troops as an invasion of State rights. But these national events that had so suddenly come upon us, producing in the minds of our fellow-citizens such varied and antagonistic effects, greatly intensified the determination of both Unionists and secessionists. Each party now began to struggle as never before to gain its end. And the immediate purpose of the one was to seize, and of the other to hold, the Arsenal.

Men of the same race, the same nation, the same State, the same city, hot with passion, stood face to face. One party declared: "Come what may, we will take the Arsenal." The other responded: "At all hazards we will defend and retain it." But those who determined to get possession of it did not yet understand the ability and resourcefulness of the officer who at last had secured supreme command over it. He was cool and clear-headed. He saw intuitively the manifold dangers by which he and his command were beset. He penetrated the designs of our acute and wily Governor. He unearthed his correspondence with the Confederate authorities at Montgomery. He also discovered what was going on in the rebel rendezvous of the city. He unerringly detected and unravelled the plots of the disloyal. Just how he did these things, no one knew. But his apprehension of what his enemy was doing was but the means to the end. When he made a discovery he knew just what to do. And in executing his plans he was resolute and decisive. In him, purpose and deed were yoked together, thought was crowned with act. He was admired and trusted by the loyal, but distrusted, feared and hated by the disloyal.

Even while he was in subordinate command, as early as April 16th, with perhaps unjustifiable officiousness, he had written to Governor Yates of Illinois, that it might be well for him "to make requisition for a large supply of arms, and get them shipped from the Arsenal to Springfield."¹ Governor Yates, acting on his suggestion, made the requisition. But the execution of the enterprise was difficult and dangerous. Secession spies swarmed in the neighborhood of the Arsenal. Everything done there was promptly reported to the disloyal

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. I, p. 667; also W. R. S. 3, Vol. I, p. 80.

of the city in their various places of meeting. These segregated secessionists grew more and more determined, come what might, to make the coveted Arsenal their own. A rumor also got afloat that the Governor had ordered two thousand of his militia down from Jefferson City to assist the secessionists in seizing it, and that he had determined to plant cannon on the heights above it and bombard it. And even if the rumor were merely a creation of the imagination, it was none the less effective on that account. It now became doubly clear that if the munitions of war at the Arsenal were to be delivered from constant liability of seizure, no time should be lost in removing them to Springfield, Illinois. In this Captain Lyon and Governor Yates were agreed. To make sure the safe delivery of them at Springfield, Governor Yates summoned to his aid Captain James H. Stokes, late of the regular army. He chose the right man for this delicate and hazardous undertaking. Under the direction of the United States authorities, he commissioned him to remove ten thousand muskets from the Arsenal in St. Louis to the capital of Illinois. To accomplish this work Captain Stokes chartered the steamer "City of Alton." She was, however, to remain at Alton until called for.

In the meantime, Stokes, in citizen's dress, came quietly and unobserved to St. Louis. When he went to the Arsenal, he found it surrounded by a crowd of sullen, resolute secessionists. At first he was unable even to work his way through the compact throng; but by patience and good nature he finally elbowed his way to the coveted fortress and handed to Captain Lyon the requisition from Governor Yates. At first Lyon doubted if it were possible at that time to meet it, but promptly decided that, if it could be met at all,

there must be no delay in action. Both Lyon and Stokes were resourceful. The latter sent a spy into the secession camp. He met him at a designated time and place, and through him learned every move that the secessionists proposed to make. On the 25th of April, a little more than twenty-four hours after his arrival, he telegraphed the "City of Alton" to drop down to the Arsenal landing about midnight. He then returned to the Arsenal and, with the help of the soldiers there, began moving the boxes of muskets from the upper to the lower floor. When this work had been done, he sent some boxes of old flint-lock muskets up the bank of the river, as if he intended to ship them by some steamboat lying at the levee; but it was merely a blind to divert attention from his real enterprise. The secessionists eagerly followed and seized these almost worthless guns; thinking that they had secured a rich prize, they made night hideous by their boisterous rejoicing. A few of them, however, still hung round the Arsenal. These Captain Lyon arrested and locked up.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the "City of Alton" tied up at the landing. The seven hundred men in the Arsenal quickly put aboard of her the ten thousand muskets demanded. Captain Stokes then urgently asked permission to empty the Arsenal of all guns except those that were immediately needed to arm the volunteers that Lyon was gathering around him. He was told to go ahead. With marvellous celerity, he then put aboard the steamer ten thousand more muskets, five hundred new rifle carbines, five hundred revolvers, one hundred and ten thousand musket cartridges, and a considerable quantity of miscellaneous war material. Seven thousand muskets were left to arm the St. Louis volunteers.

When in hot haste the steamer had been loaded, the word was given to push off from the landing; but she could not be moved. The boxes of muskets had been piled up around the engine-room to guard it against any shot that might be sent from the battery planted by our plausible Governor for the defence of the State on the levee above, and their weight had pressed the prow of the steamer down into the clay of the river-bank, and she stuck fast. Such a moment would have paralyzed many men; but the undaunted Stokes was cool and equal to the occasion. He cried to his energetic helpers, "Move the boxes aft." With right good will the order was obeyed. Two hundred boxes of muskets were quickly carried astern, when the steamer's prow was lifted free from the clay and she floated out upon deep water. "Which way?" said the captain of the "City of Alton." Stokes replied, "Out to the channel of the river, then north to Alton." "But," said Captain Mitchell of the steamer, "what if the battery on the levee fires upon us?" "We will defend ourselves," said Stokes. "What if they beat us?" asked Mitchell. "Push her to the middle of the river and sink her," replied Stokes. "I'll do it," said Mitchell. On he steamed. He came abreast the battery; he passed it. Cannoneers and cannon seemed to be asleep. There was no sound from human or brazen throat. Plash, plash went the steamer's wheels; on, on she ploughed through the murky waters, and at five in the morning reached her destination.

As soon as she touched the landing at Alton, Captain Stokes ran to the market-house and rang the fire-bell. The inhabitants roused from their morning slumbers, came pouring out of their houses, some of them half-dressed, to fight fire as soon as they found it.

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The Captain told them, "There is no fire; but at the landing is that steamer which you all know; it is now loaded with arms and ammunition from the Arsenal at St. Louis; to get them we outwitted and of course disappointed the secessionists; they may pursue us; so we wish as speedily as possible to get these guns to the capital of your State. Will you help us carry them from the 'City of Alton' to these empty freight-cars?" With a shout that rolled across the Father of Waters to the opposite shore, men, women, and children laid hold of this hard task. They tugged at the heavy boxes of muskets, carrying, dragging, wheeling them. Their enthusiasm rose every moment to a higher pitch; and just as the clock struck seven the work was done. The cargo of the steamer was on the cars. The doors were shut and padlocked. The locomotive whistled, the bell rang, the steam puffed, the wheels moved, on went the ponderous train with its coveted load amid the shouts and huzzas of the patriotic Altonians.¹ Nor did they forget that morning their own martyred Lovejoy, who, fighting against slavery and for the freedom of the press, poured out his blood on the same spot where they then stood; and that his blood so ruthlessly spilled foretold the awful conflict into which the whole nation was then rapidly drifting.

When the morning of April 26th dawned, to say that the secessionists of St. Louis were unhappy would be an inadequate expression of their mental state. They then discovered that they had immoderately exulted over a few worthless, flint-lock muskets; and that while they had shouted, most of the arms for which they had been scheming, had, in the darkness, slipped forever beyond their reach. When they fully appre-

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, D. of E., Vol. I, p. 44. Also Doc., p. 147-8.



hended that they had been artfully outwitted, their mortification was unbounded. Covered with shame, they crept into their holes. That night's work by Lyon and Stokes was decisive and pivotal. On it the political destiny of St. Louis seemed to turn. Every day thereafter both the Arsenal and city grew more and more secure, and volunteers to defend the city gathered in ever increasing numbers.

The foundation for this volunteer movement had been laid weeks before. In February, or early in March, many of our most influential loyal citizens petitioned the Minute Men or secessionists to lay down their arms, to quit their rendezvous, and to dissolve all their military organizations, promising if they would do this, that the Wide-Awakes or Union men would do the same. This very earnest petition was for the purpose of maintaining peace within the city; but the secessionists rejected it with scorn. So some days later a regiment of Wide-Awakes appeared on the streets, bearing on their shoulders bright, burnished muskets. These were the guns of which we have before spoken, that were sent as plaster casts to our Art Exhibition. Most of this regiment were ready, when the call came, to enter the volunteer service of the United States. Many Germans of the city eagerly volunteered. Soon Captain Lyon had over three thousand men from St. Louis, all well armed and under drill. The number continued to swell till all anxiety for the safety of the Arsenal at last died away.

Now, however, a strange phenomenon arrested our attention. Many of those who were bent on forcing Missouri out of the Union, for the time being relaxed all effort. They seemed to have given up the contest. What led them thus to lay aside their open belligerency?

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We were able soon to solve this mystery. It had been often and confidently asserted that the Federal government was to send, from the adjoining free States, several thousand men to defend the Arsenal and other property of the United States. A little later some regiments from Illinois came. This wrought up the secessionists to fever heat. To their minds the introduction of troops from other States was an outrageous invasion of State sovereignty.

Moreover there had been for several weeks a persistent effort to misrepresent the attitude of the general government. While it was simply endeavoring to defend its property and domain, it had been dinned into the ears of the secessionists, in the most emphatic terms, that the object of the United States was invasion and subjugation; and as true men they must arise and defend their hearths and homes, wives and children against Lincoln's minions. So our fellow-citizens, who had been devising every possible scheme to secure the secession of Missouri, thought it quite unnecessary for them to put forth any further effort to attain their object, since the incoming of soldiers from other States would produce such a revulsion of feeling against the Federal government, that the people without any further incentive would speedily determine to secede. They began to talk confidently of setting aside the decree of the Convention. But without proposing any further effort, they were quietly awaiting the natural drift of events. They believed that by the force of circumstances the State would be carried out of the Union and into the Southern Confederacy.

Their confident expectation was not altogether baseless. Clear-headed Union men saw the danger of introducing troops at that time from other States into

our city. The authorities at Washington were induced to take this view of the case into serious consideration. The result was that for the time being they wisely changed their policy. Some regiments that had been ordered from Illinois to St. Louis were sent elsewhere.

Moreover, the President, carefully humoring the prejudices of those who tenaciously held the doctrine of State sovereignty, on April 30th, ordered Captain Lyon "to enroll in the military service of the United States the loyal citizens of St. Louis and vicinity, not exceeding, with those heretofore enlisted, ten thousand in number, for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the United States, and for the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri." So the State-rights men were beaten at their own game and on their own ground. In his order the President seemed carefully to respect the doctrine of State sovereignty. Only Missourians, and they from "St. Louis and vicinity," were to defend the Arsenal and city. Could anything have been more fitting and beautiful? But the secessionists were altogether unwilling to take their own medicine. The order of the President was not to their liking. It took the wind out of their sails; it upset their calculations. If ten thousand volunteers were to be gathered from their own city and vicinity, and no troops were to come from adjoining States, State sovereignty would not apparently be infringed, and there would be no revulsion of feeling against the Federal government; and, most of all, if the secessionists should attempt to rise in force, these ten thousand local volunteers would in all probability quickly and sternly suppress them. The very care that the President had taken to humor their prejudices aroused them to intense and bitter activity against the Federal government. With warmth they

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asked if these ten thousand Missourians were not to be used in defending the property of the United States, the very property that they had vainly tried to get into their own hands? Was it not as unjust to use Missourians to guard Federal property within the boundaries of their own State as it was to use them to guard like property in Maryland or Virginia? Did not the President's plausible policy ruthlessly override State sovereignty? Had not our Governor peremptorily refused to furnish the Federal government with Missouri soldiers to put down rebellion in the seceded States? Had he not already replied to Mr. Cameron, President Lincoln's Secretary of War, that the requisition for troops from Missouri by the United States "is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, diabolical, and cannot be complied with?"¹ They did not propose to submit quietly to such indignities. They were once more on fire for action, but their activity now showed itself not in any attempt to take the Arsenal, but in sharp denunciation of the Federal authorities, and in aiding in every possible way those already in open revolt.

On May 6th, an event transpired which excites laughter now, but to a large number of our fellow-citizens was natural and very serious then. The disloyal police commissioners of St. Louis, appointed by our secession Governor, in a solemn and weighty document, formally demanded of Captain Lyon the removal of all United States troops from all places and buildings occupied by them outside the Arsenal grounds. The commissioners declared that such occupancy was "in derogation of the Constitution and laws of the United States."² Captain Lyon in his reply to them asked: "What pro-

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, D. of E., Vol. I, p. 30.

² Moore's Rebellion Record, D. of E., Vol. I, p. 59.

visions of the Constitution and laws were thus violated?" The commissioners replied that originally "Missouri had sovereign and exclusive jurisdiction over her whole territory," that she had delegated a portion of her sovereignty to the United States over certain tracts of land for military purposes, such as arsenals and parks, and asserted that outside of such places the United States had no right to occupy her soil. The whole thing was so ludicrous that thousands in St. Louis were merry over it. Police commissioners dictating as to where the United States should house the officers of its army and quarter its troops! But it was an object lesson that vividly revealed the absurdity of State sovereignty, in which so many at that time implicitly believed. Captain Lyon of course positively refused to comply with a demand so preposterous, and the commissioners with great gravity referred it to the Governor and legislature. Nothing more was ever heard of it.

During all this time the work at the Arsenal went right on. The number of volunteer soldiers daily increased. By the middle of June there were more than ten thousand of them, three fourths of whom were Germans. This latter fact should be specially noted since it alone can explain some events with which we yet shall have to deal. And under the command of Captain Lyon, the Arsenal ceased to be a bone of contention. It was no longer regarded with solicitude by the loyal of the city. It had become a bulwark of Unionism. Whatever came we felt measurably safe, since all the force of the Arsenal was now wielded to prevent the secession of Missouri, and to maintain the integrity of the Union.

CHAPTER VI

CAMP JACKSON

THE story of Camp Jackson roots itself in that of the Arsenal. A few facts will show this. During the first days of April our disloyal Governor became unusually patriotic. He thought, or appeared to think, that our State was about to be pounced upon by some lurking foe, and must be made ready to defend itself. To ensure its safety against an enemy that no loyal eyes could anywhere discern, he determined to plant a battery of artillery on Duncan's Island in the river immediately opposite the Arsenal. From this he was dissuaded, but he did plant one farther down the river at Powder Point, and another, to which we have already referred, on the levee, some distance above the Arsenal. All intelligent men of both parties understood at once that these batteries were hostile to the defenders of the Union, and if occasion offered were to be used in securing the Arsenal and its munitions of war for the secessionists. The Governor's patriotic professions really deceived but very few. Still, to their honor, some charitable Union men strove to put the best construction on his words; but they were often in great perplexity when they tried to harmonize his words with his acts. While plotting for the secession of the State he constantly harped upon his devotion to it. To his mind evidently its secession from the Union would be its highest good.

Still, under existing circumstances, just what he intended to do, many could not even guess. Captain Lyon declared that he was in correspondence with the Confederate authorities at Montgomery. We then thought that this might be true, and now know from war documents that Lyon as usual was right. In reply to a letter written by the Governor on the 17th of April, and sent to Montgomery by private messengers, Jefferson Davis wrote: "After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needful for the attack on the Arsenal, I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 32-pounder guns, with the proper ammunition for each. These, from the commanding hills, will be effective, both against the garrison and to breach the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you as to the great importance of capturing the Arsenal and securing its supplies."

On that same 17th of April, Governor Jackson visited St. Louis and had a conference with the leading secessionists who resided there. Prominent among them was Brigadier-General Daniel M. Frost. He was born and bred in the State of New York. He graduated from West Point in 1844, and served both in the Mexican War and on the western frontier. He subsequently married in St. Louis, resigned his commission in the army, and went into business in his adopted city. He dipped into politics, became a State Senator, and was finally assigned to the command of the First Brigade of Missouri Volunteer Militia. Snead, who was aide-de-camp of our secession Governor and a soldier in the Confederate army, says that "The Governor trusted Frost fully."¹ And two days before the conference

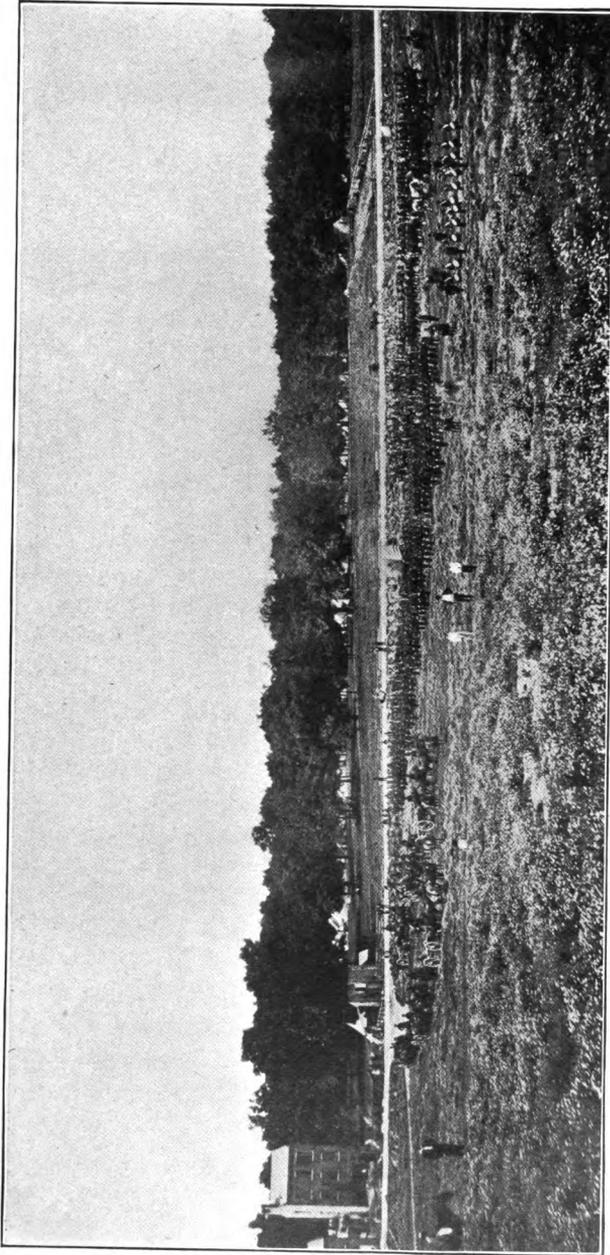
¹ "The Fight for Missouri," p. 118.

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of April 17th, Frost presented to him a carefully prepared memorial,¹ praying that he would authorize him to form an encampment of militia near our city, and order Colonel Bowen, then defending the western counties of the State against Kansas, to report to him for duty. General Frost also disclosed his plan for placing this encampment on the bluffs just below the Arsenal. This however was too bold a move for the politic Governor. It would too clearly reveal to all thoughtful observers his real purpose. He preferred so far as possible to veil his intention. He chose clandestine action. So while on that memorable 17th of April he refused the requisition of the Secretary of War for troops from Missouri in the vehement and absurd language already quoted, and secretly appealed by private messengers to Jefferson Davis for cannon with which to bombard and take the Arsenal, and in hot haste summoned the legislature to meet in extra session, at Jefferson City, on May 2d, in order "to place the State in a proper attitude of defence;" that all might be legally done, he fell back on the militia law of 1858, and ordered the commanding officers of the several militia districts of the State to call together, on May 6th, for six days, those legally required to do military duty for the purpose of drill in the art of war. This order gave General Frost liberty to form a military camp in any place he might choose within the limits of our city or county.

But it was now too late to form his encampment as he had proposed to the Governor on the hills overlooking the Arsenal; the lynx-eyed, energetic Lyon had already occupied those heights with an adequate

¹ Moore, D. of E., Vol. II, p. 60. Doc. 174, p. 494. Also W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 6-10.



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force of infantry and artillery. So Frost called his militia together on the western border of the city, in Lindell's Grove, near the intersection of Olive Street and Grand Avenue. There, at the time designated by the Governor, he went into encampment. As he had urged in his memorial, Colonel Bowen was ordered to report to him. This to every loyal onlooker was a suspicious circumstance. Professedly the encampment was formed for the purpose of drilling the local militia, and at the start soldiers who were doing duty in the extreme western counties of the State were ordered to join it. While some of them hailed from St. Louis, many of them did not. Four companies of Minute Men in our city, open and avowed secessionists, with alacrity and enthusiasm responded to Frost's call and stood foremost among the troops of his encampment.¹ Young men from different parts of the State, one here and another there, also became part of this motley military force. It is true that some loyal young men had belonged to Frost's command, and had been deceived as to his real character, but in the latter part of April, headed by Colonel Pritchard, they had abandoned it. Those that now gathered under his standard were homogeneous in sentiment. So by common consent, in honor of the Governor, they dubbed their encampment Camp Jackson. Still, every one that joined it took the oath of allegiance to Missouri and the United States. But this did not reassure us, since the significance of that act depended on each man's view of State sovereignty and on his construction of the Federal Constitution.

The citizens of St. Louis looked on thoughtfully. Some of them were happy; but that very fact tended to make those of opposite views apprehensive. If the

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 4 ; also Moore, Vol. IX, Doc. 11, p. 258.

new encampment had been just what it professed to be, simply a place for military drill, there was not a loyal man in the city who would have thought of disturbing it. But there were disquieting rumors that its real character did not appear on the surface; that it had been formed to promote the secession of the State; that it had been put on the western verge of the city so that, at a moment's notice, it could be used to suppress any movement that might be made by its loyal inhabitants; that the secessionists, having failed to take the Arsenal, proposed now, when the opportune time should arrive, to seize the city, and that the professed defence of the State was simply its defence against United States troops. So from the beginning of the encampment there was earnest debate among loyal men as to what was the wisest course of action, which continued until the whole city was heaving with suppressed excitement.

This excitement was augmented by an ugly report concerning the Governor. It was said that immediately after the munitions of war had been removed from the Arsenal to Springfield, Illinois, he had sent General Harding, his quarter-master general, to St. Louis to procure for the State all the arms and ammunition that he could find there; that he had purchased in our city several hundred hunting rifles, some camp equipage, and many tons of powder. This looked like preparation for war. For what purpose did the Governor of the State, whose professions were so bland and pacific, need tons of powder? Moreover, this war material was shipped to Jefferson City on May 7th, the second day of the encampment at Lindell's Grove, under guard of Captain Kelly and his company, detailed from Frost's brigade for that special duty. The more the loyal of

the city learned or guessed at, the more certain they became that Camp Jackson was a menace both to St. Louis and the State. Still, the force at the Camp was not large. After Kelly and his company had been detailed for special duty elsewhere, there remained only between six and seven hundred men. But whatever was the strength of the force, the Union men of the city, with almost absolute unanimity, regarded it as hostile; still as to what ought to be done, they differed among themselves.

This military force had been called together under the form of law; it had done nothing illegal; it had not interfered with the liberties or privileges of any one. Should it therefore be disturbed before it had committed any overt illegal act? Such was the question anxiously discussed by Union men; while the secessionists evidently regarded the whole situation with great satisfaction, thinking that they now had at last a reasonable hope of securing their end without violating the letter of the law.

But nothing escaped the eye of Lyon. In some way, he knew everything that pertained to Camp Jackson, and proposed to do promptly and energetically his whole duty as an officer of the United States Army. He had now an ample force under arms and in process of drill. There has been some dispute as to the exact number of this force. The War Documents put it at about three thousand five hundred. Snead in his "The Fight for Missouri," says that Lyon had, May 10th, seven thousand well-armed men. This is not at all sustained by the best authorities. But whatever may have been the exact number, he at all events was fully prepared for his work.

He did not however propose to seize Camp Jackson

by force before completely satisfying his counsellors that such a step was absolutely demanded in order to preserve the city and the State from being forced into secession. He himself had not the shadow of a doubt that the Camp was hostile to the United States, and should be broken up. His opinion was based upon the known character of its commander, and of many of the men that he had gathered around his standard. He had also learned much that was suspicious and disturbing from those who had visited this encampment of militia. But he determined to view it with his own eyes, so that from personal observation he could testify to its real character. On the 9th of May, he arrayed himself in the bombazine gown and close veil of Mrs. Alexander, the mother of Mrs. Frank P. Blair. She was an invalid and blind. In a light, open carriage, he was driven by a colored servant up and down the avenues of Camp Jackson. He observed their names. He saw the arms of the militia and noted from whence they had come. No one challenged him. Many in camp knew Mrs. Alexander, that she was an invalid and blind, and was accustomed to be driven out for her health. When he returned from his ride, Mr. Blair sat chatting with Colonel Simmons on the porch of the southern house of the Arsenal. Mr. Blair rose to help his mother-in-law from the carriage, but saw, when the bombazine gown was slightly raised, a pair of stout cavalry boots. He and Simmons looked significantly at each other but said nothing.¹

That evening Lyon called together his Committee of Safety consisting of Oliver D. Filley, James O. Broadhead, Samuel T. Glover, John How and Julius J. Witzig. When this Committee met, Mr. Blair was usually present,

¹ Fiske, *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*, pp. 16-17.

and he sat with them at this important, pivotal conference. Lyon laid the whole case before them. He set forth in detail the facts pertaining to Camp Jackson. He portrayed its character. He testified to what he had seen. He declared it to be a nest of secessionists; that its design was to get control of the city and if possible carry the State out of the Union, and that the only thing which remained to be done was to capture it at once.

With this view three of the committee, together with Mr. Blair, were in hearty accord; but Mr. Glover, an able lawyer, strongly maintained that since the organization of the encampment was in strict conformity to the law of the State, and those gathered there had committed no overt illegal act, it would be rash to attack and overcome it by an armed force. If it had in unlawful possession arms that belonged to the United States, a writ of replevin should be served by the United States marshal on those in command there in order to recover these munitions of war without any infraction of law. If the United States marshal required any force to aid him in serving the writ, he might be accompanied by all the soldiers under Lyon's command. Mr. How, while unconditionally for the Union, was a conservative business man and agreed with Mr. Glover. But Lyon and Blair and the majority of the Committee were so insistent for immediate radical action, that the minority at last reluctantly yielded to them. Nevertheless that very night Glover, with some confidential friends, prepared the writ of replevin, but on the following forenoon, Mr. Blair gave it a *coup de grace* in language more forceful than elegant.¹ When the story about the writ got abroad it afforded the Unionists of the city

¹ Fiske, pp. 18-19.

much merriment. It was one of those humorous incidents that enlivened and cheered us amid much that was sad and depressing. Some repeated the words of Lincoln in his inaugural address: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government," and then added, "by replevin;" and this evoked derisive laughter.

For two or three days rumors had reached General Frost that Captain Lyon was preparing to attack his encampment, and these rumors were so numerous and persistent, that Frost, on the morning of May 10th, addressed a letter to Captain Lyon referring to these ominous reports and wishing to know if there was any truth in them; also declaring that neither he nor his command intended any hostility "towards the United States, or its property or representatives." How Frost could say this is a mystery. In January he secured from the disloyal Major Bell the pledge that he would not defend the Arsenal against State troops and so reported to Governor Jackson; in April he was in conference with the Governor and chief secessionists of St. Louis; in a formal memorial he had already prayed the Governor to authorize him to form a military encampment near the city, and advocated placing it on the heights above the Arsenal; immediately thereafter the Governor in an autograph letter, sent by two of the secessionists with whom he and Frost had been plotting to take the very property of the United States that Frost now declared he had no intention of touching, solicited personally from Jefferson Davis cannon to be planted on those heights, where Frost contended that his encampment should be formed. This very loyal man a little later went straight into the rebel army.

He evidently went to his own place. On June 12th, 1861, he openly proclaimed himself a rebel.¹ In December of that year he was doing for the Southern Confederacy the work of a spy at St. Louis.² The sandy-haired, blue-eyed Captain at the Arsenal knew Frost's real character; and did not deign to answer his letter that was so full of professed loyalty to the United States.

All of Lyon's forces were at noon gathered at the Arsenal and ready to do his bidding. About two o'clock he divided his brigade into three detachments and ordered them to proceed by different routes to Camp Jackson. Two of them went on different streets up through the central part of the city, one along its western boundary. They arrived simultaneously on different sides of the camp and took possession of every approach to it. The artillery took positions on the higher points of ground around the encampment. The whole movement was executed with skill and precision. Lyon now sent a communication to Frost, setting forth what he considered to be the real character of his camp. He demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of his entire command. He gave him thirty minutes to decide what he would do. Frost now had a brief consultation with his staff. They saw that they were surrounded by a force greatly superior to their own. To fight would be worse than folly. They chose the part of wisdom and surrendered. They turned over to the United States forces all their arms, ammunition, accoutrements and camp equipage.

The excitement produced in the city by the marching

¹ Yet Lucian Carr, "In Missouri a Bone of Contention," Series of American Commonwealths, pp. 304-305, contends that Frost was loyal.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 706.

of Lyon's troops through it, and by his investment and capture of the secession camp, was wide-spread and intense. To what deeds of violence it might lead no one could conjecture, but all feared some catastrophe. When the troops were moving towards the encampment, almost involuntarily I joined the throngs on the street that were hurrying thitherward. I met a large sandy-haired man, fully six feet in height, hat in hand, head partially bald, with shaggy overhanging eyebrows. He was a stranger to me. He was not apparently in a rage, but his massive frame shook with emotion. He knew me, and with nervous, jerky gesticulation and in a loud tone of voice he cried, "This is the result of just such preaching as yours!" I replied, "What do you think Lyon is going to do?" With still greater vehemence he cried out, "He's gone out to kill all the boys, — to kill the boys," and strode on faster than I cared to go. He was a slightly exaggerated example of the agitation that swayed and impelled the thousands that were gathering in the neighborhood of that fated camp. It was invested at half past three in the afternoon. Then men came running from all directions with rifles, shot guns and pistols. When they heard of the movement of Lyon and Blair they had, by common impulse, started out, with such weapons as they could command on the spur of the moment, to re-enforce the brigade of Frost. It was a pity that they arrived too late. If they had been thirty minutes earlier the number of prisoners taken by Lyon would have been largely increased, and possibly the unfortunate and needless effusion of blood, which marked the close of the scene at Camp Jackson, would have been avoided.

Lyon offered to release the prisoners if they would

swear to support the Constitution of the United States, and not to take up arms against the Federal government. This they then refused to do on the ground that they had already taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and to repeat it would be a confession of disloyalty. So they were marched out of the camp, forming a long column between two lines of Union soldiers. While this column of prisoners was being completed those farthest in advance were brought to a halt. That brief delay resulted in bloody disaster. Many of the prisoners belonged to families of high social standing in the city. The soldiers that were in line on either side of them were mostly Germans, always scornfully called Dutch by the secessionists. Throngs of angry men and women pressed up close to them, gesticulating and heaping upon them opprobrious, stinging epithets. It was difficult for them to endure this without retaliation. Among those who upbraided them were the men who had hurried thither with arms to re-enforce the camp. With their rifles, shotguns and pistols in hand they bitterly taunted, and struck with their fists, the captors of their relatives and friends. Human nature at last gave way. A few of the soldiers at the head of the column turned and fired into the mocking, vituperative crowd and for their rash act were promptly put under arrest. By that volley happily no one was injured. But the firing enhanced the fury of the disloyal in the gathered and gathering multitude. Some, pressing upon the soldiers, spat upon them. Some threw stones into their ranks; there were two or three shots from the turbulent throng, when, at the lower end of the columns of soldiers, one or two volleys were poured into the excited throng. It was positively denied that any officer commanded the soldiers under him to fire.

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These undisciplined volunteers were unable to stand motionless and in silence when attacked by stones and guns. The result was pitiable. The number of killed and wounded was about twenty-five. Not alone those guilty of jeering and attacking the soldiers were struck down, but chiefly the innocent, who had been attracted to the spot by the general and unusual excitement, and some of them were women and children. This catastrophe stirred the city to its depths. While the loyal rejoiced over the capture of the camp, they deplored the unnecessary bloodshed that had attended it; still, taking into account the irritating provocation, they could not lay the blame wholly on the raw German troops; nevertheless, the secessionists, humiliated and exasperated, swore that they would avenge the capture of their camp.

At about half past five, soldiers and prisoners began their long march to the Arsenal. The streets through which they passed were lined with people agitated with deep but diverse emotions. Some viewed with smiles, if not with open-mouthed exultation, the column of disarmed, tramping prisoners, shut in between files of newly armed Germans; the same scene stirred others to bitter execration. From the windows of some houses the soldiers were saluted by the waving of handkerchiefs; from the windows of others women expressed their bitter scorn by spitting at them. These troops with their crestfallen prisoners marched along a street which crossed the one on which I lived. A lady from the South was spending a few days with a family that lived next door to me. She was a very pleasant person, and altogether sane on every subject except that of secession. Any allusion to that seemed at once to unbalance her. She stood with quite a large group of

spectators at the intersection of the streets, viewing the troops as they began to file past with the prisoners. She trembled with excitement. She forgot her ladyhood. She clenched and shook her fist at the soldiers, and cried, "They've got my lover." A moment after she ran up to, and spat upon, a soldier; in a twinkling he broke ranks, leveled his bayonet toward her, and chased her down the street before my door. A sergeant followed him, seized him by the collar and led him back to his place in the marching column.

When night was slowly shutting down on the city, soldiers and prisoners arrived at the Arsenal; the former to stand guard over their new charge, the latter to think after the excitement of the day was over on this sudden and unexpected change in their affairs.

For supper they were offered ordinary soldier's fare; but having been luxuriously fed at Camp Jackson from the tables of their secession friends, they scorned army rations. They not only refused to eat but, to show their contempt for their captors and their resentment for being treated as prisoners of war, they kicked over the buckets of coffee provided for them, and tossed the hardtack and bacon over the enclosing wall of the Arsenal. They were not very hungry, but some of them afterwards reported that they were treated with indignity and that the Yankees tried to starve them.

At the taking of Camp Jackson there was a spectator, then comparatively unknown, who was destined to fill a large place in his country's history. He was a graduate of West Point and had served with fidelity as a subordinate officer in the regular army. Besides such service he had been by turns a banker in San Francisco and New York, an attorney in Leavenworth, Kansas, and superintendent of a military academy in Louisiana.

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Just then he was president of a street horse-car railway in St. Louis. Such, up to that time, had been the checkered career of William Tecumseh Sherman.

Immediately after the taking of Camp Jackson, a rebel flag at Fifth and Pine Streets came down never to be run up again. This was the first visible effect of Lyon's victory. The lowering of that symbol of disunion was witnessed by a modest man, before whom was opening a marvellously brilliant career of which as yet he had not even dreamed. He was then thirty-nine years old. He too was a graduate of West Point, and while an officer of lower rank had distinguished himself by efficient and brilliant service. But for a time, turning aside from a military life, he had been a farmer, a speculator in real estate, and a leather-dealer. But now, when needed in defence of the Union, he had offered his services to his country through the Governor of Illinois, and had come over to St. Louis on a tour of observation. He heard the shouts that the taking of Camp Jackson and the coming down of the Stars and Bars from the roof of the secession rendezvous drew from loyal throats. Soon after he started in a horse-car for the Arsenal that he might personally congratulate Captain Lyon on the wise and timely work that he had so resolutely and skilfully done. In the car a young Southerner, full of anguish and wrath over the lowering of the secession flag, said to him: "Things have come to a d—d pretty pass when a free people can't choose their own flag. Where I came from, if a man dares to say a word in favor of the Union, we hang him to a limb of the first tree we come to." The modest man, into whose ears he poured this vengeful screed, quietly replied: "After all, we are not so intolerant in St. Louis as we might be; I have not seen a single rebel hung

yet, nor heard of one; there are plenty of them who ought to be, however.”¹ To this stinging rebuke there was no response. The young and fiery secessionist was dumb before a man of power; he felt, but could not understand, the humbling force of his simple words. The name of that unswerving Unionist and patriot, Ulysses Simpson Grant, is now in our own nation, and in all nations that love freedom, a household word.

But the excitement that was created in the city by the capture of Frost and his brigade is indescribable. Throngs gathered on all the principal thoroughfares. On Fourth Street, then the centre of the retail trade of the city, crowds moved to and fro eager for news. They bore banners of various and diverse devices. One band of men as they pushed excitedly along cheered, another going in the opposite direction answered the cheer by a groan. Distinguished and influential citizens addressed an excited multitude in front of the Planters' Hotel, endeavoring to allay their seething passions. At different places in the city men were speaking to impromptu audiences, in which some were cheering while others were yelling defiance, to bring them if possible to calmness and reason. In different directions a shot could now and then be heard. As soon as it was dark, from fear of riot, the saloons and restaurants were closed and their doors were bolted and barred. The windows of many private houses were also shut and securely fastened. The theatres and all places of public amusement were empty. The police were on the alert, but were taxed to the utmost to nip in the bud any show of disorder. In spite of their vigilance and efficiency a crowd made a charge on Dimick's gun-store on Main Street, broke open the door and secured fifteen

¹ Fiske, *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*, p. 20.

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or twenty guns, when the gathering mob was dispersed by about twenty policemen armed with muskets. But as the night wore on the excitement abated; men by degrees sought their homes and their beds; some in quietude to rejoice over the brightening prospects of Unionism, others to mourn over the fading hopes of secession.

When morning dawned, the prisoners at the Arsenal viewed more favorably the conditions on which the day before parole had been offered them. All but one now took the prescribed oath of allegiance to the United States, and, thereupon being paroled, left for their homes, where they were joyfully greeted and sat down to well-loaded tables. The plucky one, however, persisting for a time in his refusal to subscribe to the oath, remained in durance vile. But many of those who were paroled openly declared that they did not intend to abide by their oaths, excusing their purposed perjury on the specious plea that an oath taken under compulsion is not binding.

This disregard of the oath of allegiance stirred up all good men in our city to consider its sanctity and to protest against its wanton violation. Still, most of those captured at Camp Jackson, in spite of the fact that they were paroled because they deliberately swore that they would not take up arms against the United States, enlisted sooner or later in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

The sudden and unexpected taking of Camp Jackson carried consternation into the secession legislature, then in extra session at Jefferson City. It was announced to them between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. The members of the Assembly were discussing a militia bill, which, after receiving the news, they passed within

fifteen minutes. In haste they sent it to the Senate, where it was passed instanter without debate.

This bill, which General Harney later characterized as a secession measure, created a military fund for arming and equipping the militia of the State. All moneys in the treasury collected for other and specified objects were diverted to this purpose. To augment this military fund taxes on the assessed value of property were enormously increased. Even the school tax was subsidized for three years. Moreover, the Governor was authorized to call on the banks for a loan of five hundred thousand dollars. By this bill, the militia were required to take an oath that asserted fealty to Missouri as first and supreme;¹ so dominant was State sovereignty in the minds of these secession legislators.

At half past seven the legislature, which had become calmer and in some measure reassured, met once more to discuss the anomalous condition of affairs. But as there seemed to be no immediate danger, these disloyal lawmakers adjourned at half-past nine, and, with most of the peaceably disposed inhabitants of Jefferson City, retired for the night. But their rest was soon broken. A little after midnight the bells began to ring furiously; a tremendous thunder-storm was just bursting upon the city; amid vivid lightning flashes, deafening thunder-claps, and torrents of pelting rain, men on foot and on horseback flew through the city, summoning with stentorian cries the legislature to assemble with all possible despatch. It met in secret session at half past three in the morning. Without deliberation it gave the Governor absolute control over St. Louis and conferred upon him extraordinary powers for suppressing insurrectionary movements throughout the State.

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. IX, Doc. 11, p. 259.

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What terrible thing had produced this panic? A rumor, flying on the wings of darkness, had reached the city that Colonel Blair, with two thousand troops, was on his way to the State capital. He was coming on the Pacific Railroad. Steam-cars moved rapidly and this hostile invasion must be met at once, if met at all. Without any delay the Governor and his staff began to remove war material from the city. Under the cover of darkness they sent twelve thousand kegs of powder into the country. An armed and tumultuous band of men moved eastward and burned the railroad bridge over the Osage. This relieved the fears of those at the capital, since Blair with his German minions would for a time, at all events, be hindered by that swollen and bridgeless river. But it was all a baseless fright. Colonel Blair and his soldiers were serenely sleeping at St. Louis, having been lulled to their slumbers by the satisfaction that in taking Camp Jackson they had done a good day's work for the Union.

The next day, the 11th of May, all the material captured at Camp Jackson was removed to the Arsenal. Then all the city knew, what Lyon had known before, the hostile nature of that captured camp. Its main avenue was named Jefferson Davis; one of its principal cross-streets Beauregard. Its arms, both muskets and cannon, had been stolen from the Arsenal at Baton Rouge. They had been consigned as marble¹ to "Tamoroa, Care of Greely and Gale." This was of course a mere blind, since the firm of Greely and Gale was distinguished in the city for its outspoken loyalty. But the officers of the steamer on which these munitions of war were brought up the river to St. Louis were

¹D. J. Hancock, President of the Illinois River Packet Co., says the cannon were sent in crockery crates.

in sympathy with General Frost and his immediate counsellors, and, without raising any question, delivered this war material, not to those to whom it was consigned, but to those for whom it was intended. Among the cannon were the pieces that Jefferson Davis had ordered to St. Louis, that were to be placed, according to the plan of General Frost and the Governor, on the bluffs, overlooking the Arsenal, in order to capture it; but since the opportunity to plant them there had passed, they were taken instead to Camp Jackson. Everybody who did not know before, knew now that Camp Jackson was an ally of the Southern Confederacy.¹ Some of the young men within that camp, as has been claimed, may have been hoodwinked Unionists, but considering all the evidences of the disloyal character of the encampment, daily thrust before their eyes, if they were deceived, they must have been unusually stupid.

¹See Lyon's Report, W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 4-5; also pp. 386-387.

CHAPTER . VII

RIOT, PANIC, SEARCH AND CONFISCATION

WHILE on the 11th of May, the day succeeding the capture of Camp Jackson, the frenzy evoked by that startling event had measurably passed away, it had been succeeded, in the minds of many of the disloyal, by a grim determination to take summary vengeance on the victorious Unionists. On that very day, at the evening twilight, the opportunity presented itself for carrying out their vindictive purpose. It was rumored that a regiment of Home Guards, made up largely of Germans, was about to return from the Arsenal, where it had just been armed. In some way a band of fiery secessionists ascertained the route that the regiment would take on its return march, and for the purpose of harassing and attacking it, hid themselves behind the pillars of a Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets. In dwelling-houses opposite the church were some of their allies. They had planned to attack the regiment simultaneously on both flanks. And when in the gathering darkness, these newly armed men were peacefully passing westward along Walnut Street, their concealed foes at first jeered and hissed them. This was followed by unprovoked and dastardly attack. Missiles of various kinds, from both sides of the street, were hurled into the ranks of these new, undisciplined volunteers. A revolver was fired at them from behind

the pillars of the church and a soldier fell dead. Two shots then rang out from the windows of the houses opposite the church. The soldiers in the van, now thoroughly demoralized, wheeled about and wildly fired down the street. The musket-balls flew in every direction. Some hit the church, some the houses opposite the church, while some were poured into their own ranks. When the firing ceased six men lay dead on the pavement: four of their own regiment, three of whom they themselves had killed, and two unarmed citizens; while several innocent passers-by were wounded.¹ This sad event stirred up much vengeful passion. There was crimination and recrimination. Feeling on both sides ran high. It was intense, bitter, hot. Portentous rumors filled the air. Apprehension of something awful pervaded many minds. Disaster seemed impending. On a city thus agitated and torn midnight darkness at last graciously fell. A merciful Providence had at least held the contending multitudes back from general riot.

Morning dawned. It was Sunday, the 12th of May. The heavens were partially overcast, and there was a chill in the air. Very few besides the newsboys were seen in the streets. The general silence seemed in some way to foretoken the near approach of some overwhelming calamity. Abject fear had taken possession of many minds. The doors of hundreds of dwelling-houses were shut and bolted, and the windows darkened by blinds and shades were securely fastened. No one passing along the nearly deserted thoroughfares could escape a certain weird influence that enwrapped him and all things about him. Objects the most familiar wore an unusual and an uncanny aspect. What power was this

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 9.

which, from enfolding shadows, reached out its formless yet mighty hand and grasped thousands in our city and held them quivering with terror in its relentless grip? This, for want of a better name, men have called a panic. How it comes no one has ever been able to tell; how it departs never to return is equally mysterious. But on that Sunday morning, so long ago, it had thrown its horrid spell over St. Louis. And while men according to their varied constitutions were differently affected, none wholly escaped its dread touch. Still, what it was, no one was astute enough to explain, but that it was an awful reality thousands in the evening of that day of inexplicable alarm could testify.

The day before, General Harney had returned from Washington and resumed his old command. Before the gray dawn of the day of panic, some prominent citizens, incited by fear of which they could give no rational explanation, implored the General to protect them against the murderous Dutch (Germans), who were about to kill them and loot and burn their houses. When Harney asked them for the evidence of their declarations they had nothing more substantial to offer than Dame Rumor. Still, wishing to quiet their fears, he decided to yield to their entreaties so far as he could do so with dignity. So he sent from the Arsenal detachments of soldiers to those parts of the city, represented to be most exposed to the incursions of what he himself believed to be purely imaginary foes. He also issued a proclamation and posted it up in all of the most frequented streets and public places, declaring to the people that he nowhere saw any evidence of special danger, and appealed to them to lay aside their groundless fear. These considerate acts of the General had exactly the opposite effect from what he intended; instead

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of quieting the people they excited them still more; instead of allaying, they intensified, their alarm. And such an outcome was altogether natural. Bodies of armed men marching hither and thither through the city and stationed at different points as guards, and a proclamation hurriedly issued on Sunday morning, seemed to them to be tangible proof of the existence of greater danger than they had supposed. And, as the hours of the morning wore away, the apprehension of some awful calamity about to fall upon the inhabitants of the city grew until a great multitude were filled with terror.

At the usual hour for morning service, I went to church. On my way thither, I saw but few going to the different houses of worship. My own congregation was about one third of its usual size. Most of the church officers were absent. At the close of the service, groups of the small audience exchanged with each other a few words, declaring that in their judgment there was no danger, that the general fright was baseless, and then evidently with some degree of anxiety quickly departed for their homes.

It was now between twelve and one. The clouds of the morning were gone. The sun shone brightly. But the few people venturing out into the streets seemed even more cheerless and terror-stricken than earlier in the day. Here and there a carriage, filled with anxious faces, was driven hurriedly along. Just after my dinner, about two o'clock, my landlord and next-door neighbor, a moderate secessionist, cautious, conservative, phlegmatic, called to see me. He asked, apparently with great coolness: "Do you think that we are in any special danger?" I answered, "No, I do not think we are. The Germans, who have inspired so many with alarm,

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have no ill will towards us. The fear, now agitating so many in the city, has not a particle of foundation." "Well," he replied, "that is just what I think, but" — and here he betrayed his suspicion that there might be some danger which did not appear on the surface — "do you think when General Harney declared this morning in his proclamation that there was no cause for alarm, he concealed anything from the public?" I assured him that I fully believed that the general was acting a truthful and honorable part. He said: "I think so too," and bade me good day; but within thirty minutes, an open two-horse carriage drove up to his door; his family brought out satchels, bags and pillow-cases, hastily stuffed with necessary articles of clothing, threw them pell-mell into the vehicle, and unceremoniously clambering in after them, drove away at breakneck speed as though they were pursued by some invisible demon.

