

## CHAPTER 1

### ST. LOUIS

About 2 P. M. on the 10th of May, 1861, Harry Newman and I came out of the main front door of the St. Louis High School, on the corner of 15th and Olive Streets. I happened to throw my eyes towards the heart of the city and saw a solid body of troops, extending as far as the eye could reach, coming towards me.

That was my first glimpse of War! And it proved to be real war before that day was over. They proved to be one section of several columns of thousands of men going out through four or five different streets to capture Camp Jackson, a camp of the Missouri State Guard, just on the suburbs of the city, a little beyond 17th Street along the Olive Street "plank road," in Lucas Pastures. This camp had been formed at the call of the Governor and named after him. The object was to protect and preserve the neutrality of Missouri.

As we stood in front of the school, our books under our arms, spellbound with astonishment, the troops shuffled past. The side walks were thronged with excited citizens, walking along beside them. Women, children, of all classes were in the crowd. The troops were formed in a peculiar way for marching, not in fours but in platoons, filling the street from curb to curb and massed closely. They were Germans, gathered from the lower part of the city where the Germans mostly lived and where they had been secretly drilling for months. They had no uniforms and were not very orderly. They were very much excited and frightened, and many of them held their arms "at a ready." As they went along, they glanced watchfully at the people. There was no music and everything was oppressively silent, nothing being heard but the shuffling of feet, now and then an officer's command, or a taunt from the dogging crowd.

Among their officers were Capt. Nathaniel Lyon of the U. S. Army, then in command of the U. S. Arsenal below the city—a little red-headed Connecticut Yankee, but a brave, brainy and most dangerous foe<sup>1</sup>; Frank P. Blair, then representative in Congress and colonel of one of those German Regiments;<sup>2</sup> and Colonel Boernstein, then editor of a German newspaper I think, a political refugee and “republican” from Germany and afterwards representative of the U. S. Government in some court in Europe.<sup>3</sup>

We were boys of fifteen. We had not had our dinners, the school holding one continued session, with only a short recess, until 2 P. M. But we forgot our dinners, which was proof of the excitement kindled in us, and we fell in with the current of the crowd going toward the camp. That camp we were familiar with already. It was in large part composed of the militia of the city and we had many friends and relatives among them.

The encampment had been in existence for about two weeks. There were about six hundred men in tents commanded by Brig. Gen. D. M. Frost, a hero in our boyish eyes because of his long moustache, his soldierly bearing and his having been in the Mexican War. Poor Frost! He did not cut much figure in our war. He did come south, I believe, and was a brave and honorable man, of southern sympathies although of New York birth (I think), but he was little more heard of. After the war was over, I saw him. He looked like one “flung aside.”<sup>4</sup>

I had been through Camp Jackson in spite of guards and regulations several times before the great and notable day of the 10th of May, and had seen the General as the fly leaf of his tent happened to be put aside. There's no telling where boys will get, and I was near enough to catch a glimpse of my hero dressing. There was a carpet and a bureau and a bedstead, etc. This struck me as luxurious, and my hero fell somewhat in my admiration. He simply did not know what war was—was but playing at it. A good deal of feeling was in the camp, sympathy for the south of varying degrees, from downright “state-secessionism” to sympathetic feeling, and indignation at the high handed aggression of the north. Some of the most prominent men in the city and the state were in that camp, some of whom acted well and some of whom didn't.

There was John Knapp (or George) one of the two brothers who owned the *Missouri Republican*, the chief Democratic organ of the city and state.<sup>5</sup> He was colonel of one of the regiments

and broke his sword over a stump rather than surrender it when the camp was captured. His heroism exhausted itself in that effort, for he cooled down, took the oath, remained at home during the war and became very wealthy.

Then there was John M. Wymer, Mayor of the City, a very different sort of man. He left the city afterward, joined Price's troops, and gave every indication of rising rapidly in the army but was killed early in the war. A kingly man, his body was sent home to St. Louis and treated shamefully by the authorities, the coffin kept knocking about in freight depots and his family not allowed to get it or have a public funeral for some time.<sup>6</sup>

Then there was John S. Bowen who afterwards became one of the most promising generals in the Confederate Army. He died after Vicksburg's surrender, of hardships endured there, his commission as Lieutenant General coming to him on his death bed. And Vicksburg would never have been captured if Pemberton had followed his advice. So camp gossip said at the time.

