

CHAPTER VIII.

COL. JOE PORTER'S RAID.

Who Joe Porter was — His First Appearance in North-east Missouri in the Summer of 1862 — Passes through the Country into Schuyler and is defeated at Cherry Grove — Retreats South — Raids Newark and Monticello — Is Pursued by the Federals under John McNeil — The Fight at Pierce's Mill — Death of Tom Stacy — Porter Retreats to the South, Crosses the Railroad and goes into Monroe County — The Fights at Bott's Bluff and at Moore's Mill — Back to North-east Missouri — Effect of the Enrolling Order — Recruits, 2,000 men — The Fight at Newark and Capture of 75 Prisoners under Capt. Lair — McNeil and Benjamin pursue — Total Defeat of Porter at Kirksville — He Retreats and Fights his Way to the Log Cabin Bridge, in Shelby County, where he Disbands — McNeil shoots 16 Prisoners — Porter in Monroe with Another Force — Back into Marion County — Captures Palmyra — McNeil Pursues — The Route of Whaley's Mill — Porter Disbands Finally at Bragg's School House — Two Shelby County Men Executed, etc., etc.

PORTER'S RAID.

In connection with a complete history of Shelby county it is proper to give some account of the long military campaign in North-east Missouri, during the summer and fall of 1862, which embraced the operations of the Confederate forces under Col. Joseph C. Porter, and the movements of the Federal troops sent against them. Hundreds of men from Shelby county belonged to Porter's command; hundreds — or at least a hundred — belonged to the Federal forces that were against them, and many of the incidents of the campaign occurred here.

Col. Porter had his home in Lewis county, a little east of Newark, and the previous year had gone out as lieutenant-colonel of Martin E. Green's regiment of Missouri State Guards. He had seen service at Athens, Shelbina, Lexington, Elk Horn (Pea Ridge) and elsewhere, was a brave and skillful soldier, a man of mature years, of great personal bravery, of indomitable will and perseverance, and endowed with remarkable powers of endurance and indifference to exposure and every sort of hardship. Early in the spring of 1862 he received permission and authority from Gen. Price and came northward into this quarter of Missouri to recruit. He was promised a suitable commission to command whatever body of troops he might bring out.

It can not now and here be stated at just what period and at what point Col. Porter made his appearance in this portion of the State,

but on the 17th of June 1862, he was near Warren or New Market, in Warren township, Marion county, with 43 mounted men, and made prisoners of four men of Lipscomb's regiment, who belonged to the company stationed at the Salt river railroad bridge in this county. The Federals had their arms and horses taken from them, were sworn not to take up arms against the Southern Confederacy until duly exchanged, and then released. At this time he had with him a few men from Shelby, who had joined him in Monroe county, where they had been hiding for some time.

Moving northward through the western part of Marion, the eastern portion of Knox, and the western border of Lewis, past his own home, where his wife and children were, Col. Porter scarcely drew bridle till he reached the vicinity of the Sulphur Springs, near Colony, in Knox county, where he rested a brief time. On his route recruits came to him until he had perhaps 200 men.

From the Sulphur Springs he moved north, threatened the Union Home Guards at Memphis, picked up recruits here and there in Scotland, and moved westward into Schuyler to get a company known to be there under Capt. Bill Dunn.

Danger in the rear! Hearing of the invasion of this portion of the territory over which they claimed absolute control, the Federals at once set about to drive out the presumptuous Confederates. Col. Henry S. Lipscomb and Majs. Benjamin and Rogers, with some companies of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, including Collier's and Lampkin's, of Shelby, set out at once, struck the trail and followed it to Colony. Here they were joined by Maj. Pledge, with a detachment of the Second Missouri State Militia, and the united forces pressed rapidly on, marching night and day, until they overtook Porter at Cherry Grove, in the north-eastern part of Schuyler county, near the Iowa line, where, with a superior force, they attacked and defeated him, routing his forces and driving them southward. The loss in this fight was inconsiderable on either side, but among the Federals killed was Capt. Horace E. York, of Lipscomb's regiment.

Porter, at the head of the main body of his command, retreated rapidly, followed by Lipscomb, until at a point about 10 miles west of Newark, where, the pursuit becoming very tiresome and pressing, the Confederates "scattered out," as the term was, for the time being. Porter, with perhaps 75 men, remained in the vicinity of his home for some days, gathering recruits all the time, and getting ready to strike again.

Monday, July 7, Capt. Jim Porter, a brother of Col. Joe Porter, at

the head of 75 men, entered Newark, in daylight, and held the town. The stores of Bragg and Holmes were visited and patronized very liberally. Payment was offered in Confederate money, and refused. The next day they captured Monticello, took \$100 from County Treasurer Million, some goods from Thurston's store, some horses from other people, then went west to their camp at the Sugar Camp ford, on the Middle Fabius.

The Confederates were masters of the country for some days and Western Lewis was practically out of the Union. Many recruits were sworn into the Confederate service, many Union men arrested and released on paroles signed by "Joe C. Porter, Col. Commanding Confederate Forces in N. E. Missouri," while the Federals were trembling for their safety at Canton, at La Grange, at Palmyra, at Hannibal.

Monday, July 14, the report came that Joe Porter, with 400 men, was encamped near Marshall's mill, gathering himself for a spring upon Palmyra that night, intending to rout the Federals under McNeil, release the Confederate prisoners in the jail, and hold a grand season of fraternization with the scores of families of Confederate sympathizers known to be there. The alarm was false, but McNeil telegraphed for reinforcements, picketed the town far out on all the roads, and guarded it well till daybreak. During the night some companies of Lipscomb's regiment came on a special train from Macon, and early the next morning, McNeil, with a considerable force, say 500, of his own regiment (the Second) and Lipscomb's, started after Porter, leaving Lieut.-Col. Crane at Palmyra with 200 men.

McNeil had seen the necessity for prompt and vigorous action from the first, but could not get troops enough together to move as soon as he desired. He determined to pursue Porter and not to give him time to drill or even fairly organize his forces, and to fight him whenever the opportunity offered.

Gathering a considerable force together, Col. Porter left his lair near Newark and again moved northward into Scotland. On the 12th of July he appeared before Memphis with several hundred men, bulldozed the town into surrendering, and captured and held it for several hours. A Union home guard company were made prisoners, and its commander, Capt. Wm. Aylward, was taken out and hung. A Capt. Dawson, of McNeil's regiment, was wounded and carried off with Aylward, but released after a time. A number of bushwhackers and other desperate men, including Tom Stacy and his company, had joined Porter, and their conduct was as rough as their living. Stacy's company was called "the chain gang" by the other members of Porter's command.

In his pursuit of Porter, Col. McNeil marched in a north-westerly direction from Palmyra, toward Scotland county. Pushing on past Emerson, he arrived at Newark, Wednesday, July 9. Here he was joined by 257 of Merrill's Horse (Second Missouri Cavalry), under Capt. John Y. Clopper. This force, and a detachment of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, under Maj. J. B. Rogers, were sent on in direct pursuit of the Confederates, while Col. McNeil waited at Newark for the arrival of his baggage and commissary train from Palmyra, which came in a day or two escorted by 75 men of the Second Missouri State Militia. The Federals were much embarrassed by their trains. Col. Porter had no trains, or not more than two or three common farm wagons. His troops lived off the country, and every man was his own quartermaster and commissary.