This led me to go out and walk hither and thither through the central part of the city. The scene presented to my view was surpassingly strange. Carriages and wagons filled with trunks, valises, hastily made bundles, and frightened men, women and children were flying along the streets towards every point of the compass. Some scared souls, unable to obtain a vehicle of any kind, were walking or running with breathless haste, carrying all sorts of bundles in their hands, under their arms or on their shoulders. All these were fleeing from imaginary danger. But the fancied conflagration and slaughter which they believed themselves to be escaping were to them awful realities, enacted, with all their attendant horrors, over and over again within their minds.

Some of the panic-stricken fled into the country

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and found shelter in outside villages and farmhouses. A gentleman, who lived several miles northwest of the city, told me that these frightened fugitives filled all his spare beds, and lay all over the floors of his upper and lower hall and parlor. He was a Union man and poked fun at his unexpected secession guests on their senseless terror, but finding them just then incapable of mirth, and seeing that they were still keenly suffering from imaginary horrors, he mercifully desisted.

The scene at this farmhouse was representative of many similar scenes on that night in all the country about St. Louis. But many of the fugitives crossed the river on the ferry-boats and sought refuge in black-Republican Illinois. A host of them also filled the steamers at the levee and went north to Alton and Quincy, and South to Cairo and Columbus, while some of them refused to land till they reached Memphis. It is difficult for any one not an eye-witness to believe that such a stupid stampede could ever have taken place.

But some of the terror-stricken, who did not flee, acted with equal folly. A secession acquaintance of mine, living but two squares from my door, early in the day transformed his house into a fortress. He invited under his roof a dozen or more of his southern friends. Among them they had sixteen guns of various kinds. They barricaded the door and windows of the house, leaving loop-holes through which they could shoot. And there behind these hastily constructed defences, during all that Sabbath day, they waited with shivering apprehension for the coming of the dreaded foe, determined, if they should be called to lay down their lives, to sell them dearly.

But evening came. During the day no one had been

injured. Nothing had transpired to justify the abject fear of so many thousands of people. Yet many of the terrified, who still remained in the city, were apprehensive lest the expected blow might fall under the cover of the gathering darkness. At the hour of evening service I was, as usual, in my pulpit. Only about sixty or seventy were in the pews. Only one officer of the church was present. Three neighboring pastors of other denominations were there. My wife and my sister were the only women in the congregation. I preached without making the slightest reference to the events of the day, believing that to be the wisest course. When the last word was spoken, the little company quickly and quietly dispersed. I learned the next day that we were the only Protestant congregation in the city that publicly worshipped on that anxious evening, and that the most prominent men in my church and congregation, belonging as they did to the Home Guards, were absent because engaged in military duty. With their muskets they were endeavoring to protect their terrified fellow-citizens against imaginary foes.

On Monday one of them gave me a detailed account of the movement of the Home Guards the night before. Early in the evening they threw a line of scouts across the city from east to west. Each soldier in the line was a square from his fellow. They then began to feel their way cautiously toward the southern part of the city, where most of the Germans lived, who were supposed to be so bloodthirsty. As they reached each street, running east and west, the scouts halted until word was passed from one to another along the whole extended line; then they crept on again toward that awful, invisible enemy. Nobody was abroad on the streets. The city was almost as still as a churchyard.

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The very stillness added to the general terror and made the flesh of the timid creep. A little before midnight these doughty scouts as they slowly moved southward, carefully scanning every street, alley and house for some lurking foe, saw before them armed men coming towards them from the south. They hailed each other. Word was passed along the whole of their respective lines; at last they were all gathered together. They were not enemies but friends, all equally intent on keeping the peace. Each man eagerly told what had been transpiring during the day in the part of the city to which he belonged. These scouts that had gone southward said that hosts of American-born citizens, living in the central part of the city, heard and fully believed that the Germans were coming up in force to loot and burn their houses and put them to the sword. On the other hand, the armed Germans said that the southern part of the city, where they lived, had all day been filled with terror, because a baseless rumor was firmly believed that the American-born citizens to the north of them were coming down to loot and burn their dwellings and kill them. Having thus told of the mutual fears of those whom they represented, and found their fancied foes to be their ardent friends, gloom gave way to merriment and joy. The whole day with all its fantastic scenes inspired by abject fear seemed now a huge joke. All anxiety gone, these mutual guardians of the peace shook hands with each other and shook their sides with laughter. Proud of the city in which they lived and grateful for its continued safety, they gave three cheers for her. The sound of those ringing cheers at midnight carried assurance and quietude to many that heard.

The next morning the lethargy of the city was as profound as the excitement of the preceding day had been

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intense. Before nine o'clock very few were astir. Here and there a pedestrian passed along on some necessary errand. On some streets market-wagons lumbered by. The morning markets, usually so full of life, were half deserted. However, as the day wore on, signs of returning activity multiplied; but when men met each other, they made scant allusion to the scenes of yesterday. There was evidently a good deal of thinking, but there certainly was very little talking. Many appeared to be ashamed of themselves. Those who had been terrorized manifestly desired to cover up and forget their folly; those who had not been much moved by the general alarm, in kindness restrained themselves from saying, "I told you so." This was cheering. It showed that neighborly kindness and true manhood had not perished in the panic; that what was noblest and best in those who disagreed so radically on great questions of state policy, stretched itself over all their differences like a rainbow on the clouds of a passing storm.

But hundreds of our fellow-citizens were still in the places to which they had so hurriedly fled. On Monday most of them heard that no ruthless enemy had wrapped their dwellings in flames and slaughtered the defenceless; that the current of affairs in their beloved city was flowing on unimpeded and unruffled. By Tuesday a large number of them had quietly returned to their homes, and by the end of the week even those that sought refuge in distant cities shamefacedly came back. Unannoyed they resumed their duties. Few made any curious inquiries, or even alluded to their strange and groundless terror and ludicrous flight. No event so startling and unique was apparently so soon and utterly forgotten.

However, to make this portrayal of the panic adequate

and just, one more thing must be specially noted. While but few could wholly escape its subtle and awful influence, I knew of no Unionist, nor heard of one, that through fear fled from the city. They did not for a moment believe that the loyal Germans intended violence to anybody. They therefore looked upon the scene of terror enacted before them with both amusement and amazement; but most of them learned, probably for the first time, how terribly real to frightened men and women imaginary evils can be, and so for their returning secession neighbors they had only kindly greetings.

Other stirring events soon claimed our attention and absorbed our thoughts. As soon as the panic was over, General Harney, in a vigorous proclamation, sustained the act of Lyon in taking Camp Jackson, enumerating the evidences that the camp was hostile to the general government; denounced the military bill recently passed by the legislature as an indirect secession ordinance, a nullity and not at all to be obeyed by the people of the State; declared that all the power of the United States would be used to maintain its supreme authority, and that "no subterfuges, whether in the form of legislative acts or otherwise, can be permitted to harass or oppress the good and law-abiding people of Missouri."

This manifesto of the commanding general was a genuine surprise both to the secessionists and Unionists. Up to this time the former had regarded him as a moderate Unionist, whose hesitancy and vacillation enabled them to plot almost unmolested against the general government; while the latter had at times even doubted his loyalty to the Union. But now both parties saw the real sentiment of his heart. On account

of it the secessionists were quite dispirited. The *Missouri Republican*, a semi-secession, Democrat paper, the next morning gave voice to their disappointment by saying, "We are bound hand and foot; chained down by a merciless tyranny; are subjected and shackled."¹

But on all sides men were now asking, "Will the general by act make good the words of his proclamation?" He did not leave them long in doubt. His conclusive reasoning evidently was that if, for the protection of loyal citizens, it was necessary to capture Camp Jackson, it was equally necessary to break up all other places where the disloyal were gathering means which, at the opportune moment, they might use to secure the secession of the State. So, on the 17th of May, just five days after the panic, in order "to preserve the peace of St. Louis and promote the tranquillity of Missouri," warrants were issued by the Federal Court for the search of all places within our city suspected of harboring articles contraband of war. With these warrants in hand, United States Marshal Rawlings, accompanied by a squad of Federal soldiers, under the command of Captain Sweeney, proceeded to the State Tobacco Warehouse on Washington Avenue, and to the Central Metropolitan Police Station on Chestnut Street.² Both of these places were dominated and controlled by secessionists. In the latter gathered those police commissioners, who were appointed by the Governor, and reflected his notions and policies. At the Warehouse were found several hundred rifles, muskets, cavalry pistols, holsters, and small boxes of ammunition; and at the Police Station two pieces of cannon and many rifles. The marshal took possession

¹ Sneed, *The Fight for Missouri*, p. 179.

² Moore's *Rebellion Record*, D. of E., Vol. I, p. 92.

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of this war material, and the accompanying soldiers captured all the aiders and abettors of treason found in these nests of disloyalty. We all now saw that General Harney was acting up to his brave and true words, and that the judges and officers of the United States courts were intent on recovering, so far as possible, the stolen property of the general government; that both the civil and military powers were joining hands in enforcing the law and in suppressing secession and revolt.

But very soon after this exhibition of energy and loyalty on the part of Harney, anxious to preserve the peace of his beloved Missouri, on the 21st of May, just four days after the search and seizure narrated above, he entered into a formal agreement with Price,¹ then the major-general of the Missouri militia, in which he committed the whole military care of the State to the latter, binding himself not to use United States troops in Missouri for the suppression of disorder or the defence of any of its inhabitants, unless asked to do so by the State authorities. In short he covenanted to abandon utterly all initiative in military operations within our commonwealth, and to subject himself to the lead of the commander of the State militia. This agreement pledged the Federal government to uphold in the most practical fashion the doctrine of State sovereignty; it sustained the very thing which the United States was marshalling its armies to oppose and if possible to crush out forever. Over this ill-starred covenant with our enemies, every Unionist of St. Louis and Missouri was sick at heart. Such an agreement carried out would have been the death-blow to all loyalty through-

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. I, p. 368. Also W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 374-81, 388.

out the State. The Unionists of St. Louis wondered how a general, who had been so outspoken against disunionism a few days before, could be so hoodwinked as to enter into a solemn compact by which he permitted the enemy of his country to bind him hand and foot. As he ought to have expected, the government which he had so utterly misrepresented in this strange compact with Price promptly removed him from his command, and put in his place Lyon, who a few days before had been made brigadier-general.

Lyon took hold of his new duties with a will. In the latter part of May, by his order, the steamer "J. C. Swan" was seized at Harlow's Landing, about thirty miles below the city, and brought up to the St. Louis Arsenal.¹ This was the boat that surreptitiously brought from Baton Rouge the arms that were captured at Camp Jackson. By due process of law she was confiscated and put into the service of the Union. But nothing escaped the eagle eye of the Yankee general at the Arsenal. He seemed intuitively to apprehend the designs and movements of the Confederates. So while with one hand he seized this recreant steamer, with the other he intercepted at Ironton, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, several tons of lead *en route* for the South. A party of secessionists resisted the military force sent to make this capture, some shots were fired, but happily no blood was shed. That lead was diverted from the Southern Confederacy. Lyon saw to it that it was shot not at Union men, but by them at the enemies of the Union.

The exportation of lead from Missouri was one of the cherished plans of the Southern malcontents. As early as May 1st, 1861, Samuel Tate, writing from Charleston,

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. I, D. of E., p. 76.

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South Carolina, to the Hon. A. M. Clayton of Montgomery, Alabama, pressed upon his attention the importance of keeping Missouri under the control of the Confederacy. Without her, he urged, the last hope would be cut off "for a full supply of provisions and lead."¹ He said, "Governor Jackson is with us. His people are with us, except at St. Louis, where they are divided. The first thing we know, we shall be out of powder, lead and percussion caps." So, early in the war, one clear-headed man, south of Mason and Dixon's line, understood our Governor, and saw what an important storehouse for the rebel armies Missouri would be, and insisted that no effort should be spared to unite her destiny with that of the Confederacy. But Lyon had otherwise determined; and during that ever memorable month of May, mainly through his initiative and under his direction, the most startling events followed each other in rapid succession. Camp Jackson was taken; the rebel flags were lowered; nests of secessionists were broken up and their arms, gathered with hostile intent, were captured; a treacherous steamboat was seized and confiscated; a train of cars laden with lead for the Southern Confederacy was intercepted. At that early stage of the war, all these things were surpassingly strange to us, and by them for weeks the whole city was kept bubbling with excitement.

¹ W. R. S. 4, Vol. I, p. 276.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS

BEFORE the war of the rebellion, the pulpit had ably discussed in all of its aspects the question of slavery. And as the mighty conflict for the preservation of the Union was approaching, all the vast issues wrapped up in it were handled with rare skill by distinguished preachers both of the North and the South. But since in St. Louis Christian ministers holding opposite views on the great national questions of slavery and secession stood face to face, for a time they refrained from speaking upon them publicly. They were not silent from cowardice; so far from that, it required no small degree of self-control to hold their peace. They shut their lips lest by speaking they should unnecessarily disturb the peace of the community.

Moreover, many a pastor, out of tender regard for the members of his church and congregation, for some months at the beginning of the Civil War refused to discuss in his pulpit the question of the hour. Unless, in his judgment, the public good imperatively demanded it, he felt unwilling to wound the feelings of Christian friends and split his church into hostile parties by openly proclaiming his patriotic convictions. Nor should we fail to note that most of the preachers of the city rightly felt that their work primarily was distinctively spiritual, rather than political; that however sacred

might be their duty to their country, there were duties still higher and still more sacred. They were also persuaded that they should, so far as in them lay, calm the public mind rather than agitate it; should strengthen reason and cool passion; promote love and discourage hatred and revenge. Accordingly, such men as Eliot of the Unitarians, Post of the Congregationalists, Nelson of the Presbyterians, Schuyler of the Episcopalians, the staunchest of Union men, and each of them a tower of strength in the city, seeking to do the largest possible good in a community divided and torn by antagonistic political doctrines, for a season refrained from giving public utterance to their Union sentiments. When, however, they did speak, they boldly discussed with great ability and thoroughness the duties which citizens owe to the State.

During the winter of 1860-61 there was but one clergyman in the city, who publicly spoke upon the great national issue, and he was a pronounced and prominent secessionist, or, which was the same thing under a different label, a conditional Unionist. And strange to say, this good Presbyterian brother regarded the introduction of politics into the pulpit with holy horror; at all events he thought that his brethren in the ministry should refrain from discussing in the house of God disturbing political problems; nevertheless, he, in an elaborate discourse, on the Lord's Day, set forth in his pulpit, "The Ultimatum of the South." But our ministerial brother apparently failed to see that "wherein he judged another he condemned himself." He not only preached a political sermon, but published it in pamphlet form, and did what he could to scatter copies of it all over the State. So he was not after all really opposed to preaching politics, but to preaching

politics that antagonized his own cherished political views. Not his own, but his opponent's politics degraded the pulpit.

Since, however, it is my purpose to present in these pages not only my observations of others, but also my own experiences, I trust that it will not be regarded as egotistical and indelicate on my part, if I carefully portray some scenes in which I was called to be an actor. From 1858 to 1866 I was pastor of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis and preached at the corner of Sixth and Locust Streets, in a plain, steepleless, brick meeting-house, painted lead color. The membership of the church was five or six hundred, and for three years of my pastorate, the men outnumbered the women. The church contained an unusual number of able, aggressive young men. In the congregation the rich and the poor sat side by side. All walks and pursuits of life were there represented. In the pews were a goodly number of lawyers, some of them among the ablest advocates and counsellors in the State. One of them, James O. Broadhead, not a Baptist, a member of the Union Safety Committee, was a man of conspicuous ability. He was a native of Virginia, liberal-minded, conservative, clear-headed. He was an ardent patriot without fanaticism. While instinctively shrinking from all extreme positions on the vexed political questions of the hour, he was unswervingly loyal to the Union. In those dark tempestuous days, he stood like a granite rock amid the swirling waves of passion.

Moreover, in the congregation, and also in the membership of the church, was William M. McPherson. He came from the poor whites of Kentucky. What he was he owed largely to a godly mother. Amid great disadvantages he secured the rudiments of an English

education. He then studied law at night, in his humble Kentucky home, by the light of flaming pine knots. He also taught a country school to put an honest penny into his empty purse. While yet in the beginning of his professional career as a lawyer, he came to St. Louis. He there at one time filled the office of United States attorney. Out of tender remembrance of his mother, and a sacred promise that he made her, he regularly attended church. He became a Christian. During my pastorate, out of choice he was an usher in the middle aisle, and none that received his attentions could ever forget the gracious kindness of his manner. But back of his marked benevolence of spirit lay immense power of will. When he laid his hand to a work within or without the church, if human energy could accomplish it, it was quickly done. He was passionately devoted both to his city and his country. In the darkest days of the war, he was as true to the Old Flag as the needle to the pole. To preach to him and others of like spirit was an inspiration.

In my church were seven deacons, all of them loyal to the Federal government. Of some of them we shall have occasion to speak in another connection. But one of them, Daniel J. Hancock, a Gibraltar of strength to his pastor, I refer to here, on account of an interesting incident in connection with the public mention of his name. General Hancock, who in the Civil War acquired a world-wide military fame, spent the winter of 1860-61 in St. Louis. His father, who was a deacon of a Baptist church in Pennsylvania, paid him a visit. One Sunday morning they both worshipped with us. Before the sermon a collection was to be taken for some special object. I said, "Will Deacon Pratt and Deacon Hancock pass the contribution boxes?" General Hancock's

father, not knowing that there was a Deacon Hancock in my church, was on his feet in a moment, ready to do the duty asked. The general, pulling his father's coat-tail, said to him in a whisper, "There is a Deacon Hancock in this church." Was not the general's readiness for any duty on the battle-field in large measure an inheritance?

As the winter wore away, and in turn spring and summer came, military officers in constantly increasing numbers appeared in the congregation. I very distinctly remember General Sumner. Every Sunday night for two or three months, he sat to my right near the pulpit. Being slightly deaf, he got as near as he could to the speaker. He was tall and graceful in form and movement, a man who would attract attention even in a crowd. He was afterwards conspicuous in the great battles of Fair Oaks, Antietam and Fredericksburg.

What I have now said may suggest with some distinctness the circumstances under which I performed my pulpit ministrations. But I was full of unrest because I had not spoken concerning the duties that we all sacredly owed to our country. I felt that sooner or later every man, who had any influence whatsoever, regardless of his surroundings, must speak out boldly on the great national issue. This conviction was re-enforced by two distasteful incidents thrust upon my attention. The first was this. At the Sunday morning service I usually prayed for the President and his advisers. So long as Mr. Buchanan was in office this appeared to be agreeable to all; but no sooner was Mr. Lincoln inaugurated than some began to object to this part of my prayer. In private conversation they gave free expression to their resentment. The congregation was divided on the question. Among themselves they

warmly debated it. No one as yet had uttered his protest to me. But I had heard of the strenuous objection urged against my petition for our Chief Magistrate. Believing, however, that I was discharging a sacred duty, a duty positively enjoined in Scripture, I kept right on praying publicly for the President. There was as yet no sign of yielding on either side. Relations were already strained, if not wrenched. Something must be done, so, at least, thought the opposition forces. They got together and requested William M. McPherson, on their behalf, to talk the matter over with me. While he had no sympathy with their opposition, in order that he might do something in the interest of harmony in the church, he consented to lay their grievance before me. He invited me to meet him at his business office, that our interview might be strictly private. Since I had no truer friend, I gladly responded to his courteous request. When we met he at once said: "A considerable number of the church and congregation have sent to you through me an earnest petition that in the future you should forego praying publicly for the President. And they have asked me to induce you, if I can, to grant their desire." I replied: "Such prayer is no new thing in my pulpit ministrations. I prayed for Mr. Buchanan and no one objected to that; and I do not see why any one should now object to my praying for Mr. Lincoln." "Ah!" he answered, "that is just the sore point; they think that praying for Lincoln is partisan, that it is praying against the South; and can't you for the sake of peace forego it?" I responded, "If Lincoln is as bad as they say he is, I am sure that both I and they ought to pray for him; he needs our prayers. Moreover, be so kind as to say to your brethren and mine, that according to the Protestant idea, prayer is indited by

the Holy Spirit; and if the Holy Spirit leads me to pray publicly for the President, I must do it even though it may be disagreeable to my fellow men."

My reply seemed to please him, and he said: "Shall I say that that is your message to them?" "Certainly," said I, and our interview thus ended very pleasantly; but as I went towards my home, I became more positively convinced than ever, that all true men holding positions of trust in the city would soon be compelled to speak out with no uncertain accent on the question that was threatening to disrupt the Union. When the pews in opposition to good government go so far as to attempt to dictate the prayers of the pulpit and to repress all petitions for the President, the pulpit must either become subject to the pews, or squarely assert and defend its independence.

The second incident, constantly rankling like a thorn in my side, was the secession flag, already mentioned in a previous chapter. It fluttered over Sixth Street, about half a square from my church. Going to and fro in the discharge of my duties, I was compelled to pass beneath it. With many others, I wondered why the military authorities did not take it down by force. I did not then know, what all learned later, that just at that time they were in pursuit of larger game; that they were planning to strike at the centre of secession in our city, and so for the moment were wisely ignoring its incidental manifestations. But I had reached the limit of my patience, and could no longer mutely endure the flaunting of disloyalty. A fire was fiercely burning within my bones. I felt that it must have vent, or I should be consumed.

It was nineteen days before the taking of Camp Jackson. Sunday, April 21st, dawned. It was a warm

bright day. My morning audience was large and attentive, but I was far from being happy. Back of the morning message there was another flaming in my soul for expression. No one yet knew what I contemplated doing in the evening. In the afternoon I met on the street one of my good deacons and made known to him my intention. Although a pronounced Unionist, for the sake of peace in the church and congregation he tried to turn me from my purpose; but when he found that my mind was fully made up, he said, "Well, if you must preach on secession, give them a 12-inch columbiad." He had evidently overestimated the size of my gun, but such as I had, it was my fixed purpose to fire.

The evening came. The sky was clear. It was neither hot nor cold. The balmy air of spring enticed people from their houses. The church was unusually well-filled, and my secession friends were present in large numbers. I read for the Scripture lesson the 13th chapter of Romans, in which Paul teaches the duty of obedience to established government. Those in the pews listened with almost breathless interest to the words of the great Apostle. But while I read, two deacons of the church, who had been engaged in seating the congregation, standing under the gallery, between the doors of entrance to the audience room, had this suggestive colloquy. Both of them were unconditional Union men; but one of them, formerly a citizen of Massachusetts, nervously anxious to keep the peace, said to the other, who had once lived in Maryland, and afterwards in Indiana, "I hope the pastor is not going to preach to-night from any text in that chapter." His associate in office replied, "Aren't you willing that your pastor should take his text from any portion of the Word of God?"

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He responded, "I ought to say yes, but I confess that in the present circumstances I can't." Considering the sections of the Republic from which these gentlemen hailed, we should naturally have thought that their respective attitudes would have been the exact reverse. We should have looked for unyielding grit in the New Englander, and for pliancy in the Marylander. But happily in our country geography does not determine character, and this incident shows how two good men and true in St. Louis, in those dark days, were divided as to the line of action that should be taken to secure what they mutually and earnestly desired.

But the service moved on. The very air seemed tremulous with excitement. While singing the hymn immediately before the sermon, anxious expectation was depicted on the faces of the audience. I announced as my text Romans, the 13th chapter, the 1st and 2nd verses: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained by God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

When I began to speak such a hush fell upon the congregation, that at the pauses between the sentences, I could hear the flicker of the gas. A large bronze-faced man, a stranger, had been seated near the centre of the audience-room, in the end of a pew, that opened into the middle aisle, so that he was directly before me. My eye instinctively turned to him and at times seemed to be riveted upon him. I thought that he must be the deacon of some Baptist church back in the State. At first he was restless, and frequently changed his position; so I concluded that he was a secessionist and did not like what I was saying. But when I was a little more

than half way through my discourse, he cried out, so that all in the house heard him, "Amen," making the *a* long and emphatic. My wrong impression of him was at once corrected. He was, as I had surmised, a Baptist deacon, but from Illinois, not from Missouri, and his hearty "amen" added to the already intense excitement of the congregation. The sudden consciousness of having in him an ally instead of an enemy gave me a new sense of freedom, and I preached on with more than my usual ease and fervor, closing with these words: "I wish to bear my own individual testimony, to express the feelings of my heart. I love my country — I love the government of my country — I love the freedom of my country. It was purchased by the blood of our fathers, and when I become so base, so cowardly, so besotted that I dare not speak out in behalf of that for which they so bravely fought, I pray that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth.

"But, brethren, we need have no fears as to the ultimate issue. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. In this conflict your property may be swept away, and all may be reduced to a common level. Your life and mine may be sacrificed on the altar of our country, yet Jehovah, who presides over the scene, will bring the nation forth from the ordeal wiser, purer, nobler. If the scythe of rebellion is swung over our whole land, mowing down all of our free institutions, leave us the Christian family, the Christian Church, and the time-honored Bible, and in the track of the destroyer, they will spring up with new life, new power, and new glory. 'The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.'"

For the last hymn I gave out "My country, 'tis of thee." I am quite sure that it had not been sung for

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many months in St. Louis; at all events, as a congregation, we had refrained from singing it lest somebody might be offended by it. My secession friends did not even deign to open their hymn-books, but stood dumb while we sang. But compensations for their silence had been providentially provided. A part of a congregation of loyal Methodists, passing our house of worship on the way home from their evening service, had crowded into the vestibule, and listened to the close of my discourse; lingering there, they sang the national hymn as only Methodists can. Also a band of loyal Unitarians going along Locust Street by the church just as we began to sing, stood on the sidewalk, under the open windows, and sang with fervor. Half a square away a gentleman, sitting in his parlor with its windows shut, heard our patriotic song and was glad.

At the close of the service, a stranger unceremoniously approached me, and with some excitement of manner asked, "Do you expect to remain in the city?" I assured him that I did, but that it was a matter of indifference to me whether I did or not. Expressing the opinion that the people of the city would not permit me to remain, he disappeared in the departing crowd. Who he was, whence he came and whither he went, I knew not. From my own soul a burden had been lifted. As well as I could, I had spoken on behalf of our country. My mistake was that I had not spoken sooner. With a light heart I went back to my home and slept.

I must now mention what was to me an exceedingly important event, to which on account of its sacredness I should make no allusion if it were not intertwined with an incident which sets in a startling light the determination of not a few in St. Louis at that time to

suppress, even by brute force, freedom of speech. Two days after the delivery of my sermon on "The Duty of Obedience to Established Government," profoundly believing in the Union, I was married. But our city was so agitated and divided, that it was deemed best both by my bride and myself to make but a short wedding trip. We thought that we should not be long absent from pressing duties at home. So we went no farther than Cincinnati. We left behind us a flagless city; but when we reached the great city on the Ohio, it was just one gorgeous bouquet of national banners. The exhilaration and ecstasy of that scene no words can express. The remembered experience, the patriotic exultation of that hour, lingers like undimmed sunshine in my soul.

We remained in Cincinnati over the following Sunday. By a happy prearrangement, the young and eloquent Irish preacher of Quincy, Illinois, Rev. H. M. Gallaher, supplied my pulpit. As he began the evening service, a turbulent crowd gathered on Sixth and Locust Streets, in front and by the side of the church. They had evidently come together to mob me for my discourse the week before. When Mr. Gallaher was offering prayer before the sermon, some one of the crowd on Locust Street hurled a brickbat through the window, immediately to the left of the pulpit; the great window-pane was shattered in pieces, but the missile aimed at the preacher happily failed to reach its mark. It was caught by a Venetian blind and fell harmless to the floor. In spite of the sudden, unexpected crash, the plucky Irishman prayed on as though nothing had happened, and his cool persistence probably averted further disaster. My marriage had been a private one. Only a few intimate friends had witnessed it. Nobody had advertised it; so those intent on executing mob law upon me

quite naturally supposed that I was in my pulpit. But, for some unknown reason, somebody in that vengeful throng began to suspect that their coveted game had slipped through their toils. While the fearless preacher in the pulpit continued to pray in apparent oblivion to splintering glass and a falling, resounding brickbat, two men from the mob without, pushing partly open one of the doors of the audience room, intently watched him. They evidently became satisfied before he closed his prayer that the object of their malice had in some way eluded them. They reported to the noisy, angry crowd in the street. The clamor gradually subsided. There followed for a few minutes a murmur of voices, then the disappointed multitude little by little melted away.

This menacing event greatly disturbed the officers of my church. Knowing the train on which we were returning to St. Louis, several of them came to greet us and tell us of the mob. They feared that it might gather again to carry out its fell purpose, and anxiously asked what line of action would be wisest and best? In a moment I decided what I should do. I told them that those who did not hear my sermon, but had learned of it merely from flying rumor, had exaggerated and false notions concerning it; that they had unquestionably misconceived its spirit; that I would at once write it out, just as I had uttered it in the pulpit, and print it in *The Missouri Republican*; that that journal of doubtful loyalty gladly published articles on both sides of the national question, and was very generally read by the secessionists; and that when those who were bent on mobbing their fellow citizens for their honestly expressed political views should read it, they would not fail to see that it was not quite as objectionable as

they supposed, and would lay aside their vengeful purpose.

Those who had anxiously sought my counsel approved, some of them with apparent reluctance, this proposed line of action. So I went directly from the boat on which we were ferried over the river, to my study, sat down to my self-appointed task, and did not rise until it was done. Over the sermon I wrote the following explanatory and conciliatory note.

“ Since the delivery of this sermon, on the evening of April 21st, its statements and sentiments have been greatly misrepresented. While it was not prepared for publication, no word of it in fact having been written before its delivery, at the suggestion of judicious freinds, we give it to the press, in order to correct the mistatements that have been made.”

I at once carried my manuscript to the editors of *The Republican*, who apparently received it with pleasure. The next day it was published, and having been so extensively talked about, it was widely read. The effect of its publication was just what I had anticipated. The excitement aroused by the spoken discourse, whose scope and spirit had been greatly misapprehended by those who did not hear it, measurably died away; but no one thereafter doubted where my pulpit stood on the vexed question which was then dividing the nation.

The next Sunday morning, when I stepped into my pulpit, I had before me one striking evidence of the effectiveness of my patriotic sermon. In one entire row of pews, stretching from the pulpit to the outer door, there were only three families. There my secession friends, whom I highly esteemed, had been accustomed to sit; but a discourse on loyalty to the general government had driven them away, never to return. That

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row of empty pews was on the north side of the middle aisle, but a Southern brother of high standing with a twinkle in his eye said to me, "That is the South side of the house." We deeply regretted to lose those who so unceremoniously left us; but as no man or set of men is indispensable, we went on prosperously without them. Their departure in some measure strengthened us. They had been a disturbing element, and after they had gone, we had that power that flows from unity of spirit and action.

They took with them when they seceded a bright young Scotchman; but after an absence of six weeks, he returned. At the close of the morning service he very cordially greeted me, and said in his broad Scotch accent: "I suppose you have noticed that I have been away. I went with the rest, and we were foolish enough to think that when we departed the roof of the church would fall in and the walls would fall down; but every morning, when I went to business, I looked over this way, and saw that she still stood, and so I thought I would come back." But all did not have the horse-sense of this Scotchman; only a few of the seceders ever returned, but others came to take their places, and by the following October the pews were fuller than ever; but many who sat in them wore the shoulder-straps of army officers.

There was, however, one sad, yet ludicrous, incident, connected with my sermon on "Obedience to the State," which shows that the brutal spirit of the mob was not wholly extinct. On Locust Street, two squares west of our house of worship, stood the Central Presbyterian Church. Its pastor was Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, D. D. He had occupied that position for fifteen or twenty years, and both on account of the length of his pastorate

and his acknowledged ability was generally known, even among non-churchgoers, while I, having the same surname, had been in St. Louis not quite three years. It was therefore perfectly natural for godless outsiders to attribute to him my pulpit utterances, which had stirred up so much bad blood. So they determined to chastise him for what I had said. Now he was a secessionist. In the preceding winter he had preached the sermon to which we have already alluded, on "The Ultimatum of the South." While of course he would have utterly condemned all mob violence, still the men who had marked him out for brutal usage were in political fellowship with him. They watched for an opportunity to carry out their ruthless purpose, and found it. He was accustomed, every Saturday night, just at dusk, to go to the Post-office, at the corner of Third and Pine Streets, to get his mail. There was then no free delivery. His assailants hid themselves in an alley which ran into Pine Street, and as he was passing by, threw brickbats at him, one of which struck him on the cheek, and knocked him down. The next day his face was so swollen and painful that he could not preach. They aimed at me and hit him. They ignorantly knocked down their own political ally. They compelled him to be my substitute. He unwillingly suffered in my stead. He soon recovered, and I hastened to assure him of my deep regret that he had been compelled to suffer vicariously for me. To which he very naturally replied: "Yes, indeed, I don't wish to be mixed up with you." Nor did I wish to be politically mixed up with him, however useful in this case it had been to me. On one point we were in absolute agreement, our mutual desire not to be confounded with each other in the public mind.

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Two more incidents, though pertaining wholly to my own church and congregation, are worthy of notice, as revealing the peculiar sensitiveness of those among whom we lived and toiled. My secession brethren determined if possible to oust me from my pastorate; they declared that their opposition to me was solely because I had introduced politics into the pulpit. To carry out their purpose, they drew up a paper setting forth their grievances, and urgently praying me to resign. They made an extended canvass for signatures, but had such meagre success that they abandoned their project.

They then sent a committee to me, asking that, inasmuch as I had fully expressed my views on the great national issue, I would hereafter refrain from all utterance on the subject in my pulpit, promising, if I would enter into such an agreement, that they would resume their places and duties in the church. But I assured them that, while it would give me great pleasure to yield to their wishes, I could not enter into any such compact; that I might be under solemn obligation to speak again, and that I must not become a party to any bargain that would debar me from doing my whole duty. My answer enraged the chairman of the committee, and he declared that I wanted "to kick them out of the church." I replied, "You will bear witness that that is your language, not mine. I should be glad to keep you all in the church, and have you willingly grant me unrestricted freedom of speech; but whether you go or stay I cannot put my neck under the yoke that you have prepared for it." With this interview, so far as I am aware, ended their efforts to drive me from my post or to padlock my lips.

The sermon that provoked so much opposition had in

itself no special merit. It was the time of its utterance, and the circumstances in which we were then living, that gave it importance. It proved to have been the first out and out Union sermon preached in St. Louis, and, with the sermons of other preachers North and South, was published in Moore's Rebellion Record. There are some sentences in it that must be set down both to the hot blood of youth and the aggravation of the times; but at all events it was an utterance of intense conviction.

But in our varied experiences it is clear that the good far outweighed the bad. There was more honey than gall, more love than hate, more self-sacrificing toil for others than self-seeking; and while some Christian pastors were anxious and harassed, and all churches were more or less agitated and some of them divided, in the face of a common danger, sectarianism for the time being seemed to be utterly swept away. In the loyal churches men and women, irrespective of denomination, frequently met to pray for the Republic. Trinitarian and Unitarian, Baptist and Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Episcopalian stood or kneeled side by side and poured out their petitions to God for our distracted city and country. They prayed with special fervency for the President, his Cabinet, the deliberating Congress and gathering army.

In addition to the meetings in the different churches, we frequently met for prayer at nine o'clock in the morning in one of the large halls of the city. There were often from fifteen hundred to two thousand present. At the close of each devotional hour the whole congregation rose and simultaneously lifting up their right hands repeated in concert, after the leader of the meet-

ing, the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States. During my life I have looked upon many impressive scenes, but never upon one so morally sublime as that. At each repetition of that oath, the loyalty of every one that took it with his hand uplifted to the God of nations, daily grew deeper and stronger. Every one thus crowning his prayer for his country with his oath of fealty to it went out from those meetings with a mightier purpose to do all within his power to maintain the integrity of the Union.

There were many very peculiar incidents in the churches, growing out of the excitement of the time, some of which are indelibly impressed upon my mind. An eccentric lawyer regularly attended the weekly prayer-meeting of my church. He rightly held that we should be specific in our prayers, and lived up fully to his conviction. He was very tall, and while offering prayer he usually stood by a supporting post and leaned his head sidewise against it, reminding one of a massive prop placed to strengthen a weakening pillar. In that unusual attitude of body, he asked God with minute particularity for the things that he desired. When he prayed for any public official or general in the army he called him by name. He prayed for the soldiers that they might have good health and strength, and courage in battle, and be obedient to their commanding officers, and that God would direct the Minie balls when they shot and make them effective, that the enemies of our country might be speedily subdued. Whatever any one may think of such prayers, they at all events caught the attention of even the dullest and waked up the sleepers.

We note also a very different incident, which was still more indicative of the feelings which at that time

swayed many minds in our city. A lady of my congregation was exceedingly prejudiced against preaching politics, without having any clear notion of what politics was. She once sat immediately before me when I was speaking to the children of the Sunday-school. To illustrate and enforce my thought, I related an incident concerning a drummer-boy, whereupon she nudged with her elbow a woman who sat by her side, and said in a tone so loud that I distinctly heard her, "I do wish the pastor would let politics alone."

An excellent Presbyterian pastor, with whom I often conversed, was greatly perplexed as to whether he should preach on the subject of secession. He was intensely loyal; but his church was not large and in national politics was apparently about equally divided. In determining his duty he sought my counsel. I told him that, taking into account all the circumstances, he ought in my judgment to forego, for a time at least, the public discussion of the national problem. While he seemed satisfied that I had pointed out what was wisest for him to do, he found it very difficult to keep silent concerning his country even for a season. Patriotism burned hotly within his heart. To get some relief he preached one Sunday afternoon on Paul's words, "I have fought the good fight." He began his sermon by saying, "There are then some fights that are good. The fight against sin is a good fight. The fight against the devil is a good fight." But just as he pronounced the last sentence, a pew-door flew open spitefully, and one of the ablest women of his church walked excitedly down the middle aisle and out of the outer door, never again to return. Immediately after the service he went to see her. He went too soon. She had not had time to cool; moreover his prompt visit

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tended to pamper her self-importance. He gently asked why she left the church so abruptly? She replied that she left because she was offended, and said that she thought he ought not to have preached from that text. But he inquired why that text displeased her. She said, "Did you not say that some fights are good fights?" "Certainly," he replied, "and are they not?" "Oh, yes," she responded, "but you meant the fight against the Southern Confederacy." That was probably the fact. He was giving, perhaps unconsciously, just a little vent to his own flaming patriotism. She felt it. She intuitively knew it. He could not persuade her to return to her place and her duty. That good pastor, sorely beset and tried, at last delivered fully his patriotic message and resigned. From such an event we learn how difficult it was to be a good and faithful minister of Christ in a border city at the beginning of our civil war.

But there were also many cheering occurrences during those dismal days; some deeds of sense and self-restraint illumined the thickening gloom.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Early in 1861, before the river to the South was obstructed, a Christian gentleman from Mississippi often came up to St. Louis on business. Whenever he stayed over Sunday he worshipped with my congregation. He was a pro-slavery man and a secessionist. In those days I always prayed publicly for the country, for all that were in authority, and that all efforts to break up the Union might be thwarted. One of my brethren asked him if the prayers did not offend him. He pleas-

antly replied, "No, not at all; I pray with your pastor till he gets to the country, and then I just skip that." He was one of those rare souls that in a time of discord and conflict are lifted above unseemly passion, and kept with his brethren, from whom he politically differed, "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Nor must I fail to notice a warm-hearted, impulsive member of my church, a Kentuckian by birth. He firmly believed that secession was constitutional and right, and that slavery was of divine origin. He had not yet learned that "what is inhuman cannot be divine." He was filled with indignation when I maintained in the pulpit that there was no just cause for rebellion against the Federal government, and that instead we were under solemn obligation to obey it; notwithstanding, soon after he invited me, together with my wife, to dine at his house just outside the city. At the appointed time he sent his carriage for us. On our arrival, after warmly greeting us at the gate, he said to me, "I think that you had no right to preach on the subject of secession; but you thought you had, and I do not think that this difference of opinion should destroy our Christian fellowship. You have had your say, and now that I have had mine, be so good as to walk into the house and make yourselves at home." I assured him that his position was altogether satisfactory to me; and that I rejoiced that we could hold and express antagonistic political views without marring our brotherly love. Considering how fiery the disposition of this good man was, the stand that he took was as gratifying as it was surprising. The grace of the gentle and forgiving Lord, in whom he trusted and whom he loved, had in some measure been imparted to his own soul. Thus in the midst of much that was unlovely and repulsive there were

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here and there many noble acts that fascinated us, and allured us to Christ-like living.

From the few incidents which we have here presented, it is painfully evident that at the beginning of the war the influence of the pulpits and churches of St. Louis in shaping public opinion on national questions was sadly divided. Some of them were decidedly for the Union; some were just as decidedly for secession; in some churches the membership was so evenly divided between Unionism and secessionism that it was deemed inexpedient to make any allusion in the pulpit to the great national issue. All things considered, the preponderating influence of the pulpits and churches seemed to be in favor of secession. But as time rolled on the Union sentiment of the churches gradually became stronger, and before the close of the war decidedly predominant. Some pastors, unquestionably loyal to the general government, at first doubted the expediency of publicly expressing their views, but finally boldly uttered their entire thought. As a whole the Union pastors were as true as steel, and each in his own chosen time, in the midst of clashing forces and interests, unflinchingly did his patriotic duty. The state of affairs was such as might reasonably have baffled the wisdom of the wisest. It was a time that tried men's souls.

But the press was quite as dubious in its testimony and influence as the pulpit. There were in our city over fifty periodicals of all sorts. Full half of these either advocated or apologized for secession; and some of those that stood for the Union were faint-hearted and spoke with hesitation and feebleness. There were eleven dailies, great and small—and some of them were very small, their editors scarcely knowing in the tumult

surging around them whether their souls were their own. And since to a large extent each citizen took his cue from the paper that he read, the press, take it all in all, propagated among the masses of the city much of its own dubiousness and bewilderment. However among the dailies were two great political organs, that did much to mould public sentiment, *The Missouri Democrat* and *The Missouri Republican*. Their very names confused strangers, since the *Democrat* was the organ of the Republicans, and the *Republican* was the organ of the Democrats. The *Democrat* years before had been established in the interests of Free-soilism, which had long been a pronounced and growing sentiment in Missouri and especially in St. Louis. It naturally therefore became the organ of the Republican party, and was uncompromisingly for the Union. Its trumpet always rang out loud and clear; it had no uncertain sound. The paper had able editors who advocated the cause of the Union with unusual clearness, breadth and power. They permitted no one, whether he were keen or dull, to misunderstand them. So, in a reign of doubt and bitter conflict, their paper became a mighty ally of the Federal government, and did much to bring order out of confusion, to harmonize antagonistic forces, and at last to restore the reign of civil law. It is doubtful if this great journal ever received its just meed of praise. Noiselessly, day by day, it scattered in thousands of homes its message in behalf of the Union. That message gradually cleared the vision of those who read. Friends of the general government were multiplied by it. It was a tremendous force for the right. Its influence for all that was truest and best in government can no more be gathered up and weighed than one can collect and weigh the sunbeams.

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Its great rival, *The Missouri Republican*, was also a power, and, on the whole, for good. It was exceedingly conservative, and by its utterances did much to moderate and cool burning and unreasoning passion. It seemed usually to be nicely balanced on the fence. It had two editors, one a secessionist, the other a Unionist. The secessionist was somewhat advanced in years and, after writing his editorial, left his office for the day about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Unionist editor was much younger, and wrote his editorial about nine o'clock at night. And these two editorials, conservatively advocating opposite views of the great national conflict, daily appeared side by side. But this old and influential journal was very widely read, and, consistently with its position of neutrality, published any decent and reasonable article for, or against, the Union. Its constituency, though largely disloyal in sentiment, read what it published on behalf of the Union. So to their own advantage, as well as to that of the Federal government, they were thus led to read and think much on both sides of the question that was then dividing the nation. But the general public, deeming it a weakness and a sign of duplicity to receive and publish all sorts of articles, advocating the most diverse and contradictory views, with more force than elegance dubbed this great paper, "The swill-tub." Nevertheless, it seems reasonable, all things considered, that to have had then and there one such journal was a mighty power for good.

Early in the summer of 1861, when the people had become eager for war news, some of the papers began to issue evening editions. This new move was sensational simply because it was unusual. A wag, commenting upon it, said, "They issue these evening editions to

contradict the lies that they tell in the morning." But neither editors nor their critics, especially in times of social upheaval and commotion, can at once determine what among flying rumors is true and what is false.

Now if we ask in what direction at the beginning of the war, the press of St. Louis threw its influence, we see that taken as a whole, like the pulpit, it was double-tongued. Some journals were for and some against secession. Some were vacillating, at times both for and against — they blew both hot and cold; some were simply bewildered; some half-apologized for the rebellion; some were lost in the fog of State sovereignty. The editors on either side of the national question, and those on the fence, were doubtless honest; nevertheless their varied and discordant voices confused the public mind. It was not strange that the people were divided. They listened to a divided pulpit; they read the deliverances of a divided press. But while amid this din of antagonistic voices some were confused, many in downright earnestness began to think for themselves, and in spite of the clashing utterances of the pulpit and the press, at last thought themselves out of the mist into the clear light of day.

CHAPTER IX

DECISION AND DIVISION

As soon as Camp Jackson had been taken, and the panic which so closely followed it was over, a new spirit pervaded the entire community. Those who had been halting between Unionism and secession felt almost irresistibly impelled to decide with which party they would act. And those who from the start had quietly but firmly allied themselves with the one or the other, and for prudential reasons had refrained from declaring their political faith, now felt constrained to show their true colors. The process of open alignment was rapid. Society seemed to be suddenly transformed. We felt as though we had been transported in a state of unconsciousness to another world and when there had waked up in astonishment, gazing upon new and strange scenes. At first some thought that the celerity with which men were being converted to Unionism was marvellous; but in this they were deceived. There were, to be sure, many striking political conversions, but in the vast majority of cases, what amazed observers was not conversion, but a frank and open declaration of principles that up to that hour had been secretly held. Almost everybody seemed to be confessing his political faith. The star-spangled banner which, out of deference to the feelings of secession neighbors, had been so long concealed, began to be hung out from the balconies

and windows of public buildings and private dwellings. It now waved from the cupolas of schoolhouses and even from the steeples of some of the churches. Union teamsters decked their mules and horses with it. Little children on their way to school, or playing in the streets, carried it. Just as sometimes in the spring the sudden coming of the warm sunshine and showers stars the cherry and apple trees all over with blossoms, so our city, so long bannerless, all at once bloomed with the Stars and Stripes. Badges made of strips of red, white and blue were also extensively worn both by men and women, while on every side, at morning, noon and night, could be heard the song born of the hour, "Hurrah! For the Red, White and Blue." And the suddenness of this outburst of patriotism for a time threw those who had been struggling in doubt and gloom to prevent the secession of Missouri into a delirium of joy.

