"This Work of Fiends": Historical and Archaeological Perspectives on the Confederate Guerrilla Actions at Centralia, Missouri, September 27, 1864

Thomas D. Thiessen,
Douglas D. Scott,
and
Steven J. Dasovich

Prepared for Friends of Centralia Battlefield
And
Missouri Civil War Heritage Foundation
March, 2008
Lincoln, Nebraska

Table of Contents

Acknowledgements ……iii

Introduction ……..1

Summary of the Massacre and the Battle …… 4

Eyewitnesses and Hearsay: Historical Sources on the Centralia: Events of September 27, 1864 ……11

Accounts of Former Guerrillas ……15

Union Army Survivors' Accounts ……22

The Morning ……22

The Afternoon ……..26

Accounts by Train Crew/Passengers, Local Residents, and Other Travelers ..45

Archaeological Investigations ……..60

Previous Collector Work at Centralia ……...66

Battlefield Reconstruction ……72

Terrain Analysis ……...76

"Shot Down without Mercy" ……...80

Recommendations for Future Investigations ……...85

Centralia and Counterinsurgency in the Civil War ……..87

References Cited ……..88

Appendices ……..95

I List of members of Companies A, G, and H, 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry ……..95

II Transcribed newspaper articles relating to the Centralia battle and massacre ……...110

List of Tables

1. Men reported slain from the North Missouri Railroad passenger train at Centralia ……24

List of Figures

1. Centralia, Missouri in relation to the Centralia battlefield …….2

2. The monument to the fight between Union Major Johnston's command and Confederate guerrillas …….3

3. A modern view of the street and railroad yard ……...6

4. Approximate location of where the burning train may have literally ran out of steam ……7

5. Unit index card for Pvt. Martin Trail who was on furlough when he was removed from the train …….8

6. Unit index card for Artificer Caswell Rose who was removed from the train ……...9

7. The metal detector team working ……61

8. Two artifacts found during the first field investigation ……...64

9. Bullets and a rivet burr recovered from the Centralia battlefield ……64

10. A re-enactor's pistol lost on the battlefield …….65

11. A .44-caliber Starr Navy revolver and holster ……66

12. Artifacts found by Chris Edwards on the Centralia battlefield ……...67

13. Artifacts collected by Mark Billings from the Centralia battlefield ……....68

14. Plot of distribution of artifacts found on the Centralia battlefield ……...69

15. The terrain view the guerrillas' had from their ambush location on Youngs Creek ……..78

16. The viewshed of the terrain from the approximated site of Snead's hotel roof ……79

17. The Centralia dead were originally buried near this location ……..86

Acknowledgements

Many individuals have contributed time, effort, and/or information to the success of our Centralia research. Our gratitude is extended to the following: Kip and Christy Lindberg for sharing the Calvin Round account and other sources with us; W. Raymond Wood and Seth Smith for facilitating our consultation of the Missouri newspaper archives at the State Historical Society of Missouri in Columbia; Tom and Debra Goodrich for sharing their thoughts and research on the events; Deborah E. Cribbs, Curator of Special Collections at the Mercantile Library of the University of Missouri-St. Louis for making available R.H. Overall's statement published in the *Daily Missouri Democrat*; Jeff Patrick, historian at Wilson's Creek National Battlefield, for sharing information from the *National Tribune* newspaper; Dennis Northcott of the Missouri Historical Society for providing information from the Cyrus Peterson collection; Kathleen Wilham of the Shelby County Historical Society for sharing the Hawkins information; Albert Castel of Hillsdale, Michigan, for going to extraordinary effort to share information about bushwhacker Frank Smith, Jr.; and the staff of the Interlibrary Loan Department of Love Library at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln for making it extremely easy to tap distant sources of published information.

Special thanks are extended to Greg Wolk of the Missouri's Civil War Heritage Foundation and Jack Chance of the Friends of the Centralia Battlefield for inviting our participation in the project. They graciously made our task exceedingly comfortable with fabulous accommodations and many amenities during the episodes of fieldwork.

Chris Edwards and Mark Billings graciously shared information about their past collecting activities at the battlefield, and gave invaluable assistance to the field inventory effort, as did Sandy Wells, Dick Darnell, Dick Harmon, Rick Langum, Walt Busch, Ron Warren, Joe Tripp, and Jim Lee. Our thanks go to all of them, and to Mel Holdeman who ably operated the Bobcat for the soil test excavations and assisted in innumerable other ways.

Introduction

During the morning of September 27, 1864, the sleepy little hamlet and railroad stop of Centralia, Missouri, was visited by a band of pro-Confederacy guerrillas led by William T. Anderson, one of the most notorious partisan leaders in the history of guerrilla warfare during the Civil War. That visit erupted into violence and mayhem that led to the deaths of several civilians and approximately 150 Union soldiers in a massacre and battle that placed Centralia in the annals of famous Civil War atrocities. The violence rendered during these two events that day earned Anderson the lasting sobriquet of "Bloody Bill" (Castel and Goodrich 1998:96).

As a state, Missouri has an incredible Civil War history, ranking third in the nation in scenes of conflict from that war (Dyer 1994:582). This is not surprising in a state which experienced prolonged and bitter internecine conflict prior to and throughout the Civil War. Apart from several set-piece battles involving substantial numbers of conventional troops on both sides, most Missouri battlefields were the scenes of small-scale encounters between bands of pro-South guerrillas and Federal troops and state militia forces typically numbering a few dozen to a few hundred men on each side. Relatively rarely did the guerrilla encounters involve irregular forces numbering in the hundreds. However, the battle near Centralia on September 27, 1864, constituted one of the relatively large-scale guerrilla actions of the war in Missouri, involving an irregular force of perhaps 450 men against an outnumbered and poorly armed Union force of about 150 men. The outcome of this one-sided, unequal contest was disaster for the Union force, which was almost annihilated. It resulted in slaughter on a scale comparable to Quantrill's famous raid on Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863 when about 180 men and boys, mostly civilians, perished, and the fighting at Baxter Springs, Kansas, when Quantrill's band virtually wiped out the 100-man escort detail of a Union general.

The purpose of this report is to review some of the many historical sources that bear on the events of September 27, 1864, at and near Centralia, and to describe the methods and results of two episodes of archeological investigation of the battlefield that took place in 2006 and 2007 at the request of the Missouri Civil War Heritage Foundation and the Friends of the Centralia Battlefield. In 2007 the Friends purchased and set aside a portion of the ground where the historic battle was fought. A monument to commemorate those who participated in the battle has been erected. The Missouri Civil War Heritage Foundation is planning to interpretively link this site to other significant Civil War locales in mid-Missouri that can be visited by persons with an interest in that state's rich Civil War heritage. It is hoped that by reviewing the state of knowledge of the battle and confirming the location of the battlefield through archeological evidence, further preservation of the battlefield will be encouraged.

If history turns pages, then archeology turns the ground. Historical archeology, as the name implies, does both. Records and documents are essential ingredients in historical archeology but no more so than the knowledge gleaned from artifacts left behind by participants in the event. Thus, historical archeologists weave the strands of history with

clues painstakingly sifted from the earth to form a fabric unlike that attainable through history or archeology alone.

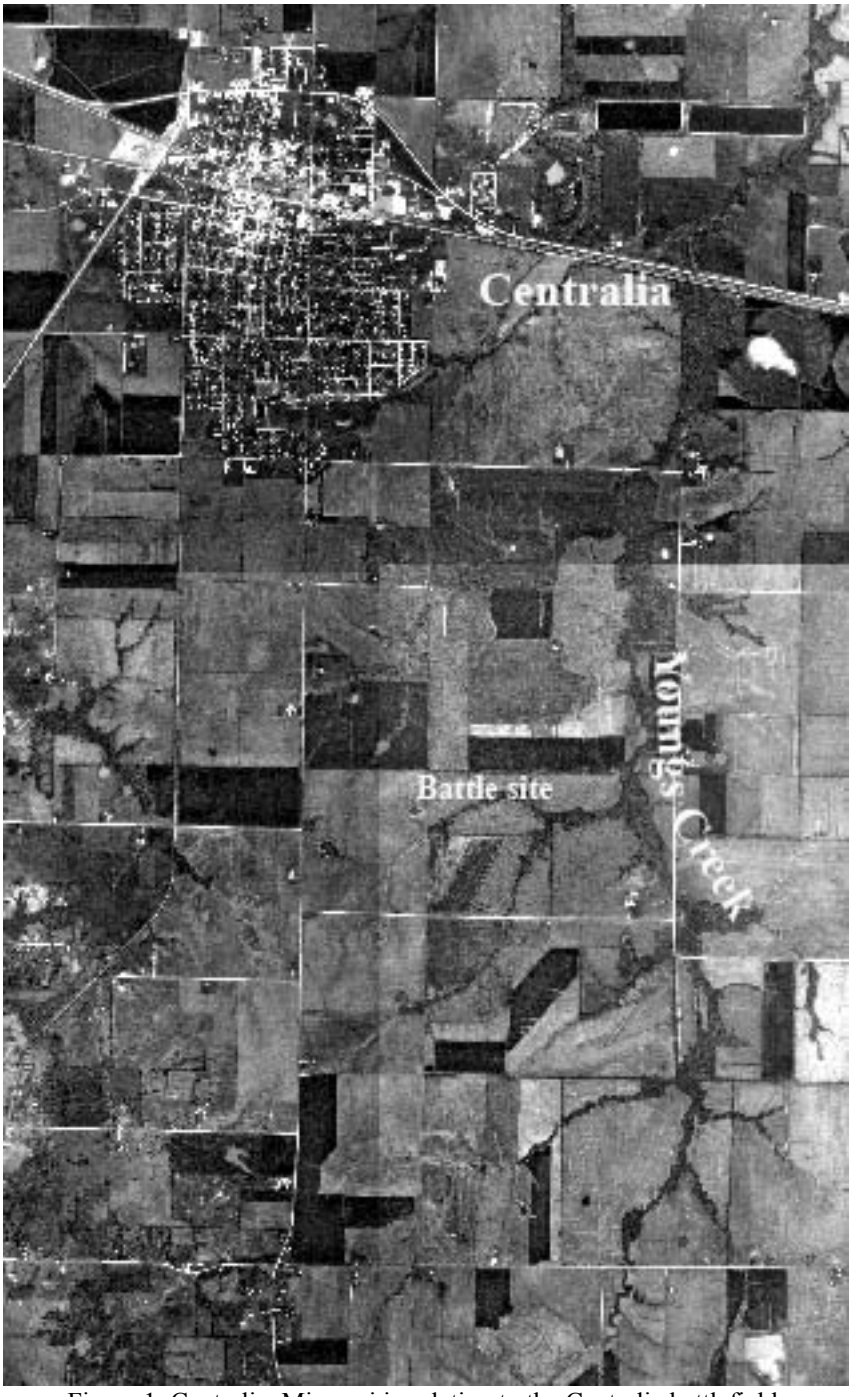


Figure 1. Centralia, Missouri in relation to the Centralia battlefield.

The basic premise is that the modern study of a battlefield requires a combination of historical sources and archeological data. In solving a crime, police rely upon two very

different types of evidence. Detectives interview witnesses while other investigators gather fingerprints, blood samples, and other physical evidence. These investigators address different types of evidence using unique methods. Evaluated together, this partnership enhances the likelihood of solving

Figure 2. The monument to the fight between Union Major Johnston's command and Confederate guerrillas at the lower end of the Centralia battlefield.

the crime; likewise, the documentary sources and physical evidence of historic archaeology partner to gain a greater and more complete understanding of past events.

The records and documents that historical archeologists utilize, especially first-hand accounts of historical events, are tantamount to eyewitness testimony. They provide the material for generating hypotheses that can be tested in the archeological record. They also furnish the basis by which archeologically observed patterns can be assigned historically meaningful identities. The archeological record contains historical clues in the form of physical remains, including artifacts, and their contextual relationships. These relationships, which include distributions and spatial associations of various types of artifacts, can reveal a great deal about the activities that were carried out at a site. The historical archeologist continually compares both sets of data as work progresses in order to eventually better explain the events under scrutiny, allowing more complete approaches to understanding historical events and the cultural milieu within which they transpired.

Battlefields represent the most violent expressions of human behavior, and the premise of battlefield archaeology is that physical evidence of violent behavioral patterns is likely to be remain (Fox and Scott 1991). Warfare has special rules by which it is practiced. Within our own culture this may be seen in the preparation and training given members of the military. This training is given, and such was true in 1864, to insure that those engaged in battle will perform their duties based on their training and respond to orders without dwelling on the consequences (Dyer 1985). That is patterned behavior. While the Confederate irregulars did not have the same training nor respond to orders in the same manner as the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, they nevertheless had a culturally established warfare behavioral pattern.

The archeological tenet argues that artifacts, the leavings of behavioral acts, will occur in recognizable and interpretable patterns. Battlefields provide a unique opportunity to study the material by-products of human conflict. Just as the written word or oral testimony can be assessed and analyzed the meaning of artifacts and their context can be understood and interpreted.

The analysis of the artifacts recovered in an archeological investigation can take a myriad of forms. It can be simple inductive reasoning or it can be hypothetical and deductive. The process followed here is the deductive approach based on the development of research questions that guided the recovery of information and the analysis of the data. It is with these conceptual tools that the reassessment of the historical sources and the archeological investigations of the Centralia battlefield were developed, and are here reported.

Summary of the Massacre and the Battle

The following is a brief summary of what occurred at and near Centralia on September 27, 1864. To distinguish the events in Centralia itself from those during the afternoon outside the town, the guerrilla actions that occurred in town that morning will be referred to as the "massacre," while the contest between the guerrillas and Major Johnston's command southeast of Centralia during the afternoon will be called the "battle". The summary is generalized from many sources, which are discussed in a later section of this report. Historical sources--including those written in the days following September 27, 1864, as well as those written years afterward--contain many inconsistencies and contradictions. Virtually every detail of what happened that day can be disputed from the myriad of historical evidence available. We will not attempt to resolve individual inconsistencies and contradictions, but will point out some of them in the historical sources and identify a few sources of information that have been overlooked by earlier researchers.

During the afternoon or evening of Monday, September 26, 1864, an unusually large force of pro-Confederacy guerrillas went into camp near Youngs Creek on land owned by M.G. Singleton, a former officer of the Missouri State Guard. Singleton's barn is said to have been occupied by the guerrillas. The irregular force was composed of several bands

of guerrillas who had come together recently after operating singly or in smaller alliances in the counties of north central Missouri. Nominally under the command of George Todd, who led one of the larger groups, in actuality the individual band leaders exercised considerable independence and autonomy in commanding their men. Guerrilla chieftains present included, in addition to Todd, William T. ("Bloody Bill") Anderson; the Reverend Thomas Todd (no relation to George); John Thrailkill, who was recruiting men for service in Confederate forces in the South; Dave Poole (or Pool); and Cyrus (Cy or Si) Gordon. The aggregate of the guerrillas totaled several hundred men, estimates possibly suggesting between 400 and 450 riders. The guerrillas came together after ambushing a Union supply wagon train at Goslin's Lane near Rocheport and unsuccessfully assaulting the town of Fayette a few days previous. The guerrilla leadership had also recently splintered. William Quantrill, whose authority had earlier been challenged by George Todd, is sometimes said to have been present at Centralia, but he departed from Todd and Anderson's forces with a few followers after the defeat at Fayette and left Missouri, and so did not take part in the Centralia events.

On the morning of Tuesday, September 27, George Todd asked Anderson to enter Centralia and seek news of General Sterling Price's army which had recently launched an invasion of Missouri from Arkansas. The guerrillas were attempting to support Price by harassing Federal forces in the District of North Missouri to divert as many Union forces as possible from opposing Price's progress through the state.

Anderson entered town with his guerrillas, usually said to number approximately 80 men. Despite Centralia's reputation for having a largely pro-South citizenry, Anderson's men looted the town's two stores and publicly consumed a large quantity of alcohol which contributed to their boisterousness. They robbed some of the town's residents of money and other valuables,
then halted the stagecoach which arrived from Columbia and robbed its driver and passengers also, among whom, unbeknownst to the guerrillas, were a U.S. Congressman and the Boone County sheriff.

While they were occupied with the stagecoach, a passenger train was seen approaching town from the east. The guerrillas hastily piled an obstruction on the track near the depot and formed up to stop the train. As the train pulled into the depot, they are said to have fired a fusillade at it or engaged in a brief desultory exchange of gunfire with a few of the train's passengers, but details of this are not clear from the historical record and it appears that only the train's fireman was slightly wounded as a result of shooting during the approach of the train. When he realized that the men formed up near the depot were Southern guerrillas, the train engineer, James Clark, considered increasing speed to force a way through the town, but realized that he had to stop the train to avoid the risk of a wreck.

The train's passengers and crew were also robbed, and then were ordered off the train. There is a story that the guerrillas threatened passengers with death if they did not surrender all their money and valuables, and actually killed one young man who confessed that he had hidden some money on his person.

A number of Federal soldiers, most of who were on furlough or leave or who had been discharged, were traveling on the train and these men were separated from the civilians and told to strip off their uniforms, probably for later use by the guerrillas, who often wore items of Federal uniform apparel. Estimates of the number of soldiers taken from the train vary, but they are said to have numbered 27 by the only one of them who survived the day. A sergeant, Thomas Goodman, was selected by Anderson to be spared for eventual exchange for one of his

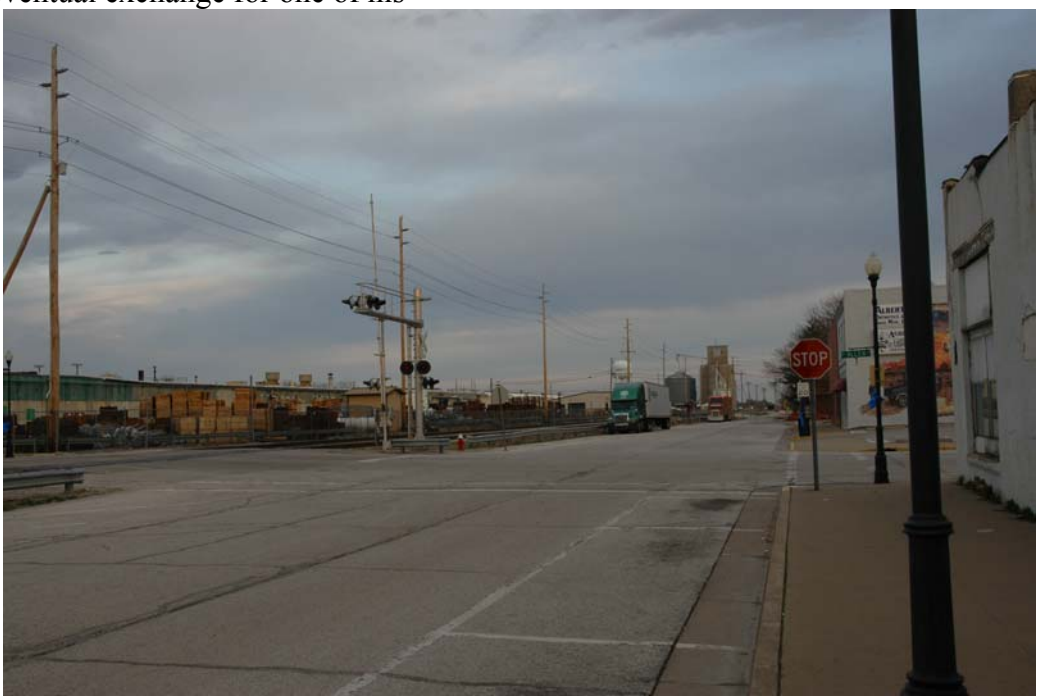


Figure 3. A modern view of the street and railroad yard where the events of September 27, 1864 played out in Centralia.

men of sergeant rank who was being held by Federal authorities. Goodman's memoir, published soon after the end of the war (1868), has become one of the standard historical references on the events of that day at Centralia. The remaining 26 soldiers were shot dead with the guerrillas' revolvers, execution-style, as was a civilian train passenger who was unlucky enough to be wearing a soldier's blouse that day. A Centralia resident, depot agent John C. Rowland,[1] was also killed by a guerrilla when he objected to their treatment of some of the town's womenfolk.

The body of one of the soldiers was placed across the tracks and the locomotive engineer was ordered to run the train over it, possibly in an attempt to derail the engine (which did not happen). The cars of the train, as well as some nearby cars on a siding and the depot itself, were set on fire. The train's engineer was ordered to build up a head of steam, start the burning train at high speed toward Sturgeon, the next town up the track about eight miles distant, and then jump off the speeding train. Before he jumped from the

[1]Columbia resident, Jack Chance, shared his research with the authors on the identification of the civilian killed, identifying him as Tom Roland who was purportedly killed by guerilla Tom Little.

locomotive, the engineer started the water pumps which eventually put out the boiler fire and halted the train after just a few miles. The engineer's quick thinking likely averted a possible head-on collision with a south-bound passenger train later in the day (see the *Macon Telegraph*, Macon, Georgia, September 15, 1898, as well as remarks about John F. Benjamin, below).

A work train that was following the passenger train entered Centralia and was also stopped by the guerrillas. Its crew (there were no passengers) were robbed and then told to walk back to the town of Mexico, in the opposite direction from Sturgeon.

Anderson permitted the train passengers and crew to leave town and they started on foot and in handcars and carriages toward Sturgeon. The guerrillas then left town and returned to their camp, probably about noon.

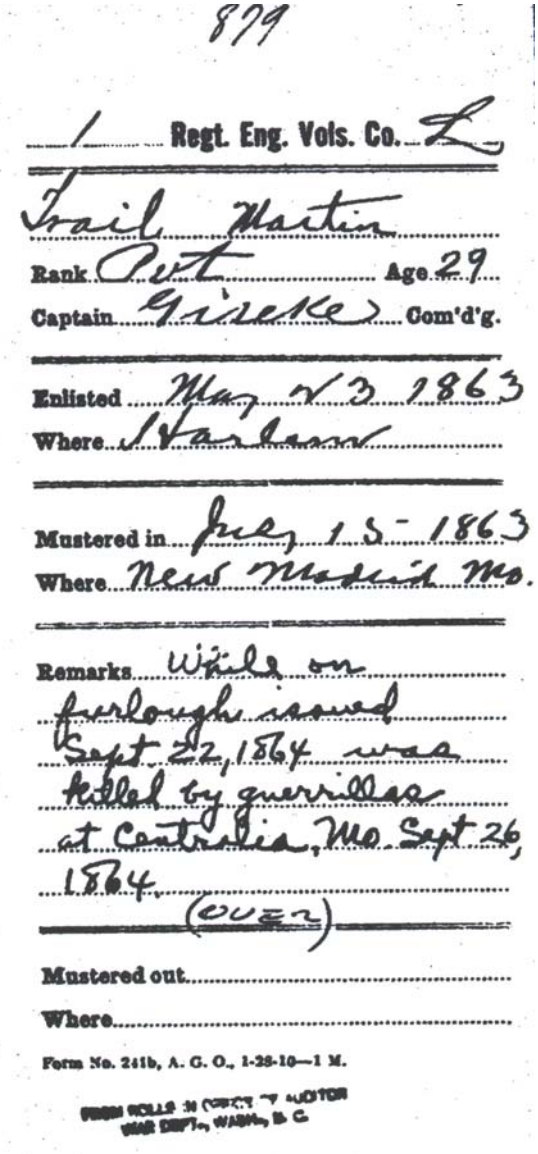
The passengers and crew found the train stationary on the tracks and detached the intact locomotive from the burning cars. They then climbed aboard the locomotive, holding on as best they could, and the engineer drove the locomotive northward and westward toward Sturgeon, Renick, and eventually to Macon.

Figure 4. Approximate location of where the burning train may have literally run out of steam.

Sometime in the afternoon, three under-strength companies of Union infantry arrived in town, presumably having been drawn there by the sight of smoke from the burning depot and railroad cars. These were Companies A, G, and H of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnston (whose name is frequently misspelled "Johnson" in many historical sources). The infantrymen were mounted on horses and

mules commandeered from local farmers in the vicinity of Paris, Missouri, where the regiment was quartered. The command that arrived in Centralia is said to have numbered between 147 and 155 men and officers. Not all members of each company were present, as men without mounts had been sent back to Paris so they would not impede the faster pace of the riders. The command had left Paris about 10:30 p.m. on the night of September 26, and marched most of the night in search of guerrillas. The Federal soldiers were generally inexperienced, most having been in the service less than a month.

At Centralia, Major Johnston and his men witnessed the carnage and damage that had taken place. The local populace warned them not to pursue the better armed and better mounted


879

1 Regt. Eng. Vols. Co. L

Trail Martin

Rank Pvt Age 29

Captain Grieske Com'd'g.

Enlisted May 13 1863

Where Indiana

Mustered in June 15 1863

Where New Madrid Mo.

Remarks Was on furlough issued Sept 22, 1864 was killed by guerrillas at Centralia, Mo. Sept 26, 1864

(over)

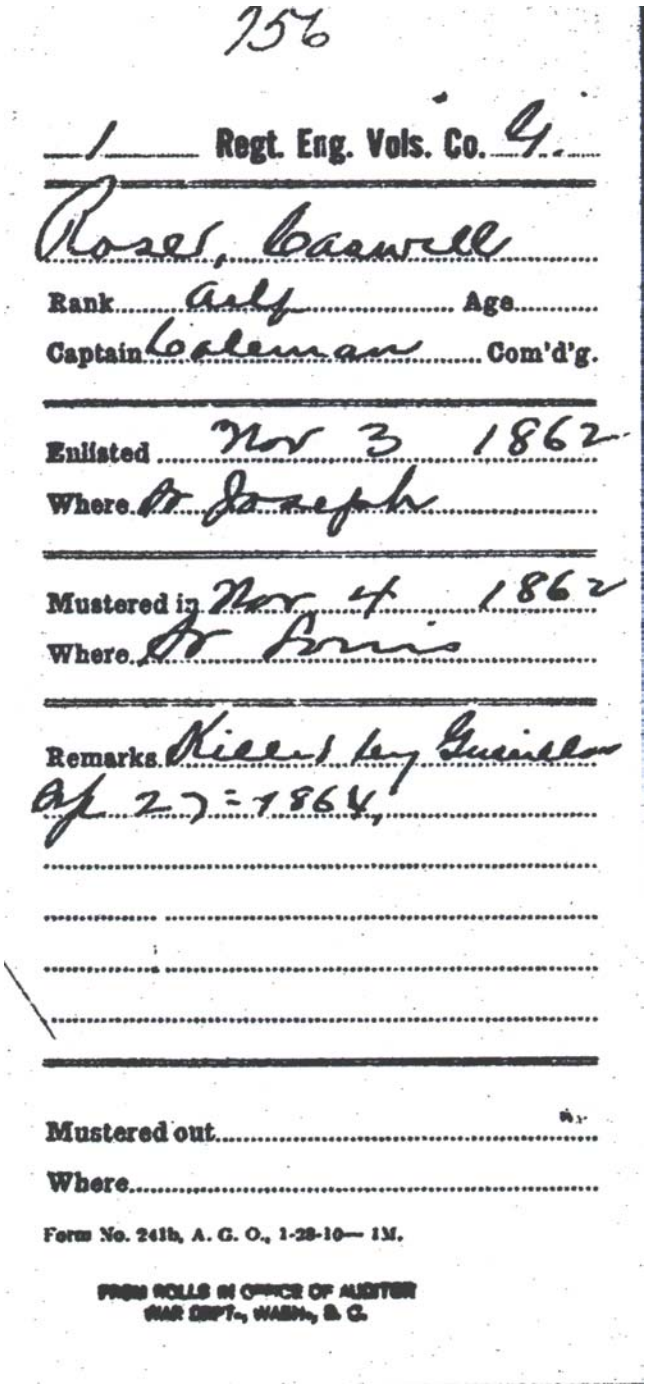
Mustered out

Where

Form No. 241b, A. G. O., 1-28-10—1 M.

FROM ROLLS IN CUSTODY OF AUDITOR WAR DEPT., WASH., D. C.

Figure 5. Unit index card for Pvt. Martin Trail, who was on furlough when he was removed from the train and killed by guerrillas in Centralia on September 27, 1864. The card mistakenly states September 26.



156

1 Regt. Eng. Vols. Co. 4

Rose, Caswell

Rank Asst Age

Captain Coleman Com'd'g.

Enlisted Nov 3 1862

Where St Joseph

Mustered in Nov 4 1862

Where St Louis

Remarks Killed by Guerrillas
Sept 27 1864

Mustered out

Where

Form No. 241h, A. G. O., 1-28-10— 1M.

FROM ROLLS IN OFFICE OF AUDITOR
WAR DEPT., WASH., D. C.

Figure 6. Unit index card for Artificer Caswell Rose, who was removed from the train and killed by guerrillas in Centralia on September 26, 1864.

guerrillas, but the incensed Federals marched southward out of Centralia leaving Captain Adam Theis and about 35 or 40 men of Company H in town to gather up the bodies and act as a reserve force to protect the town.

When the guerrillas realized that Federal troops were nearby, about eight or ten riders, said variously to be commanded by Poole or Thrailkill, were sent out to reconnoiter and lead the soldiers toward the guerrilla camp. Johnston dispatched a mounted picket force of about 18 men under the command of Lieutenant Robert Moore to pursue the guerrilla decoys, while Johnston marched with the main body after both the decoys and the pickets.

The decoys rejoined the main guerrilla force, which Moore observed to be preparing to engage Johnston's men and so signaled to Johnston. Johnston halted his men near the crest of a hill overlooking the valley of Youngs Creek on land owned by Franklin B. Fullenweider (sometimes spelled Fullenwider), Singleton's brother-in-law. Before Moore's pickets rejoined them, he ordered the men to dismount and form a battleline facing the guerrilla position. Every fourth man was assigned to hold three riderless mounts a short distance to the rear. The guerrillas emerged from the timber along the creek and its branches, and dismounted to cinch up their saddle girths for a mounted charge uphill. Johnston's men are said to have fired one volley, but most could not reload before the charging guerrillas were among them, shooting left and right with their multi-shot revolvers and doing terrible execution to the disorganized and routed Federals, many of whom are thought to have attempted to surrender. The entire battle is said to have lasted only a few minutes, and very few of Johnston's men escaped. Johnston and Captain James A. Smith of Company A were killed, presumably early in the engagement. Most of the horse holders, when they saw how badly the fight was going, fled on horseback toward Centralia, and were pursued by the guerrillas. When the guerrillas reached Centralia for the second time that day, many of Captain Theis' men who had been left there were also killed, and some of them joined the flight of the horse holders past Centralia toward Sturgeon, where a Federal garrison could afford protection to the battle's survivors. The fleeing Federals were pursued by the guerrillas almost to Sturgeon itself, and many were killed along the way. The last of the fleeing Federals to be killed was Private Louis Marquette, who was variously said to have been shot by Frank James or Archie Clements just outside of Sturgeon.

Two of Johnston's men were wounded but survived. Private John R. Cummings was severely wounded by a gunshot in the breast, but managed to get away from the battlefield and hide. The other wounded man was Corporal Henry F. ("Frank") Barnes, who was taken prisoner and spared by the guerrillas for a reason that has only recently become known (see below). Barnes, who may have been either a horse holder or one of the reserve left in town, suffered multiple pistol gunshot wounds (variously said to be from three to 13 in number) during the flight from Centralia to Sturgeon, but was taken prisoner and was delivered by the guerrillas to a nearby farmhouse where he received care.

The battle took place in the late afternoon, usually said to have been about 5:00 p.m. When the pursuit and killing of fleeing Federal soldiers was ended by the setting of the sun, the guerrillas returned to their camp, rested and slept for a few hours, then departed to the south and west, dispersing into smaller groups. It is generally accepted that the guerrillas lost only three men killed in the battle, who were later buried in the nearby Pleasant Grove cemetery.