The force under Clopper and Rogers, dispatched by McNeil from Newark against Porter, attacked him at 2 p. m. on Friday, July 18, at Pierce's Mill, on the south fork of the Middle Fabius, ten miles south-west of Memphis. A bloody little engagement resulted. The Confederates were in ambush. Capt. Clopper was in the Federal front, and out of 21 men of his advance guard all but one were killed and wounded. The Federals — Merrill's Horse — charged repeatedly, without avail, and if Rogers had not come up when he did, with the Eleventh, which he dismounted and put into the brush, they would have been driven from the field. As it was, Porter retreated.

The Federal loss in this engagement was not far from 30 killed and mortally wounded, and perhaps 75 severely and slightly wounded. Merrill's Horse lost 10 men killed, and four officers and 31 men wounded. The Eleventh Missouri State Militia lost 14 killed and 24 wounded. Among the killed was a Mr. Shelton, of Palmyra, and Capt. Sells, of Newark, was badly wounded. Porter's loss was six killed, three mortally wounded, and 10 wounded left on the field. Among the mortally wounded was Capt. Tom Stacy, who died a few days afterward. His wound was through the bowels, and he suffered intensely. He was taken to a house not far away and visited by some of the Federal soldiery, who did not abuse him or mistreat him. His wife and family lived in this county at the time. His widow, now a Mrs. Saunders, resides in the western part of the county.

After the fight at Pierce's Mill, Col. Porter moved westward a few miles, then south through Paulville, in the eastern part of Adair county; thence south-east into Knox county, passing through Novelty, four miles east of Locust Hill, at noon on Saturday, July 19th, *having fought a battle and made a march of sixty-five miles in less than*

twenty-four hours! Many of his men were from Marion county, and some of them are yet alive who retain vivid remembrances of this almost unprecedented experience. It must be borne in mind, too, that for nearly a week previously it had rained almost constantly.

Near Novelty Porter abandoned his two baggage and provision wagons — all he had — and Saturday night went into camp four miles south-west of Newark with 200 tired men, half of whom were asleep in their saddles, and who had eaten nothing for 36 hours. Stripping their jaded horses to allow their backs to cool, and bolting a few mouthfuls of half-baked corn cakes, the troopers cast themselves on the ground for a brief rest and sleep, and when the first birds were singing the next morning they were afield and ambling away toward the rosy dawn. McNeil's Federals were after them, pursuing vigorously and marching as many hours a day, impatient for a fight. No time was to be lost.

Reaching Memphis after the fight at Pierce's Mill, and finding that Porter had gone south with Rogers and Clopper in pursuit, McNeil himself, with his detachment of the Second, came south to Newark and reached Palmyra at midnight on Wednesday, the 23d, having made a forced march from Newark — 32 miles. The Federal commander was totally bewildered. Porter's extraordinary celerity and long and hard marches confused him. Asked where Porter was, he replied, "How can I tell? He may be at any point within 100 miles. He runs like a deer and doubles like a fox. I hear that he crossed the North Missouri, going south, to-day, but I would not be surprised if he fired on our pickets before morning."

Leaving his bivouac south-west of Newark, very early on Sunday morning, July 20th, Porter was in the vicinity of Whaley's Mill, six or eight miles east of Newark. From here, with a small escort, he went to his residence, a few miles north-east of Newark, spent a brief but delicious season with his wife and weens, and with their kisses warm on his lips, he hurried away to join his command, determined this time to cross the Missouri if possible. Striking south that Sabbath day, he swept past Warren, 16 miles west of Palmyra, with not more than 200 men, crossed the Hannibal and St. Joe near Monroe Station, and when darkness settled down good and black, he went into camp for a brief rest in Monroe county.

Tuesday morning, July 22, a scouting party of 50 men of the Third Iowa Cavalry, under Maj. Henry Clay Caldwell (now U. S. District Judge in Arkansas), encountered Porter at Florida. The interview was short but memorable. The Iowans lost half a dozen killed and

wounded and were soon scampering away to Paris to tell the forces there that Joe Porter was not up in Knox county so much as he was thought to be.

A day or two later occurred the skirmish at Botts' farm, on the banks of the south fork of Salt river, near Santa Fe, in Monroe county. This was between a detachment of the Third Iowa, and Jim Porter's, Clay Price's, Braxton Pollard's, and other companies of Porter's command. One Federal was killed and one wounded. Porter's loss was about the same. This skirmish is known as the fight at Botts' Bluff.

Leaving Florida, Porter continued southward. On Wednesday night he crossed the North Missouri Railroad and passed into Callaway county, where he formed a junction with a considerable force under Alvin Cobb. Porter had expected to cross the Missouri at some point in Callaway, but coming upon the ground he found too many Federal lions in his path, and one fierce little Federal tiger, Col. Odon Guitar by name, was stopping the way and snarling savagely.

Monday, July 28, Porter and Cobb were attacked by Col. Guitar with portions of his own regiment, the Ninth Missouri State Militia, Schaeffer's battalion of Merrill's Horse, Duffield's company of the Third Iowa Cavalry, a company of Pike county militia, and two pieces of Rabb's Third Indiana battery. The fight came off at Moore's Mill, seven miles east of Fulton, and, as might have been expected where two such chieftains as Porter and Guitar were engaged, was desperate and bloody. Porter was defeated, although the Federals allowed him to retreat comparatively unmolested. The Federal loss was 16 killed and 43 wounded. The Confederates reported a loss of 11 killed and 21 severely wounded, but the Federals declared this was a large under-estimate.

What next? Short time for deliberation. The little Federal tiger was gathering for another spring. He had two pieces of fine artillery, manned by veterans; Porter had none. He had well armed and well mounted cavalrymen, as good as were in the Federal service — such as the Ninth Missouri State Militia, Duffield's Third Iowans, Merrill's Horse; Porter had a lot of farmers and farmers' boys, with no drilling or training, and no experience save what they had obtained under him.

At this time came Schofield's order for the enrollment of "all the militia in the State," to fight in the Federal service against Porter and his men and all such as they, who were unjustly termed "guerillas." Porter knew that there were thousands of men in Missouri who

had vowed to take no part in the war — to fight on neither side unless compelled, and if compelled, then they would fight under the Confederate banner, or, as they expressed it, “for the South.” He knew, too, that hundreds of this class of men were in North-east Missouri, and where two weeks before they had been reluctant even to give him aid and comfort, now they would run out eagerly to meet him and to fight under him, praying, each man, that his right arm might wither if he ever lifted it against the Southern cause. “I can raise 1,000 men in Monroe and Marion counties alone on this issue in 24 hours,” Porter said to Cobb, as they were discussing Schofield’s order.

Back to North-east Missouri. Hot work ahead!