And then, last but not least there was Emmett McDonald, full of promise also but cut down in one of the early battles, a sort of Chevalier Bayard, with his mass of wavy long hair rolling down below his coat collar, and his handsome face and knightly spirit.<sup>7</sup>

With such leading spirits, no wonder there was feeling in Camp Jackson. Sometimes it broke out in ways not to be defended. We boys used to go out every afternoon after school, and one day I saw a man, one of the privates in the camp, run up suddenly, to another man in citizen's dress who was standing, note book and pencil in hand, shoot out his right fist, knock the man down like a shot, and disappear in the crowd. That poor fellow lay on his back, arms stretched out, hat off, red whiskered chin in air, gasping and kicking convulsively with his feet. After a while he got up and walked off. His name was Davis and he was a reporter for the *St. Louis Democrat*, a violent “Black Republican” paper in the city. The justification was, “he was a spy.”

But feeling was not merely in the camp. It was all through the city, which was for the most part southern in those days. I remember well the essays and debates in our school. I have still an essay of my own on the Union! Very loyal and very hard on “the abolitionists of the north and fire-eaters of the south.”<sup>8</sup> In four months or so after reading it in our class, I was in the southern army! That shows (although I was but a boy) how rapidly sentiment ripened into conviction, and how decision for one side or the other was forced. It shows too the real feeling of

a great number, both north and south, and expressed in the vote for Bell and Everett or "the Union Party."<sup>9</sup> The widespread conviction was that disunion was threatened as much by northern abolitionists as southern "fire-eaters." My father was a Bell and Everett man, hence, I suppose, my own tendencies.<sup>10</sup>

The throng on the side walks swelled, not only in numbers but in indignation. My comrade and I began taunting men in the ranks and one of them pointed his gun at us! This sort of thing was going on all the time between the crowd and the soldiers ("the Dutch," we called them). When we got to the suburbs we saw the camp in the distance and streams of people in every direction bearing down upon it, as well as other columns of troops, groups of men, women and children, scattered here and there in the open country between us and the camp.

We expected a battle of course, but as we did not know how a battle would open, Harry and I thought we would arrange to get a good view of it and also keep safe, so we got on the roof of a house near the camp. But things were too quiet up there and people were going right up to the point of interest, so we got down and went on too. When we got to the troops we found them formed in a square around the camp, and our state troops already surrendered and in columns of fours without arms on the Olive Street Plank Road. That was the first time I ever saw the grey uniform in war. For the Missouri State Guard were dressed in the grey jacket and pants which afterwards became the Confederate uniform.

The square formed by the Federal troops enclosed several acres for there were several thousand of them. In forming it they cooped up several hundred, perhaps a thousand or more, citizens, men, women and children. As they stood there for quite a while, people young and old would slip through the lines into the "pen." Harry and I did this ourselves. At first, a little frightened, expecting a battle and all that, but reassured when we saw the surrender had already taken place. Every one seemed to treat the occasion as a holiday affair.

But it proved to be far from a "holiday affair!" A tedious and dangerous delay took place. Why they did not march their prisoners off at once I cannot tell. The delay brought trouble. The masses of people and the troops themselves grew more and more into a ferment of ill-suppressed excitement. Probably insults or jeers were thrown at the German soldiers all through this "waiting time," but I did not hear any. The first thing of the kind

I noticed was the thing that precipitated the massacre!

The massacre was started by a boy, a boy of my own age. He was quite near me and I saw his act. We were inside the square, in a crowd of people facing the soldiers forming the east side of the square and not thirty feet off. This boy picked up a clod of dirt and pitched it (he did not "throw" it) at their officer, Captain Blandowski,<sup>11</sup> who was riding up and down the line slowly, trying I suppose to keep order. He had wheeled his horse with a smothered exclamation of some kind (the clod had hit his leg) and they, I suppose, thought he said "fire!" I do not believe he did. But the mischief was done. The raw undisciplined recruits were beyond his control. In an instant the whole line fired a volley into us! Their volley was wild and overhead for the most part, but the results were bad enough. Blandowski himself was shot, had his leg shattered (and afterwards died), and quite a number in the crowd were killed and wounded!