It is usually said that only about 20 of Johnston's men survived, including five of the seven officers present, whose survival could probably be attributed to the better quality of the mounts they rode. On September 28, Federal troops arrived from Mexico and pressed local civilians into gathering the dead bodies from the battlefield and transporting them to Centralia. More than 80 were said to have been buried in a common grave at the edge of town, but others were also taken to Mexico and Sturgeon. Many of them today rest at the National Cemetery at Jefferson City.

Eyewitnesses and Hearsay: Historical Sources on the Centralia Events of September 27, 1864

Much has been written about the events of that day at Centralia, but few writers agree on the details of what happened, except in a very broad perspective. Many eyewitnesses, and particularly participants, seem to have been reluctant to relate what they saw, at least until years later when the passage of time had mellowed their personal perspective and possibly faded their memory. If the events of that day had occurred in the twentieth or twenty-first centuries, they would have been regarded as war crimes, and rigorous, in-depth investigations would have been pursued into what would undoubtedly be regarded as mass murder on a scale seldom precedented in the United States. However, in the turmoil and strife of a nation engaged in a fierce struggle to keep itself from irretrievably splintering in a civil war, the Federal and local governments lacked the resources to undertake any formal investigation of the events of September 27, 1864. As a consequence, most of what is known of the events of that day derives from contemporary newspaper articles and the memories of a few eyewitnesses and participants--as well as people who later met and knew eyewitnesses and participants--who shared their recollections beginning almost immediately afterward through at least 65 years that followed. Few eyewitness accounts of that day agree in detail, many contradict one another, and some are of dubious veracity.
Such disagreement in and among Centralia's historical source material is difficult to resolve without some additional filter or means to rigorously test the sources' veracity. The filter applied here is a well tested tool - historic battlefield archeology, a unique science that shares a common goal with history, that of understanding the past.

The most detailed and best-documented reconstruction of the events of that day has been provided by authors Albert E. Castel and Thomas Goodrich in their excellent biography of Anderson's career as a "bushwhacker", *Bloody Bill Anderson: The Short, Savage Life of a Civil War Guerrilla* (Castel and Goodrich 1998). In that short work, 30 pages (almost one-fifth of the 163 pages of text) are devoted to describing the events of

September 27, 1864--a single day in the life of the 25-year-old Anderson. Other secondary works that tell the story of that day in a comprehensive and documented fashion are Edgar T. Rodemyre's *History of Centralia, Missouri* (Rodemyre n.d.), originally published in 1936 and based on information gleaned from the files of the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, the local newspaper, and Robert W. Duffner's "Guerrilla Victory at Centralia, September 27, 1864" (Duffner 1973), published while Duffner was a doctoral student in history at the University of Missouri. An informative early secondary source is William F. Switzler's history of Boone County, Missouri, originally published in 1882 (Switzler 1970). It provides information garnered from local residents who saw at least some of the events of September 27, 1864, though individual informants are seldom identified, which limits the usefulness of Switzler's information somewhat. Authorship of this book is attributed to Thomas J. Fyfer by Quantrill biographer Edward E. Leslie (1996:497; see also Castel and Goodrich [1998:161-162]).

The Centralia incidents are recounted in other biographies of Anderson, notably Donald R. Hale's *They Called Him Bloody Bill: The Life of William Anderson, Missouri Guerrilla* (Hale 1992) and Larry Wood's recently published *The Civil War Story of Bloody Bill Anderson* (Wood 2003). The Centralia story is also often mentioned in books about famous outlaws of the post-Civil War era, such as Jesse James, who, with his brother Frank, participated in the events at Centralia as members of one of the guerrilla bands present (Dacus 1882; Breihan 1953; Settle 1977; J. James 1957; S. James 1989; Love 1990; Horan 1997; Yeatman 2000; Stiles 2002). However, these sources typically emphasize post-war careers in outlawry and give less attention to events that happened during the turmoil of the Civil War. Anderson, who rode with William Clarke Quantrill and was one of the bushwhacker leaders who succeeded Quantrill when the latter's authority was challenged, is often discussed in books about Quantrill (Connelley 1910; Breihan 1959; Castel 1962; Schultz 1996; Leslie 1998). Nineteenth-century authors who described the guerrilla war in Missouri, often with the benefit of information obtained directly from former bushwhackers and Union soldiers, include John N. Edwards (1877) and Wiley Britton (*National Tribune*, July 25, 1895; *Sturgeon* [Missouri] *Leader*, August 9, 1895; Britton 1899), but their stories typically are not supported by citation of individual sources, which diminishes their credibility and usefulness. And, some of the information they present is flat-out incorrect.

Particularly enlightening should be accounts from men who actually participated in the Centralia massacre and battle on the Union or Confederate sides, and indeed several such accounts do exist. Several of the Southern guerrillas published memoirs in their later years (Cummins 1903, 1908; Watts 1996; McCorkle in Barton 1992; Trow in Burch 1923; W.C. Todd n.d.). However, with some exception (the memoirs of John McCorkle and W.C. Todd being especially notable) these recollections are generally sketchy as to details and even somewhat evasive and defensive as to the motives and behavior of participants. One of the most famous of the former bushwhackers, Frank James, returned to the Centralia battlefield in 1897 in the company of two newspaper reporters, who documented his ruminations in considerable detail. However, the James account, which has been relied upon heavily by later authors, contains contradictions and is also defensive and evasive. James is generally not considered a reliable informant. Harrison

Trow's account of the Centralia battle, as purportedly told to John P. Burch and published in 1923, is almost entirely plagiarized from John Edwards' highly embellished and pro-guerrilla secondary story of the battle published in 1877;[2] hence Trow's "account" offers no new information about the battle despite Trow's having been a participant in it.

Accounts of the Centralia events by Union army veterans are extremely few in number because so few of the Union participants survived the carnage of that day. Only one soldier survived the massacre that occurred in the town in the morning. Sergeant Thomas M. Goodman of the 1st Missouri Volunteer Engineers was singled out from more than two dozen largely unarmed Union soldiers captured when the passenger train arrived. He was spared by Anderson who intended to exchange him for one of his men held by Federal forces. Goodman witnessed both the Centralia massacre and the subsequent battle and later escaped from the guerrillas. In 1868, he published an account of his experiences as a prisoner (Goodman 1868, 1960), which, along with the James newspaper account, has become one of the most often cited descriptions of the events at Centralia on September 27, 1864.

Though the Union commander of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry battalion and one of his company commanders were killed on the field of battle, it is somewhat surprising that none of the other five Union officers who survived that day ever published their recollections of the Centralia events. At least two of the enlisted men were gravely wounded in the battle or in the subsequent pursuit by the guerrillas, but neither appears to have written about their experiences after the war. However, both men received disability pensions on account of wounds received at Centralia and their pension files offer information as to the nature of their wounds and also some intriguing tidbits of information about the day's events. Corporal Henry F. ("Frank") Barnes, claimed to have suffered 13 pistol ball wounds at Centralia and was the only Union soldier, other than Goodman, whose life was deliberately spared by the guerrillas. His pension file contains a credible statement by his former company commander as to why he was saved by Anderson. The other wounded Union survivor was Corporal John R. Cummings, who received a disability discharge because of a severe breast wound received in the Centralia battle. Though wounded, he managed to hide until the guerrillas left the Centralia vicinity.

The other Union survivors, of whom at least 20 are known, generally were either horse holders who fled the scene of conflict on horseback or were Company H men who were left in town when the bulk of the Union force moved out to pursue the guerrillas. They generally remained mute about their Centralia experiences, apart from a few letters to the editor published in the *National Tribune*, the newspaper of the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR), the largest Union veterans organization formed after the war. One of the Centralia survivors, Enoch Hunt, even resided in Centralia after the war, though he is said to have seldom spoken of his experiences (*Columbia Missouri Herald*, September

[2] Albert Castel (1962:40-41) has characterized the writings of John N. Edwards, a former Confederate officer, as "colorful prose in which the truth was all but drowned," despite Edwards' having had personal access to former guerrillas after the war.

24, 1897). Another survivor, Calvin Round of Company A, spoke at length of his experiences to a newspaper reporter in 1903 and even planned a reunion of Centralia survivors.

Other major sources of information about the Centralia events are documents published in *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (commonly referred to as the "Official Records" or "ORs") and its later companion publication entitled *Supplement to the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Hewett 1996). The ORs are selected official documents produced by both sides during the Civil War and published by the Federal government in a series of volumes printed between 1881 and 1902 (Aimone and Aimone 1993). Series I, Volume 41, Parts I (Reports) and III (Correspondence, Etc.) of the ORs, published in 1893, contain many (but not all) official army communications about Centralia, particularly early messages to and from General Clinton B. Fisk, the Union commander of the District of North Missouri, reporting sketchy details of what happened in town and on the battlefield. As valuable a source as they are, the ORs are not inclusive with respect to all relevant official documents, and should not be solely relied on for historical research on Civil War events. Volume 37, Part II (Record of Events) of the *Supplement* outlines the daily movements and actions of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry and its individual companies, but generally lacks detail.

Major sources of information used by all serious researchers on the subject of Centralia are the newspaper articles that reported what happened that day. These articles appeared in various local and regional newspapers beginning the day after the battle and continued to appear intermittently until at least October 14, 1864. Thereafter, reminiscent articles appeared from time to time in many newspapers (particularly in Missouri) beginning at least by 1877 and continuing until at least 1929, when the last purported eyewitness account was published. These articles, which number in the dozens, are highly variable in content. Some contain sketchy and confused early reports about the Centralia events, some contain valuable statements of eyewitnesses dating to shortly after the events of September 27, and others contain reminiscent articles by eyewitnesses and participants offered years after the events in question. Others represent republication of earlier articles taken from other newspapers, a common journalistic practice of the day. An interesting subset of these articles are the dozen or so taken from the *National Tribune*, the official newspaper of the Grand Army of the Republic. These were made available through the courtesy of National Park Service Historian Jeff Patrick at Wilson's Creek National Battlefield, who is in the process of developing a comprehensive index to the *National Tribune*. To our knowledge, these articles were not consulted by earlier Centralia researchers, the sole exception being Albert Castel's (1962:242, note 3) citation of R.I. Holcombe's secondary recounting of the Centralia story in the August 28, 1884 *National Tribune* issue in his biography of Quantrill.

The local newspaper, the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, has had a long-term record of publishing articles about the events of September 27, 1864, particularly information furnished by eyewitnesses or based on information provided by such persons. In part this is due to the personal interest of one of its editors, Edgar T. Rodemyre, who collected and

published eyewitness testimony in 1924 and 1925. Rodemyre published an extensive history of Centralia in 1936, based largely on information gleaned from past issues of the *Guard*.

Appendix II presents transcriptions of newspaper articles or features that were consulted for this report. Microfilm copies of these newspapers were examined at the State Historical Society of Missouri in Columbia, through the Interlibrary Loan service of Love Library at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, and in a few instances by correspondence with other holding libraries. Photocopies of relevant articles were arranged in chronological order for ease of reference. Duplicate sets of these photocopies and transcriptions, which number 132 articles from 118 newspaper issues, have been placed on file with the Centralia Historical Society and the research library of Wilson's Creek National Battlefield at Republic, Missouri.

Additional sources of information that seem to have been underused by earlier Centralia researchers are records on file with the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) in Washington, D.C. These include field and staff returns for the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry as well as returns for each company involved (A, G, H), individual military service records (for "Frank" Barnes, John R. Cummings, and Enoch Hunt, particularly); and the pension files for Barnes and Cummings.

Summary information about the military service of each man in the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry regiment can be found in the "Soldiers Database" contained on the internet website of the Missouri Secretary of State (http://www.sos.mo.gov/archives/soldiers/results.asp). This information was examined in an effort to compile a comprehensive list of the men of the 39th Missouri who died at Centralia (Appendix I).

Several archival repositories hold historical documents that shed some light on the Centralia massacre and battle. Included among these are the Western Historical Documents Collection at the University of Missouri, which holds the Mary Gordon and John F. Benjamin letters; the State Historical Society of Missouri at Columbia, which has the W.C. Todd account; the Shelby County Historical Society at Shelbina, which holds the Hawkins documents; and the Missouri Historical Society at St. Louis, which has an interesting, but anonymous, description of the Centralia battle in the Cyrus A. Peterson Battle of Pilot Knob Research Collection. The Excelsior Springs (Missouri) Museum & Archives holds a copy of the 1908 memoir, *Jim Cummins The Guerrilla*. All of these diverse sources of information are discussed at greater length below.

Accounts of Former Guerrillas

At least eleven of the guerrillas who participated in the events at Centralia publicly commented in their later years on the massacre or the battle, either in the form of published or unpublished memoirs or as comments recorded in newspaper interviews.

None admitted to involvement in the massacre that took place in town on the morning of September 27, 1864, though at least some of them were likely to have been present then.

Frank James

The most notorious of the former guerrillas to offer personal reflections was Alexander Franklin ("Frank") James, elder brother to Jesse James of outlaw fame. As a boy of 18 years of age, Frank fought with the Confederate forces at the battle of Wilson's Creek near Springfield, Missouri, in August of 1861 (Leslie 1998:86-87; Yeatman 2000:31). He joined William Clarke Quantrill's guerrillas in May, 1863, and in the spring of 1864 his younger brother, 16-year-old Jesse, joined a band of bushwhackers led by Charles F. ("Fletch") Taylor (Leslie 1998:185-186; Yeatman 2000:35, 50).

At the time of the Centralia events both of the James brothers rode in the bushwhacker band commanded by William T. ("Bloody Bill") Anderson, though Frank later denied this and maintained that he belonged to George Todd's band. After a career of crime with his brother and other former guerrillas after the war, Frank surrendered to the authorities in 1882 and was acquitted of his misdeeds.

In 1897, 33 years after the Centralia massacre and battle, Frank returned to Centralia and wandered over the battlefield, reminiscing in the company of two newspaper reporters, Walter Williams of the *Columbia Missouri Herald* and J.K. Pool of the *Centralia Courier*, as well as M.S. Bush, then mayor of Centralia. Williams' lengthy article about James' battlefield visit was published in the *Columbia Missouri Herald* on September 24, 1897, and has been republished, sometimes in slightly edited or abridged form, at least nine times, most recently in 2003.[3] Frank James died at his family home near Kearney, Missouri, in February 1915 (Hansen 2002:148; Yeatman 2000:319).

The veracity of Frank James' account of the events at Centralia is questionable, at least in some aspects. He denied being present in Centralia on the morning of the massacre and claimed his knowledge of the morning's events was based on hearsay information (Banasik 2003:103), but his testimony is regarded as unreliable. He insisted that he was a member of George Todd's band despite internal evidence in his remarks that suggests he rode with Anderson at the time, notably his statement that "Anderson always made us keep our horses in good condition" (Banasik 2003:112).

---

[3] See *The Saint Louis Republic*, August 5, 1900; *Huntsville Herald*, Huntsville, Missouri, November 9, 1900; *Washington Post*, Washington, D.C., October 4, 1908; *Columbia Evening Missourian*, Columbia, Missouri, August 11, 1921; *The Crittenden Memoirs*, by Henry H. Crittenden, pp. 336-349 (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1936); "Battle at Centralia, Mo.," by Walter Williams (*Confederate Veteran*, Vol. 17, No. 1, pp. 30-31 [1909]); *History of Centralia, Missouri*, by Edgar T. Rodemyre, pp. 63-67 (Centralia Historical Society, Centralia, Missouri, n.d.); and *We Rode with Quantrill*, by Donald R. Hale, pp. 94-103 (Blue & Grey Book Shoppe, Independence, Missouri, 1998). The most recent republication, with annotation, is in *Cavaliers of the Brush*, edited by Michael E. Banasik, pp. 101-116 (Camp Pope Bookshop, Iowa City, Iowa, 2003). *The Telegraph*, Macon, Georgia, also published a brief article about Frank James' visit on September 26, 1897.

Milton F. Perry, a Jesse James scholar and the editor of the memoir written by Jesse's son's wife, Stella F. James, points out that Frank James had good reason to be reticent about recounting in public his post-Civil War life:

Frank lived to be seventy-two, but never published any accounts of his years as an outlaw--indeed he had sufficient reason: though he had been acquitted of implication in a train robbery and murder, and a payroll holdup, there were at least a dozen such incidents he could have been charged with if he had admitted participation. (Perry in S. James 1989:iii)

The same reluctance to share the truth holds true for his deeds as a guerrilla in one of the most notorious guerrilla bands that operated during the Civil War. Nevertheless, accurate or not, much of the information about the Centralia events that is generally accepted, derives from those much-publicized reminiscences by Frank James in the fall of 1897.

John McCorkle

John McCorkle, who rode with Quantrill and, later, with George Todd's guerrilla band, is one of the most widely known memoirists of the former Missouri bushwhackers. His memoir, *Three Years with Quantrill*, written and edited by Oswald S. Barton, was first published in 1914 and is still in print (Barton 1992). Born in Andrew County, Missouri, in 1838, young McCorkle served in the pro-South Missouri State Guard in the opening stages of the Civil War, was captured and paroled, and farmed until Union authorities coerced him to join the Missouri militia. Instead, he joined Quantrill's guerrillas in August 1862. His guerrilla resolve was intensified in 1863 when his sister was killed in the same jail collapse at Kansas City that killed one of William T. Anderson's sisters and maimed another, which is regarded as the cause of Anderson's ruthlessness and blood lust as a guerrilla leader. McCorkle followed Quantrill into Kentucky in 1864, and eventually surrendered there. After the war McCorkle farmed near Glasgow, Missouri, and died in 1918 (Barton 1992:12-18). He is buried in the Rose Hill Cemetery at Lisbon, Missouri (Hansen 2002:173). As a member of George Todd's band, McCorkle remained in the guerrilla camp on the morning of September 27, 1864, and took part in the battle with Major Johnston's troops during that afternoon.

About three pages of his memoir are devoted to the events at Centralia (Barton 1992:163-166). McCorkle's brief account, though not describing his own personal actions that day, is relatively credible, although he repeats some dubious incidents sometimes related by other writers, such as Johnston's command carrying a black flag of no quarter and the Centralia woman who begged Johnston not to pursue the guerrillas.

James ("Jim") Robert Cummins

Jim Cummins was one of the more colorful members of the guerrilla force at Centralia. He grew up with the James boys as neighbors, served with them as a bushwhacker, and alledgedly rode with their outlaw gang after the war. Although he had a falling out with both of them by the time of Jesse's death in 1882, he regarded Frank as the greater

scoundrel and Jesse as "the more honorable of the two" brothers (Cummins 2004:138; see also "James Boys Not Heroes, Jim Cummins Says," *The Kansas City Star*, October 24, 1915). Cummins lived in the Excelsior Springs, Missouri, area during much of his later years, and died in 1929 at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Missouri, where he is buried (Hansen 2002:71).

In his later years, Cummins, who seems to have been a popular and affable figure in his post-war community,[4] published two brief memoirs. *Jim Cummins His Story Written by Himself* appeared in 1903 (Cummins 2004), and *Jim Cummins The Guerrilla* was his second book published in 1908 (an article in *The Excelsior Springs Daily Journal*, June 3, 1908, announced its publication). He appears to have prepared a manuscript for yet another book while a resident of the Confederate Home in 1915 (*The Kansas City Star*, October 24, 1915). His third and final book was evidently never published and the manuscript for it was apparently lost by the time of his death (Hansen [2003]:61).

As a member of Anderson's band, Cummins witnessed and participated in the events of the morning of September 27 in Centralia, but devotes only one brief paragraph in his 1903 book to describing them, while his 1908 book offers only a few scattered references to the events at Centralia (1908:6, 32-33, 49). He maintains that 26 of 27 Union soldiers removed from the train were killed and one was spared because he was a blacksmith whose services Anderson needed. He does not relate his own actions while in town, but does refer to seeing the burning train speeding down the railroad track toward Sturgeon (Cummins 1903:78; 2004:70). He describes the battle with Johnston's men in only slightly more detail, but, like other memoirists, relates questionable incidents such as the young woman who supposedly beseeched Major Johnston not to pursue the guerrillas (Cummins 2004:71) for which he could not have been an eyewitness. He admits the battle was "a sanguinary affair" that lasted only about twenty minutes (Cummins 2004:72-73). Like other pro-Confederacy writers after the war, Cummins justified the slaughter by invoking the harsh treatment of the pro-South populace of the Kansas-Missouri border region by Federal authorities (Cummins 2004:72).

Whether Jesse James was present at Centralia on September 27 or recovering elsewhere from a wound is a matter of some debate. Cummins, who had known Jesse from boyhood, stated that Jesse had recovered from his wound and rejoined Anderson's band shortly before the events at Centralia (1908:49). Jesse's brother, Frank, also stated in 1897 that Jesse was present at Centralia (Banasik 2003:106).

Hampton ("Hamp") B. Watts

Born in 1848, Hamp Watts was called the "Babe" of Anderson's company because of his relative youthfulness (Hansen 2002:268; Watts 2004:5). Watts, who rode with Anderson until after the latter met with General Sterling Price at Boonville in October 1864,

[4] Although it appears he could be irascible and belligerent at times. Cummins is reported to have killed, probably unintentionally, an 85-year-old Mexican War veteran in a fist fight in 1909, and was shot at by a fellow resident of the Confederate Home following an argument in 1906 (Yeatman 2000:314-315).

published a brief memoir in 1913 (Watts 2004). It is written in flowery and tortuous language, long on romantic allusions but short on historical fact. His description of the events at Centralia is very brief, occupying only two paragraphs. He deferred any discussion of the morning's events in town: "A true history of the occurrences taking place that dreadful morning have [sic] been given and written by numerous witnesses. No good can come of their repeating" (Watts 2004:24). He says little more about the battle during the afternoon, and perpetuates the myth that Johnston's command carried a black flag (Watts 2004:25). Watts died in 1921 and is buried in the Fayette Cemetery at Fayette, Missouri, a town he helped the guerrillas unsuccessfully assault a few days before the Centralia massacre and battle (Hansen 2002:268).

Harrison B. Trow

Born in 1843, Harrison Trow reportedly rode with Quantrill during most of the Civil War, and was serving under George Todd when the latter was killed in action at Independence, Missouri, in 1864 (Burch 1923:11; Hansen 2002:258). A cattle rancher in Texas following the war, he died in 1925 and is buried at Hereford, Texas (Eakin and Hale 1995:436-437; Hale 1998:155-158; Hansen 2002:258).

Trow's memoir, published in 1923 under the title *Charles W. Quantrell: A True History of His Guerrilla Warfare on the Missouri and Kansas Border During the Civil War of 1861 to 1865*, said to have been written as told to John P. Burch (Burch 1923), is of no value as testimony relating to the events at Centralia. The chapter dealing with Centralia is a virtually verbatim plagiarization of part of John N. Edwards' 1877 book, *Noted Guerrillas, or the Warfare of the Border*.

W.C. Todd

Little is known of W.C. Todd apart from a small, printed booklet in the archives of the State Historical Society of Missouri in Columbia. The booklet was one of the sources used by Robert W. Duffner for his 1973 article about Centralia (Duffner 1973). Duffner (1973:133) states that Todd (whose name he wrongly gives as C.W. Todd) was a member of Anderson's guerrilla band, although Todd himself identifies Captain Thomas W. Todd as his leader (Todd n.d.:[4]). One of Todd's stated reasons for writing his version of the Centralia events, other than to produce "a true account," was to take umbrage with the veracity and language (particularly names applied to the guerrillas such as "horse thieves" and "desperadoes") of Switzler's 1882 history of Boone County, which he accuses of having "partial and biased statements and hatred of the confederate [sic] cause emblazoned on almost every page" (Todd n.d.: Preface). Todd asserts that he had "consulted and taken written statements" from Tom Todd, one of the guerrilla chieftains at Centralia; Enoch Hunt, a Union army survivor who resided in Centralia after the war; and six other citizens of Centralia who witnessed the day's events (Todd n.d.:Preface). In making deliberate efforts to gather eyewitness testimony from other informants, Todd is unique among the ex-guerrilla memoirists.

Todd was not present in Centralia during the morning, so his summary of those events reflects information he read or heard from other sources. However, he does relate some of his personal experience in the charge against Johnston's soldiers, and his description is credible, lacking some of the falsehoods perpetuated by other former-guerrilla memoirists, such as black flags being carried by one or the other side. He describes the actions of the decoy party (which he said was led by Thrailkill, not Poole); the guerrillas waiting concealed in the timber; the dismounting of Johnston's men; and the charge of the guerrillas. He states that 57 of Johnston's men were killed or wounded in the initial charge. He also relates that about twenty of the Federals who had been left in town formed up in a mounted line of battle facing the foremost approaching guerrillas who Anderson led in a further charge. Interestingly, Todd also quotes one of the survivors of Johnston's command, who almost certainly was Enoch Hunt, as stating that Lieutenant Jaynes was the first to arrive in town from the battlefield, urging flight to Sturgeon. Todd's informant then goes on to state that 15 to 18 Federals escaped, including two who reached Paris, Missouri, where the balance of the regiment was quartered. Overall, Todd's account is one of the most credible of the several descriptions left by former guerrillas.

"Bill" Stewart

William ("Bill") Robinson Stewart, a native of Boone County, resided in Columbia, Missouri, during at least a portion of his life following the Civil War (Hansen 2002:249; Banasik 2003:164). He died on November 10, 1924 and is buried in the Columbia Cemetery (Eakin and Hale 1995:414; Hansen 2002:249; Banasik 2003:164).

In 1919, Stewart was interviewed for a newspaper article about Centralia, and the article was published at least three times (*The Evening Missourian*, Columbia, September 27, 1919; *Columbia Herald-Statesman*, September 29, 1919; and *The Bowling Green Times*, Bowling Green, Missouri, October 30, 1919). Much of the information contained in the article is not attributed to Stewart and probably originated with other sources. However, Stewart is quoted at length in the article, but did not say much in detail about the events at Centralia. He did, however, state that Frank James killed the last Union soldier who died that day. Stewart was said to be one of the youngest of Quantrill's followers, but his leader on the day of the Centralia events (if Stewart was there at all) is not identified other than in a sub-headline which states that he was a member of Anderson's band (*The Evening Missourian*, Columbia, September 27, 1919; and *Columbia Herald-Statesman*, September 29, 1919).

James T. Willingham

According to his statement (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 17, 1924), James T. Willingham was born in Warren County, Missouri, on August 10, 1845, but grew up on Skull Lick Creek northwest of Mexico, Missouri, and also lived in Macon, Missouri, prior to the Civil War. His statement was recorded in 1924 by Harvey Hulen, an avocational historian who lived in Centralia as a boy. Willingham was a resident of Lawton, Oklahoma, at the time. Willingham's name does not appear on lists of guerrillas

published by Brownlee (1958), Eakin and Hale (1995), Hansen (2002, [2003]), Banasik (2003), or Hale (2003), and his service as a guerrilla has yet to be corroborated.

Willingham makes no mention of the morning events in Centralia, but describes the afternoon battle in some detail, though he greatly overestimates the number of men involved on the guerrilla (604) and Union (600) sides. He purports to have been a member of the company commanded by "Captain Todd of Fayette, Mo.", probably a reference to Thomas Todd. Willingham reports having emptied his two revolvers three times each during the battle and the subsequent pursuit of fleeing soldiers. He also states that he and Arch Clements chased one Union soldier into a railroad boxcar at Centralia and killed him there, a deed which elsewhere is attributed to Clements or Frank James (Rodemyre n.d.:38; *Centralia Fireside Guard*, June 6, 1957)

Frank Smith, Jr.

Frank Smith was born on March 3, 1846 at Jefferson City, Missouri. He served in Quantrill's band and fought at Centralia, though it is not known whose leadership he followed at the time. Though he participated in the bloodshed at Lawrence, Kansas, and Centralia, he appears to have had a more sensitive disposition than most of his fellow guerrillas. His unpublished memoir relates that he became so ill at the sight of a prisoner being beaten to death by a guerrilla that he nearly fell from his horse (Castel 1962:126). He died at Blue Springs, Missouri, on his birthday in 1932, possibly the last Missouri bushwhacker to die (Eakin and Hale 1995:400; Hale 1998:148-152; Leslie 1998:427; Hansen 2002:162; Banasik 2003:164; obituary in the *Kansas City Star*, March 4, 1932).

During the last two years of his life Smith wrote a lengthy memoir (said to be comprised of 15 chapters) which detailed his guerrilla experiences. Though his son, Hubert M. Smith, intended to publish it, the memoir remains unpublished and is said to be in the possession of Smith's grandson (Hale 1998:210). In 1958, the historian Albert Castel (letter to Thomas D. Thiessen, October 16, 2007) made extensive notes from the manuscript to use in his classic biography of William Clarke Quantrill. In that work, Castel (1962) cited the Smith memoir no less than 46 times in his supporting notes, which suggests that the manuscript contains much useful information for understanding guerrilla warfare in Missouri during the Civil War.

Two other former guerrillas, George T. Scholl and Lee C. Miller, offered extremely brief and inaccurate remarks about the massacre and battle at Centralia. Scholl (*The Kansas City Post*, August 21, 1909; Hale 1998:147-148) described a battle with the Federal soldiers from the train:

We rode into town with no intention of taking a trip around town. Some time later a train came in and one coach was filled with federal soldiers. The company lined up outside the coach and began a fusillade. We answered and started in to clean them. A moment later the battle was abruptly stopped by the appearance of Captain Johnson with about 180 militiamen. Anderson charged them and they broke and ran. There was only six of their men escaped...

Miller's comment (*The Liberty Advance*, Liberty, Missouri, April 1, 1910; see also Hale 1998:128-131) was even briefer and did not mention the massacre at all: "...In 1864, sixty-five of us, under Todd, killed all but one out of 100 Federals at the noted battle of Centralia..."

As a sort of postscript to this discussion about guerrillas-turned-writers, a few remarks about two more former guerrillas, William H. Gregg and D. F. Greenwood, may be in order. Gregg was born in Lafayette County, Missouri, in 1838 (Eakin and Hale 1995:175-176; Hansen 2002:103; Banasik 2003:141). He was an early follower of Quantrill, and became one of Quantrill's officers. There is some question as to whether he participated in the Centralia events. Eakin and Hale (1995:175) and Hansen (2002:103) state that he was at Centralia, while Banasik (2003:141) does not make that claim. All three sources state that Gregg joined the regular Confederate army in late 1863, before the Centralia massacre and battle. In a twice-published newspaper article that extensively quotes him (*Kansas City Daily Journal* and the *Daily Tribune*, Kansas City, both newspapers of May 12, 1888; see also Hale 1998:81-84), Gregg comments on Centralia and lists many guerrillas who participated in the events there, but does not claim to have himself participated.

D.F. Greenwood purports to have been a guerrilla participant in the Centralia events, but the story attributed to him lacks credibility. It is contained in a newspaper article about the death of Dave Poole in 1899 (*Los Angeles Times*, Los Angeles, California, June 8, 1899). Poole is said to have farmed near Phoenix, Arizona, during his last years, dying there in 1899. Greenwood also was a Phoenix resident. Though he claimed to have participated in the Centralia massacre and battle, we can find no published reference to a guerrilla of that name, although several guerrillas named Greenwood are known. His story, which contains references to 500 Union soldiers being on the train, 35 of whom were killed and the others spared, lacks credibility to the degree that he cannot be regarded as a confirmed participant, or even a confirmed former guerrilla.

Union Army Survivors' Accounts

The Morning

Thomas M. Goodman.