Recrossing the North Missouri near Mexico, Porter and Cobb came into the heavy timber along South Fork, near Florida. A force under Joe Thompson was detached for the capture of Paris, which was easily accomplished on Wednesday, July 30. The county officers and some of the citizens were arrested and paroled, and a little foraging was done. That night 400 of Porter’s men came up and stayed an hour or so, and then the place was evacuated as suddenly as it had been entered.

Under the order to enroll, many citizens of Shelby, whose sympathies were with the Confederate cause, rallied for active service. In the western part of the county, Capt. J. Q. A. Clements raised a company of 80 men in 24 hours. This company mustered and set out immediately for Porter, joining him near Paris, having crossed the Hannibal and St. Joe below Clarence. It had rendezvoused at Snowden’s ford of Salt river, in the western part of the county, three miles south-east of Hager’s Grove.

A number from this county joined a company commanded by Capt. Head, of Monroe county.

Thursday, July 1, Porter’s whole force, 1,000 strong, crossed the Hannibal and St. Joseph between Monroe and Hunnewell, and camped that night at New Market, 14 miles west of Palmyra. The next morning the march was resumed to Philadelphia. From every by-path in squads and from every cross-road in companies, recruits poured in, all mounted and armed as best they could be, to escape the hated Federal conscription or enrollment, and to fight if they were forced to at all, — under the stars and bars. Many had been arrested by the Federal troops and released on parole and bond not to take up arms against the Federal government, but they understood that they were not to fight on either side, and so regarded the oaths

they had taken as idle words and their bonds as waste paper, when they were directed to enroll themselves as militia and be prepared to fight under the Federal flag and for its cause. It is safe to say of Gamble's and Schofield's order creating and calling out the Enrolled Militia, that, however much good it ultimately accomplished, it drove 10,000 men into the Confederate service within thirty days.

From his camps near New Market and Philadelphia, Col. Porter sent foraging and recruiting parties throughout the country, and some of these came within sight of the spires of Palmyra. Here there was great alarm and uneasiness. Only 150 troops held the place and they were much demoralized and disaffected, threatening to surrender without firing a gun if attacked, because they were not reinforced and strengthened. Recruiting for the Confederate service was lively. Every confidence was felt in Joe Porter, the rebel Roderick, one blast upon whose bugle horn was worth a thousand men. He assured the people that he had come *to stay*, or at least to go away when it pleased him, and that in 10 days he would have such a force that no Federal command in the State could prevent his passage across the Missouri river and into Arkansas. Men poured in from Marion, Shelby and Lewis, and in a few days Porter's command swelled from 1,000 to 1,500, and more were on the way.

Leaving Philadelphia at 10 a. m., July 31, Col. Porter crossed the South Fabius at Hick's Mill and struck into the State road from Emerson to Newark near Midway (now Ben Bow). Here they captured the mail carrier between Palmyra and Newark, a sixteen-year-old boy, and some of them found a large American flag, which they caused Joe Blackwood to run up on a long pole there standing. Then they hauled it town, tore it to shreds, and one strip bearing the legend "Union Forever," they tied to a mule's tail, and went cantering up the road laughing and shouting. The troopers took some tin-ware, cooking utensils, and other goods from Stuart's store, and then departed.

At Newark there were two companies of Lipscomb's regiment, the Eleventh Missouri State Militia — Co. K, Capt. Wesley W. Lair and Lieut. James Warmesley; and Co. B, Lieuts. B. F. Snyder and Isaac Bohon, numbering about 80 men. Schofield's order had been received, and the militia were coming in and enrolling under direction of Capt. Lair. The two companies were encamped in tents outside of town. Up to the 31st, Porter was thought to be down in Callaway, and the militia were quite off their guard. The situation was made known to the bold raider, and he resolved to bag the game

so temptingly in his sight. McNeil sent Capt. Lair word that Porter had crossed the railroad with 1,500 men, and Lair informed his men that they would probably have a fight "before long."

Striking westward from Midway, some miles before reaching Newark, Porter divided his force into two columns. One under Capt. Jim Porter and Col. Alex. Majors, of Monroe county, he threw out to the south-west, across the Fabius at Whaley's Mill, and then sent it westward until it intersected the Philadelphia or West Springfield road leading into Newark from the south-east, across the Fabius, near where Lair's tents were pitched. Porter himself, at the head of the greater portion of his command, kept on the main road straight for the little town. It will be understood that two roads entered Newark along which the Confederates were passing — the Emerson road from the east, the West Springfield road from the south. The Federals were within the jaws of a trap, and the jaws were closing.

At 5 o'clock p. m. on the 31st of July, the Confederates were upon the militiamen. The surprise was perfect. Lair had only informed his men of their probable danger an hour or so before the attack, and they were discussing the situation, when the crack of Porter's pistols was heard. The militia were driven from their tents into the town, fighting back spitefully as they ran. They took possession of the Presbyterian Church, Bragg's store, and the Masonic hall, and continued the combat. They were surrounded by an overwhelming force — both divisions of Porter's forces having come up — but they fought well, repulsing all efforts to capture them or drive them out by a charge. Many of Porter's men exposed themselves needlessly and paid dearly for it. At last Porter had prepared two wagons loaded heavily with hay, which he purposed running up against the buildings, setting on fire and smoking out his game. A flag of truce was sent first, demanding a surrender. Capt. Lair himself came out, saw Porter and the two talked the matter over. The militiamen surrendered.

The terms were very liberal. The Federals were to be paroled and released, their private property was not to be taken from them, but they were to lose their tents, arms, etc. The prisoners were well treated. Capt. Bob Hager, of Monroe, cursed Lieut. Warmley for being a "d—n nigger thief," but nobody was hurt, and there was no hint at retaliation upon Capt. Lair or any of his men for the killing of Maj. Owen, a former fellow-soldier of Porter's, major of the regiment in which he had been lieutenant-colonel.

Porter and his men camped in Newark that night, and it was not

until next morning that the prisoners were paroled and released. The Federal loss in the Newark fight was 4 killed, 6 wounded, and 72 prisoners; of the latter 40 were of Co. K, and 32 of Co. L. The killed were Lieut. Valentine Lair, a son of Capt. Lair, and acting adjutant of the battalion, and Orderly Sergt. Francis Hancock, of Palmyra, both of Co. K, and John Downing and James Berry, of Co. L. The Confederate loss was reported at from 10 to 20 killed, and 30 severely wounded. Eight are known to have been buried.

In the Newark fight the men from Shelby bore a conspicuous part. Among the Confederate killed was Capt. J. Q. A. Clements, who fell dead at the head of his company, shot through the brain, and Lieut. Tom West, of the same company, who had his leg crushed by a Minie ball, and amputated, and who died in a day or two. Capt. Clements was an intelligent, well informed gentleman, who was something of a lawyer, and resided in the western part of the county. After his death Capt. Samuel S. Patton took command of the company.

In Head's company two Shelby county men were killed; Anderson Tobin, who lived in the south-western part of the county, was shot through the head and died instantly, and — Kesterson, of Walkersville, was killed by a ball through the body.