Nevertheless secessionism in St. Louis was neither dead nor hopeless. It was, to be sure, for the time being overawed; but it was in fact as tenacious and determined as ever. Our disloyal fellow citizens were led to believe that the city would be at last captured by the rebel army, and both it and the State turned over to the Southern Confederacy. So, bating neither heart nor hope, they labored incessantly for the realization of this purpose. In secret they plotted to secure the secession of the State. Protected by United States troops, they harbored in their homes spies from the rebel army. Some of them themselves acted the part of spies and were arrested for their crime. Many of them contributed freely of their substance to help disrupt the Union and establish the Confederacy. But while they worked clandestinely, — as they were compelled to do if they worked at all, — most of them in social intercourse

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manfully declared their sentiments. In fact the time had at last come when true men on either side abhorred those sordid souls that sat on the fence, ready for the sake of pelf, at the opportune moment, to jump off upon the side of those who should chance to be victorious. The words of Dryden in his "Duke of Guise," written concerning the Whigs and Tories of his day, slightly altered, fittingly depict them.

Not friends, nor rebels they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal; true to neither cause,
With union wings, but rebel teeth and claws.¹

One of my own deacons, a true and brave man, at first hesitated as to the stand he ought to take. With him it was a matter of conscience. He was not swayed by any sordid motive. His associations had been largely with Southern and pro-slavery men. He regretted that I had felt impelled to speak from my pulpit for the Union. But when asked by some of his secession brethren to sign a petition to which I have already referred, asking me to resign my pastorate, he began earnestly to think what he ought to do. He said to those that solicited him to put his name to that petition, "I have never yet openly opposed any one of my pastors; and even now, while I regret that our present pastor publicly discussed a political question, I cannot sign this petition without careful consideration. I wish to take it home with me to-night, and pray over it, before I decide what to do in reference to it." He prayed. He deter-

¹ "Not whiggs, nor tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal; true to neither cause,
With tory wings, but whiggish teeth and claws."
—*Duke of Guise, Prol.*

mined not to sign it. He began to think as never before. He now observed that all the newspapers and journals that came to his house were pro-slavery and secession; and he decided to secure for daily reading some that presented the opposite view. He at once subscribed for two Union papers. He looked over his library and did not find a book in it that was antagonistic to slavery. He went at once to a bookstore and bought three anti-slavery books, which he carefully read. Within a few days his mind was completely revolutionized. He had decided what to do. Every fibre of his being was for the Union. He soon called me into his office and said: "Pastor, you made one serious mistake. You ought to have preached against secession at least three months before you did." And the good deacon was undoubtedly right. From that time all measures taken for the preservation of the Union seemed to him to be dilatory. He chafed because the President held back his emancipation proclamation. After the war was over, St. Louis sent him to Washington as one of its representatives. But we should not forget how much such a decision made in that time of political upheaval cost him. It may seem easy to us now, but it tried the soul then. It broke up old associations, and for a time at least made lifelong friends enemies.

In my own neighborhood there lived a most excellent Christian family. It consisted of husband and wife and four or five children. The children, I should judge, were from twelve to eighteen years of age. But the father and mother were divided on the great national issue. He was decidedly for the Union, she just as decidedly for the Southern Confederacy. At the dinner hour almost every day, in the presence of their children, they hotly discussed the question on which they were

divided. This procedure at last menaced the union of the household. But with good sense, the father, before his whole family, proposed to the mother that, for the sake of peace in their home, they declare a truce until the close of the war. The wife and mother acceded to this timely proposal. The national question was never thereafter mooted under that roof; but when the war ended I noticed that the wife as well as the husband was for the Union. Silence and events had prevailed. But this divided household was not an isolated case. There were scores of families in the city made discordant and unhappy over the burning issue of the hour.

In those days of decision there was a distinguished judge of one of our courts who was a Southerner by birth and education. He was pro-slavery in sentiment, but a decisive, ardent Union man. One morning he met an old Southern friend at the Post-office, whither in those days we all went for our mail. As usual they cordially greeted each other. Then the judge said to him: "I understand from others that you are an enemy of the Old Flag?" He replied that he was. Then responded the judge, "You are my enemy. Never recognize me again by look or word." That decision was positive and irreversible; the division was sharp and irreconcilable.

Living on the same square with myself was a man of Southern birth. He was a pleasant, agreeable gentleman. I held him in high esteem. I had been called by him to minister in his household in a time of sickness and death. Tenderness of feeling had marked our intercourse in those sad days. He and I had never exchanged a word on the subject of secession. Still, one morning as I met him and as usual saluted him, he

did not, as he had been wont to do, return my salutation. I concluded that, absorbed in something else, he did not see me. I could not believe that his seeming discourtesy was intended. Two or three days after, I greeted him again, but obtained from him no sign of recognition. I determined not to give up my friend without one more effort. A week later I met him on the sidewalk near his own door, stood within four feet of him, looked him straight in the face, and said, " Good morning," calling him by name; but he made no response either by word or look. He was no longer my friend, but my enemy. Why? He had learned from others that I was for the Union, — that was the explanation of his rudeness. During all the war we frequently met, but passed each other as though we were walking, insensate posts. I always felt a strong impulse to speak once more, but I checked it, lest speaking might give to my dumb neighbor useless offence. Such experiences as this were peculiar to those who lived in a border city during the war of the rebellion.

But the open alignment of men and women in our city for or against the Union, disturbed, if it did not destroy, in many of our churches the Christian fellowship that had hitherto existed. Where the membership of a church was politically very largely of the same mind, the friction arising from the few in opposition, while deplorable, did not very seriously interfere with its general harmony. In such a case the small minority either remained and held its peace, or else withdrew noisily or quietly, while the main body of the church, freed from irritation and unified, continued its legitimate work with increased power and efficiency. But where the members of a church were about equally divided on the great national issue their contention sometimes

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became acrimonious. When such conflict was waged, brotherly love was overwhelmed, and the very existence of the church itself was imperilled. I well knew one such church. It occupied, in the northern part of our city, a very important field for aggressive Christian work, but by its internal dissensions its influence for good was neutralized. It was of course no wonder that they were absorbed in the gigantic national battle then being waged. Not only the most vital political interests were at stake, but a great moral question was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. These Christian men and women were irresistibly impelled to take sides. Some of them were fighting for the Union and against slavery; others against the Union and for slavery. They were all honest and intensely earnest. The government of their church was democratic, and they were continually counting noses. Each party sharply watched the other lest in some unexpected exigency it should be outvoted. Their pastor, worn out by their belligerency, resigned and quit the city. All real Christian work in that church was now at a standstill. Something must be done to prevent the church itself from being blotted out. The case was desperate and called for heroic treatment.

The remedy was forthcoming. A neighboring pastor, who had at heart both the highest good of his country and of the kingdom of God, persuaded two of his brethren to take their letters from his church and to unite with that. They did so, and that gave those there who were loyal to their country a majority. With them he considered a series of measures, which both he and they believed to be for the highest good of that contentious and divided Christian body. A meeting was called to consider them. Some of these measures were very distasteful to the secession party in the church; so they were

long and hotly debated. That memorable meeting began at eight o'clock in the evening and did not adjourn until two o'clock the next morning. A little after one in the morning a measure long and stubbornly resisted by the secessionists passed by a bare majority; in their resentment a half dozen of them asked for letters of dismissal; these were of course promptly granted; when they discovered that by their spiteful withdrawal they had given their opponents an assured majority, they requested to be restored to membership again, but their request was ignored. And now for a time pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. A half dozen of either party were on their feet at once, each in loud tones addressing the moderator, while he pounded with his gavel and cried, "Order! Order!" At last the tempest subsided. The discomfited left. The remaining projected measures were quickly passed, and the meeting adjourned. Both the victors and the vanquished were all good brethren. But both did what, under soberer circumstances, they would not approve. Nevertheless, after that stormy business meeting prosperity came to that church. Their house of worship, which had been only half constructed, was soon after finished. A strong, level-headed pastor was called, and a Sunday-school of more than a thousand pupils met there every Lord's day.

The divisive work, which we are endeavoring to set forth, went on through almost the whole period of the war. As late as January 9th, 1862, it appeared in the Chamber of Commerce. A number of Union business men applied for membership. The secession members of the Chamber were bitterly opposed to their admission, and by the ballots which they controlled secured their defeat. This insulting and unbusiness-like act split

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the Chamber of Commerce in twain. The Union members withdrew and established the Union Chamber of Commerce. Thus at the very centre of trade in our city corrupt politics overruled legitimate business. For a time the eternal laws of exchange gave place to scheming policies of secession. In that border city, men who did not believe in the Union and in free labor refused for awhile even to barter with those who did. Every human association seemed to be rent asunder. But this unjust and short-sighted action of the secessionists in the Chamber of Commerce stirred up much bad feeling throughout the city. It was vehemently denounced. Very few outside the extreme disunionists rose up to defend it. It was folly so unmitigated that it soon reacted on its authors; what they attempted to make a stronghold of secession soon ceased even to exist, and the Union Chamber of Commerce remained without a rival; and there every worthy business man was welcomed irrespective of his political opinions.

But notable events, in swift succession, were now casting new light on the problems over which armed hosts were contending and for the solution of which they were freely pouring out their blood. The views of receptive souls were rapidly becoming broader and more national. Some original secessionists under the increasing illumination joined the Unionists, and did it at great personal self-sacrifice. Their Southern friends looked upon them as traitors to the Southern Confederacy, and scorned them. They cut them on the street; they socially ostracized them. It required great moral courage in one born and bred in the South, to become, in that border city, an out-and-out, patriotic nationalist. But no inconsiderable number were equal to the demand. For the sake of an undivided country

they gave up tender social relations and the amenities of life and boldly proclaimed their change of heart.

In illustration of this I wish briefly to call attention to one of the many converts to Unionism. Just before the war there was a slave auction on the steps of the Court-house. An artist, Mr. Thomas S. Noble, made sketches of the impressive and shameful scene. He was a Southerner, but from a child had been opposed to the system of slavery. He then and there determined from the sketches which he had made to depict on canvas that sale of men and women under the hammer of the auctioneer. But he was too busy with other work to put his hand at once to this projected task. And while it was deferred the war broke out. Out of sympathy for the people of the South he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army. When the term of his enlistment expired, he returned to St. Louis, and took up again the work of his studio. On account of his absence his patrons to a considerable extent had fallen away from him. He found that he had leisure time on his hands, and so determined to begin the work of painting the slave auction, projected so long before. In his mind this public sale of men and women was a typical national crime. It was sanctioned by both State and national law. The steps of the Court-house in which both were interpreted and enforced became without protest a slave mart. The Stars and Stripes floating over the heads of the auctioneer and cowering slaves exposed to the gaze of the curious throng made the sale a national offence. Under a sense of this flagrant national injustice he began to paint and the product was a mighty protest against the crime of legalized bondage. With his sword he had just been fighting for slavery and the Southern Confederacy; now with his brush, he was contending

against both. And his brush was mightier than his sword.

But he was soon put to the severest test. What he had painted with exhilaration and joy brought upon him the sharpest of trials. In a social way some highly esteemed Southern friends dropped into his studio. For the first time they looked on his slave auction, or "Slave Mart" as he called it. Knowing nothing of his real attitude towards slavery, they nevertheless at once felt the powerful protest which that new painting uttered against slavery and its accompanying evils.

In the front window of a picture store on Fourth Street the artists of the city were accustomed to display their paintings. The Southern friends of Mr. Noble, as in his studio they gazed upon his embodied protest against slave auctions, anxiously asked: "Are you going to exhibit that painting in the window on Fourth Street?" He replied that he had thought of doing so. They said, "If you do, you shall have no social standing with us. Our relations with you will end forever."

Almost all of the artist's intimate friends were Southerners. To be cut by them in that way seemed to him a very bitter trial. For the moment he hesitated. Up to that time I had not known him; but I was known in St. Louis as an uncompromising Union man; so, in his hesitation as to what he should do, he called at my house, told me his whole fascinating history, and asked my advice as to whether, in view of the threats of his old friends, he should put his painting of the slave auction in the show-window. I counselled him not to be turned aside by threats from doing any right thing, and insisted that in his case his conscience was involved; that he was bound in some way to bear wit-

ness to his conviction concerning slavery, and that he should do it by his brush as well as by his lips. I told him, come what would, he ought to display his painting; that while it would cost him much so to do, there certainly would be compensations for his sacrifice; that, in my judgment, where he would lose one friend he would gain three; and that those whom he would gain would be better than those whom he would lose. At the close of our conversation he determined to act in accordance with his own judgment and conscience, even if he lost all his old friends and gained none.

The next day his "Slave Mart"¹ was in the show-window. Before it all day long stood a crowd, ever going, ever coming. Thousands viewed with admiration the work of the artist. There was a soul, a life in the picture, that appealed to every onlooker. Some subtle power in it laid hold of the imagination and touched the heart. The artist became more widely known. He entered on a new career. Friends such as he never had before sprung up on every hand. He afterwards painted John Brown going out, with pinioned arms, to execution, and stooping to kiss a negro baby. This historical painting was afterwards engraved, and the engraving was extensively sold.

We have written enough to show how much it cost one in St. Louis, during the war, to decide firmly with which party in the national conflict he would cast his lot. Such decisions in a multitude of cases were divisive; they often set in bitter antagonism husbands and wives, parents and children; in not a few instances destroyed old friendships and blotted out for a time the ordinary amenities of life, and even split asunder Christian

¹ This painting was purchased by Wm. B. Howard of Chicago, and was burned, not in the great fire, with all of Mr. Howard's Collection.

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churches, the very body of Christ; and the cleavage was so deep and radical that it remains to this day; some churches still being designated either "North" or "South."

The whole thing was amazing when it was enacted, the recollection of it now is weirdly strange. But we should never forget that those who uncomplainingly sacrificed for their country the tenderest relations of life were as heroically patriotic as those brave men who fell pierced with Minie balls on the "high places" of bloody battlefields.

CHAPTER X

BITTERNESS

I SHOULD be glad to omit all reference to the bitterness of feeling that pervaded the minds of many in St. Louis during the period of the war, if, without mentioning it, I could faithfully present what was there enacted. But it was an important factor in the life of that city so long as the gigantic and heroic struggle to preserve the Union lasted. Happily such intense bitterness as then confronted us has forever passed away. As a mere reminiscence it is like a wasp in amber, interesting perchance, but harmless.

We shall best enable the generation born since the war vividly to apprehend the extreme virulence of not a few in St. Louis at that time, by calling attention to some concrete examples of it.

Soon after the taking of Camp Jackson, when a multitude of national banners, large and small, began to be displayed, a mother with her little son, who was not more than five years old, boarded an Olive Street horse-car. Some one had given to the little boy a tiny flag. Up to that moment she had not observed it. When she caught sight of it, before all in the car she cried, in anger, "Where did you get that dirty rag?" Then snatching it from the hand of her child, she threw it upon the floor as though it were a viper, and stamping it beneath her feet, said in a rage, "Let me never see

you touch that vile thing again." Such an exhibition of wrath against the Stars and Stripes seems to us now astounding, but it was all too common then.

This extreme bitterness, early in 1861, began to manifest itself against the Germans of the city, who, as we have already noted, with hardly an exception were openly and stoutly opposed to secession. Those who favored the Southern Confederacy seldom if ever called them Germans, but usually denominated them, "the Dutch." The intense contempt which, by the tone of their voices, they injected into that simple phrase, "the Dutch," was marvellous. And this scorn for our German fellow citizens was especially manifested by the gentler sex. The secession women, belonging to the best society of the city, often poured out their vituperation on the loyal Germans. At parties and receptions, more than once I heard them hotly denounce the Germans as Amsterdam Dutch without the Amster. This was shocking then, it is almost unbelievable now.

But even this pales before the irate utterance of a woman, who lived hardly a block from my own door. A few weeks after the battle of Wilson's Creek, the body of General Lyon, who fell on that well-fought field, was being borne through the city on its way for burial in his native State of Connecticut. Some one said to this woman: "The hearse with the body of General Lyon is coming down the street;" to which in a flash she responded, "Good! if I had a piece of his liver, I'd fry it and eat it." Nobody but a woman could have compressed so much gall into so few words. Shakespeare, who sounded the depths of woman's soul, and understood her power of passion as no other English writer ever did, in his "Much Ado about Nothing,"

put into the mouth of "Sweet Beatrice," as she raged against Claudio, "O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place." What the prince of dramatists in imagination attributed to woman, we saw in real life in St. Louis, in 1861.

If now in what we further relate in illustration of the bitterness of feeling which for a season was manifested in our city, we shall find amid the grave and solemn conflicts of civil war much that is ludicrous and laughable, we must not forget, that by a merciful Providence this tended to lighten burdens that otherwise might have been insupportable; that the grave and the gay, the sad and mirth-provoking, the sublime and the ridiculous often keep very close company, and that we are responsible neither for the facts, nor for the strange juxtapositions in which at times they presented themselves.

Into the two words, abolitionist and Yankee, a genuine Southerner and secessionist, by his intonation and emphasis, condensed an amazing amount of bitterness. To hurl either epithet at some despised Northerner was the climax of vituperation. Nothing could be, nothing needed to be, added. And such objurgation, harmless to the recipient, was often freely indulged in, in our city.

I sat one morning in the study of Rev. G. J. Johnson, D. D., pastor of a Baptist church on Sixth Street, when a Kentuckian came in to see us. In a moment we saw that he was an ardent, impulsive soul. Without a break, for some time he talked right on about the war and those who were conducting the government. With rare volubility he denounced the Yankees; but soon checked himself for a moment and asked if we were Yankees? We assured him that we were not; so he

went on with his bitter tirade against the hated and despised Yankees. At last he stopped, apparently to take breath, and asked, "Where were you born?" We replied that we were both born and brought up in western New York. "Western New York!" he excitedly exclaimed, "Western New Yorkers are the meanest kind of Yankees!" We greeted his discourteous declaration with a peal of laughter. At which he blushed, and, partially infected by our merriment, with a smile, but without an apology, bade us good day.

In my church and congregation were two bright, attractive Southern women. In sentiment however they were politically divided; one was for secession, the other was for the Union. In January, 1861, the latter, in some way, discovered that she was a distant relative of Mr. Lincoln. Thereupon she visited Springfield, and called upon him. He heartily urged her to spend several days under his roof. She was delighted to accept this cordial invitation, and was charmed with her new-found blood relation. She returned to St. Louis full of enthusiasm for the President elect, and embraced every fitting opportunity to lavish upon him her praises. By chance she and the other woman of opposite political sentiment, of whom I have spoken above, making a social call, met, without any collusion, in my parlor. The conversation soon drifted into a discussion of the ominous events which were then agitating all minds. Very soon Mr. Lincoln was spoken of and the lady who favored secession called him a clown and a mountebank. This brought her Southern friend, who was a Unionist, to his defence. Her words had in them no tinge of bitterness, but they were positive and cordial. She said that Mr. Lincoln was a relative of hers, a warm personal friend, that she had recently

spent, by his urgent invitation, ten days in his house, and that he was no clown; if she had ever met a kind, warm-hearted gentleman he was one. To hear Mr. Lincoln so warmly eulogized as a gentleman, and that by a Southern woman, was a little more than the secession lady could endure. She burst into tears, and said in broken accents, "I — can — never speak — to you again." She rose to depart. Confounded by this unexpected explosion of spleen, and hardly knowing whether I was at home or somewhere else, I managed to help my tearful friend to the door, where, as politely as I could, I bade her good day. She did not respond. Her choking emotions forbade it. With her handkerchief to her eyes, she went sobbing down the street, because one of her own dear friends had, in the most lady-like manner, declared that Mr. Lincoln was not a clown.

But the unseemly virulence of some prompted them to deeds of violence. In the autumn of 1861, a young Southern fire-eater appeared one morning on Fourth Street before the Planters' Hotel, with a loaded revolver. He flourished it around and above his head, boasting that as soon as he should get a sight of Frank Blair, he would shoot him. A gentleman who heard his braggadocio felt keenly solicitous for Mr. Blair's safety. Just then he caught sight of him on Fourth Street, about a square and a half north of the hotel. Hastening to him, he reported what the hot Southerner had just said, and pointed out to him his would-be murderer. Mr. Blair was a tall, well-proportioned, vigorous man. He was among the bravest of the brave. He never feared the face of clay. That chilly morning he wore an overcoat with a cape. He at once threw the cape across his breast and over his shoulder, and, to the consterna-

tion of the friend, who had warned him of his imminent danger, walked directly to the hotel, before which, with loaded revolver in hand, stood the swaggerer, who, a few minutes before, had so loudly threatened to take his life. Mr. Blair went past him, came within six feet of him, looked him in the eye, but the poltroon did not shoot. He found it easier to boast than to act. The piercing glance of his enemy cooled his heated passion and made him a shivering coward. When Mr. Blair reached the street south of the hotel, he turned on his heel and walked back, and once more brushing by his cowed foe went on his way unhurt.

But even in the fair sex, bitterness sometimes manifested itself with bloody intent. A lady who lived only a few rods from my door told me one day that she intended to shoot Frank Blair. Mr. Blair was intensely hated by Southerners for his pronounced free-soil views, and on account of the leading part he was taking in saving Missouri from the madness of secession. The more malignant disunionists determined if possible to put him out of the way. It was more than once whispered that in due time he would be assassinated. And here was a lady that was aspiring for the honor of shedding his blood. Just why she so frankly declared her intention to me, I could never understand. However, we were well acquainted with each other, and she, knowing how warmly I contended for the Union, evidently meant to annoy me by declaring her fell purpose. Nevertheless, I made light of it, and said to her, "I don't think Mr. Blair will suffer much from you." "Ah!" she replied, "I have a revolver, and I am practising with it every day in the back yard and have already become a good shot." "Still," I said, "I don't think you will seriously injure him." She

responded, "You will see pretty soon." And sure enough her opportunity for doing that meditated deed of blood soon came.

We have already noted the fact that when Lyon took Camp Jackson, he divided his force and sent different detachments of it along different routes, all converging on the encampment in Lindell's Grove. A regiment of artillery went through Chestnut Street, on which this lady of bloody intent lived. Mr. Blair rode on horseback at the head of it. The street was not very wide. He sat majestically on his horse. He was a splendid target, enticing to any one who longed to shoot him. The house in which our lady lived had at the second story an iron balcony on which French windows opened. Some one said to her, "Frank Blair is coming." She seized her loaded revolver. She panted to become famous, and saw not that at the same time, if she carried out her purpose, she would become infamous. She grasped and turned the knob of the window; it swung back on its hinges into the room; she put one foot out upon the balcony; Blair was now nearly abreast of her, and only a few feet from her; just behind him was a battery of artillery; this was the first time that she had seen the brazen throats of cannon. Did she fire at that living target on horseback? She utterly failed to act the assassin; the sight of those six and eight pounders sent the blood from her head to her heart; things went swirling around her; she faintly whispered "Oh! Oh!" and fell back into the room in a dead faint. Blair rode on all unconscious of his feminine foe, while the members of her family, with cold water and harts-horn, anxiously labored to restore her to consciousness. She at last opened her eyes, a sadder but wiser woman. During the years of the war that followed, her neighbors,

when they greeted her, often asked, "And how is Frank Blair?" Just how we then made merry over intended murder, it is now difficult to explain. The lady of whom I write would have been shocked to have heard it so characterized. She simply meditated the deed of a patriotic heroine. But after her vaunted violence ended in a faint she seemed to lose all interest in the war. The sight of a few brass field pieces drove out of her forever all bitterness of spirit.

Belonging to the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Eighth and Locust Streets was a good deacon by the name of Tucker. He was editor of an evening paper. Believing with all his heart in the righteousness of secession, and wishing both in season and out of season, to strike telling blows against all advocates of Unionism, he came out in an editorial, one Saturday evening, in which he said: "The devil preaches at the corner of Sixth and Locust Streets, and he is just the same sort of a being that he was more than eighteen hundred years ago; he wants everybody to bow down and worship him." Now since that was just where I preached, the editorial was rather personal, and was intended to be offensive. The deacon, fearing that I might miss reading his highly complimentary words, and so lack the stimulus that they might impart to my Sunday ministrations, early on the morning of the Lord's day, sent a copy of his paper to me by special messenger, having thoughtfully marked his amiable editorial with his blue pencil. Instead of demanding satisfaction of the pious editor as almost any hot-blooded Southerner of that day would have done, the blue-penciled editorial was read at my breakfast-table amid roars of laughter.

The good deacon a little while after left St. Louis, became a member of Claybourn F. Jackson's political

family, fled with the Governor and his staff to Arkansas and printed the proclamations of the discarded, peripatetic government of Missouri, as it wandered here and there in exile. About two years thereafter he died and, by the special permit of the general in command of the department of Missouri, was buried from the church where for many years he had filled the office of deacon. He was an honest, earnest soul, striving according to his light to do his duty.

Moreover, it fell to my lot not only to be at times the subject of objurgation in secession newspapers, but the enemies of the Union also honored me by threatening to take my life. On a June morning of 1861, a gentleman accosted me at the Post-office, whither I had gone for my morning mail, and with pardonable inquisitiveness and much earnestness asked if I went out nights. I assured him that I did. He then urgently advised me not to do so, saying that he knew that a plot had been laid to kill me. I answered that I had very important duties as a Christian pastor, and when in order to perform them it was necessary for me to go out in the evening, I must go regardless of consequences to myself. Although a stranger to me, he declared himself to be a friend, and that he said what he did out of personal solicitude for me. He wished to know if I were not afraid. I assured him that I had not the slightest consciousness of fear; and that come life or death I proposed to stand at my post and do my duty. He went his way and I went mine. Soon it occurred to me that I did not ask his name, and who my solicitous friend was I never learned.

Very soon thereafter a neighboring pastor called upon me, and with evident anxiety which expressed itself both in his words and in the tone of his voice, detailed

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what he had heard about the planned assassination of myself. He thought that I was in imminent danger and that perhaps it might be best for me to leave the State. I replied that I suspected that some of these gruesome stories had been invented to frighten me from my post; and, if that was the design, the authors of them had missed their mark. As for myself I had no apprehension of any special danger, and I had settled the question as to what course I should take; it was my unalterable purpose to go right on in the discharge of my duties as a minister of the gospel and as a citizen of Missouri and of the United States, if the heavens fell. What the foundation of these murderous rumors was I never attempted to discover. Society in the city was wrenched from its moorings, and was tempest-tossed. That some cherished wild and bloody purposes was only too evident. Now and then a citizen, under the darkness of night, was done to death in the street, and they who did the deed of blood were never discovered. Men's minds were filled with apprehension. Their imaginations were weirdly active. No human mind fully understood the situation; none but the divine mind could fathom and comprehend it. No man could see the dangers that stealthily lurked by his pathway; then as ever there was only one safe thing for any true man to do, trust in God and fearlessly do his duty as he saw it day by day.

In November of 1861, General Halleck took forcible possession of the main rendezvous of the secessionists of the city and seized the arms, furniture, books and papers that were found there. One book among others stirred up no little excitement. In it were several pages of names of our citizens. One column of names was written in red ink, the rest in black. Upon investigation it was ascertained that it was the declared purpose

of the disloyal, who made the place their headquarters, when the city should be taken by the Confederates, to seize those whose names were written in red and, without trial, hang them from the nearest lamp-post or telegraph-pole; while those whose names were written in black were to be thrown into prison and tried by court martial. At the head of the red list stood the flaming name of Frank P. Blair. Beneath his many of us were permitted to read our names upon that blood-red roll of honor.

The instances of malignity now noted by us are but a few among many. Still such bitterness was far from being universal. There seemed to be comparatively little of it among the loyal. They were resolute, but not often virulent. They were animated by confident hope. Few of them, after Camp Jackson was taken, ever believed that Missouri would secede. They however saw the need of constant vigilance. They coped with an able foe; but feeling that their star was in the ascendant, they gave themselves largely to works of charity, generously meeting the wants of both friends and foes. On the other hand, the cause of the disloyal was clearly on the wane. The fact was so evident that they were often in a state of desperation. In such trying circumstances some of them gave way to blind passion. Their better natures were overborne and some of them expressed their pent-up bitterness in hot, hasty words, or in despicable deeds; still a large majority of them, in all the stress of the hour, cherished and manifested a kindly spirit. But it has been necessary for us, in order faithfully to depict society as it was in St. Louis during the war, to present some of the many sad and startling exhibitions of bitterness.

CHAPTER XI

SLAVES AND SLAVE - PENS

WHEN the Civil War broke out, as we have before said, there were only about fifteen hundred slaves in St. Louis. Among these the females, specially demanded for domestic service, far outnumbered the males. While the system of slavery was essentially barbarous and cruel, most of these bondmen were kindly treated. Occasionally, however, some brutal master gave vent to his passion and punished his slaves with unreasonable and unbridled severity. A man of my acquaintance, who had among his household servants a small colored girl, not more than fifteen years old, for trivial offences, used to take her into the bath-room, remove all her clothing, and then hold her for many minutes at a time under the streaming cold water of the shower bath. Her cries, while undergoing this torture, could be heard in the street and in the houses of his neighbors. And while humane slaveholders denounced the savagery, such was the law, and such was public sentiment, that nobody ventured to take the part of the poor slave girl, while her owner and tormentor gloried in his cruelty, evidently regarding the punishment as original and a mark of his genius.

But, on the other hand, there were some masters who were conspicuous for their kindness to their slaves. One of the deacons of my church was a slaveholder.

He was a Virginian by birth. His slaves came to him by inheritance. He was a tall man with sandy hair and a mild blue eye. In him, linked with sterling ability, were rare modesty and unusual benevolence. Giving seemed to be a luxury to him. He contributed to every good cause to the extent of his ability and often beyond what could have been reasonably required of him. The suggestion of a smile was always upon his lips. No one that observed it could ever forget it. It was a part of the man; the outward expression of the sunshine of his soul. And yet this noble, tender-hearted man held his fellow men in bondage.

About two months after I became his pastor, in response to his cordial invitation, one evening I dined with him. After the cheerful meal was over, he took me aside into a private room, and to my astonishment and delight said: "If you ever wish to say anything in the pulpit against slavery you need not hesitate on my account; there are two things that I abominate: one is selling liquor, and the other is selling niggers." Yes, he said "niggers;" they all did. He then told me that he had inherited his slaves, and felt under solemn obligation to care for them. He also declared that they were all manumitted, and that their manumission papers were in a certain drawer in a bureau, which he pointed out to me; so, if he should die, they would all be free. But he said, "I do not wish them to know this. They are all young and I am trying to train them, so that when they know that they are free and must shift for themselves, they will be able to earn their own living. They are well cared for; for the present I am the nigger of this household." So he was. Marshal Brotherton served everybody, even his own slaves.

The sexton of my church was a colored man. Everybody called him George. One day he said to me, "I am the slave of Marse Brotherton. If he should die, I'se afraid I'll be sold down souf. Won't you speak to him about it, and axe him to make me free?" I told him that I would, and I soon found my opportunity to do so. My good deacon then told me the story of George. A few years before George belonged to a man who lived in the county of St. Louis, outside the city. His master died. When settling up his estate the executors put George in the county jail for safe-keeping, intending to sell him to New Orleans slave-traders. Mr. Brotherton was at that time sheriff of the county. Visiting the jail one day, George entreated him to buy him and keep him from being carried down to the New Orleans slave market, which all slaves instinctively dreaded. Mr. Brotherton did not need a servant, but his heart was so touched with pity for him that he bought him. He at once opened an account of which the slave knew nothing, charging George a fair price for keeping, and crediting him with his earnings. In a little while the slave had paid for himself. His manumission papers were then made out. All this was concealed from George. He was a freeman, but did not know it. Mr. Brotherton had set him up in the wood and coal business, was teaching him how to buy and sell and keep his account books, so that he could intelligently care for himself. Having heard this interesting and touching story of my sexton and Christian brother, — for George was a true believer in Christ and an exemplary member of the church, — I asked Mr. Brotherton if in his judgment it would be well for me to tell him that he was a freeman in order to relieve him of anxiety. For a moment that bewitching smile played upon his lips, and

then he said, " Yes, you may tell him if you want to."

The next day I met George at the church. It was a great joy to me to tell a man who thought that he was a slave that instead he was a freeman. And my poor pen cannot depict either his happiness or mine, as I told him that simple story of his master's kindness and benevolence of which he had been the unconscious recipient. He listened at first amazed; then joy beamed from those large, tear-filled, black eyes. He seemed at once to be transformed. In broken utterances he expressed his gratitude to his master and to me. There was no happier soul on earth than he just then. He had come to his duties that day supposing that he was a slave; he did those duties with the new-born sense that he was free. No two states of mind could be in sharper contrast. To him old things in a moment passed away, and all things became new.

How can the acts of this Virginia slaveholder be explained? Why did he deal kindly with his slaves? What led him to make such great pecuniary sacrifices in manumitting them? The explanation is probably in part to be found in the benevolent disposition with which God had endowed him; but in addition to this he was a genuine Christian. He was vitally united to Christ. Christ was in him and he had the Spirit of Christ. He was living the life of Christ. He had much of Christ's love to his fellow men. He never for a moment doubted the manhood of his slaves, and he felt impelled by the spirit within him to treat them as his fellow men. He was a constant reader of the Bible. He had, I think, the best-thumbed New Testament in my entire congregation, and the truths of the gospel were antagonistic to slavery. He evidently very profoundly believed

what the great apostle to the Gentiles wrote: "There is neither bond nor free: for we are all one in Christ Jesus."

A few months after I made my home in St. Louis, my good deacon wished me to go with him a few miles out of the city and call upon Captain Harper, one of his close friends. He did not tell me the real reason why he wished me to make the captain a visit, but thereby hangs an interesting tale. On a beautiful autumn day, we drove out to the farmhouse of his friend. We were welcomed with genuine Southern hospitality. After a few moments conversation under the shade-trees in front of the house, Mr. Brotherton said, "I think that you would enjoy a walk over the farm with Captain Harper." To this I eagerly assented. The farm appeared to be in perfect order; the fences were well built, the fields were thoroughly tilled, and the maturing crops were abundant. It was the best kept farm that it had been my lot to see up to that time in my adopted State. There were several hundred acres of it. Here and there in different directions I saw on the farm neat cottages painted white. I asked the captain what they were. He told me that they were occupied by German and Irish families, the families of the men who worked his farm. "A few years ago," he said, "I carried on this plantation by slave labor. I had twenty-one slaves. But one day as I was walking across this field, where we now are, the thought came to me for the first time in my life that my slaves had the same right to themselves and to the product of their labor, that I had to myself and the product of my toil. And this conviction was strong and persistent; I could not shake it off. But what could I do with my slaves? The laws of the State were such that if I should give them their freedom they would be worse off than in their bondage. I then

thought of the Colonization Society and decided to free my slaves, and, if I could get their consent, to send them to Liberia. I called them all together one day in my dooryard, and told them that I had been convinced that I had no just right to them or to their labor; but I pointed out to them the woful plight of free negroes in Missouri, told them of the free State of Liberia, of the Colonization Society and of my wish to send them to live among their own people in Africa. I told them that they were now at liberty to do as they pleased, but that I should advise them to learn trades, and if they would do so, at the end of three years I would send them to Liberia. They all accepted my offer, except Mammy, whom you saw at the house. She said that she would not go 'nowhere for nobody;' and she has never left my home. Some of my slaves learned the trade of the carpenter and joiner, some that of the shoemaker, some that of the mason, others that of the cooper, and some of them remained here on the farm and I did what I could to teach them to be independent farmers. When the three years of their apprenticeship had passed, I sent them through the Colonization Society to Africa." As I listened to this wonderful story, so modestly and artlessly told, I felt like taking off my hat to my new acquaintance. This was a kind of abolitionist that I had never before met. For conscience' sake he freed, educated, and deported his slaves to a free state. It cost him fully sixty thousand dollars. But he cheerfully made the sacrifice that he might satisfy his sense of justice. I knew now why my deacon had been so insistent that I should with him visit Captain Harper. The Captain was a man after his own heart. Both had been born and reared in the midst of slavery, and both had become emancipators of their own slaves. They were

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practical abolitionists, but both would then have indignantly repudiated a title so opprobrious at that time in their own neighborhood and State.

Richard Anderson, the colored Baptist pastor to whom we have referred in a previous chapter, caring for a church, the members of which were fully half slaves, had many interesting and suggestive experiences. One winter he conducted for a few days a protracted meeting. At the close of an earnest and sensible sermon, — for he was an excellent preacher, sometimes truly eloquent, — he invited those who wished to be Christians and desired the prayers of the Church to come forward and take the front seat immediately before the pulpit. It was called the “mourners’ bench.” Those who occupied it were supposed to be mourning over their sins. Six persons, four men and two women, in response to his invitation came forward and occupied that front seat. As he stood before them he saw at a glance that they were all slaves, and his talk to them was suited to their condition. He had a quaint humor of which he appeared to be quite unconscious. Among other things he said, “You are slaves; you belong to your masters; you have very little in common with other people. But there is one verse in the Bible that was written especially for you: ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and ye that have no money, yea, come.’ Now you have no money, but you can have as much religion as any one else; you can have as much as the President of the United States, and a good deal more than I believe he has got.” Mr. Buchanan, who was still in the White House, was very unpopular among the colored people, which may account for this surprising and mirth-provoking remark on so solemn an occasion.

But this colored pastor had many sad, heart-breaking trials. This is one of them. Two members of his congregation, a widowed mother and her little daughter, were slaves in the family of a Presbyterian deacon. In the autumn of 1860 the mother came to him, sobbing and wringing her hands, because her master had determined to sell her to a New Orleans slave-trader, and to retain in his own household her little daughter. She must take her chances in the dreaded slave market, and be sold to whom she knew not, a fate from which the slaves of the border States shrank with untold horror, and must be torn from her only child, her greatest earthly solace. But what could her pastor do? He too belonged to the servile race, and in his boyhood had been a slave. Too vehement protestation on his part would damage the case rather than help it. But he fearlessly sought out her master, and pleaded as well as he could the case of the distressed mother. Whatever the deacon may have felt as he listened to the modest, earnest pleading of that great-hearted black pastor, he inflexibly held to his resolution to sell his dark-skinned sister in Christ; not that she had been an unfaithful or inefficient servant, but because the deacon needed money, and as he thought must have it. So he carried out his purpose. The day came when, with a hundred or more consigned to the same pitiless fate, she boarded the steamer at the levee to be carried to her doom. Her little slave daughter was there to give her the last tearful kiss and embrace. Her faithful pastor stood by filled with sorrow and deep down in his soul hot with righteous wrath. The steamer moved out from the levee, the anguished mother and the pastor waved to each other their red bandanas, and slowly the vessel with its freight of sorrow disappeared down the river.

Immediately after, I met this pastor with his burden of grief, and he told me the sad tale. He said: "Think of it! she came to me for comfort. And I did the best I could." I said to him, "I don't see what you could have said to comfort her." He replied, "There was not much that I could say; but I did tell her that God was down there as well as up here, and in some way he would take care of her, and that when she got to heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling, she would not find that Presbyterian deacon there to torment her." He uttered this in dead earnestness, and with a solemn gravity befitting the heart-breaking story, seemingly without the slightest consciousness of the mingled humor and sarcasm of his last declaration.

Belonging to my congregation, though not a member of my church, was a banker and slaveholder. He was a Mississippian by birth and education, and profoundly believed in the righteousness of slavery. Knowing that I came from the North, he set out to convince me that African slavery was not only right, but beneficent and beautiful. But he little suspected how difficult the job was that he had undertaken. However, to attain his object, he proceeded in a cautious, artful manner. He invited me and mine to dinner. It was a very natural move for a man to make in reference to his pastor. But once warmly welcomed under his roof and to his table loaded with the best from the market, his unseemly ardor in setting forth the attractiveness of the "peculiar institution" slightly revealed his ulterior purpose in making me a recipient of his bountiful hospitality. But the dinner was good, his wife was a charming hostess and his young daughters were winsome. Under the circumstances it became me to be a good listener, to make some commonplace remarks, and to ask questions with

an air of innocence. This seemed to encourage mine host, and he set forth with much particularity and with the accent of conviction the manifold benefits of slavery as it existed in the United States. I made no adverse comment, which incited him to illustrate the beauties of human bondage by the condition of the slaves in his own household. He was the proud owner of two. One of them was a mulatto, over six feet in height, and between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He was good-looking, and evidently a man of energy and decision. My host said, "Did you see Wash when you came in?" I assured him that I did, and that I was very much impressed by him. "Well," he said, "Wash has been with me for many years; I think a great deal of him, and he is warmly attached to me and my family. Nothing could persuade him to leave me. I have perfect confidence in him. He is also a man of good judgment. I never buy a horse or trade horses unless I first get Wash's opinion." And so he went on extolling his slave, who seemed to me to be a manlier man than his master.

Having exhausted the subject of Wash, he began to dilate on Mammy. "Did you notice her?" he said. "She waited on the table. She has nursed these daughters of ours, and loves them as though they were her own children and they love her. Why, sir, she is so attached to her home and to us all that nothing could tempt her to leave us." Well, to hear mine host talk, if one had never known anything about slavery except what he set forth, it could not but have been considered in some respects a beneficent institution.

He at last asked his wife to play the piano, while the young daughters danced. I noticed Mammy in an adjoining room, looking in upon the happy scene and

in her delight showing her ivory. About ten o'clock, with many warm wishes each for the prosperity of the other, we parted, I to think of the beneficence and beauty of slavery, and my host probably to contemplate his success in commending to my good graces an institution that I had been educated to abhor.

But what was the sequel of that evening's conversation? What light did the immediate future throw back upon it? Was my genial host's emphatic and repeated declaration that nothing could entice Wash and Mammy from their home verified? The war came on apace. Everything appeared to be out of joint. The most stable relations of life were unexpectedly and strangely upset. Property in slaves grew precarious. And the first slave in St. Louis reported in the papers as having run away was Wash.

His master was an officer of a bank. The young men employed there, to whom he had declared as he did to me that nothing could induce Wash to leave him, asked him if he intended to catch his runaway slave and bring him back. He replied, "No, let him go, I never liked to have him around anyway; I am glad that he has gone." While this quite flatly contradicted his previous utterances, under the circumstances it was wisest not to attempt to apprehend his fleeing chattel. But for many weeks, almost every day, some one in the bank would exasperatingly ask him, "How is Wash?" But did Mammy, so full of affection and so delighted with her home, prove true to her master and mistress? About two weeks after Wash's departure, she left without giving notice to the family. She slept in the second story of the house. In the night she made up a budget for herself, and threw it into the yard. She then made a rope of her bed-clothes, fastened one

end of it to her bedstead, and threw the other out of the window. Her improvised rope reached nearly to the ground. She climbed down the rope, took up her budget and departed. That household never saw that devoted mammy again. Such incidents are representative of hundreds of others at that time. To be sure many of the slaves were true to their masters and remained with their families to the close of the war; but those who wished to leave did so, and the fugitive slave law, having suddenly become a dead letter, could no longer be invoked to catch them.

And the slaves had a pretty clear idea of the meaning of the war. They knew that their own bondage was the real bone of contention. They believed that their chains were to be broken and that they would soon be free. Very early in the war the slaves saw the drift of events. As they met each other they gave joyful expression to their expectation of freedom, believing it to be near at hand. The morning after Camp Jackson was taken, all the equipage of the camp was carried in army wagons down the street near my door. Out of curiosity a promiscuous crowd had gathered at the corner of the street to see the sight. Two female slaves belonging to a family near by stood there grinning with delight. A young woman, a pronounced secessionist, from one of the Gulf States, said, with an air of triumph, stretching out her arm and excitedly shaking her hand, "We'll whip you yet." In response, quick as a flash, the two slave girls, pointing to the loaded wagons, gleefully cried out, "They've got all your tents." I knew those slaves, but had not known that they had any interest in the war. However, it was now clear that they understood its real meaning and took sides with the Unionists.

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But slave-pens were a necessary adjunct of slavery. Even though, by barbarous laws, men, women and children were made chattels, they still continued to feel, think and will. And since many of them abhorred their condition, it was necessary to pen them up so that they might be securely kept and safely handled. Without thick stone walls, windows barred with iron, strong doors locked and bolted, such property while being bought and sold might vanish.

When in my pulpit, facing my congregation, I also faced, only half a square away, a hideous slave-pen. It was kept by Mr. Lynch, an ominous name. I sometimes saw men and women, handcuffed and chained together, in a long two-by-two column, driven in there under the crack of the driver's whip, as though they were so many colts or calves. Had they committed any crime? Oh, no, they had been bought, in different parts of the State, by speculators, as one would buy up beef-cattle, and were kept in the pen to be sold to the good people of St. Louis and of the surrounding towns and country districts; and those not thus disposed of were bought by slave-dealers for the New Orleans market.

In 1859, some preachers from the eastern States, who had been at New Orleans, attending the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States, on their return to their homes, stopped for three or four days in our city. They painted in glowing terms the lavish and delicate hospitality that they had received in the commercial capital of Louisiana. Appreciating the truth of all they said, I nevertheless asked them if they visited the famous slave-market of that city. They said that they did not. I affirmed that they had missed a great opportunity

of seeing the other side of the picture; that when they had seen and experienced the Christian hospitality of that old Spanish and French city, they ought also to have viewed in contrast a slave auction there — as heartless and cruel a scene as the wide earth afforded. Regretting that they had so superficially done New Orleans, they said, “Have you any slave-markets here?” I replied, “We have some slave-pens, but they are as paradise to perdition to the slave-market down there. Nevertheless, to-morrow I will show you the sights, slave-pens included.”

In the morning, three or four of the residents of the city joined us, so that we had a party of nine. We first visited the Mercantile Library with its treasures of art. “Now,” I said, “since we are always impressed by contrasts, let us go from tasteful rooms, books and art to Lynch’s slave-pen.” All were agreed, and we were soon on our way. I had some slight acquaintance with Mr. Lynch, having often spoken to him as he sat out on the sidewalk in warm weather before his pen. He was sitting there when we arrived. “Good morning, Mr. Lynch,” I said, “these gentlemen wish to go into your slave-pen.” “Certainly,” he said, “gentlemen, I am glad to see you.” He evidently thought that we had come to trade with him. As we entered the room immediately in front of the pen, one of the party, a tall ungainly-looking lawyer, full of humor and fun, said, “Mr. Lynch, look out for these fellows, they are a pack of abolitionists.” Lynch received the declaration simply as a chaffing joke and laughed heartily. It was, however, sober truth. He put his great iron key into the lock, turned back the bolt, swung open the door, and turning his face towards us, said, “Gentlemen, I have not much stock on hand to-day.” Every man in

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our company was shocked beyond expression by that brutal announcement. We filed solemnly in. He shut the door and left us alone and undisturbed to examine his "stock." The room was in shape a parallelogram. It was plastered and had one small window high up near the ceiling. There was no floor but the bare earth. Three backless, wooden benches stood next to the walls. There were seven slaves there, both men and women, herded together, without any arrangement for privacy. Some of the slaves were trying to while away their time by playing at marbles. One fairly good-looking woman about forty years old, tearfully entreated us to buy her, promising over and over again to be faithful and good. In that sad entreaty one could detect the harrowing fear of being sold down South. Her plaint was more than a good pastor from Troy, N. Y., could endure. Coming up close to my side he said, "For God's sake, Anderson, let us get out of here!" I rapped on the door; Mr. Lynch opened it; we thanked him for his kindness, bade him good day, and marched silently down the street. There was now no joking, no merriment. We turned the corner into another street. We were hidden from Lynch's gaze. My friend from Troy stopped; in indignation he stamped his foot; he was in agony of spirit; he planted his heel on the brick sidewalk and, turning the toe of his foot hither and thither again and again, he ground the brick under his heel. It was an instinctive bodily movement, an irrepressible outward expression of his intense desire to grind slavery to powder. At last he exclaimed, "Thank God, I never had anything to do with that." "Don't be too sure about that," I replied, "how have you voted? Now," I added, "let us go to a slave-pen at the corner of Fifth and Myrtle Streets, where they

keep little colored boys and girls for sale." "No," he vehemently replied, "I will not go a step, I have seen enough. You could not hire me to go there with all the gold in California."