Of the Union soldiers taken from the train in Centralia in the morning of September 27, only one man survived. Sergeant Thomas M. Goodman of the 1st Missouri Volunteer Engineers was spared by order of William T. Anderson for the eventual purpose of exchanging him for a guerrilla of sergeant rank who was being held by Federal forces. The exact number of soldiers executed by the guerrillas in Centralia that morning has been variously reported as ranging from 17 (*Missouri Statesman*, Columbia, September 30, 1864) to 85 (*The Kansas City Star*, September 22, 1929) and various numbers in between. Of that group, Goodman was the only man who survived, and his statement

that there were 27 soldiers in all--26 of whom were murdered--should be taken as precise. He traveled with the soldiers on the train, and personally knew some of them as fellow members of his regiment. He was, simply put, in a position to know their number.

As early as September 30, 1864, some of the names of these murdered men began to appear in newspaper accounts of the massacre (in the *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, of that date; see also *The Morning Herald and Daily Tribune*, St. Joseph, Missouri, October 2, 1864). On October 4, 1864, the *Daily Missouri Democrat* (St. Louis) carried an interesting report by the Surgeon of the 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry who examined bodies taken to Mexico, Missouri (presumably including some or all of the murdered train passengers), and tried to list as many men by name as possible. After the war, issues of the *National Tribune* for March 11, 1886, and August 23, 1888, published letters that named some of the murdered men. Regimental histories of the two regiments whose men comprised the bulk of the victims were published after the war (Neal 1889; Lathrop 1890) and also named some of the men.

Goodman's experiences as a witness to and survivor of the massacre that took place in Centralia in the morning of September 27, 1864, and as a witness to the battle with Johnston's troops that afternoon, place him in a unique position with respect to that day's events as the only close-up Federal observer of both the massacre and the battle. Two accounts of Goodman's ordeal as a prisoner of the guerrillas exist. The first is a newspaper article that appeared in *The Morning Herald and Daily Tribune*, St. Joseph, Missouri, on October 14, 1864, shortly after his escape from his captors.

The other is a compelling account of his capture and captivity, written by Goodman with the help of Harry A. Houston, which was published in 1868 (Goodman 1868). It was republished in 1960, with additional notes by Thomas R. Hooper. In his book, Goodman named eight of his murdered companions, but in the 1960 republication, Hooper added "Appendix B" which named ten more men. Clearly, the identity of some of the Centralia victims has been lost to history. Information about the known victims is presented in Table 1.

Table 1. Men reported slain from the North Missouri Railroad passenger train at Centralia, Missouri, September 27, 1864. Rank is that of private unless otherwise indicated.

Name/Co.	Sources 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Comment
1st IOWA VOLUNTEER CAVALRY											
Arnold, Joseph H, Co. E	X	X		X		X		X	X		Source 2 notes as corporal
Carpenter, Charles G, Co. K	X	X		X		X		X	X		
Dilley (Delley), George W., Co. B X	X		X		X	X	X	X			Source 6 spells Dalley; source 7 spells Dilly
Gore, Owen P., Co. A	X	X		X		X		X	X		Source 2 spells Yore; source 6 spells Gower
Madera, Charles E., Co. B	X	X		X		X	X	X	X		Source 4 spells Maders; source 7 spells Medary
Russell, John, Co. C	X	X		X		X	X	X	X		
Williams, Oscar G., Co. B	X	X		X		X	X	X	X		Sources 1 and 9 give middle initial as G.; source 2 gives it as B.; source 4 gives it as G. or O.; source 6 gives it as P.
1st MISSOURI VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS											
Comer, Josiah, Artificer, Co. M	X				X				X	X	Source 10 spells Connor
Goodwin, Thomas				X							Probably Sgt. Thomas Goodman who was erroneously reported by source 3 as killed.
Graves, Martin			X								No Martin Graves listed on the regimental roster
Hittebidal, Charles T., Artificer, Co. MX					X				X	X	Source 5 spells

								Hilterbridle; sources 9 and 10 spell Hildebiddle
Holley, James F., Artificer, Co. G	X						`X	X	Source 10 does not show as a casualty
Mobley, James, Co. C	X				X		X	X	Source 10 spells Moberly and does not show as a casualty
Pace, Edward, Artificer, Co. G	X				X		X	X	Source 5 spells Edmund; source 10 does not show as a casualty
Peters, Valentine T., Sergeant, Co. ?	X				X		X	X	Source 10 shows Co. H & gives middle initial as P.
Robinson, James, Co. F	X						X	X	
Rose, Casswell, Artificer, Co. G	X				X		X	X	Source 6 spells Cass; sources 9 and 10 spell Caswell
Thomas, James W., Artificer, Co. A	X		X		X		X	X	
Thompson, Claib, Sergeant			X	X				X	Source 1 shows Claiborne Thompson mustered out in 1865: source 4 spells Thomson; source 10 spells Thompson and shows as a private and does not show as a casualty
Trail, Martin, Co. L	X			X			X	X	Source 10 does not show as a casualty
23rd IOWA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY									
Barnum, William R., Co. F	X				X		X		
17th ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER CAVALRY									
Harvey, John G.	X			X					Source 1 shows Pvt. John S. Harvey, Co. E, 17th Illinois Volunteer

			Cavalry killed by guerrillas September 22 (sic), 1864 at Centralia
UNIT UNKNOWN			
Brown, William R. ("Ward 27")	X		
Sully, D.C.	X		
Initials "W.R." on pants waistband	X		
A lieutenant from Atlanta, on leave of absence	X		
17 others supposed mostly from 1st Mo. Engineers	X		
3 wounded officers from Sherman's army		X	
CIVILIANS			
Unknown man with St. Louis to St. Joseph baggage checks	X		

---

1 Military service records reviewed by Douglas D. Scott, June 2007, on various websites (www.itd.nps.gov/cwss/; http://iagenweb.org/civilwar/books; http://www.sos.mo.gov/archives/soldiers/guidelines.asp).

2 *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, September 30, 1864.

3 *The Morning Herald and Daily Tribune*, St. Joseph, October 2, 1864.

4 *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, October 4, 1864 (letter of Surgeon Charles H. Lathrop, 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry).

5 Goodman 1868:66.

6 *National Tribune*, Washington, D.C., March 11, 1886 (letter of James M. Russell, formerly of Co. K, 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry).

7 *National Tribune*, Washington, D.C., August 23, 1888 (letter of E.J. Smith, formerly of Co. B, 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry).

8 Lathrop 1890 (regimental history of the 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry).

9 Appendix B in Goodman 1960.

10 Neal 1889 (regimental history of the 25th Missouri Volunteer Infantry/1st Missouri Volunteer Engineers).

The Afternoon

In the afternoon of September 27, 1864, Major A.V.E. Johnston rode into Centralia with three understrength companies of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry totaling approximately 150 men. Not all of Companies A, G, and H were present--only those men who could be mounted on horses and mules commandeered from the local populace around Paris, Missouri, where the regiment was quartered. The balance of these companies appear to have started out on foot with Johnston but returned to their camp at Paris while the mounted soldiers proceeded on with Johnston.

A review of military service records, as well as the few available published and unpublished lists, suggests that two officers and at least 118 enlisted men of Johnston's command perished that day on the battlefield, in Centralia, and between Centralia and the neighboring town of Sturgeon (Appendix I). Survivors are more difficult to identify because their service records typically do not make note of their presence at Centralia on that day. However, a partial list was published in the 1882 history of Boone County (Switzler 1970:464). These total two officers and nine enlisted men of Company H:

Captain Adam Theis (remained in Centralia)
Lieutenant John E. Stafford (remained in Centralia)
Corporal John R. Sublett
Color-bearer Isaac Howard
Private Frank Barnes (wounded multiple times; confirmed by military service record and pension file from NARA)
Private Jack Calvert
Private John Cummings (severely wounded and received disability discharge in May 1865; confirmed by military service record and pension file from Nations Archives and Records Administration [NARA])
Private Ephriam J. Folen
Private Enoch Hunt
Private William Parker
Private Louis Taylor

A few other survivors can also be identified from other sources. An additional Company H survivor was "Sergeant-Major" Hiram Haines (who is listed as only a Sergeant in the muster rolls), who was cut off from escape to Sturgeon but managed to elude his pursuers in the timber and reached Paris two days and nights later (Britton 1899, 2:384-385; *National Tribune*, July 25, 1895). Edwin H. Smith, a former member of Company H, years later stated that he was one of 12 survivors of the battle (*National Tribune*, February 16, 1922). He apparently was one of the men left in Centralia. Another survivor was Private Edward Knox Irwin of Company H, according to a note posted on a descendant's website (Jan Irwin at <http://www.bocomo.org/civilw10.htm>). Irwin was one of the Company H men left in Centralia, and he fled to Sturgeon. Lieutenant Frank B. Wray of Company H was not present at the battle because he may have been sent by Johnston on a scouting mission to the north with 25 men of Company H, according to the anonymous account at the Missouri Historical Society (see

below). Interestingly, a Frank B. "Ray," who identified himself as the former first lieutenant of Company H of the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, wrote a letter to the editor of the *Daily Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, which was published on November 9, 1877. In it, he corrected some information in a November 3 issue of the *Globe-Democrat* (which our search did not locate) about the Centralia events of September 27, 1864. He did not claim to be part of Johnston's command that day, nor did he mention any scouting mission on that day. He did claim to have captured a prisoner during a skirmish on the day before the battle, who was turned over to the Federal commander at Mexico.

In addition to 2nd Lieutenant Josiah Gill, other Company G survivors include 1st Lieutenant Thomas Jaynes (spelled Janes in his NARA military service record); Enoch Hunt, quoted in Todd (n.d.); and 1st Sergeant E.L.C. Hawkins (document posted by the Shelby County Historical Society on the website <http:sunsite.utk.edu/civil-war/warweb.html>). Captain William Glover of Company G was not present.

Several members of Company A appear to have survived. Captain James A. Smith was killed. Lieutenant Edwin Darrow was not present. Second Lieutenant Robert Moore was present and commanded the pickets that Johnston sent out from Centralia (Calvin Round account in the *Macon* [Missouri] *Times-Democrat*, November 12, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 27, 1982). Nine Company A men are said to have escaped the battle, of whom four were said to be living in 1903, according to one of the four, Calvin Round (*Macon* [Missouri] *Times-Democrat*, November 5, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 20, 1982). In addition to Round, the Company A men still alive in 1903 included James Pinkerton, Isaac Novinger, and Peter Darr. Only one of these four survivors--Calvin Round--is known to have left an account of his experiences. Novinger is said to have been fired upon by a guerrilla at the same time that his saddle girth broke, tumbling him to the ground. He feigned death until the guerrilla's attention was directed elsewhere, then he fled into an adjacent cornfield and hid (Calvin Round in the *Macon* [Missouri] *Times-Democrat*, November 19, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, November 3, 1982).

Britton (1899, 2:384; *National Tribune*, July 25, 1895) also mentions an unnamed private as a survivor, but this man cannot be further identified and may have been one of the survivors named above. Britton also places Regimental Adjutant Thomas C. Tripler with Johnston when the latter sighted a party of guerrillas early on the morning of September 27 (*National Tribune*, July 25, 1895; 1899, 2:382). However, Tripler is not identified as part of Johnston's command by other sources and he is known to have been discharged with the bulk of his regiment in July 1865.

Consequently, at least five officers and 17 enlisted men--22 of at least 137 men of the 39th Missouri who were known to be in combat at Centralia that day--appear to have survived the engagement with the guerrillas. Most of these men were from Company H, probably from the detail left in town under Captain Adam Theis, and some were undoubtedly horse holders from the battlefield. A disproportionately large number of officers survived (over two-thirds of those engaged), probably because they were mounted whereas the enlisted men with Johnston on the field of battle fought on foot. Most estimates of the number of soldiers in Johnston's command

range from 147 to 155, so undoubtedly some of Johnston's men--survivors or casualties--remain unidentified.

Henry Franklin ("Frank") Barnes

Contemporary newspaper reports and official documents generally acknowledge that two of Johnston's men from the field of battle were wounded and survived.[5] Remarkably, the life of one of them was deliberately spared by the guerrillas. That man was Henry Franklin Barnes, more commonly known as Frank Barnes, a member of Company H. Several sources indicate that he sustained multiple wounds.

Barnes' military service record in the NARA shows that he was typical of the men in his regiment, most of whom were inexperienced at soldiering. A native of Bardstown, Kentucky, Barnes enlisted at age 23 at Hannibal, Missouri, on August 17, 1864, for a period of one year. His occupation at the time of enlistment was stated as "tobaconist" (sic), a trade he also practiced at least briefly in later years. He was entitled to a $100 bounty for enlistment. He mustered into the regiment as a corporal on September 8, and so had less than three weeks of active service at the time of the Centralia battle, like most of his comrades. Physically he possessed blue eyes, auburn hair, and a fair complexion, and he stood 5 feet 11 inches tall.

The first mention of Barnes' survival at Centralia was made in a report dated September 30, 1864, from Lieutenant W.T. Clarke to Brigadier General Clinton B. Fisk, commander of the military district of North Missouri (O.R., Series I, Volume 41, Part III, pp. 521-522):

MACON, September 30, 1864.

General Fisk:
Major Johnston was killed, stripped, scalped, and his nose broken. His remains and those of Captain Smith, whose remains were treated worse than those of Johnston, were sent to their homes yesterday evening. Every facility will be gratuitously offered by the railroad company. Cy. Gordon was with them. A prisoner who has six bullet holes in him was placed at the head of the column by Todd and told to count the files as they passed and to report to you. He counted 107 sets of fours, duly officered, making a force of about 450 men. Only four of Johnston's escaped who were in the fight; two of them will die; only one man escaped unharmed. Two companies of Kutzner's regiment are wiped out.

W.T. CLARKE,
Lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp.

It is interesting to note that the wounded prisoner (Barnes) was made to count the guerrilla force, which remains possibly the most accurate statement of the strength of the guerrillas present at Centralia. Since this information was virtually certain to be passed on to the Union command after the battle, it is also possible that the count was inflated for the purpose of deception.

[5] The *Annual Report of the Adjutant General of Missouri* for the years 1864 (Adjutant General of Missouri 1865:261) and 1865 (Adjutant General of Missouri 1866:134) reported two wounded men among Johnston's command, but did not further identify them.

The *Louisiana* (Missouri) *Weekly Journal of Commerce* for October 8, 1864, contains an anonymous letter that purports to quote a secondhand description of the battle from one of Johnston's men who survived with multiple wounds, and who for that reason may have been Frank Barnes:

Mr. Editor:--The statements which have appeared in the St. Louis papers, of the slaughter of Major Johnston's command near Centralia, though in the main correct as to the extent of the disaster, are entirely erroneous as to the manner of its occurrence. The following statement of an eye witness and participant in the bloody tragedy--a wounded soldier of Maj. Johnston's command--will correct the errors above alluded to, and portray in its true colors the infamous cowardice of the fiendish perpetrators:

On Tuesday, September 27th, Maj. Johnston with a Battalion of the 39th Missouri numbering 150, newly recruited, was at Sturgeon, on the North Missouri Railroad. About noon of that day an unusual smoke was observed seemingly on the railroad, some miles below Sturgeon. Suspecting something wrong, Maj. Johnston, with 135 of his men, mounted and hurried down the road. Arriving at Centralia, they found the dead bodies of the soldiers, who had been butchered in cold blood by Anderson's gang of cut-throats--lying gashed and mutilated by the roadside. Learning that the gang with Anderson numbered about 80, the Major detailed about 40 of his command to bury the dead, and with the remainder (less than 100 men) hurried forward in pursuit, on the route which the scoundrels had taken. Some two miles south of Centralia, on the prairie, we came in sight of a band of guerrillas corresponding in numbers with the force said to be with Anderson, and supposed to be the same. Forming in line the Major ordered an advance and led the charge. Between us and the rising ground on which the guerrillas stood, a wide ravine, grown up thick with brush, intervened. The road led through an opening in this brush, and through this our men had to ride. We had scarcely got into this ravine when from the brush on all sides a deadly fire was poured upon us. Maj. Johnston fell from his horse mortally wounded at the first discharge. Fully three-fourths of his command were unhorsed, dead, dying, and disabled by the same discharge. The handful that remained were instantly shot down. The heroes who fight for the rights of the South, then charged forth from the brush to the number of upwards of 400 to strip and mutilate the bodies of the dying and the dead. This was the only charge they made. Some of our wounded fellows, who happened to carry revolvers, succeeded, before approaching death glazed their eyes, in killing four and wounding several of the miscreants. The narrator of this was three times shot--twice after he had fallen from his horse--and being still alive when the gang were ready to leave the scene of their butcheries, was taken some distance with them and left at a house by which they marched. Maj. Johnston was killed by a ball which entered his side under his sword arm, not far below the arm pit. He was shot a second time in the head after he had fallen. He was stripped of arms and uniform and the scalp-lock cut from his head; but was in no other manner mutilated. All the officers were scalped. Many of the privates were shockingly mutilated, some of them before life was extinct. The Major's horse--a gallant grey--galloped back to Centralia--riderless--conveying the first intimation of his fate.

Sergeant Thomas Goodman, still a prisoner in the hands of the guerrillas during the night following the battle, encountered a party of guerrillas conveying a wounded prisoner, likely Barnes, to a place of safety (Goodman 1960:37):

...in a few minutes a squad of mounted men was heard advancing rapidly by a road on our right, which intersected our route a few rods in advance of our column. After a brief conference with Anderson, this squad passed to our rear by our right flank. As they were passing near where I sat, one of the guerrillas shouted to them inquiring who they were and where they were going.

They replied: `We have got a prisoner, one of Johnston's men. We had to chase him a long way, and only settled him after putting six balls in his body.'

`Aint't he dead yet?'

`Nary dead. The devil can't kill him; an' seein' as how he's good stuff, we shall care for him. We were ordered to carry him to a house below, so you can see we will save him yet.'

*Further conversation was interrupted by the advance of the column, and I parted from them, honestly believing they were taking him back to the scene of the slaughter of his brave comrades to finish their hellish work, and add torture to his death, in the sight that would surround him"**

The editor of Goodman's narrative, Harry A. Houston, added a footnote concerning the prisoner's survival (ibid.): *I have learned of late that the prisoner referred to above, *was saved*, and recovered from his wounds, and is now a resident of Jackson Co., Mo., or was, some two months ago. [i.e., ca. 1867 or 1868]--Ed."

William Switzler's history of Boone County, published in 1882, provides the earliest clue to the identity of the soldier who had multiple wounds (Switzler 1970:461):

The Federals were pursued into Sturgeon, eight miles distant. One man was shot within half a mile of the town. Frank Barnes, a private in Theiss's company, was shot five times and not killed. He was taken prisoner by the guerillas, carried off, and saved by Todd's order.

In his list of Company H survivors, Switzler (1970:464) identifies Barnes as being wounded, but does not state the number of wounds sustained.

Barnes' identity and experience of being wounded were known to other writers of the late nineteenth century. R.I. Holcombe of Shelbyville, Missouri, writing in the *National Tribune* issue of August 28, 1884 (see also the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 1, 1909) related that "Out of the 147 men under Johnson's command but 23 escaped, for 123 were killed, and one, Frank Barnes, of Co. H, was wounded--shot five times." Wiley Britton, a popular historical writer of the late nineteenth century, related the following in a lengthy article in the *National Tribune* of July 25, 1895 (see also the *Sturgeon* (Missouri) *Leader*, August 9, 1895, as well as Britton's 1899 book):

...In the pursuit a few guerrillas came up in sight of the stockades at Sturgeon, and then turned back upon the road and shot to death all the Federal detachment who had fallen wounded, except Frank Barnes and James Cummings, both of Co. H. Cummings was wounded through the lungs, and hid in a cornfield, but after night managed to crawl into Sturgeon, a distance of four miles. Barnes had eight wounds.[6]

Why was Barnes' life spared when the guerrillas were in such a frenzy of bloodletting that they systematically killed even wounded men and those who tried to surrender? The Goodman (1960:37) account, related above, quotes one of the guerrillas as stating that "The devil can't kill him; an' seein' as how he's good stuff, we shall care for him. We were ordered to carry him to a house...", but this provides little explanation as to why Barnes was spared. Another reason, of dubious veracity, was offered by J.F. Robinson in an article published in the *Daily Mail*, Nevada, Missouri, on April 28, 1897:

...Only one prisoner was taken. He was wounded and was running southwest when two of Anderson's men rode upon him. The story goes that he gave a Masonic sign and his life was spared. It is certain, however, that he was taken up behind one of Anderson's men who took him to a neighboring house and gave instructions to care for him. He finally got well...

Another version of the Masonic bond story was recounted again years later, by Dr. J.T. Kimsey of Lathrop, Missouri, in the *National Tribune* issue of August 29, 1929:

Of all that were in the fight, only three of Johnston's men got away...Another man ran and was followed by one of Todd's men who fired at him five times, hitting him once but only slightly wounding him. He turned to his pursuer and pled with him to spare his life.

He was taken to camp and expected to be shot down like a dog. Brought before Anderson he gave the grand hailing sign of distress. He was a Mason; Anderson was also a Mason.

Anderson said, "I don't want to kill you; if you will take the oath I will spare your life."

Rather than be killed, the man took the oath and Anderson ordered him taken out of the lines and passed from danger...

In this instance, the man was said to have been wounded only once, and then only "slightly." Kimsey claimed to have spoken with an unidentified survivor of Johnston's command and persons who resided at Centralia at the time of the massacre and battle.

A highly implausible story of Barnes' voicing defiance of Anderson in a face to face encounter is related in an anonymous and undated document in the Cyrus A. Peterson Battle of Pilot Knob Research Collection (Box 1, Folder 36) at the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis:

[6] Britton was mistaken as to Cummings' first name, which was John, not James. See the discussion of John R. Cummings below.

...It has been said that the first fire of Johnson's men killed 4 or 5 of Anderson's but of that I have no positive knowledge. Of the 39th there were 128 dead and <u>one</u> wounded inside half an hour. Johnson and Smith were scalped and many others mutilated. All who fell into their hands were shot so long as they breathed except one--Barnes of Co H. This man while racing out of town was shot in the shoulder and fell from his horse rolling into a roadside ditch. In falling his cartridge box slipped round in front and he made good use of it later. As he lay one of the band rode up and emptied his revolver at him, he all the time holding his cartridge box so that none of the balls struck his head. The fellow sat on his horse and loaded three more shots into his revolver and fired them at Barnes as he lay, wounding him, including the one in his shoulder, seven times in all. Apparently satisfied with his work the guerrilla said to Barnes "Get up and I won't shoot you any more." Smarting and bleeding from his wounds which he realized had nowhere reached a vital spot, Barnes crawled out and marched ahead of his captor back into town taking occasion as he went along to slyly smear blood over his face head and hands so that all concerned would believe he had had enough. He was marched up to Anderson with the statement "Colonel here is a man I can't kill." "What's the reason you can't?" said Anderson. Barnes, who had by this time concluded it was all up with him anyway, blurted out "because you haven't the bullet moulded that will kill me." Anderson immediately drew a pistol and placing it at his head said "I'll show you" but a moment later lowered the pistol saying "I guess I won't shoot him, turn him over to Capt Todd.

By the time he reached Todd loss of blood and pain made him sick and faint and he asked to be allowed to lie down. Todd pointed to a nearby fence corner and told him to lie there, which he did until the last of the band disappeared from Centralia. He asked Todd how many men they had and was told to count them as they would march past him shortly. When they did pass by officers rode in ranks with the men so he could not distinguish them by position, and he said he counted one hundred and four files of four. It was quite double all of Johnson's command.

Barne's [sic] *wounds were all flesh, or at least none penetrated a cavity and he was ready for duty in a month...*

Interestingly, this story includes mention of Barnes being told to count the guerrillas who paraded before him, similar to the incident related by Goodman. Mention of Barnes "racing out of town" in this account suggests that he may have been either one of the horse holders from the battlefield or one of the men left in town with Captain Theis.

The most reasonable explanation of the guerrillas' mercy toward Barnes is also found in perhaps the most credible source of information about his wounds--his Federal pension file in the National Archives (Service Certificate 316,841).

Despite receiving multiple wounds (variously said to be 3, 5, 6, 7, or 8 in number), Barnes did not receive an early discharge from military service. He mustered out on July 19, 1865, with most of his comrades in the 39th Missouri Volunteers (military service record, on file, NARA). Neither did his wounds disqualify him for further military service in the Regular Army. He served a three-year enlistment in the 1st U.S. Artillery from 1868 to 1871, and a five-year enlistment in the 4th U.S. Cavalry from 1871 to 1876. Within a month and a half of receiving his discharge at Camp Robinson, Nebraska, on November 30, 1876, Barnes filed for a pension

(Declaration for Original Invalid Pension, January 8, 1877, in Service Certificate 316,841, NARA) in Omaha, Nebraska. The basis for his pension request was claimed disability resulting from 13 pistol wounds sustained at Centralia, described as "one at right elbow joint, two of right thigh, one through testacle [sic], one in left knee, one in left groin, and several in left thigh half way above the knee." Rheumatism incurred during scouting duty in Texas with the 4th Cavalry was also cited as a contributing factor.

The earliest Examining Physician's Certificate in Barnes' pension file is dated July 30, 1884, and documents his examination by Drs. W.J. Matthews and A. Walther at Austin, Texas, who concluded:

That claimant has rheumatic pains of a trivial character resulting from pistol shot wounds. He has seven scars of pistol shot wounds. One on right elbow just above external condyle of humerus. The bone was somewhat injured by this bullet and a number of small pieces of bone came away. The elbow joint has not been injured in any way, its motion is perfect. Two scars on anterior surface of right thigh four inches below Roupart ligament, both scars caused by one bullet, and one on posterior surface of thigh, bullet possibly remaining in thigh. Also three wounds on left thigh or I should say scars. One scar close by origin of sartorum muscle, bullet still remaining and can be distinctly felt and moved around. One on anterior surface of upper third of thigh, also one scar about three inches above patella--both scars probably caused by entrance and exit of one bullet Now this man is in no way disabled by said pistol shot wounds. The bullets were small and all flesh wounds except the one above elbow joint, and there is no structural or functional derangement there to cause any disability. His gallant conduct when wounded is worthy of all praise, but rating there can be none.

Despite this denial, Barnes persisted in applying for a pension, and a re-examination on October 20, 1886, found him to be 13/18ths disabled by virtue of gunshot wounds to his thighs and right elbow, as well as rheumatism.

Interestingly, the pension file contains a statement signed by Adam Theis (whose name is usually spelled "Theiss" in the published literature, but he spelled it with only one "s" in his signature on the statement), late captain in the 39th Missouri Volunteers and former commander of Company H in which Barnes served. This Affidavit to Origin of Disability, dated January 2, 1885, offers a credible explanation of why the guerrillas spared Barnes' life on September 27, 1864:

...Several Pistol shot wounds in groin, knees, arm, thigh, to the best of my recollection about six or seven Wounds. I was not present at the moment said Barns [sic] *was wounded. I saw him about four O'clock on the 27th of September 1864, and he at that time had no wounds. I saw him about several days afterwarts* [sic]*, and* [t]*he said Barns had most all the Pistol balls in his body, I think at least five or six. My force was all cut to pieces, and said Barns was one of my force, and he said that the Bus*[h]*whackers had captured him after they had shot him to pieces. The reason, Barns said, the Bushwhackers did not kill him was that he, Barns*[,] *told them he was a Southern Boy, and that I pressed him in to the Service.*

I am sure that he was not wounded before the Engagement with the Bill Anderson Bushwhackers, and when I saw him after that Engagement, the said Barns had, all the Balls above spoken of in his body.

He could not have wounded himself, for, no sane man would do that. It is my believe [sic; i.e., belief] *that said Barns received the Pistol shots from the Rebels. Barns was brought in by a farmer in a Wagon, as he could not walk.*

Adam Theis, late Capt
Co H, 39th Mo. Vols.

Barnes grew increasingly disabled with advancing age, and was reexamined for pension increase requests several times. By 1911 he was living in the care of his daughter, Mrs. Lillie G. Crutcher of Fort Smith, Arkansas. He died on September 18 of that year and is buried in the Fort Smith National Cemetery (Service Certificate 316,841 at NARA).

John R. Cummings

John R. Cummings was the other man who is known to have been wounded at Centralia but survived the battle there. John Cummings' name appears in the list of Company H survivors published in Swizler's history of Boone County (Switzler 1970:464), so his identity was publicly known by 1882, the date of original publication of the county history. Switzler makes no mention of Cummings having been wounded.

Cummings' military service record and pension file (NARA), however, confirm the wound and his subsequent discharge as a result. He was originally from Ripley County, Indiana. At 20 years of age he enlisted at Hannibal, Missouri, on August 20, 1864, for a period of one year and was entitled to $100 bounty for enlistment. He was a farmer at the time of enlistment. Like most others in his regiment, he mustered into Federal service on September 8, 1864, less than three weeks before the events at Centralia. He had dark hair, dark eyes, and a dark complexion, and stood 5 feet 6 inches tall. He was discharged at Benton Barracks, Missouri, on one-half disability on May 11, 1865. His Certificate of Disability for Discharge states that "The said John R. Cummings received a wound in his breast caused by a pistol ball in the battle of Centralia Mo Sep 27th 1864 thereby causing him to loose [sic] his hearing and unfitting him for any future service". Other notes on the certificate state that he was wounded in the right breast and was not fit for service in the Veteran Reserve Corps.

Cummings' pension file contains a handwritten affidavit from Cummings entitled "Declaration for Increase of Invalid Pension," dated 13 May 1871. That document offers an interesting comment on Cummings' experience on the Centralia battlefield and his subsequent physical condition:

He [i.e., Cummings] *further declares that he is disabled in the following manner, to wit: That on the 27th day of Sept 1864, he, with his company were Surrounded at Centralia Mo. by the enemy under command of the guerrilla W. Anderson, that after surrender he with others were fired upon and he was left for dead upon the field, having been Shot through the body, the ball*

entering the right breast passing through the lung and passing out near the backbone, that he has coughed up at different times during violent fits of coughing, fifteen pieces of bone varying in size from small specula, to pieces an inch in length. The pain and suffering is such at times to almost produce total strangulation.

Cummings may have had some prior military experience, though not in the Federal service. His pension file contains an affidavit dated June 23, 1894, from F.M. Simpson, a former comrade in the 39th Missouri Volunteers. Simpson stated that he and Cummings both served in Company F of the 2nd Regiment of Enrolled Missouri Militia during the summer of 1863.

After the war, Cummings at various times lived at Kirksville, Williamstown, and LaBelle, all communities in northeastern Missouri. In addition to coughing up slivers of bone, his pension file shows that he also was subject to fits of violent coughing during which he expectorated quantities of blood, and he also complained of deafness and at least partial impairment of his right arm. He died at LaBelle on August 26, 1899.

Wiley Britton's lengthy article about Centralia in the *National Tribune* of July 25, 1895 (also republished in the *Sturgeon* [Missouri] *Leader* on August 9, 1895, and, in slightly different form, in Britton's 1899 book) mentions a wounded man named Cummings:

...In the pursuit a few guerrillas came up in sight of the stockades at Sturgeon, and then turned back upon the road and shot to death all the Federal detachment who had fallen wounded, except Frank Barnes and James Cummings, both of Co. H. Cummings was wounded through the lungs, and hid in a cornfield, but after night managed to crawl into Sturgeon, a distance of four miles. Barnes had eight wounds.

Obviously, in this statement Cummings' first name is wrong. Britton may simply have written an incorrect first name, as the only other man named Cummings in the regiment was Robert Cummings of Company I. The reference to Cummings having hid in a cornfield is interesting, as there are other references to survivors hiding in cornfields or corn shocks.