Though Porter's men treated their prisoners well, they were severe on some of the Union citizens of Newark. The stores of W. G. Bragg and Mr. Holmes were "guttled," and other citizens of the place and vicinity were made to suffer, some in person, many in property. This was done not in accordance with Porter's orders, but in spite of them, for this was his old home and the people were his old neighbors, against whom he bore no malice, and to whom he wished no harm.

The angry roar of a Federal command in his rear, swarming like mad hornets, well mounted, well equipped, and led by the savage fighter, Col. John McNeil, roused Porter, and warned him to up and hie himself away, and he left Newark at nine in the forenoon of August 2, going northward to enable to join him a force which had been operating against Canton and the eastern part of Lewis county, and which had been ordered to move to the westward or north-westward so as to avoid the Federals on the south and unite with the main body somewhere in the north-eastern part of Knox.

The force that was sent against Canton had rendezvoused at the "sugar camp" on the Fabius and was composed of about 250 men,

led by Col. Cyrus Franklin,¹ Maj. Davis and Ralph Smith. It galloped into Canton Friday night, August 1, killed a young Union man named Joseph W. Carnegie, and captured 75 muskets belonging to the militia in Canton, together with some other property and supplies. They held the town till Saturday noon, and then departed, taking with them ex-United States Senator Green and some other citizens.

Although Mr. Green had been an original Secessionist, and counseled war against the Union, from the start, he never took up arms himself, but was one of the first to surrender (in the summer of 1861) and to take the oath, which he religiously kept. He counseled a cessation of hostilities after Ft. Donelson was taken, and even urged Confederates to lay down their arms. Mr. Green demurred at being taken prisoner and carried away, but the raiders declared they were going to conscript him and make a soldier of him. "Come along, Jim," said one of them: "You got us into this scrape, and by — you shall help get us out." The ex-senator was taken to the "sugar camp," when, after making a short speech, he was released on parole not to take up arms against the Southern Confederacy.

After Col. McNeil had arrived at Palmyra subsequent to the Pierce's Mill fight, he remained but a few days, when, with the greater part of his regiment, he went to Hunnewell to watch Porter and to strike him "in the air" should he attempt to come North again and pass his old crossing between Hunnewell and Monroe, as was considered by some very improbable. Here he could also intercept any straggling parties coming down from the North to join Porter or make their way South. In a day or so after reaching Hunnewell, McNeil heard of the Moore's Mill fight, that Porter was in Monroe county, and that Joe Thompson had raided Paris. He at once set out for the latter place, but found that the Confederates had left. He soon learned more — that after he had left Hunnewell, Porter had seized the opportunity to cross the Hannibal and St. Joe, on the old and now unguarded crossing, and was now safe in his old range, which he had reached without endangering the safety of his command by a fight.

Chagrined and impatient, McNeil hastened back to Hunnewell, swearing to ride men and horses to exhaustion if necessary to overtake the presumptuous raider and destroy him or capture him. Learning something of Porter's exact whereabouts and conjecturing that he would be at Newark, McNeil determined to try and strike him

¹ Col. Franklin, a Virginian by birth, had gone from Iowa into the service of the Confederacy, and rose to the rank of Colonel.

there, and at once set out in pursuit, going north-west. At Bethel, in Shelby county, he was reinforced by Maj. John F. Benjamin, with a detachment of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia and a few enrolled militia. Benjamin had set out from Shelbyville, leaving a small garrison to defend the stockade. Mayne's Co. B, of the Third Iowa Cavalry, Leonard's and Garth's companies of the Ninth Missouri State Militia, and some of Merrill's Horse, and two brass pieces of artillery of Rabb's Third Indiana battery, sent up from Jefferson City, under Lieut. Armington, were also on the chase.

Saturday morning, August 2, McNeil and Benjamin made a rapid march to Newark, 10 miles away. Porter had just left the village and the Federal advance leaped upon his rear guard a mile or so from town, killed two, wounded five, and drove the rest upon the main body, capturing also several horses. McNeil's forces arrived and occupied the town till the next day, when, reinforcements coming up and increasing the Federal strength to about 1,000, they set out at 2 p. m., following Porter, and camping that night on Troublesome creek, on the farm of a "secesh" gentleman named Kendrick, whom they "ate out of house and barn."

From Newark Porter went north along the western line of Lewis county, and was joined by the force from Canton and Col. Frisbie McCullough with 300 men. Porter now had at least 2,200 men, and felt comparatively safe, although he knew he could obtain more, and as was natural he wanted all he could get. If his luck should hold out, instead of the insignia of a colonel, the stars of a Confederate brigadier would glitter on his collar. He moved north by Smith's bridge over the North fork of North Fabius, where he encamped Sunday night, August 3. When he left he tore up the bridge.

Porter was now threatening Memphis, but learning that Maj. Rogers was holding that town with a fairly strong force, and would not let go without a hard fight, he turned west toward Kirksville. Monday night he camped at Bolden's Mill. Tuesday he kept up the march, bringing together all his forces and ordering a concentration at Kirksville. This place had, until a day or so previously, been held by the Federals under Capt. James A. Smith, but Col. Gilstrap had ordered him down to Macon for safety, and Capt. Tice Cain, with his company of Confederate rangers, from Putnam, Schuyler, and Adair, galloped in, took possession of the town and sent a courier to Porter with the news.

Porter had thought of halting where he was, waiting for the arrival of his pursuers and fighting out the issue between them, but when he

neard that Kirksville had been taken he thought best to try the combat there, under cover of the houses and behind fences and brick walls. He relied, too, upon the effect of an ambuscade which he carefully and rather skillfully planned. Fatal mistake! Had he fought McNeil in the woods of Lewis or the timber of Knox and Adair, as he could have done, he most probably would have won. There is no question but that his force outnumbered McNeil's more than two to one, and this force in a rough-and-tumble fight in the bush and timber and among hills and hollows could but have done effective work.

Porter arrived at Kirksville early Wednesday morning, August 6, with the Federals at his heels. Here he planted his standard and formed his battle line. He placed only about 500 of his men in the woods to the east of the town, 500 more in the houses, behind the fences, and elsewhere under shelter in the town itself, and the remainder, nearly 2,000 more, were scattered about on the flanks and to the west of the place. He conjectured that the Federals would come boldly up — assault the first line, drive it back — rush wildly on, imagining the victory won, into the town, be shriveled up by the fire of the concealed troops in the houses, and then the reserve would come up and finish the work. But Col. Porter's scheme lacked McNeil's endorsement and coöperation. One commander may plan a battle, but it takes two commanders to fight it.

McNeil came up and attacked the first line vigorously, doubling it back on the town, a portion of his forces working gradually around through the brush on either flank, so as to partially envelop the Confederates. The Federals had two iron 6-pounders and a 12-pound howitzer belonging to the militia. These were brought up and banged away for some time, with but little more effect than to frighten a few of the Confederates who had never before heard the screech of a shell or a ball, and indeed had never smelt hostile powder. McNeil himself came forward and took personal charge of the fight. A Confederate rifle ball knocked the skin off his temple and clipped a lock of his hair, but he never flinched. Say this always for John McNeil. He was not a coward. Cruel he may have been, savage as a fighter he certainly was, but not a drop of coward's blood ever flowed in his veins. At Kirksville, as elsewhere, he rode into the thickest of the fight, and watched the movements of the Confederates without a telescope or a field-glass. It is claimed that a Shelby county man, George Boyce, fired the ball that grazed him.