That, however, was but the beginning. We ran pell mell, but where could we run? Only towards the other side of the square! And as we did so, the other sides opened up on us! And thus, like sheep in a slaughter pen. Men, women and children were kept running from one side of that pen to another, only to receive another volley.

I cannot say how long that lasted. Fifteen or twenty minutes, I suppose. Long enough for over one hundred dead and wounded to be stretched upon the ground. The troops seemed crazy with excitement. It was this more than bloodthirstiness that caused their conduct. All did not fire, for exception must be made in the case of three or four hundred regulars. They kept their heads, I understand.

I do not know how I got out of that slaughter pen—have no remembrance at all! All I know is, I was in there some time. I think the officers must have gotten control of their men after a while and let the people through the ranks.

My brother Hammett, who was four years older than I, was in there also although separated from me. He had taken a suit of citizen's clothes in to a cousin of ours, Harry Coons, one of the State Guard, and in that way, aided his escape. After that, he remained in the enclosure until all was over, and saw many sad sights, two in particular he mentioned to us on his return home that evening; one, a young girl about sixteen years old shot dead and another a woman lying dead with a baby in her arms!

After the dreadful affair, the officers managed to get their

troops into columns enclosing their prisoners and marched for the St. Louis Arsenal.

Such was the Camp Jackson Massacre. And such was my first battle. It has astonished me, since coming to Virginia, to find how little people here know of that shocking thing. They know of the Baltimore Riots when Massachusetts troops passed through to the defense of Washington and when a few lives were lost, but Camp Jackson is a revelation to them.

Very different was that outrage in Missouri—like a spark to a magazine. The whole city was in an uproar, and the whole state also, as soon as the news spread. The war began in Missouri with Camp Jackson, May 10, 1861, and continued unremittingly for over four years. Nay, it died not out entirely for a year or more after Lee surrendered. For the iniquitous Fletcher Constitution was in vogue, that outlawed every southern soldier and it was death for one to show himself in the interior of the state a year and more after the war<sup>12</sup> and some of the cruellest episodes of the war took place in her borders. There was the southern guerilla Bill Anderson's fearful deed at Centralia. Bill before the war was a quiet, peaceable man, a church member. But Federal Home Guards killed his mother and sisters, if not his whole family early in the strife. He raised a company of guerrillas and never took a prisoner!<sup>13</sup> There was the butcher McNeil's act at Palmyra!<sup>14</sup> McNeil was a hatter in St. Louis before the war who evolved into a Federal brigadier general. He shot ten partisan prisoners one morning (their hostages not having been sent in at a specified time).

A pathetic incident occurred in connection with this shooting: a young man, a mere youth of 20, was chosen to take the place of one of the ten who was a married man of family and a neighbor of his. He cheerfully consented. "I have no one depending on me for support," said he. "I will take his place!" There was heroism, self-sacrifice for you. His name was a homely one but it ought to be immortal. It was Hiram Smith. And that man McNeil, instead of being softened by such nobility and letting both go, shot the young substitute in cold blood, along with the rest.

There was the infamous "Order No. 11"<sup>15</sup> of Federal Gen. Thomas Ewing which depopulated whole counties in West and Central Missouri. An artist of some local celebrity, Bingham by name, Union man though he was, has immortalized the episode by a most striking painting called "Order No. 11." General Ewing died only the other day (1896), full of years and honors, knocked

down and killed by a cable car in Ohio. Surely this life is not the place for final retribution.<sup>16</sup>

But while the state struggled on alone to the end, the city of St. Louis was immediately throttled. After Camp Jackson, St. Louis remained under close guard. Her German population, one fourth, I suppose, of the whole, was solidly Republican, and was secretly armed and organized months before May 10. They had marched by thousands as "Wide Awakes" in the fierce presidential election campaign the fall before, and showed venom enough then. Now that they were armed they were a formidable menace. Yet they were held in contempt by the Southern element of the city.