One such story is related in the *History of Boone County, Missouri* (Switzler 1970:461), originally published in 1882:

The Federals were pursued into Sturgeon, eight miles distant...A German soldier left the battle-field and retreated in a south-west direction. He was not pursued. He crept in a corn shock on the farm of Mr. Cook, and was fed and helped by the latter on his way to liberty and life, and escaped. He made his way to Sturgeon by way of Hallsville.

The account does not mention any wounds. Since the man is described as being of German nationality, and since Cummings is not a German surname, the individual described is probably not Cummings.

Another similar story was reported in the *National Tribune* of August 23, 1888. In a letter to the editor, E.J. Smith, formerly of Company B, 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, stated that:

...One man said he hid in a shock of corn, and that the rebels stuck a saber through it in every direction, thinking he was there, and but barely missed him several times. However, thinking he was not there, they left him, and he escaped...

Since Smith makes no mention of any wound and as concealment in a corn shock is mentioned, this likewise probably does not relate to John Cummings.

Enoch Hunt

One of the men who escaped from the Centralia battlefield unscathed was Private Enoch Hunt of Company H. Mounted on an old work mare, he reached Sturgeon safely. Hunt's military service record at the National Archives and Records Administration reveals a few details about his service with the 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry. As an 18-year-old farmer from Monroe County, Missouri, he enlisted at Hannibal on August 30, 1864, and was mustered into Federal service on September 8, as were most of the men in the regiment. He was described as having gray eyes, blond hair, and a fair complexion, and being five feet seven and a half inches tall. His term of service was for one year and he was entitled to a $100 enlistment bounty. He mustered out at Benton Barracks, Missouri, on July 19, 1865.

Hunt resided in Centralia after the war (*Columbia Missouri Herald*, September 24, 1897). It was said of Hunt that "He does not talk much about the fight" (ibid.), but he evidently did share some of his experiences with at least one other person who later related them in newspaper articles.

That man was James M. Jack (or Jacks), formerly of Company H of what he stated to be the 9th Missouri Cavalry, which may actually have been the 9th Missouri State Militia Cavalry, which was based in Fayette at the time and operated against the dispersed guerrillas in the days following the battle. In the *National Tribune* issue of December 26, 1901, Jack related the following story:

...Later, Maj. Johnson, in command of 147 men of the 39th Mo., reached the scene. I will give an account of what followed, as it was related to me by one of the survivors, whom I met some 12 years ago [i.e., ca. 1889]. *He said:*

When we got to Centralia, a small party of guerrillas galloped away to the south. Maj. Johnson was advised not to follow, as they outnumbered his command, but he marched us south about two miles. As we came to a slight rise, we saw the guerrillas about 200 yards distant, formed in line of battle, with the whole country an open prairie, except here and there a farm. Maj. Johnson ordered us to dismount and form in line, leaving some of the men 50 yards in the rear to hold the horses. Just as we got formed, the guerrillas charged. Being armed with muskets, we had one shot only, which we fired into them, but before we could reload they were among us with from four to six revolvers each, and shooting our men down. I ran between two of them unnoticed, as they were busy shooting some of my more unfortunate comrades. I ran into a meadow, got behind a haystack and hid under the hay until night, then crawled out and got away.

The men holding the horses took in the situation at a glance and started, but some were overtaken and murdered. A lady, neighbor of mine, said they were so close in pursuit of one man on a horse when he got to Centralia that he left his horse, ran around some houses, dodged into one and hid under a drop-leaf table; but they found him. One of them said: `I will not kill a dog in a lady's house;' so two of them grabbed him and took him out into the yard, where they shot him.

In another letter published 14 years later (*The Columbia Daily Times*, December 15, 1915) Jack again related a similar story attributed to one of the survivors of the Centralia battle:

...I will now give you what one of Major Johnson's men told me in after years. This man said that when Major Johnson's men reached Centralia a small band of the guerillas [sic] *galloped off to the south. This was only to get Johnson's men into a trap into which they soon fell. The citizens advised Major Johnson not to follow the departing guerillas as they outnumbered his men. But Major Johnson did not heed the advice of men who had seen both commands. Major Johnson then gave the command to go forward and his troops had not ridden more than two miles when they came upon the guerillas over the brow of a hill. The men were in line of battle out on the prairie as the country was at that time. Except for a farm here and there the country was thinly settled.*

Major Johnson ordered his men to dismount and instructed every fourth man to hold the horses. The command was then formed in line of battle fifty paces in front of their horses. Being infantry the men had only guns as the horses were borrowed for the occasion. The enemy had from four to six revolvers each. Johnson's men had not more than formed their line when the enemy charged them coming as fast as their horses could run. This was done so that they could reach the company before they had time to reload after the first volley. The men of Johnson's command fired one volley but the enemy were among them before they could reload. Johnson's men were at the mercy of the enemy but if they had been taken as prisoners they would not have lost over ten or fifteen men.

The man who told me the story said he ran between the men as they were shooting down the prisoners. He sought refuge behind a haystack in a meadow where he heard the revolver fire of the Anderson squad shooting their unarmed prisoners. Not even all of the men who were holding the horoseoso [sic] *got away. They turned the horses loose and they immediately stampeded leaving the men in the open prairie without a gun among them.*

The man who told me this crawled out of the hay in the night and got away. One of the men who had been holding the horses, so a well known Centralia woman afterwards said, ran into the town, ran around a house and finally entered it in order to hide. This woman said that the man hid under a leaf table. One of Anderson's men who found him there said that he would not kill a dog in a lady's house, hence two troopers grabbed the man by the legs, pulled him into the yard where they shot him to death.

Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and I am glad it is thus.

J.M. JACKS.

Both letters end with the incident of a Union soldier being dragged from a Centralia home and shot dead outdoors, as related to the unidentified Union survivor by a woman variously described as "A lady, neighbor of mine" (1901 letter) and "a well known Centralia woman" (1915 letter). This is significant because these remarks place the survivor to whom the stories are attributed as a resident of Centralia. The only Union survivor known to have lived in Centralia after the war was Enoch Hunt.

A second brief statement which may be attributed to Enoch Hunt is contained in the account of W.C. Todd (n.d.), one of the guerrillas who fought at Centralia. Todd states that he solicited written comments on the battle from Enoch Hunt and other eyewitnesses to the Centralia events. In his brief memoir he states:

I here quote from the testimony of one of Johnson's men who was left in Centralia:

Lieutenant Jaynes was the first to arrive from the fight; he told us they were whipped, and that we had better move for Sturgeon, which we did at a dead run. All the men that escaped, so far as I know, went to Sturgeon except two who made their way to Paris. Fifteen of those left in town to guard the wagons, were killed. I think about fifteen to eighteen in all escaped.

This is an important statement in regard to the total number of men having escaped to Sturgeon and Paris (15 to 18). It is not possible to determine if Hunt was one of the men left in Centralia or whether he was a survivor from the battlefield. The stories related by Jack clearly relate to a survivor from the battlefield while the information quoted by Todd would suggest the informant was stationed in town. Possibly the story quoted by Todd did not come from Hunt, as the speaker is not identified by name.

Though Hunt never wrote a memoir of his experiences during the war, he did write a letter to his parents the day following the Centralia battle to let them know he had survived unhurt. Hunt's daughter made the letter available to Edgar T. Rodemyre, the editor of the local newspaper, *Centralia Fireside Guard*, who published the following article about it in the September 26, 1924 issue:

Here is a letter that was written the day after the Massacre and battle here, by Enoch Hunt, who was the only man who escaped to Sturgeon with his life, out of the number of Johnson's men who ran from the field after the defeat of their comrades south of town. Mr. Hunt was mounted on an old work mare but the mare had the blood and the speed when needed and carried her soldier rider to safety. Mr. Hunt was followed by Frank James "the man on the buckskin horse", who shot and killed two men just south of where A.R. Toalson's residence now it [sic] and who shot Mr. Marquette who died after reaching Sturgeon.

The letter was written to his folks following the escape. Mr. Hunt's mother wrote on the back of the same letter to a relative in St. Louis and the letter was preserved and handed down in the family and the same original letter is now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. J.B. Wisdom of east of Centralia, who kindly showed the same to the editor of the Guard and permitted us to

copy it. Here it is, and we note the writer made a mistake in the date as calendars were rare in those days, and he probably had to date from memory only:

Sturgeon Sept. 29, 1864.

Dear ones at home. We had a fight yesterday at Centralia, with Anderson and all got killed except 15 that we know of. We run to Sturgeon. We had 150 killed, they scalped all the officers. You may think that I want to get home, but I don't care. I am doing well. I stopped at Mr. Conger's as we came up there and all of the folks were well. The Rebels was at there the night before. I have seen more dead men than a few. I was not afraid even when I saw men fighting. I am in a hurry to help to tend to the things. I suppose that you heard of it and thought you fretted about me so thought I'd write and let you know whether I was killed or not. You must excuse writing, so I will close.

ENOCH HUNT

This is a boy's story of the Battle, as Mr. Hunt was about 18 years of age when he was in the army, and it shows the spirit of the boys of that age. The writer did not think it much out of the ordinary to be but one of the few who got out of this terrible battle alive.

There was really only eleven of Johnson's men who escaped alive from Centralia. Mr. Hunt was a private in Capt. Adam Theis' Co. of the 39th Missouri, under Major A.V.E. Johnson. The ages of the soldiers under Johnson ran from bare 18 to 23, the officers being older in years.

Mr. Hunt came to Centralia the day after the battle and helped to gather up the dead and see that the arms were recovered as far as possible. This old letter had been hidden away and forgotten until the Guard began to publish the various accounts of the Massacre and Battle of Centralia. ____ Mrs. Wisdom became interested ___ remembered the family relic. We[?] are glad to add it to the history of the struggle of that day.

The letter was also reproduced in Rodemyre's *History of Centralia, Missouri*, which was published in 1936 (Rodemyre n.d.:42).

Hunt appears to have died in 1910. The "Missouri Death Records 1910-1955" website <www.sos.mo.gov/archives/resources/deathcertificates> contains an entry for a man named Enoch Hunt, who died in Boone County on September 14, 1910. A retired farmer, he was born on February 10, 1847. He died of softening of the brain and convulsions.

E.L.C. Hawkins.

First Sergeant E.L.C. Hawkins of Company G survived the war, though it is not known definitely whether he participated in the Centralia battle. The Shelby County Historical Society in Shelbina, Missouri, has a brief history of Company G written by Hawkins either shortly before the end of the war or soon after. Some of the first-person language in the brief statement, such as "As we were advancing near Centralia, we met Anderson's guerrillas...", suggests that Hawkins

was part of Johnston's command on September 27, 1864. He remarks that Company G lost four sergeants, six corporals, and 40 privates, and he lists the individual members of the company, both those who were killed and those who lived. He also wrote a brief poem in tribute to his fallen comrades of Company G.

Adam Theis

Captain Adam Theis, who commanded Company H, also survived the war. In the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, September 24, 1887, he published a short statement about his military service, but it offers little information about the Centralia events other than the numbers of regimental and Company H losses:

Adam Theis, Hannibal, Mo. I enlisted in Company H, 39th Missouri, September 8, 1864. My first engagement was at Centralia, Mo., where our company lost fifteen men and two wounded. Ten of my men were lost in the retreat. Maj. Johnson was killed also. The total regimental loss was 120 men and two officers. We were next in the Price engagement at Jefferson City, supporting Maj. Sutter's battery. We went from there to Nashville to take part in the campaign against Hood, but being delayed by snow on the prairies on Illinois we arrived too late. We were then sent to Montrose Hills in Kentucky. We were mustered out July 19, 1865. Out of 136 enlisted men we came out of the war with 76. A Captain and Major in the regiment were killed. I was Lieutenant in the State service, Col. J.T.K. Hayward's regiment, two years before joining the regular service. Of Company H, who survived the war, several are in Kansas, probably a dozen. Some are in Dakota, some in California and Illinois, and the remainder scattered throughout the different counties of Missouri. One has grown rich and is Mayor of a city; another has held the position of County Judge and United States Commissioner, while a third is manager of a large mercantile establishment.

Other survivors of the Battle

Estimates of the total number of Johnston's men who survived the battle vary but usually are said to number about 10 to 20. In his Boone County history, Switzler (1970:464) lists two officers and nine enlisted men, but there were certainly more than these. Interesting stories, some of them of dubious veracity, exist about some of these men.

One of these is that a third man was wounded on the field of battle but survived. A letter from J.M. Russell, a former member of the 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, published in the *National Tribune* on June 14, 1888, relates that three of Johnston's men were wounded and left for dead on the battlefield, but later recovered.

In an article published in the *Daily Mail*, Nevada, Missouri, on April 28, 1897, Dr. J.F. Robinson, who was a boy at the time of the battle, mentions a possible third wounded Union survivor in addition to Barnes and Cummings. Robinson's family lived on a farm about a mile southeast of Centralia. Robinson related:

One man was left on the field for dead, who was found to be alive when the bodies were being removed [on September 28]. *He had been shot in the forehead, and the bullet had gone around under the scalp. He was badly stunned and lay on the field all night with the dead. After taking him up he soon revived, and finally got well.*

In a letter to the editor of the *National Tribune*, August 29, 1929, Dr. J.T. Kimsey of Lathrop, Missouri, related that he had personally heard a somewhat incredulous story from one of Johnston's officers, Lieutenant Robert Moore of Company A, about Moore's escape, not just from the battlefield, but from the guerrillas' camp:

In the latter 80's I met Lieut. Moore, of Adair County, who was one of the Federals who escaped from Centralia, and he gave me a full account of the fight, and the part he took in it, when Johnston's men subsequent to the capture of this train fought Anderson...

Now then I want to relate Lieut. Moore's thrilling experience as he told it to me. He said when they got out into the suburbs of Centralia the men halted and said they were not going out there to be killed like dogs.

Johnston left the front of the line, and riding back along the column cursed the men right and left. He called them a set of cowards and if they did not want to fight Anderson he would go by himself.

He finally got the sullen men started, and when they arrived within a quarter of a mile of Anderson's forces, they halted in a depression in the prairie.

He ordered a halt, and the men to dismount and every fifth man to hold horses. The others were to march on foot up a hill in front.

He ordered Lieut. Moore to go out and reconnoiter. Moore, at that time, 19 years of age and weighing 115 pounds, galloped up the hill. Gaining the top of the prairie hill he saw woods along a creek some distance ahead. On reaching the woods there was a fence on his left, along the road.

When he got near the fence he saw men everywhere lying behind the fence and behind logs, trees, and other obstructions. On he rode thru Anderson's camp with men on his right and left within a few feet of him. He expected every moment to be riddled with bullets.

He advanced until no more men were seen, then he deliberately turned his horse and retraced his steps. Not a word was spoken to him nor did he speak to them.

When he regained the open prairie, still expecting them to fire and charge, which they did not do, he could not understand Anderson's game.

Away from the woods he gave his horse the rein and spur and rode rapidly towards his command. On reaching the line he called out, "Men for God's sake, get to your horses; the woods are full of guerrillas; you will all be killed."

At this juncture Todd's men (guerrillas) started their charge, and Moore ran on down to where the men were holding the horses and shouted the same warning.

These latter took him at his word[,] mounted horses and ran towards Centralia, and some toward Sturgeon where the 800 regular Federal soldiers were stationed. Some of these men got to Sturgeon safely.

When Todd's men were within a few hundred yards of Johnston's line Johnston ordered his men to fire. That fire only resulted in the hitting of one man and he was not unhorsed. This left Johnston's men with only their empty muzzle-loading muskets. They were at the mercy of the guerrillas who passed thru their lines back and forth firing their revolvers.

Of all that were in the fight, only three of Johnston's men got away. One of them ran with ramrod in one hand and musket in the other trying to load. He jumped a rail fence into a cornfield where the corn was in shock and crawled into a shock of corn and finished loading his gun. No one saw him hide and he was not molested.

After the fight was over the guerrillas tied their horses to the fence and fed them from the shocks of corn, even out of the shock where this man lay hiding.

Another man ran and was followed by one of Todd's men who fired at him five times...[here follows the story of Frank Barnes being saved because he was a Mason, previously related]

The third man ran down the hill to the left. He jumped into a prairie ravine, and crawled under weeds and grass, completely hidden from the enemy.

This man and the one in the corn shock remained until night and finally reached their homes in safety. So these three and the one who escaped on horseback were the only ones that got away, making in all 16 who escaped...

Several stories exist about unidentified Union survivors whose names were not recorded (note the two fleeing men in the Moore story above). Switzler's (1970:461) *History of Boone County, Missouri* relates how an anonymous soldier escaped from the field of battle:

The Federals were pursued into Sturgeon, eight miles distant...A German soldier left the battle-field and retreated in a south-west direction. He was not pursued. He crept in a corn shock on the farm of Mr. Cook, and was fed and helped by the latter on his way to liberty and life, and escaped. He made his way to Sturgeon by way of Hallsville.

In the *National Tribune* of August 23, 1888, E.J. Smith, formerly of Company B, 1st Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, stated that:

...One man said he hid in a shock of corn, and that the rebels stuck a saber through it in every direction, thinking he was there, and but barely missed him several times. However, thinking he was not there, they left him, and he escaped...

A.C. Boyd, who as a boy of about 12 years of age was herding cattle on a farm near the railroad tracks northwest of Centralia on the day of the massacre and battle, relates a remarkable encounter with a Federal survivor who turned up two days after the battle (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, December 5, 1924):

On the 29th of September, two days after the battle, I was in the prairie again with the cattle. It was in the early morning and I was sitting on a rail fence when a man came out of the cornfield. He wore blue soldier's clothes, but had no hat on his head. His face was grimy and dirty and he was nearly famished for the want of water.

When the soldier saw me and saw that I was only a boy, he stopped and then came to where I was. He told me he was with Major Johnson when he went into the fight at Centralia and when they were ordered to dismount and form in line, he was on the detail to hold the horses. When the battle began everything was in confusion, so he got on one of the horses and rode away as fast as he could. He said "They followed me and overtook me right over yonder (pointing to the south). A man ran up beside me and just as I leaned over the saddle he fired at me but my saddle girth broke, letting me fall. The bullet missed me but I laid still until the riders had all passed me. Then I jumped up and got over the fence and ran to that ditch. I have been there ever since."

Rile Coats then lived just east of the Bryson house. I told the soldier to go to Coats' house and get something to eat, then he could follow the railroad on to Sturgeon, all of which he subsequently did.

This man looked to me to have been about twenty years of age. I watched him leave and I have never seen nor heard of him since that day.

The story of the saddle girth breaking at the same time that the soldier was shot at, as well as the act of feigning death for a time and then hiding, sounds remarkably similar to the experience attributed by Calvin Round to Isaac Novinger. Both may refer to the same incident.

In the same article, Boyd tells a story about a mounted messenger from Macon who purports to have delivered a dispatch to Major Johnston at Paris and claims to have accompanied him to Centralia until Johnston dismounted his men to face the guerrillas:

About thirty years after the Battle of Centralia, I met a man in Shelby County who was carrying the mail on horseback and as we rode along together, I told him that I lived in Centralia and this is in part, the story that he told me: He was in the Union service during the war and was with Col. Forbes, stationed at Macon City. Col[.] *Forbes learned that Bill Anderson's force was near Santa Fe, in Monroe County. He said: "Col. Forbes sent me with a message to Major Johnson, stationed at Paris, and this is the way the message ran: `Bill Anderson is near Santa Fee* [sic]*, going toward Boonville. Meet me at Renick tomorrow morning and we will try and intercept him.' When Johnson read this message, he called all of his men to arms and marched to Centralia and then out to M.G. Singleton's pasture, where they located Anderson. Johnson called: `Halt! dismount!'* [sic] *I turned and started back when Johnson ordered me to*

dismount. I said: `You go to hell. You are all going to be killed.' I rode away and never made a stop until I reached Macon City, except to change horses three times. The battle took place in the afternoon. It was one o'clock that night when I reached Colonel Forbes' headquarters and when I told him what had happened, he began to curse Johnson for being such a fool.

While Boyd indeed may have met a man who told him this story, on the whole the tale lacks the tone of authenticity. It certainly lacks corroboration in other accounts of the day's events.

J.W. Daniel, who in 1864 was a 17-year-old boy living with his family about five miles east of Centralia, related another dubious account of men escaping from the battlefield (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, September 19, 1924). He also told a questionable story about Johnston's column visiting his father's farm on September 26:

Mexico, Mo., August, 1924.

Editor Centralia Guard:

Dear Sir:

...At the time of this one-sided fight between Major Johnson and Bill Anderson and their soldiers, the writer (then in his seventeenth year--now in his 76th) was living on the farm later known as the Doc Pool place, near the head of Skull Lick Creek, and about five miles easterly from Centralia. Singleton's home and barn (in which latter building the Anderson soldiers were quartered) was about three miles southwest of our farm. The day before the fight Major Johnson with 200 cavalrymen (including himself) came by our farm riding two abreast. Myself and father, A.B. Daniel, Sr., were cutting corn near the dirt road, on the west side. Major Johnson and his men had come from Hannibal as we learned, and as we understood it, had been sent to this locality in search of Bill Anderson. The Major called to us to come out to the road, which we did, when the following colloquy took place:

Johnson asked us if Bill Anderson was in this locality. My father said: "No, not so far as I know." He said that we had been cutting corn several days and had no means of knowing. Johnson then said: "Well, he is up here, and I am going to have him. Have you any horses down at the barn (about 500 yards from the road)." "No," said my father. "None that you would want. They are all worked down.["] *Notwithstanding this answer, the Major deputized two of his men to gallop down to the barn. They did not take any horses, but they did take a man's saddle that we had bought only a few days prior to this. The saddle, we found on the battle field the day after the fight.*

The first knowledge we had of the slaughter, was in the afternoon of that day, when we saw two Confederate horsemen under whip, shooting at one of Johnson's men as they passed around the north boundary of our farm, and entered the brush on Skull Lick Creek near the old home of Jim Pool. We had to presume that this man got away, as by this time it began nearing dark, and we failed to see Anderson's men return.

Now, I will go back to the beginning of the fight. When Johnson arrived in Centralia, he soon heard that Anderson and his men (about 250, we heard) were camping in the M.G. Singleton

barn, about three miles southeast of Centralia. In order that he might the more easily find the location, he pressed into his service our old-time acquaintance and friend, Drury Ragsdale (a Southern sympathizer), whose home was at Paris, Mo., but who had gone to Centralia on business. Mr. Ragsdale afterwards told us of the fight. He said, when nearing the barn, Johnson's men were ordered to dismount from green horses picked up along the road from Hannibal, and then the order was given to fire. The noise of the muskets put the horses on their mettle, of course, and just then there came out from the Young's Creek brush Bill Anderson's men, with bridle reins in their months [sic], *guns and pistols buckled to their saddles and a revolver in each hand, shooting down the Union soldiers man after man, in quick succession.*

In order to save himself, Mr. Ragsdale said he sat in his saddle with uplifted hat in hand and yelled: "Citizen, citizen, citizen."

Your informant has heard that Drury Ragsdale died in Paris several years ago, but [no] *doubt he has relatives there who have heard him tell of his sad lot, while the fight was on.*

We understood that the day after the fight only two or three of Johnson's men escaped death...

Respectively submitted,
J.W. DANIEL.

Johnston's column is not believed to have left Paris until the night of December 26, so unless he and some of his men were searching for horses to commandeer earlier that day, this part of Daniel's story is not credible.

His comment about seeing two mounted guerrillas searching to the east for fleeing Union survivors is interesting and sounds plausible in light of statements that one or two of Johnston's men fled to the east and eventually reached Paris. See, for example, the remark by former guerrilla James T. Willingham (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 17, 1924) that "I personally knew of but one soldier that got away. He ran east and got in the brush on Youngs creek and made good his escape;" and Sergeant Hiram Haines' escape to Paris as related by Wiley Britton (*National Tribune*, July 25, 1895; *Sturgeon* (Missouri) *Leader*, August 9, 1895; Britton 1899). Enoch Hunt, quoted in Todd (n.d.), related that two of Johnston's men reached Paris. Calvin Round related that he reached Paris the Friday following the battle.

The story about the local man, Ragsdale, being forced to accompany Johnston's column as a scout also lacks corroboration.

Accounts by Train Crew/Passengers, Local Residents, and Other Travelers

Other than accounts by ex-guerrillas and former Union soldiers who participated in the events at Centralia, statements exist by at least 24 other persons who purport to have had some personal connection with those events, plus there is an anonymous description of the battle that may or may not have been written by someone connected with the events of September 27, 1864. Recollections, most offered years afterward, include those of four members of the train crew,

five passengers on the train, three other travelers who happened to be in Centralia on that day or shortly afterward, and 12 residents of Centralia or its vicinity. Their accounts relate primarily to the massacre of the soldiers from the train that took place in the morning, and less to the battle in the afternoon. The stories from four of the five train passengers appeared in newspapers within a day or two, but the accounts by the locomotive engineer and local residents appeared as recollections published in newspapers many years later. The persons who offered reminiscent information years later were often youths at the time and their recollections may suffer from not only the passage of time, but also from adolescent perceptions of the events they witnessed.

Many of the reminiscent accounts first appeared in the *Centralia Fireside Guard* newspaper in the second and third decades of the twentieth century, conscientiously collected by the newspaper's history-minded editor, Edgar T. Rodemyre. In 1936 Rodemyre published a history of the town of Centralia, based largely on material gleaned from the files of the *Guard*, including many articles about what happened on that fall day in 1864.

Train Crew

James Clark

One of the most detailed and credible accounts of the massacre in town on that day is from one of the major participants in those events--the locomotive engineer who drove the passenger train from St. Louis, James Clark. Clark's remarkable story first appeared in a two-installment article published in the *Moberly* (Missouri) *Daily Monitor* on June 4 and 5, 1896, nearly 32 years after the events in question took place. It was republished at least three times in newspapers and was included in Rodemyre's (n.d.:56-60) town history.[7] Despite the passage of more than three decades, Clark recalls the day's happenings with clarity and precision, including reliable time estimates from a man whose job it was to meet precise schedules in running the locomotive. Unlike many of the other accounts, Clark details his own personal experiences on that day, which enhances the credibility of his story.

R.H. Overall

Another member of the train crew, R.H. Overall, the conductor, published remarks about the morning's events in a St. Louis newspaper, the *Daily Missouri Democrat*, on October 10, 1864, about two weeks after the massacre. The article, in the form of a letter to the newspaper's editors, is intended to rebut statements attributed to one of the train's passengers, the anonymous "gentleman from Indiana" (see below). Overall was incensed by what he regarded as insinuations in the story from the "gentleman from Indiana" that the train crew could have stopped the train after the guerrillas were first sighted before reaching Centralia, and thus have escaped. Unfortunately, Overall declined to describe the events that took place after the train reached the town, which limits the usefulness of his account:

[7] *Kansas City Post*, September 14, 1907; *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 1, 1909; and the *Columbia* (Missouri) *Statesman*, January 3, 1913.

I think the gentleman from Indiana must have been very much frightened, as he attempts to give an account of the affair in which there is not a single circumstance stated correctly. I shall not take issue with him in regard to the details of the killing and robbing, for they were enough to appal [sic] *the sensibilities of any good man, so he could not give the particulars as they occurred. I could not, is the reason why I have never attempted a description of the horrible scene.*

Overall's life is said to have been spared by Anderson at the behest of a childhood schoolmate of Overall's named Mark Belt, who was one of Quantrill's men (Calvin Round in the *Macon* [Missouri] *Times-Democrat*, November 5, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 20, 1982).[8] A slightly different version of the Anderson/Belt story was related by Overall in 1898 (*Macon Telegraph*, Macon, Georgia, September 15, 1898). Overall is said to have died at Coleman, Texas, in December 1900 at the age of 68 (ibid.).

George F. Carruthers

The *Daily Globe-Democrat* (St. Louis, Missouri) carried a brief article on April 7, 1882 about George F. Carruthers, who was the express messenger on the passenger train that arrived at Centralia on the morning of September 27, 1864. Carruthers, who mistakenly recalled the date as September 21, implies that the train crew were lined up with the soldiers and would have been killed with them if the "Kirksville militia" had not arrived. He stated that one of the James boys took aim at him but was deterred from firing his pistol by another guerrilla who threatened to kill James if he shot Carruthers. He claims to have seen one of the James boys scalp the dead men. His story is not corroborated by the testimony of the train engineer, James Clark, who does not mention being placed in the line for execution with the soldiers.

R.M. Holt

The *Macon Telegraph* (Macon, Georgia) of September 15, 1898, carried a story about a reunion between two members of the train crew, former conductor Overall and R.M. Holt, who was the mail agent on the train. The article mentioned only two incidents connected with the Centralia massacre. In the first, Holt related that a nervous young lieutenant visited him several times in the mail car and expressed concern about the possibility of encountering guerrillas on the journey. Holt assured him that there was little possibility of that happening, but later admitted that the lieutenant's question gave him the "blues." No lieutenant is known among the identified soldiers who were taken from the train, but not all of the bodies were identified and the presence of an officer in the group is mentioned in several accounts. The second incident related by Holt involved a verbal exchange between a defiant woman passenger and Anderson.

[8] Two men named Belt are candidates for this individual. Marcus L. Belt served as an officer under J.O. Shelby and Mart [sic] L. Belt was one of Dave Pool's lieutenants who attended Quantrill reunions after the war (Eakin and Hale 1995:23).

Train Passengers

E.J. Brown

Five passengers from the passenger train that was stopped at Centralia offered their stories to the news media. The first of these appeared in an article in the *Evening Bulletin* of Leavenworth, Kansas, on September 29. The information in the article is credited to E.J. Brown of Woodson County, Kansas, who was presumably a passenger on the train. Based on Brown's information, the article presents a credible account of the stopping of the train and the murder of 22 soldiers and two civilians taken from it. No mention is made of Sergeant Goodman who was spared by Anderson, but most of the earliest accounts of the massacre fail to mention that one of the soldiers was purposely kept alive. Neither is mention made of Major Johnston or his men, which would suggest that Brown left Centralia before their arrival and had no knowledge of the afternoon battle when he spoke with a reporter for the *Evening Bulletin*. The story was repeated in the *Manhattan* [Kansas] *Independent* on October 3.

"Traveller"

Three passenger accounts appeared in newspapers on September 30. One of these was a letter to the editor of a St. Louis newspaper, the *Daily Missouri Republican*. The letter was dated September 28, the day after the events at Centralia, and was from "Near Sturgeon, Boone Co." It was anonymously written under the pseudonym "Traveller," thus leading to the presumption that the author was likely a passenger from the train. Though he presents a straightforward and fairly accurate account of the day's events, including the stagecoach robbery before the train's arrival and the battle with Johnston's men in the afternoon, neither of which could he have personally witnessed, he gives little information about his own actions on that day, save his personal observation that two of the murdered soldiers from the train had been scalped. He makes no mention of the guerrillas killing Captain Theis' men in town following the battle in the field, suggesting that he had left town before the return of the guerrillas, perhaps toward Sturgeon, near which his letter was written. If he indeed was in or near Sturgeon, he would have had the opportunity to learn details of Johnston's battle from those of Johnston’s men who escaped to that place.

Leopold Richard

The *Kansas City Daily Journal of Commerce* of September 30 carried an article about Centralia based on information supplied by Leopold Richard, a Lawrence resident who was one of the passengers on the train. Richard's information is relatively sketchy and differs from most other accounts in a few important respects, such as placing the time of the train's arrival at Centralia at 9:30 a.m. (it is usually said to have arrived by 11:00 a.m. or somewhat later) and stating that the train pulled six passenger coaches (the number usually given is four, plus a baggage and an express car). Richard relates that 23 soldiers and two St. Louis civilians were killed. He also states that one soldier, who was wearing civilian pants at the time, borrowed a coat from Richard and "escaped detection" by the guerrillas, but this story is not corroborated in any other source.