A great deal of time was spent by the Federal commander in developing the plans of the Confederates. He knew Porter had a very

large force, and it puzzled him when only a few hundred came into the field. Where are the rest? he wondered. Suspecting that an ambush was laid for him, and divining Porter's scheme, he called for volunteers to ride into the town and learn what was there. Ten plucky fellows of Merrill's Horse, led by Lieut. John N. Cowdry, a gallant officer, charged into the very heart of the town, around the square, and through the streets, developing the fact that every house was a Trojan horse, and every garden fence an ambuscade, while the court-house was a castle, with its lower windows boarded up and loop-holed and all its rooms filled with sharpshooters. After receiving the fire of a thousand shot-guns, rifles and revolvers, losing only one man killed, a soldier named A. H. Waggoner, one mortally wounded, William Ferguson, and having but two others struck, the dauntless Cowdry rode back and reported.

Easy enough to win the fight now for McNeil. Porter had not a single cannon. McNeil had five. They were brought up immediately and opened. First the iron guns. Then came Armington with his brass pieces, which opened with conical shot, tearing the little frame houses to fragments as if they were built wholly of shingles, and crushing the brick walls as if they were egg-shells. The Confederates fell back. McNeil's right wing, under Benjamin, wriggled still farther to the right, and the cannon followed it. A corn field and a Hungarian grass patch were taken from the Confederates and they forced into the town. The artillery followed, and again thundered away, the Indiana battery doing fearful execution. Slowly the Federals advanced, under cover of their artillery fire, and Porter's shot-gun men, on whom he had relied to do such effective work, had to run from their coverts and for their lives before a Federal came within gun shot.

The Federals took their time, and advanced slowly, so as to prevent the fulfillment of Porter's plans, but at last the Confederates were thoroughly demoralized by the artillery fire, and began to give way, and then Benjamin grew impatient and charged down into the town with the Eleventh Missouri State Militia; Capt. E. Mayne, with his company of the Third Iowa, galloped squarely for the court-house, and fell dead with a bullet through his brain. Merrill's Horse came in, and Capts. Garth and Reeves Leonard, with their companies of the Ninth Missouri State Militia, clattered through the streets and alleys, but all of them found only fugitives to fight.

There is not room here to give the details of the battle of Kirksville, but it may thus be summarized. Out of 2,800 men, perhaps

not more than 1,000 Confederates were really in action. Out of 1,000 Federals, not more than 600 fought. McNeil kept a good strong reserve. The Federals skirmished slightly with the Confederates, then stood off and battered them to pieces with their artillery, and then charged on them, created a panic among them, drove them helter-skelter back upon the reserve, panicked it, and drove the whole force in terror from the field and away from the country.

As to loss: six Federals fell dead on the field — Capt. Mayne, of the Third Iowa; A. H. Waggoner, Mathias Olstein, and Sylvester Witham, privates of Co. "C," Merrill's Horse; Sergt. Wm. Bush, Co. B, Ninth Missouri State Militia; H. H. Moore, private, Co. "E," First Missouri State Militia. The wounded numbered 33, as follows: Col. McNeil and Adjt. McFarlane; Merrill's Horse, 8; Third Iowa Cavalry, 1; First Missouri State Militia, 5; Ninth Missouri State Militia, 14; "Red Rovers," 2; Indiana Battery, 1. Of these at least two afterward died.

The Federals claim they buried 58 of Porter's men who were killed outright; that 84 were left severely wounded, and that they captured 250 prisoners. The Confederate loss was never exactly known by that side, and the Federal statements could not be disputed. The Federal loss was and is a matter of official record.

Among the Shelby county Confederates killed were Timothy Hayes, of Patton's company (formerly Clements'); John Richardson, of the same company, was mortally wounded and died a day or two later. A number were wounded.

The fight began at 11 a. m. and lasted about five hours.

During the engagement a lady resident of Kirksville, a Mrs. Cutts, was shot by a stray bullet and mortally wounded. She was just coming up from the cellar when she was struck.

Porter retreated with his forces rapidly and in disorder to the westward. It was "save himself who can." The idea was to put the Chariton river, five miles west of Kirksville, before dark between themselves and the victorious Federals, with their terrible cannon and well-mounted cavalymen. Desertions began and were numerous and unrestrained. Officers and men both fled. Col. Frisbie McCullough started for his Marion county home, but never reached it alive. Other officers set the example for their men to abandon the cause so readily which but a few days before they had espoused so ardently. The woods about Kirksville were full of stragglers and skeddaddlers, and the Federal cavalry rode about, beating up the brush for them, capturing many and shooting down those who offered the least sign of resistance.

At Clem's Mills, five miles west of Kirksville, Porter crossed the Chariton with the main body of his command. Many crossed where and as they could, and plunged into the timber west of the stream, and soon Night threw her black mantle of concealment over them and they were safe for the present. A little time for rest, a little time for bandaging, a little time for reorganization, and the march was resumed.

Down in Chariton county Col. J. A. Poindexter was known to be with 1,200 or 1,500 recruits, and to him Porter thought best to go, for in their union there would be strength sufficient to force a passage of the Missouri at Glasgow or Brunswick, and to open a roadway to the Confederacy, especially if the co-operation of Joe Shelby, with his regiment, in Saline and Lafayette, could be secured. Turning southward, therefore, Porter set out for Poindexter. But quite often, in peace and in war, one man proposes and another disposes. Three miles north of Stockton, now New Cambria, in the western part of Macon county, Porter encountered 250 men of the First Missouri State Militia, under Lieut.-Col. Alexander Woolfolk, coming up from below to co-operate with McNeil, and at Panther creek that day, Friday, August 8, there was a brief fight, and Porter was turned from his course and retreated toward the north-east.

The next day Col. James McFerran, of the First Missouri State Militia, joined Woolfolk with 250 more men and took command, and marching rapidly on, these 500, McFerran at the head, came up with Porter at Walnut creek, in Adair county, attacked vigorously, and after a sharp fight drove Porter eastward to the Chariton, leaping on the rear guard every few minutes, killing a man now and then, and causing no end of annoyance and uneasiness. Porter grew tired of this, and the same day, at See's Ford, where he recrossed the Chariton, he put 125 men in ambush, on the east bank, under Capts. John Hicks and Jim Porter, and when McFarren came up and the stream was full of drinking horses and their unsuspecting riders, and just as two men rode up the bank, these 125 opened fire at short range, and the stream was full of writhing men and plunging horses. And yet only two Federals were killed outright and 15 wounded. After that, for a time, the pursuit was not so close and harassing.