Other forces had to be reckoned with—State troops from Illinois right across the river, the U. S. Regulars, and other soldiers. The occasions for pouring these extra troops into the city, occurred immediately after Camp Jackson. The very night of the Massacre, the whole city was ablaze with excitement. It was rumored on the one hand that men were arming to attack "the Dutch" and rescue the Camp Jackson prisoners. Then after that rumor proved false, came others—that "the Dutch" were coming up to burn the city, etc. There may have been some truth in the last report, for General Harney of the Regular Army<sup>17</sup> brought his Regulars up from the Arsenal, arranged them as a guard, with pieces of artillery, to protect us from "the Dutch."

Poor General Harney. This was his last and only active service in the war. He belonged to a class of men, for whom there was no place, sympathizing with the South, but who "could not fight against the flag." Such were old General Winfield Scott, John E. Wool, etc. They were kept in the rear in harmless work. Harney was a Southern man, Kentuckian, I believe, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood: 6 feet, 4 inches in height, well proportioned, handsome look, every inch the soldier.

Two or three days after Camp Jackson, troops came pouring in from across the river, Illinois State Volunteers. Then came more trouble. There was a certain Justice of the Peace on 7th Street who had been outspoken in denunciation of the Camp Jackson Massacre and in expressions of Southern sympathy. A regiment of Illinois troops, after crossing over to the city, marched down Seventh Street, and when just opposite his office (which was in a second story) deliberately faced it and poured a murderous fire into the windows! They did not hit the Justice but they killed and wounded some ten or twelve other men, for a case was on trial at the time, and the room was full! I happened to be near, heard the

firing, ran to the place, and saw the soldiers with their white havelocks sitting quietly in front of the office (they were at "a rest"). Then I went to where some of the bodies were laid out, seven or eight unoffending men.<sup>18</sup>

Another affair not quite as bloody, took place on the corner of 5th and Walnut Streets a few days after. This was indeed more like a riot, for the citizens by this time were becoming desperate. A regiment had crossed over at the foot of Walnut Street. When they got to the corner of 5th, a crowd awaited them. My father happened to be passing at the time. The stone steps and high portico of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church which stretches across the whole front were packed with indignant citizens.

A young man, John Long, school mate of Hammett's and mine, about 19 years old, fired a pistol in the air, so he afterwards declared, but that was enough! The soldiers blazed away with their guns! But they did not hit over two or three. They were badly frightened and shot wild. Most of the column had passed the corner and their bullets peppered the brick residences as high as the second story, all the way along Walnut to Sixth Street. I do not think more than a few shots came from the crowd, and I do not think any of the soldiers were struck. But their demoralization was complete. They broke ranks and ran in every direction. Different stuff apparently, from those in the Seventh Street shooting, who, if I remember aright "stacked arms" coolly enough, after the firing and remained there in the street for some time. But with them there was no threatening crowd.<sup>19</sup>

These repeated outrages and encounters worked the city up to fever heat. City government was of course practically superseded, martial law established, and from that time on to the end a military reign and close spy system were inaugurated which became stricter and sterner as time went on. All the above comes back in sharp outlines, but my own personal doing right after Camp Jackson Day I do not remember at all. For instance: I cannot say whether I went back to school after the May 10 or not. I have no remembrance of doing so and do not believe I did as the session was almost through anyhow.

I was 15 years and 8 months old when Camp Jackson fell, putting a stop to my school days, but I was well-grounded in English, especially young as I was, for I had done nothing but go to school for ten years (having been started at 5 years of age) and that to first class teachers. The first two or three years were to private schools, the best the city afforded: first to Miss Whit-

ing (whose favorite punishments were the "dunce's cap" and standing you in the corner with face to the wall); then to Mr. Edward Wyman, then to the Rev. Dr. Watt; after that to the city public schools or grammar schools which were so excellent as to be patronized by the best people of the city. I was as far advanced therefore as most boys of seventeen and would have graduated at the age of seventeen if I had remained at the High School.<sup>20</sup>

Barracks were formed and drilling went on constantly. The streets were full of soldiers, and cavalry dashed here and there, always at a gallop. One officer was conspicuous for his magnificent black charger, his gorgeous trappings, his large glittering escort, and the ferocious way he thundered through the streets. Yet, one wonders what was the occasion for it all. His name, I think, was Zagonzi, and he was the commander of Fremont's escort.<sup>21</sup> Fremont had his headquarters on Chouteau Avenue not far from our home and we saw a good deal of Zagonzi and his imposing escort. Zagonzi went out of course with Fremont and that was the last heard of Zagonzi.