Richard is said to have proceeded to the next station, probably Sturgeon, in a handcar. Interestingly, he states that at about 5:00 p.m. 18 or 20 of Johnston's fleeing men reached Sturgeon and brought news of the disastrous battle that had occurred that afternoon. This article was reprinted in another Kansas City newspaper, the *Western Journal of Commerce*, on October 1.

Gentleman from Indiana

The story of the "gentleman from Indiana" was published at least six times in Missouri newspapers during the days following September 27: *The Morning Herald*, St. Joseph, September 30; *The Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, October 3; *Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, October 3; *Kansas City Daily Journal of Commerce*, October 4; *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, October 4; and *Western Journal of Commerce*, Kansas City, October 8.

Although its accuracy has been criticized (see the discussion of R.H. Overall above), this anonymous account, credited simply to a "gentleman from Indiana" who was possibly a passenger on the train, is important to the history and lore of the Centralia massacre in several ways. First, it conveys an often-repeated description of Bill Anderson's person:

Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet, ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a promising looking man of about 32 years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat.

It also contains two quotations attributed to Anderson, which are also often repeated:

You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as anybody. From this time forward I ask no quarter, and give none.--Every Federal soldier on whom I put my finger shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d--d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands.

and

I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows.

The article relates the futile escape attempt and resistance offered by one of the soldiers, an incident confirmed by Thomas Goodman (1960:24) with respect to Sergeant Valentine Peters. It also relates the story about the murder of one young civilian man who tried to secrete money on his person, as well as the killing of a German who had hidden a gold watch in his boot.

Abraham Jacobs

An interesting story related by Abraham Jacobs, a cigar dealer from Denver, Colorado, who was one of the train passengers, is buried in an August 12, 1895, *Rocky Mountain News* article ostensibley about the death of former guerrilla Jim Clarke. The story has the tone of credibility. Jacobs stated that the passengers had no inkling of trouble until the train came to a sudden stop at the Centralia depot, when bullets began to smash into the windows and walls of the coaches. The passengers dropped to the floor for safety. While on the floor, Jacobs hid $300 in his boot and left $150 in his vest pocket. He said that on exiting the train, the passengers were rudely searched and valuables were taken from them. He lost the $150 and a gold watch. Interestingly, he stated that the guerrillas discarded the working parts of watches and used the cases to hold percussion caps. Jacobs saw an officer killed as he reached the car door, and he also related that one soldier sought refuge under the depot, whereupon the guerrillas set fire to the building (this sounds remarkably like the experience of Sergeant Valentine Peters, as witnessed by Sergeant Thomas Goodman). According to Jacobs, 12 or 15 men were shot "before our eyes." Jacobs states that one soldier donned a large overcoat of Jacobs' to conceal his uniform and thus escaped the massacre; a similar story also exists in other newspaper accounts, but is not confirmed. As if the Centralia robbery and massacre were not enough adventure for Jacobs, he also related that the stagecoach he took on the last lap of his journey to Denver was attacked by Indians near Plum Creek, Colorado.

Other Travelers and Residents of Centralia and Vicinity

Mrs. H.H. Garth

Mrs. Garth and her husband, residents of Columbia, Missouri, had returned from a trip to Illinois and were waiting in Centralia for the stagecoach to arrive from Columbia. They evidently stayed at one of the two hotels in town, as Anderson is said to have entered the hotel, searched the guests, and ransacked their luggage. The Garths found a "deserted" horse which they rode to Mexico, Missouri. The account is related in a brief article in *The Evening Missourian*, Columbia, March 11, 1918.

John F. Benjamin

The Western Historical Manuscripts Collection at the University of Missouri-Columbia contains a letter written on September 30, 1864, by J.F. Benjamin, who was a civilian passenger on a train bound from Macon for St. Louis on the day of the Centralia massacre. Benjamin addressed the letter to John Paddock, a friend in New York state. In the letter, Benjamin relates that the train set out from Macon at 1:00 p.m. on September 27, but encountered en route the locomotive of the train that had been set on fire at Centralia. From the passengers, and probably the crew of the train from Centralia, Benjamin and the others on board the Macon train learned of the massacre that had taken place in Centralia that morning. While stopped near the wrecked train, gunfire was heard in the distance and mounted riders were seen approaching. It was feared that the horsemen were guerrillas and a hasty defense of the Macon train was organized by some of the

passengers and about 40 soldiers traveling on the train. However, the riders proved to be some of Johnston's men fleeing from Centralia toward Sturgeon, including two lieutenants,[9] from whom they learned of the disastrous fight that had taken place south of Centralia. In the letter, Benjamin presents a surprisingly accurate description of what had happened in town and on the battlefield. Benjamin, who apparently was a campaigning politician, as he was traveling "on political business," lamented that "One hundred & fifty five men every one of whom would have voted for me were Sacrificed in an hour."

George W. Rogers

The *Monroe County Appeal*, Paris, Missouri, published a reminiscent article on June 3, 1921. In an interview with a newspaper reporter, George W. Rogers related how he witnessed the battle which he claimed took place on his father's farm two and a half miles south of Centralia. Rogers, who was said to be "past 80 years of age," was visiting his daughter near Paris at the time of the interview. He would have been under 23 years old at the time of the battle that took place 57 years earlier. Rogers related little about the battle that was not common knowledge, but stated that he helped gather bodies from the battlefield the following day and transported 45 of them to Centralia in three wagonloads. He also stated that muskets and accoutrements from the battlefield were gathered up and thrown in the "Big Round Hole" in the creek which ran through his family's farm.

J.F. Robinson

A reporter from the *Daily Mail* in Nevada, Missouri, interviewed Dr. J.F. Robinson, a former resident of the Centralia vicinity. The interview was published on April 28, 1897. Dr. Robinson was then superintendent of the Nevada Asylum, but had been raised on a farm said to be one mile south of Centralia. He described himself as a boy at the time of the battle in 1864. He related that two of the guerrillas, dressed in Federal uniforms, rode up to his parent's house during the morning of September 27 and ordered his mother to prepare breakfast. Threatening to burn the house if breakfast was not ready in one hour, they rode away, presumably back to their camp. Robinson's mother and sister delivered breakfast to the guerrillas' camp. When his father went there later to bring back the buckets used to transport the food, he met and spoke with Major Singleton. After breakfast, Robinson observed Anderson and his men riding by the farmhouse en route to Centralia. They returned about noon, and were soon followed by Johnson's men. The guerrilla decoys and Johnston's picket detail met "almost immediately in front of our house" and fired at each other without effect. Robinson related the stories of the massacre in town and the battle in the afternoon, but does not claim to have witnessed either event. He relates the dubious story of one of Johnston's men (Frank Barnes?) being spared after flashing a Masonic sign at his pursuers. He relates that three of the guerrillas were killed and the bodies of two were left lying at a house on the Singleton farm; the other was left on Fullenweider's front porch. Robinson also relates that one man who suffered a head wound was

[9] If the two lieutenants served in the same company, as stated by Benjamin, they may have been Lieutenants Gill and Jaynes (or Janes) of Company G, which was raised in Shelby County.

found to be alive on the field of battle the following day, and eventually recovered. On a final note, Robinson says that about a week after the battle, a man reported finding a dead man on the prairie. Robinson and Thomas Turner found the body to be that of a Union soldier, who they buried "on the spot" and marked the location of his head with his bayonet and his feet with his cartridge box.

M. ("Mat") F. Hicks

The account of M. ("Mat") F. Hicks was published in the *Centralia Fireside Guard* on September 12, 1924, and was republished in Rodemyre's (n.d.:60) history of Centralia. Hicks, a Centralia resident, was a boy of about 10 years old at the time of the massacre, which he witnessed. Hicks states that he saw the train arrive in town and the soldiers taken from it. He also observed the looting and riotous behavior of Anderson's men before the arrival of the train. Oddly, he claims that not all of the soldiers from the train were killed that day, though he makes no mention of Sergeant Goodman having been spared. He asserts that he saw two soldiers killed in or at the threshold of his family's house, and also observed one who ran into a blacksmith shop pursued by a guerrilla. The soldier exited through a side door, mounted the guerrilla's horse and escaped. This incident is not related by any other witness, and it is likely that Hicks, recalling that day nearly sixty years later, confused an incident during the rout of Captain Theis' Company H men in the town during the afternoon, with the massacre of the morning.

Hicks worked as a helper for the Hall family, whose daughter Eliza was bedridden with tuberculosis. He relates that two of the soldiers, whom he claims were from the train, sought refuge in the Hall house and were shot dead in the room where Eliza lay. The guerrillas who did this refused a request by Mr. Hall to remove the bodies from his daughter's sickroom. A short time later, the story goes, Bill Anderson rode up and asked Hall "what was the matter." Hall told him about the bodies, and Anderson allegedly dismounted and personally dragged the corpses out of the house. Again, if this actually happened, it probably occurred during the guerrillas' return to Centralia after the battle south of town.

Richard Cook

The same article that carried the interview with Hicks (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, September 12, 1924) also related information provided by Richard Cook, who was a schoolboy of about 10 years of age in 1864. On the day of the massacre and battle he was attending school at a place called Union, south of Centralia. Cook related that a wood hauler named Turner Sexton arrived at the school in a wagon at about 11:30 a.m. and warned the schoolteacher about the presence of the guerrillas in town and the murder of the soldiers from the train. School was dismissed after lunch and the children were sent home. Cook says that he heard sounds of the battle that afternoon. He visited the battlefield the next day and saw soldiers' bodies and dead horses lying around. Later Cook witnessed the dead bodies being hauled to the mass grave in Centralia.

Reverend Mr. Green

The *Centralia Fireside Guard* of December 10, 1915, carried an article about another child witness to the battle of Centralia, a man identified only as the "Rev. Mr. Green, of Cameron." Green grew up on his father's (James Green) farm near Centralia and during a visit there in December 1915 he was interviewed by a reporter. As a boy of nine years of age, Green was in the "Singleton" schoolhouse on September 27, 1864. He claimed that one of the guerrillas, who he thought was either Frank James or "Bill" Todd, rode up to the school and warned the teacher of the impending fight. The students dispersed to their homes, and young Green returned to his home a half mile from the school. The boy watched the battle and the pursuit toward Centralia from the bed of a farm wagon. Afterward, Green stated that Bill Anderson rode up to the farm and ordered his father to arrange for the burial of the three guerillas who were killed. Green claimed he had been in the guerrillas' camp when they returned from Centralia with loot from the visit to the town during the morning. However, he said that the looting party was commanded by Poole and one of the Todds rather than Anderson. After the battle Green claims to have visited the battlefield and collected marbles from the corpses, and he also cut crossbow strings from the hide of a dead mule. Elements of his story, particularly the naming of specific guerrillas, lack credibility, but it may be possible that he did watch the fight from his father's farmyard. His story was republished in *The Columbia Daily Times* on December 11, 1915, which also carried a rejoinder to Green's story by J.M. Jacks on December 15, 1915.

J.W. Daniel

In August 1924 J.W. Daniel of Mexico, Missouri, addressed a letter to the editor of the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, relating his experiences relative to the Centralia battle of September 27, 1864. The letter was published in the *Guard* on September 19, 1924. Daniel, who stated that he was 17 at the time of the battle, lived with his father on a farm about five miles east of Centralia, near the head of Skull Lick Creek, and about three miles northeast of the Singleton place. He claims that Major Johnston and about 200 mounted soldiers visited the farm during the day before the battle, looking for Anderson's men. After being informed by the senior Daniel that Anderson's men had not been seen by them, Johnston supposedly inquired if the farmer had any horses and sent two men to inspect the barn. They did not commandeer any horses but did take a saddle, which J.W. Daniel said was later found on the battlefield.

Daniel said that during the afternoon of the battle, he and his father observed two mounted guerrillas pursuing one of Johnston's men "around the north boundary of our farm." The riders entered the brush along Skull Lick Creek but were not observed to return. This could plausibly relate to one of the few soldiers who fled toward Paris rather than Sturgeon.

Daniel also related the experience of Drury Ragsdale, an acquaintance from Paris but who was in Centralia on business on the day of the battle. Ragsdale afterwards told the Daniel family that the Federals pressed him into service to guide them to the guerrilla camp, though why a non-local man like himself would be expected to know that location is not explained in the account. Ragsdale purported to be present at the battle but claimed to have saved himself by waving his hat and yelling "Citizen, citizen, citizen."

Daniel said that two days after the battle he was again in Centralia and observed the bloody bodies contained in the open mass grave.

W.L. ("Louis") Hulen

W.L. Hulen was a young man of about 14 or 15 years of age on September 27, 1864. His letter to the editor of the *Centralia Fireside Guard* was published on September 26, 1924. He grew up in the vicinity of Centralia and was in town on the day of Anderson's visit. He observed the boisterous behavior of the guerrillas in town that morning and saw the train arrive at about 11:00 a.m. He was witness to the slaughter of the soldiers, and he told a story similar to that related by Hicks, about two soldiers fleeing to Eliza Hall's sickroom and being killed there. He also said that a civilian wearing a soldier's uniform blouse was killed, and that the depot agent, William Rowland, was killed by a guerrilla who was guarding the depot.

W.W. Settle

In the *Centralia Fireside Guard* of January 9, 1925, W.W. Settle, who was a boy at the time of the Centralia battle, wrote a letter to the editor, in which he related a story about an encounter with Major Johnston the day before the battle:

Silex, Mo., 1-5, 1925

Mr. Editor:

I see in your paper that a Mr. Hulen has undertaken to write and give the details of the battle that was fought at Centralia in the year 1864, and on September 27th. I will say in regard to the number of Federal soldiers that Maj. Johnson had, there were 565 of them. I know this to be true. The night of September 25th, Anderson [sic] camped on my father's farm and the next morning we fed all of his men for breakfast. They broke camp about 12 o'clock and at about 3:00 o'clock Major Johnson came along with his troop. I was at the camp and he asked me the way Anderson went. I told him that he was going to Centralia and Johnson said he was going to Sturgeon and would head Anderson off. I asked him how many he had and he said "Five hundred and sixty-five (565)[.]*" I told Johnson if he met Anderson he would kill all of them, for they had two to three guns to a man.*

Now, this I know to be true. I was a boy of only 13 years old. I was the only boy at home then. I can picture Johnson now as he sat upon his black horse. I think it was the finest horse and the finest man on horse that I ever saw. He was a gentleman in looks and ways but he was not armed to fight a man like Anderson.

W.W. SETTLE.

The Hulen mentioned in this letter is not the Louis Hulen discussed above, but rather his brother, Harvey Hulen, an avocational historian who published articles about the Centralia massacre and battle in earlier issues of the *Centralia Fireside Guard*. As to the stated number of Johnston's

men, Settle may have misremembered the figure or, if this encounter happened at all, Johnston may have deliberately inflated the figure, knowing that pro-Southern sentiment ran high in that region of Missouri.

A.C. Boyd

In the *Centralia Fireside Guard* of December 5, 1924, A.C. Boyd, who was a boy of about 12 years of age when Anderson visited Centralia, offers an interesting story about the burning train. Boyd was herding cattle near the railroad track between Centralia and Sturgeon. He noticed that the train was late, and he watched for it. It finally showed up in the distance and gradually slowed and came to a stop near the James Bryson farm. The train was on fire and "burned to the rails." A small crowd, including what he said were some passengers who got off the train when it stopped, observed the burning cars. Boyd ran to a barn and returned with a pitchfork, with which he retrieved some pieces of china from the burning baggage car.

On September 29th, Boyd was again herding cattle on the prairie when he saw a capless soldier emerge from a cornfield. The soldier told him he was one of Johnston's men who were detailed to hold the horses. He explained that he rode away from the battle but was pursued. Just as a guerrilla fired at him his saddle girth broke and he fell to the ground. He feigned death for a time, then fled into a ditch. This sounds remarkably like the experience attributed to Isaac Novinger by Calvin Round.

Boyd's account concludes with a note about his meeting a Union veteran in Shelby County about 30 years after the battle. The man told him that he served under a Colonel Forbes at Macon during the war, and that Forbes ordered him to deliver a dispatch to Johnston before the battle. The dispatch read: "Bill Anderson is near Santa Fee [sic], going toward Boonville. Meet me at Renick tomorrow morning and we will try to intercept him." It is not clear when this dispatch was delivered to Johnston, as the account suggests that Johnston assembled his men and started his march after receiving the message. It is generally believed that Johnston left Paris and approached Centralia from the east (Castel and Goodrich 1998:88 note 2). However, there are suggestions in the historical record that Johnston approached Centralia from the northwest, from the vicinity of Sturgeon, which would be consistent with his being ordered to Renick, which is northwest of both Centralia and Sturgeon. The *Louisiana* (Missouri) *Weekly Journal of Commerce* for October 8, 1864, carried a story attributed to a wounded survivor of Johnston's command, who may have been Frank Barnes.[10] That man stated that Johnston's battalion was at Sturgeon when smoke was sighted in the direction of Centralia, probably from the burning train on the railroad track between Centralia and Sturgeon, which eventually drew the command to Centralia (see ibid. also). In addition, a notation in Frank Barnes' pension file indicates that the Company Morning Reports for the 39th Missouri Volunteers show that Captain Adam Theis and 21 men of his company were on detached service at Sturgeon on September 27, which must have

[10] A similar story of Johnston's men being at Sturgeon and seeing smoke in the direction of Centralia was published in the *Centralia Fireside Guard* on October 8, 1897. The source of the story was said to be a survivor of Johnston's command who was wounded three times but escaped the battle and was cared for in a nearby farmhouse. That man was probably Frank Barnes.

referred to the morning of the 27th, before they reached Centralia (Statement from Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., October 31, 1885, in Henry F. Barnes' pension file, NARA). Unfortunately, the original Company Morning Reports are not known to exist, and so this information cannot be corroborated.

The story goes on to state that the dispatch rider accompanied Johnston onto the field of battle, but rode away after Johnston ordered his men to dismount for the engagement with the guerrillas. He purportedly returned to Macon and reported Johnston's actions to Colonel Forbes, who is said to have cursed Johnston for being a fool. This story is not corroborated by any other testimony.

Reuben Russell

The *Centralia Fireside Guard* of July 9, 1915, carried a story about Reuben Russell, a resident of the Centralia vicinity who was in town during the morning of September 27 and witnessed the arrival of the train and the killings that followed. Russell said that he was robbed of money by the guerrillas, who made him hold some of their horses. He described in some detail the killing of the soldiers from the train, and stated that one man was singled out and spared (Sergeant Thomas Goodman), which is a detail seldom commented on by eyewitnesses to the massacre. Russell also said that two soldiers stripped off their uniforms while still on the train, but were caught before they could don civilian clothes.

Russell went on to relate that after the massacre he returned home, where later a single guerrilla rode up to his house and threatened to kill him, but settled for robbing him and his wife of $46 in cash. Russell's farm was south of Centralia and he claimed to have witnessed the battle with Johnston's troops in the afternoon, about which he furnished some details concerning the wounds inflicted on the soldiers. Russell helped gather up the bodies of the fallen men the next day.

W.F. Bassett

In one of his memoirs, ex-guerrilla Jim Cummins (1903:62-67) quotes a lengthy article from the *St. Joseph Argus* newspaper but does not state the date of the issue. In the article, W.F. Bassett, who was an employee of the United States Military Telegraph service during the Civil War, relates that he arrived at Centralia the day after the massacre and battle. He saw the mass grave, which he was told contained the bodies of 84 soldiers and one civilian (he erroneously assumed that they all had been passengers on the train). He related a lengthy description of the massacre and the battle, but as he was not an eyewitness to those events, his story is based wholly on hearsay, probably from Centralia residents.[11] He said that he received orders to remain in Centralia for a time to assist the telegrapher there.

[11] Cummins (1903:62) concluded with respect to Bassett's story that "some of it['s] true and some colored."

Mrs. J.H. Cupp

The *Centralia Fireside Guard* of July 16, 1915, carried another story about the aftermath of the Centralia massacre. The source of the story was Mrs. J.H. Cupp, who was the daughter of Thomas S. Sneed, a prominent Centralia citizen. Sneed ran the Boone House hotel, one of two hostelries in town. Mrs. Cupp related that her father had prepared to move to St. Louis in the wake of the terrible events that had taken place at Centralia. During the Saturday after September 27 (a Tuesday), according to her, a detachment of "Dutch" Union soldiers arrived from St. Charles and set fire to the Boone House, then left town on a train bound for St. Charles. En route the officer commanding the detachment learned that the fire had been extinguished, so he ordered the train to return to Centralia. The hotel was set afire a second time and the soldiers remained long enough to prevent citizens from putting out the fire until the hotel had burned to the ground. Then the soldiers departed a second time on the train. Ironically, one of the railroad cars pulled by the train was loaded with Sneed's possessions, which was detached onto a sidetrack at Mexico. Sneed's hotel was destroyed probably because he was viewed as a Southern sympathizer, which indeed many of Centralia's residents were said to be. Mrs. Cupp explained that her father wanted to move to St. Louis because he had been ordered to feed Union soldiers who passed through Centralia, which he could not afford to do.

Mary Gentry Clark Gordon

The Western Historical Manuscripts Collection at the University of Missouri-Columbia possesses a typescript of a letter written on October 7, 1864, by Mary Gentry Clark Gordon, a Columbia resident, to her sister. The letter conveys news of recent happenings in central Missouri, including mention of the guerrilla ambush of a military supply train at Goslin's Lane near Rocheport, the Centralia massacre and battle, and other events that followed. The description of the events at Centralia is based on hearsay and is accurate only in the broadest terms. Gordon does not claim to be an eyewitness or to have received information from any eyewitnesses.

Anonymous description

The Cyrus A. Peterson Battle of Pilot Knob Research Collection (Box 1, Folder 36) at the Missouri Historical Society at St. Louis contains a six-page handwritten document that describes the battle at Centralia in some detail. Its author is not identified, nor does the document's content suggest that the writer was a participant in the Centralia events. The description is fairly typical of other generalizations about what happened to Johnston's command that day, but a few details are of particular interest. For example, it states that Lieutenant Wray had been detached by Johnston with 25 men of Company H to scout to the north, and for that reason was not present at the battle. It also provides a lengthy, but not credible, account of Frank Barnes's experiences. Barnes is said to have been chased out of Centralia on horseback by a guerrilla. He was wounded in the shoulder and fell from his horse into a roadside ditch. The pursuer emptied his revolver at him, and then reloaded and fired three more shots at Barnes, wounding him seven times in all. The guerrilla finally relented and took Barnes, who was apparently ambulatory, to

Anderson. The guerrilla told Anderson that he couldn't kill this man and Anderson asked him "What's the reason you can't?", to which Barnes is supposed to have defiantly blurted out "because you haven't the bullet moulded that will kill me." After a brief flare-up of anger at this response, Anderson ordered Barnes to be turned over to George Todd. The document also relates the story of the guerrillas being marched past Barnes (at Todd's order) so he could count them (he is said to have counted 104 files of four, or 416 men in all).

The document states that one other soldier, a member of Co. G, escaped unharmed by dismounting and falling still at the crack of a shot fired at him, then feigning death for a time and hiding in a cornfield. Elements of this story echo the experience attributed by Calvin Round to Isaac Novinger, though Novinger was said to belong to Co. A.

Joe Lee Bomar

Probably the most dubious account of the Centralia events was written by a man who did not purport to witness them personally, but who claimed a family connection with the massacre. His story, published in three installments in *The Intelligencer*, Mexico, Missouri, in late 1921 and early 1922, is a patent fabrication based loosely on the historical record. Joe Lee Bomar was raised in the vicinity of Mexico and was the son of a Confederate veteran. The first installment (published on December 29, 1921) attempts to explain the reasons for Sterling Price's 1864 invasion of Missouri, and does not deal directly with Centralia. The second installment, published in the January 5, 1922, issue of *The Intelligencer*, begins the story of the Centralia massacre:

...The Federals, thinking that Mexico, Mo., a strong secessionist town, now in the hands of the Union forces, would be the next town to be attacked by Anderson, moved up a Union command from Fulton to Mexico to reinforce the Mexico garrison.

Sixteen men constituted the rear guard of this regiment during the march to Mexico. A farmhouse three and a half miles south of Mexico was entered by the rear guard and everything of value, wedding clothes, jewelry, bedclothing, silverware, pictures, my little dead brother's clothes, all provisions and several mules, two or three of which were shot and eaten, were stolen. And for what! Because the home was the property of a brave Confederate cavalryman, Alexander Bomar, fighting manfully for his home and state.

The next day Mrs. Bomar, on the advice of her father-in-law and Richard Byrnes, Sr., an uncle of her husband, both of whom were strong Union men, although slaveholders, went on foot to Mexico. To ride would have meant that she would have been dismounted by the militia and her horse would have been retained. Mrs. Bomar sought out the Federal provost-marshal and related the thievery committed at her home. The provost, being a good man, caused a search to be made and much of the stolen goods was found in the quarters and tents of the rearguardsmen, who were arrested, put abroad [sic] *the train and started west toward St. Joseph, Mo., for trial in military court for violation of the rules of so-called civilized warfare; that is, making war on women, children and non-combatants.*

Anderson heard of their coming and when the train reached Centralia, Mo., the track was found barricaded and the dreaded guerilla [sic] *command was drawn up on both sides of the depot with a black flag at its head.*

A detachment of Anderson's men boarded the train and took the sixteen thieves and their guards off and shot them to death. The negro engineer was shot, and a steel musket rod thrust down his mouth and through his body, running him to the cab seat.

The whistle of the locomotive was pulled wide open, coal oil was poured on the bullet-riddled coaches, they were set on fire, and with full steam on and the dead negro's hand at the throttle, the train was sent whirling, screeching and burning westward down the track to destruction. Its steam exhausted, the train burned down on the prairie. Yes, war is hell!
(To be continued)

The story of the massacre and the battle was concluded in the third installment, published on January 12, 1922:

The bodies of the robbers were then gathered up and sent to Mexico to be given a military funeral they so little deserved. Joe Morris and other Mexico citizens recognized Alexander Bomar's $125 broadcloth suit as a burial shroud on one of them. Turning the coat collar down they saw Bomar's name plainly worked in silk thread. In my father's wedding suit the thief sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking.

For the shooting of these men, who were a disgrace to the national flag, one impetuous, indiscreet, hotheaded major of a Union militia, Major Johnston of Ralls county, gathered together 360 men who were the most outlandish, bloodthirsty, desperate gang that could be selected from 10,000 Northwest Missouri militiamen, and swore vengeance [sic] *and destruction to Captain Anderson and his little band of braves. He threw away his country's flag, hoisted the black flag instead, and came hunting and breathing dire threats against Anderson.*

Captain Anderson eventually learned of Johnston, the boaster, and in turn became a hunter of him. Finally on a fateful day in September, 1864, Johnston and his command rode into Centralia, Mo., inquiring for and threatening Anderson. He was informed that Anderson had just come in from a foray and was camped along a small timbered branch just west of Young's Creek, one and a half or two miles southeast of Centralia, resting, feeding their horses and preparing dinner.

Johnston declared he would give them bullets to eat. Many Union men and women plead [sic] *with and advised Johnston and his men for their lives to steer clear of Anderson. They told of the desperate character of the old Quantrell command, now led by Anderson, one of the bravest and most desperate of men in existence with a following of 250 like himself. Johnston disregarded all pleadings and admonitions, cursed the enemy and urged them to come on.*

He had scarcely said this when every Anderson trooper swung into the saddle and formed in two lines of double intervals, bridle reins in their teeth, a deadly dragon [sic; i.e. dragoon] *sixshooter in each hand, horses at full speed.*

Jesse James, riding a splendid race mare, spurred a length ahead of the main line and sent a 45 caliber revolver ball straight between Johnston's eyes. Johnston leaped high in the air, throwing up his hands as though to catch hold of something, and fell back dead. The charge was an avalanche, revolvers cracking as fast as cylinders could revolve. Every man in both Johnston's lines was ridden down or shot down, many in the same way Johnston had been. At the last Anderson threw his columns into single file and galloping around, hanging on their saddles by one leg, swinging under the necks of their horses, circling in a dead run around the remainder of Johnston's command, they shot them down to the last man. It was worse than sheep driven to the slaughter. Poor fellows, they yelled, begged and shot rapidly enough but did not kill.

The sixty men who were holding the horses, seeing the fate being meted out to their comrades, disobeyed orders and took to headlong flight to Sturgeon and safety, six or eight miles west. Anderson dispatched Jim Younger, Frank James, Paul Dickson, Dick Maddox, and Jim Anderson in pursuit of the fleeing, panic-stricken fugitives. All were shot to death but two and hiding and superior speed is all that saved them.

Anderson had only four or five men wounded and one killed. Dick Kinney of Fayette, Mo., was thought to have been accidentally killed by his own men.

Such a combat stands unparalleled in the world's history. Of two picked commands under the black flag, both desperate both ready, in broad daylight one was annihilated and the other was practically unscratched...

A Confederate soldier named Alex Bomar served under Colonel Caleb Dorsey in 1864 and late in the war joined the forces of Sterling Price and J.O. Shelby, eventually accompanying Shelby to Mexico and returning to Missouri in 1866 (Hale 2003:26). Presumably Joe Lee Bomar was his son.

Archaeological Investigations

At the request of Greg Wolk of the Missouri's Civil War Heritage Foundation and Jack Chance of the Friends of Centralia Battlefield the authors undertook two episodes of archaeological inventory at the Centralia battlefield site, designated 23BO2397 in the Missouri State Archeological files with the town massacre site designated 23BO2397. The first field effort was conducted on March 10 and 11, 2006. Participants included the authors, Dick Darnell, Rick Langum, Sandy Wells, Dick Harmon, Walter Busch, Ron Warren, and Joe Tripp. The team was also visited by Dr. W. Raymond Wood, Professor Emeritus, University of Missouri. Approximately 24 acres of the Centralia battlefield were inventoried, as well as a narrow strip of land on the north side of the property owned by John Selby. Only a 15 meter wide transect was run on the edge of Mr. Selby's field due to the muddy conditions that prevailed at the time. Steve Dasovich along with Walter Busch, Ron Warren, and Joe Tripp worked the area southwest of Youngs Creek and south of the main fight site in an attempt to locate any southern campsite remains or other Civil War era features.

The inventory commenced at the west end of the traditional battle site. The metal detector team was aligned approximately 5 meters apart and worked the area in north and south oriented transects until they reach the east side of the property. The terraces bordering Youngs Creek were swept following the creek's contour. After the first search Walter Busch, Ron Warren, and Joe Tripp re-swept the eastern third of the property using Garrett metal detectors. Only two Civil War era artifacts were recovered during the initial investigation. The soil may have been too wet to allow for adequate metal detection coverage. Metal detectors function as electrical

Figure 7. The metal detector team working across the Centralia battlefield.

conductivity meters, and their capabilities are affected by the amount of moisture in the soil. Extremely heavy rains saturated the local soils, and appear to have foiled the metal detecting efforts to locate small non-ferrous objects by masking the electrical eddy currents generated by those objects.

The authors returned to the site on March 11, 2007 and metal detected the lower field area using a MineLab Explorer II metal detector, when soil moisture conditions were more ideal. The team was joined by Jack Chance, Mark Billings, and Jim Lee. Billings and Lee metal detected the area in a series of random sweeps. Eight artifacts were recovered on the terraced portion of the field on the hillside above Youngs Creek.