Porter passed on to Wilsonville, in the south-east part of Adair, and near here he paused. Dangers surrounded him on every side, and the dark hour was on Saul. His men were discouraged, and many were heartily tired of "war." They began to "scatter out," every man for himself, and in a few hours 500 had drifted away into the brush

and by-ways. There was a general disbanding of the forces at Phelps' "log-cabin" bridge, on Salt river, from which point many Shelby county men went directly home.

Porter himself, at the head of a considerable number of his men, went south-east through the southern portion of Knox, passing near Novelty, going below Newark and leaving that town several miles to the north, and then curving upward to Whaley's Mill, on the South Fabius, where, on Monday, August 11th, there was a virtual disbanding of the Confederate forces, many going home, many striking out for Illinois and Iowa, and a few determined spirits accompanying the undaunted chieftain, who, the same night, crossed the Hannibal and St. Joe, and went into Monroe to join Cobb, then reported in the Salt river hills, near Florida.

After the battle of Kirksville, when the Federals were looking over their prisoners, it was discovered that among them were some who had previously taken the oath of allegiance to the Provisional Government of Missouri, and were at large on parole and under bond. Some of them had been arrested by the Federals, and had been paroled two or three times not to take up arms against the authority of the United States. When the enrolling order of Schofield and Gamble came out, they cast away their paroles, spat on their bonds, and caught up their shot-guns.

Thursday, the next day after the battle, quite a number of "oath-breakers," as they were called, were tried by a Federal drum-head court martial, convened by McNeil, in Kirksville, and 15 of them were convicted of violations of their paroles, and sentenced to be shot. McNeil approved the proceedings and the order, and the poor fellows were executed the same day. Their names, as can best be learned now, were William Bates, R. M. Galbreath, Lewis Rollins, William Wilson, Columbus Harris, Reuben Thomas, or Thompson, Thomas Webb and Reuben Green, of Monroe county; James Christian, David Wood, Jesse Wood and Bennett Hayden, of Shelby;¹ Wm. Sallee and Hamilton Brannon, of Marion, and John Kent, of Adair.

Of the Shelby county victims all lived in the south-western part of the county. James Christian, three miles east of Clarence, aged between 30 and 40; David and Jesse Wood were young men living west of Shelbina; Bennett Hayden lived near the present site of Lenter Station, aged 30. All were married but David Wood, and all had been arrested and released on parole and bond.

¹ It is reported that Thomas Stone, of Shelby, was shot at the same time.

Thursday afternoon, the same day the oath-breakers were shot, a squad of eight or ten of the enrolled militia from Edina were out scouting for Porter's stragglers and beating up the timber for them. Eight miles from Edina they came upon a man with a gun, who was making his way eastward, and who, when he saw them, darted into a brush patch. The Federals surrounded the thicket, and one of them, a man named Holmes, of Edina, volunteered to enter it. He did not proceed far until he came upon the fugitive, who was at bay, and who raised his gun and warned his pursuer to proceed no further. It was Col. Frisbie McCullough, of Marion county, who, as before stated, had abandoned Porter after the Kirksville fight and was trying to reach his home. Holmes called upon him to surrender, and learning the odds against him, and being very tired and weary, he gave himself up.

He was taken to Edina, thence to Kirksville, where the same day of his arrival he was tried by a military commission, convicted and shot. In a communication to the writer Gen. McNeil says:—

Col. McCullough was tried by a commission, of which Lieut.-Col. Schaffer was president, under Order No. 2 of Gen. Halleck, and Nos. 8 and 18 of Gen. Schofield. He had no commission except a printed paper authorizing "the bearer" to recruit for the Confederate army. He was found guilty of bushwhacking, or of being a guerrilla. He was a brave fellow, and a splendid specimen of manhood. I would have gladly spared him had duty permitted. As it was, he suffered the fate that would have fallen to you or me if we had been found recruiting inside of the Confederate lines. He met a soldier's death as became a soldier.

It was Col. McCullough who made a raid on Shelbyville in the early fall of 1861 and took Hon. John F. Benjamin a prisoner. He also made prisoners of other Union men of the county.

Three days after the battle of Kirksville, Col. McNeil went to Bloomington, the old county seat of Macon county, ready and waiting for another opportunity to strike Porter. From Bloomington he went to Shelbyville, and then learning something of Porter's movements and objects, he moved down to his old post of observation at Hunnewell.

Porter remained in Monroe county only long enough to cool off in the shade of the Salt river timber after his long and wearisome chase in the hot weather of the dog days. In a day or so he was again in the saddle and *en route* for Marion county. Eluding McNeil's guards and scouts, he recrossed the Hannibal and St. Joe again near Monroe, about a week after the Kirksville fight, and on Friday, August 15, was

three miles north-east of Emerson, in Marion county, with 150 men, not disheartened, not cast down, but cheerful, good-natured, plucky and hopeful.

He sent out his scouts and they ranged through the country, picking up horses and supplies, and occasionally a prisoner. The country was full of stragglers who had left him after the Kirksville fight and the disbanding near Novelty, and these were in hiding. When they heard "Old Joe" was back they crawled out of the brush and started for him again. Many, however, had crossed over into Illinois, and some were cooped up in the Federal prisons at La Grange, Quincy and Palmyra. A company of Enrolled Militia from La Grange, stationed at the West Quincy ferry, bagged many a poor "Reb" seeking a retreat in the Sucker State.

Col. Porter himself remained in the vicinity of Emerson some days. His men lived off the country and recruited their commissary departments and corrals from the smoke-houses and stables of the farmers in the country, and indeed seized many an article because they took a fancy to it. This seems a little inequitable now-a-days, but in that period quite often Federal trooper and Confederate raider acquired property rights by —

The rule, the simple plan,
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can!

At last Porter went to the southward, again into Monroe and the south-east corner of Shelby.

He was reported near Florida, Monroe county, on Monday, August 25, threatening Paris with 1,000 men. McNeil moved down from Hunnewell and occupied Paris with all of his available force — 800. Tuesday morning Maj. Rogers and Dodson, with three companies of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, started from Shelbyville to reinforce him, and Wednesday McNeil moved out to encounter Porter again. He marched up from Paris and Hunnewell to Newark and then to Monticello in order to be where he could better direct operations against Porter. Lewis and Marion were full of armed bands of Confederates, and there was the greatest alarm among the Federals. Even Hannibal was thought to be in danger.

Friday, September 12, Porter, with 400 men, captured Palmyra, with 20 of its garrison, and held the place two hours, losing one man killed and one wounded. One Union citizen was killed, three Federals wounded. The town was defended by 60 Enrolled Militia in the court-house under Capt. Dubach and Lieut. Washburn, 20 at the jail

and 30 more in a store building. The men at the jail were captured. The Confederates carried away an aged Union citizen named Andrew Allsman, whom they killed, and for whose life 10 of Porter's men subsequently paid a forfeit.