This pen where slave children were kept was much larger than Lynch's. The traffic in children seemed to be specially brisk and profitable. The inmates of this grim prison-house were from about five to sixteen years old. Both sexes were there. When the slave-trader bought a mother and her children, she was sometimes for a season shut up with her brood in that hated place. Every few weeks there was an auction of these black children, with all of its repulsive, heart-breaking scenes. On one such occasion the auctioneer commended to a crowd a beautiful mulatto girl, about sixteen years old, as having the blood of a United States senator running in her veins. Some in that gaping throng listened with delight; but a gentleman from the East, a mild-mannered man, unexpectedly flamed out with indignation, and denounced the auctioneer and the whole vile slave-trade. For this drastic, burning denunciation he was threatened with violence. But this man of gentle spirit and manners, when aroused, proved to be a veritable "son of thunder," and he defied his assailants. "When," he said, "this shameless injustice is not only periodically enacted in our city, but our whole State is plunged into ignominy by offering for sale a daughter of a United States senator, I cannot and will not hold my peace. Do what you please. I denounce the outrage." Those that threatened him were cowed into silence; the disturbance was only a momentary ripple; the auctioneer went on with his nefarious task; the girl with senatorial blood was knocked down to the highest bidder. And then another, and another, and another,

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boy or girl, was sold under the hammer till the fall of the curtain of darkness put temporary end to the shameless work.

A man connected with this pen defended the breaking up of families by the sale of slaves. He said that black mothers and children did not much mind being separated; that they had little, if any, real affection for each other; it was very much like separating a cow and her calf. A little while after, at that very slave-pen, I saw the disproof of his words. A man had just bought there, at private sale, a little boy about ten years old. The lad's mother was with him. As he was taken away from the pen, he began in his grief to howl as though his heart was breaking. After he had been taken about two squares, his purchaser, annoyed by the wailing, returned with him to the pen, secured the loan of his mother till he could get his tearful chattel to his home, without attracting a curious and sympathetic crowd on the street. Once there his little slave could be quieted by a sugar plum or a whip. When the lad was at last under the roof of his new master, the bereft and sobbing mother was led back to the desolate pen to be sold to some other master in the city or State, or to some trader who would take her down to the rice or cotton plantations of the South.

But when the war came on, there was no longer any demand for slaves. The traffic in human beings suddenly ceased. Lynch shut up his pen. The military authorities seized the pen at the corner of Fifth and Myrtle Streets and transformed it into a military prison. No little colored boy or girl was ever again to be sold there. The place hallowed by the sighs and tears of bondmen and of motherless children was for a time to become the prison-house of those who had bought and

sold their fellow men, and were now waging unholy war against the very government that had protected them and their slaves,—the government that had complacently caught and returned to them their chattels who had attempted by flight to cast off their bondage and secure freedom for themselves and their children amid the frosts and snows of Canada.

One morning in 1862, an old negro, who for many years had been a drayman for a mercantile firm on Second Street, was full of merriment. He was overheard mumbling something to himself and every now and then breaking out into a laugh. His employer said, "Joe, what is it? What's the matter?" He responded with a chuckle, "Strange tings happen des days!" "So, what things?" "You kno's dat slave-pen, corner Fifth an Myrtle?" "Yes." "Well, de col'ed folks used to carry in tings dar fo der chillen to eat. Dis mawnin, boss, I seed white folks carrying in tings for der folks to eat. Ha! ha! strange tings happen des days." Sure enough, the tables were turned. Wrongs were being righted. Justice, poetical justice, was being meted out. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," saith the Lord.

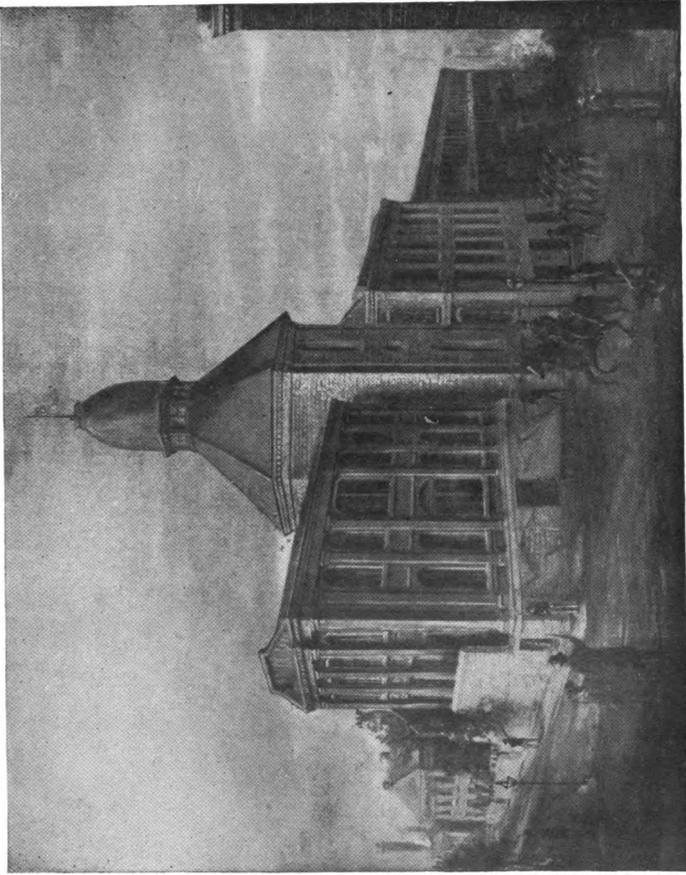
"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

CHAPTER XII

PRISONS AND PRISONERS

It is not my purpose to give a complete history of the military prisons in St. Louis during the war. There were several of them. They were for the most part improvised to meet the exigencies of the hour. The military authorities seized certain buildings belonging to the disloyal, which, by a little alteration, were easily and quickly made suitable for the reception of political prisoners. Among these buildings was the slave-pen, mentioned in the preceding chapter, at the corner of Fifth and Myrtle Streets. Another was the McDowell Medical College on Gratiot Street.

Dr. McDowell, who founded this college, and had conducted it successfully for many years, was one of the staunchest of pro-slavery men, and a pronounced and bitter secessionist. He was tall and imposing in appearance. His long, white locks, thrust back of his ears, hung down over his coat collar. His eyes gleamed from beneath shaggy, gray eyebrows. Any stranger would have noted him in a crowd as an unusual character. Although he was old, his step had the elasticity of youth. He was an antagonist that few men cared to encounter. For years he had been active in politics. On the stump he at times denounced those of opposite views in terms of unmeasured severity. On one occasion, having some apprehension that his opprobrious epi-



GRATIOT STREET PRISON, FORMERLY THE MCDOWELL MEDICAL COLLEGE. [Page 188

thets might provoke violent opposition, just as he began his speech, as a warning to all antagonists, he drew his revolver and ostentatiously laid it down on the desk before him and then proceeded with his fiery harangue. At the beginning of the war he left our city for the more congenial society of the Southern Confederacy, and the military authorities confiscated his college building and made it serve the cause that its owner hated and denounced.

The military prisons of St. Louis were sanitary and well kept. No one within them was permitted unnecessarily to suffer. All had enough wholesome food. The fare of the prisoners was as good as that of the soldiers who guarded them. In winter, so far as it was possible, they were kept warm and comfortably clad. Most of them were incarcerated, not for ordinary criminal acts, but because taken in arms against the United States, or detected in aiding those who were intent on breaking up the Union. Not a few of them had been accustomed to the luxuries of life, and could not but contrast their prison with the homes from which they had come. Still, while they inevitably suffered more or less, taking everything into consideration, the government treated them with great leniency. Their friends were often permitted not only to minister to their necessities, but also to eke out their prison fare with the delicacies of the season.

But a few incidents, which came under my observation, and in some of which I was an active participant, will more clearly reveal what transpired in those military prisons than any general statements that I could make, however full and just they might be. Early in the war I received a note from an officer at the Arsenal, stating that the son of an honored Baptist minister of Illinois

was a prisoner in the Guard-house and wished me to visit him. I at once went to see the young man in his prison-house. I found him in a wretched plight. The Guard-house was far from being a model of neatness. The young man's clothing was begrimed and repulsive, his face and hands unwashed, his hair unkempt, and to his foot was riveted a chain to which was attached a heavy iron ball. He was cowed in spirit, and had nearly lost heart and hope. He timidly told me his story. He was a boy scarcely out of his teens. He had patriotically enlisted in the Union army, but having had a very imperfect notion of the rigorous discipline to which every soldier must necessarily be subjected, he had grown weary of his task and more than once had tried to desert, not fully realizing how heinous his offence was. I saw at a glance that, instead of being cast down on account of his heavy punishment, he ought to be grateful that he had not been court-martialed and shot. While his condition aroused my sympathy, I laid before him the gravity of his crime, then vainly pleaded with the military authorities for his release. They argued that his offence was so great he richly deserved further punishment, and that his release would be detrimental to the discipline of the army. The boy at last became very sick in his prison. His father, large both in body and in heart, came, and so put the case of his son before the officers in command, that they discharged him from the army.

This case was a type of many others. Some young men, among the hundreds of thousands that enlisted in the Northern and Southern armies, failed adequately to count the cost of what they so enthusiastically undertook to do. Two young men of St. Louis, who enlisted in the Confederate army, were doing duty under

Price, in Missouri. November had come with its chilling storms of rain and sleet; and without a tent they were compelled to spend a night in the shelterless field. They had gathered some logs and sticks and were endeavoring, as the gusts of wind swept over them, to light a fire; but their kindling was wet and the wind would quickly blow out their matches. Shivering with cold that seemed to pierce to the very marrow of their bones, looking in blank despair on those wet sticks and logs, one of them said: "Joe, soldiering is not what it is cracked up to be. It is just hell, and I am going to get out of it as soon as I can." Still he was an ardent Southerner, but just for a little his burning zeal was damped and cooled by a chill November rain.

But my chief experiences were with Confederate prisoners. While the disloyal of my own denomination abhorred my politics and exercised at best a rather strained and attenuated brotherly love towards me, when, for any cause, they were so unfortunate as to get into prison, they often urgently appealed to me for succor.

Out on the Gravois road, a few miles west of the city, lived a Baptist preacher. He had sandy hair, a florid face, a muscular frame, and was about six feet in height. While rough in his manners, he was a man of great force. Brought up, or as he said, "raised," in Mississippi, he was an uncompromising rebel. Late in the autumn of 1861, up in the State, at the town of Mexico, in a dark night, he swiftly rode on horseback through the lines of the Federal troops stationed there, and as he did so holloed: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis." He was tracked to his home and arrested. He appeared at my door about nine o'clock in the morning, in a buggy, sitting between two United States officers.

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One of them rang my bell and I went out to see their prisoner. While he heartily despised me for my loyalty, he had evidently concluded that I was just the man to help him in his dire extremity. I asked the officers on what charge he had been arrested. They said that they had not been informed. I then asked him the same question, and he said that he did not know. He told no lie, but at the same time he could have very accurately guessed. Still, he could not have been reasonably expected to incriminate himself before the officers who had him in charge. He blubbered over his sad plight and entreated me to intercede with the provost marshal on his behalf. His tears, however, were not on account of his misdemeanor; he evidently cried because he had been caught. Nevertheless, I told him that I would do what I could for him.

A heavy damp snow was falling fast. I had to go on foot through it fully a mile and a half to intercede for this enemy of my country; while he rode to his prison-house in a buggy at the government's expense. On my way I met one of my deacons, a physician. He was by birth a Kentuckian, but staunchly loyal. Thinking that I had no right to expose myself to that pitiless storm, he asked me in peremptory tones where I was going. I told him. He then wished to know what offence the imprisoned preacher had committed. I replied that I did not certainly know, but a report was abroad that he had ridden in a dark night through the picket line of the Federal army at Mexico, and, having been called upon to halt, had put spurs to his horse, and had holloed as he rode at breakneck speed to elude the musket-balls of the soldiers, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" The deacon cried out in indignation, "You go home out of this storm and let him sweat." But I could not break

my word to the prisoner, so I trudged on, saw the provost marshal, and pleaded as earnestly as I could for my incarcerated brother. He said that he would grant me anything that I might ask within the bounds of reason, but on account of the imperative demands upon him, he could not try the prisoner until the next day. Having done my best at the office of the provost marshal, I walked a mile through the damp snow, that was still copiously falling, to the prison at the corner of Fifth and Myrtle Streets, to make known to my rebel neighbor the result of my effort on his behalf. When I told him that his case could not be heard till the next day, he said in a disappointed tone: "Then, I must stay here all night, — it is a horrible place." "Yes," I quickly replied, "it is a slave-pen." His eyes filled with tears as he said, "I never sold a slave." His reply made me regret the thrust that I had inconsiderately given him. But in a moment he added, "I wish that I had some apples and tobacco." Though I did not use tobacco myself I went through the storm about a mile, purchased for him out of my own pocket the desired articles, carried them back to him, and giving him my best wishes, I bade him good day, leaving him in that old slave-pen to his tobacco, apples and thoughts.

The next morning he was brought before the Military court, which having heard his case, through its great leniency decided, in spite of his grave offence, to discharge him. Returning to his home he had to go by my door; but he did not call to thank me for what I had done on his behalf; neither did he write me, nor did he ever in any way express the slightest gratitude or appreciation of what I did for him on that stormy day in order to secure his deliverance from the slave-pen prison.

A word more in reference to so extraordinary a character may not be amiss. Many months afterwards he had the brass to come to me again. Without any allusion to our relations in the past, he at once went on to say, that General Schofield by a military order had taken away the firearms of all in his neighborhood, and among the rest his shotgun had been seized and confiscated; that wild turkeys were coming into his cornfield, and he wished me to ask the general to grant him a permit to buy a shotgun so that he might shoot them. Making no allusion to what I had done for him in 1861, I asked him, "Are you a Union man?" He replied, "Yes, in the Constitution." "Why," I said, "do you say in the Constitution? Why do you not say, yes, I am a Union man?" "Well," he answered, "the fact is, I am a secessionist." "Why," said I, "did you not then honestly say so?" "Oh! I don't want to talk about that," he responded, "I want to get a shotgun." I then said to him, "I will ask the general to grant you a permit to get one on the condition that, if Missouri becomes a free State, you will leave it forever." He said that he would gladly agree to that since he would not live in a free State. So I went with him to the military headquarters and said to the general: "This is Rev. Mr. —, a Baptist minister; under your order his shotgun was taken away from him. The wild turkeys are coming into his cornfield and he has nothing to shoot them with. I cannot vouch for his loyalty, but I feel quite sure that if he has a shotgun he will not shoot black-Republicans, and he wishes you to give him a permit to buy one." The general replied, "I will grant the permit, if you say so." "Well," I responded, "I think it safe to do so;" and writing out the permit he handed it to the secession preacher,

who went away happy. I never saw him again. A friend told me that a few months afterwards he heard him bitterly denounce me in a large public assembly.

But let us now turn to another scene. On Thanksgiving Day of 1861, a secession family, living next door to me, determined to cheer some of their disloyal friends shut up in the Gratiot Street prison, by setting before them an abundant and delicious dinner. Their neighbors of like political views threw themselves with ardor into the scheme. Early in the day baskets full of appetizing food were brought from every direction, until these parcels, piled one upon another, quite covered the floor of their front hall. Then a covered wagon appeared at the door. Into it all these tempting viands were hastily packed and carried to the military prison. Those in charge of them asked the officer of the day, if they could give the prisoners a Thanksgiving dinner. He assured them that it would give him great pleasure to receive the food that had been so thoughtfully and kindly provided, but since it was contrary to orders to allow any outsiders to enter the prison, he would himself distribute the contents of the baskets and be careful that the most needy should not be overlooked. Two Iowa regiments that had just arrived had been sent down to Gratiot Street to do guard duty. They were weary, cold and hungry. The officer who had received the food, sent by devoted secession women, deeming these newly arrived soldiers to be the most needy, gave to them the roast turkey, fried chicken, mince pies, cranberry sauce, roast pig and apple sauce, and kept the disloyal within the prison walls on wholesome, but coarser, diet. While that commanding officer told no explicit lie, the ethics of his act will hardly bear very close inspection. He may have justified his deception

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by the fact that we were in a state of war, and have erroneously thought that war excuses "a multitude of sins."

A little later, one of my ministerial brethren was lodged in the same prison. After having been there for several weeks, being in great anguish of spirit, he sent for me. When I met him he entreated me to secure if possible his discharge from that repulsive place. My heart was touched at his distress, and I assured him that the military authorities would gladly release him if he would take the oath of allegiance to the United States. I urged that this was a very reasonable demand on the part of the government that had protected his property and person for many years, and had never interfered in the slightest degree with his rights or liberty. He was, however, unconvinced, and sullenly refused to do what I urged upon him. But a few days afterwards, sick at heart from lying in prison, he decided to take the oath, did so, and was discharged. But when he went out to his freedom his conscience smote him for what he had done. He walked along the street hesitatingly and in zigzag lines. At times he stopped and gazed intently on the pavement. One of his friends met him and asked: "What is the matter?" He replied: "Matter enough, I was over-persuaded to take the oath of allegiance to the awful government of the United States, and feel as if I should go to hell."

Such were some of the military prisons and such were some of the prisoners in St. Louis during the civil war. Those who kept these prisons and guarded these prisoners were patriots, intent on preserving the Union; those who were incarcerated and guarded were equally intent on disrupting the Union and establishing the

Southern Confederacy, whose corner-stone, according to its Vice-President, was slavery. Both could not have been right, but both believed themselves to be right, and suffered for their faith.

CHAPTER XIII

LYON IN CONFERENCE AND IN CAMPAIGN

WAR really began in Missouri at the taking of Camp Jackson. But many hoped against hope that the fire that then began to flame might be dampened and extinguished. Eminent citizens of St. Louis besought the Governor and his chief of staff, General Price, to ask for a conference with General Lyon, that, by a frank, honest interchange of views, some basis for peace might be discovered. This these officers reluctantly consented to do. When their request was presented to General Lyon, some men, who commanded his confidence, urged him to grant it, in order that no one in the future might be able to say that he refused to consider any measure by which war might have been honorably averted. Lyon, yielding to this reasonable solicitation, agreed to participate in the proposed conference. But with him time was precious. Harney had relinquished his command of the department on May 30th, and Lyon had assumed it on the following day. Since that time he had been exceedingly busy in gathering and equipping troops. To him war in Missouri, probably fierce and protracted, was inevitable, and he was bending every energy upon the work of preparation, that he might be able to wage it successfully. He considered any suspension of his activity as intolerable. Whatever was done by way of compromise must be



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done without delay. So he fixed an early day for the solicited conference. He announced that if the Governor and his general, or either of them, "should visit St. Louis on, or before, the 12th of June, in order to hold an interview with him for the purpose of effecting, if possible, a pacific solution of the troubles in Missouri, they should be free from molestation or arrest during their journey to St. Louis, and their return from St. Louis to Jefferson City." Thus assured of safe-conduct, in the afternoon of June 10th, Governor Jackson, General Price, and one of the Governor's aides-de-camp, Thomas L. Snead, left the State capital for our city. On the following morning, June 11th, they apprised Lyon that they were at the Planters' Hotel. In the afternoon of that day, the conference took place.¹ The fact of that vitally important meeting became generally known. All intelligent persons in the city were full of interest, not to say anxiety, in reference to the outcome.

Both parties to the rapidly developing national conflict were ably and fittingly represented in the conference. The Unionists felt that their interests, identical with the national interests, would be wisely guarded by General Lyon, Colonel Blair and Major Conant. General Lyon opened the conference, stating that it would be conducted on the side of the Union by Colonel Blair, than whom no one was better equipped for the responsible task. But as the deliberations between these men of irreconcilable views proceeded, Lyon, who had profoundly studied the underlying questions and principles that divided the Federals and the Confederates, and was by nature aggressive and inclined to disputation, gradually assumed the part of leader in that

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. I, p. 368.

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momentous interchange of views, while Mr. Blair lapsed into silence, a satisfied and admiring listener. State and national sovereignty there met face to face. They were opposites. Both could not be true. Hours passed in seeking some basis of agreement, but none was found. So long as each party held his view unflinchingly, there could be no common standing ground. Colonel Blair, afterwards speaking of the conference, declared that he said little or nothing, and did not need to; that General Lyon, in the most thorough and lucid manner, analyzed every proposal submitted by the Governor, pointed out every subterfuge and held up to the light every fallacy. The main contention of the secessionists was that the United States had no right to organize and arm Home Guards, nor to send troops into, and to occupy, the territory of sovereign Missouri; if General Lyon would agree to these vital propositions, on other grounds they were willing for the sake of peace to make what seemed to them great and humiliating concessions. But what they asked no loyal officer of the United States army would or could grant. So, after the conference had lasted nearly five hours, and all the views presented had been thoroughly discussed, Lyon closed this memorable, crucial debate by saying: "Rather" (he was still seated and spoke deliberately, slowly and with peculiar emphasis) "rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into the State whenever it pleases, or move its troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State; rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my government in any matter however unimportant, I would" (rising as he said this, and pointing in turn to every one

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in the room) "see you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman and child in the State dead and buried." Then turning to the Governor, he said: "This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call for you and conduct you out of my lines." And then, without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned upon his heel and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre.¹

The report of the abortive deliberations of the conference spread with lightning speed through the city and State. But notwithstanding the untoward result, it brought relief to all loyal hearts; for while all desired peace, a host of true men and women preferred war to peace with dishonor. Like their general, rather than tamely yield the vital question at stake, they were ready to sacrifice their property and lay down their lives. It was inspiring to feel the touch and thrill of this unselfish devotion.

The Governor and his attendants at once returned to Jefferson City. They reached their destination at two o'clock in the morning of the 12th. The Governor at once issued a proclamation, calling for fifty thousand volunteers to repel the invasion of the State.² For fear of the speedy coming of Lyon by rail, General Price ordered the railroad bridges across the Osage and Gasconade to be burned. Jefferson City was hastily evacuated. The archives of the State were removed, and such material of war as had been gathered at the capital, including even the armory and workshop. The rebel forces were concentrated at Boonville, farther to the west, for the purpose of holding that place and the

¹ Sneed, *The Fight for Missouri*, pp. 199-200.

² Moore's *Rebellion Record*, Vol. I, Doc., p. 363.

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Missouri River long enough at least for the secessionists in the northern counties of the commonwealth to rally to the support of the fugitive State government. The Governor desired if possible to segregate and solidify the disloyal, and so carry the State by force over into the Southern Confederacy.

But the lynx-eyed, alert Lyon thwarted that scheme. When he left the Planters' Hotel in the evening of June 11th, he at once telegraphed the national War Department for five thousand additional stand of arms, and for authority to enlist more troops in the State.¹ What he asked was granted without hesitation or delay. The next day, with characteristic energy, he prepared his small army for an offensive campaign. A part of it, on the 13th, he ordered to Springfield, in southwest Missouri, to cut off the retreat of Price, whom he expected to drive in that direction. Knowing that he could not use the Pacific Railroad, since its main bridges had been destroyed, on the same-day, with the rest of his army, he moved up the Missouri by steamboat. On the 15th, he quietly took possession of Jefferson City, and garrisoned it. On Sunday, the 16th, he was steaming on toward Boonville. On Monday, a few miles south of that city, he met and easily dispersed the rebel army, which, having been hastily gathered, was raw, undisciplined, and poorly armed. The collision between these hostile forces did not, in the sacrifice of life, reach the dignity of a battle. Only two or three on each side were killed and a few wounded. The Union army, however, took a goodly company of prisoners, together with considerable war material and camp equipage; and this comparatively bloodless conflict secured the end that from the beginning Lyon had clearly in view.

¹ W. B. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 384.

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By taking Camp Jackson in May, he had suppressed the open disloyalty of St. Louis and the counties adjacent to it, assuring their support of the Union; by dispersing Price's gathering host at Boonville he cleared the Missouri River of all formidable hostile forces; isolated the counties north of the river, which were rich, populous, and largely disloyal; drove the fleeing Governor with his general and army panic-stricken into the extreme southwest of the State; and sent General Price, with several members of his staff, on a flying expedition into northwestern Arkansas, to urge General McCulloch of the Confederate army to invade Missouri and deliver him and his retreating troops from utter disaster.

Lyon and his army were received with exultant gladness by the many loyal citizens of Boonville, and on the 18th he issued a proclamation, assuring all that were peaceful and law-abiding of his protection. He also paroled the prisoners that he had taken, putting them under oath not again to take up arms against the United States.

Without going further into detail, which would be aside from our object, it is sufficient to say that Lyon, following up his victory at Boonville as best he could, with the inadequate force under his command, finally made his headquarters at Springfield. There we must leave him for a time. Every act that he had thus far performed, every step of his victorious march, had been watched with breathless interest by both the loyal and disloyal of St. Louis. The former well knew that his victory was theirs; the latter considered his triumph their defeat.

But while Lyon with unusual energy and startling celerity was prosecuting his victorious campaign in the

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State, a lamentable event within the city saddened all hearts. On the east side of Seventh Street, between Olive and Locust, in a substantial brick building, was the Recorder's Court. On Saturday, June 15th, a company of volunteer soldiers, belonging to the regiment of Colonel Kallman, was marching by, when somebody, from a window of the story just above the court-room, fired a revolver into the ranks of these armed volunteers. They were raw and undisciplined. Being Germans, they were bitterly hated by the secessionists. They had become sensitive and vindictive under the stinging taunts which had been wantonly hurled at them by their hostile neighbors. So now, when unexpectedly fired upon, exasperated, and evidently without a moment's thought, they turned and fired into the building, from which they had been assailed. They did not stop to think from which story the hostile shot had come, and emptied their muskets into the room occupied by the innocent recorder. He and three other guiltless citizens were instantly killed, while two others were mortally wounded and another sadly injured.¹ Such not unprovoked, but inconsiderate, action on the part of these Union soldiers for the time being materially damaged the cause of the loyal in our city and put weapons into the hands of the secessionists. Nevertheless, all conservative citizens on either side were grateful that an event so ill-starred did not lead, as it naturally might have done, to general bloody conflict in our streets.

The whole affair was investigated; not very thoroughly, many of us thought. Those who attempted it, found it difficult to get at the bottom facts. Their investigation at last came to a rather inglorious

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, D. of E., Vol. I, pp. 105-106.

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end, leaving the community in doubt as to whether any one fired upon the soldiers. Several in the neighborhood testified that they saw no one shoot from the building; but one man declared that he saw the shot from the second-story window, and described the position of the man's arm when he discharged his revolver into the ranks of the unoffending soldiers; but there was no other witness, aside from the soldiers themselves, to confirm this testimony, and as only in the mouth of two or three witnesses so grave a matter could be satisfactorily established, the investigators returned the Scotch verdict, "Not proven." This, however, was quite unsatisfactory to thinking men. Very few believed that these soldiers, without provocation, fired into the room of a civil magistrate with whom they were unacquainted, and against whom they could have had no ill will. Still, the lamentable event was part and parcel of the mad effort to dismember the Republic, and hardly surprising in a city where earnest, passionate men on both sides of the great national conflict daily looked each other in the eye. But as it has often happened, so in this sad case, the innocent suffered, while the undetected guilty went free. However, in the onrushing tide of events, the deplorable incident was soon lost sight of and forgotten.

CHAPTER XIV

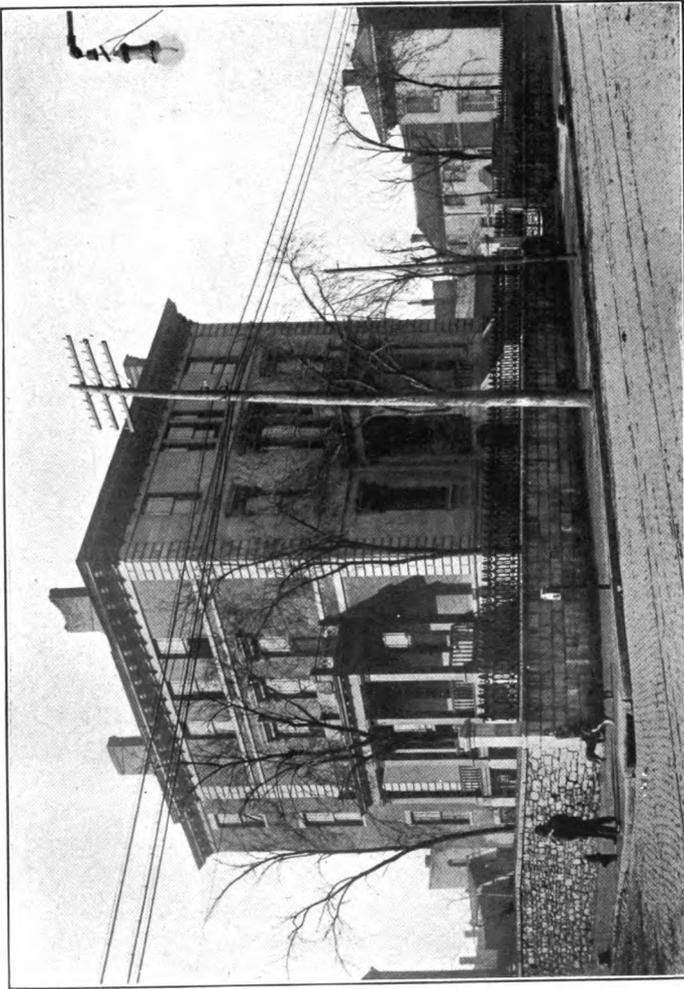
FREMONT AND FIASCO

ON the 3d of July, the States and territories west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, were constituted the Western Department, under the command of Major-General John Charles Fremont.¹ On the 26th he arrived in our city and took up the vastly important work confided to his hands. All the loyal wished him well. Many of them received him with exultation. He came with prestige. He was a renowned path finder to the Pacific. He had been the standard-bearer of the Republican party in 1856, and though defeated had polled a heavy vote in the most intelligent and progressive States of the Union. No one ever assumed military command under more favorable auspices.

He at once appointed Colonel McNeil commandant of St. Louis,² that he himself, measurably free from local demands, might expend his energies in directing the larger affairs of his department. The best volunteers of the West rapidly and enthusiastically gathered around him. He gave himself without reserve to his great and difficult task. But from the start he appeared to be vainglorious. His headquarters were luxurious. Immediately around him he gathered a

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 390.

² P. 410.



GENERAL FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, EIGHTH STREET AND CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS. [Page 206

body-guard of about three hundred men, some of whom were foreigners with jaw-breaking names. It was later shown that most of them were enlisted not to serve the United States, but simply the general.¹ He and they, in full uniform, on horseback, often went thundering along our streets, kicking up a cloud of dust, or else making the mud fly. At Fremont's headquarters were stationed so many sentinels that it was exceedingly difficult to find access to his person. Eminent citizens of St. Louis early began to complain that he ignored both them and the important questions on which they needed his counsel.

Moreover, there was a marked lack of system in all that he undertook to do. He evidently had little talent for details; so everything in the encampments of his volunteer soldiers was in confusion. All this was inauspicious and disheartening. We had expected so much and were getting so little.

The general soon reported to the authorities at Washington that his department was in a critical condition;² that troops of the Southern Confederacy in large numbers were moving northward to aid the disloyal of Missouri; that General Pillow threatened to invade the State from the southeast, General Hardee from the south, and General McCulloch from the southwest; and that while the volunteers gathering at St. Louis to meet the invaders were numerous, many of them were unarmed.

In the meantime, Lyon at Springfield, with a clear view of the whole situation, seeing that by far the most formidable rebel force, under McCulloch and Price, was moving upon him from the southwest, pleaded in

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 512, 532, 540 to 549, 568.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 409-410.

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vain with Fremont to re-enforce his altogether inadequate army by at least one or two regiments and to pay and clothe his soldiers.¹ Fremont's assistant adjutant-general, J. C. Kelton, wrote him at Cairo, August 2d: "General Lyon wants soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. So says Colonel Hammer, who has just arrived from Springfield."² The same day Fremont wrote General Scott: "Force large in front of General Lyon." But all was without avail. The Confederates, by a feint at New Madrid, in the southeastern corner of the State, had deceived him. Pillow was reported as being there with eleven thousand men.³ He was led to believe that the main invasion of our commonwealth was to be at that point.

So the general called into his service eight river steamboats, loaded them with an abundance of provisions, camp equipage, ammunition and arms, and put on board about five thousand soldiers, infantry and artillery. The Stars and Stripes waved proudly over each boat, while over the "City of Alton," "the flag steamer," on which were the general and his staff, waved also the Union Jack and a broad pennon. On August 1st this warlike fleet, to us an unusual and imposing sight, began to move down the Mississippi.⁴ The crowds on the levee cheered, waved handkerchiefs, and threw up hats. But not a few of the more thoughtful, shaking their heads, said, "We believe that Lyon, whose urgent pleadings have been unheeded, and to whom no re-enforcements have been sent, is right in thinking that the main invading rebel force is not at New Madrid, in the southeast, but comes from the southwest to attack him and his

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 407-409.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 419-424.

³ Pp. 419-423.

⁴ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. II, D. of E., p. 52, Doc. 158, p. 467.

brave little army at Springfield." And "This ostentatious expedition of Fremont," they added, "is in utter contrast with the silent, swift, effective movements of the neglected Lyon." Moreover, some of the ablest Union men of the city, half disheartened by the display on the river, exclaimed, "Fuss and feathers!" Their criticism may have been somewhat passionate, and perhaps uncalled for, but the event justified their main contention. There was only a handful of the enemy at New Madrid. But these Confederates had shrewdly played their game. They had diverted the attention of the Union general from McCulloch and Price to themselves, and made it difficult for him now to re-enforce Lyon before he must meet the enemy. Enlightened by experience, Fremont ordered his fleet back to St. Louis. Still, his expedition was not bootless. While he found but a few hundred rebels at New Madrid, and these escaped him unscathed, he laid, as he wisely intended to do, the foundation of a military encampment across the river at Cairo, Illinois, from which later began the great campaign under Grant down the east bank of the Mississippi. Nevertheless the general's ostentatious and ill-starred movements disgusted many of the loyal of the city. Perhaps they did not fully understand him, but they saw enough to evoke their heated opposition to him; some indeed defended him, for he had true and warm friends, but others sharply condemned him; while the overawed and silenced secessionists, still by thousands among us, looked on with satisfaction.

In the meantime, the clear-sighted, intrepid Lyon at Springfield was left to shift for himself. He concluded that retreat would be hazardous, if not absolutely destructive, in the face of a hostile force nearly three times as great as his own, and unhesitatingly decided to take

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the initiative instead of simply standing on the defensive. His matured purpose was quickly executed. The army of Price and McCulloch was at Wilson's Creek, about nine or ten miles south of Springfield. He determined to move upon it in two columns, the first under himself, the second under Colonel Siegel. The advance was to begin about sunset of the 9th; the attack was to be made at daylight the next morning. Having given his orders, he calmly wrote General Fremont the following memorable letter. It was his last.

"I retired to this place, as I before informed you, reaching here on the 5th. The enemy followed to within ten miles of here. He has taken a strong position and is recruiting his supply of horses, mules, and provisions, by forays into the surrounding country: his large force of mounted men enabling him to do this without much annoyance from me. I find my position extremely embarrassing, and am at present unable to determine whether I shall be able to maintain my ground, or be forced to retire. I can resist any attack from the front, but, if the enemy were to surround me, I must retire. I shall hold my ground as long as possible, though I may, without knowing how far, endanger the safety of my entire force, with its valuable material, being induced, by the important considerations involved, to take this step. The enemy showed himself in considerable force yesterday five miles from here, and has doubtless a full purpose of attacking me."¹

It has remained for an officer of the Confederate army, Thomas L. Snead, in his comment on this letter to utter perhaps the most eloquent eulogy pronounced

¹Peckham's *General Nathaniel Lyon and Missouri in 1861*, pp. 324-325.

on General Lyon. " Not one word about the desperate battle that he was to fight on the morrow; not one fault-finding utterance; not a breath of complaint! But true to his convictions; true to his flag; true to the Union men of Missouri who confided in and followed him; true to himself; and true to duty, he went out to battle against a force twice as great as his own, with a calmness that was as pathetic as his courage was sublime." ¹

The next morning before sunrise, the 10th of August, he vigorously attacked the enemy, who were taken utterly by surprise. It is not within the scope of my purpose to attempt any description of the fierce and bloody battle that followed. It raged for fully six hours. According to the most conservative estimates, Lyon lost of his small army of four or five thousand men more than thirteen hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. The Confederates lost still more. Lyon was twice wounded, and afterwards, while leading a regiment of his troops in a desperate charge, was shot through the heart and instantly killed; but even after his death his plucky little army fought on for a time unflinchingly, and with a large measure of success. Nor did they abandon the well-contested field until the ammunition of a large part of their force was utterly exhausted. Even then they retreated in good order. They had inflicted a blow so terrible and unexpected that the Confederates were unwilling or unable to pursue them. Having rested a few hours at Springfield, they retreated unmolested to Rolla, with all their wagons, provisions, and munitions of war; while McCulloch and Price sat down at Springfield and wrote reports of their great victory at Wilson's Creek. Some of their subordinate officers in

¹ Snead, *The Fight for Missouri*, pp. 266-267.

their reports declared with refreshing frankness that Lyon, in his attack on their camp, had completely surprised them.

A few days later came the last act of this sad drama. The body of General Lyon was brought back to us. It was borne through the city and across the Mississippi to the railroad depot. It was escorted by prominent citizens, city officials, regiments of soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, marching with arms reversed. Conspicuous in this martial array was General Fremont, with his staff and body-guard. The bands played plaintive dirges. The bells tolled. The national flags of the city, encampments and Arsenal were draped and at half-mast. A great, sad, silent throng, on either side of the street along which the funeral cortège moved, stood with heads uncovered. The dust of one of the best friends the loyal of St. Louis ever had thus passed on its way to burial in Connecticut, the native State of the dauntless hero, who poured out his heart's blood at Wilson's Creek to save our commonwealth and city from secession. But strange as it may seem to the present generation, we were then and there so utterly divided in judgment and feeling that while many mourned, some rejoiced; tears stained some cheeks, smiles rippled across some faces.

And during all this pageant of mourning our hearts bled afresh, as we remembered that the ear of Fremont had been apparently deaf to Lyon when he pleaded for at least one more regiment of troops, and was left unaided to fight, against great odds, a forlorn and desperate battle in which he laid down his life. We knew then, as we know now, that Fremont could have granted the request of his subordinate; that General Pope had in the northern part of the State an army of fully nine thousand

men that were not just then imperatively needed there; that Fremont called for and put under his own immediate command a part of that force; that he sent troops at that time into different parts of the State; that two regiments were guarding Rolla, and that one of them, without jeopardizing any important interest, could have been sent to Lyon; but for some occult reason he refused to lift a finger in time to help his capable subordinate, but abandoned him to defeat and death. To be sure, on August 5th, he ordered a regiment of a thousand men at Fort Leavenworth to re-enforce Lyon,¹ but that was too late. There was no railroad connection. The order had to be sent by express. Before the regiment had gotten half way to Springfield the fate of Lyon was sealed. On the same date, August 5th, he ordered Colonel Stevenson, commanding the Seventh Missouri Volunteers, to report to Lyon with despatch. When the colonel reached Rolla, he found no transportation for his troops. They could not reach their destination in time. The remembrance of this on that funeral march rankled in every loyal heart.

But when our general reported to the War Department the battle of Wilson's Creek, in just and fitting words he eulogized the slain hero. In a measure that dulled the edge of our resentment towards him, and partially revived our wavering confidence in him. We were still further reconciled to him, when, seeing the anarchy by which we were threatened, and believing that certain inimical movements among us could not be adequately and decisively dealt with by ordinary civil processes, on August 14th, he declared martial law in St. Louis and St. Louis County. At that time, according to the most conservative estimate, there were in our city at

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 425.

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least eight thousand pronounced and active secessionists, and seven thousand of them were reported to be armed with weapons of various kinds.¹ They were prepared, whenever their compatriots in rebellion should attack the city from without, to join hands with them by a vigorous movement from within. So while the necessity of martial law was regretted by all, its proclamation came as a distinct relief and assurance to all the loyal.

Major J. McKinstry of the United States army was appointed provost marshal. He was an able, faithful officer and discharged his delicate and weighty duties with fearlessness and thoughtful discrimination. He at once issued a proclamation, declaring that he should not interfere with the operation of the civil law, except in cases where that law was found inadequate to the maintenance of the public peace and safety.² He followed this considerate and reassuring manifesto with orders forbidding under heavy penalties all persons not in the military service of the United States, or in the regularly constituted police of the city, carrying concealed weapons, and prohibiting the sale of all firearms without a special permit from his office. This was striking at the root of all the dangers that immediately threatened the loyal of the city and county, and we retired that night with a deeper sense of security than we had felt for several months.

On the following day, he suppressed *The War Bulletin* and *The Missourian*, papers that, to the detriment of the loyal, had maliciously and shamefully misrepresented the movements of the Federal troops in the State. But under a government like ours, where all enjoy such

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 460.

² Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. II, Doc. 183, pp. 526-527; also W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 442.

Office of Provost Marshal,

St. Louis, Mo., *John J. Anderson* } 1867.

Permission is granted To *J. Anderson* to
Pass beyond the limits of the City and County of St. Louis,
to go to *Wisconsin*

Stons

Issued by
T. M. Turnover.

J. M. McKinstry

MAJOR U. S. A., PROVOST MARCHAL.

Description of Person.

Name *G. Anderson*
Age *29*
Height *5--8*
Color of Eyes *Hazel*
Color of Hair *Blk*
Peculiarities

It is understood that the within named and subscriber, accepts this Pass on his word of honor that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be Death.

Galusha Anderson.

unbounded freedom of speech, such acts, whether by the direction of civil or military authority, are usually offensive, whatever public necessity may be urged as a justification of them. And both the right and expediency of suppressing even these virulent secession journals were doubted by very many of the Unionists. But, at a later day, we felt that we could approve, if not applaud, much of what the provost marshal wrote to the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, who had inquired if the rumors were true that the marshal intended to suppress his paper. The suggestive reply was: "Permit me to say that in my judgment, in these times of political excitement, and heated discussion, and civil war, it would be more becoming, as well as more consistent, that a public newspaper, belonging to, and advocating the doctrines and principles of the church of Christ, should abstain from publishing articles of a political character, calculated to inflame the passions of men, and evidently hostile to the government of the country. Let your journal be a religious paper, as it professes to be, and it will never come under the discipline of this department."

After the suppression of these papers, rigorous measures multiplied. The provost marshal, by a general order, forbade any one to pass beyond the limits of the city and county of St. Louis without a special permit from his office. That those born since the war may know under what stringent regulations all of us lived for many months, see the facsimile of both sides of a pass issued to myself, in October of 1861.

These requirements made and strictly enforced by martial law greatly annoyed many, even among the loyal of the city and county, especially elderly men and women, who had spent most of their lives in unrestrained

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liberty of movement. To be compelled to solicit in person a permit from the provost marshal to leave or enter the city seemed to them an arrogant and galling invasion of their freedom. And while they bowed to this inexorable demand so necessary to guard the fealty of their city and State to the Union, it was a yoke to which they unwillingly submitted, and under which they chafed.

I well remember meeting at that time a large, venerable man, who by a multitude of people was affectionately called Father Welsh. He was a pioneer Baptist minister. He had long lived in St. Louis County, and had preached not only in churches, schoolhouses, and private residences, but in summer in groves under the canopy of leafy boughs. He was not only generally respected, but sincerely loved by very many who had been blessed through his faithful, sympathetic ministrations. He was loyal to his country. His patriotism was unqualified and ardent, but to him martial law was abhorrent. He complained bitterly that one as old and well-known as he was should be compelled to solicit a pass from a United States officer, in order that, unmolested by military sentinels, he might enter and leave the city and county where he had so long proclaimed the gospel. And he evidently represented many of unsullied patriotism, who deeply felt the infringement of their accustomed liberties. But in a border city, we were all compelled to learn by experience the difference between a state of war and a state of peace.

But if martial law was so distasteful even to some of the truly loyal, what was it to the men and women among us, who were aiding and abetting those in rebellion against the Federal government? They could not take the stringent oath printed on the pass, without

which it could not be granted to them. If they should undertake to get out of the city or county without a pass, in all probability they would be challenged and arrested by the military sentinels, and, unable to take any oath of allegiance, would be duly landed in durance vile. Rather than run such risks, most of them, muttering their indignant protests, sat down in their homes and sulkily waited for deliverance. But the kind of deliverance that they ardently longed for happily never came.

On the same day that the provost marshal issued his order in reference to passes, General Fremont put the whole State under martial law, and, as many contended, unwarrantably assuming the functions of the general government, proclaimed the freedom of all slaves belonging to those guilty of disloyalty to the United States.¹ He made good his extraordinary proclamation by explicit act. On September 12th, notwithstanding the President had written him on the 2d, taking exception to this manifesto, he manumitted two slaves, belonging to Thomas L. Snead of St. Louis, and issued their manumission papers over his signature as major-general.² Lincoln kindly called his attention to the fact that he was transcending his authority, and gave him the opportunity to modify his own policy, without any open declaration of dissent on the part of the general government. But in reply, Fremont preferred that the President himself should modify the obnoxious proclamation;³ so, reluctantly but firmly,

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 10, Doc. 18, p. 36. W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 466-469.

² Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 26, Doc. 48, p. 126.

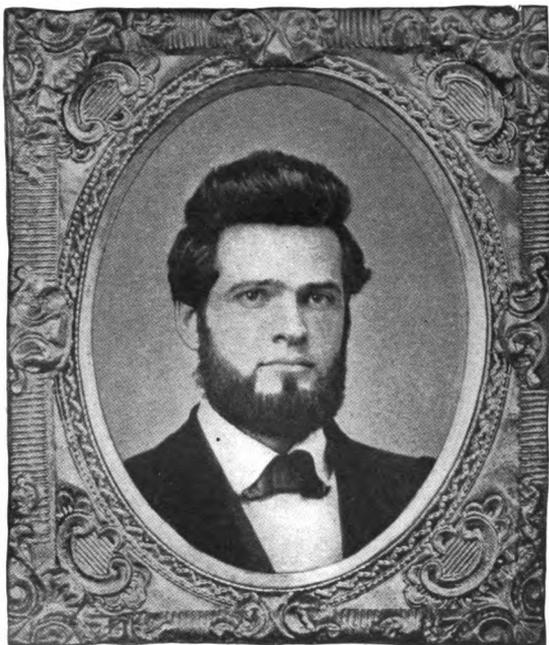
Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. III, Doc., p. 129.

³ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, p. 477.

Mr. Lincoln publicly set aside so much of the general's proclamation of August 30th as pertained to the manumission of slaves belonging to rebels.¹

The question on which the President and his general clashed was confessedly delicate and manifestly perplexing to those in administrative circles. At bottom, the duty of the President was clear. Since slavery was a local institution he could not legally interfere with it in any loyal State; and, as a State, Missouri had declared against secession. Just what, however, might be rightly done, according to the laws of war, with the slaves of the disloyal in loyal States was as yet apparently not altogether clear to those in authority at Washington. Still, on grounds of expediency, conservative action was manifestly wisest, in order not unnecessarily to alienate the loyal pro-slavery element of the border States. The problem in all its bearings greatly agitated the Unionists of our city. Upon it they were divided in both judgment and sentiment. Some said: "The enslavement of the negro is the real cause of the war. By law he is declared to be property; and if, as has been done before our eyes, a general may confiscate buildings belonging to the disloyal, and appropriate them to the use of the United States, why can he not treat the slave property of rebels in the same way?" "But," their opponents replied, "this is what Fremont did not do with the slaves of Mr. Snead; he did not turn them over to the United States to be used in promoting the interests of the Federal government; he simply set them free. He is putting himself forward as an emancipator." So the ideas of staunch Unionists were in conflict. Evidently the most intelligent and thoughtful unhesitatingly sus-

¹P. 485.



THE AUTHOR, GALUSHA ANDERSON, IN 1861, WHEN THE
PASS WAS GRANTED HIM.

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tained the President in his modification of the general's manifesto. And without expressing here any opinion as to whether or not their judgment of Fremont was just, it is true that many of them began to feel that in attempting to do what in itself as a matter of merely abstract justice was right, he was quite too impulsive, effusive, and spectacular, and that he had clearly exceeded his authority. In fact he was attempting to do what the general government felt itself debarred from doing by constitutional law and by a late specific act of Congress.

But Fremont's career, as commander of the Western Department, now drew rapidly to its close. He had gathered an army of twenty-five thousand men; but when the brave Mulligan at Lexington, on the Missouri River, in the western part of the State, was besieged by a rebel force more than four times greater than his own, and yet fought on pluckily for days, Fremont failed to re-enforce him. To be sure, he made what seemed to us a rather belated and languid effort so to do, but the troops ordered by him to Lexington failed to reach their destination before Mulligan was compelled to surrender.¹ This was a blow so disastrous to the Union cause, that the loyal of our city were filled with disappointment and discontent. Some of them murmured their disapprobation of the commanding general, some openly and bitterly denounced him. *The Evening News*, a Union journal, in a strong, manly editorial, entitled "The Fall of Lexington," sharply criticized his failure to re-enforce Mulligan, and for this criticism, the proprietor, Charles G. Ramsay, was arrested by order of the provost marshal, taken to headquarters and there examined by the military

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 32, Doc. 33, p. 70.

authorities. He was sent to prison, and his paper was suppressed. All the manuscript in his office was seized and the building, where his paper was published, was put into the possession of a provost-guard.¹ With very few dissenting voices, this invasion of the freedom of the press was sharply condemned by Union men. The occurrence added largely to the distrust of the capacity of the general for a command so large and difficult.

The surrender of Mulligan's small heroic army at Lexington stimulated Fremont to more strenuous effort. He now contemplated marching against the enemy that was so rapidly gaining strength in west and southwest Missouri. But in that event St. Louis would be left quite uncovered; so to provide for the defence of the city in the absence of his army, he proceeded to surround it on the north, west and south with earthworks, in which he placed great guns. These works he intended to man with a few hundred soldiers, who, if any enemy should approach, could with those big guns sweep with grape and canister all the roads that led to the city. Many of us, little acquainted with military affairs, looked on with curiosity mingled with wonder, grateful for the benign care bestowed upon us by our patriotic commander; but I noticed that those who evidently knew more of war viewed these earthworks with ill-concealed contempt. And during many months they remained unmanned, mute reminders of the wisdom or folly of the celebrated Fremont, under whose immediate direction they had been constructed.

He seemed to have a mania for fortifications. He put Jefferson City, the capital of the State, under the command of Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, then

¹ Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 34, Doc. 53, p. 146.

unknown to fame, and especially enjoined him to fortify it. To this order Grant replied that he had neither sufficient men nor tools to fortify the place, and added: "Drill and discipline are more important than fortifications." That pithy, pregnant sentence foreshadowed the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Appomattox.

At last, during the closing days of September, Fremont and his army, attended, as it seemed to us, with inextricable confusion and indescribable clatter, left St. Louis for Jefferson City. No armed host ever went forth to battle made up of nobler men. The best blood of the West ran in their veins. They were unusually intelligent and patriotic. Price, apparently always unwilling to risk a doubtful conflict, abandoning his project of destroying the railroads in the northern part of the State, with an army of about twenty thousand men, retreated in orderly fashion towards southwest Missouri. The loyal of our city now took new heart and hope. Our general, unopposed, moved on towards Springfield. On the 25th of October, Zagonyi, with a hundred and fifty of Fremont's body-guard, made a brilliant dash into that city, dispersing the rebel soldiers stationed there to defend it. Over this we were exultant. The first brush with the enemy had resulted in decisive victory and had added glory to our arms. The people of Springfield, with tumultuous joy, ran up the Stars and Stripes in every part of their city. Fremont's army was now rapidly concentrated there. The enemy was steadily falling back toward northwestern Arkansas. Victory for our whole army seemed hovering near, ready to perch on our banners. Even if our general had made mistakes, he was about to atone for them all by utterly defeating the enemy; so loyal St. Louis felt.

But while this apparently auspicious campaign

was being prosecuted, not a few leading men, headed by Colonel Frank P. Blair, were urging the authorities at Washington to remove Fremont from his command. Mr. Blair was evidently bent on securing this end. He preferred formal charges against the general,¹ in which he accused him of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, extravagance and waste of the public moneys, despotic and tyrannical conduct, and disobedience of orders. These charges he sustained by many specifications. While Mr. Blair's onslaught seemed not wholly destitute of heat and partisanship, it contained so much of truth that the authorities at Washington felt that they could not ignore it. It also greatly disturbed the loyal of our city and divided them into opposing parties, some for, some against, the general.

The situation was so grave that the Secretary of War himself came to make an investigation. He evidently found much that he did not approve. He went out into the State to Tipton and had an interview with Fremont, who was then on the march; and when, on October 14th, he was about to return from St. Louis to Washington, he instructed Fremont to correct certain irregularities in his disbursement of military funds, to discontinue the erection of earthworks around our city, as wholly unnecessary, and of barracks near his own headquarters.² He also declared that no payments would be made to officers, other than those of the volunteer forces, who had been commissioned by Fremont without the President's approval. Such deliverances from the head of the War Department betokened reprehensible, even if it were thoughtless, insubordina-

¹ Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 43.

² *W. R. S. I.*, Vol. III, pp. 532-533.

tion, and contained a pretty clear hint of incompetence.¹ In fact the evidence of his incompetence was startling and cumulative. When at Jefferson City, he ordered his army to march without sufficient means of transportation. He did the same at Tipton. His ammunition was wet; the Belgian rifles that he bought in Europe were nearly useless. In the preceding September, Grant at Cairo, Illinois, learning that the rebels at Columbus, Kentucky, had planned to seize Paducah at the mouth of the Tennessee, saw that he must move without delay if he would thwart their purpose. He at once telegraphed Fremont that he was taking steps to anticipate the enemy in the occupation of that place. He received no reply that day, September 5th. So he telegraphed that he should start for Paducah that night unless he received further orders. Getting no response, he occupied Paducah at daylight the next morning, anticipating the enemy by six or eight hours. After he had garrisoned the town, placed General Smith in command and returned to Cairo, he found a despatch from Fremont authorizing him to take Paducah if he "felt strong enough."²

It soon leaked out that Fremont had appointed general and staff officers without the authority of the general government; that those constituting his body-guard had been commissioned primarily to serve him personally rather than the United States;³ and that often ignoring his adjutant-general, he had sent in bills payable, approved simply by himself.⁴ At a later day, a committee appointed by the House of Representatives,

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 544-47.

² Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, Vol. I, pp. 265-267.

³ W. R. S. 1, Vol. VIII, p. 434.

⁴ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 512, 532, 540-549, 568.

⁵ W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 549, 568-9.

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after thoroughly investigating these alleged misdemeanors, in the main confirmed the conclusions reached by the Secretary of War.

When the Secretary arrived at Washington and made his report, the removal of Fremont from his command soon followed. He was apprised of it on November 2d,¹ and immediately took leave of his army. To most of us, this seemed at the moment a calamity. Not that we could justly find fault with the decision reached by the government, but we keenly felt that the time for promulgating this decision was most inopportune. The general was apparently on the eve of a great battle; his army glowed with enthusiasm; the prospect of complete victory was unusually bright; he had in fact, with the smallest modicum of fighting, nearly driven the rebel army from our State. The strong, instinctive feeling of the great body of loyal men and women of our city was that he ought to have had the chance to finish the campaign so auspiciously begun. But the authorities at Washington had, with apparently abundant justification, decreed otherwise. There was only one thing to be done; that was to submit without murmuring.

By the removal of Fremont his patriotic army was greatly disheartened. Some of them, in the first flush of disappointment, declared that they would not serve under another leader; that when he left they would throw down their arms and return to their homes. But in his farewell address to his troops, Fremont rose above all personal resentment, and in a tender patriotic appeal exhorted them to be as faithful to his successor as they had been to him.² Their sober second

¹ The order for his removal is dated at Washington, October 24, 1861.

² Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 65, Doc. 126, p. 270. W. R. S. 1, Vol. III, pp. 559-560.

thought responded to his manly, unselfish words, and, in spite of their personal attachment to him, sinking all individual preferences, they determined unswervingly to fight on for the Union under any general that might be placed over them. So, as we generally anticipated, the highest motive prevailed.

Fremont returned to St. Louis. The loyal Germans, to whom we and the whole country owed so much, received him with unshaken confidence, and with the warmest expressions of affection. At the time they were firmly convinced that those who had so strenuously urged his removal had treated him with marked injustice. These tokens of personal loyalty and confidence touched his heart. In response to the assurances of his steadfast friends, he complained of the unjust charges that, in his absence, had been "rained on his defenceless head — defenceless because his face was turned to the public enemy." But, though smarting under what he deemed grievous personal wrong, there was no note of recreancy to his country.

Whatever were his faults, whatever were his mistakes, — and they seemed to be many, — he was a patriot, and laid down the duties of his department with honor. And I am sure that all true Unionists of St. Louis, even those who did not join their German fellow citizens either in their expressions of confidence in the retiring commander, or in their criticisms of those who thought the highest good of the Republic demanded his retirement, were nevertheless glad that these spontaneous and hearty demonstrations of the loyal Germans came to cheer the heart of Fremont in what evidently was to him a dark and bitter day.

His command was turned over to General Hunter, the oldest officer in his army. But Hunter, perhaps con-

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sidering himself only a temporary bridge to Fremont's real successor, refused to continue the campaign, which had been so suddenly arrested by the removal of his chief. In a leisurely and orderly manner he soon began a retrograde movement, for which the onlooking loyalists of our city could discover no reason. No foe immediately confronted him, and if the rebels of that region with all their forces had borne down upon him, he could have easily defeated them. But from no cause patent to us, that splendid army, under his command, was retracing its steps. We viewed the inglorious spectacle with profound disgust.

Price and his army advanced as ours retreated. Before him, dreading his approach, fled a great company of well-to-do Unionists, poor whites and negroes. They were the heralds of his march, and the motley trail of our retreating troops. In a few days the great army was once more encamped at our gates, and the disheartened, footsore, hungry crowd that had followed in its wake thronged our streets and taxed to the uttermost our charities. Thus ended a campaign of brilliant promise. To the sorely tried loyalists of our city it seemed to be such a fiasco that by it they were reminded of the oft quoted words:

“ The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men ;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.”¹

¹ Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North, p. 8.

CHAPTER XV

EXTRAORDINARY ACTS

WE should first of all carefully note the fact that although General Lyon in desperate battle laid down his life, he had accomplished his purpose. He had sustained by arms the decision of the Convention in March against secession, and, in spite of all who were disloyally striving to reverse that decision, had held Missouri true in her allegiance to the Union. By his military movements he had put to flight the secession Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and legislature, so that the State had now no governing body except her sovereign Convention. That had adjourned in March to meet in December, unless, on account of some exigency, it should be called together earlier. That exigency was at hand. If the processes of civil government were not to be wholly abandoned, there must be some duly appointed officers of the State, through whom its authority might find legitimate expression. So while Lyon and his devoted soldiers kept the disloyal at bay in the southwestern part of the State, the committee which had been previously appointed by the Convention for that purpose, on the 6th of July, summoned the members of that sovereign body to meet at the capital of the State, on the 26th of that month.

In response to this call, it met at the appointed time and place. On the 30th of July, it declared vacant the

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offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State; also the seats of the members of the General Assembly. Moreover, it provided for the reorganization of the Supreme Court, giving to the Governor, whom they should choose, authority to appoint four new justices in addition to the three which then comprised the court.¹ The Convention also repealed the radical and mischievous war measures enacted in May in secret session, by the now scattered and defunct legislature. On the 31st, it chose as provisional State officers, Judge Hamilton R. Gamble, Governor; Willard P. Hall, Lieutenant-Governor; and Mordecai Oliver, Secretary of State. These provisional officers were inaugurated on the next day, August 1st, making short, sensible, patriotic addresses, in which they showed their keen appreciation of the difficulties that attended them in the anomalous position into which they had been thrust against their will.²

But radical as these acts of the Convention were, it did not forget the sacred rights of the people. It decreed that its measures should be submitted to them for ratification or rejection, and that on the first Monday in November they should elect by ballot State officers, although on account of the stress and confusion of war, the date was subsequently changed to November, 1862. It also in a carefully prepared paper explained to the people of the State the imperative necessity that called them together, and that justified their revolutionary action.

On August 3d, the new provisional Governor by proclamation set forth the lawless, turbulent condition

¹ *The Missouri Republican*, July 31st, 1861. *Moore's Rebellion Record*, Vol. II, D. of E., p. 40.

² *Moore's Reb. Rec.*, Vol. II, D. of E., p. 51, Doc. 151, p. 458.

of the State, and appealed to all within the commonwealth to put forth their utmost endeavor to secure, as speedily as possible, a reign of law and order, and commanded all State troops called out by his predecessor, Governor Jackson, to lay down their arms and return to their homes, promising them protection.¹ But a few days later² he found it necessary, in order to suppress marauding and violence, to call for forty-two thousand volunteers, infantry and cavalry. The Governor, while conservative in character, and an ardent lover of peace, was forced for the public good to put down anarchy by the strong hand of the armed militia of the State.

But there was another series of interesting events running parallel with the foregoing. During the month of July, our fleeing Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were among their political friends in the Southern Confederacy. They visited Richmond and took counsel with Jefferson Davis. The Lieutenant-Governor having returned to New Madrid, on the 31st of July, while the Convention in session at Jefferson City was choosing provisional State officers, issued a proclamation as "acting Governor of Missouri, in the temporary absence of Governor Jackson," eulogizing the President of the Southern Confederacy, welcoming to the State the Confederate General Pillow with his rebel army, declaring that in view of the rebellion in St. Louis against Missouri, and the war of the United States upon her, "she is, and of right ought to be, a sovereign, free, and independent State." He also called upon Brigadier-General Thompson, commanding the Missouri State Guards of the district that included New Madrid,

¹ Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. II, D. of E., p. 53, Doc. 156, p. 472.

² August 24th, Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. III, Doc., p. 5.

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to join hands with General Pillow in his beneficent work of protecting "the lives and property of the citizens." That he referred only to citizens in full sympathy with secession was made clear by Thompson's proclamation on the following day. This proclamation, which, in bombast, stands without a peer among all written manifestoes of military commanders, was issued on the same day of the inauguration at the State capital of the provisional Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and of Fremont's river campaign to Cairo and New Madrid. Thus strange and stirring events overlapped each other. Antagonistic proclamations from men of diametrically opposite views met and clashed. To those uncertain of their ground the din was bewildering. But amid the confusion of these discordant appeals, Thompson's turgid screed greatly amused all in whom there was even the smallest grain of humor. I remember how companies of men in our city, irrespective of their political sympathies, casually thrown together, read it to each other amid peals of laughter. A single extract from it cannot fail to amuse those of this generation and justify our comment upon it.

"Come now, strike while the iron is hot! Our enemies are whipped in Virginia. They have been whipped in Missouri. General Hardee advances in the centre, General Pillow on the right, and General McCulloch on the left, with twenty thousand brave Southern hearts to our aid. So leave your plows in the furrow, and your oxen in the yoke, and rush like a tornado upon our invaders and foes, to sweep them from the face of the earth, or force them from the soil of our State! Brave sons of the Ninth District, come and join us! We have plenty of ammunition and the cattle on

ten thousand hills are ours. We have forty thousand Belgian muskets coming; but bring your guns and muskets with you, if you have them; if not come without them. We will strike our foes like a Southern thunderbolt, and soon our camp-fires will illuminate the Meramec and Missouri. Come, turn out!¹

“JEFF. THOMPSON,
“*Brigadier-General Commanding.*”

But the itinerant Governor, whose office had been declared vacant by our sovereign Convention while he was engaged in earnest consultation with the rebel authorities at Richmond, soon after returned, and, on August 5th, inflicted upon a distracted commonwealth another proclamation, in which he supplemented and confirmed that issued by the defunct Lieutenant-Governor on the 31st of July. He declared Missouri independent of the government of the United States, and that all relations hitherto existing between the two governments were dissolved.² He did this of course without a shred of authority. He was no longer Governor; but even if there had been a reasonable doubt that the Convention had the power to declare his office vacant, as Governor he had no constitutional power to dissolve the relations existing between the Federal government and the State over which he was called to preside; especially since the sovereign Convention, which he and his legislature called into existence, had voted down all propositions for the secession of Missouri; and even his subservient legislature, whose seats, in July, had been declared vacant by the same Convention, did not adopt an ordinance of secession until November 2d,

¹ American Cyclopædia, 1861.

² Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. II, D. of E., p. 56, Doc. 163, p. 479.

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almost three months after the peripatetic Governor had proclaimed at New Madrid that the secession of the State was an accomplished fact. And this belated ordinance of secession was passed at Neosho, a small mining town in the extreme southwestern part of the State, near the border of Arkansas, where the defunct legislature, that assumed such extraordinary powers, found itself without a quorum, and secured one only by arbitrarily padding out its number by proxies. So in August, Missouri was declared by an officeless Governor to be out of the Union; then as late as November an unseated legislature, without a quorum, voted the secession of the State from the Union. What was already out, according to the defunct Governor, was solemnly voted out by his defunct legislature. The secession State government manifestly died hard. Even its expiring spasms were comical. Its proclamations and legislative acts were wild and futile. Rather than to have committed such folly it would have been better "to be a dog, and bay the moon." And all the loyal of Missouri looked on and laughed.

But the action of our officeless Governor flowed out of his agreement with the Confederate authorities at Richmond. Three days after Jackson declared the sovereign independence of Missouri, the Confederate Congress authorized Jefferson Davis to raise troops in Missouri for the Southern army, and to establish recruiting stations to facilitate this work; and on the 19th of August voted to admit Missouri into the Southern Confederacy, when, by her legally constituted authority, — the authority being the overturned State government, — she shall have ratified the constitution of the Confederate States.¹ This act of the Con-

¹ Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. II, D. of E., p. 70.

federate Congress was duly approved by President Davis.¹

This hostile legislation at Richmond was followed by a proclamation of General Price at Springfield, on the 21st, declaring all Missouri Home Guards enemies of the Southern Confederacy, and that they would be treated as such. What the general proclaimed was unquestionably true, what he threatened was expected. However, all that transpired at Richmond we did not at that time know fully. We got some inkling of it; just enough to stimulate our imaginations, and to spur us to greater vigilance and to unremitting effort to keep Missouri true to the general government. We well knew that the seceded States would do their utmost to secure her for the Confederacy; that St. Louis was the key of the situation; that it was the objective point of every movement of the State Guards,² and of every invading army from the South, and that our position would not be secure until the battle for the Union had been fought to a finish. Hence all military movements within our borders, all armed conflicts great and small, all secret plottings of the disloyal, all acts of the Convention or of the defunct legislature, all proclamations, hostile or friendly, demanded and received our unremitting, earnest attention. By midsummer of 1861, all loyal citizens of St. Louis had fully made up their minds that adhesion to the Union, and security in it, were to be purchased only by the price of eternal vigilance.

¹ P. 74.

² The State Guards were armed Secessionists, the Home Guards armed Unionists.

CHAPTER XVI

HALLECK AND HIS MANIFESTOES

MAJOR - GENERAL HALLECK, Fremont's successor, appeared among us on November 18th, 1861.¹ He was already famous as the author of "Elements of Military Art and Science." He was forty-six years old, in the prime of life, in perfect health, and full of vigor. As he peered at us out of his large black eyes underneath dark heavy eyebrows, and a high, massive forehead, he looked wondrous wise. His soldierly bearing, without ostentation, gave us confidence in him as a safe and able leader; nor did he as an administrator disappoint our expectations.

He seemed intuitively and clearly to grasp the situation. He took right hold of his work and did it with a will. He soon brought order out of chaos. To lighten his burden and to secure greater thoroughness in administration, together with promptness and effectiveness in military movements, Kansas was separated from his department and put under the command of Major-General Hunter.

First of all, without neglecting for a moment the movements of the army of Price in the State, he began to disentangle the military snarl in and about St. Louis. One after another, the different divisions of Fremont's

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. VIII, p. 369.

army were returning from their bootless campaign. There was great confusion. All seemed to be at cross-purposes. Each subordinate commander, uncertain as to his duty, was anxiously awaiting orders. But General Halleck, amid the din of conflicting interests from various quarters demanding his immediate attention, never for a moment lost his head. With a masterful hand he reduced to system what, at first blush, seemed an inextricable mass of antagonistic interests. In a comparatively short time every imperative call upon him had been fully met, every subordinate officer had found his place, learned his duties and was efficiently doing them. The internal affairs of his department were at last running as smoothly as the most critical could reasonably expect.

As soon as General Halleck had put things to rights in his military household, he broke up the different secret rendezvous in St. Louis, where the secessionists met to plot against the government, where they stowed their war material, and clandestinely drilled that they might be prepared for open conflict, which they still hoped would soon be precipitated. He did this important work with such downright thoroughness, that so far as could be seen he put an end to these secret rebel gatherings.

He also determined to sustain with all the power at his command the enactments of the sovereign Convention, now the only legislative body of the State. During the preceding month the Convention had once more reassembled in St. Louis and enacted weighty laws to safeguard loyal Missouri. Among other important measures, it prescribed an oath of allegiance to the United States to be taken by all municipal and State officers under pain of deposition.

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The general did not permit this requirement to go unheeded. He insisted that all who were amenable to this law should obey it. So from time to time peremptory orders were sent out from his headquarters, commanding all who had been remiss in subscribing to the oath to take it at once or vacate their places. He expressly enjoined the mayor of St. Louis to compel all city officers to take the prescribed oath, and the provost-marshal general to arrest all State officers who had from any cause failed to subscribe to it.¹ As late as January 26th, 1862, he ordered all officers of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, and of the St. Louis Chambers of Commerce to take the oath before the provost marshal within ten days, or quit their posts. On February 4th, he issued a similar order, which was a drag-net, in which he tried to catch every disloyal official in Missouri, of whatever grade. He decisively commanded all officials of the University of Missouri, all presidents and directors of railroads, all quartermasters, clerks and agents in the service of the United States to subscribe to the oath or immediately to resign their offices.² And at last he evidently considered even this to be inadequate, since, a month later, he ordered all licensed attorneys, counsellors-at-law and proctors, and all jurors to take the oath or at once cease to exercise their public functions;³ and to make the work complete in every detail, to unearth all rebels in hiding, he ordered every voter in Missouri to take the oath of allegiance to the United States on pain of disfranchisement.⁴ Thus did this Union general, with his numerous

¹ Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. III, D. of E., p. 108. Also W. R. S. 1, Vol. VIII, p. 414.

² Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. IV, D. of E., p. 18, Doc., p. 129.

³ W. R. S. 1, Vol. VIII, pp. 586 - 587, p. 832,

⁴ Pp. 657, 648.

drastic orders, endeavor to uncover every disloyal man in our commonwealth. Was it wise? He thought it was, else he would not have done it.

But we have not enumerated a tithe of his swarming manifestoes. We soon concluded that his distinguishing characteristic was orders. Orders, orders came in volleys from his headquarters. He was evidently earnestly endeavoring to find out who, in his military department, were for the Union and who were against it. His orders were trumpet-calls to every man to take his stand openly and show his colors. He wished to ascertain who were the enemies of the Union that he might justly deal with them. When, therefore, by the testimony of reliable witnesses, and by his own daily observation, he had gotten a clear view of the state of things that confronted him, the disloyal began to feel the grip of his iron hand. He ordered the arrest of occupants of carriages carrying rebel flags, and the confiscation of the carriages.¹ Rebel flags from all such vehicles disappeared as by magic. Their owners of course had not met with any change of heart, but in order to save their personal property concluded to conduct themselves with outward decency and civility in a loyal city.

The general directed another manifesto against the fair sex, who, having the courage of their convictions, and relying on the courtesy and gallantry universally shown in our country to women, had vauntingly carried the Confederate flag on their persons, and at times had waved it to their rebel friends, who were confined in the Gratiot Street prison. He ordered their arrest. Some of them were apprehended and imprisoned. One, who had been a prominent worker in my own church and congregation, having been found guilty of conveying

¹ Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. IV, Doc., p. 52.

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important information to the enemy, was banished from the city and State. Having acted the part of a spy, her punishment was exceedingly mild. If a man had committed the same crime he would have been shot or hung. In fact General Halleck had already ordered that all persons found within the Federal lines, giving aid to the rebels, be treated as spies, arrested and shot. But previous good character and deference to sex saved the guilty woman from a fate so dire.

Other women of high social position, whose homes were outside the city in the State, had fled from the disorder and violence of their neighborhoods to St. Louis for safety. Generously protected within our gates and by our army, some of them hatched and executed schemes to aid the Southern Confederacy, to overturn the very government under whose sheltering wings they were abiding in security. While the disloyal deeds of many of them remained undiscovered, and they continued during the whole period of the war to dwell unmolested under the flag that they hated and clandestinely plotted to destroy, others, betrayed by their over-bold acts of disloyalty, were by our general remorselessly banished from our city. He sent them back to their homes in the State, around which the swirling tides of war still swept. Some prominent loyal men pleaded for them, but pleaded in vain. The general unflinchingly did his duty as he saw it.

Nor did the disloyal press elude his eye, or escape his retributive hand. By his direction the provost-marshal general ordered all newspapers throughout the State to furnish him a copy of each issue. The penalty for any failure to obey this drastic mandate was suppression or confiscation.

Moreover, every important military movement within

the bounds of his department received his thoughtful critical attention. At this time, General Price had returned to the State and was leading his army northward. He wished to destroy the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and so cut off communication between that part of the State and St. Louis. He also desired to secure recruits for his depleted ranks from the northern counties, especially notorious for their disloyalty. Many of the people of that region hailed his approach and flocked to his standard. But aside from those who enlisted in his army there were various companies of secessionists, that enthusiastically entered into the work of destroying the railroad. At several different points they tore up the tracks, bent the rails, burned depots and bridges, and demolished telegraph-poles. This was a serious blow to us, and men in our city were anxiously asking to what this would lead. But General Halleck was equal to the situation. He regarded such irresponsible bands of rebels, engaged in the wanton destruction of public property, as mere outlaws, having no claim to the immunities accorded to regularly enlisted soldiers. To meet the exigency he ordered that these lawless bridge-burners be forthwith arrested and shot. Scores of them were apprehended; the ringleaders were court-martialed, condemned to be shot, and were long kept in prison awaiting the execution of the sentence, which was afterwards commuted to a period of hard labor.

He also followed up the first manifesto by a second, in which he ordered that, where railroad property had been destroyed, the commanding officer nearest to the scene of devastation should impress the slaves of all secessionists in that neighborhood, and, if need be, also the owners of them, and compel them to do all the menial work required in repairing the damage that had

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been done. This order was faithfully carried out, and it put an end to the destruction of railroad property in that part of the State. It was a great comfort to us in St. Louis to see that the orders of our general were not mere fulminations, but the immediate precursors of deeds; that they hit hard the things aimed at.

But while he put a stop to the destruction of railroad property, he also organized an effective military campaign before which the ever cautious Price retreated, with his re-enforced army, into the southwest part of the State and finally into Arkansas.

But such a statement of the grand result of this campaign gives no adequate idea of the general condition of the State at that time. There was great confusion throughout all our borders. Confederate troops, coming up from Arkansas, invaded at different points our sacred, sovereign soil. They came to strengthen the hands of the disloyal. Federal soldiers, in detached bands, were endeavoring to defend the loyal. There was a skirmish here, a conflict there. State Guards and Home Guards were in frequent collision. Guerrillas, riding swiftly, suddenly struck unsuspecting neighborhoods and left behind them dying men and flaming dwellings. Bushwhackers, hiding in thickets or behind stone walls, coolly shot down many of the best men of our State. Small towns often changed hands, one week controlled by Confederates, the next by Federals. Halleck, as well as he could, kept all his subordinate officers, in these harried and disordered districts, under his eye. His orders addressed to them flew thick and fast.

These military movements, that we have briefly noted, were of vast importance to us. Our destiny hung upon the turn that they took. Hence they gave us much anxious thought. But while they were transpiring,

we were stirred up by startling and significant events within our gates. Foremost among the suggestive incidents that agitated our city was the hand that Halleck took in the negro question. But unlike his predecessor in command, he kept, in what he did, strictly within the limits of his authority as a military officer.

Sixteen fugitive slaves had been thrown into the county jail. They were shut up there, not because they had committed crime, but because that prison was a convenient place to keep securely such lively property, — property that did some thinking, had some ardent desires for freedom, and was blessed with legs. In the latter part of December, 1861, these slaves were advertised for sale, under State laws. The general, satisfied that they were the property of rebels, ordered the provost marshal to take them from jail, turn them over to the chief quartermaster, who was instructed to put them to work for the Federal government.¹ The general, however, declared that by his order he did not contravene any civil enactment, by which they might be legally turned over to their masters. Nevertheless, to their great joy, his move on their behalf made them virtually free. They became the servants of Uncle Sam, a kind and gracious master that fully recognized their manhood. This unexpected act of our general set wagging the tongues of both secessionists and Unionists, the former sharply condemning, the latter warmly applauding. There was very bitter war, waged by tongues on the streets, in the marts of trade and in the parlor, as well as with Minie balls, solid shot and shell in the field.

But without respect to its chronological position among the manifestoes of our general, we have reserved one for more extended comment. It was called forth

¹ Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 121.

by events intensely interesting and profoundly significant. We noted in a preceding chapter, that when the army of Fremont, after his removal from its command, fell back from Springfield upon St. Louis, there followed in its train a motley multitude of refugees that, as best they could, found shelter and care within our city. But their number became so great that their wants could not be adequately met by private charity. To keep them from starvation, General Halleck supplied many of them with army rations. Still, such continued use of government stores was of doubtful propriety. In determining his duty in a matter so grave, he could not but reflect that the fruitful cause of all the misery of this unhoused and hungry throng was the rebellion against the government of the United States, and that many of the wealthiest citizens of St. Louis were clandestinely doing what they could to aid this revolt against Federal authority. To his mind they were chiefly responsible for the inflocking of these forlorn and ragged crowds. He therefore decided that they must be compelled to do their part in relieving the wretchedness which they had helped, and were still helping to produce. He wished in carrying out his purpose to avoid if possible all injustice. So he sought for trustworthy information concerning well-to-do secession households. When he had secured it and felt that the way was clear for intelligent action, perhaps falling back for precedent on the searches and seizures of his predecessor, he issued an order assessing the rich secessionists of the city ten thousand dollars for the support of the refugees that had fled for safety to us from the south and west.¹

¹Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 103. Also *W. R. S.* 1, Vol. VIII, pp. 431, 490.

No act of any commander, stationed at St. Louis during the war, created more excitement than this. At first both the loyal and disloyal were amazed. Then vengeful resentment and bitterness took possession of the assessed. The order fell chiefly on the "first families," the *bon ton* of Southern society, in our city; and was doubly offensive since it both galled their pride and struck at their devotion to the Southern Confederacy. Nevertheless they hardly ventured to protest above their breath, lest their words might justify the general's order. Most of them having the saving grace of common sense, and regarding discretion as the better part of valor, with compressed and dumb lips quietly paid their assessments. If any hot denunciation clamored for utterance, it was temporarily suppressed and kept for secret fulmination under their own rooftrees. When, however, any one, resenting the exaction, refused to pay his assessment, a sufficient amount of his property to meet this extraordinary military tax was promptly confiscated, and a penalty of twenty-five per cent. was added to the original levy. Mr. Engler, whose tax had been collected in this manner, undertook to recover his confiscated goods through the civil court by a writ of replevin, and was at once apprehended and sent beyond the lines of the Union army,¹ where he had leisure to reflect on the folly of deliberately butting against martial law.

Whatever may now be thought of General Halleck's procedure in forcing men to alleviate the misery that they had helped to produce, at the time by far the larger part of the Unionists of our city heartily sustained it, and it did much toward solving the problem of feeding

¹ Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. IV, D. of E., p. 16.
W. R. S. 2, Vol. I, p. 150.

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the multitude of refugees among us; for, by army rations, spontaneous private charity, and enforced assessments, all refugees that were poor, and hungry, and shelterless, were fairly well provided for.

But we were constantly agitated by events outside our gates as well as within. During 1861 and the first three months of 1862, there were fully seventy armed conflicts in Missouri. We called them battles then, although only four or five of them really attained to that dignity. And we all knew that St. Louis was the object for which hostile forces were fighting. Although we held the city, the enemy was bending all his energies to snatch it from us. Who at last should permanently hold the prize none could yet determine.

But our volunteer army grew apace. Early in 1862 an aggressive campaign was planned against the enemy in the southwest. A force of over ten thousand well-armed men under the immediate command of General Samuel Ryan Curtis, swept Price and his army from our State; and at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, met and defeated the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price, McCulloch and Pike, the last commanding a brigade of Indians.

But to the south of us lay a greater peril than that in northwestern Arkansas. The Confederates had seized, and were tenaciously holding, the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi Rivers, the main arteries of our southern trade. So long as these highways of commerce were obstructed, the business of our city languished. Moreover, if the forces of the enemy were permitted to gather unmolested on these water-courses, they would soon be able to march against us in battle array. To meet this impending danger, to make such an invasion impracticable, if not impossible, by the order of General Halleck an army was rapidly gathered on the Mississippi

above Columbus, Kentucky. General Grant had been fortunately ordered to organize, drill, and lead these troops. To join his command many soldiers were sent by Halleck from the encampments in and around St. Louis. I saw one morning a regiment of stalwart men from Indiana, marching with elastic step down Pine Street to the levee, their every movement instinct with exuberant life, and singing, in clear strong tones,

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;
John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;
John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;
His soul is marching on!
Glory, halle - hallelujah ! Glory, halle - hallelujah !
Glory, halle - hallelujah !
His soul is marching on.”

That was about the middle of January, 1862. That famous war song may have been sung before in our city, but this was the first time that I had heard it. It thrilled me through and through. That to me was an ecstatic moment. So it evidently was to the crowd that lined the street. They looked on as if entranced. Tears started in many eyes, and when the song, so prophetic of triumph, ended, the throng burst out into rapturous, ringing cheers. And the patriots who sang those inspiring words were on their way to swell the ranks of Grant’s army. Into the souls of all that heard them on that day came the assurance of victory.

The last of January, General Grant led his army southward. He was supported by a fleet of gunboats under the command of Commodore Foote. The movement was without ado, unexpected by the enemy, and effective. On February 6th, Fort Henry on the Tennessee River was captured by the gunboats. On the 12th, the general led his army across the country and,

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with considerable fighting during the afternoon, invested Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River. On the next day, while waiting for the arrival of the gunboats, there was no general attack, but constant skirmishing. On the 14th, the enemy repulsed the gunboats and attacked the investing army. A furious battle ensued, lasting several hours. The right wing of Grant's army was at first driven back. The report reached us that our troops were repulsed, and we thought that the campaign so brilliantly begun had failed. We did not then know that at last a general had appeared who regarded war as a serious business, which at all hazards must be relentlessly prosecuted to a successful issue; who if he did not conquer on the first day, fought the next, and if he did not succeed on the second day, only waited for the dawn of the third that he might renew the conflict. That third day came at Fort Donelson. Grant and his troops, in spite of sleet and hail and snow that all night had pitilessly beat upon their tentless heads, were ready for the fray. But the enemy, though sheltered behind breastworks, felt that they could no longer withstand the onslaughts of that aggressive host, whom neither storms of ice nor showers of bullets could daunt. Some in the beleaguered fort, led by their faint-hearted commanders, had slipped away under the cover of night, and by flight reached places of safety. At dawn General Buckner, to whom had been left the responsibility of surrendering, proposed that commissioners be appointed to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces under his command, and received from Grant the famous reply, now familiar to every schoolboy, "No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." When the telegraph flashed to us

those immortal words every loyal heart in our city overflowed with delight. One said to another: "We have at last an able general who means business."

On the following day, February 17th, the news of the surrender came. More than fourteen thousand prisoners, with forty pieces of artillery, thousands of small arms and large quantities of commissary stores had been taken, and the Union troops occupied the fort. In spontaneous celebration of these glad tidings from all the encampments around our city came the roar of cannon; brass bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle;" the Union Merchants Exchange laid aside all business and sang patriotic songs; large companies of Unionists, drawn together by some irresistible impulse, in the stores, in the market, on the streets, congratulated each other, laughed, clapped their hands and stamped their feet in glee. It was an hour of triumph; and the *Missouri Democrat* issued in hot haste an extra, heading its column with "*Te Deum*." It thus caught and expressed the sentiment then dominant in all loyal hearts, that of thanksgiving and praise to God, who presides over and directs the affairs of nations and in wisdom withholds or grants victories to armies. But our secession neighbors were mute. What gave us joy, gave them pain. At such times we always felt it to be sad that we were so divided. Both of us could not be right. That which separated us was being decided by the dread arbitrament of battle, and the thought began to penetrate the minds of the more considerate of the disloyal that after all the Federal government might be able to *subdue* the rebellion; a notion which, at the beginning of the war, they rejected with ineffable contempt.

The following Saturday was Washington's birthday.

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All the Unionists of the city were in fit mood for its celebration. The victories both in the southwest and south filled them with unbounded satisfaction. One of the morning papers accurately reflected their state of mind by declaring that "the last vestige of military insurrection had been swept away." So, at all events, it seemed just then. The curtain of the future for the moment graciously hid from view the perils that still awaited us. So on that 22d of February our political horizon was bright. Clouds were soon to arise; but on that glad day we saw none of them. Our patriotism was at white heat. Nothing could repress it; it flamed out. Early in the day it found devout expression. At nine o'clock in the morning, the Unionists flocked into the First Presbyterian Church, and filled it to overflowing. The ablest Protestant pastors of the city were there. We sang patriotic hymns. We read the Scriptures together. We prayed for wisdom and strength that we might do our delicate and difficult duties wisely and courageously. A brother read to us significant portions of Washington's farewell address. We then stimulated each other by earnest speeches to strive on for the maintenance of the Union. So at the beginning of our festivities we were made strong by entering into fellowship with God.

Before noon a mammoth procession was formed. Many rode in carriages, a great company on horseback, four abreast, and a host marched on foot. Every vehicle, every horse, and every person was decorated with, or carried, the Stars and Stripes. There were many bands of music. Regiments of soldiers were in the procession, marching to patriotic music, discoursed not only by brass bands, but also by fife and drum. It took two and a half hours for the procession to pass any given

point. And as we marched, from different directions came the boom of cannon, and the houses all along our route were decked with flags and with red, white and blue bunting intertwined, while crowds of the loyal on either side the street shouted for the Union and sang war songs. Again and again we were greeted with,

“The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.”

While this procession was a hearty, spontaneous outburst of patriotism, those who planned it intended to make as profound an impression as possible on the disloyal of the city. They wished to show them that no party among us adverse to the Federal government could hereafter have any reasonable hope of withstanding this mighty tide of Unionism, which was daily rising higher and had already become resistless. In this I was in full tide of sympathy with my fellow Unionists. Accompanied by a neighboring pastor, I rode a horse over the whole route of that famous procession, with a star-spangled banner on my horse's head, another on the lapel of my coat, and a third in my hand. Nor was I singular in this; very many others did the same. As we rode the Christian pastor at my side said: “Is not this glorious? Why, you can see the shell crack and the light stream in.”

Sunday evening, April 6th, I was greatly surprised and delighted to see my old mathematical teacher, Major-General Quinby, come into church. It was a joy once more to look into his genial face and to feel the warm grasp of his hand. He seemed to me to have appeared just in the nick of time. For many days I had been very

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anxious to enlist in the army, and here, thought I, is my chance to talk the whole matter over with one that knows me well, and can appreciate my aspirations. When I made known to him my desire, he said at once that I could have a place on his staff, but thought that I ought not to quit my post at St. Louis. He felt quite sure that I could do the country more good by remaining there than by becoming a soldier in the field. Others urged upon me the same view of the case; and I reluctantly abandoned my purpose of enlisting, although I had had for many weeks a burning desire to be in the fight at the front.

On the 9th of April I met General Quinby at the levee, as he was taking a steamer to go down the Mississippi. He was with General Halleck, with whom I conversed, and with whom I was most favorably impressed. While few fully approved of all his measures, he had been a godsend to the Unionists of the city. He had done his duty faithfully and fearlessly. He had held an extremely difficult position. He had been compelled at times to listen to many diverse opinions, yet had never been confused as to what he deemed wise and just. His decisions had been clear. He had carried them out promptly and thoroughly. He had, to be sure, unwittingly sown dragon's teeth whose harvest tormented some of his successors in command; but if he had shown as much wisdom in the field as he did in our city and State, he would have made himself immortal. But when he went down the river to take personal command of the army, he apparently left his wisdom behind him.

CHAPTER XVII

REFUGEES

IN the preceding chapter we pointed out the manner in which General Halleck, by forced assessments, compelled the more wealthy of the disloyal of St. Louis to assist in caring for the refugees among us. This suggests our varied experiences in dealing with these unfortunates that, during the whole period of the war, came flocking in upon us, not only from Missouri, but also from regions farther south. When General Grant, by his masterful campaign, had swept all obstructions from the Mississippi River, and opened up western Kentucky, western Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, and northern Texas, poor whites and negroes, freed by the onward march of our victorious army, fled, in ever-increasing numbers, from all that conquered territory, to our city. They came on government transports, came by boat-loads, sent by Union generals because they had become a serious impediment to military movements; they came also in wagons and carts of wonderful make, and in large numbers on foot. St. Louis was for them a city of refuge.

But to set forth clearly the problem that was thrust upon us by their coming, we must separate the heterogeneous multitude that appealed to us for charity into homogeneous classes. We certainly cannot justly affirm the same things of them all. Here, as elsewhere in society, we found different and interesting types.

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First of all there were some loyal white refugees. While most of these were from the western and interior counties of our own State, a few came from States farther south. They fled from their homes, which had been made unsafe by rebel guerrillas and bushwhackers. So far as possible they had converted their property into money, which they brought with them. They came to stay. Some of them purchased residences in St. Louis. Many of them, by the stern logic of war, had become emancipationists, while they retained some of their old prejudices. The notion that everything vile lurked under the harmless word, abolitionist, had been woven into the very tissue of their being. They persistently believed that there were at least three devils in the North and East: an editorial devil, Horace Greeley; a clerical devil, Henry Ward Beecher; and a lecturing devil, Wendell Phillips. But war by its victories and defeats gradually illuminated their minds. The horns and hoofs of these imaginary devils slowly faded from their vision. And a few years after the surrender at Appomattox, many of these very men by tongue and ballot endeavored to make the editorial devil President of the United States.

But there was a still larger number of rebel refugees. They were usually found in knots at boarding-houses kept by Southern sympathizers. They were always hilarious when the rebel army was victorious, and crestfallen when it suffered defeat. Most of them had sufficient means, snatched from the ravages of war, to sustain them in comfort. A few of them were rich. For the most part they were permitted to live in peace among us, securely shielded by the government that they sought to overthrow. Occasionally, they were found aiding those in arms against the United States,

and a few of them, as we have already noted, were arrested and sent beyond the lines of the Federal army.

But by far the most numerous class of refugees were poor and wretched beyond description. They entered St. Louis in rags, often hatless and shoeless, sallow, lean, half-starved, unkempt. Very many of them were women and children in pitiable plight, half naked, shivering, penniless, dispirited. Most of them professed to be loyal. Their husbands and fathers had been killed because they were Union men. Some of them were the wives and children of Union volunteer soldiers from Arkansas; on that account the rebels drove them from their homes. Moreover, the Confederates, to a considerable extent, recruited their armies from the poor whites, whose families they left to find their way into the Union lines. But many that came were dazed. They hardly knew why the war was being waged. Whether they were loyal or disloyal it would have puzzled the most astute to find out. Pinching want had driven them from their comfortless dwellings in the South. Their main quest was bread.

But while in tatters and gaunt with hunger, most of them were utterly unwilling to work. They regarded manual labor as a disgrace. They had been taught in the school of slavery that honest toil was servile and ignoble. The notion quite generally prevailed among them that since they had fled from rebeldom, the government was under obligation to feed and clothe them, while they sat down in idleness and glumly received its gifts. What charity added to government supplies they thoughtlessly consumed, and then stretched out empty, thriftless hands for more.

An incident or two will present in concrete form their aristocratic notions concerning labor. James

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E. Yeatman, President of the Western Sanitary Commission, became deeply interested in a girl of sixteen, belonging to a refugee family from Arkansas. With considerable personal effort he secured for her the position of nurse-girl in a household where her highest good, in every way, would have been sought. Rejoicing in doing a benevolent deed, though a very busy man, with great responsibilities weighing on mind and heart, he drove more than two miles to apprise her mother of his success. The family were living on government rations, and every article of their dress showed their extreme poverty; but the mother met this offer of a place for her half-starved child by exclaiming: "W'at, my darter a sarvant and work like a niggah! no, sah! she'll rot fust!" "Very well, madam," with righteous indignation replied Mr. Yeatman, "let her rot;" and jumping into his buggy, drove hurriedly back to his office in the city.