Battlefield Archeological Inventory Project Methods

In archeology it is not enough to know where artifacts are found, but also where artifacts are not found. A primary research goal of the Centralia Battlefield Archeological Inventory was to locate and define the limits of the battlefield. The first requirement, then, was to develop field procedures that are capable of examining the entire extent of the battlefield. Faced with examining an approximately 40 acre area, and assuming that most surviving artifacts of war are either metallic or associated with metal, metal detectors were employed as an inventory tool based on the success of the technique at Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument (Scott and Fox 1987; Scott et al. 1989). The use of metal detectors operated by knowledgeable people has overwhelmingly proven its value (Connor and Scott 1998; Espenshade et al. 2002) and is now a common tool employed in archeological investigations of battlefields and campsites.

Locational control was accomplished through the use of a Global Positioning System handheld unit and electronic data collector. Each item or location recorded on the data recorder was identified by unique UTM coordinates and a previously established identification code.

Inventory Phase

The inventory phase included three sequential operations: survey, recovery, and recording. During survey artifact finds were located and marked. The recovery crew followed and carefully uncovered subsurface finds, leaving them in place. The recording team then plotted individual artifact locations, assigned field specimen numbers, and collected the specimens.

Inventory operations were designed primarily to locate subsurface metallic items with the use of electronic metal detectors. Visual inspection of the surface was also carried out concurrently with the metal detector survey. Volunteer operators were provided with metal detectors or furnished their own machines. The brands of machines used included Fisher, Garrett, MineLab, Tesoro, and White metal detectors. Metal-detector operators were aligned at approximately 5 meter intervals. The operators walked transacts oriented to cardinal directions or, as necessary, oriented by topographic feature orientation. The daily composition of the detector crew ranged from five to eight operators. Detector operators proceeded in line, using a sweeping motion to examine the ground.

Artifact Recovery

The recovery crew excavated artifact locations marked by pin flags and left the artifacts in place for recording. This team consisted of excavators and metal-detector operators. The number of operators and excavators varied from day to day depending on the workload.

Hand tools, such as spades and trowels were used to expose subsurface artifacts. Excavators were assisted by metal detector operators to ensure in-place exposure. Detector operators provided pinpointing and depth information to the excavator, thereby allowing a careful and accurate approach to the artifact. After exposure the pin flag was left upright at the location to signal the recording crew.

Recording

The recording crew assigned field-specimen numbers, recorded artifact proveniences, and collected the specimens. Recorders backfilled artifact-location holes upon completion of recording duties. Artifacts were assigned sequential field-specimen numbers beginning at 001. Two numbers were assigned. during the initial inventory work and eight additional numbers (3-10) were assigned during the second inventory effort.

Metal Detected Artifacts – Description

FS1 – Jackknife. The specimen consists of the iron bolsters and integrated metal handles of a jackknife. The handle is approximately 3 ½ inches long. There is a small portion of the blade remaining in the open position. It cannot be determined if the blade was broken at the time of deposition or perhaps was damaged by agricultural activities. The metal handled jackknife or boy's knife was patented in 1862 by the Northfield Knife Company using malleable cast iron with rough exteriors that imitated buckhorn handles. These inexpensive knives became immediately popular and many manufacturers began making them. This style of jackknife was made throughout the second half of the 19th century (Levine 1989:174; Peterson 1956:134-137). The collected specimen cannot be precisely dated, but certainly dates to the 19th century and quite possibly to the Civil War era.

FS2 – Watering bit fragment. The piece consists of one ring and a portion of the bar of a Ringgold-type or bridoon watering bit. The ring is 1 ¾ inches in diameter and the remaining bar fragment is about 2 inches long. This watering bit is commonly known as the broken snaffle bit or bridoon bit. The snaffle bit was common in the 19th century and is still in wide use today, although later watering bits used larger ring diameters. FS2 is consistent in construction, style, and ring diameter of the 1844 Ringgold military watering bit (Knopp 2001:104, McPheeters and Dorsey 2000:16).

FS3 - .44-caliber spherical lead ball. The ball measures .436 inch in diameter and weighs 8.2 grams or 126.5 grains. It was fired from a rifled barrel although the land and groove rifling impressions are indistinct. There is a ramrod depression on one side consistent with a revolver ramrod such as those found on Colt, Remington and other Civil War era revolvers. There is slight impact flattening to the bullet.

FS4 - .44-caliber spherical lead ball. The ball measures .437 inch in diameter, but is impact deformed. It weighs 7.15 grams or 110.3 grains. It was fired from a rifled barrel although the land and groove rifling impressions are indistinct.

FS5 - .36-caliber spherical ball. The bullet is slightly impact deformed. It measures .356 inch in diameter and weighs 4.25 grams or 65.5 grains. The bullet was fired from a rifled bore, but the land and groove impressions are too indistinct to determine weapon type, although it was likely a revolver bullet given the caliber.

Figure 8. Two artifacts found during the first field investigation. Top is FS1, a mid-19th century metal jackknife handle and bottom is FS2, a fragment of Ringgold-type or bridoon watering bit.

Figure 9. Bullets and a rivet burr recovered from the Centralia battlefield, a. .44-caliber revolver ball (FS3), b. .44-caliber revolver ball deformed by impact (FS4), c. .36-caliber pistol ball (FS5), d. .31-caliber pistol ball (FS6), e. .36-caliber conical rifle or pistol bullet (FS7), f. copper rivet burr for equipment (FS10).

FS6 – .31-caliber spherical ball. The bullet is slightly deformed by impact, but has a clear ramrod impression on one side consistent with Civil War era revolvers. It was fired from a rifled bore. The land and groove impressions are indistinct, however they generally appear to be consistent with the Model 1849 Colt Pocket Revolver.

FS7 - .36-caliber conical ball. The bullet is conical in shape with smooth sides and a flat base. The base retains evidence of a sprue mark confirming this was a cast bullet. The bullet weighs 7.35 grams or 113.2 grains and is .364 inch in diameter. It has faint land and groove rifling marks, but they are indistinct in character. The bullet resembles a .36-caliber pistol bullet, but it is possible that it could be a Picket style bullet made for use in a country or privately owned rifle or pistol (Thomas 2003:17-24; 278-290; McKee and Mason 1995).

FS8 and FS9 – Pistol size percussion caps, modern. The ribbed sided pistol size copper percussion caps appeared to have a different patina than other clearly modern re-enactor percussion caps recovered at Centralia. However, under microscopic examination modern green waterproof sealant was observed on the interior of the cap bodies. These caps likely represent the 2005 or other re-enactor events held on the site.

FS10 – Copper rivet burr. The flat rivet burr or washer is copper and .418 inch in diameter with the rivet hole .149 inch in diameter. This type of rivet burr is consistent with those seen as fasteners and reinforcement on military equipment such as waist belts, cartridge boxes, and holsters as early as the 1850s. This burr size is commonly found on pistol and revolver holsters of the Civil War era (Dorsey 1984; Meadows 1987).

Figure 10. A re-enactor's pistol lost on the battlefield. The pistol is an Italian copy of a Colt revolver. It was collected but not mapped as it had no relevancy to the 1864 battle.

Previous Collector Work at Centralia

The earliest recorded account of relics being recovered from the Centralia battlefield is in Switzler's (1970:693) Boone County history. He recorded that "It was on the farm of Mr. Garrard where the battle of Centralia was fought. A gun-barrel, ramrod and some bayonets plowed up in the spring of 1882, and supposed to have belonged to the Federals, were presented to the writer by Mr. G, and are now in possession of the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis." Switzler (1970:441) also reported that James Garrard found a silver plated Colt revolver with the handles rotted away, but the chambers still loaded. Steve Dasovich contacted and visited the Missouri State Historical Society and found that their early donation records and artifacts are not clearly correlated. They do have a record of some Centralia battle artifacts being donated about 1882, and they do have a gun barrel and some bayonets, but the objects and the record cannot be unequivocally associated. Since that time other accounts of relic finds from the field are known. One such item is a Starr Navy revolver reportedly picked up by a local family within a few days after the battle, directly east of Centralia, and subsequently handed down to descendents with whom it remains today.

Figure 11. A .44-caliber Starr Navy revolver and holster picked up by a Centralia family a few days after the battle.

Jack Chance informed the authors that Mrs. Nina Johnson, who is a resident of a local nursing home, spent some of her youth on the battlefield property while her father was a tenant farmer. Scott interviewed her on March 27, 2007 at the nursing home. She recalled that she and her seven brothers and sisters resided on the property with her parents in the late 1920s and early 1930s, for approximately eight years. She and her siblings were responsible for plowing and cultivating various fields including the Centralia battle site. She recalled that her brothers

routinely searched the furrows of freshly plowed ground for Civil War bullets. She recalled they found many, but could not be specific as to number or type. Among the incidents of her girlhood on the property she also recalled that while passing through a belt of timber on Youngs Creek she and her siblings were frightened by hogs rooting in the timber.

Centralia resident Chris Edwards reported that he had repeatedly collected the traditional Centralia battlefield site, but had found little. He recalled that he found fewer than a dozen items including lead bullets. He recalled finding small caliber bullets, a jackknife, and a non-military tack buckle on the farm terraces above Youngs Creek. He also recalled finding several .58-caliber Minié balls in the Selby field north of the traditional Centralia site. Edwards stated that some recovered items were given to the Boone County Historical Society. Those items can no longer be found. He also donated five other finds to the Centralia Historical Society. These items were examined on March 26, 2007. The finds include a fragmented square iron harness buckle, a jackknife, and three bullets. One bullet is a .58-caliber Minié ball. It exhibits extensive tooth marks, likely from a pig or feral hog, over the entire surface. However the bullet is a typical three-ring hollow base Minié ball. The other two bullets are about .36-caliber. One is a spherical ball that exhibits moderate impact damage. The other .36-caliber bullet is conical and apparently smooth sided with a flat base. The bullet exhibits significant impact damage, but still retains partial land and groove rifling impressions that are consistent with a 7-left land and groove rifling system. This rifling configuration is consistent with a Colt Navy .36-caliber revolver.

Columbia resident Mark Billings reported he metal detected the site on several occasions. He recovered only three items. One is a .44-caliber spherical ball, and two are .58-caliber Minié balls. The .44-caliber ball was found on one of the terraces of the Centralia property. The two Minié balls were found on Mr. Selby's property to the north of the traditional battlefield. Mr. Billings recorded one of those finds with his GPS unit. That location is plotted on the GIS map.

The bullets were mounted in a frame at the time of viewing and the frame was not disassembled for detailed analysis. The .44-caliber spherical ball shows slight impact damage but no

Figure 12. Artifacts found by Chris Edwards on the Centralia battlefield, including an iron buckle, a pig chewed .58-caliber Minié ball, two .44-caliber pistol bullets, and a broken jackknife. The jackknife may post-date the battle.

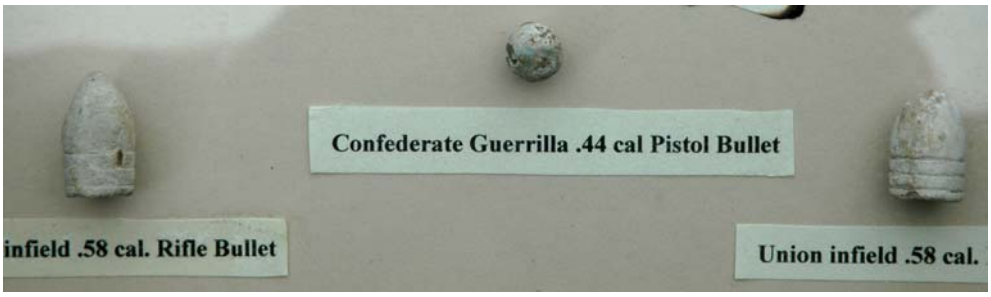


Figure 13. Artifacts collected by Mark Billings from the Centralia battlefield, including 2 .58-caliber Minié balls and a .44-caliber pistol ball.

observable rifling marks. This is consistent with the archaeological recovered bullets. The Minié balls are both typical three ring or cannelure hollow-based .58-caliber bullets. Both show slight impact damage, and both have partial wide land and groove marks consistent with a 3-right land and groove rifling characteristic.

The hollow base bullets with three cannelures from the two collections are identified as .58-caliber Minié balls (Thomas 1997:124-181). The Minié was developed by the U.S. Army in 1855 and became the standard conical bullet used by both Union and Confederate forces during the Civil War.

The .58-caliber conical bullet could also be fired in the British Enfield Pattern 53 rifled musket (Thomas 1997:8-10) which is a nominal .577-caliber. This is the weapon type with which Johnston's men were supposedly armed. The U.S. Army adopted the 3-wide land and groove rifling of the Enfield with the M1855 rifled musket. The land and groove dimensions between the two models are nearly identical, and cannot be used to differentiate between the two firearm types. The .58-caliber Minié balls found by Edwards and Billings are consistent with being fired from Enfield type rifled muskets, although they could have been fired from other types of rifled muskets as well since all had the same basic rifling characteristics.

Geomorphology of the Battlefield

The absence of large numbers of bullets and other battlefield finds from the archaeological investigations as well as those made by Messers Edwards and Billings begs the question as to why so few pieces of physical evidence have been recovered in recent years. This is especially so in contrast to Mrs. Johnson's statement that her brothers found bullets on the battle site in the 1920s and 1930s. While it is possible that the early twentieth century collecting efforts removed the majority of Civil War items, it is not likely given the previous success of modern data

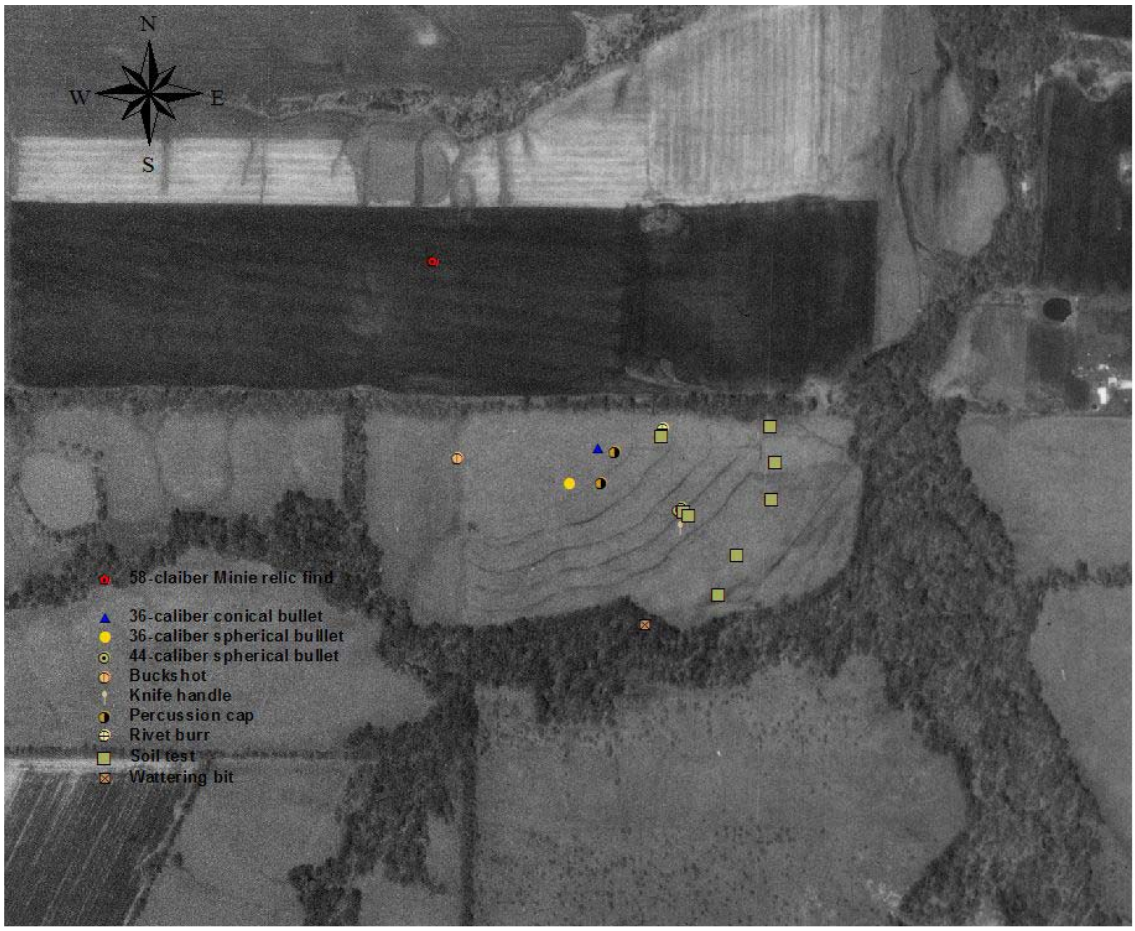


Figure 14. Plot of distribution of artifacts found on the Centralia battlefield and the location of the soil test pits.

recovery efforts on other collected battlefields that have a similar history. Given this perplexing absence of artifacts, the authors considered it appropriate to look at other scenarios that might have caused the artifacts to either be eroded away or buried beyond metal detection capabilities.

The soils of the battlefield site including its south and east facing slope and the floodplain of Youngs Creek were studied in an effort to determine if the site has been affected by farming practices and related soil movement over time. Erosion and colluvial deposition best describe the current soil regime of the Centralia Battlefield site. During the mid-1900s, the finger ridge's slope was terraced with the slopes of the berms measuring approximately 5 feet along from the front toe to the ridge, 3 feet from the back toe to the ridge, and a base of approximately five feet. How the berms were constructed remains unresolved. It is likely that the soils were pushed into berms from the top down. In this manner, one can slightly level out the slope while forming the berms. During 2006, the owners removed the berms to better show the natural terrain as it might have been during the battle.

However, before the berms were constructed, a significant amount of soil appears to have washed colluvially off the ridge top and slope. During 2006, Oakfield soil probe samples were placed across the floodplain near the base of the slope. These cores indicated two significant

changes to the soil profile since the field started being plowed. First, a wetland area was filled in during the mid-1900s. Second, a significant amount of soil has accumulated in the floodplain from both colluvial and alluvial activity.

During 2007, a small backhoe was utilized to excavate eight trenches along the ridge top, ridge slope, and floodplain to gain a better understanding of the soil stratigraphy, and how much soil had washed down the slope.

Trench 1 is located along the southern margin of the field, in an area that holds water after moderate rains. We excavated this trench precisely because of the wetter nature of the soils. An aerial photograph from 1956 shows evidence of past channels possibly from the flooding of the unnamed tributary of Youngs Creek that forms the south edge of the battlefield. Further, the aerial photograph shows a larger forested area along the north margin of the tributary. This tree line has gradually been diminishing due to the expansion of the agricultural field. The soil profile of this unit included an E horizon that is approximately 30 centimeters thick. This is unusually thick for an E horizon. However, it might be accounted for by the continuous colluvial and alluvial soil deposition from the high ground to the north and west and the flooding of the Youngs Creek valley. Top soil has been eroding from the high ground probably since the land was first broken. Sometime between 1939 and 1956 (probably closer to 1956 as indicated by the aerial photographs) the high ground was terraced due to this erosion.

While the colluvial deposition in the floodplain has slowed, alluvial deposition continues. Evidence of flooding that reaches at least two feet above current ground level is seen throughout the woods along the creek system. It is probable that at the time of the battle, this area was approximately 20 inches lower than it is today, and held water at each rainfall. Gleyed soils are not present in this unit (at least down to 30 inches), but water seeps between 12 and 16 inches, actively leaching the soil. Therefore, as the nutrients in the soil became depleted, new soil was being deposited, and in turn, leached as well. This may account for the thickness of the Ae horizon. Locating artifacts from the battle in this area of the field would therefore be problematic as they are likely at least 20 inches deep.

Trench 2 is located to the northeast of Trench 1 on a possible terrace (T2) remnant. We chose this location because it was on a higher spot in the floodplain. This soil profile showed a progression that starts with an Ap horizon. The trench depth was 20 inches and excavation was terminated at this depth because a regular progression of soil horizons existed in this location, and further excavation would have been well below the battlefield artifact bearing level. The plowzone is considered to be the artifact level in this trench, and it ended at approximately 10 inches below surface.

Trench 3 is located in a small swale between two low finger ridges that are probably remnants of the same terrace where Trench 2 is located. This swale is still being filled in by the colluvial soils from the high ground surrounding it. The bottom of the A-horizon is clearly visible below the plowzone and extends approximately six inches deeper. This presents a problem in locating battlefield artifacts as they would be approximately 15-20 inches below the surface in this swale.

Trench 4 is located on another low finger ridge similar to Trench 2. This soil profile is similar to Trench 2, but shows more erosion. The plowzone appears to cut into the B-horizon, and the C-horizon is shallow here at approximately 40 inches below surface.

Trench 5 is located against the northern fence line where significant numbers of trees still exist, and where the surface is approximately as low as the area around Trench 1. This fence line appears to run along a more recent drainage that is not deeply cut, but nonetheless carries rain runoff. The plowzone is shallow in this trench (approximately five inches), and the A-horizon is clearly visible for another seven inches. Starting at 20 inches below surface, gleyed soils are present and continue through the bottom of the trench at 27 inches. This area was probably also quite wet at the time of the battle.

Trench 6 is the first of three trenches located on the high ground of the battlefield. This trench is located along the northern edge of the battlefield property. Erosion is obvious in the stratigraphic column. The plowzone appears to cut directly into the B-horizon. Battle artifacts would be near the surface in this area.

Trenches 7 and 8 were placed to interpret the terracing of the high ground. Trench 7 is located on the upslope side of a terrace berm, and Trench 8 is immediately on the down-slope side of the same terrace berm. It appears that the terrace berms were pushed from the upslope side down. Trench 7 shows the C-horizon starting approximately 11 inches below the surface. None of the other trenches or oakfield probes exhibits the C-horizon so close to the surface. The C-horizon being so close to the surface is strong evidence for severe erosion along the slope of the high ground.

The area of Trench 8 appears to have been the recipient of some of the pushed soils because a remnant of an A-horizon is visible below the plowzone. However, this A-horizon may have developed since the terracing. Locating artifacts adjacent to the down-slope side of any berm would be problematic because of this extra covering of soil.

The battlefield park property is characterized by erosion on the high ground and down the slopes. This colluvial action has added soils to the base of the slope and in the floodplain. In conjunction to the colluvial deposition, alluvial sediments have been actively accreting in the valley due to the flooding of Youngs Creek and its tributaries. The effect on the archaeological evidence of the battle is that the artifacts on the uplands and slope are most likely close enough to the surface to be detected by most metal detectors if they have not been washed down slope due to the soil erosion. In the flood plain, most artifacts are likely to be buried beyond the reach of most detectors assuming an average depth of detection of approximately eight inches. Certain areas of the base of the slope could have artifacts near the surface as evidenced by trenches 2 and 4. Finally, areas in the bed of Youngs Creek may exhibit artifacts in the profile of the creek or in the creek bottom due to the moving and cutting of the creek over the years.

The Battlefield Reconstructed

A critical question for any attempt to analyze archeological evidence of the battle of Centralia is to understand how Johnston's men were deployed on the battlefield, which would presumably influence the distribution of artifacts to be found.

The number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and enlisted men in Johnston's command is not known with certainty, but most estimates range from 147 to 155.[12] It appears that five officers were present on the battlefield. In addition to Major Johnston (killed), these included Captain James A. Smith, Company A (killed); 1st Lieutenant Thomas Jaynes (or Janes) and 2nd Lieutenant Josiah Gill of Company G (both survived); and 2nd Lieutenant Robert Moore of Company A (survived). In addition, Captain Adam Theis and Lieutenant John E. Stafford, both of Company H, were left in Centralia with a detachment of Company H men.

Switzler (1970:453) states that the enlisted men of the command totaled 147 men. Though three companies were represented, they were understrength, as the men who had no mounts were sent back to Paris the evening before the battle. At least a couple of wagons were also said to have accompanied the column, as well as a prisoner (Switzler 1970:453). It can probably be presumed that the two teamsters and the prisoner did not take part in the fighting and were left in Centralia with Captain Theis and some of the Company H men.

Switzler (1970:463-464) lists the non-commissioned officers killed, either on the field, in Centralia, or on the retreat to Centralia and Sturgeon:

Company A: 4 sergeants and 4 corporals;

Company G: 4 sergeants and 6 corporals;

Company H: 1 sergeant.

The privates killed include (ibid.):

Company A: 47;

Company G: 41;

Company H: 14.

The number of Company H men left in Centralia is variously said to be from 25 (several of the guerrillas' accounts) to 35 (Switzler 1970:455-456) or 40 (Calvin Round account in *Times-Democrat* [Macon, Missouri], November 5, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 20, 1982; see also anonymous account attributed to Frank Barnes in the *Louisiana* [Missouri] *Weekly Journal of Commerce*, October 8, 1864).

[12] Jack Chance's research also suggests 155 men with 35 left in Centralia, 123 killed, and perhaps 32 survivors.

Of the men actually present with Johnston on the field of battle, some were detailed to hold horses after the command was ordered to dismount. Edwin H. Smith, a horse holder from Company H who escaped to Sturgeon, stated after the war that each horse holder held three riderless mounts—(see *National Tribune*, February 16, 1922). This would have amounted to one-fourth of Johnston's command in the field (one of every four men), less the officers, who may have remained mounted. Remarks by former guerrillas present at the battle indicate concurrence with Smith's statement (see the John McCorkle and W.C. Todd accounts), as does Calvin Round's statement in the *Times-Democrat* (Macon, Missouri), November 12, 1903 (reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 27, 1982). Thomas Goodman, who witnessed the battle close-up as a prisoner of Anderson, stated the number of horse holders as 25.

It is generally agreed that Johnston ordered his men to dismount and form a line of battle. In his casual reminiscence, Frank James (*Columbia Missouri Herald*, September 24, 1897) simply refers to "the Yankee line" but does not furnish a detailed description of the Union formation:

Yonder on the rise near the hay-rick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, towards Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses...The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly a half mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight...Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up when they fired their first and only time. They nearly all fired over our heads...Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line.

James was speaking from memory diluted by the passage of more than 30 years. A Union witness to the battle, Thomas Goodman, who observed it as a prisoner held in the rear of Anderson's position, also described the Union formation as a "line" in his account published only four years after the event (Goodman 1868:33-35; 1960:32-33):

*As we cleared the top of the hill, and passed through a narrow belt of scattered timber, the federal line burst upon our sight...the guerrillas dashed forward at the full run upon the little line of dismounted federals in the field...I was not astonished to witness one volley fired, and too hastily fired, by the federals...They were surrounded before they could have possibly found time to reload their emptied pieces...At the beginning of the battle, or rather before the guerrillas had made their appearance on the left flank, a detachment of twenty-five of Johnson's men, mounted, sat holding the horses of the balance of their comrades who formed the line of battl*e.

In addition to James, at least four other bushwhackers who were at Centralia commented on the battle after the war. John McCorkle (Barton 1992:164-165), a member of George Todd's band, relates a briefer description of a similar action:

When we dismounted [to tighten saddle girths, recap pistols, etc.], *the Federals yelled, `They are dismounting; they are going to fight us afoot.' Johnson then gave the command for his men to dismount and every fourth man to hold horses...We sprang into our saddles and started after them...They fired one volley and then, becoming utterly demoralized, stampeded in all directions...*

Another bushwhacker, W.C. Todd (n.d.:[10]), offered the following account:

When about three miles from town Johnson ordered three-fourths of his men to dismount, leaving every fourth man to hold horses, as is customary with mounted infantry. Why he dismounted his men when he did, we never knew, for he could see only Capt. Geo. Todd and Thrailkill with ten men. Forward they came on foot about one-fourth of a mile, Major Johnson riding in advance of the line with a large dragoon pistol in his hand. It is said that he called out to Capt. Todd: `You damned cowards, wait for us.'...We drew our reins and bounded forward, and as we came within range of their guns, we raised the `rebel yell'. When within about eighty yards of their line, they poured into us a heavy volley, firing almost simultaneously, killing three of our men and wounding three others. We reserved our fire until within forty yards; then all at once it seemed that all along the front of our column was a solid sheet of flame. On passing through the dense smoke, the scene that met our eyes beggars description. Fifty-seven (as was ascertained afterward) had fallen and the remainder were in wild disorder.

In his memoir, Hamp B. Watts (1996:20-21; 2004:25), another guerrilla participant, scarcely mentions the battle:

Johnson...marched forth to do battle. Not knowing or realizing the valor and intrepidity of his foe, he marched himself and men into the very jaws of hell, shook the hand of death, and bid him `Welcome!

The final guerrilla account is by Jim Cummins (1903:79-80) who published this description in his first memoir:

Major Johnson came out [from Centralia]*, dismounted his men within 400 yards of our forces, and forming his men in double line of battle in a hollow, commenced advancing toward us. As he reached the brow of the hill Bill Anderson and Bill Stewart rode around to the left of our command...This death-dealing was of short duration, not lasting over twenty minutes. The fighting was hand-to-hand, the slaughter most fearful to behold.*

In his second memoir, Cummins (1908:33) related that Johnston formed his men "in line of battle four deep."

One of the Union survivors of the battle line, Calvin Round, in 1903 (*Times-Democrat*, Macon, Missouri, November 5, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 20, 1982) related that Company A was positioned on the right of the line, Company G in the center, and the Company H men who were not left in town occupied the left of the line. He also stated that Johnston ordered the men to dismount before a mounted picket detail under Lieutenant Moore returned to the main body (*Times-Democrat*, Macon, Missouri, November 12, 1903, reprinted in the *Centralia Fireside Guard*, October 27, 1982).

Archaeological and Collector Physical Evidence of Deployment and the Battle

Assuming Major Johnston followed the guerrillas with approximately 110 men (relying on Calvin Round's account), and leaving about 40 in Centralia, then his deployment in line of battle would leave 82 men to fight as a gross deployment with 28 horse holders in the rear. Round's account indicates one officer and 18 men moved forward in skirmish order in front of the main battle line. Skirmishers, according to tactical manuals of the era (Casey 1862; Hardee 1862; McWhiney and Jamieson 1982) generally spaced themselves approximately 5 paces apart. Assuming a pace is 28 inches then this means the skirmish line was about 68 yards (204 feet) long. This spacing is consistent with a recent experiment conducted by one author (Dasovich) at the 2007 Battle of Fort Davidson reenactment. A unit of 30 re-enactors was deployed in open skirmish order where they required 133 yards for the effort. Eighteen skirmishers is equal to 60% of the 30 men used in the re-enactment, and the postulated 68 yards for 18 men is 52% of the 133 yards required by the re-enactment. These numbers are consistent when variability of individual paces is factored in, as well as the differences in terrain present in each situation.

With 18 men acting as skirmishers then Johnston had 64 men to deploy including himself, before recalling the skirmishers. Tactical proscriptions for a line of battle during the Civil War call for the men to be placed elbow to elbow (Casey 1862; Hardee 1862; McWhiney and Jameison 1982) with captains on the right of each company or if they are not present then the appropriate senior lieutenant or sergeant. Corporals and privates would be in the line and lieutenants and sergeants would act as file closers and were likely two paces or about five feet behind the line. Battle lines depending on the number of troops available for deployment could be single or double ranks. If Johnston deployed his roughly 79 men (including the returned skirmishers but less the officers) in a single line, assuming that minimally two officers acted as file closers and the major, acting as overall commander, would ideally have placed himself 30 paces or about 70 feet behind the line, then the Union line would have covered about 52 yards (158 feet). Another option would have been to move to a more open order, not uncommon by 1864 after the full understanding of how deadly rifled musket fire could be on a line of densely packed men was clearly grasped (Griffith 1986; 1987). Assuming the open order option spacing of one pace between men then a single line would have been 114 yards (342 feet) long, and a two pace spacing would have resulted in a line 175 yards (526 feet) long. A double line of battle would have reduced the line lengths by approximately half the single line distances. The second line, according to manuals of the day, was placed 13 inches behind the first line. Finally the horse holders would position themselves in the rear and in a relatively protected position or the best cover that could be obtained. Given the size of a horse, and even if assuming they all stood shoulder to shoulder, the line of horses and mules would be expected to have covered between 100 and 200 yards of ground.