There were a good many warriors of the Zagonzi class whose heroism exhausted itself in dashing around on horses in the streets of cities and towns. They were found on both sides. I remember that in Memphis, after getting south, I saw the same sort of thing.

My brother and I made several attempts to "go South" before we succeeded. We were in a fever to get away. All the state was aflame; rumors of uprisings, of squads or companies forming here and there, kept us on nettles. Then in the city itself, besides the military stir, there was the news of schoolmates and acquaintances enlisting, if of northern sympathies. Escaping from the city, if of southern. Of course there was no organizing openly or enlisting for the south. All who wanted to join the southern side had to slip out of the city, singly or in groups of two or three. If it had not been for this, thousands would have gone. Even as it was, hundreds did.

This is the way Hammett and I went. One thing that delayed my brother was myself. He thought me entirely too young, and refused to let me accompany him. But I watched him like a hawk. He made several starts, but always found me at his heels. Of course, he turned back each time, furious. At last he gave it up, and changed his whole program. It all ended by our all having a family conclave on the subject.<sup>22</sup> Hammett's plan, when trying to

go alone, was to slip out of the lines through the state of Illinois, by rail on down to Louisville. Then trust to luck, to get through.

The parting time came: a moment of intense excitement but of outward enforced calm. My mother drew me face to face, put her hands on my shoulder and dedicated me to my country, then clasped me in a passionate embrace and let me go. My father kissed me with trembling lips and dewy eyes. I never shall forget that parting, especially my mother's. She was of the stuff of which heroines are made.

My father and mother, although members of the Presbyterian Church, were not "spiritually minded"; that is, noticeable for a fidelity to church ordinances, family worship, and activity in church work. They took little part in church life beyond having a pew and attending Sabbath morning services. My mother came of a line of worldly people, church members, yes, but "children of this world!" The one dominating family trait was a lucifer-like pride.

Pa was gentle, sociable, trusting and loving to his fellow man, even after his many wrongs. He was prone to generous acts, brave physically and morally and did not pretend to be what he was not. My mother was his opposite. Although pride marred everything in her, no one had a tenderer heart and no one could be more charming socially. She was reserved. Adversity made her so and made her slow to trust. In intellect she was stronger than Pa, her judgment of men keener. In moral character, all her traits were of the grand type: reverence to religion, a noble scorn for anything petty and generosity of the lordly sort. In straightened circumstances all of her life, she drew herself in, which made her to be judged as haughty, unsympathetic, and impracticable.

In short, my father was a being made for common every day life; my mother for great crises. So when war came, my mother stepped to the front, became the central figure of the family. When that parting came, the heroic role in the scene was hers! It powerfully impressed and molded the temper and conduct of her two boys.

We left home on August 27, 1861, on the train that went through Illinois to Louisville. Tillie went with us. "As a blind," we gave out that we were going to Lexington, Kentucky.

That fact alone is commentary on the unsophisticated public mind of the day. The idea of "going to war" with a sister on our hands! The fact was not grasped that we were on the verge of a

long and bloody war. Troops were enlisted on both sides "for three months or the war." So we took our sister down to visit a half brother in Memphis. Tillie did not get back to St. Louis for a year and a half.

On the train leaving St. Louis, there were few passengers. We kept "mum," and had no desire to be sociable. In Louisville when we arrived in the early morning, our trunks were searched by federal officers. Hammett had a little revolver in his trunk but it was not found. We left Louisville on the last train that was allowed to go south and sometime in the day, crossed the neutral land, and saw at Camp Boone (Ky., I think)<sup>23</sup> the Confederate flag flying for the first time. The train was crowded with nice looking people going south. One little boy kept singing, "We are going Abraham; we are coming Beauregard!"

#### Notes

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Lyon organized and directed the attack on Camp Jackson. Without the leadership of this professional soldier, the attempt probably would have failed. Instantly rewarded by Lincoln with a commission of brigadier general, Lyon would die later that summer at Wilson's Creek.

<sup>2</sup> Francis P. Blair organized the "Wide Awakes" to offset the secessionist movement in Missouri, and his energy and influence were probably indispensable in holding Missouri in the Union.