I visited a family of this class at the Virginia Hotel, an old hostelry, which was used as an asylum for freedmen and white refugees. The room adjoining one occupied by a family of refugees had been assigned to a negro. These refugees were clothed in rags and were barefooted. The unkempt hair of the wife and mother was a mass of matted tangles. In their cheerless apartment there was neither stove nor bed. They slept on straw and ate from the hand of charity. While I was taking in the situation and speaking an encouraging word, a benevolent lady stepped in to relieve their pressing wants, but, strange to tell, found their pride sorely mortified, not by their personal appearance nor by the litter and filth in which they were living, but because there was a negro in the next room. The mother voiced the complaint of that poverty-stricken

household, by saying, in a peculiar drawl: "I say now, we'uns doan think that ah sooperintend ort to put that niggah in thah; we'uns doan like that ah purty wal."

I stepped into the adjoining apartment that I might see what had so offended these aristocratic paupers, and found that the negro, a contraband or fugitive from bondage, had entered his room at the same time that the white refugees had entered theirs. But he had found an old broom and had swept his room, an old stove and had put it up; had gathered some soft coal to burn in it; had gotten somewhere a rickety bedstead and set it up and had put on it a tick filled with straw. He had procured a wash-basin, a cracked looking-glass, and something to eat. While his room was bare and poor enough, he had made it look in some measure homelike. At all events he greatly distanced his squalid white neighbors, who felt degraded by his presence.

Most of the white refugees were illiterates. Their ignorance was so dense that we are in no danger of exaggerating it. I once sat down by the side of a sick boy of this class, who lay on a dirty blanket spread on the floor. His mother, also ill, lay near him. She was afraid that he would die. They had fled from Batesville, Arkansas, and exposure to cold and rain, while on their journey, had brought on fever. She could not read and knew very little of the world outside of the neighborhood where, up to that time, she had spent her life. Her sick son was fifteen years old. She wished me to talk with him, which I was glad to do. I told him of Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and was ready to save him. He listened eagerly, but soon said: "If you mean by sin *cussin*, I never done that." When I told him of Jesus he looked intently into my face, and said: "I never heard of him before."

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I felt myself to be a real missionary, sent to tell one poor, sick boy, a stranger in a strange city, of the Saviour, who then and there was ready to receive him as his child. But these cases were not rare among poor whites. The few that could read formed the exceptional class.

Moreover, a large part of them were discouraged, downhearted, often utterly hopeless. Very many of them also were ill. For a considerable period about fifty per cent. of the poor white refugees, when they reached our city, were sent to hospitals. It was extremely difficult to care for them. Unaccustomed to the ordinary comforts of intelligent and thrifty communities, they had little or no appreciation of the things offered to them by the benevolent to alleviate their sufferings. The delicacies usually so highly prized by the sick were manifestly repulsive to many of them. Some Christian women, anxious to do what they could to help and cheer them, carried to the hospital preserved fruits and jellies. Rejoicing in doing good to those in distress, they personally offered them these tempting delicacies, prepared by their own hands. But the wretched sufferers, having never seen nor tasted such food, said to the angels of mercy that urged them to partake, "We'uns don't want that ah; bring us clabber and cawn cakes, that's what we'uns like."

A few days after I visited the same hospital and talked with the surgeon in charge of it. He told me that the sick refugees seemed to be utterly destitute of heart and hope, and that it was quite impossible to get such dejected men upon their feet again. While he spoke the clock struck twelve. "Before nine o'clock," he said, "I visited every man in the hospital and carefully noted his condition. I did not find one desperately

ill, nor did I see any evidence of approaching death. But since that time three of them have died." "And how," I asked, "do you account for their deaths?" He replied, "They die simply because they have not enough ambition to breathe."

But of course they were not all alike. Their differences were interesting and suggestive. A gentleman told me that a Baptist woman from Mississippi wished to see me. I found her on Third Street, in the second story of a tumble-down brick house. She was not an object of charity. She had brought along with her enough money and household stuff to meet all of her bodily wants. But the things in her room seemed to be in inextricable confusion. She apparently had a genius for disorder. Her apartment was grimy, filthy, malodorous; like the king's "offence" in "Hamlet," it was rank and smelled to heaven. She was of medium height, fat, had brown, frowzy hair, and dull, leaden eyes, under dust-colored eyebrows. Her cheeks were sallow and flabby. Around her obesity hung a faded, dirty, calico gown, that did not quite reach her ankles. Her bare feet were conspicuous, thrust into a pair of coarse slippers, with worn-down, run-over heels. Hanging to her belt by her side was a cow's horn, in which was a stick, frayed at one end, making a rude brush. She offered me a chair, and having seated herself by a rusty, rickety cooking-stove, our conversation began. "Ah ye," she said, "the Babtis' minister?" I told her who I was. She now took the stick from the horn at her side, put the brush end of it into her mouth and sucked it for a moment, and then thrusting it once more into the horn, returned it, laden with snuff, to her mouth again. I had heard of snuff-dippers, but this was the first one that I had ever seen. Apparently

refreshed by her dip, she said that she was a member of a "Babtis'" church down in "Mississipp," and wished to "jine" a "Babtis'" church here in St. Louis. What could I say to such a proposal? I saw at a glance that unless she was thoroughly converted from her present habits and mode of life my church would not be congenial to her; so I fell back upon a stratagem, by which I might satisfy her without denying her request, which request, in itself, was of course altogether creditable to her. I fled for refuge to the deep prejudice of the poor whites against negroes. I commended her, I could not do otherwise, for her determination to identify herself with her own denomination in our city, but told her that a negro belonged to my church, and that I had never heard any one in the church object to it, and that she might not on that account feel at home there. I did not tell her that he was the sexton, and had, before his manumission, belonged to one of my deacons. But the fact that I did lay before her was sufficient for my purpose. Her prejudice was aroused; even her dull eyes for a moment shot fire, as she declared that she would never "jine" a church that had a "niggah" in it. Thus ended my call.

But I found in my varied labors on their behalf, that most women among them were free from the disgusting habit of snuff-dipping, and that some of them were not violently prejudiced against negroes. If in a measure all entertained such prejudice, some at least held it in reasonable abeyance. A woman of this sort became a member of my church. She was ordinarily neat in appearance, but could neither read nor write. She had lived in a back country place in Tennessee, where most of those with whom she daily associated were illiterates. At the breaking out of the war her husband

became a volunteer Union soldier. On that account she was harassed and tormented by the people of her neighborhood so that she fled to St. Louis for asylum, where soon after her husband's regiment was encamped. Being an earnest Christian, she at once united with the church; but her husband was soon sent South to engage in active service in the field. He knew how to write, and she often received letters from him, which she could not read. She was deeply mortified in being compelled to ask others to read to her her husband's letters and to write hers in reply. Spurred by her sense of shame, she resolved to overcome her defect. And such was her ability that in a few weeks she could both read and answer her husband's letters without any help from others. I shall never forget the triumphant joy with which she told me that in a letter just received, her husband assured her that he was able to read every word that she had written him. Then she said to me, "Where I lived in Tennessee hardly anybody could read and write, and I never thought of learning; but up here, where everybody reads and writes, I felt awfully ashamed that I couldn't, so I said I must know how too." And with great glee, she added, "I do now." During all the period of the war she was a very efficient Christian worker in the encampments and hospitals in and around our city. This was another species of the white refugees; a class that had the will and native talent to overcome their disabilities and rise to a higher rank in the social scale.

There were also many among them who were improvident and wasteful. Still some of this class were teachable. I remember a widow with three little daughters who came up from Arkansas. She had there some real estate, but being a Unionist, she had been compelled

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by the violence of her secession neighbors to leave in hot haste. Having had neither time nor opportunity to convert her holdings into money, on her arrival in St. Louis, she found herself in want, and was forced, for a time, to depend on charity for the bare necessities of life. She could neither read nor write, but was a sincere Christian, and anxious to do her best. She and her children were decent in appearance. She united with my church and as often as she could attended the public services. The good women of my congregation took her under their care and generously provided for her. Among other things they gave her a boiled ham, and were greatly disheartened by finding, two or three days after, that when she and her children had eaten a part of it, she had thrown the rest of it out of the window. In the heat of the moment they declared that they would never help her any more. But I pleaded for her. I told them that what seemed to them inexcusable wastefulness was simply her habit of life, and that they must talk kindly with her about it, and if possible, lead her to live reasonably and economically. They did so. She received their instructions with hearty thanks, declaring that she had done only what she had been accustomed to do at her home in Arkansas, but that she would now act according to their wishes and directions. Soon there was manifest improvement in her humble home, and in the personal appearance of herself and her little daughters. She sent them to the public school. They soon learned to read. Great was her joy when they could read to her their Sunday-school books and the New Testament. At the close of the war she sold her property in Arkansas, and bought a place a few miles from St. Louis in Illinois. The last time I saw her was at the depot, across the river, whither she

had gone with her children, to take the cars for her new home. They were plainly but neatly dressed. They had been transformed by the patient, kindly work of intelligent Christian women. They had found a new life and were radiant with joy. So to me, the curtain fell on that scene. With renewed confidence I went back to the city and to my labors, feeling how richly it paid to work for poor white refugees.

But the greatness of their number appalled us. During the war nearly forty thousand entered our gates. To care adequately and discriminatingly for such a multitude, many of whom, as we have already seen, were densely ignorant and averse to honest toil, was a task too vast for a city of not more than a hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants. So in this, as in every great need engendered by the war, the Federal government, through its military officers, lent a strong, helping hand; while the Sanitary Commission, whose work we propose to set forth in a subsequent chapter, took a leading part in this great and urgent charity. Through this triune agency, among many projects inaugurated to meet the wants of the refugees, a six-story building, the precursor of several others of like character, was fitted up for their accommodation. Into it a thousand of them were put. Here they were not simply lodged and fed, but were taught to read and write. They were also set at various kinds of manual labor, and while this to many of them was the bitterest ingredient in their cup, it helped pay their way, and gave them truer and higher ideas of work. And in all our manifold efforts on their behalf, we endeavored not simply to feed and clothe them, but also to meet their higher needs, to develop their minds and elevate their morals.

But the presentation of our experiences with the

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refugees would not be complete without at least a brief survey of the freedmen or fugitives from bondage. After General Benjamin F. Butler, in 1861, had felicitously decided that slaves captured by his troops, or fleeing into his lines, were contraband of war, and so justly subject to confiscation, throughout the North they were generally designated contrabands, and they usually bore that name among us. While from first to last a multitude of them of various shades of color fled to our city, they were by no means as numerous as the white refugees; and while they were all illiterate, having been inured to labor they were usually ready to engage in any menial service. Those who had been trained in household work were at once employed by the best families of the city; while many field hands, that came to us in the winter, had to be cared for by the government and by private charity, until spring, when most of them found remunerative work in cleaning up yards, cultivating gardens, and on farms outside the city. Only a small contingent remained to tax our benevolence. Some of these were spiritless and thriftless; and some were crippled or sick. However, since the contrabands, taken as a whole, were ready to work, and were greatly delighted, for the first time in their lives, to work for wages, the problem of caring for them was comparatively an easy one.

Many suggestive incidents pertaining to them, some sad, some mirth-provoking, came under my eye. The contrabands usually trudged into the city in groups, bearing in their hands or on their shoulders budgets, filled with old clothing or useless traps, their heads covered with dilapidated hats or caps, or, in the case of the women, wrapped about with red bandanas. Their garments were coarse, often tattered, and usually quite

insufficient to shield them against the cold of winter. They wore shoes and boots of cowhide which in very many cases were nearly worn out, so that often their black toes protruded. But one cold, frosty, winter day a motley company of fugitives, men, women and children, came marching in barefooted. We asked them how they came to be in such a wretched plight? They said that as they were going "long de road" out in the country, some "Confed sogers" seized them, set them on a bank by the roadside, and pulled off their shoes, and then told them just to run for their lives. Their unusual predicament, and the unanimity and heartiness of their artless testimony, convinced all who heard that they told the truth. It might have been horse-play on the part of some company of the State Guards, but if so, it was a grim and terrible joke to this knot of contrabands, compelling them to walk many miles with bare feet along frozen, snowy roads, the feet of the little children frost-bitten and bleeding.

An occurrence vastly more pathetic was woven into my pastoral experience. A slaveholder of the cruel sort lived near Jefferson City. There belonged to him a little girl eight years old, together with her mother and aunt. The early winter of 1861 and 1862 was bitterly cold. During one of the severest days of that trying season, the thermometer hovering about zero, he compelled these two women to saw wood all day out in the open air, and the mite of a girl to bring the sawed sticks into his wood-shed. With hands stinging from the biting frost, they besought him to let them warm themselves by the fire; and he answered their petition with the lash. Before the day ended they nearly perished and the fingers of the child were frozen. That night they determined to run away. They knew

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that on account of the war many other slaves were quitting their masters; why should not they flee from the cruelty of theirs? In the darkness the following night they slipped away unobserved. They headed for St. Louis. The little child, always feeble, was soon exhausted. So the mother and aunt by turns carried her on their backs. They hid in ravines and thickets, when they thought themselves in danger. They ate the crackers and bread that they brought with them. They slept by haystacks and in outhouses. They were frost-bitten. They were full of fear lest the child should die. For seventy-five or eighty miles they breasted wind and snow, when they met a squad of Union soldiers, and asked them for protection and guidance. The soldiers as best they could supplied their wants, and conducted them to St. Louis. There the doors of a Christian home opened to them. No longer slaves, they were happy. Those who employed them spoke to them kindly. The lash was never again to lacerate their quivering flesh. They were justly paid for their toil. They owned themselves. They had no words to express the joy of it all.

But the bitter was mingled with the sweet. That perilous flight from bondage with the chilling winds and snows beating upon them proved fatal to the child that they so tenderly loved. From exposure during that long winter journey on foot consumption fastened itself upon her. She was happy, however, even in her extreme sickness. The children in the household loved and petted her. Little children have no prejudice against color. But she grew weaker day by day. She had some notion that God loved her, and that Jesus would come and take her to heaven. And on her cot, with her face turned upward, she sank as gently to her

long slumber as the infant falls asleep in its mother's arms.

At this time, when ruthless war, without respect to slave laws, was breaking the chains of bondmen, two contrabands became servants under my own roof. One of them was a black man about twenty-five years old. He said his name was Jim, and so we called him, though his full name was James Jackson. He did the rougher work required by the household, split the wood, brought in the coal, kept the yard in trim, ran errands, and cared for the horse and carriage. He proved to be teachable and trustworthy. According to his light, he was a good man. One day when he was splitting wood, I said to him: "Jim, they say that if you negroes are set free you will not be able to take care of yourselves, to earn your own living. What do you say to that?" He left his axe sticking in the log that he was splitting and fell into a brown study, but soon replied: "I'se can't see that. We'se took care of them and us too for a long time, and can't we'se take care of ourselves?" That seemed to be good reasoning, and I felt sure that Jim could earn his own way.

He said that he would like to learn to read, and for a good many weeks I tried to instruct him in the art. But being utterly unaccustomed to that sort of mental effort, he made very slow progress. However, by degrees, he mastered the names of the letters, and was able with painful effort to read a few of the simplest words. He was a Christian and wanted to read the Bible. So I bought him a New Testament of large, plain print and, after a hard struggle, he was seemingly able to read the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He was very happy over his acquisition, and so was I. He would

read that text over and over again. He had no doubt that he really read it, nor had I. But wishing him to add something to his acquisitions, I turned to another chapter in the Gospel of Matthew, and, putting my finger on a verse, asked him to read it. He intently fixed his eyes upon it and began: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I asked him to read another verse, in another chapter, and running his finger along the words, he read: "Come unto me, etc." I afterwards found him at times reading his New Testament, but I feel quite sure that he never found anything in it except that gracious, tender invitation of his Saviour. He of course read simply from his memory, but thought that he read from his book.

I afterwards united him in marriage to an excellent colored woman. They set up housekeeping for themselves. They did well and were happy. Whether Jim lives now or not, I do not know, but if he has passed away, I am sure that in the hour of his death he heard his Lord say: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The other contraband servant was a middle-aged woman, who gave her name as Harriet. She was large and muscular, and black as ink. She would pick up, as though it were a trifle, a washtub full of water and carry it across the room. Nothing seemed to weary her. She did cheerfully her daily tasks. She was happy in her new-found freedom. To receive week by week money for her labor made her cup of joy brim over. The dawning consciousness that she belonged to herself and had a right to what she earned filled her with unspeakable gladness.

She too had an abiding trust in Christ. She said she

was "*Methodis*." She had an active mind. She was intellectually much brighter than Jim. Her new condition and surroundings awakened within her mind many inquiries. Busy with her new thoughts as she worked, one day she said: "Dar ah some tings that I doan unerstan. Up in de State where I lived, wen thar was 'vival meetin an dey wanted us to be good and 'jine' de chuch, den we had souls; but wen dey wants to sell us down souf, den we has no souls. Can you tell me about dat? Seems mighty strange!"

This was an outburst from an honest, sturdy soul, that had been kept in ignorance. It vividly revealed the antagonistic forces that often battled for supremacy in the minds of Christian slaveholders. When they sorely needed money they stifled their consciences with the figment that their slaves were merely beasts, that might be sold with impunity; but when their better selves were touched by heavenly influences, they felt that their chattels had immortal souls that might be saved or lost. It has been said that some men, like modern ships, are made up of distinct compartments, which, in moral action, have no communication with each other. So it seems to have been with some professedly Christian slaveholders; at slave sales and whipping-posts the tyrant compartment was in full and exclusive activity; while at revival meetings the Christian compartment put forth its exclusive energy.

CHAPTER XVIII

DIFFICULT CURRENCY

WHEN the Federal government, soon after the breaking out of the war, began to issue paper money, all specie, both gold and silver, speedily disappeared. For many years the five-cent piece had been the smallest coin used in the stores and markets of St. Louis. It was silver, since the day of the nickel had not yet come. The copper cent, then large and cumbersome, was absolutely tabooed in our city; it was nowhere current except at the post-office. This was always a surprise to newcomers, and sometimes an embarrassment. A lady, who was a comparative stranger to our customs, going to the market when cabbages were unusually abundant, asked a vender the price of them, and was quite upset when he replied, "Six for five cents, madam." "But," she gasped, "I don't want so many." "Very well," he said, "take them as you want them."

But when all coins had disappeared both buyers and sellers were often at their wits' end, and only by patience and mutual forbearance could ordinary business be transacted.

This want of coin for a time also seriously interfered with travel in our city. Happy were those who had horses and carriages; but most of us must either go afoot, or take the horse-cars. Nobody then had so much as dreamed of either the grip-car or trolley. But the

vexed question was, how could we pay our fare? Neither we nor the conductor had any change and none was to be had. But necessity is the mother of invention; and necessity for a considerable period drove us to pay our horse-car fare in postage-stamps. But in summer the weather in St. Louis is often very warm, sometimes sissing hot. On such days we found the requisite stamps glued to our pocketbooks, or, if folded in our vest pockets, melted into a glutinous mass. How we then worked to separate the sticky things so as not to destroy them! How dilapidated they were when finally disengaged from their adhesive fellows! In getting them ready for service, some lost patience and expressed themselves in words that would not pass muster in polite society; while others differently made up broke out into laughter at the comicality of the whole thing.

Soon the government came to our aid by issuing in March, 1862, "postage currency." Five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent notes abounded. Postage stamps as currency then disappeared from the marts of retail trade, and no longer pestered street-car passengers and conductors. These tiny notes of green paper were now doing the usual work of the silver coins that had gone into hiding. And a year later, in March, 1863, the government, still seeking to help the people in that time when metallic currency was no longer in evidence, issued paper "fractional currency." For greater convenience notes of three and fifteen cents were issued in addition to those of the "postage currency."

These small notes were generally called shinplasters. How fine they looked as they came crisp and clean from Washington; but in a dusty, smoky city like ours, constantly passing from hand to hand, they soon became worn, tattered, almost illegible, and unspeakably nasty.

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But few seemed to care for this. These begrimed notes met our necessities in barter; and as to any inconvenience or repulsiveness that was accounted for and cheerfully endured as a part of the war.

The government, in order to raise money to meet its necessities, issued seven per cent. bonds of fifty and one hundred dollars. I invested five hundred dollars in these securities, and to my astonishment was reported in the papers and personally congratulated on the street as having done a patriotic act. I had not looked upon it in that light. But the incident shows that very many in St. Louis then thought the stability of our Republic so precarious that investing money in her bonds at seven per cent. was regarded as an act of patriotic self-sacrifice. That is a sort of self-sacrifice that hosts of men would be glad to indulge in now.

CHAPTER XIX

NOT PEACE BUT THE SWORD

ON the 19th of May, 1862, Edward Everett came to us and delivered his famous oration on Washington. Very few in our city had ever before seen him. A large audience of the most intelligent and cultured among us gathered to hear him. The style of his great speech was clear and finished; his elocution, while a little stately, was nearly faultless; his voice was agreeable and reaching; his gestures graceful and fitting, but he lacked magnetism. His whole effort seemed somewhat studied and a bit mechanical. When pronouncing a given phrase he stretched out his arm and from the palm of his hand extended one finger; when uttering another, he extended two fingers; when enunciating another, three fingers; and now and then in making a full-arm gesture he opened the whole hand. One could not help thinking that before appearing in public he had carefully drilled himself before a looking-glass.

His audience listened intently, but was not much moved. He appealed to the head far more strongly than to the heart. Still to sit at the feet of so distinguished an orator was to us all a rare treat.

He was not only gathering funds to complete the Washington monument at the national capital, but was still endeavoring, through the love borne to Washington by the people both of the North and South, to unite a

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divided and warring nation. Amid the clash of arms he was eloquently pleading for peace. His purpose was noble, but his effort was futile. The ears of contending hosts, seething with the passions of war, were deaf to all appeals for peace. One might as well have undertaken to put out the fires of a conflagration by a speech, as to stay the bloody national conflict then raging by an oration on Washington.

Fiercer war soon followed this eloquent pleading for good will and harmony. When, in April, General Halleck departed for Corinth, Mississippi, he left General Schofield in command of the greater part of our State, and on the 1st of June he put him in temporary command of the entire Department of Missouri. General Schofield now sent all the soldiers that could possibly be spared from St. Louis and Missouri to swell the ranks of the army in Mississippi. The ever watchful enemy learned from spies among us that we were largely denuded of national troops, and determined to put forth one more vigorous effort to secure the secession of Missouri.

Their hostile campaign had been manifestly skilfully planned. Their open and aggressive movement began in the latter part of June. All at once guerrillas swarmed in every part of the State. It is estimated that there were full ten thousand of them.¹ They were first in northeast, then in central and western, Missouri; now here, now there, they looted and burned the houses of Union men; plundered farms and villages; tore up railroad tracks; destroyed bridges; attacked different detachments of militia; were by turns victorious and defeated; but on August 13th, having massed their forces, they won a signal victory over the Union troops

¹ W. B. S. 1, Vol. XXII, P. 1, p. 811.

at Independence, and two days later ambushed eight hundred of them in Jackson County. No one now cares for the rebel Colonels Porter, Quantrell, Cobb, Poin-dexter, Coffee, McBride and Hughes; but they were then the chief figures in these scenes of desolation. But when they were at the height of their success, the scale turned. General Blunt from Kansas appeared with a small but well-appointed army and drove them with their ill-gotten plunder into Arkansas.

But as flies when brushed away at once return again, so they appeared again in September, in northeast Missouri, and so effective were their movements that for the time being they took possession of that part of the State, except posts adequately garrisoned by United States troops.

But during this period of turmoil General Schofield was wide awake. On June 22d, very soon after these devastating raids began, he issued an order in which he held "rebels and rebel sympathizers responsible in their property, and, if need be, in their persons, for damages thereafter committed by guerrillas or marauding parties." And while this had no immediate effect the order was not in vain. It was the precursor of energetic action. On the 22d of July, Governor Gamble authorized the general to organize the entire militia of the State, and to order so much of it into active service, as he should deem necessary to put down all marauders, and to defend the peaceable citizens of the commonwealth. On the same day, Schofield commanded the immediate organization of the militia "for the purpose of exterminating the guerrillas infesting the State." This difficult work was pushed with great rapidity and was soon effected.

In September, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas were

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made a single military district, and over it was put in command General Curtis, with headquarters at St. Louis. General Schofield now took the field. It is important that each army have a name, and the one that he led, made up largely of State militia, was quite appropriately called the "Army of the Frontier." He moved his forces wisely, and with great energy. He vanquished his enemies in battle, and by October 10th had cleared southwest Missouri of them, and driven them into Arkansas, which was a refuge for rebels worsted in our State. By the close of the month, two able Union colonels had driven all rebel guerrillas from southeast Missouri into the same haven. So ended that memorable guerrilla uprising, and for a season our State was quite generally free from the turmoil of war.

Now we in St. Louis were bound up, as in one bundle, with all that transpired in the State. We learned by manifold experiences that there was a depth of meaning in the phrase, "body politic." The sensation from a stinging blow on toe or finger is no more certainly conveyed to the brain, than were the distresses in the State quickly felt in our city. When any part of our commonwealth suffered, we suffered. So we realized with ever-increasing clearness that our destiny was one with that of the State at large. Whatever our differences might be, together we should stay in the Union, or together go out of it. So when in June came the unexpected guerrilla uprising, that seemed simultaneously to burst out of the earth in all parts of the commonwealth, it put all St. Louis in an attitude of defence. Most of the army that had been our protection were in the field far to the south. For many months we had had an organization of Home Guards, and now with fresh zeal they gave themselves to military drill. Many hitherto supine

joined them. One regiment was made up of old men. To see them in uniform and under arms was an inspiration. Their ranks were full. They marched along the streets with firm, determined tread, their gray hair and white beards speaking eloquently of their devotion and patriotism.

New regiments were formed. I joined one of them. We were drilled on the ground floor of a defunct brewery. There we marched and countermarched and went through with the manual of arms, so that if the city should be attacked we might defend it with some degree of efficiency.

But stirring us up to make more complete preparation for the defence of the city was not the sole outcome of the guerrilla uprising; the devastation wrought by it in the State sent flying to us for succor another swarm of refugees. Fortunately, many of them could care for themselves, still a large contingent were dependent on the government and on private charity for the necessities of life.

But the saddest result of the ruthless guerrilla campaign was the shutting up for many months of the common schools in nearly every county of the State. Such a calamity was measureless. And while our city schools were undisturbed, we keenly sympathized with our fellow-citizens in the State, and learned anew that, in what was of highest worth, we were kin.

CHAPTER XX

CHARCOALS AND CLAYBANKS

IN our hot fight for Missouri and the Union we unhappily split up into factions. We not only contended against secession but against each other. And the warring factions were significantly named Charcoals and Claybanks. The Charcoals taken as a whole were uncompromising radicals, while the Claybanks were the conservatives. Many of the Claybanks had been born and educated in the North, while some of the blackest of the Charcoals had been reared in the midst of slavery. They were recent converts to Unionism and gloried in their new-found faith.

What gave birth to these party names no one can certainly tell. Apparently, like Topsy, they "just grewed." The clay of Missouri is of a decidedly neutral tint. Perhaps an extremist, indignant at a conservative for his colorless views, called him a claybank; and since the name was descriptive, fitting, and easily understood by Missourians, it stuck. The conservative, stung by the epithet, may have warmly retorted, "You are a charcoal." And that name, equally descriptive and fitting, also stuck. At all events each faction named the other, and each adopted the name hostilely given and gloried in it. And for many months these names banded by the opposing factions played an important part in the heated controversies of our State.

Both Charcoals and Claybanks were loyal to the Federal government. Upon the main issue, the preservation of the Union, they agreed; but they were at swords' points upon the statement of the problem in hand and the method of its solution. The Claybanks contended that the foremost question was the maintenance of the Union. They were ready to preserve it either with or without slavery. So their cry was: "Let us first save the Union, and afterwards adjust the matter of slavery."

On the other hand, the avowed object of the Charcoals was to save the Union without slavery; and perhaps they were unduly impatient with those who would save the Union with slavery, or even with those who would save the Union with or without slavery. But they were always ready to give a reason for the faith that was in them. They said: "Slavery is unquestionably the cause of secession and of this bloody war. If we preserve the Union and with it the cause of its present disruption, then, at no distant day, the same cause will rend it again, and our soil will be drenched with the blood of our children. We believe the doctrine of our great President, that the nation cannot continue half slave and half free. We therefore give ourselves to the extermination of the fruitful cause of all our present distress. We fight and pray for the restoration of the Union, but of the Union purged of human bondage."

These opposing factions also radically disagreed as to the method of dealing with the disloyal, or those suspected of disloyalty. The Claybanks contended that in dealing with rebels or rebel-sympathizers their previous surroundings and education should be taken into account, and large allowance should be made for their inevitable prejudices; that many slaveholders

were Unionists and ought not to be driven into hostility to the general government by needlessly severe measures; that every day that they remained in our ranks their Unionism would grow stronger; and that since they were with us on the main question of Unionism, all other questions should be permitted to sink from sight.

But the shibboleth of the Charcoals was: "No quarter to slavery or secession." They maintained that since the war had been begun by secessionists, in a mixed community like Missouri it was of the utmost importance to find out who were really for the Union and who were against it; and that the shortest road to such knowledge was through uncompromising and drastic measures; and that in the long run such a course of action, rigidly adhered to, would be productive of the least suffering, and consequently most humane. So they urged that all aiders and abettors of rebellion should be imprisoned or sent beyond the lines of the Federal army, and their property confiscated.

But all Charcoals were not alike; some were much more extreme in their views than others. At times they strenuously opposed one another, and the more moderate among them held the more radical in check. A like diversity of views was seen among Claybanks. But notwithstanding the variety of views held by each of these factional parties, each, as we have seen, unitedly and bitterly opposed the other, both in reference to the aim of the war and the manner of conducting it.

When our military commanders came to us one after another, they were beset, not to say besieged, by the Charcoals and Claybanks in reference to the conduct of the war in Missouri. Each faction tried to forestall the other by getting the ear of the new general first, and telling him just what he ought to do in order



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN MCA. SCHOFIELD

MAJ.-GEN. HENRY W. HALLECK
MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS
HON. FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

to achieve success. Each was absolutely sure that only its way was right. Any other course than the one suggested would lead to utter disaster. Each party was so dead in earnest that when its views were discarded it cursed the idiot that had not heeded them. To do his duty intelligently and fearlessly amid this din of clashing opinions, a commander of the Department of Missouri needed great clearness of thought, coolness of disposition, and firmness of purpose. He did not lie on a bed of roses, but on bumblebees' nests.

General Fremont, whose career among us I have already briefly delineated, gave himself too much into the hands of the radicals. He did this partly because he himself was naturally radical, and partly from the influence of his environment. Our German fellow-citizens, whose views were extreme, at the start got the ear of the general and held it to the last. Mr. Blair, the leader of the Union men of St. Louis, although at first very radical, soon drew away from the extremists, and became a conservative. It was through his great personal influence that Fremont had been put over the Department of the West, and by that same influence he had been removed from his command. Among other reasons urged as making his removal necessary was his radicalism, that had offensively manifested itself when he exceeded his authority in manumitting slaves.

His successor in command was quite as radical as he; but Halleck courted information. He listened attentively to both Charcoals and Claybanks. Having gotten the views of both factions, he discreetly kept his own counsels. He was independent and fearless. His measures were often startlingly radical; but his blows, which fell hard and fast, were mainly directed against

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rebels, rebel-sympathizers, bushwhackers, bridge-burners and spies. He did, to be sure, as we have seen, deliver a batch of slaves from durance vile and put them on the road to freedom; but in doing it he was very careful to keep strictly within the limits of his authority. While he did not fully please any faction, his administration taken as a whole was far more satisfactory to the Charcoals than to the Claybanks.

General Samuel R. Curtis, Halleck's successor, leaned decidedly to the Charcoals; in fact he was a Charcoal himself. He and they evidently were one in thought and sentiment. He carried out so far as he was able their extreme views. Without possessing Halleck's discretion, he continued the policy of assessing wealthy secessionists. But this policy had gradually taken on new features. What began in assessments had unfolded into confiscation. During the last month of his administration, General Curtis sent to the South, beyond the lines of the Union army, not a few persons of means. Those having families were permitted to take with them a thousand dollars; those without families two hundred dollars each. The rest of their property was confiscated and used to meet the necessities of sick and wounded soldiers.

While in some cases this mode of procedure was unquestionably justifiable, still it was a policy specially liable to abuse. It was deprecated by many of the staunchest Union men. They maintained that in a heterogeneous community like ours, where there was every kind and shade of political opinion, it could hardly fail to subject some good men to the rankest injustice; that those who did not openly participate in rebellion, whatever might be their political views or sympathies, should be let alone. There were among us many good

men who were born and educated in the South, and while opposed to the folly of secession, they nevertheless naturally sympathized with their kith and kin; and the drastic policy of the extreme radicals and of their Charcoal general greatly disturbed and disheartened them.

Take this as a representative case. There was in St. Louis a prominent Presbyterian minister of Southern sympathies. He had been born and bred in the midst of slavery. He hardly knew where he stood politically. He swung uncertainly between Unionism and secessionism. Like all such irresolute, hesitating mortals, he got into difficulty. The staunch Union men of his church secured his removal from his pulpit by ecclesiastical authority; and he now stood in fear lest the hand of military power might be laid upon him. So he determined to leave the State. One of his familiar acquaintances found him one morning boxing up his household goods, on the sidewalk before his door, and in surprise exclaimed: "Doctor, what's up now?" He replied: "I am going to get out of this State of Misery;¹ I can endure it no longer." "Where are you going?" asked his friend. He answered, "I am going to Kentucky." "Why," said his neighbor, "that is a worse State than this." "Then," said the doctor, "it must be a State of Despair."

The extreme policy of General Curtis soon brought him into collision with our conservative, provisional Governor. The sparks flew. The Charcoals and Claybanks put on fresh war-paint. The one upheld the general and his radical policy; the other the Governor and his more moderate policy. While both parties were for the Union, they denounced each other in the hottest

¹ At that time Missouri was called a State of Misery.

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terms. If we had believed what both factions declared, we should have been forced to conclude that there was scarcely a decent man among all the Unionists in the State. Each party again and again appealed to the President for his support, but of course he could not side with either. At last, worn out by this incessant strife, in May, 1863, he removed General Curtis from his command and put General Schofield in his place.

On May 24th, the new commander began his work. He was not a stranger to us. Before the war he had been for several months professor of physics in Washington University, which adorned our city, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Nor was he unfamiliar with this military department, having been put in command of it for a time by General Halleck. During his brief administration at that time he did such thorough and heroic work that we all expected of him wise, liberal, patriotic service, and were not disappointed.

Three days after he had relieved General Curtis, the President wrote him a letter, which is so quaint and so packed with good sense that we feel impelled to reproduce it. It tersely portrays the difficult task that confronted him.

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
“ May 27, 1863.

“GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD:

“MY DEAR SIR:— Having relieved General Curtis and assigned you to the command of the Department of Missouri, I think it may be of some advantage for me to state to you why I did it. I did not relieve General Curtis because of any full conviction that he had done wrong by commission or omission. I did it because of a conviction in my mind that the Union men of

Missouri, constituting, when united, a vast majority of the whole people, have entered into a pestilent factional quarrel among themselves — General Curtis, perhaps not from choice, being the head of one faction, and Governor Gamble that of the other. After months of labor to reconcile the difficulty, it seemed to grow worse and worse, until I felt it my duty to break it up somehow; and as I could not remove Governor Gamble, I had to remove General Curtis. Now that you are in the position, I wish you to undo nothing merely because General Curtis or Governor Gamble did it, but to exercise your own judgment and *do right* for the public interest.

Let your military measures be strong enough to repel the invader and keep the peace, and not so strong as to unnecessarily harass and persecute the people. It is a difficult rôle, and so much greater will be the honor if you perform it well. If both factions, or neither, shall abuse you, you will probably be about right. Beware of being assailed by one and praised by the other.

“ Yours truly,

“ A. LINCOLN.”

So the general was to begin his duties with a clean slate. But no sooner had he taken firmly hold of his work than the extreme Charcoals began to oppose him and Governor Gamble. Happily he and the Governor agreed in policy and were united in action.

An act of the Governor first elicited the wrath of the extremists. The policy of assessing well-to-do disunionists, begun in St. Louis, had spread itself over the whole State. The dragons' teeth sown by Halleck were producing an abundant harvest. Just at this time the Provost-marshal general was engaged in gathering

assessments in different parts of our commonwealth. Opposed as the Governor was to this arbitrary method of dealing with supposed disloyalty, he commanded the enrolled militia, that was under his immediate control, not to aid the Marshal in collecting the assessments that he had made. For this, the Charcoals poured the vials of their wrath upon his head.

But the Federal commander did not long escape their vituperation. That border ruffian, Quantrell, and his lawless gang, made a raid into Kansas, looted Lawrence and murdered many of its inhabitants. For this dastardly outrage the extreme radicals unreasonably blamed General Schofield. And when General Lane of Kansas and the men following his lead wished to invade Missouri in order to make reprisals, Schofield, in the interest of peace and good order, would not permit it. For this the extreme Charcoals bitterly denounced him, and even called in question his loyalty. They determined to down him. In their newspapers they sharply criticized him and his methods. In return he fulminated an order against the immoderate and lawless press, threatening to throttle it. This was an unwise act on his part. It encouraged them in their opposition. They had not toiled in vain. At least they had made the lion roar. They went to reprehensible extremes. The general believed that they tampered with some of the enrolled militia, that had been put by the Governor under his command. He sent a regiment of militia to New Madrid to relieve the 25th Missouri, and while on board the steamboat, going down the Mississippi, they mutinied, landed, and went to their homes. So if the general's information was not at fault, faction began to blossom into treason.

As late as October (1863) the radicals sent a com-

munication to the War Department complaining that General Schofield had enrolled rebels in the militia of northwest Missouri, and disarmed Unionists. The general, replying to this charge, declared that he had enrolled "twice as many former rebels" as were named by his accusers, "amounting to from five to ten per cent. of the whole" militia organization of that part of the State, and that he was glad to make a repentant rebel of "more service to the government than a man who never had any political sins to repent of." He also felt great satisfaction in putting men of that class to "guard the property of their more loyal neighbors."¹ So that the act of which his enemies complained was evidently both wise and patriotic.

At last the extremists sent a large delegation to Washington to lay the situation in Missouri, as they apprehended it, before the President, and to urge him to remove General Schofield and appoint in his place General Butler. Mr. Lincoln heard them patiently, and on the following day replied to them in a strong, lucid paper. With marvellous insight he analyzed the parties in our State, and pointed out their attitude towards each other, and towards both the State and national government. He also heartily sustained General Schofield. The members of the delegation were of course disappointed, but returned wiser than when they went. They had surveyed at a distance the factional strife of their State. The perspective gave them a juster notion of its relative importance. They had listened to the luminous analysis of it all by the clear-headed President. They saw new light. From that day factional strife began to subside. It lingered, but it was less virulent. Little by little reason resumed

¹ *Forty-Six Years in the Army*, pp. 104-106.

its sway, and a larger charity found place in the minds of those holding divergent views.

But the view of these radicals which General Schofield presents in Chapter V of his "Forty-Six Years in the Army," seems to me to be somewhat misleading. Admitting, as he claims, that some of them plotted to overthrow the provisional State government, and to change the policy of the national administration, and instigated to open mutiny a regiment of enrolled militia, his declaration that "they are loyal only to their radical theories, and so radical that they cannot possibly be loyal to the government," certainly was not true of the great mass of them. While some of them, in their zeal for the extinction of slavery and secession, were led into the advocacy of condemnable policies, the loyalty of most of them was spotless. Many who clamored for the general's removal did so patriotically, believing that the highest interests of Missouri demanded it. I believed then, as I do now, that they were in error, but they were true as steel both to their honest convictions and, as they saw it, to their country. And with the unswerving conviction that in the conflict then raging slavery would perish, they fought right on. Never were men more intensely in earnest. They won at last, as we shall see. Not the Claybank, but the Charcoal triumphed, and in that triumph both were equally blessed. And both contributed to the victory; the intensity of the Charcoal made it possible; the conservatism of the Claybank made it reasonable and most largely beneficent. But General Schofield came near to achieving the position between the factions that the President craved for him. While on the whole he was more satisfactory to the Claybanks than to the Charcoals, he was not wholly satisfactory to either.

Some of the Claybanks were bitterly opposed to his policy of enlisting negro troops. And when some loyal slaveholders found their chattels wearing the uniform of United States soldiers, and claimed their property, they were both amazed and wrathful when informed by the general that, notwithstanding their loyalty, their slaves by their act of enlistment had been made free. So it came to pass that some Claybanks and some Charcoals approved him, some Claybanks and some Charcoals, for totally different reasons, sharply condemned him. In a most delicate and difficult position, he tactfully did what he believed to be right, and won the approval of the best elements in both of the warring factions.

CHAPTER XXI

HOMES AND HOSPITALS ¹

WHEN, in 1861, the war broke out in Missouri, and the battles of Boonville, Carthage, Dug Spring and Wilson's Creek were fought, and collisions and skirmishes multiplied throughout the State, the demand for greater hospital accommodations at St. Louis became imperative. The New House of Refuge Hospital, two miles south of the city, proved to be altogether inadequate; and when all the wards of the St. Louis Hospital, kept by the Sisters of Charity, and of the City Hospital had been filled, still more room was at once required.

To meet this urgent necessity something must be done immediately. In our straits we appealed to General Fremont, who promptly came to our aid,² and, on September 5th, issued an order, authorizing the Western Sanitary Commission, under the medical director of the army, to select, fit up, and furnish suitable buildings for "Army and Brigade Hospitals;" to choose and appoint, under the authority of Miss Dorothea L. Dix, general superintendent of the nurses of military hospitals in the United States, female nurses; to cooperate with the surgeons of the army in providing male nurses; to visit the various military camps, consult with the

¹In addition to my own observations, for the facts set forth in this chapter I am largely indebted to "The Western Sanitary Commission: A Sketch —."

²Moore's *Reb. Rec.*, Vol. III, D. of E., p. 25.

commanding officers in reference to the sanitary condition of the troops, and aid them in providing the best means for preventing sickness, such as proper drainage, warm clothing and wholesome food. Moreover the Commission was enjoined to use every available means for the promotion of the social and moral welfare of the soldiers. To satisfy the varied wants of those in camps and hospitals, the Commission was directed to procure from the people at large such supplies as they would freely contribute to supplement those furnished by the government. But all this must be done in full and hearty cooperation with the regular medical staff of the army, some members of which were jealous of their honors and at times foolishly sensitive to innovations.

Finally, the general's order declared that "This Sanitary Commission will, for the present, consist of James E. Yeatman, Esq.; C. S. Greely, Esq.; J. B. Johnson, M. D.; George Partridge, Esq.; and Rev. William G. Eliot, D. D." Two of these were broad-minded, enterprising merchants; one was a physician of high standing; while Mr. Yeatman was a retired Tennessee planter. He had been a slaveholder; but, called to go down the Mississippi River on business, he received from what he saw during his trip such an impression of the enormity of slavery, that, when he returned, he manumitted his slaves, sold his plantation, and thereafter made St. Louis his home. He was a rare man. He was eminently just. He saw clearly the fundamental elements of every problem presented to the Commission for solution. He had large administrative ability, a sharp eye for details, and, to crown all, a great heart. Few men in the nation did more than he to bring the war to a successful issue.

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Dr. Eliot, whose name stands last on this roll of honor, was the pastor of the only Unitarian church in our city. By long and efficient ministerial service he had endeared himself to all the people. His name in St. Louis was a household word. But he was as noted for his skill and efficiency in inaugurating and successfully conducting large public enterprises, as for his wise and multifarious pastoral labors. He was the founder of Washington University and of Mary Institute, and it was through his personal efforts that these institutions, an ornament to our city, were built up. In fact every beneficent enterprise in St. Louis felt the stimulating touch of his hand and was indebted to him for his thoughtful guidance. Among the ablest pastors of our city, he was unquestionably best equipped for membership in this all-important Sanitary Commission.

The Commission, thus organized and launched, at once began its labors. It rented a five-story building at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets, and speedily fitted it up for hospital service. It was named the "City General Hospital." On September 10th, it was thrown open for the reception of patients. A throng of sick and wounded men, who had been anxiously waiting for accommodation and succor, quickly filled all its rooms.

In this building the Sanitary Commission made its headquarters. Mr. Yeatman was chosen president and gave his whole time to his duties, while the other members of the Commission met with him every day, except Sunday, for consultation. For this incessant, exacting toil no one of them received any moneyed compensation. Without a thought of personal gain they worked unremittingly and cheerfully for their country. The only motive that impelled them was a glowing, self-sacrificing

patriotism. For a time, they employed only one man, and he acted as storekeeper, porter and clerk for thirty dollars a month. And this gratuitous, arduous service, beset at times with swarms of perplexities, was continued to the close of the war.

The sick and wounded of the army multiplied so rapidly, and the demand for medical aid became so insistent, that within two months after the opening of the first hospital, the Commission, with almost incredible energy, had added five more and all were filled to overflowing.

On April 6-7, 1862, the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, was fought. On that field of carnage, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five Union soldiers were killed outright, and seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-two were wounded. The latter were sent up to St. Louis by boat-loads. They were carried on stretchers up through our streets to the hospitals. The business men, merchants, clerks, manufacturers, bankers and artisans of various crafts helped bear along these ghastly burdens. Young men, the flower of the north-western States, had been maimed, crippled, shot to pieces in defence of the Union. We were horror-stricken, and with a depth of emotion which we had not before felt, pledged to the defence of our government "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

We now found that we had not sufficient room for these suffering heroes. Two large halls were immediately secured, transformed into hospitals, filled with the wounded, and furnished with sanitary stores, nurses and physicians. At last we had fifteen well-appointed hospitals in and around our city, with accommodation for six thousand patients. The largest was at Jefferson Barracks, which, within two years, received and treated

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more than eleven thousand sick and wounded soldiers. So out of necessity grew with ever accelerated pace this great work of beneficence.

But the exigencies of the times called into being hospitals not only for sick and wounded soldiers, but also for refugees; in fact, for any, who, on account of the war, were rendered helpless. And in order by association of ideas to give the greatest possible cheer to those congregated in them, they were called Homes. This name was full of tender suggestion, especially to all of English or Scandinavian blood.

The first Home established was for soldiers. It was on Walnut Street. It was opened in March, 1862. It was designated as a temporary rest for troops that had been discharged or furloughed. Since many of them had little or no money they were here gratuitously furnished with food and lodging. Those who were weak from sickness or wounds received the ministrations of skilful physicians and experienced nurses. They were also protected against sharpers, who, under the guise of friendship, would collect what little money might be due these war-worn heroes, and put it in their own pockets. Moreover, their intellectual, moral and spiritual wants were met in the Home. A reading-room was put into it. Many daily papers and religious journals came regularly to its table, while hundreds of volumes of good books placed upon its shelves allured the weary or convalescing soldiers to read.