On leaving Palmyra Porter went into the north-west corner of Marion and encamped on the South Fabius. The next day he received a reinforcement of 150 men under Ralph Smith, of Lewis county. Other parties of Confederates were in the country, but they had lost confidence in Porter, and refused to cast their fortunes with him. With his 500 men the undaunted, self-confident raider was soon again on the war path, and turning north-west, he proceeded on a circuitous route towards Newark, and on Saturday night or Sunday camped half a mile south-west of Whaley's Mill, in the south-west corner of Lewis county. Here a bountiful supply of corn meal was secured and a square meal or two indulged in. Col. Porter's residence was but a few miles away.

The night after the capture of Palmyra, old Co. A, of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, of Shelbyville, went to the eastern part of this county and prepared an ambuscade for Porter's men, expecting them to pass along the road. The Confederates heard that Federals had been seen advancing along that road, and *they* prepared an ambuscade on the same road for *their* enemies. The two forces lay all night half a mile from each other, but each unconscious of the presence of the other.

When Gen. McNeil heard the first intelligence that the Confederates had captured Palmyra, he was at Monticello, or in that neighborhood. He immediately set out southward, and Saturday, September 13th, arrived at Emerson with 400 or 500 men, consisting of detachments of his own and Lipscomb's regiments, the Second and Eleventh M. S. M., and three pieces of artillery. From his scouts and the citizens he learned the course Porter had pursued from Palmyra, and leaving Emerson Saturday evening, he followed the trail of the Confederates to the north-east some miles and encamped. McNeil by this time knew Porter's tactics well enough to conclude that when he seemed about to do one thing he was certain to do another, and divined that instead of going to Monticello, which he was menacing, he would probably come down "like a wolf on the fold" upon Newark, or some place to the westward. Accordingly Sunday morning, September 14, he struck directly west, towards Newark.

On reaching the vicinity of the residence of Col. Porter, three miles east of Newark, the Federal advance discovered two mounted Con-

federate pickets. Chase was given, but they escaped. The wives of both Col. Joe and Capt. Jim Porter were at the residence of the former. Just before this a guide had been picked up who knew where the Confederate camp was, and was willing to lead the way to it. Whaley's Mill stood about two miles south-east of Porter's residence.

Gen. McNeil's forces now pressed on rapidly toward the Confederate camp. Near the Mill the advance discovered a strong picket guard, the members of which, being fired on, turned and fled towards the camp, the Federals following rapidly. There was mounting in hot haste among the boys in gray, and dreading the terrible cannon which had done so much injury to them before, they retreated in most unseemly haste, with no resistance worthy of the name.

McNeil came thundering into the camp within fifteen minutes after it had been abandoned. The fires were burning, cooking utensils, and piles of corn meal and other provisions lay here and there, carpet sacks, clothing, and bedding were scattered about, and everything showed a hasty flight and great demoralization. In a few moments the bugles sounded the "forward," and the Federal cavalymen sprang away in pursuit of the fleeing enemy.

The Confederates followed the course of the South Fabius (on the north bank of which stream Whaley's Mill was located) in an easterly direction, keeping on the north side of the stream. For several miles the chase continued, and was very exciting. There was but little danger about it, for the Confederates made no fight proper to be called a fight. They showed no disposition, or not much, to do anything but to get out of the way of the Federals and their dreadful cannon as rapidly as possible. They did no real fighting — only incontinent skedaddling. The Federals crowded upon them, rode them down when they hesitated, and shot them when they offered the slightest resistance. And all the time there was cheering and shouting and firing, and the people of the country heard something else that Sabbath morning besides the church bells and the sounds of prayer and praise.

For miles this pursuit was kept up, the Federals chasing Porter's men as hunters chase a quarry. At last the Confederates followed no roads, but dashed on through bushes and thickets dense and rough, over fences high and strong, across ravines wide and deep, and along by-paths narrow and steep. The Federals could follow where they led and dashed after them.

After three or four miles of this sort of racing, the main portion of the Confederates arrived at or near a crossing of the South Fabius

known as the old Claggett ford, hard by the residence of a Mr. Pierce. Here they crossed to the south side of the creek, then turned again toward the east for a mile until they intersected the road leading from Claggett's old mill, due south a mile and a half until it struck the Philadelphia and Newark road at Bragg's school house, in the north-eastern part of Shelby county (sec. 23-59-9). And still that swift, unrelenting pursuit, the heavy cavalry at their heels, and the artillery just behind, the postillions lashing their horses like race-riders.

At Bragg's school house Col. Porter again disbanded his forces and it was "every man for himself and McNeil will take the hindmost." Some went east, some went south, some went west. Porter, with a considerable company, started for Lewis county. A number of horses — on one of which was a U. S. saddle and accoutrements — and twenty shot-guns and muskets were abandoned and fell into the hands of the enemy. Six Confederates were killed and a number wounded during the retreat from Whaley's Mill, and quite a lot of prisoners were taken.

The Federals came up and halted at the point of the Confederate dispersion. Gen. McNeil made his headquarters at Judge S. I. Bragg's in Shelby county, that Sunday night, remaining there till next day. It being impossible and unprofitable to follow the Confederates any further, he came on to Philadelphia and encamped there on Monday night. Leaving Philadelphia Tuesday morning, the Federals arrived at Palmyra about noon and went into camp. Their loss was as follows: One man of the Eleventh M. S. M. came upon a squad of Confederates in the brush, was fired on and mortally wounded, dying next day. After the pursuit had ceased, some of Porter's ambushed men fired upon an escort, killing one outright and wounding two, one mortally.

When Gen. McNeil observed the piles of meal on the ground in the Confederate camp near Whaley's Mill, he declared, "That mill has ground its last grist for the rebel commissary department." By his orders the mill was burned to the ground.

Among the prisoners captured by the Federals near Bragg's were two men from Shelby county, named John Holmes and Henry Latimer; the latter lived about four miles east of Bethel. The next morning by order of Gen. McNeil, they were taken into Bragg's meadow and shot to death.

Both Holmes and Latimer had been taken prisoner by the Federals and twice released on oath not to take up arms. Latimer was confined at Shelbyville on one occasion. When the enrolling order of

Schofield's came out he stopped work in a hay field and joined Porter as soon as possible. Holmes went out at the same time. Both were members of Capt. Marion Whaley's company, and had been at Kirksville and elsewhere.

At the time of the Whaley's Mill fight they were not present, but with a dozen or more of Whaley's company, including Capt. Whaley himself, who was wounded, had a camp on Tiger fork, where they were hiding. The day before both Holmes and Harry Latimer were at John Carlisle's and got some bacon. Latimer said to Carlisle, facetiously: "Well, John, the Federals have issued another order about oath-breakers. They say they have to *catch* us before they shoot us!"

The next day in the evening Holmes and Latimer rode out of the timber south of Bragg's on their way to join Porter, and just out on the prairie they met a squad of McNeil's regiment searching for Porter's fugitives. "Halt!" called out the Federals. The partisans hesitated, thinking the militia were Porter's men. The Federals fired a shot or two and then Holmes and Latimer dismounted and were made prisoners. They were taken up to Bragg's house where McNeil was, and were recognized by some Shelby county men as having violated their paroles. At the time of his capture Latimer was riding a horse which had been taken a few nights before from Addison Lair, a Union man of Tiger Fork township. Holmes was riding a horse belonging to another Union man. Mr. Lair's horse was returned to him.