A review of the traditional site of the Centralia battle and the distribution of the archaeological artifacts and relic finds indicates the Union line came from the west or northwest across the higher ground to near the crest of the rise above Youngs Creek. The men may have dismounted somewhere to the north or on the west side of the current Centralia property, then formed in line

of battle while the skirmishers moved forward toward the ambush that awaited them at Youngs Creek.

As Johnston's Missouri Volunteers moved toward the guerrillas visible in front of the timber along the creek, the bulk of the partisans were hidden in the timber and brush that lined the creek and an eastward flowing intermittent tributary. Only one artifact that can be confidently dated to the Civil War era, a watering bit, was found along the tributary creek bank. Youngs creek and its tributary branch form a rough L-shape and have been inundated by periodic flooding causing erosion as well as soil deposition over the years. It is not surprising more was not found in this area, but the item that was found is consistent in type and location for being lost by one of the guerrillas hiding in the timber and awaiting the signal to attack the approaching Union line. When they did attack it was as a mass of about 400 to 450 men, swarming out of the timber on two-sides of the Union line, a classic L-shaped ambush, which not only outnumbered and outgunned Johnston's Missourians, but overwhelmed them with surprise and its sheer intensity of the assault.

The revolver bullets recovered archaeologically as well as the relic finds brought to our attention, and presumptively fired by the guerrillas, testify to the fire poured into the Union line by them. These small-caliber revolver bullets ranged in size from .31-caliber, and .36-caliber, to .44-caliber, all consistent with the variety of pistols with which the guerrillas were purportedly armed. The revolver bullets were all recovered on the lower sloping ground above and just west of Youngs Creek, but not on the first terrace, all consistent with an attack from the east and south. Rifled musket Minié balls were reportedly found there as well as on the higher ground to the west and north. The artifact distribution covers a linear expanse of about 200 yards for revolver bullets. The distribution of the rifled musket rounds appears more random, which might be expected if their deposition to the north and west is viewed as the results of defensive shots fired by the horse holders and other Union survivors as they fled the mayhem of the guerrilla assault or offensive shots by the guerrillas as they took up discarded rifled muskets and turned them against the men of Johnston's command.

Although few in number, the artifacts are consistent in type and variety with the known and presumed arms of both combatant groups. The recovered artifact and relic distribution on the field is also consistent with the story of the ambush by revolver-wielding guerrillas rushing out of Youngs Creek and its tributary, charging upon the surprised Union line that quickly devolved into a scattered mob. The disintegration of the command may have resulted from the early death of Major Johnston and one of the company commanders, the lack of time to reload their rifled muskets, and the overwhelming mass of guerrillas pouring fire into the Union line. With the loss of command and control the men lost tactical cohesion as a fighting unit. The loss of command and tactical cohesion sent the men into panic, where they became easy prey for the guerrillas who extended no mercy as they finished off those on foot, and pursued the few survivors back to Centralia and beyond almost to Sturgeon.

Terrain Analysis

Given the paucity of artifact data, no matter how consistent with the historical accounts, it seemed appropriate to reassess the documentary and oral history resources from a different

angle. The approach chosen is viewshed analysis that employs the power of Geographic Information System computer-based programs. In military parlance this is known as terrain analysis or weapons fan analysis. Cumulative viewshed analysis is simply a means to identify those parts of a landscape that are visible from a given set of points (Wheatley and Gillings 2002). The term "viewshed" means those areas that can be seen by a person from a given point on defined landscape.

Viewshed analyses, when calculated on the computer are facilitated by files known as digital elevation models (DEMs). A standard DEM is essentially the same as a digital image, a matrix of cells containing a given color value, with the important exception that a DEM, instead of storing color information, stores elevation data. For this analysis, each cell or pixel within the DEM represents the elevation of a square plot of land, in this case 10 meters (33 feet). The elevation data may then be used by the computer to calculate viewsheds from any point or set of points on the landscape.

When calculating a viewshed from a given point, the computer simply tests each cell in the raster to see if a straight line can be interpolated from the cell to the designated point without being obscured by another cell. If a cell representing a higher elevation value lies between the point and the cell being tested, then that cell being tested is considered invisible from the selected point. However, if no such intervening value is present, then the cell being tested is within the viewshed of the selected point. Each of the viewsheds calculated for this exercise used the available DEMs. These data do not project undergrowth, trees, or other vegetation that may have been present. The calculations simply show what can be seen from a certain spot at a certain point above the ground for a certain distance without taking into account vegetation patterns. However, they do provide another means of independently cross-checking the physical evidence find locations and interpretations. These then can be correlated with the historic record as an additional validation tool.

The first terrain model was constructed to see what the guerrillas could see of the approach and deployment of Major Johnston's command and vice versa. From either point of view, regardless of vegetation, both the Union and guerrilla forces had an excellent and clear view of the traditional field of battle as well as the field immediately north of the site, for about one-quarter mile. The dense timber growth along Youngs Creek and its tributary would have impeded views to the east and south.

A second terrain model was developed on the basis that Dr. T. S. Sneed reported that he and Lt. Stafford stood in the attic of Sneed's hotel (probably located near the railroad station) and saw the smoke of the battle and observed men on horseback moving in the direction of the town (Rodemyre n.d.:38). Assuming the hotel or building was near the railroad station, that it was two stories, and the men were about 33 feet (10 meters) above ground surface, a viewshed was constructed using a viewing range of 17,500 feet (5000 meters). The higher portion of the

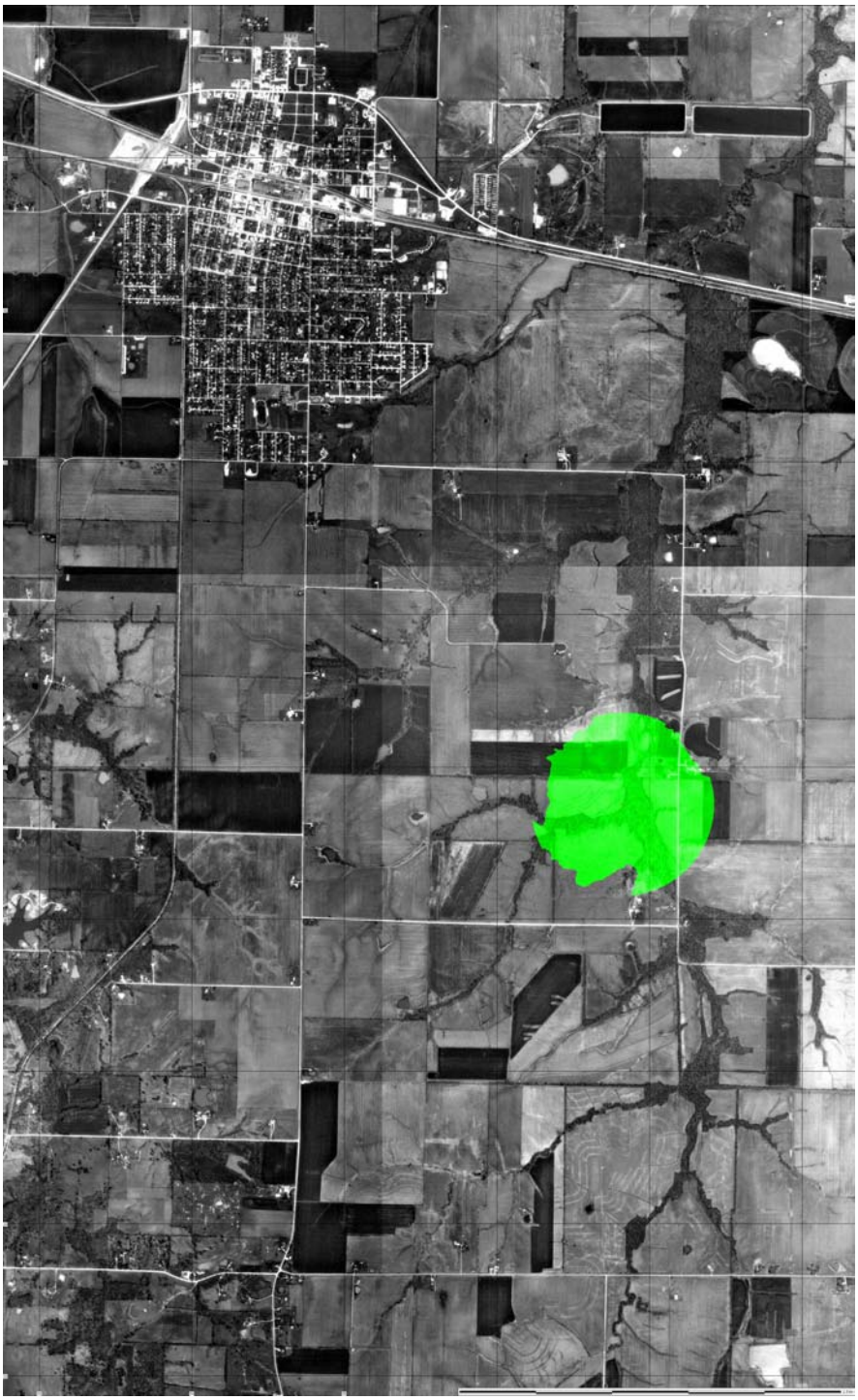


Figure 15. The terrain view the guerrillas' had from their ambush location on Youngs Creek for a distance of over 600 yards. Vegetation is discounted in this viewshed reconstruction.

traditional site, that on the west side, and the field to the north (the probable location of the horse holders), can be seen from that elevation, but not the lower sloping ground or Youngs Creek (the postulated site of the battle). The report of Sneed and an officer observing smoke and horsemen moving toward town is indeed possible. The terrain analysis at least adds credence to the account

and demonstrates that the artifact find area is consistent with all available documentary and GIS based modeling efforts.

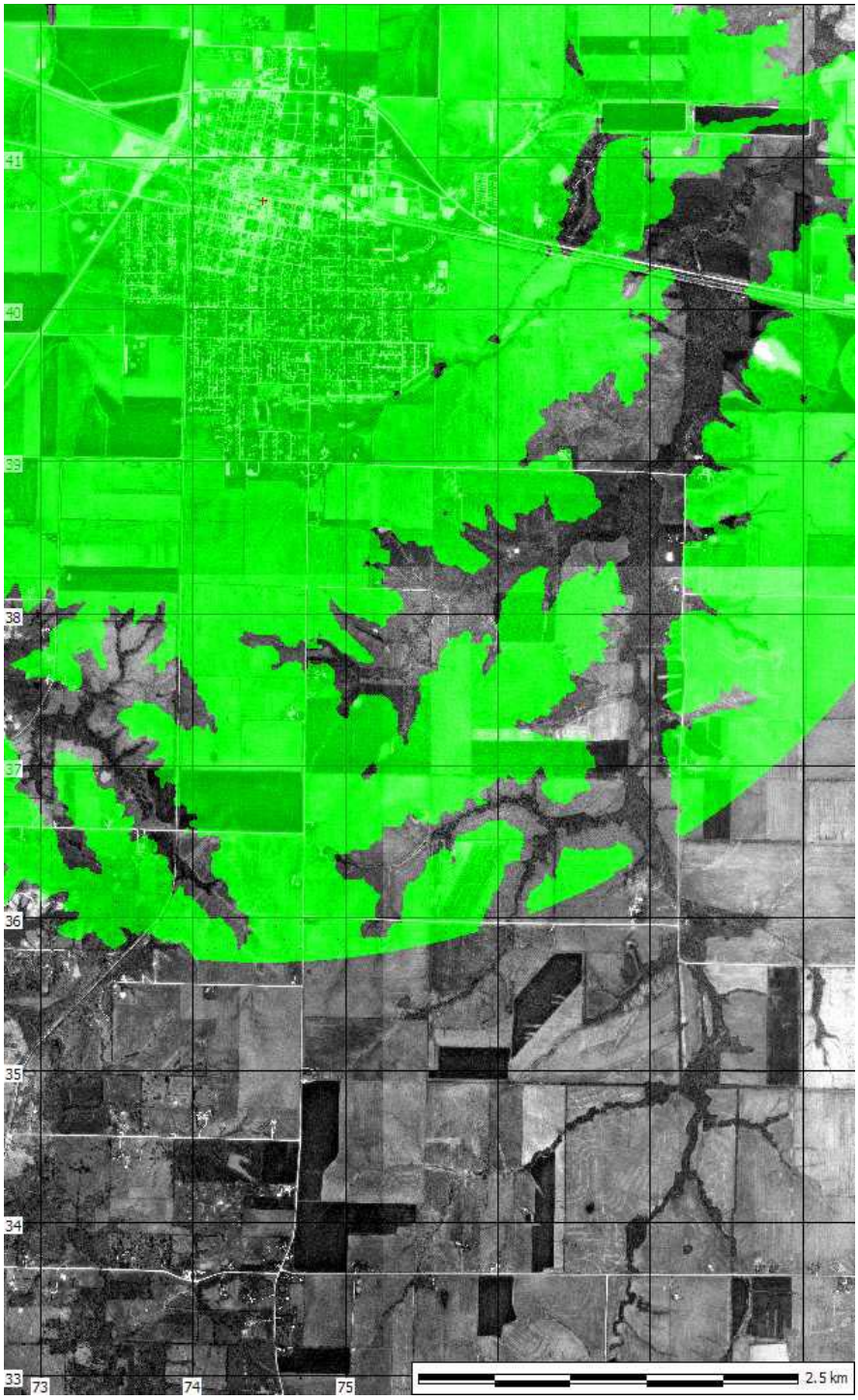


Figure 16. The viewshed of the terrain from the approximated site of Sneed's hotel roof. The viewers could have seen over 5000 yards, vegetation discounted, and it would have been possible to see the north and west sides of the battlefield as well as smoke arising from the gunfire as reported by eyewitnesses.

"Shot Down without Mercy"[13]

In the 21st century the words massacre, war crimes, and crimes against humanity are often seen or heard in various media reports detailing far-flung and apparent indiscriminate killings of soldiers and civilians in strife-ridden places around the world. Despite media hyperbole these terms have modern and very real legal definitions that apply in international courts of law. These are systemic crimes in that they seldom involve individuals; rather they reflect groups of people violated in a systemic manner. Crimes against humanity consist of widespread attacks against civilian populations, including murder, rape, torture, deportation, imprisonment and other inhumane acts that intentionally cause great suffering or serious injury (physical or mental). War crimes are serious violations of international humanitarian law; in modern terms these involve the use of poison gas or biological agents, ill treatment of civilian population and prisoners of war in violation of international law, and weapons outlawed by treaties, etc. (Connor 2005:19-29; Reisman and Antoniou 1994; Ratner and Abrams 2001; Robertson 1999; Schabas 2000).

Applying these definitions to the Centralia massacre and battle, based on the documentary evidence, is an interesting exercise, but one that must be carefully executed given that the terms and definitions are 20th century in origin. However, there were rules of war that existed during the Civil War as well. President Abraham Lincoln signed and authorized War Department General Order 100 in April 1863 developed by Francis Lieber, a German-born scholar. General Order 100, also known as Lieber's Code, specified the laws of warfare and required Union soldiers to honor those laws. The order was a remarkable document for its time and was one of the first of its type in the history of the world. European governments embraced the concepts laid out in the work, and over the next several years the order became the foundation upon which were eventually built the Geneva Conventions on the laws of war (Birtle 2003; Veggeberg 1999).

General Order 100 effectively governed the conduct of soldiers toward their enemy and the civilian population for the remainder of the Civil War. The rules governing conduct toward enemies, prisoners of war, partisans, and civilians are clearly laid out in the document, and while generally embraced and put into practice in the eastern theater, Union commanders and troops in the Trans-Mississippi West, who were forced to deal with an enemy practicing unconventional warfare and frustrated by its unrelenting and brutal nature, appear to have rationalized some components to fit their particular situation. Thus General Order 100 was not enthusiastically embraced in the west, nor universally or even-handedly implemented (Veggeberg 1999).

Nevertheless, General Order 100 was military law by the time Centralia occurred. In essence it requires that troops do not destroy or take civilian property or harm civilians even if they are sympathetic to the enemy, disclaims cruelty or bad faith toward an armed enemy, requires prisoners of war be treated fairly, and disallows torture (Veggeberg 1999:145-161). The order also spells out that there are times when no quarter can be given and none expected, but Section III, part 61 states in that regard; "Troops that give no quarter have no right to kill enemies already disabled on the ground, or prisoners captured by other troops," and in part 71 states that

[13] Quoted from Calvin Round account, *Times-Democrat* (Macon, Missouri), November 19, 1903

those who kill or inflict wounds on a disabled enemy or a prisoner of war shall, if duly convicted, suffer death (Veggeberg 1999:152-153). Section IV of the order deals specifically with partisans and armed enemies not belonging to the enemy's forces. Partisans are defined as soldiers armed and wearing the uniform of their army, or appropriate marks to delineate them from civilians; and if detached from the main body are entitled to be treated as enemy combatants and treated according to the rules of war (Birtle 2003; Veggeberg 1999:154). However, those not part of an organized army or without formal commission (authorization) can be treated as pirates or highway robbers and summarily dealt with. The component dealing with partisans, was, in effect, a codification of Lieber's earlier work on the laws of war applied to guerrillas, which General Henry Halleck had made policy in the fall of 1862 (Birtle 2003;Veggeberg 1999:15). Although the Confederate Government did not implement a similar order, it was well aware of General Order 100 and even employed it during debates over the practice of parole and exchange of prisoners (Veggeberg 1999:23-25).

Applying the rules of war, found in the historic context of General Order 100, and its modern counterparts to the Centralia events, it is clear that the morning affair in Centralia, when the unarmed Union soldiers were removed from the train and summarily executed by Todd, was a massacre. Wilhelm's (1881:310) *Military Dictionary and Gazetteer* states that a massacre is "the killing of human beings by indiscriminate slaughter, murder of numbers with cruelty or atrocity, or contrary to the usages of civilized people; cold-blooded destruction of life; butchery; carnage." Whether by 19th or 20th century standards the morning affair unequivocally qualifies as a war crime and a massacre by definition.

The Centralia battle that played out on Youngs Creek between Johnston's command and the Confederate guerrillas generates differences of opinion as to whether this was a legitimate battle of giving no quarter and accepting none, or, in modern parlance, a war crime. Among the contemporary and survivor accounts of the fight, from both sides, there is little disagreement that the affair was very one-sided, with the guerrillas outnumbering, outgunning, and overwhelming Johnston's command on the field after the battle was engaged. Neither group expected to give or receive quarter, which was perfectly acceptable under the prevailing laws and rules of war then in practice. Among the descriptive accounts there is general agreement that the Union soldiers were shot down without mercy by the revolver-wielding guerrillas. A Union survivor from the battlefield itself was John R. Cummings who related in his application for pension how he came to be wounded; "He further declares that he is disabled in the following manner, to wit: That on the 27th day of Sept 1864, he, with his company were Surrounded at Centralia Mo. by the enemy under command of the guerrilla W. Anderson, that after surrender he with others were fired upon and he was left for dead upon the field, having been Shot through the body, the ball entering the right breast passing through the lung and passing out near the backbone, that he has coughed up at different times during violent fits of coughing, fifteen pieces of bone varying in size from small specula, to pieces an inch in length. The pain and suffering is such at times to almost produce total strangulation" (Pension Certificate 75,619, Handwritten Declaration for Increase of Invalid Pension, dated 13 May 1871, Pension files, National Archives and Records Administration). Thus Cummings supplies a first-hand statement that the guerrillas captured some of Johnston's command, but summarily executed them on the field of battle. The act of killing most of Johnston's command does not in itself constitute a war crime, but the documented execution of prisoners is the more telling in this case.

Account after account states that many of Johnston's men were shot in the head. At least some attribute this to the incredible marksmanship of the guerrillas. The earliest accounts are often hearsay and speculative such as these quotes from the *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, Missouri, September 30, 1864 portray:

It is supposed that Major Johnson and Captain Baxter [sic Smith] *are among the slain, not all having been brought in at the time of writing. Two were scalped, all were more or less mangled, having been repeatedly shot after they were dead. Some surrendered, being promised safety upon that condition, but were instantly shot after laying down their arms*.

And the *Daily Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1864:

Major Johnson was completely overwhelmed and himself and command subjected to the most shocking barbarity that ever blackened the page of history. Major Johnson was murdered and scalped. One hundred and thirty of his men shared his fate, most of them were shot through the head, then scalped, bayonets thrust through them, torn off and thrust into the mouths of the dying.

The same pro-Union sentiments are seen in the *Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1864 account:

Major Johnson lost of his command at least one hundred and thirty men killed and some four or five wounded. Those do not include the twenty-three soldiers taken from the cars and killed yesterday morning. Major Johnson himself was killed, also Capt. Smith and some other officers whose names I have not been able to obtain. Eighty-seven dead soldiers are now lying out in the street waiting to be conveyed to Mexico for interment. Forty-eight have already been sent to Mexico, and some fifteen or eighteen to Sturgeon. There may be a few others killed not yet found. Nearly all the soldiers were shot in the head.

The *Canton Press*, Canton, Missouri October 6, 1864; quoted from the *Paris* (Missouri) *Mercury* of September 30, 1864 purports to have an early eyewitness account:

A gentleman who was in Centralia on the following day, and after the bodies of the slain had been gathered up, says he counted 87 dead bodies, and one that was still alive, and understood that 40 bodies had previously been sent to Mexico, including the bodies of the soldiers found on the cars. The most of the men were shot in the head, and many of them were stripped of their pants and boots.

General Fisk's published statement of the battle carries the same inflamed rhetoric:

Major Johnson, commanding 150 men of the 39th regiment Missouri militia, was ambushed about ten miles from Centralia by 500 regular Confederate soldiers. Overwhelmed by superior forces, our troops could make no resistance, and the butchery commenced. Major Johnson was murdered and scalped; and 130 of his officers and men shared the same fate. Most of them were shot through the head, then scalped, bayonets thrust through them, their ears and noses cut off

and thrust into their mouths. Such heartless and barbarous acts of atrocity, by any but Sepoy savages, are almost too horrible for belief. (*Daily Sentinel*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 6, 1864).

In later years survivor accounts began to emerge, that with the passage of time appear less impassioned, but still consistently documenting significant numbers of head wounds and bodily mutilation.

Eleven dead bodies were brought in from there and buried at Rocheport. Nearly every one, if not every one, was shot through the head from ear to ear, showing they had stood them up, and putting pistols to their heads, shot them down. They had jumped their horses over and on to a good many of them, so that the bodies were mutilated by the horses' feet. (*National Tribune*, August 23, 1888) and Dr. J. F. Robinson's statement in the *Daily Mail*, Nevada, Missouri, April 28, 1897, "Every man that was killed was shot in the head, either before or after they had been shot down."

Even some of the guerrilla participant accounts, such as James Willingham's, William Stewart's. and Frank James' oft published statements of the Centralia fight recall the manner of death of the Union troops.

James T. Willingham stated in his account that "All the Federals struck were shot thru the head. Everything of value was taken from the dead soldiers. Very small amount of money was taken as they had but little, tho knives and watches were taken" (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, Centralia, Missouri, October 17, 1924).

Stewart recalled: "Two-thirds of the Federals were shot through the head" (*The Evening Missourian*, Columbia, Missouri September 27, 1919).

Frank James' account is even more graphic and includes civilian witness corroboration:

On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word though I reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way, looked like Svengali. Some of the Yankees were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload. Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. Every one was shot through the head….

A brief stay was made at the farm house of William R. Jennings. Mr. Jennings helped bury the Federal dead the day after the battle. He could not remember the number but there were several wagon loads. "I felt sorry for one poor boy, hardly more than 17 years old, who had almost reached the woods in an attempt to escape. All the Federals," continued Mr. Jennings, "had been shot in the head. So unerring was the marksmanship of the bushwhackers that frequently we would find no wounds on the soldier's bodies until we would turn back the eyelid or look into an ear and there would be the single little hole that brought death."

Harvey Silver, who, a youth, saw the fight from a distance, corroborated James' account. He said the Federals fell in a space of about the size of a block. They were all shot through the head. His father helped load nine wagons of dead bodies. They were piled in like logs. (*Columbia Missouri Herald*, Columbia, Missouri, Friday, September 24, 1897)

Civilian statements like those of William Jennings and Harvey Silver are corroborated by others like Reuben Russell:

Mr. Russell says he saw a great deal if not all of the fight south of town, and that the men who fell at the first fire and were wounded were afterward shot by the guerrillas, who rode back over the field. This accounts for the fact that so many of the skulls were found with a hole in the center of the forehead; the guerrillas had taken deliberate aim at the helpless men and shot them in the head to be sure none escaped alive. (*Centralia Fireside Guard*, Centralia, Missouri, July 9, 1915).

There seems to be little disagreement among the accounts regarding the manner of death of the Union troops. They were shot down without mercy and undoubtedly many were stripped of their worldly goods, and some were likely mutilated in some manner. The fact they were shot down without mercy reinforces the cruelty of the internecine features of the Civil War in Missouri, but does not, in itself, prove a war crime or barbarous act was committed by the guerrillas in a battle where quarter was not expected. However, the repeated statements that most of Johnston's men were shot in the head and Union survivor John Cumming's statement bears further examination. There is no reason to believe that 450 guerrillas were all "unerring" marksmen who could hit a moving target in the head from horseback so consistently; rather the overwhelming numbers of head wounds smacks of summary execution of wounded and surrendered soldiers who could not defend themselves which supports Cumming's statement of men being shot down after surrendering. Such execution is in direct contravention to the accepted laws and rules of war then in practice. Disarmed, disabled, and wounded soldiers expected to be treated as prisoners of war, which did not happen in this case.

A variety of recent forensic research conducted to determine the types of wound patterns that predominate in actual combat events versus illegal mass execution injuries may aid in further examining the question. One manner in which to identify combat versus extra-judicial killings was defined by Coupland and Meddings (1999) as wounded to killed ratio. They found that in conventional warfare the wounded normally outnumber fatalities at least two to one. In the case of extra-judicial mass killings the number killed is usually far greater than the number wounded. The authors concluded the wounded to killed ratio has implications for recognizing violations of the internationally accepted rules of warfare. The Centralia massacre and battle clearly fit the definition of extra-judicial killing and violation of the accepted rules of war.

In addition to the wounded to killed ratio a recent study by Snow, Baraybar and Spirer (2008) rigorously looked at the ratio of fatal versus non-fatal wounds that occur in conventional warfare and mass murder events by gunshot, hand grenades, artillery shelling, and aerial bombing. The study involved research into medically documented international conventional warfare death and wound patterning over a sixty year period from World War II through Gulf War I. Snow et al. (2008) developed a mathematical formula of statistical probability to objectively define the

difference between conventional warfare and mass murder wounding events. Their data show that for conventional warfare a wounded to killed ratio of five to one is normal over the sixty years of modern war studied (World War II through Gulf War I). Applying their formula to Johnston's command's casualties, including at least 22 survivors, of which two are wounded, and 128 dead out of 150 engaged, indicates that the statistical probability of the afternoon event being consistent with conventional warfare tactics is far less than 1%. The three guerrillas killed, although the number of wounded is unknown, is far more typical of conventional war, even in a one-sided battle.

Figures to calculate the ratio of wounded to killed during the Civil War are at best estimates, but for the north it is about 2.55 men wounded per man killed and for the south is it 1.45 men wounded per man killed (Fox 1889; *Encyclopedia Americana* 2003 entry for the Civil War), and on average for both sides, consistent with the Coupland and Meddings (1999) study. Even during the Civil War, given the medical practice and knowledge of the day, and the accepted high rate of death from subsequent infection resulting from wounds and medical practice (Denney 1994; Freeman 1998), there were more wounded men than killed in any given battle. The only other contemporary event with very high casualties is the April 12, 1864 battle and massacre at Fort Pillow, Tennessee where it is alleged that Black Union soldiers were killed or executed at a much higher rate than white defenders of the fortification. Cimprich and Mainfort (1989) conducted original research in National Archives holdings to determine the number of white and black troops present in the fort at the time it was attacked and overwhelmed by Confederate forces. Their analysis shows that the number of Union fatalities for both white and black troops was that between 47 and 49 percent of the soldiers present were killed. White troops suffered between 31 and 34 percent fatalities while black troops had 64 percent of their number killed. Historical research shows that black soldiers who tried to surrender were systemically executed, while white soldiers were treated as prisoners of war. Cimprich and Mainfort's (1989:835-837) statistical evaluation concludes the Fort Pillow battle was a massacre of the black troops. Applying the Fort Pillow statistical method, a simple chi-square test, to the Centralia data, once again, shows the killed to wounded ratio to be a less than 1% probability of this being by chance alone. Given these statistics and statistical models it may be reasonably concluded that Todd's and Anderson's men willfully executed the members of Johnston's command predominately by gunshot to the head, thus committing a war crime by both Civil War and modern rules of war standards.

Recommendations for Future Investigations

Research into a variety of historic sources and documents as well as professional archaeological investigations on the Centralia battle site has added new information to the rich Civil War history of Boone County and Missouri. However, no research effort is ever fully concluded, and such is the case with Centralia. Our efforts have pointed to several areas where further research and investigation may add to the body of knowledge of both the Centralia massacre and battle.

Clearly the historical research is not at an end. Future researchers should expand the search for newspapers and other printed matter in order to locate additional participant accounts and recollections of the events.

Many of the Centralia battle's historical sources contain references to landscape features (such as houses, schools, etc.) and particularly named landholdings. Knowledge of the location of such features and landholdings or residences of those named would considerably enhance our understanding of the events that took place on September 27, 1864. Systematic research should be undertaken for relevant information on plat maps and other historic cartography that may be available, as well as in tax and land records.

Many of the bodies from the train and the battle were originally buried in Centralia, and afterward moved to a national cemetery. Geophysical remote sensing devices may be able to identify the original burial site with some degree of accuracy for marking and interpretation. It is possible that not all human skeletal remains were removed from the original burial site in Centralia. Test excavations could confirm the presence or absence of human remains, and if present, whether complete or partial remains are present. Any excavation work would have to be done in full accordance with the Missouri state burial laws and with current landowner permission.

Figure 17. The Centralia dead were originally buried somewhere near this location north of the old railroad depot site. The area could be investigated using modern geophysical remote sensing equipment to locate the burial site for interpretive purposes. The bodies were removed to Jefferson National Cemetery in the 19th century.

Additional professional archaeological investigations may be able to more clearly define the guerrilla and Union positions at the Centralia battle site. Recovery of additional artifacts and their patterning on the ground may better establish combatant positions. Studies of the local soils and changes that have occurred since intense mechanical plowing began suggest that certain areas have little or no period soils remaining, while other areas, particularly along Youngs Creek, have soil build-up that prevents current metal detectors from reaching Civil War era horizons. The use of pulse induction metal detecting technology may be able to reach the buried Civil War period soil horizons in those areas. The length and placement of Johnston's battle line has been postulated, but additional work in the fields to the north of the Centralia battle site would be useful to define the limits and the accuracy of the reconstruction posited here. The fields east of Youngs Creek and to the south should also be examined to look for over-shots from Johnston's command, as well as any traces of the guerrilla camp.

Centralia and Counterinsurgency in the Civil War

Multidisciplinary investigations of the Centralia massacre and battle present clear evidence that even relatively small conflicts of the Civil War left physical evidence that can be found and interpreted in light of the historic record and participant/eyewitness recollections. Applying a holistic approach to the study of Centralia provides an interpretive depth and breadth that cannot be attained in its study by any single discipline alone.