No one can measure the good done through the manifold appliances of that Home. During the war over seventy thousand soldiers enjoyed its hospitality. There they were helped over rough places; their difficulties that seemed to them like mountains vanished; they were nursed into strength and took on new heart

and hope; became in fact new men, and very many of them went back into the ranks, courageously to fight to the finish the battle for the preservation of the Union.

Early in 1862 the Sanitary Commission also opened a Home on Elm Street, for refugees, of which we have already spoken in a previous chapter; and still another in 1863. These Homes were conducted on the same general principles as the Home for soldiers. A man of great excellence of character, Mr. Cavender, out of his deep sympathy for the forlorn refugees, voluntarily gave his entire time to the care of them. Thus the demand for loving, self-sacrificing toil for others always seemed to be met by some unselfish soul like his.

But the care of the needy among us was not for a moment left to chance volunteers. Not long after the Commission began its work, the Ladies Union Aid Society was formed. It was made up of the best and most efficient women of the city. Social distinctions were for the time being obliterated. The hearts of the rich and the poor were united by the common danger and by a common love of country. Any one who could do some useful service to suffering soldiers was welcomed by all. This society enlisted women, in different parts of the city, who met regularly in groups to prepare such comforts as were needed by our brave boys both in camp and hospital. It had its ramifications in all the loyal churches. Without a thought of denominational distinctions, patriotic women of all creeds or of no creed met to work for the armed defenders of the Union. They freely donated the material that they prepared for use. They scraped lint, knit socks, made under-garments, furnished beds for the sick in hospitals, and secured aid and employment for the wives of soldiers.

Out from the ranks of these women came many of our most efficient hospital nurses. Miss Dix, by whom, or by some deputy of hers, all nurses must be approved, had appointed as her agent in St. Louis, Mr. Yeatman, president of the Sanitary Commission. On account of his position he had unusual opportunities for observing among volunteer helpers those best qualified for stated and official service, and his selections were eminently wise.

No one could be a candidate for this honor unless she was between twenty-five and fifty years old, had good health, and was cheerful in disposition, without frivolity. And her official entrance upon the work of nursing hardly robbed her of the blessing of gratuitous patriotic service, since the compensation was twelve dollars a month and her keep. How does that strike a professional nurse of to-day?

But the spirit of helpfulness was not confined to special organizations; it seemed quite universal. Separate households planned and carried out benevolent enterprises to aid soldiers in the camps around the city. These soldiers were generally intelligent; many of them were from our academies and colleges. They were always glad to get good papers and magazines. In many households all such reading matter was carefully saved for them. At times when regiments of soldiers marched by our doors it was handed to them. They received it with avidity and often answered the attention bestowed upon them with hearty cheers.

But the distinctive classes of the needy gave rise to specialization on their behalf. Some expended their energies in helping white refugees, others in caring for the freedmen; the efforts of the latter resulted in the organization of the Freedmen's Relief Society, in 1863.

But all lines of special effort were generously aided by the Sanitary Commission. It was the central, controlling energy, and directed by it, the multiplied benevolent agencies worked in perfect harmony. They simply divided the labor that it might be more thoroughly done. The work was one, and behind all its multifarious details there was one spirit and one purpose.

But, however tempting the subject may be, I must not undertake to write even an outline history of the Western Sanitary Commission. This would require a volume, and it would embrace much that does not distinctively belong to our city. And yet we all bore some humble part in its magnificent work, and that work was all wrought before our eyes. But the country at large contributed to it, and the Federal government supported it with a liberal hand. In illustration of this take a single example. In opening the Home for the Refugees, the Commission expended three thousand dollars, the general government two thousand dollars. This is a fair specimen of the whole. All the generals of the Western Department heartily sustained it. So did the Secretary of War, and also Grant and Sherman.

I cannot refrain from giving a hint of the source, nature, and extent of the contributions, which the people poured out to help the Commission in its benevolent and patriotic work. Donations came from all the Northern States, especially, as might have been anticipated, from Michigan and the Northwest; but Philadelphia, New York, Providence and Boston were specially lavish in their gifts. They contributed much money, but also sent in boxes vast quantities of blankets, and bed-linen, of underwear and all sorts of comforts for camps and hospitals. By January, 1864, more than two hundred thousand dollars in cash had been received,

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of which St. Louis and Missouri had donated more than half; while the distant States of California and Massachusetts had each contributed fifty thousand dollars. But one million five hundred thousand dollars worth of sanitary supplies and hospital comforts had come to hand. From first to last the Commission received and distributed three million five hundred thousand dollars worth of useful articles, and almost a million of money, gladly given by the people. Among the cities of the Republic, the largest givers were Boston and St. Louis.

But if possible, let us get a bird's-eye view of the manner in which these liberal donations were used. We have already seen how they made possible the founding and equipment of the various hospitals and Homes at St. Louis. But great as the work was there, it was still greater in the regions beyond. As early as October, 1861, the Sanitary Commission, under an order from General Fremont, fitted up two hospital cars, on the Pacific Railroad, with berths, nurses and all necessary arrangements for cooking. So far as I can discover, these were the first hospital cars in the United States, and they proved to be exceedingly useful.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, the Commission, striking hands with the medical staff of the army, did all that they could to succor the wounded, and to save the many who were ill from exposure in the open field to a driving storm of snow and sleet. One of the Commission, taking with him a large quantity of sanitary stores, went down to Cairo and Paducah, accompanied by a delegation of physicians, nurses and members of the Ladies' Union Aid Society. At Paducah, whither many of the sick and wounded had been sent, the volunteer helpers from St. Louis were courteously received by Medical Director Sim-

monds. He put at their disposal the steamboat, "Ben Franklin," and filled it with wounded soldiers to be carried to St. Louis. On their way thither these suffering soldiers were tenderly nursed. The steamer became a hospital. Out of this experience naturally emerged a most practical and beneficent institution, the Floating Hospital. The Western Sanitary Commission took up this new idea. They at once purchased and fitted up the "City of Louisiana," at a cost of three thousand dollars. A year later the government purchased her, put into her five hundred beds, and, in honor of the Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Army, named her, the "R. C. Wood." From time to time, as new exigencies arose, the commission added other steamers to their medical flotilla, until they had on the Mississippi four floating hospitals. As our armies and gunboats moved down the river, these floating asylums for the sick and wounded were always close at hand, ready to receive and aid with all their resources those disabled by disease or by shot and shell.

The Commission also devised the flying hospital, or hospital on wheels. It was furnished with cots and medical stores. It could accompany an army on the march and be always close at hand promptly to meet urgent needs whenever any unlooked-for disaster might come. This hospital did considerable service in Missouri, and was warmly commended by Assistant Surgeon General Wood.

Nor must we fail to note the fact that the Commission not only planted hospitals and homes in St. Louis, but, acting in concert with the regular medical staff of the army, in all the principal cities captured by our armies on or near the Mississippi River. They struck hands with the United States Sanitary Commission in founding

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and equipping at Memphis ten hospitals. They sent sanitary supplies as far as Little Rock, the Red River, Nashville, Jackson, Miss., Chattanooga, Tenn., and Texas. Wherever there was any pressing need, workers from St. Louis, both men and women, were found.

Mr. Yeatman himself often went down the river to superintend in person this ever-expanding work of benevolence. On one of his expeditions, he took to Grant's army, then engaged in the siege of Vicksburg, two hundred and fifty tons of sanitary supplies. And during all that protracted siege, the floating hospitals fitted out by the Commission were just at hand.

But the Commission did not confine itself wholly to the West. During the Peninsular Campaign by McClellan, they sent sanitary stores to Washington; and from May 1st to November 1st, 1864, forwarded to Sherman's army, operating in Georgia, supplies "amounting to hundreds of tons." Nor did they forget the starving prisoners at Andersonville, but sent them through General Sherman such stores as were imperatively needed to alleviate their appalling miseries, although these gifts of mercy never reached their destination. When, however, at a later day, a goodly number of these prisoners were exchanged at Vicksburg, the same supplies were then distributed among them, and when they saw on the boxes the name of General Sherman, their joy was unbounded.

But in this meagre sketch of the magnificent work of the Sanitary Commission, we wish in a few lines to give at least a hint of its efforts to meet in some measure the necessities of the freedmen outside of St. Louis. Between Cairo, Ill., and Natchez, Miss., at least forty thousand of them were found that greatly needed help.

That whole region had been for months a battle-ground. Landowners had fled. Plantations were broken up. Slaves, happy in their new-found freedom, had followed our armies, looking upon them as their deliverers; yet bewildered as to what they were to do. Some Union generals, impeded by them, and lacking in humanity, treated them with cruelty. Especially was this true at Helena and Memphis, where they compelled the freedmen to work hard without compensation, while their families were left in extreme want. This to Mr. Yeatman was like a trumpet blast. He took hold of this new problem with marvellous energy. He appealed to the country for help. There was benevolent response from almost every quarter. Massachusetts especially sent in generous quantities both goods and money. Nor did St. Louis lag behind in her gifts. The replenished Commission sent to the hungry and ragged freedmen large supplies of both food and clothing; established hospitals for them in different places; provided them with physicians, nurses and medicines; put a stop to the tyranny of inconsiderate or hard-hearted military officers; and established schools for them in which they were taught to read, and write, to add and subtract, and to do properly the ordinary work of the kitchen and field. Mr. Yeatman went over all the territory where the men and women, sent out by the Commission, were working for the freedmen, and gave to them such suggestions and directions as in his judgment would render their work most beneficent and fruitful. He himself established for the freedmen a system of work on plantations around Vicksburg, which, before the close of the war, yielded the best results. On behalf of his project he appealed to the public through the press; laid it personally before the President and found for it an open

ear and thus enlisted the government on its behalf. He had the qualities needed for dealing with an ignorant people just freed from bondage: sense, justice, and love.

Still our cursory survey of the work of the Commission would be quite incomplete without casting a glance at what they did for the white refugees in all that great region south of Missouri on both sides of the Mississippi River. Great as the number of these refugees was in St. Louis, it was far greater in that vast territory. There the Commission, as exigencies arose, selected, one after another, ten central points, each of which was made headquarters for all the region contiguous to it. At these centres they founded temporary hospitals, and opened schools for the refugees. They fed, clothed, taught and nursed them, and, so far as practicable, put them to work. It takes but a moment to write this, but these words are a symbol representing a prodigious amount of patient, self-sacrificing toil.

Moreover, the Soldiers' Home had proved itself to be so great a blessing in St. Louis, that the Commission established five others in the States to the south conquered by our armies. And up to December, 1865, all these Homes, including the one in our city, had entertained without charge four hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred and sixteen soldiers; furnished them nine hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-two meals, and four hundred and ten thousand two hundred and fifty-two lodgings.

In all this beneficent work the loyal inhabitants of St. Louis had a large share. We liberally contributed to it goods, money and service. But the demands upon us within our own gates were onerous and well-nigh exhausting. The time, strength and material resources of every one were laid under tribute; tribute which, for

the most part, was gladly paid. All Christian pastors and priests worked much in camps and hospitals. They conducted many public services, often preached, and incessantly ministered to the sick and dying.

When volunteers began to gather in large numbers at St. Louis, in connection with other pastors of the city, I preached, as I had time and opportunity, in the camps. I was greeted by attentive, intelligent audiences. Many regiments were made up largely of Christian men who, while encamped, regularly maintained prayer meetings. There was one regiment from Illinois, having in its ranks above a thousand young men, more than half of whom read their Greek Testaments.

But we met them for religious services not only in camp, but also in buildings in the city specially provided for that purpose.

In an empty store on Fourth Street, on the ground floor, there were long tables. For many days, at the noon hour, soldiers passing through the city or temporarily stopping there, marched in and sat down at those tables for their midday meal. I was asked by Drs. Eliot and Post to take my turn with them in preaching to these soldiers as they ate. To this I consented, but found it a difficult task. I stood at the head of the table and delivered my message, while the militant audience consumed their rations of hardtack, bacon and coffee. They had tin plates, cups and spoons, and cheap iron knives; and though they were always respectful, and declared that they wanted and enjoyed the preaching, the clatter of their metal dishes was so loud and incessant, that it disturbed not a little my course of thought. But I did my best.

When the hospitals were opened I found in them the largest opportunities to labor on behalf of the soldiers.

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For a time I worked a part of almost every day in the Sisters' Hospital. For years it had been cared for by the Sisters of Charity; but for the time being it was thrown open for the use of the government. Here I often found sick and wounded men from both of the contending armies; Federal and Confederate soldiers, the blue and the gray, here lay peacefully side by side. For the time at least their animosity was gone. Suffering had made them kin. The heart of the man in gray was touched, when he saw that he was as carefully nursed as the man in blue.

In my ministrations to suffering Southerners, I carefully avoided all allusion to the war, and our political differences. But, apparently astonished at the kindness shown them, many of them would broach some question concerning the national conflict, and when they did so, I always answered their queries as best I could. On one point most of them were set, and that was that the North began the war. I assured them that in this they were altogether in error, and rehearsed to them the historical facts. They said that they could hardly believe my statement, since they had been often told the exact contrary.

I met in that hospital a Confederate soldier from one of the western counties of Arkansas. His name was Anderson. He had small, shining black eyes, peeping out from under black eyebrows; long, heavy, black whiskers, unkempt and begrimed, needing the cleansing power of soap and water; thick, shocky black hair that hung down to his shoulders, and was as coarse as the hair on a horse's tail. When I first saw him I had a strong desire to have a talk with a man so peculiar and who bore my surname. While he could neither read nor write, I found him intelligent on all matters per-

taining to his county, but about things outside of his own immediate neighborhood, he knew next to nothing. He never had been away from home before. Having been taken prisoner, he was compelled to travel. Contrary to his will he had begun to see more of the world. But he was absolutely sure that the "Yanks" had begun the "wicked war." He informed me, that the North first fired on the South. Nor could I convince him of his error. He was ignorant, and a hot Southerner. His under jaw was square and each ropy hair springing out of his tawny scalp looked as though it were clinched on the inside of his skull. A face so strange and strong, I can never forget.

A few days later, in the same hospital, I was urgently asked by a man about thirty-five years of age to help him solve a question of conscience. He was a Quaker by birth and conviction. He had imbibed with his mother's milk the notion that war was prohibited by the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." By education it had been interwoven with all his thinking. But having at the same time a great abhorrence of human bondage, when, in his neighborhood, scores of men were enlisting to fight a Confederacy, the corner-stone of which had been boastfully declared to be African slavery, the doctrine that war was murder sank so completely into the background that, for a time, he became quite unconscious of it. Aflame with patriotism, along with his neighbors, he volunteered to fight the enemies of the Union. Then came the long, toilsome days of military drill, and the march southward to meet the foe in battle. He had much time for thought. As he reflected, the conviction that no war is justifiable, which, for a season, had been submerged, came up out of the depths of his subconsciousness and reasserted

itself. He began to feel utterly out of place. He had taken a solemn oath to do what his conscience utterly forbade. He was in deep distress. There was no one to whom he could unbosom himself. He was among thousands of his countrymen, but felt absolutely alone. His regiment was ordered into battle. For hours with his comrades in arms he loaded and fired; but he could not shoot at his fellow men, so he shot into the air above their heads. But this was a violation of his oath. And after the battle was over and he had been sent to this hospital, what he had done tortured him. Conscience pierced him for having broken his oath as a soldier, although that same conscience had driven him to break it. In his agony of spirit he pitifully appealed to me. "What shall I do? What can I do?" I dealt with him honestly. I told him that he had no moral right to violate his conscience. But since his conscience had put him between two fires, it was his duty to tell his story to the military authorities, and ask to be discharged from the army. I assured him that they had no wish to compel men to fight, who could not do so with a good conscience. Still he seemed to be greatly distressed to think that, contrary to his oath, he had shot into the air, during that battle. But he did as I advised him to do, and a few days afterwards I heard that, on the ground of his conscientious scruples, he had been honorably dismissed from his regiment.

About this time, March, 1862, I was asked to take the oversight of the religious work in the Fifth Street Hospital. It became my duty to supply the sick and wounded there with religious papers and books. These were freely contributed by loyal Christian families. A book from my own library, "The Signet Ring," was very popular among the soldiers. It is a good book still, but

scarcely known to the present generation. It was also incumbent on me to provide for religious services in the hospital. These were held in the different wards, but especially in those wards where were gathered the convalescents, and those suffering from the milder forms of disease. The services were very simple and brief. A few words of Scripture were read, some joyful hymn was sung, and a prayer was poured out from the heart. Then a short sermon followed, presenting some truth that comforted and helped those that were in trouble. These services were conducted sometimes by chaplains of regiments, often by the different pastors of the city, and were frequently marked by unusual fervor. The eagerness with which the sick and wounded men listened was wonderful. They were reminded of their churches at home, of loved ones with whom they had often met; their hearts were full and the irrepressible tears started. At times during those moments of service heaven and earth seemed to meet and blend.

There were in this hospital, as in all the rest, some professional women nurses, and they were very efficient. They did their work not only with technical skill, but they had that prime quality that must ever characterize nurses of the highest order, heartfelt sympathy with those whose sufferings they strove to alleviate. But in addition to these, there were many volunteer nurses, women, who, by regular appointment, were there at all hours of the day and night. They were ready to do any service within their power. They worked under the direction of the physicians and in harmony with the professional nurses. They often brought with them, from their own household stores, such appetizing foods as reminded the sick soldiers of the tender nursing that in homes far away they had sometimes received from

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mother or sister. A little gruel or soup, or fruit, or jelly, how grateful to the palate, and cheering to the spirit! The very thought of it started many a sick soldier boy on the road to health and further service in the field.

The tender sympathy which these women lavished on the suffering was often more healing than medicine. And when, sitting by the bedside of languishing heroes, sick it may be even unto death, they wrote letters for them to the loved ones at home, these missives throbbed with a mother's love and were often wet with a mother's tears.

An incident of that kind comes vividly to mind as I write. A young man from Indiana lay on his death-bed. He was about twenty-two years old and fully six feet in height. He was muscular and strong. But pneumonia had seized upon him and had baffled the best skill of the surgeon. He had been told that he could not live more than five or six hours longer. But he was a Christian and had hope of a glorious immortality. In the final arrangement of his affairs he was as calm in spirit as if he were going out on dress parade. By his cot sat a young mother. He asked her to write to his family and tell them what to do with his things. She wrote as he suggested, her heart almost bursting with emotion. He gave one thing to this sister, another to that brother, and last of all he said, "I give Jeff. C. Davis to my youngest brother." "But what is Jeff. C. Davis?" asked the one who was writing for him his last letter, and there were tears in her voice. He replied, a smile playing around his lips, "It is my colt. I named him for General Davis, who is an Indianian and very popular in our State."

It was no formal letter which she penned in that

sad hour. Into its words and sentences went the glowing sympathy of a mother's heart. But it is only an example of thousands of others. When the letter was finished, the face of the young man betokened the most perfect satisfaction. His work was done. He was ready to depart. I prayed with him. I left him with a smile on his face. He was so cheerful that I began to think that the surgeon had made a mistake; but when I returned a few hours afterwards, "he was not, for God took him."

In addition to the above it is with no little pleasure that I give one incident among many that vividly reveal the patriotic devotion of the rank and file of our army. Near the beginning of the war, I was called one night to marry a volunteer cavalry soldier. Immediately after, he rode away under the command of Zagonyi, to Springfield, Missouri. In entering that city a charge was made between two lines of Confederate soldiers, and my friend was shot. For several hours he lay on the frosty ground, slowly bleeding; and then, faint and exhausted, he was put into an army wagon which went jolting over rough roads to Rolla, and from there he was sent by the cars to St. Louis. I found him in the hospital, so changed that I did not at once recognize him. But when all doubt as to his identity was brushed away, he pathetically told me the story of his suffering. He had been shot through the shoulder; the bone had been shattered; pieces of it had protruded from the wound and had been removed. He had preserved them. They were more precious to him than diamonds. He kept them neatly wrapped in a paper under his pillow. With his trembling, emaciated hand he took them out slowly and carefully unwrapped them and showed them to me. Then wrapping them

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up again, he put them back under his pillow, and looking up, his eye began to gleam as he said: "The doctors say that I cannot recover. I think that they are mistaken. I shall get well. You see that it is the left shoulder that is wounded. When it heals it will be stiff, but I can still hold the reins of my horse in my left hand; and then, sir," with great emphasis for an apparently dying man, he added, "I have one more shoulder for my country." He did live to fight many a hard battle thereafter. But I could never forget those brave, burning words, words instinct with self-sacrifice: "Then, sir, I have one more shoulder for my country."

In closing this inadequate sketch of our hospitals, I wish gratefully to call attention to the fact that they were an immeasurable blessing to St. Louis. They marvellously developed the benevolence of the city. By them scores of men and women were lifted up out of their selfishness. In ministering to those in need they forgot themselves. In spite of all the evils of the war, it led more people in our city to live in some measure the life of Christ than any other influence had ever before done. The best exhibition of Christianity ever witnessed within our gates was that band of devoted workers seen every day and night in the camps and hospitals. Hundreds of women whose Christian activities had never before gone beyond the family or the individual church, now like their divine Lord went about doing good. Like the good Samaritan, they had compassion upon all that they found in distress, irrespective of nationality or creed.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR

As the war went on, the demands on the Western Sanitary Commission became enormous. At the close of 1863 and the beginning of 1864 the Commission found its treasury well nigh empty. Something must be done to replenish it. After careful deliberation, the Commission decided to hold a fair, believing that thereby it could secure the funds required for its vastly important work. So on February 1st, 1864, it inaugurated this popular movement.

General William Starke Rosecrans, who, in January, had succeeded General Schofield in command of the Department of Missouri, was made president of the Fair. From the start the project was popular. In St. Louis the people took hold of it with marked enthusiasm. They were ready to work and give to make it a success. That thoroughness might characterize all that was done they carefully organized their forces. They divided among themselves the multifarious tasks to be performed. They appointed committees to look after every important detail, and to report to the central authority. So amid the multiplicity of things there was unity and order. It was exhilarating to see a great community so stirred up in the doing of a patriotic and benevolent work, that, for a time, all conventionalities of society and distinctions of race or creed were forgotten. Protes-

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tant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Europeans and Americans, whites and blacks met, and elbowed, and emulated each other in working for the soldiers of the Union.

But a work so great could not be done by our city alone, however willing and diligent we might be; so, the Commission appealed for help to the people of other cities and States. The response was prompt and exceedingly generous. Money and large consignments of useful articles to be sold at the Fair came from Boston, Salem, Worcester, Providence, New Bedford, New Haven, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Nevada (then a remote mining territory), England and Germany. Other givers also in justice should be mentioned, but we name these merely to show how cosmopolitan the donations to the Fair were. Helping hands were stretched across the sea to us. Wars on behalf of the oppressed are wars of progress, and make kin the lovers of righteousness in all the nations.

But among the givers St. Louis herself ranked with the first. Her business men contributed large amounts of goods; her families, vast numbers of salable articles made in their homes; her artists and lovers of art, valuable paintings, etchings, and engravings; and some liberally gave money.

When the Fair opened on May 17th, there was in its treasury two hundred thousand dollars in cash, which had been contributed by men in St. Louis and in different parts of the Union.

The building for the Fair was on Twelfth Street. It was five hundred feet long and extended from St. Charles to Olive Street. It had wings on Locust Street, each one hundred feet by fifty-four. In the centre of the building was an octagon seventy-five feet in diameter

and fifty feet high. This octagon was lavishly decorated with mottoes, national banners, battle trophies, such as flags and weapons captured from the enemy, and arbors of evergreens and flowers.

The building was divided into various departments. One department was devoted to the refugees. Since they were a special object of charity and so much was needed adequately to meet their wants, and the sympathies of so many were specially drawn out to them, it seemed quite necessary to devote a generous space in the building to their particular benefit. The same was true of the freedmen, and a department was assigned to those who were especially interested in meeting their wants and promoting their general welfare.

The Germans, being so large a part of our population, and so ardently devoted to the maintenance of the Union, were given a large space in the building, where they patriotically sold lager beer, and a host of people patriotically drank it. Very many connected with the Fair strongly objected to this, but being in the minority were unable to prevent it.

During the days of preparation for the Fair a committee was appointed to meet a delegation from our German fellow-citizens and if possible persuade them to give up the project of selling beer at the Fair. I was chairman, and presented as well as I could the earnest desire of the temperance people. The German, who was the spokesman of his delegation, understood English quite perfectly, but could not speak it very well. He had not been at all persuaded by the considerations that I had presented, and among other things that he vehemently urged in reply was this: "Zhentelmen," said he, "lager peer vill not make

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men trunk; it will not, *it will not*. Zhentelmen, and ef any one gets trunk, we have already, zhentelmen, engaged the police to take him to de calaboose." So this, and every effort that we put forth to rid the Fair of lager beer, proved abortive; and it was sold, innumerable kegs of it, to alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers. But in justice it ought to be added that no one became so intoxicated that it was necessary to take him to the calaboose.

But we can only name the multiplied departments and varied attractions of this famous Fair. It had its curiosity shop, and skating park; its floral park and gallery of fine arts; its counters on which all kinds of merchandise were offered for sale; its separate rooms for war trophies, agricultural implements, sewing machines, for the sale of works of art, and for the exhibition of gold and silver bars from Nevada. There were also refreshment saloons or restaurants, the New England, and the Holland kitchen, where patriotic women cooked and washed dishes for the Union and where the hungry ate for the same lofty purpose. And then there were confectioners' counters, a café, and an improvised theatre, where were presented various dramas and other public amusements. Patriotism, the underlying motive of it, lifted up and glorified all the drudgery and all the innocent pastimes connected with it.

The evenings at the Fair were made specially attractive. Then the men that had been absorbed in business during the day came with their families. The great building was lighted as brilliantly as it could be with gas. Electric lights had not yet appeared. In the gallery trained bands skilfully discoursed patriotic music. Often the commanding general with his staff, in their brightest uniform, was present. It is wonderful

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how the crowd is charmed by military clothes! The names of the Union generals together with the names of the battles that they had fought were blazoned on the walls, and the Stars and Stripes hung out everywhere, while women from the first families of the city were busy selling all sorts of useful articles. No one who shared in those festivities, who saw and heard and drank in the spirit of that patriotic throng can ever forget it.

One feature was specially novel. The colored soldiers, enlisted and drilled under the direction of General Schofield, during the Fair constantly did guard duty. They also distinguished themselves, and greatly commended themselves to all right-minded people, by liberally contributing from their meagre wages to aid the refugees and freedmen. Colored people also freely visited the Fair and made purchases. It looked like a revolution when we saw, in a slave State, white women of high social standing, without complaint or a murmur, sell articles to colored purchasers. Once or twice indeed some whites took offence at this radical and apparently abrupt change from the old order of things, but on the whole the sentiment toward the colored people was humane, reasonable, and liberal.

The Fair proved a great financial success. Its net proceeds were five hundred and fifty-four thousand five hundred and ninety-one dollars, at least three dollars and fifty cents for each inhabitant of our city; but the result was largely due to contributors beyond our borders; nevertheless it can be said of St. Louis that she did the work which made this great success possible, and at the same time liberally gave to the Fair both merchandise and money. The large amount of money realized, together with other donations,

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enabled the Sanitary Commission to complete its great work. In addition to the sums of money that it directly disbursed to aid our armies, it appropriated to the Ladies' Union Aid Society fifty thousand dollars for hospital work and the assistance of soldiers' families. It also devoted one thousand dollars per month to the aid of the freedmen, and established at Webster, ten miles west of the city, a Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at a cost from first to last of over forty thousand dollars. The Home accommodated one hundred and fifty fatherless children.

But the Fair was a blessing not only to refugees and freedmen, to the sick and wounded in hospitals, to the widows and orphans of our slain heroes, but it was also a measureless boon to St. Louis. It was one more mighty agency for curing us of our selfishness. For a time at least it broke in upon our commercialism, and led us to think of others and to do something for their welfare.

CHAPTER XXIII

A DARK PLOT THWARTED

WHEN Major-General Rosecrans, on January 30th, 1864, assumed command of the Department of Missouri, he delivered to his predecessor, General Schofield, a complimentary farewell address. He warmly commended him for what he had done in our State, and congratulated him that he was about to take part in great campaigns. It was no flattery, but a candid, sincere utterance of which the recipient was altogether worthy. It was an honor both to him who uttered it and to him on whom it was bestowed.

General Rosecrans himself came to us from active campaigning, where he had rendered the most patriotic and arduous service, but had failed in attaining the highest success. At the eleventh hour he had lost the great and hotly contested battle of Chickamauga by giving a blundering order to one of his subordinate generals.¹ His intimate friends thought that ever after he carried in his face the sadness of that defeat. But his spirit was not soured. He was still ready to serve his country in any way that he could, and in any position to which he might be called. So he could heartily congratulate one, then subordinate in rank, upon entering the service that he had been compelled to abandon, while he himself cheerfully took up the military

¹ Fiske, *The Miss. Valley in the Civil War*, p. 270.

administration of the most distracted region in the Union.

We have already seen him filling the office of president of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, and doing all that he could to promote its interests by being present evenings with his staff. To those who did not, or could not, look below the surface, the battle in Missouri for the Union seemed to have been fought out. So, I am sure, most of the loyal in St. Louis at that time regarded it. But the general, and a few of the inner circle, already had an inkling of a deep-laid plot to promote the rebellion of the Southern States and if possible to make it successful. They were persuaded that the surface of things was deceptive; that beneath the dead ashes there were smouldering fires that might suddenly burst out into flame; that there never had been a more urgent demand for diligence than at that hour of superficial quiet.

Having found a clue to the furtive foe, the general, through wisely chosen and trusted lieutenants, followed it up. He discreetly kept his own counsels. He was sleeplessly persistent. His adroit agents or spies wormed themselves into the confidence of the clandestine enemies of the Republic, joined their secret organization and learned all their plots; at the same time they kept constantly in touch with their chief, by whom they were directed. They reported to him each startling fact that they unearthed. One discovery quickly led to another. To be sure the existence of a hostile secret organization had been hazily known for many months, but through the efforts of General Rosecrans its extensive ramifications were traced out, and its treasonable designs were laid bare. It proved to be the most formidable secret political organization that probably ever existed

in America; it was conceived in treason; its avowed object was the dismemberment of the Union, the overthrow of the government of the United States. Its members were bound by oath to effect this nefarious purpose. They were to hesitate at no crime in order to reach their end. Rather than fail in it, they swore that they would commit perjury, arson, pillage, assassination. The penalty for disobedience of any command, even one that demanded the committing of these diabolical crimes, was death.

The organization, while one brotherhood, bore in different localities different names: the most notorious of which were: "The Knights of the Golden Circle," "The Order of American Knights," "The Order of the Star," and "The Sons of Liberty."¹

Its ramifications were found both north and south of Mason and Dixon's line. It claimed in Missouri twenty-five thousand members; in Illinois one hundred and forty thousand; in Indiana one hundred thousand; in Ohio eighty thousand; in Kentucky seventy thousand; and some in New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Vallandigham of Ohio was supreme commander of the northern wing of this secret organization, while General Sterling Price was the supreme commander of the southern wing. The northern wing for many months had done what it could to supply the rebels with provisions and war material; it had also done for them the work of spying, keeping them informed as to what was transpiring in the North. It was still committing these treasonable acts, and even a few officers in our army were suspected of lending a hand to help on this villainous work. And, in that summer of 1864, the northern part of this oath-bound society

¹ Nicolay and Hay, Vol. VIII, Ch. 1.

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had planned to put forth a united and desperate effort to aid the rebels in invading and revolutionizing the northern States of the Middle West ¹

Now all this our general had quietly ferreted out. The knowledge acquired by his skilful manipulation was of vast importance not only to our city and State, but also to the general government. All the evidence pertaining to this secret organization was carefully written out and transmitted to President Lincoln. It covered one thousand pages of foolscap.

But at first only a very few of the loyal of St. Louis, and, in fact, of the nation, had any definite knowledge of the existence of this secret, insidious foe. The great mass of our fellow-citizens stood in blissful ignorance over a destructive mine, that might at any moment be exploded. But thanks to our general, the President and his counsellors knew it more perfectly than heretofore. He made known what he had recently discovered to a few in our city in whom he reposed special confidence. He also revealed it to his most trusted lieutenants. And what was all-important to us, he knew the facts of the whole case probably more thoroughly than any loyal man in the nation. And this knowledge shaped every order that he issued and inspired his most weighty acts.

It was still necessary to garrison all parts of the State. Those in command of the garrisons were instructed to keep the sharpest possible watch of all whose loyalty was suspected; to break up all rendezvous of such men wherever found; to permit no illicit gatherings of secessionists, and to deprive of arms all who expressed sympathy with the rebellion. Thus the general laid a strong, repressive hand upon "The Knights of the

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 4, p. 505.

Golden Circle" in our State. And before our story ends we shall see how wise such action was.

Evidently with his eye on this secret fraternity of the disloyal, that a little later he so fully unearthed, on March 1st, he forbade any one to take negroes from the State, but demanded that by every legitimate method they should be encouraged to enlist as soldiers. He declared that in all such enlistments the property rights of the master would be guarded; the government would compensate him for his chattels, but the slaves by their enlistment would become freemen. The general felt that he should soon need, to circumvent any threatened disloyal uprising, as many soldiers as he could secure, whether they were white or black.

To diminish as far as possible the incitement of the secretly disloyal to open rebellion, on the 26th of March, he prohibited the circulation, in the Department of Missouri, of the *Metropolitan Record*. This was a bitter rebel sheet published in New York. It professed to be a Catholic family newspaper. On that account it was specially offensive to the general, who was a devout Catholic. He felt that by it not only was his country betrayed, but also his church was greatly misrepresented and traduced. He declared it to be "without ecclesiastical sanction," and so "traitorous" that it could not be tolerated even by the most liberal interpretation of the freedom of the press.¹ Nor did he relish the fact that such a journal found so many eager readers in St. Louis and in the State at large. It was an alarming symptom of what was going on hidden from the public view.

He also wisely and firmly corrected all illegal assumption of power on the part of his subordinates. Some

¹ Moore's Reb. Rec., Vol. VIII, D. of E., pp. 56, 57.

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district commanders had assumed the right of forming sub-provost-marshal districts, and of appointing assistant provost marshals. They were true, patriotic men. Unquestionably they meant to do exactly right. But unwittingly they had transcended their powers. So by an order issued April 9th, the general called their attention to this unwarrantable usurpation of authority, and put a stop to it.¹ He knew that he was called to cope with a foe burrowing in every part of the State, and so far as possible must know every subordinate officer, and must hold firmly in his own hand all the lines of authority. He felt that such unification of power alone could preserve the State from the grasp of a secret, ubiquitous foe.

While the great mass of our fellow-citizens were not acquainted with the facts that were already in possession of our commander, rumors of a secret organization of the disloyal began to get abroad. This was just enough to fire the popular imagination, and to keep the people standing on tiptoe and craning their necks for news. And while filled with apprehension, they were not a little disturbed by seeing the troops that had been faithfully guarding our city sent elsewhere. The masterful campaign of Grant in Virginia had begun. The general-in-chief and his great lieutenants, Sherman and Canby, were all clamorous for soldiers, and each in turn urgently pressed General Rosecrans to send them regiments from our State and city. He generously responded to these calls, until he had sent them nearly all of the troops in and around St. Louis.² When still further pressed for recruits by the generals in the field, knowing, as they did not, the powerful hostile secret

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol XXXIV, P. 3, p. 107.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, pp. 42, 62, 107.

organization intrenched in every part of our State, he pathetically pleaded that he could not safely spare any more; that he must not abandon, but must protect, the loyal citizens in the various counties of our commonwealth, who remained unflinchingly true to the Union while confronted with manifold perils. Grant, underestimating our dangers and needs, and intent on his great work, accused Rosecrans of acting in violation of orders; but later he softened his accusation by merely declaring that in his judgment Rosecrans might have granted what he asked without so much correspondence.¹ One marked fault of our general was his great proneness to irritating disputation. Nevertheless both of these patriotic generals were doing their level best. But we must bear in mind this denuding our city of troops, if we would justly appreciate the administration of General Rosecrans, and fully understand the events that soon followed.

As early as March ugly rumors were flying about the city that small roving bands of guerrillas and bushwhackers had begun to appear in various parts of the State. Information concerning this daily became more definite. On the 3d of April, a lieutenant-colonel of the 61st enrolled Missouri militia reported from Columbia that rebel officers and guerrillas had been coming into that region from the South and that they were re-enforced from Illinois. That patriotic Illinois was taking a hand in this clandestine, hostile invasion seemed to the uninitiated incredible. But the announcement was unequivocal, and the invaders were reported as operating in small squads, robbing and pillaging in all directions. The disloyal in that part of the State, stirred to wrath on account of the enlistment of negroes

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, pp. 381, 416.

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in the army and the prospect of a draft, were receiving these desperadoes hospitably. And along with these specific reports of devastation there was a persistent rumor that Price was coming with a large army.¹

In the latter part of April it was declared that the rebels had planned to send into northern Missouri two brigades of cavalry and two of mounted infantry; and into the region about Rolla in the southern part of the State a column of guerrillas, together with the Confederate Seventh Missouri Regiment, to act in conjunction with some conspirators' organization² of whose existence and character the public at large had received only an inkling. At the same time it was reported that three Confederate colonels, with over a hundred armed men, were on their way to northern Missouri and that most of these men were recruiting officers of the rebel army.³ We began to apprehend that the quietude that we had felt and in which we had prematurely rejoiced was only the stillness that precedes the fierce tornado. On the last day of April it was announced that rebel raids from the South into the central part of the State had begun, and that many of the citizens of Boonville, alarmed by these reports, were fleeing from their homes. Four days after, companies of Confederate cavalry, numbering from one to three hundred, were reported as advancing towards our State from the southwest, and, what was still more astounding and bewildering, it was rumored that there were rebel organizations in Illinois, and that Quantrell, with eight hundred men, was below Quincy between the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. Of the

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, p. 30.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, pp. 197, 232, 238, 283, 344, 381.

³ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, pp. 283, 364.

truth of this, Rosecrans was convinced, because he declared that he hoped to bring "these conspirators and raiders to grief."¹ On the 4th of May from eight to twelve hundred rebels were seen on Grand River, west of Neosho.² Rumors multiplied. Marmaduke with eleven hundred men was observed going toward Missouri.³ Officers of the army on watch in the interior were persuaded that the State would be soon invaded by a powerful force.⁴ Before the middle of June this became clear to all. Reports of guerrillas drifting in from the South came from all parts of the State,⁵ coupled with the rumor that Price and his veteran host would soon be upon us.

And what in the meantime were these invaders doing? They were endeavoring with but scant success to secure recruits for the Confederate army. Their campaign had been shrewdly planned. They were in all parts of the commonwealth. They made their appeal to every one in sympathy with the rebellion. Every able-bodied man disloyal at heart had a chance now to show his colors, to come out into the open and enlist in the Confederate army.

But at this supreme moment most of them thought it imprudent so to do. The Federal officers had never been so alert as now. Every concerted rebel movement in their respective districts was unerringly detected by them and at once checkmated. Every nest of secessionists was broken up. In every place the disloyal seemed to be in the grasp of an iron hand. They did not know that Rosecrans had in his possession all the facts in reference to their secret conspiracy, and that through his able and efficient subordinates, he was

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, p. 416. ² P. 443.

³ P. 574. ⁴ P. 626. ⁵ P. 4, pp. 216, 233, 277.

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succeeding even beyond his expectations in holding it in check.

Still, his success was not complete; for while most of the disloyal of the State refused to enroll themselves as Confederate soldiers, they struck hands with their friends from the South in gathering commissary stores for the rebel army and especially for that part of it which was expected soon to appear within our borders. They regarded the property of Union men as legitimate plunder; so they gave themselves to pillage. Since these marauders were scattered in small bands all over the State beyond the immediate vicinity of St. Louis, it was impossible for our soldiers, however vigilant and alert, to defend against them the property of all Unionists. So they robbed here and plundered there,¹ and in each case were quickly gone, no one knew where. Many of them, to be sure, came to grief. Some were taken prisoners; some were shot or hung; but most of them escaped to rob the defenceless, and to make night lurid with burning farmhouses and barns.

If the depredators had confined themselves to plunder and arson, this orgy of lawlessness would happily have lacked its darkest colors. But they were joined by bush-whackers. These by birth or adoption were Missourians. They knew every Union man in their respective neighborhoods. They piloted the invaders to the homes of the loyal, that they might seize upon what they considered their rightful prey. Many of them wore the uniform of United States soldiers,² that they might deceive the Unionists. They had many grudges that they determined to feed fat. So to robbery was often added murder, cold-blooded, dastardly murder. All

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 4, pp. 216, 233, 277.

² W. R. S. 1, Vol. XXXIV, P. 3, p. 351.

over Missouri, wherever these assassins, clothed in the loyal blue, dared to go, they shot down Union men. Many of these atrocities were unspeakably revolting. A bushwhacker rode up to the door of a peaceable old man, and asked for a drink of water. Whether the man regarded the thirsty traveller as a friend or enemy was never known; at all events, he brought him a cup of cold water, which he drank and then, handing back the cup, shot his benefactor dead. Not because he had previously injured him or any one else, but solely because amid many perils he had been a true Union man.

The leader of a band of guerrillas, by the name of Anderson, ordered his gang to shoot into, and stop, a train of cars on the North Missouri Railroad. In one of the coaches he found twenty-two unarmed United States soldiers that, on account of sickness, had been furloughed. They were on their way to their homes and loved ones. He ordered them all out of the car, robbed them, stood them in a row and shot them. Some of the bodies he scalped, others he put across the track and ran the engine over them. He afterwards attacked a hundred and twenty men of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, and having stampeded their horses, shot every one of them in cold blood. A few days later he was recognized by General Price as a Confederate captain, and with the gentle admonition that he must behave himself, was sent out to destroy railroads.¹

But this carnage went on. It was the culmination of horrors in Missouri. All the barbarism that had gone before was now eclipsed. No other State of the South was so harried by lawless, irresponsible armed men. They did not wage war, and were entitled to none of the amenities of war as conducted by civilized nations.

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XLI, P. 1, p. 309.

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In St. Louis we were as yet safe. But we breakfasted and supped on horrors. Our hearts bled for our suffering brethren in the State. We did what we could to help them; but we were able to effect very little. The persistent rumors that a large army of invaders would soon sweep into our State from the South made us apprehensive that there might at no distant day be fighting at our own gates.

At last these rumors of invasion were followed by the ingress of a veteran rebel force under the command of General Price. They came up from Arkansas. On the 24th of September, General Shelby, one of Price's division commanders, with five thousand men and several pieces of artillery, was reported as just south of Pilot Knob, about eighty-five miles from St. Louis. It was the vanguard of an army of at least fifteen thousand men.

Excitement ran high among us. We had no force at all adequate to our protection. As we have already seen, most of the soldiers in and around St. Louis had been sent to the front. Of this state of things, the rebel general had undoubtedly been informed. He expected to capture our city, and, comparatively defenceless as we were, we thought that his expectation would probably be realized; at all events, we could not see why it should not be. Still we all deeply felt that we must do our utmost to save that for which we had so successfully contended for more than three years.

Days before, when rumors of this invasion filled the air, and evidences multiplied that rumor would soon be transmuted into reality, at the earnest solicitation of our general, the military authorities at Washington had halted at Cairo, General A. J. Smith, with about four thousand five hundred infantry, when on his way

to join General Sherman, and ordered him to turn back and assist Rosecrans in defending Missouri against the hostile forces of Price. To our great relief he came up to St. Louis, knowing full well that our city was the coveted prize and the objective point of the invading army. He wisely determined to stand, with his brave soldiers, between our comparatively defenceless city and the invaders when they should appear on our soil.

But he was not our only defence. When the invading rebels were reported as being in the southern part of the State all the Home Guards of St. Louis were called out. Their whole strength was from four to five thousand men, none of whom had ever been under fire. Under the best officers that could be secured they were daily drilled. Moreover, some one hundred days' volunteers, then in Illinois, who had more than served out their time, with great alacrity and generosity came to our support, but refused under the circumstances to go beyond the city. They were willing to fight there on the defensive, but were unwilling to join in an offensive campaign, which might require long and perhaps forced marches. We could not blame them, and were glad that they stood ready with us to defend our city if it should be attacked.

Now, with such force as was at hand the defensive campaign began. General Ewing was sent with about fifteen hundred men, half of whom were raw recruits, to Pilot Knob. He was ordered to hold that position until he found out as nearly as possible the number of the invading army. He was an able, gallant soldier, and we knew that he would do his utmost to carry out the command of his chief.

At the same time, General Smith marched with his division of infantry in the direction of Pilot Knob.

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His movement was noted by Price, who, wishing to prevent him from uniting his force with that of General Ewing, sent General Shelby to oppose him and if possible check his advance. General Smith, having discovered that the enemy was moving west and north, was ordered to keep between the rebel force and St. Louis; so he retired behind the Meramec, a little river a few miles south of our city.

In the meantime, full of anxiety, we at St. Louis waited for tidings from General Ewing. Hours seemed to be days, and days weeks. At last the thrilling news came. Ewing, after using part of his troops to guard a portion of the Iron Mountain Railroad, with a thousand men took his stand at Fort Davidson, a small field work in a valley surrounded by hills. It commanded the opening between the mountains through which Price had determined to pass. Throughout the whole of September 27th, he was terrifically assaulted by the invaders. While half of his thousand troops were undisciplined volunteers, he pluckily held his ground, repulsing the attacking army and killing and wounding fifteen hundred of them; while his own loss in killed, wounded and missing was only two hundred and fifty. A part of this number in the desperate fighting of the day had been taken prisoners and soon after were paroled. The general had triumphantly accomplished his object. He had developed the fact that the whole of Price's army was in the State, and for a whole day he had confronted and fought all of it except Shelby's division.

The enemy, towards evening, had gained the slopes of the adjacent mountains and were planting batteries there which would command the fort that Ewing had so tenaciously and gallantly held. Fully eight thousand

five hundred men with ten pieces of artillery were prepared to attack him in the morning. His position was no longer tenable. He therefore spiked his big guns, blew up his magazine, destroyed as far as he was able the supplies that he could not carry away, and with his field battery and what remained of his command retreated under the cover of darkness toward the Meramec valley. When his absence was discovered, the enemy pursued and greatly harassed him and his small intrepid army. The only wonder is that his whole command was not captured or destroyed; but he got upon a ridge of land between two creeks, and so was able, as he marched rapidly on, to repulse again and again the pursuing forces. He reached at last Harrison Station, a little more than a day's march from our city. Here he hastily occupied and extended some earthworks that had been thrown up by a regiment of militia, and with his raw troops, now become a Spartan band, withstood the assaulting army for thirty-six hours, when he was re-enforced by a detachment of cavalry. The enemy now withdrew. Ewing and his brave men escaped to Rolla.