<sup>3</sup> Col. Henry Boernstein (1805-1890), a native of Hamburg, studied medicine and served as a soldier. In 1848, as a revolutionary, he fled to America where he became an influential citizen and editor of the newspaper *Anzeiger* in St. Louis. He organized and commanded a Missouri regiment, then was rewarded by Lincoln with the appointment as counsel to Bremen. He remained in Europe, becoming co-director of Vienna's Josephstadt Theater. Hyde, *Encyclopedia of St. Louis*, 3:1636-37; Vagts, "Heinrich Bornstein" *Bulletin of the Missouri Historical Society*, 12:105-115.

<sup>4</sup> Although a West Pointer and Mexican War veteran, Gen. Daniel M. Frost, after failing badly at Camp Jackson, would wander about the Western Confederacy seeking a suitable command. In 1863 he gave it up and sat out the war in Canada, returning in peacetime to the St. Louis vicinity as a farmer. PDS is correct that he was a native New Yorker.

<sup>5</sup> John Knapp (1816-1888) was part owner of the *Missouri Republi-*

can, while George (1814-1883) was a St. Louis entrepreneur and a leader in the militia. Hyde, *Encyclopedia of St. Louis*, 2:1186-87.

<sup>6</sup> John Stevens Bowen was a highly regarded West Pointer from Georgia who, like Merriweather L. Clark, became an architect in St. Louis before the war. Bowen acted as Frost's chief of staff at Camp Jackson and later served ably as a Confederate division commander.

<sup>7</sup> Emmett McDonald led the St. Louis Battery capably in the Battle of Pea Ridge, then won promotion to colonel and command of a regiment of cavalry. He died from wounds received in Marmaduke's expedition into Missouri, Jan. 10, 1863.

<sup>8</sup> PDS: "I remember wondering at the time I read the essay, how our teacher would 'take it.' His name was Metcalfe and we suspected him to be 'black republican' or abolitionist as he was from New England, a slight, short, consumptive looking man with a head too large for his body—a brainy man with the pleasant calm smiling air of superiority. All the teachers in the High School were Yankees but two: one a German, Mr. Kellar, and Mr. Morgan, from Louisiana."

<sup>9</sup> The National Constitution Union led by John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts appealed to cautious Unionists, especially in the border states. The party carried Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky and helped doom Stephen A. Douglas' hope for the presidency.

<sup>10</sup> Ferdinand W. Stephenson is listed in Kennedy's St. Louis Directory of 1860 as an insurance agent, residing on 9th Street, between Walnut and Clarke Avenues.

<sup>11</sup> "While trying to restrain his men, Capt. Constantine Blandovski was mortally wounded." Phillips, *Damned Yankee*, p. 192. For more information about the Camp Jackson incident see Gottschalk, *In Deadly Earnest*, pp. 12-13.

<sup>12</sup> Radical Governor Thomas C. Fletcher "appointed strong Unionists as registrars and gave them wide discretionary powers to disenfranchise those whom they considered to be disloyal." Southern sympathizers and even constitutional conservatives turned to the Federal army for help against the "radical tyrants who controlled state and local government." Fellman, *Inside War*, p. 238.

<sup>13</sup> "Bloody Bill" Anderson and his men disarmed, stripped and then shot 25 Union soldiers on Sept. 27, 1864 in Cyntralia. Anderson's father had been murdered by Federals and his sister killed when the brick jail house in which she was being held prisoner collapsed. He himself would be killed by the enemy a month later.

<sup>14</sup> Palmyra's provost marshal, William R. Strachan, an "exterminationist," fully supported Gen. John McNeil's execution of ten guerrilla prisoners as

reprisal for other guerrillas having killed Union civilians in 1862.

<sup>15</sup> Issued by Ewing in an attempt to suppress guerrilla activity. Many citizens were expelled from their homes in western Missouri as a result.

<sup>16</sup> Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr. was a lawyer and judge in Kansas who raised a regiment of cavalry in late 1862 and became commander of the District of the Border (between Kansas and Missouri). He died Jan. 21, 1896, but probably in New York City where he practiced law.

<sup>17</sup> William Selby Harney was one of the best known officers in the Old Army and closely tied to the pro-Southern elements in St. Louis. Distrusted by the War Department, he was relieved of command in St. Louis and shelved for the duration.