When McNeil was informed of the circumstance of the capture of the two men, he asked: "Had they arms in their hands?" Being answered in the affirmative, he returned: "Well, they shall be shot in the morning at sunrise." They were put into a granary in Bragg's door-yard, along with a score of other prisoners, and informed of their fate. Latimer had a brother in the Federal service, in Benjamin's regiment, and he used this fact to help his case. He even said: "I was led into this thing by Porter, and if you will reprieve me I will join my brother's company." But one who knew him, said: "Ah, Harry, you can't be trusted. You know you would desert the first opportunity." And doubtless he would, for Latimer thoroughly detested the Federal cause.

That night McNeil said to Judge Bragg: "Those fellows will be shot in the morning *sure*; they had better escape to-night if they can." But the granary was well guarded and if the doomed men ever thought of escaping they did not attempt it. After a time

Latimer nerved himself to meet his fate, but Holmes seemed horror-stricken. The other prisoners, remembering the shooting of 16 of their comrades at Kirksville, were apprehensive as to their own fate.

The next morning, a little before sunrise, when it was announced to McNeil that his breakfast was ready, he took out his watch, observed the time, and said to a lieutenant of the guard: "It is time those men were executed; take them out and execute them." As he was sitting at his breakfast a few minutes later, a soldier came to the door and said that the prisoners wished to see Mr. Bragg. "May I go and see them?" asked Bragg, addressing McNeil. "Certainly," replied McNeil, "do all for them you can." Bragg went out and overtook the party a few rods south of his house, on the way to the place of execution, in the meadow. The doomed men shook hands with Bragg and asked him to tell their relatives and friends of their fate. Then they passed on.

Holmes weakened in the presence of death, and was pale and trembling. Latimer was brave and defiant and went to his fate as full of courage as that other Latimer, who, hundreds of years before, was burned at the stake in England, for his Protestantism, and who said to his fellow-martyr, George Ridley, as they were walking to the place of the burning: "Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley! We shall light a candle this day in Old England that with God's grace shall never be put out!" Who knows but that Harry Latimer had in his veins some of the blood of Bishop Latimer?

Nearing the scene Latimer said to Holmes: "Stand up, John, stand up straight!" A few seconds later there came a crashing volley, and both men fell with the life shot out of them. The Federals had caught the oath-breakers sure enough. They were buried decently near where they fell. Seven years later their remains were taken up and reburied in the Looney graveyard, near Mt. Zion.

Harry Latimer was a native of Tennessee, aged 32. He left a wife, who was a daughter of Robert Joiner, the old pioneer, and five children, the youngest six months old. John Holmes was about the same age of Latimer, and left a wife, the daughter of another old settler, named Turner, and one child. His widow resides now in Marion county, and Mrs. Latimer lives on her husband's farm.

Kemp Glasscock, who was cow hunting, was taken prisoner with Holmes and Latimer, but was released by McNeil and allowed to go home.

A little north of Bragg's residence, in a little path that led from the

woods to the well, under the hill, John Lear, one of Porter's men, from near Warren, Marion county, was killed. He was flying from the Federals along the path and was being followed. His horse stumbled and threw him. He called out, "I surrender!" A boy soldier, not more than 15 years of age, rode up and with his revolver shot him dead, the ball entering near the top of the right shoulder and coming out near the heart. They searched his pockets, drew off his boots, and after composing his limbs placed his old hat over his face and went away in the twilight, leaving the owls of the wood to hoot to each other, "A man lies dead in the road!"

The boy soldier asked for Lear's gun as a reward for what he had done, and McNeil gave it to him. Lear's body lay in that path where it fell from Sunday evening till Tuesday morning, when John Carlisle and Ed. Joiner came and put it in a rude coffin and buried it in Bragg's orchard, where it still lies.

As to the two Federals killed, an escort started with a Mr. Pierce to go west and north-west to bring up some wagons. It was after dark. Some of Porter's men were in ambush a few hundred yards west of the house and fired on the Federals. One horse was killed and one man outright; two men were wounded, one mortally. The man killed instantly was named Scanlan, and he lived in Knox county; he was but a young man and the only child of his father, who was a widower. The mortally wounded man was Corporal Stephens, also from Knox county. He crawled from the road into the woods and brush, and lay there all night. His cries for help could be plainly heard at Bragg's house, but no one went to his assistance. He died the next morning early, within ten minutes after help reached him. Both bodies were buried in Bragg's orchard, and afterwards John Lear's was placed beside them.

A short time afterward came old man Scanlan to visit the grave of his dead son. When it was shown him he stretched himself upon it and embraced it, moaning and murmuring, "My dear boy! My dear boy!" The by-standers turned away and he was alone with his grief a good while. When he came to the house he said, "I thought I would take him away, but I can't bear to." Five years later he came with a handsome coffin and bore away the remains. "My boy was a Catholic," he explained, "and his bones must rest in consecrated ground."

In a short time after his burial came the wife of John Lear for the body of her husband, but it could not be removed. She was a daughter of a Mr. Jacobs, of Shelby county. "I want to know for

certain if it is my husband," she said. They cut out the pocket of his embroidered shirt, the work of her own hands, and brought it to her. "It is my husband!" she exclaimed. Then she put a strong enclosure about the grave and went away to her home. Side by side still rest the remains of Confederate John Lear and Federal Corporal Stephens in their last bivouac in the little graveyard.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray.

After his route by McNeil at Whaley's Mill, and his dispersion at Bragg's school house, Col. Porter kept himself hidden for a few days. He abandoned the idea of raising a regiment, or even a battalion, and realizing that there was no rest for the sole of his foot so long as he remained in this quarter, he resolved to leave, and passing over into Shelby county was soon on his way to Dixie. September 23d he captured and paroled Capt. Bishop, of Shelby county, north of Hunnewell. He now had perhaps 100 men, and with these he determined to abandon North-east Missouri for good, and so passed on and away from his home and the scenes of his daring and dangerous exploits and experiences forever. He made his way in perfect safety through Monroe, Audrain, Callaway and Boone counties, crossed the Missouri river in a skiff, and on he went down into Arkansas. Here he organized from the men who had accompanied him and others whom he found in Arkansas, a regiment of Missouri Confederate cavalry.

From Pocahontas, Ark., in the latter part of the month of December, 1862, as acting brigadier, he moved with his command and the battalions of Cols. Colton Green and J. Q. A. Burbridge, to co-operate with Gen. John S. Marmaduke in his attack on Springfield. By a mistake of Gen. Marmaduke, Col. Porter's command did not participate in this attack. It moved on a line far to the eastward. After the expedition had failed the commands of Marmaduke and Porter united at Marshfield, and started to retreat into Arkansas. At Hartville, in Wright county, on January 11, 1863, a considerable Federal force was encountered and defeated, although at severe loss to the Confederates, who had many valuable officers killed and mortally wounded. Among the latter was Col. Porter. While leading a charge he was badly shot, but managed to accompany the army into Arkansas, and died from his wounds near Batesville, February 18, 1863.

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