We were soon in possession of all the facts. A great burden was lifted from our hearts. The well-earned fame of Ewing and his dauntless little army floated on the lips of the multitude. But why Price did not take St. Louis was to us all an inscrutable mystery. He could have done so. He came for that very purpose, and yet passed by us to the west and north. He was a cautious general; as we have before observed, he never wished to attack unless he felt quite sure of victory. And like most overcautious commanders, he overestimated the strength of his enemy. We know now, what we did not then, that he sent a spy to our city,

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one in whose judgment he placed the utmost confidence, who reported to him that we had for our defence two soldiers to his one. How that spy could have been so deceived is still an unsolved riddle. Price had almost two soldiers to our one. His soldiers were veterans; ours to a great extent were raw and undisciplined. With a little resolute, hard fighting he could have seized the prize which he and his troops so intensely coveted. But the God of nations and battles, who holds in his hand the hearts of kings and generals, had graciously decreed otherwise.

It would be aside from my object to present in detail the events which belong to this invasion of our State. When we saw that the rebel general had evidently abandoned the purpose of attacking St. Louis its loyal inhabitants felt the intensest satisfaction. We now saw with increasing delight that the distance between the invaders and our city was daily growing greater; that General Price, overestimating the number of Union troops at Jefferson City, just as he had at St. Louis, passed on to the west and north, leaving the State capital unharmed. Soon the scattered detachments of Federal troops began to concentrate in his rear, and he hastened his march. Near the western border of the State, Union troops from Kansas joined in the pursuit. Now in every battle the rebel forces met with defeat, and were soon driven from southwest Missouri into Arkansas, never more to return. This was the last invasion of our State.

But in this invasion the rebel general was in some ways largely successful. He killed and wounded very many of our troops. During this campaign, though it lasted only a few days, there were more than forty skirmishes and about fifteen battles, some of them of

considerable dimensions. Many places, either utterly without defence, or inadequately defended, were temporarily occupied, and plundered. Houses of Union men were burned. Railroad tracks were torn up, and the rails twisted and destroyed. Bridges, depots and warehouses were reduced to ashes. Horses, mules and wagons in large numbers were carried away. Vast quantities of commissary stores were ruthlessly gathered for the Confederate army. Price, in his report of this campaign, claims that he destroyed full ten million dollars worth of property. Perhaps that is an exaggeration; but he marched by a circuitous route from one end of our State to the other, devastating a strip of territory about twenty miles wide.

He, to be sure, lost heavily. Ten pieces of his artillery, two stand of colors, large numbers of wagons, mules and small arms, and nearly two thousand prisoners were captured by the Federals. Many of his men were slain in battle. He had also been compelled in his flight to burn very many of the wagons that he had confiscated, and to destroy much of his ill-gotten plunder.

Moreover, he had utterly failed, politically. He anticipated the uprising of the "Order of American Knights," fully twenty-five thousand in number, and that most of them would join his army; he also expected to take St. Louis and swing our State into the Southern Confederacy; march into Illinois, where, re-enforced by the one hundred fifty thousand Knights of that State, and greeted by the Knights from Indiana and Ohio, with Vallandigham at their head, he hoped to establish a Northwestern Confederacy and put a stop to the war, which was being waged for the maintenance of the Union. But divine Providence had decreed that

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this audacious scheme of rebels and copperheads should never be realized. The effort to make the airy fabric of that dream a reality had been attended with devastation, misery and blood, and had ended in inglorious defeat.

But one sad outcome of the devastating march of Price's army was patent to every eye. Before it Union men with their families fled for their lives. Many of them hastily left their homes at night, lighted on their way by their flaming houses. Avoiding their pillaging focs, they made their way to St. Louis. They came in great numbers, and like the refugees that preceded them, were kindly received and abundantly cared for.¹

¹ W. R. S. 1, Vol. XLI, P. 1, pp. 307-340.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEGRO SCHOOLS

BEFORE the last invasion of our State by Price, a few of us became deeply interested in the education of the colored children of our city. No public school was open to them. Although the negroes of St. Louis owned taxable property, assessed year by year at a valuation of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and had long paid annually no inconsiderable school tax, it had been used for the education of white children alone. This rank injustice, one of the many shameful wrongs of chattel slavery, led the colored people to establish in different parts of the city a few private schools for the education of their own children. By the flocking of contrabands into St. Louis the demand for colored schools had steadily grown more imperative. But these schools, founded and conducted by colored teachers, were of a very low grade. They were worthy of hearty commendation, as earnest efforts on the part of those who, though brought up in ignorance, desired better things for their children than they themselves had known. This ignorance yearning for knowledge, this stretching out of black hands toward the light, was an appeal too eloquent to be resisted. A goodly company of us determined to do what we could to lay the foundation for the future education of our colored population. It was already pretty clear that they were to be

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enfranchised citizens, and would need greater intelligence to enable them to discharge creditably their obligations to the community and the State.

We saw at a glance what they needed was better schools and more of them. Larger and more cleanly rooms, more and better elementary books, and above all more thoroughly trained teachers were absolutely necessary in order to secure results even moderately satisfactory. To accomplish this, two things were demanded, money and self-sacrificing workers. The first could not be obtained from the public treasury. While the law compelled thrifty blacks to pay a school tax, it forbade the use of a cent of it in educating black children. We and they had to bow before the majesty of the law. The only resort left us was private charity. But this did not fail us. The negro property holders not only cheerfully paid the school tax for the education of white children, but also generously contributed from their limited incomes to sustain the private schools for colored children. And loyal whites, who, from the beginning of the war, had nobly responded to a multitude of appeals for charity, by their bountiful gifts helped on this new educational enterprise, while a company of men and women came forward with alacrity to do the necessary work involved in this philanthropic project. They met with and counselled the colored school board; solicited and collected money; secured the donation of the necessary furnishings for the schoolrooms and the books and simple apparatus required; encouraged pupils to attend the schools and inspired teachers when in their new and difficult work their hearts began to fail them.

I was chosen to examine the colored applicants for positions as teachers. In the months of September and

October, I spent six half days in the work of examination. It was a difficult task. These aspirants for the responsible office of teacher knew accurately very little. The superintendent of our city schools furnished me with the questions to be asked. But these questions were framed for white teachers of larger knowledge and greater discipline and were quite unfit for my purpose; however, being required to use them, I did my best in Saul's armor.

During the war the price of gold in New York was quoted in every daily paper. It was one dollar and forty cents or one dollar and seventy-five cents or two dollars and twenty-five cents, that is, it took so much in paper currency to buy one dollar in gold. One of the questions designated for these examinations was: "What is the leading industry of New York?" referring of course to the State of New York. It was a rather difficult question for any one to answer. I gave it to a bright-looking colored girl, as a part of her examination. Her answer was, "Buying and selling gold."

Out of the fourteen that I examined, male and female, I found four that showed that they were tolerably well-prepared for their duties as primary teachers and they acquitted themselves very well in the schoolroom.

Our schools flourished. Most of the pupils learned rapidly. The number of them multiplied. Soon our room was insufficient. From time to time we added other schools, and succeeded with small means in doing a great, beneficent work.

We finally carried our case to the School Board of the city. We went with faint hearts. In a community accustomed to slave laws, which public opinion had heartily sustained, we were to ask the great boon of public schools for those who by legislative enactment

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had been long kept in ignorance. Moreover, the character of the men before whom we were to plead the cause of the negro made us hesitate. Most of them were what were then called Bourbon Democrats, who, it was declared, never learned anything nor forgot anything, and a majority of the Board were Roman Catholics. What could we expect men of that kind to do for the servile and despised race among us? We were ushered into their presence. With warm hearts we began to state our case. We criminated nobody. We spoke earnestly and tenderly for the wronged and neglected. We were wonderfully cheered when we saw that those whom we addressed were all eye and all ear. They intently looked us in the face, they seemed unwilling to lose a single word that fell from our lips. The injustice that we pointed out was so rank that all their hearts were touched. Without a dissenting voice they declared that the great wrong must be righted; that the children of the men who paid a school tax must share in its benefits.

But, just as we expected, they affirmed that they could do nothing for the colored children under the existing law; but unsolicited they pledged themselves to petition the next legislature for a law that would enable them to provide school buildings, books, apparatus, and teachers for the black children, and to support these schools, just as the schools for white children are maintained, by the public school funds. They were as good as their word. The legislature to which they appealed was mainly made up of men of radical, progressive views, and what was asked was enthusiastically granted. The school buildings for colored children were put up and all that could make these schools most highly efficient was liberally pro-

vided. The negro question for Missouri was solved in this high-minded, philanthropic way, and the solution was unstained by partisanship or demagogism; and in it we saw the grand fruition of our toil on behalf of a few private negro schools.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER DARKNESS LIGHT

In the beginning of the autumn of 1864 the Unionists of St. Louis were sadly disheartened. They had not been so hopeless since the war began. Men were unable to give any rational explanation of their discouragement. It probably arose from a combination of untoward events. Grant and Sherman had begun their great campaigns in Virginia and Georgia. Some hard battles had been fought but no very decisive victories had yet been gained. Mr. Lincoln had been renominated for the Presidency, but without the triumph of our arms his election seemed to us somewhat doubtful. For the opposing candidate the Democrats had nominated General McClellan, who had many enthusiastic followers. In their platform they had declared the war a failure. The existence of "The Knights of the Golden Circle," their great numbers in several States of the Middle West and their ardent support of the Democratic candidate had become quite generally known. Such an array of antagonistic forces seemed to many of the loyal in our city, wearied with the long and costly conflict for the Union, to betoken possible defeat.

In this too general gloom I could not share. With other optimistic souls I felt sure of ultimate victory. It was my duty, therefore, to impart so far as possible my confidence to others; so I preached to a full house

from the text: "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." The press asked for my sermon and gave it to a far greater number than those who heard it. Its closing passage enshrines the spirit and stress of that day.

"There are those, however, who cry out for peace. Who does not desire it? Have we not had enough of fratricidal strife? Yes, verily. Has not enough blood been shed? Yes, a thousand fold more than ought to have flowed. Have we not had enough of lamentation and tears? Let the Rachels who weep for their children, and refuse to be comforted, answer. He has a stone for a heart who, looking on the desolations of war, does not sigh for peace. But peace at what price? At the price of truth? Shall we for the sake of peace give up the principle that good government must be obeyed? Shall we tamely abandon the truth that all men are equal in God's sight, and have a right to the product of their own labor? Shall we timidly assent to the tyrannical doctrine that the normal condition of a portion of our race is slavery? We cannot purchase peace at so great cost. God giving us strength, we never will. Let our wives be widows and our children orphans; let them beg their bread from door to door; let them die without care in almshouses, and be buried uncoffined in the potter's field; yea, 'let a general conflagration sweep over the land, and let an earthquake sink it,' before we yield one rood of our territory to those who, without cause, lifted up the red hand of rebellion against the government of our fathers in the interest of slavery. And why all this? Because the truth for which we contend is worth more than your life or mine — or more than the lives of a generation of men. When peace shall be obtained which is based in righteousness,

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which flows forth from justice established and exalted in the midst of the nation, which grants to all classes of men their inalienable rights, we will sing pæans of joy over it; but if we are to have a peace based on a compromise with iniquity, which will be as deceptive as the apples of Sodom, involving our children in disasters more dire than those which have befallen us, every lover of truth, and justice, and good government will hang his head in shame. O, God, save us in mercy, from such a peace! Give us anything rather than it. Grant us an eighty years' war like that waged by the Netherlands, rather than pour into our cup such an insidious curse.

“Brethren, be of good cheer. God now goes before us to battle, and grants us victories. This is no time for fear and faltering. We must quit ourselves like men, like Christian freemen. This conflict is not anomalous. There have been many such. Christ, the Prince of Peace, anticipated it, and His words coming across the centuries shall cheer us till the last blow is struck, truth vindicated and righteousness immovably established.”

As we approached November the tide of public opinion turned in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln for a second term. The invasion of Missouri had failed of its object. St. Louis was no longer threatened by her foes; she was now secure and serene. The great secret political organization, which aspired to destroy the Union and defeat the second election of the President, had become innocuous; the fangs of the copperhead had been drawn; Grant with the hammer of Thor, over grass-covered fortifications, was steadily pounding his way towards Richmond. Sherman had achieved brilliant success in Georgia. All things for the cause of the Union were propitious. Lincoln's election was triumphant. Great

patient soul, he now knew that he was enthroned in the hearts of the people to whom he was so ardently devoted.

In Missouri many were kept from voting because they could not take the prescribed oath of allegiance. On that account the result of the election was not the real expression of the judgment of the whole people; but it gave the most intense satisfaction to all radical Union men of our city and State. The President received over forty thousand majority; the unconditional Union candidate for Governor, Thomas C. Fletcher, received a still heavier vote. The people, by more than thirty-seven thousand majority, declared themselves in favor of another Convention and at the same time elected the members of it, more than three-fourths of whom were Charcoals. The entire radical ticket for State officers was chosen, and the legislature was heavily radical in both its branches. Eight of the nine candidates elected to Congress were radicals. In eighty of the one hundred and fourteen counties of the State the radical ticket prevailed. The loyal of our city celebrated this triumph of unconditional Unionism with unbounded joy. They rang the bells; kindled bonfires; marched with torches to martial music; sang patriotic songs; and almost split their throats and the welkin with their huzzas. Well they might do all this. Every plot against the Union had been thwarted; they held at last firmly within their grasp the prize for which they had so long and patiently struggled. The darkness had fled; the light shone.

CHAPTER XXVI

RADICALS IN CONVENTION ¹

THE radicals for many months had been deeply dissatisfied with the conservatism of the old Convention. While recognizing its inestimable service in keeping Missouri in the Union, they were strongly opposed to its policy of gradual, compensated emancipation. They clamored for a new Convention to which this, and other vitally important questions, should be submitted. So many in the State adopted and advocated their views that the legislature in February, 1864, passed an act creating and calling a new Convention to meet in St. Louis on January 6th, 1865, "to consider, first, such amendments to the Constitution of the State as may be by them deemed necessary for the emancipation of slaves; second, such amendments to the Constitution of the State as may be by them deemed necessary to preserve in purity the elective franchise to loyal citizens; and such other amendments as may be by them deemed essential to the promotion of the public good."

At the election in November, the people, as we have already noted, by a decisive majority, declared for a new Convention and elected delegates to it most of whom were radicals. The Charcoals were at last in the

¹ For the facts of this chapter, aside from my own personal observations, see "Journal of the Missouri State Convention, held at the City of St. Louis, January 6-April 10, 1865."

saddle. The conservatives were dispirited; and even the more moderate radicals held their breath in fear of measures too extreme and impracticable. But, whatever drawbacks there were, on the whole the radical triumph was a healthful onward movement.

On January 6th, 1865, the Convention met in the small Mercantile Library Hall. There were sixty-nine delegates. More than half of them had been born and bred in slave States. Twenty-three were natives of the free States, while ten were immigrants from Europe, chiefly from Germany. Some of those who were natives of the South had recently been converted from their pro-slavery notions and were intent on magnifying their new faith. They were uncompromising radicals.

Unlike the old Convention, there were in this more farmers than lawyers, while the medical profession was as numerous represented as the legal; almost one-fifth of the Convention were physicians. There were also twelve merchants, mostly from small towns whose business had never been large. Editors, clerks, a mechanic, a railroad agent, a law student, a nurseryman, a surveyor, a schoolmaster, and a major of Missouri volunteers made up the rest.

In the main the delegates were young. More than a third of them were under forty, and more than two-thirds under fifty; none of them were enfeebled by age. But a single glance at them convinced any intelligent beholder that, taken as a whole, they were in capacity mediocre; and most of them by their occupations had not been fitted to grapple with questions that pertained to the fundamental law of the State. The people who chose them had evidently not kept clearly in view the delicate and difficult work that they would be called upon to perform. To a large extent passion and prejudice

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born of the hour had controlled the voters in their choice of delegates. In their anxiety to elect men who were uncompromisingly in favor of immediate emancipation, they had not been sufficiently careful in demanding that they should also be men qualified to do their part intelligently in reconstructing the organic law of the commonwealth.

Moreover, the Convention did not fairly represent the whole body of loyal men in the State. Ruling out all downright rebels as justly debarred from voting, the conservative anti-slavery element secured at the best but a very small representation in this deliberative assembly. The stringent oath of allegiance, framed by the old Convention and rigidly required of every voter, kept many from making any attempt to deposit their ballots; not because they were not, even under such a severe test, legal voters, but because they shrank from the catechizing to which they would be subjected at the polls by men who looked with suspicion upon any one with conservative views.

Now when the Convention made up mainly of men holding ultra notions came together and organized for work, choosing, at its second session, for president, Arnold Krekel of St. Charles, a native of Prussia, an able lawyer, but an extremist of the most pronounced type, all St. Louis was agog. This first important act of the Convention unmistakably revealed its radical drift, and showed how potent in it were the ultra political notions of our German fellow-citizens. It proceeded at once to the paramount business for which it had been created and called together, the emancipation of the slaves of Missouri. On the fifth day after its organization it passed, with only four votes in the negative, the following ordinance:

“ Be it ordained by the People of the State of Missouri, in Convention assembled:

“ That hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free.”

The hall was packed with spectators; and when the almost unanimous vote for this ordinance was announced by the president they broke out into loud applause; they swung hats, waved handkerchiefs, stamped, clapped their hands and cheered. The president cried, “ Order, order,” pounded with his gavel and called on the sergeant-at-arms to suppress the exultant uproar; but every effort was futile; he might as well have attempted to still a hurricane by pounding on a board with a gavel and by threatening it with an attack by one man armed. And how foolish it was to try. For many years men in that shouting crowd had longed for that hour; they had often feared that they should die without the sight. And now that it had come in such unexpected ways their joy must have vent. And in spite of all efforts to quiet them they continued to cheer until they were exhausted. No wonder. The event that excited them was great and significant. More than a hundred thousand slaves were in a moment made freemen and the greatest obstacle to the progress of Missouri was swept out of the way.

When at last the glad cries of the onlooking throng died away, Dr. Eliot was called upon to voice the gratitude of all present by returning thanks to Almighty God. He came to the president's desk and from a full heart poured out in tremulous tones this fitting petition:

“ Most merciful God, before whom we are all equal,

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we look up to thee who hast declared thyself our Father and our helper and our strong defence, to thank thee that thou art no respecter of persons, to thank thee that thou didst send Jesus Christ into the world to redeem the world from sin, and that he was the friend of the poor, that he came to break the manacles of the slaves, 'that the oppressed might go free.' We thank thee that this day the people of this State have had grace given them to do as they would be done by. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the proceedings of this Convention, that no evil may come to this State from the wrong position of those who do not agree with the action of to-day, but that we, all of us, may be united to sustain this which is the law of the land. We pray, O God! but our hearts are too full to express our thanksgiving! Thanks be to God for this day that light has now come out of darkness, that all things are now promising a future of peace and quietness to our distracted State. Grant that this voice may go over the whole land until the Ordinance of Emancipation is made perfect throughout the States. We ask it through the name of our dear Lord and Redeemer. Amen."

This prayer was followed by some moments of reverent silence; the hearts of all present had been deeply touched. Then the hush that had fallen alike on delegates and spectators was reluctantly broken. In subdued tones a motion was offered that the Ordinance of Emancipation be engrossed on parchment, attested by the secretary and signed by the members of the Convention. This was unanimously adopted.

Without a moment's delay, it was moved and carried that a duly authenticated copy of the Ordinance be sent by special messenger to the Governor of the State, at Jefferson City, and that he be requested to issue a

proclamation to the people of the commonwealth, apprising them that, "by the irrevocable action of the Convention, slavery is abolished in the State of Missouri, now and forever."

The Convention, being in no mood to take up other business, adjourned till the next day. But the report of what they had done had already spread through the whole city. It outran the newsboys who were soon vociferously hawking on every street the extras that had been quickly sent forth from the newspaper presses. All business for the rest of the day was suspended. The joyful peal of bells from tower and steeple struck every ear. Crowds spontaneously gathered on the streets. They eagerly rehearsed and animatedly discussed what the Convention had done. Most approved it; a few condemned it. Public buildings and most private dwellings quickly hung out in profusion the national banner, and when night came hundreds of buildings were illuminated. There was a carnival of joy.

The negroes filled their churches, sang songs of deliverance, and poured out their quaint thanksgiving to God that the day for which they had so long sighed had come. As their leaders prayed, those in the pews, swaying their bodies back and forth, cried: "Bress de Lawd, Amen, Glory, Hal'luah, We's free." To them it was the day of days. Their year of jubilee had come. They shouted, and sang their touching melodies till long after midnight.

But our picture would be far from complete without a glance at the capital of the State. Before the special messenger, bearing the Ordinance of Emancipation, had reached Jefferson City, the telegraph had anticipated both him and his message. The legislature was in session. On receipt of the news, business was at once

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suspended and the members of both houses, with rare exceptions, gave themselves up to rejoicing. By a resolution enthusiastically adopted, Colonel Jameson of St. Louis, Mr. Kutzner of Hannibal, and Mr. Doan of Grundy were invited to sing "John Brown." Standing in front of the speaker's desk they sang it amid hearty applause, the members of the legislature joining in the chorus, "Glory, glory Hallelujah." When the legislature adjourned, there were several spontaneous gatherings of the citizens of Jefferson City. These meetings were addressed by the ablest speakers residing at the capital; also by some members of the legislature, and by the Congressman of the district. National banners were run up on all public buildings, and out from the windows of most of the private houses; bells rang, bands played, and in the evening tar barrels were burned in the streets, while every window-pane of the Capitol seemed to be illuminated. The trees and the neighboring hills caught up the light and seemed to rejoice with the city; reminding many of the rapt words of the prophet; "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

On the same day, January 11th, as "requested" by the Convention, Governor Fletcher, reciting the Ordinance of Emancipation, proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the commonwealth "that henceforth and forever no person within the jurisdiction of this State shall be subject to any abridgement of liberty, except such as the law may prescribe for the common good, or know any master but God."

And so the curtain fell on the first and greatest act of the Convention. If, after eliminating from the Constitution of the State all that pertained to involun-

tary servitude, thus making it consonant with the Ordinance of Emancipation, the Convention had adjourned *sine die*, it would have covered itself with imperishable glory. But the act of the legislature by which it was created gave to it almost unlimited powers. It was especially called upon so to amend the Constitution that the elective franchise should be preserved in its purity to all loyal citizens, and to make such other amendments as it might think "essential to the public good." Under this last clause apparently there was nothing that they might not legally do, and in their remaining work they went to the full limit of their powers. Instead of simply revising the old Constitution they in fact made a new one, and in spots it was admirable. It contained the most progressive doctrines of popular government; but in prescribing who should be legal voters their enactments were so extreme that they appear to us now quite ludicrous. To justify this statement we venture to give in full sections 3 and 6 of article II of the Constitution, together with the prescribed oath, believing that any intelligent reader who begins the perusal of them will proceed with increasing interest to the last line.

"SEC. 3. At any election held by the people under this Constitution, or in pursuance of any law of this State, or under any ordinance or by-law of any municipal corporation, no person shall be deemed a qualified voter, who has ever been in armed hostility to the United States, or to the lawful authorities thereof, or to the Government of this State; or has ever given aid, comfort, countenance, or support to persons engaged in any such hostility; or has ever, in any manner, adhered to the enemies, foreign or domestic, of the United States, either by contributing to them, or by unlawfully sending

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within their lines, money, goods, letters, or information; or has ever disloyally held communication with such enemies; or has ever advised or aided any person to enter the service of such enemies; or has ever, by act or word, manifested his adherence to the cause of such enemies, or his desire for their triumph over the arms of the United States, or his sympathy with those engaged in exciting or carrying on rebellion against the United States; or has ever, except under overpowering compulsion, submitted to the authority, or been in the service, of the so-called 'Confederate States of America;' or has left this State, and gone within the lines of the armies of the so-called 'Confederate States of America,' with the purpose of adhering to said States or armies; or has ever been a member of, or connected with, any order, society, or organization, inimical to the Government of the United States, or to the Government of this State; or has ever been engaged in guerrilla warfare against loyal inhabitants of the United States, or in that description of marauding commonly known as 'bushwhacking;' or has ever knowingly and willingly harbored, aided, or countenanced, any person so engaged; or has ever come into or left this State for the purpose of avoiding enrollment for or draft into the military service of the United States; or has ever, with a view to avoid enrollment in the militia of this State, or to escape the performance of duty therein, or for any other purpose, enrolled himself, or authorized himself to be enrolled, by or before any officer, as disloyal, or as a Southern sympathizer, or in any other terms indicating his disaffection to the Government of the United States in its contest with rebellion, or his sympathy with those engaged in such rebellion; or, having ever voted at any election by the

people in this State, or in any other of the United States, or in any of their Territories, or held office in this State, or in any other of the United States, or in any of their Territories, or under the United States, shall thereafter have sought or received, under claim of alienage, the protection of any foreign government, through any consul or other officer thereof, in order to secure exemption from military duty in the militia of this State, or in the army of the United States; nor shall any such person be capable of holding, in this State, any office of honor, trust, or profit, under its authority; or of being an officer, councilman, director, trustee, or other manager of any corporation, public or private, now existing or hereafter established by its authority; or of acting as a professor or teacher in any educational institution, or in any common or other school; or of holding any real estate, or other property, in trust for the use of any church, religious society, or congregation. But the foregoing provisions in relation to acts done against the United States shall not apply to any person not a citizen thereof, who shall have committed such acts while in the service of some foreign country at war with the United States, and who has, since such acts, been naturalized, or may hereafter be naturalized, under the laws of the United States; and the oath of loyalty hereinafter prescribed, when taken by such person, shall be considered as taken in such sense."

"Sec. 6. The oath to be taken as aforesaid shall be known as the Oath of Loyalty, and shall be in the following terms:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear, that I am well acquainted with the terms of the third section of the second Article of the Constitution of the State of Missouri, adopted in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-

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five, and have carefully considered the same; that I have never, directly or indirectly, done any of the acts in said section specified; that I have always been truly and loyally on the side of the United States against all enemies thereof, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and will support the Constitution and laws thereof, as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will, to the best of my ability, protect and defend the Union of the United States, and not allow the same to be broken up and dissolved, or the Government thereof to be destroyed or overthrown, under any circumstances, if in my power to prevent it; that I will support the Constitution of the State of Missouri; and that I make this oath without any mental reservation or evasion, and hold it to be binding on me."

We see from this how intensely in earnest were the delegates of this Convention. But this oath was not wholly a creation of theirs. It had a gradual growth. We have seen with what imperativeness General Halleck demanded an oath of allegiance of all officers of the State, county and city, without which they were not permitted to exercise their functions. The generals of the department that came after him rigorously maintained the same policy. The first sovereign Convention adopted it and strenuously enforced it by the sword. This Convention, receiving it from the first, with wonderful genius for probing the conscience, elaborated it. Under its manipulation the oath became retrospective, introspective and prospective. No man could take it without perjury, who by word or act had been in the past, was in the present, or should be in the future, disloyal to the government of the United States. It not

only prohibited one who could not subscribe to it from voting, but also from holding any government office of whatever grade, teaching in any school or preaching the gospel. And to make sure that the fountains of justice should be freed from every suspicion of disloyalty, the Convention vacated the offices of the judges of the Supreme Court, circuit and county courts, and special courts of record throughout the State, and of all clerks of courts, county recorders, and circuit attorneys and their assistants, and "empowered and directed" the Governor of the State to fill these offices so vacated by his appointment. Since most judges and subordinate officers of the courts were unable to subscribe to the oath of loyalty without perjury, the Convention was determined that court officials should be appointed that could. And thinking it unsafe to wait for the slow process of a popular election and probably fearing, if they should, that the elections might not go according to their liking, they took a short cut to clean the Augean stables. It looked like revolution. At all events the Convention went to the full limit, if not beyond the limit, of its powers. The judges of the Supreme Court resisted what they regarded a gross usurpation of authority; but their resistance was vain. They were arrested and tried before the City Recorder as disturbers of the peace, and so sank from public view.

While the Convention designated the oath the "Oath of Loyalty;" the people, seizing upon its exact intent, called it the Test Oath. Its object was to test the loyalty of those who were required to take it. But the oath was too indiscriminate. It did not sufficiently recognize different degrees of guilt. Many in our city and State who were at first swept by the excitement of

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the hour into the ranks of the secessionists, soon saw their error and thereafter loyally supported the Federal government. Others had at times expressed their sympathy with secessionism, but in all their overt acts had been faithful to the Union. It would naturally have been expected that ordinarily wise and humane legislators would have provided for the full, unconditional pardon of such men. But no; this oath of loyalty was pitiless. It made not the slightest provision for the penitent. The majority of the Convention seem to have proceeded on the assumption that men who had been guilty of rebellion in any degree, if they had but expressed a sympathetic emotion in its behalf, were unfit either to vote or teach or preach.

And, for a decade, the most genuine and heart-felt repentance would be altogether vain; since the Convention provided, in the 25th section of the second article of the Constitution, that the General Assembly of the State might repeal the provisions of the oath, so far as they affected voters, after 1871, but so far as they pertained to lawyers, school teachers and ministers not till after 1875. Therefore irrespective of the degree of his guilt, to the attorney, the pedagogue or the preacher, these astute constitution-makers, with a scent for disloyalty keener than that of a hound, for ten long years, granted "no place of repentance," even though he should seek it "diligently with tears."

It would, however, be unjust to overlook the fact that there was in the Convention a conservative minority, who steadily and sturdily fought this extreme legislation. They contended that it was unjust to many in the State; that, especially since the end of the war must be near, the true policy was that of forgiveness and reconciliation; that those who in spite of their Southern

birth and education had, through bitter experiences, become loyal, should not have their new-born faith crushed out of them by this merciless oath; that the oath was a political blunder since it would give all the enemies of the new Constitution some just ground for their opposition to it. The debate was long and sharp. Dr. Linton, a physician of our city, who had been a member of the first Convention, while loyal to the core, distinguished himself by his strong opposition to the oath. He had a genius for cogent, laconic speech. And since Charles D. Drake, a Southerner by birth, was the pre-eminent advocate of the oath and the author of most of its details, with grim sarcasm he called it "the Draconian oath." But the faithful minority could not stem the tide of radicalism in the Convention and this notorious oath became a part of the new Constitution of Missouri.

But we must cordially recognize the fact that the authors of it, and all in the Convention who voted to make it part and parcel of the ground law of the State, were genuinely patriotic. They sought not primarily party ends, but the highest good of their commonwealth and of the entire Republic. While they no longer doubted the favorable issue of the terrible grapple of the Northern and Southern armies at Petersburg and the Weldon Railroad, they clearly saw that this battle of blood would be followed by a desperate political contest; that what disunionists should fail to gain by the sword, they would endeavor to achieve by statecraft. They were firmly persuaded that Missouri now faced her greatest peril; that her future destiny trembled in the balance. If her old, corrupt politicians, who, through necessity and with a sigh, had relinquished their hold on slavery, should at once gain political ascendancy, much,

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if not all, that had been wrought out on the field of carnage, would be hopelessly lost. The leaders of the Convention, with an accurate knowledge of the situation, shaped its legislation effectively to meet, if possible, the emergency. They framed this searching test oath to hold in check the rebellious, pro-slavery element of the commonwealth, until the new order of things should be thoroughly established. They were firmly resolved that those who had striven with savage might to force Missouri into secession, and link her to a Confederacy founded on slavery, should not shape her future political character; that since God had preserved the people in their passage through a sea of blood, the taskmaster should not now lead them back to a worse than Egyptian bondage. Whether the acts of the Convention were wise or unwise, the whole drift of the Constitution framed by it clearly shows that this was its sole and commendable object.

But after the Emancipation Act was passed, the Convention, having, against the earnest protest of some of its own members, doggedly set itself to the work of making a new Constitution, lost, to a large extent, the confidence of many of the best loyal men of the State. Even a goodly number of the delegates that composed it became to the extent of their power obstructionists. Absenteeism grew apace, and only by the rigid enforcement of the rules could the Convention be saved from disastrous disintegration. Some of its members fell into a vein of ridicule and one of them offered a string of satirical resolutions, which, though unmitigated balderdash, the Convention complacently spread on its minutes.

Most of the constituents of the Convention, while generously recognizing the great merit of much of its

work, were often ashamed of what it did and said. In fact its debates were never published, beyond the brief and imperfect reports of them in the daily papers. In explanation of this curious fact, it was hinted that the leaders of the Convention were so mortified by them, that they managed to suppress the whole, both good and bad together.

The Convention, after dragging drearily on for seventy-eight days, completed its work. It submitted the new Constitution which it had wrought out to the suffrages of the people, that it might be by them adopted or rejected. On the sixth of June it was ratified at the polls by less than two thousand majority. This slender majority was in part accounted for when, on analyzing the vote, it was found that the saner radicals either stayed at home on election day or voted with the opposition.

On the first day of July (1865) the Governor formally proclaimed the vote for the adoption of the "Revised and amended Constitution," and declared that "it will take effect as the Constitution of the State of Missouri, on the fourth day of the present month of July." And while this Constitution was not in all respects what the sanest minds demanded, it contained so much that was progressive and admirable that its rejection at that transitional epoch would have been a calamity. While some parts of it were reprehensible, it embodied much of the most advanced statesmanship of the day, and crystallized in fundamental law what we had achieved by the war. It was progress made permanent.

But as soon as the Constitution became operative, there was throughout the State confusion, trouble and distress. No attorney, clerk of court, judge of any grade, teacher male or female, deacon, elder or minister

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was permitted to perform the duties which pertained to his profession or office unless he had subscribed to the test oath. Hosts of those upon whom this demand was made could not take it without perjury. If without subscribing to it they ventured to do the duties which belonged to their respective callings, they were liable to a fine of five hundred dollars or to imprisonment in the county jail for not less than six months, or to both; if they should take the oath falsely they would be adjudged guilty of perjury, and punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two years. As was inevitable, arrests and indictments for the violation of this statute were frequent. Its attempted enforcement outraged and angered the people. A multitude of protests loud and bitter came up from every part of the commonwealth. Sympathy was aroused especially for those who had repented of their disloyalty, and now ardently desired to serve their country, but in whose faces the new Constitution shut and barred every door of forgiveness. Christian pastors, especially of the Episcopal and Baptist churches, raised the cry of persecution. But persecution was the very farthest from the purpose of the framers of the Constitution. In their bill of rights they set forth with great breadth and explicitness the doctrine of unrestricted religious liberty. And in fact in the enforcement of the test oath there was no religious persecution. No one was punished for holding and promulgating any religious tenet. Moreover, the oath was required of lawyers and school teachers as a prerequisite to their duties as well as of ministers. Many ministers all over the State had in one way or another supported the rebellion, and were now suffering for that and nothing else.

But the Convention had strangely blundered. After

having proclaimed unrestricted religious liberty, it had decisively invaded it. For a civil offence it had meted out an ecclesiastical penalty. For his disloyalty to the Federal government and the State, it declared under pains and penalties, that the pastor should neither marry the betrothed, bury the dead, administer the ordinances of the church, nor preach the gospel. Thus what, with a flourish of trumpets, it proclaimed in its Bill of Rights, it struck down by its enacted Oath of Loyalty. In its legislation it entered a sphere from which by its own pronouncement it was utterly debarred. It forgot the pithy utterance of the martyred Lincoln, when appealed to to restore a pastor to his parish and pulpit from which on political grounds he had been deposed by a Presbyterian synod, that "he could not run the government and churches too." What a pity that the leaders of the Convention in their consuming zeal for loyalty undertook the impossible task of doing both. Especially when just the smallest modicum of logic in the interpretation of their own new Constitution would have kept them from this colossal folly.

But blessed be the Supreme Court of the United States! About three years after the new Constitution had been ratified by the people, it declared by barely one majority that the notorious test oath was unconstitutional. A multitude in our State ever after held in grateful remembrance that one Federal judge, who tipped the scales against the oath that had too long been a thorn in the side of the body politic.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE WIND-UP

It was April 10th, 1865, the last day of the Constitutional Convention. As, in the morning, the Convention began listlessly and wearily to do the formal and necessary things before its final adjournment, a telegram was received announcing the surrender of General Lee on the preceding day to General Grant at Appomattox. The effect was electric. In a flash all dulness and languor fled. For the nonce all differences of opinion vanished. All hearts were surcharged with patriotic emotion. The die was cast. The integrity of the Union was assured. From all parts of the hall came shouts of joy; delegates and spectators vied with each other in expressions of gladness. They clapped, stamped and cried, "The Union forever!" Mr. Drake, the leader of the Convention, finally got the ear of the rejoicing patriots and gravely moved that they give cheers three times three "for the glorious news just now received." They were given with full lung power. Those nine hurrahs brought the members of the Convention to quietude once more, and they proceeded by resolution to thank "Almighty God for the success of our noble and patriotic army and navy; for the steady and persistent perseverance of our noble President in the work of breaking the power of the rebellion; and especially for the noble and humane disposition which

has been manifested by our authorities to our conquered enemy." But they also declared, that they were not ready "to sanction any terms of peace which will admit of the perpetuation of slavery in any part of the Republic." While this last resolution was well enough as an expression of opinion, it showed, at the very last, a disposition on the part of the Convention to get beyond its jurisdiction and attempt to shape the policy of the general government. Its remaining routine work was soon done. Its life ended. But the city and State, rejoicing over the close of the war, scarcely noted it. Those who did notice its termination were twice glad; glad that it had adjourned *sine die* and that national peace, founded in justice, had come.

That 10th of April was memorable not only for the whole nation, but also especially for St. Louis. A border city, which, for four long years, had been a bone of contention, fought over and snarled over by the dogs of war, had perhaps a keener appreciation of the surrender of the illustrious Lee, than could be found in any city far to the north of Mason and Dixon's line. At all events no pen however able and eloquent could adequately depict our joy on the day which followed Grant's final victory in Virginia. No business was done, except that which was most necessary and perfunctory. Men spontaneously gathered in crowds, their faces radiant, their lips rippling with smiles; they shook hands with firm grip; with tears starting in their eyes they talked of the surrender; all bitterness seemed to be gone; there was little or no exultation over those who had laid down their arms; men on every hand just brimmed over with gladness that the fratricidal strife had ended, and that slavery, the fruitful cause of our greatest woes, was no more.

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And it was remarkable how few secessionists there were in our city on that day. During the four preceding years they had been alarmingly numerous, but now only a very few could be found; they had been strangely and magically transformed into Unionists. Even those who for four years had sat on the fence hopped off on the Union side, flapped their wings and crowed.

Still our city was not a unit in political thought and sentiment. While Grant's victory caused the great multitude to rejoice, it was wormwood and gall to the few, who, in spite of disaster to the Confederacy, were still faithful to it. While their neighbors were exultant, they bitterly mourned. The city put on its gala dress. Public buildings and private dwellings were lavishly decorated with red, white and blue. National flags of all sizes were flung to the breeze. But here and there a house was flagless. Within sat sad and sombre secessionists sighing over their shattered hopes. They refused to be comforted. At night once more the bells rang, bands played, bonfires blazed, cannon boomed, and the windows of most buildings, public and private, were illuminated; while in public halls the people gathered to listen to patriotic speeches and to sing the most popular and stirring war songs. "The Star Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "The Soul of Old John Brown," had a large place in our festivity, while "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was sung as the crowning and parting hymn.

But sorrow and tears trod on the heels of joy. April 15th, five days after our exultant celebration of Lee's surrender, came the astounding news that our great President had been shot the night before at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, and that he had died in the morning. For an hour or two we were dazed by this

sudden and overwhelming calamity. No one thought of doing business. Those who gathered on the Board of Trade did nothing but talk over the crushing national sorrow. Men as if in a dream moved along the streets; few said anything; they dumbly shook hands and passed sadly on; as the most stalwart met, tears started; the city was silent and a pall of gloom rested upon all. Men at last began slowly to drift together in companies upon the streets. They conversed in low but earnest tones. Beneath that calm exterior fierce passion burned.

On Fourth Street a great, excited crowd had instinctively gathered; they, like all others, were talking over the appalling national loss. A stranger passed by. They thought that he expressed himself as pleased with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. In a moment the pent up fires within them flashed forth. They seized the stranger, beat him, dragged him roughly along the pavement, he all the time pleading to be heard. At last they listened to his statement and were convinced that they had quite misunderstood what they believed to have been a grossly offensive utterance. They were deeply ashamed of what they had passionately done, and humbly apologized for it. But the incident showed that the life of any one in our city, who, on that day, should have openly approved of the murder of the President, would have been indignantly snuffed out.

Throughout the city all flags were at half-mast. On public buildings, churches and private dwellings, the emblems of rejoicing gave place to those of mourning. Public sentiment was such that no one living in the better part of the residential districts dared to withhold the ordinary tokens of the general sorrow. Houses that five days before were conspicuously dark amid the almost universal illumination were now draped in

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black; some it may be in self-defence, but probably in most cases as the expression of genuine sorrow. Though the Confederacy for which the secessionists of our city had worked and prayed was irretrievably lost, they had at least come to respect Mr. Lincoln, not only for his unswerving fidelity to what he believed to be the right, but also for his broad charity, and not a few of them, while still differing from him politically, admired him as a man. They recognized in him a great and generous friend of the South, and so joined with us, on that day of tears, in eulogizing the martyr and denouncing his assassin. The same lips that four years before had scornfully called him clown, the Illinois ape, baboon and gorilla, now praised him. He had not only subdued the rebellion by force of arms, but also by his clearness of conception, fairness in administration, unflinching advocacy of the rights of all, patience and persistence in duty, and large-heartedness, had conquered their inveterate prejudices.

In the afternoon of that day of sorrow, the churches were thrown open, and large congregations met to pray. They poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to God for the unsullied life of the martyred President; for his courage and wisdom in proclaiming liberty to the captive, and freedom to the oppressed. They prayed for his constitutional successor in office, and for God's blessing on the people both North and South. Nor did they forget the assassin whose wanton act had bowed a nation in grief. In all their utterances they were calm and sane, as men always are when, in submission to the will of God, they commune with Him. At last the curtain of darkness fell on that terrible day, and men with throbbing brows and aching hearts lay down to rest; but to many, if sleep came at all, it came but

fitfully. We seemed to be living in a new world. One era of our national life had ended, another had begun. And with ever new experiences our mourning was prolonged as from day to day with the whole Republic we followed in thought the dust of the immortal martyr to its last resting-place at Springfield, Illinois. It was most fitting that it should lie near the home of his early manhood, and in the State that he, in larger measure than any other, had made illustrious.

Thirty days after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, the Baptist Missionary Societies of the North held, by urgent invitation, their May Meetings in our city. This had been made possible by the war. The churches of this great denomination had long been divided by slavery; but now the delegates from the churches of the North came to hold out the olive branch to their brethren of the South on what had been slave soil. They came by hundreds. The city gave them a royal welcome. Christians of all denominations threw open their doors to them and lavished upon them their hospitality. It was an era of good feeling. Denominationalism and the irritating questions of the war decidedly fell into the background.

But there was another side to the picture. Southern Baptists, except from the national capital, did not come to us. The olive branch seemed to be held out in vain. The brotherly act was even misconstrued. The coming of these Northern missionary societies to our city was regarded as an unwarrantable invasion of Southern soil. Forty years had to pass away, a generation had to die in the wilderness, before, in St. Louis, during the progress of the May Meetings of the same societies, Northern and Southern Baptists, standing face to face, truly fraternized with each other and sang heartily:

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"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

There was one unique incident at the meetings in 1865, that deserves special notice. The name of the martyred President was on all lips. Men were just beginning to understand and appreciate something of his greatness, both of mind and heart. It was whispered in the ears of our guests that an artist of our city, A. J. Conant, had painted, from sittings, a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. He was invited to unveil this portrait before the assembled delegates. He did so. A great and distinguished company greeted it with enthusiasm and cheers; and were specially delighted to hear the artist's account of what the great President did and said while he kindly sat for his portrait, — what quaint and suggestive stories he told. The portrait was painted before Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration. His face was then smooth shaven. He had not yet covered up with scraggly whiskers the rugged outlines of his lower jaw, which, from a side view, as some one has said, was shaped like the keel of a three-masted schooner.¹ It is doubtful if any one has produced a better portrait of that strong face with its undertone of sadness.

A little later the Presbyterians held a convention in our city. This too was an outcome of the war. In May, their General Assembly at Pittsburg had enacted some severe and radical measures in reference to slavery and loyalty to the national government. Many Presbyterians, especially of the border States, protested against this. The convention was called to consider the whole question. There were over two hundred delegates, mainly from the North; probably not a score of them

¹ See Volk's life-mask of Lincoln's face.

were from the border States, including Missouri.¹ The aggrieved States were very slimly represented. The synod of Missouri was so opposed to the legislation of the General Assembly as to ask permission peaceably to withdraw from it. Their request was very earnestly debated. A pastor from Brooklyn, N. Y., joined hands with a pastor of St. Louis in behalf of the recalcitrant synod, urging, by great ingenuity of argument, that the synod should be permitted unmolested to secede. In their impassioned appeals on behalf of the aggrieved synod they were at times so eloquent that the galleries burst out into applause. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The style of the brother from our city was often quite flowery. These two defenders of the refractory synod sometimes complained in their speeches that they were not being fairly dealt with, and posed as martyrs; at other times their language became somewhat threatening.

But at last a Scotchman from Ohio got the floor. His speech was replete with mingled humor and sarcasm. The delegates and spectators were at times convulsed with laughter. Among other things he said, with a decided Scotch accent, "Mr. Moderator, the brethren who have defended the synod that wishes to secede have posed as martyrs. What is a martyr? In the time of the early church it was one who suffered for the truth which he believed and advocated. He was thrown to wild beasts and was torn limb from limb; or he was sewed in a sack and thrown into the Tiber, or he was burned at the stake. But what is a modern martyr? It is to live on Brooklyn Heights and be sent to Europe for the bronchitis." A too personal thrust at the delegate from Brooklyn. "What is a

¹ American Church Hist., Vol. VI, pp. 168-9.

modern martyr? It is to make an eloquent speech in an assembly like this and have the fair in the galleries wave their handkerchiefs. But the speech of the brother from this city brought to my mind an experience of my school days. I wrote an oration and handed it to my teacher for correction. When he had examined it he called me to him and said, 'Taylor, if you would only pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them into the tail of your judgment, you would write a great deal better.'

"And then, if I heard correctly, we are threatened with disaster if we now vote against permitting this seceding synod to depart in peace. But shall we by threats be deterred from our duty? Having already cut off the seven hydra heads of secession, shall we now be frightened with the wriggle of its tail?"

This was the climax. There was long continued laughter and applause, which the moderator was unable to check. Peaceable secession found no more favor in this Presbyterian Convention than it had found under the general government of the United States. Secession was dead.

At last the end of strife in Missouri had come. It came in fact even before the surrender of Lee. Three days after the second inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Governor Fletcher declared by proclamation that no organized armed force against the general government any longer existed in the State. He called upon all civil officers to resume their duties. And on the 17th of March, Major-General Pope, then in command of the Department of Missouri, issued orders to aid in carrying out the proclamation of the Governor. He withdrew the military forces from all districts where the people were ready to return in good faith to civil

rule, and by August there remained less than a dozen military posts in the State; and these were kept up chiefly for the protection of the property of the Federal government.

And now rejoicing in peace which was based upon righteousness, St. Louis entered upon an era of great prosperity. She grew apace in commerce, wealth and population. No longer, as Carl Schurz characterized her before the war, "a free city on slave soil," but a great free city on free soil.

THE END.

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