<sup>18</sup> It was the recorder's court being held in the second story of the Missouri Engine House. Among the killed was Charles Cella, an Italian fruit merchant. The havelocks to which PDS refers were cloths trailing from the soldiers' caps to screen the sun.

<sup>19</sup> In this incident on May 11, a Mr. Matthews and his daughter were both wounded in their home. Six citizens were killed. Scharff, *History of St. Louis*, 1:507.

<sup>20</sup> Edward Wyman, of Massachusetts, had founded his English and Classical High School in 1843 near 4th and Olive.

<sup>21</sup> Charles Zagonyi served in the Hungarian cavalry during the 1848-49 revolt against Austria. After two years in prison for his role in the fighting, he came to America in 1851, working as a house painter and riding master in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Introduced to Fremont in July, 1861 by his fellow Hungarian, Brig. Gen. Alexander Asboth, he joined Fremont as a captain and cavalry instructor. He became commander of Fremont's escort and led the unit at the Battle of Springfield (Oct 25, 1861). Zagonyi left the army when Fremont did in 1862 and later became a businessman in New York, before returning to Hungary, where he was last reported as the owner of tobacco shop.

<sup>22</sup> The Stephenson household in 1850:

Stephenson, Ferdinand W.	46y	VA	Grocer
_____, Harriett C.	35y	VA	
_____, Matilda	11y	VA	
_____, Hammett	9y	VA	
_____, Harvey	7y	VA	
_____, Philip	5y	MO	
_____, Ella	1y	MO	
Hanetch, Mary	24y	Germany	
Collins, C.	36y	VA	Meth. Preacher
Stephenson, C.	22y	VA	California Trader
Stephenson, J.	20y	VA	California Trader

The Stephenson household in 1860:			
Stephenson, Ferdinand W.	56y	VA	Insurance Agent
_____ , Harriet	46y	VA	
_____ , Matilda	20y	VA	
_____ , Hammett	19y	VA	Clerk
_____ , Phillip	15y	MO	
_____ , Ella	11y	MO	
Barr, Bertha	18y	Baden	Servant

It may be inferred from the above that Ferdinand William and Harriett Elizabeth Stephenson and their family moved from Virginia to Missouri about 1844 (between the births of Harvey and Philip). It appears that Harvey died between 1850 and 1860. From information later in the text, it seems that C. and J. Stephenson were step-sons. 1850, 1860 St. Louis County, MO, Censuses, pp. 352, 85.

<sup>23</sup> Camp Boone was just across the border in Montgomery County, Tennessee, "within easy reach of Kentuckians who wanted to join the Confederacy without violating the state's neutrality." There the Kentucky regiments were organized. Davis, *Orphan Brigade*, pp. 13-23.

## CHAPTER 2

### COMPANY K, 13TH ARKANSAS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Our arrival in Memphis was signalized by the stealing of all of our trunks at the depot. Then I was taken sick with chills and fever, an every fall occurrence with me, and had the keen disappointment of seeing Hammett leave for the front without me, and of having everybody say that my sickness settled the matter as to my being utterly unfit to go into the army. And this after all my efforts!

How miserable were those days in Memphis. As soon as I was able to walk, I spent my time roaming the city, solitary, sick, and sad. I wandered into all sorts of places—along the levee where acres of cotton bales were stacked and steam boats lined the wharf, where at the upper end an earth work had been thrown up and a battery of siege guns planted. With what awe and confidence I looked upon those guns! 50 pound smooth bores, they were, I suppose, something to smile at now, but then, they looked irresistible!

Sometimes I would go far down the river bank below the city where the bluffs were high, and sit and gaze moodily across the wide muddy waters and the dreary Arkansas swamps beyond; then, at other times up the river, and across to a long tongue of low land, half mud, formed by the coming of a creek into the river in a direction almost parallel. A curious unsightly place this was, full of logs and other driftwood caught from the river and of saw mills, a hard place full of hard people.

But it was novel. Some times I went to a shop in the city (a sort of foundry) where they were making "sword bayonets!" Formidable looking weapons they were, something like the short sword of the ancient Romans, a broad knife blade about 18 or 20 inches long, and a stout corrugated handle with a metal loop attached by which it was slipped over the nozzle of the musket in