The Centralia battle artifact finds coupled with their known distribution, and interpreted in light of the historic research, indicates that the guerrillas used the available terrain to their advantage during the fight. They planned and executed a near flawless ambush of Federal soldiers under Johnston's command. They drew Johnston and his men into the ambush employing decoys, and then proceeded to nearly destroy the entire command. This approach is a classic tactic used by guerrillas in insurgency operations throughout history and even today (Birtle 2003; Peters 2008). Johnston, on the other hand, violated nearly every rule of counterinsurgency operations by his failure to listen to advice from the local residents and by not sending out a scout force to reconnoiter the situation. That failure resulted in his death and the destruction of most of his command.

The newly discovered pension records and various accounts of the survivors and other witness accounts clearly show the vicious and violent nature of war practiced in the Trans-Mississippi West during the Civil War. The accounts also show that the killing of the Union soldiers from the train in Centralia was a violation of all accepted practices of warfare of the time, and amounts to a war crime under any definition. The annihilation of Johnston's command by the Confederate guerrilla force later in the day was a severe form of battle common to combat in the west where feelings ran high and no quarter was expected or given by either side. Yet, the execution by the guerrillas of Union soldiers who surrendered or were wounded on the field was a violation of the rules of war even as practiced in the violent internecine conflicts seen throughout Missouri during the late 1850s and during the Civil War. Viewed in light of the expanding array of analytical techniques of modern battlefield research, Centralia presents historical and archeological reflections of those radical practices of war and warfare, and offers valuable lessons today for those who take the time to study the past and understand its relevance to the modern world.

References Cited

Adjutant General of Missouri
1865 *Annual Report of the Adjutant General of Missouri for 1864*. W.A. Curry, Public Printer, Jefferson City.

1866 *Annual Report of the Adjutat General of Missouri, for the Year Ending December 31, 1865*. Emory S. Foster, Public Printer, Jefferson City.

Aimone, Alan C., and Barbara A. Aimone
1993 *A User's Guide to the Official Records of the American Civil War*. White Mane Publishing, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania.

Banasik, Michae E. (editor)
2003 *Cavaliers of the Brush: Quantrill and His Men*. Unwritten Chapters of the Civil War West of the River, Volume V. Press of the Camp Pope Bookshop, Iowa City, Iowa.

Barton, O.S.
1992 *Three Years With Quantrill: A True Story Told by His Scout*. Reprint. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. Originally published 1914 by Armstrong Herald Printing, Armstrong, Missouri.

Birtle, Andrew J.
2003 Army Counterinsurgency and Contingency Operations Doctrin, 1860-1941. Center of Military History, U.S. Army, Washington, DC.

Breihan, Carl W.
1953 *The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James*. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York.

1959 *Quantrill and His Civil War Guerrillas*. Sage Books, Denver.

Britton, Wiley
1899 *The Civil War on the Border*. Volume two. G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Brownlee, Richard S.
1958 *Gray Ghosts of the Confederacy: Guerrilla Warfare in the West, 1861-1865*. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge.

Burch, John P.
1923 *Charles W. Quantrell: A True History of His Guerrilla Warfare on the Missouri and Kansas Border During the Civil War of 1861 to 1865. As Told by Captain Harrison Trow, One Who Followed Quantrell Through His Whole Course*. J.P. Burch, Vega, Texas.

Casey, Silas
1862 Instructions, Exercise, and Manoevers of the Soldier, A Company, Line of Skirmishers, Battalion, Brigade, or Corps D'Armée, Volume I. Repring 1985 by Morningside Press, Dayton, OH.

Castel, Albert
1962 *William Clarke Quantrill: His Life and Times*. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York.

Castel, Albert, and Thomas Goodrich
1998 *Bloody Bill Anderson: The Short, Savage Life of a Civil War Guerrilla*. Stackpole Books, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Cimprich, John and Robert C. Mainfort, Jr.
1989 The Fort Pillow Massacre: A Statistical Note. *Journal of American History* 76(3):830-837.

Connelley, William Elsey
1910 *Quantrill and the Border Wars*. Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Connor, Melissa A.
2005 Landscapes of Conflict. PhD dissertation, Department of Geography, University of Nebraska, Lincoln.

Connor, Melissa and Douglas D. Scott
1998 Metal Detector Use in Archaeology: An Introduction. *Historical Archaeology* 32(4):73-82.

Coupland, R.M. and D.R. Meddings
1999 Mortality Associated with Use of Weapons in Armed Conflicts, Wartime Atrocities and Civilian Mass Shootings: Literature Review. *British Medical Journal*, 319:(407-410).

Cummins, Jim
1903 *Jim Cummins' Book Written by Himself*. Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado.

1908 *Jim Cummins The Guerrilla*. No publisher or place of publication stated.

2004 *James Cummins His Story Written by Himself*. Republication. Two Trails Publishing, Independence, Missouri.

Dacus, J.A.
1882 Illustrated *Lives and Adventures of Frank and Jesse James and the Younger Brothers, the Noted Western Outlaws*. New edition. N.D. Thompson & Company, New York and St. Louis.

Denney, Robert E.
1994 *Civil War Medicine: Care and Comfort of the Wounded*. Sterling Publishing, New York.

Dorsey, R. Stephen
1984 *American Military Belts and Related Equipment*. Pioneer Press, Union City, TN.

Duffner, Robert W.
1973 Guerrilla Victory at Centralia, September 27, 1864. *Missouri Historical Society Bulletin* 29(3):131-144.

Dyer, Frederick H.
1994 *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion, Volume I*. Broadfoot Publishing, Morningside Press, Dayton, OH, reprint of 1908 edition).

Dyer, Gwynne
1985 *War*. Crown Publishers, New York.

Eakin, Joanne C., and Donald R. Hale (compilers)
1995 *Branded as Rebels: A List of Bushwhackers, Guerrillas, artisan Rangers, Confederates and Southern Sympathizers from Missouri During the War Years*. Second printing, with corrections. Published by the compilers, Lee's Summit and Independence, Missouri.

Edwards, John N.
1877 *Noted Guerrillas, or the Warfare of the Borde*r. Bryan, Brand & Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Espenshade, Christopher T., Robert L. Jolley, and James B. Legg
2002 The Value and Treatment of Civil War Military Sites. *North American Archaeologist* 23(1):39-67.

Fellman, Michael
1989 Inside War: The Guerrilla Conflict in Missouri During the American Civil War. Oxford University Press, New York and Oxford.

Fox, Richard A. Jr. and Douglas D. Scott
1991 The Post-Civil War Battlefield Pattern: An Example from the Custer Battlefield. *Historical Archaeology* 95(2):92-103.

Fox, William F.
1889 Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, 1861-1865. Albany Publishing, Albany, NY.

Freeman, Frank R.
1998 *Gangrene and Glory: Medical Care During the American Civil War*. Associated University Presses, Cranbury, NJ.

Goodman, Thomas M.
1868 A Thrilling Record. Founded on Facts and Observations Obtained During the Ten Days' Experience with Col. Wm. T. Anderson. Edited and prepared for the press by Captain Harry A. Houston. Mill's & Co.'s Steam Book & Job Printing House, Des Moines, Iowa.

1960 *Sergeant Thomas M. Goodman's "Thrilling Record."* Thomas R. Hooper, Maryville, Missouri. Originally published 1868 under the title "A Thrilling Record..." by Mill's & Co's. Steam Book & Job Printing House, Des Moines, Iowa.

Griffith, Paddy
1986 *Battle in the Civil War: Generalship and Tactics in America, 1861-1865*. Field Books, No place given, United Kingdom.

1987 *Battle Tactics of the Civil War*. Yale University Press, New Haven, CT.

Hale, Donald R.
1992 *They Called Him Bloody Bill: The Life of William Anderson, Missouri Guerrilla*. 2nd printing. The Printery, Clinton, Missouri. Originally published 1975 under the title *They Called Him Bloody Bill: The Missouri Badman Who Taught Jesse James Outlawry*, The Printery, Clinton, Missouri.

1998 *We Rode with Quantrill: Quantrill and the Guerrilla War as Told by the Men and Women Who were with Him and a True Sketch of Quantrill's Life*. Revised edition. Blue & Grey Book Shoppe, Independence, Missouri.

2003 *Branded as Rebels, Volume Two*. Published by the author, Lee's Summit, Missouri.

Hansen, Duncan E.
2002 *A Reunion in Death: Gravesites of the Quantrill Men and the James Gang*. Two Trails Publishing, Independence, Missouri.

[2003] *A Reunion in Death: Gravesites of the Men who Rode with William Clarke Quantrill*. Volume II. Two Trails Publishing, Independence, Missouri.

Hardee, W. J.
1862 *Hardee's Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics*. J. C. Kane, New York.

Horan, James D.
1997 *Desparate Men: The James Gang and the Wild Bunch*. Reprint. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. Originally published 1949 by Doubleday, Garden City, New York.

James, Jesse, Jr.
1957 *Jesse James My Father: The First and Only True Story of His Adventures Ever Written*. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York.

James, Stella F.
1989 *In the Shadow of Jesse James*. Revolver Press, no place stated.

Knopp, Ken R.
2001 *Confederate Saddles and Horse Equipment.* Publisher's Press, Orange, VA.

Leslie, Edward E.
1998 *The Devil Knows How to Ride: The True Story of William Clarke Quantrill and His Confederate Raiders*. Da Capo Press, New York. First published 1996 by Random House, Inc.

Levine, Bernard
1989 *Levine's Guide to Knives and Their Values*. DBI Books, Northbrook, IL.

Love, Robertus
1990 *The Rise and Fall of Jesse James*. Bison Book edition, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. Originally published 1926 by G.P. Putnam, New York.

McKee, W. Reid and M. E. Mason Jr.
1995 *Civil War Projectiles II Small Arms and Field Artillery*. Publisher's Press, Orange, VA.

McPheeters, Kenneth L. and R. Stephen Dorsey
2000 *Bridle Bits of the American Military, 1776-1945*. Collector's Library, Eugene, Oregon.

McWhiney, Grady and Perry D. Jamieson
1982 *Attack and Die: Civil War Military Tactics and the Southern Heritage*. University of Alabama Press, Tuscaloosa.

Meadows, Edward Scott
1987 *U.S. Military Holsters and Pistol Cartridge Boxes*. Taylor Publishing, Dallas.

Peters, Ralph
2008 Myths of Counterinsurgency. *Armchair General*, September (10).

Peterson, Harold L.
1958 *American Knives*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Ratner, Steven R., and Jason S. Abrams
2001 *Accountability for Human Rights Atrocities in International Law: Beyond the Nuremberg Legacy*. Second Edition. Oxford University Press, Oxford.

Reisman, W. Michael, and Chris T. Antoniou
1994 *The Laws of War: A Comprehensive Collection of Primary Documents on International Laws Governing Armed Conflict.* Vintage Books, New York.

Robertson, Geoffrey
1999 *Crimes against Humanity: The Struggle for Global Justice*. The New Press, New York.

Rodemyre, Edgar T.
n.d. *History of Centralia, Missouri*. Reprint. Centralia Historical Society, Centralia, Missouri. Originally published 1936 by the Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri.

Schabas, William A
2000 *Genocide in International Law*. Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, England.

Schultz, Duane
1996 *Quantrill's War: The Life and Times of William Clarke Quantrill 1837-1865*. St. Martin's Press, New York

Scott, Douglas and Richard Fox, Jr.
1987 *Archeological Insights into the Custer Battle: A Preliminary Assessment*. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press.

Scott, Douglas D., Richard A. Fox, Jr., Melissa A. Connor, and Dick Harmon
1989 *Archaeological Perspectives on the Battle of the Little Bighorn*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.

Settle, William A., Jr.
1977 *Jesse James Was His Name, or Fact and Fction Concerning the Careers of the Notorious James Brothers of Missouri*. Bison Book edition, University of Nebraska, Lincoln. Originally published 1966 by the Curators of the University of Missouri, Columbia.

Snow, Clyde Collins, Jose Pablo Baraybar, and Herbert Spirer
2008 Estimating War Crimes from the Wounded to Killed Ratio: The Japanese Embassy. In *Skeletal Trauma: Identification of Injuries Resulting from Human Rights Abuse and Armed Conflict*, pp 1-14, edited by Erin H. Kimmerle and Jose Pablo Baraybar. CRC Press, Atlanta, GA.

Stiles, T.J.
2002 *Jesse James: Last Rebel of the Civil War*. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Switzler, William F.
1970 *History of Boone County, Missouri*. Reprint. Ramfires Press, Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Originally published 1882 by the Western Historical Company, St. Louis.

Thomas, Dean S.
1997 *Round Ball to Rimfire: A History of Civil War Small Arms Ammunition, Part One*. Thomas Publications, Gettysburg, PA.

2003 *Round Ball to Rimfire: A History of Civil War Small Arms Ammunition, Part Three, Federal Pistols, Revolvers, and Miscellaneous Essays*. Thomas Publications, Gettysburg, PA.

Todd, W.C.
n.d. The Centralia Fight. No publisher, place stated. Copy on file, State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia.

Veggeberg, Vernon T.
1999 Laws of War on the American Frontier: General Orders No. 100 and Cheyenne-White Conflict. Unpublished MA thesis, Department of History, Colorado State University, Fort Collins.

Watts, Hamp B.
1996 *The Babe of the Company*. Republication. Oak Hills Publishing, Springfield, Missouri. Originally published 1913 by the Democrat-Leader Press, Fayette, Missouri.

2004 *The Babe of the Company*. Republication. Two Trails Publishing, Independence, Missouri. Originally published 1913 by the Democrat-Leader Press, Fayette, Missouri.

Wheatley, David and Mark Gillings
2002 *Spatial Technology and Archaeology: The Archaeological Applications of GIS*. Taylor and Francis, New York.

Wilhlem, Thomas
1881 *A Military Dictionary and Gazetteer*. L. R. Hamersly, Philadelphia, PA.

Wood, Larry
2003 *The Civil War Story of Bloody Bill Anderson*. Eakin Press, Austin, Texas.

Yeatman, Ted P.
2000 *Frank and Jesse James: The Story Behind the Legend*. Cumberland House Publishing, Nashville, Tennessee.

Appendix I

List of Members of Companies A, G, and H, 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry who were in the Regiment at the time of the Centralia Battle. N.B. Duplicate and misspelled names are not listed when they were determined to be the same individual.

Name	Company	Rank	Age at Enlist.	Comments	
ADAMS, JOSIAH	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BRADEN, JOHN N.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BRADEN, WILLIAM H.	A	Private	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BRAGG, GEORGE W.	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BYRD, OUCKNILE O.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CALVIN, JOHN	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
CANADA, JOHN L.	A	Private	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CAPPS, ANDREW J.	A	Private	33	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CONKEL, DANIEL Y.	A	Corporal	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
COOK, GEORGE W.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CORBIN, WILLIAM H.	A	Private	32	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CUNNINGHAM, PETER	A	Private			Correct spelling - Porter
CUNNINGHAM, PORTER	A		18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DARROW,	A	1st Lt.	35	Mustered out	

EDWIN				July 19, 1865	
DENTON, ANDREW J.	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DORR, PETER	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
DYE, SAMUEL	A	Private	25	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Absent with leave Sept., and Oct. 1864
EITEL, ELIJAH E.	A	Corporal	21	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ELIOTT, WILLIAM G.	A	Sergeant	24	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
FOSTER, PEYTON F.	A	Corporal	26	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
GRAVES, DAVID R.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GRAVES, JOHN B. W.	A	Private	44	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GREGG, JOHN W.	A	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Cpl March 1, 1865
HANLIN, GRANVILLE	A	Private	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HANLIN, JOHN	A	Private	21	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HARGROVE, BENJAMIN	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HAYWARD, ALFRED B.	A	Private	30	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HINE, VALENTINE	A	Private	37	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
JEFFERS, WILLIAM H.	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
JUDD, VALENTINE	A	Private	24	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Corporal Nov. 20, 1864
KELLER,	A	Corporal	23	Killed at	

CANADA				Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
KELLER, HENRY	A	Private	26	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
KELLER, SAMUEL M.	A	Corporal	39	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
LINDER, WILLIAM P.	A	Private	25	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Cpl Nov. 20, 1864
LONG, MESHACK B.	A	Sergeant	38	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
LORTON, DANIEL	A	Private	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MANN, JEREMIAH	A	Private	199	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MAY, JASPER	A		19		no data
MCCLANNAHAN, TRAVERS	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MILES, EDWIN T.	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MILLER, LUTHER	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MILLER, OTIS	A	Private	38	Mustered out March 14, 1865	
MOCK, JAMES K. P.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MOORE, JAMES W.	A	Private	29	Died of disease Feb. 14, 1865	Died of spinal meningitis
MOORE, ROBERT	A	2nd Lt.	37	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Absent Sept, 1864, recruiting detail
MORROW, JAMES	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MORROW, JOSEPH	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MUSICK, MARK S.	A	Private	22	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	

NESBIT, JOSEPH S.	A	Sergeant	41	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	Correct spelling Nisbet
NORTON, WILLIAM	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
NOVINGER, ISAAC	A	Private	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
NOVINGER, MANUEL	A	Private	20	Died Sept 28, 1864 of bilious fever	
PANGBORN, HIRAM	A	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Absent sick, Sept 1864
PARSONS, ALFRED S.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
PINKERTON, JAMES	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
POLLEY, ADOLPHUS B.	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
REED, JACOB	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
REYNOLDS, JOHN C.	A	Sergeant	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
REYNOLDS, JOHN T.	A	Private	19	Mustered out May 16, 1865	
ROUND, CALVIN	A	Private	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Absent sick, Sept 1864
SELBY, EMMETT H.	A	Private	22	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SHOEMAKER, WILLIAM	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SIMLER, DANIEL A.	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SLAUGHTER, ISAAC	A	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SMITH, JAMES A.	A	Captain		Killed at Centralia	

				Sept. 27, 1864	
SNELL, CHARLES A.	A	Private		Died Dec. 31, 1864 of Dropsy	
SNELL, ISAAH W.	A	Private	23	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
SPENCER, THOMAS J.	A	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
				Killed at Centralia	
SPICER, JOHN S.	A	Private	18	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
STITESVILLE, JAMES C.	A	Private	18	Sept. 27, 1864	Correct spelling Stuteville
STOCKTON, WILLARD P.	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
				Killed at Centralia	
WADDILL, JAMES H. B.	A	Private	18	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WALTERS, ANDREW W.	A	Corporal	26	Sept. 27, 1864	
WATSON, HARRISON	A	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
				Killed at Centralia	
WAUGH, THOMAS	A	Private	24	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WELBAUM, CHARLEY	A	Private	21	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WELBAUM, DAVID	A	Private	19	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WILLIAMS, RICHARD	A	Private	19	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WILLIS, JAMES	A	Private	21	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WISE, CHRISTOPHER C.	A	Private	18	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WOOD, JOHN R.	A	Private	18	Sept. 27,	

WRAY, JASPER	A	Corporal		1864 Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ZIMMERMAN, ALFRED	A	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ADAMS, GEORGE W.	G	Private	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ALBIN, JOSEPH	G	Private	44	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
BARKLEY, JOHN	G	Private	35	Mustered out August, 10 1865	Appt. Cpl, March 1, 1865
BELL, SAMUEL	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BISHOP, CHARLES	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BURT, LEANDER P.	G	Corporal	36	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CASEY, WILLIAM P.	G	Private		Mustered out July 19, 1865	
CAVER, JOHN	G	Private		Mustered out July 19, 1865	
CHRISTMAN, PHILLIP	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CHRISTMAN, WILLIAM	G	Private	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CIRSTEIN, JOHN J.	G	Private	36	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
COLLIER, OSCAR	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
CORKRAN, CHARLES W.	G	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
DEEN, SYLVESTER H.	G	Private	28	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	

DONAHUE, JOHN	G	Sergeant	37	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DRENNAN, WILLIAM	G	Private	31	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DUNBAR, HOMER M.	G	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DUNN, DAVID N.	G	Sergeant	26	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DUNN, SYLVESTER H.	G	Private		Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
EASTON, ROBERT P.	G	Private		Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
EDWARDS, JAMES S.	G	Private	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ELSTON, ROBERT P.	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
EVANS, ELEAZER	G	Private	34	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
FLOOD, WILLIAM G.	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	Correct spelling - Floor
FORSYTHE, JAMES	G	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GIBSON, JAMES	G	Private	24	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
GILL, JOSIAH	G	2nd Lt.	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
GLAHN, JOSEPH S.	G	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GOLAY, WILLIAM P.	G	Private	27	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	

GOOCH, HENRY T.	G	Private	17	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GREENFIELD, ROBERT	G	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GUNBY, JAMES S.	G	Corporal	24	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HALDREATH, SAMUEL	G	Private		Mustered out July 19, 1865	
HALL, ELIJAH	G	Private	24	Died October 11, 1864	
HARDIN, JOHN W.	G	Private	28	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HAWKINS, EPAPH L. C.	G	1st Sergeant	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
JANES, THOMAS	G	1st Lt.	32	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
JENKINS, CHARLES M.	G	Private	17	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
KNEPPER, WILLIAM	G	Private	17	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
LABUS, ANTHONY	G		34		no data
LAIR, WILLIAM	G	Sergeant	21	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
LAYNE, JOHN D.	G	Private	29	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
LOAR, WILLIAM	G	Corporal	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MARQUETTE, LOUIS F.	G	Private	37	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MATTESON, CHARLES	G	Private	44	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MCKENNON, THEOPHILUS	G	Private	25	Died Jan. 29, 1865	Died of pneumonia
MILLER, ELWOOD F.	G	Private		Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt Cpl March 1, 1865

MILLER, GEORGE W.	G	Sergeant	27	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MONTGOMERY, JOHN C.	G	Private	20	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MOORE, JOHN	G	Private	22	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MURRAY, JOHN	G	Private	27	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Charged for loss of Enfield as discharge
OLDFATHER, JOHN A.	G	Private	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
OTTEN, JACOB	G	Private	26	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
RIGGS, DAVID	G	Corporal	39	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
ROSS, WILLIAM A.	G	Private	29	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
RUST, CHARLES W.	G	Corporal	38	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Sgt Jan 21, 1865
SELLERS, JAMES G.	G	Private	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SHELTON, WILLIAM	G	Private	34	Died Jan. 13, 1865	Died of pneumonia
SHERWOOD, LEVI D.	G	Corporal	27	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SMITH, WILLIAM T.	G	Private	30	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SNOWDER, JOHN W.	G	Private	32	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
SPEACE, GEORGE H.	G	Private	23	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Correct spelling Speacer
SPIRES, ROBERT E.	G	Private	25	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
STALCUP, JAMES	G	Private	36	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
STRACHAN, EDWARD	G	Private	20	Killed at Centralia	

				Sept. 27, 1864 Killed at Centralia	
SUNONER, PETER	G	Private		Sept. 27, 1864	
TIMMONS, MILBY H.	G	Private	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Correct spelling Timmonds
				Killed at Centralia	
TRUSSELL, JAMES WILLIAM	G	Private	19	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
VADEN, JASPER N.	G	Private	19	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
VANDIVEER, A. M.	G	Private	37	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
VANOSDALE, GEORGE W.	G	Private	20	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Mustered out	
WEBDELL, AARON L.	G	Private	31	May 11, 1865	
				Killed at Centralia	
WEBDELL, JONATHAN	G	Private	31	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Killed at Centralia	
WEXLER, JACOB B.	G	Corporal	22	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Mustered out	
WHITE, ANDREW	G	Private	22	May 3, 1865	
				Discharged	
WHITELOCK, ANDREW	G	Private	18	May 16, 1865	
				Killed at Centralia	
WHITELOCK, WILLIAM T.	G	Private	18	Sept. 27, 1864	
				Mustered out	
WILEY, LEWIS J.	G	Private	21	July 19, 1865	
				Mustered out	
ARTER, JOHN	H	Private	31	July 19, 1865	
BARNES, HENRY F.	H	Private	23	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Wounded multiple gunshots and survived
				Mustered out	
BARRETT, JOSEPH B.	H	Private	18	July 19, 1865	
				Mustered out	
BASNED, JOSEPH	H	Private	19	July 19, 1865	
				Mustered out	
BENNETT, ROBERT E.	H	Private	18	July 19, 1865	

BISE, SAMUEL M.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
BOLES, JOHN	H	Private	25	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
BOWSER, LOUIS W.	H	Private	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Cpl April 3, 1865
BROWN, CHRISTOPHER C.	H	Private	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Sgt. May 1, 1865
BRUMBAUGH, SOLOMON	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
BULKLEY, ALFRED W.	H	Sergeant	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. 1st Sgt March 30, 1865
BULLAGER, PATRICK	H	Private		Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
BUMBAUGH, SOLOMON	H				no data
CALVERT, JACKSON	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
CLARY, SAMUEL	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
COOK, GEORGE W.	H	Private	40	Mustered out June 21, 1865	
COOK, JAMES	H	Private	22	Mustered out June 21, 1865	
CRITCHFIELD, JOHN	H	Private	27	Died May 2, 1865	Died of pneumonia
CRUTCHFIELD, JOHN	H				no data
CUMMINGS, JOHN R.	H	Private	20	Mustered out May 11, 1865	Discharged for disability, wounded in chest at Centralia - reduced in rank from Cpl, April 3, 1865
DAVIS, JAMES H.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	On detached service Sept. 20, 1864, Appt. Cpl April 20, 1865
DAVIS, JAMES J.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
DECKER, HENRY	H	Private	26	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt Cpl April 20, 1865
DECKER, WILLIAM	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
DENNY, WILLIAM A.	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DEXHEIMER, WILLIAM	H	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DINGLE, SAMUEL L.	H	Private	23	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
DINGLE,	H	Private	18	Killed at	

WILLIAM				Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
EAGLESON, JOHN E.	H		18		no data
EDWARDS, JAMES	H	Private	26	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
EVANS, JOHN S.	H	Private	24	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
EVANS, SAMUEL	H	Private	17	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
FELLOWS, ALFRED	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
FENNER, CHARLES E. L.	H	Private	18	Mustered out August, 10 1865	Appt. Corporal April 20, 1865
FICHTMAYER, HENRY	H				Correct spelling - Fightmaster
FIGHTMASTER, HENRY	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
FOLAND, EPHRAIM J.	H	Private	27	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
FORD, BENNETT	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
GALLOUPE, IRA F.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
GRAY, AUGUSTUS	H	Private	26	Died Feb. 9, 1865	Died of Rubella (measles)
GRIGSBY, HIRAM D.	H	Private	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865?	Appt Hospital Steward, June 20, 1865
HAINES, HIRAM	H	Sergeant	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
HALL, JOHN L.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
HANSCALL, JOSEPH D.	H				no data
HASCALL, JAMES	H	Private	24	Disability discharge May 20, 1865	
HASCALL, MARION	H	Corporal	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
HAYS, JOHN J.	H	Private	44	Disability discharge June 15, 1865	
HENRY, JAMES M.	H	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
HUNT, ENOCH	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
HUSER, THOMAS	H	Private	25	Deserted	

IRWIN, EDWARD K.	H	Private	19	Dec. 24, 1864 Mustered out July 19, 1865	Appt. Cpl April 3,1865
JOB, ASA A.	H	Private	23	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
JONES, JESSE	H	Private	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
KAYLOR, GEORGE A.	H	Private	22	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
KEITH, JOHN G.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
KLINE, CHARLES	H	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
LONG, WILLIAM	H	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Sick in hospital at Hannibal, Sept. 1864
MAGEE, GEORGE R.	H	Sergeant	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Left in Sturgeon in charge of horses, Sept. 20, 1864
MARSHALL, WILLIAM T.	H	Private		Died April 4, 1865	Deserted Dec. 20, 1864, returned March 30, 1865, Died of fever
MCCORMICK, JOHN	H	Corporal	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MCDONALD, FRANCIS M.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MCMILLIN, CHARLES D.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MILLER, FREDERICK	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
MOODY, NATHAN L.	H	Private	37	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
MURPHY, SOLOMON E.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
NELSON, ALFRED	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
NELSON, WILLIAM T.	H	Private	18	Disability discharge June 1, 1865	
NEWHOUSE, JOSEPH M.	H	Private	41	Disability discharge May 28, 1865	
OSBORNE, ELI F.	H	Private	19	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
PARKER, WILLIAM	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
PHELPS, JASPER	H	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
PILCHER, WILLIAM H.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
PILGRIM,	H	Private	18	Killed at	

CONRAD				Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
PORTER, HENRY F.	H	1st Sergeant	27	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
PORTER, WILLIAM H.	H	Private	29	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
POTTER, HENRY	H	Private		Mustered out July 19, 1865	
QUINLAN, TIMOTHY	H	Private	35	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
RASEY, HENRY B.	H	Private	31	Died Dec. 19, 1864	
RAY, FRANK B.	H	1st Lt.	26	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
RENDLEN, CHARLES E.	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SCOTT, ALBERT J.	H	Private	23	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Detached service at Marshall, MO, Sept. 1864
SHULER, WINFIELD	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	
SMASHEY, THOMAS	H	Private	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Correct spelling Smasher
SMITH, EDWIN H.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
SMITH, HARVEY	H	Private	24	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Transferred to Co. K Jan 1, 1865
SMITH, JOSEPH D.	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865	Detached service at Sturgeon, Sept. 20, 1864
STAFFORD, JOHN E.	H	2nd Lt.	24	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
STANSIFER, GABRIEL	H	Private	40	Disability discharge June 6, 1865	Discharged for loss of hearing in left ear
STEPHENSON, BENJAMIN	H	Private	18	Killed at Centralia Sept. 27, 1864	Correct spelling Stevenson
STERRETT, EDWIN A.	H	Private	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
STEWART, JOHN T.	H	Private	21	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
SUBLETT, JOHN A.	H	Private	19	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
TAYLOR, LEWIS C.	H	Private	18	Deserted July 9, 1865	
THEISS, ADAM	H	Captain	33	Mustered out July 19, 1865	
THOMAS, JOHN	H	Private	24	Deserted Dec. 17,	

				1864
TISHER, BENEDICT	H	Private	20	Mustered out July 19, 1865
TURNER, JOHN	H	Private	39	Mustered out July 19, 1865
TUTTLE, DANIEL	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865
WEBBER, SAMUEL	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865
WILSON, ROBERT M.	H	Sergeant	45	Mustered out July 19, 1865
WORTMANN, FRANK	H	Corporal	34	Mustered out July 19, 1865
WYATT, MILTON J.	H	Private	42	Mustered out July 19, 1865
ZEIGLER, LOUIS	H	Private	18	Mustered out July 19, 1865

Appendix II

Newspaper Articles Relating to the Centralia Massacre and Battle. The transcribed accounts and their unedited content are arranged in chronological order.

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, September 28, 1864

HORRIBLE AFFAIR AT CENTRALIA

A TRAIN CAPTURED AND FIRED.

Twenty-one Soldiers Shot.

PASSENGERS ROBBED.

By military telegraph, news was last evening received at Department Headquarters to the following shocking purport:

The North Missouri railroad train, which left St. Louis early yesterday morning was captured by guerrillas, Bill Anderson's, at Centralia, on its arrival there.

Twenty-one soldiers were taken out of the cars, and *shot dead!*

The passengers were robbed. The train was then fired and put in motion towards Allen.

Further details of this work of fiends will, doubtless, soon enough reach us.

Evening Bulletin (also cited as *Daily Bulletin*), Leavenworth, Kansas, September 28, 1864

More Murders by Guerillas [sic].

The Mail, Passenger, and Express Train Robbed on the North Missouri R.R.

24 Discharged Union Soldiers Murdered.

Report that Lane, Akers, L.T. Smith, and Wilson Killed.

The Boat brought down intelligence this morning that the train on the North Missouri Road, which left St. Louis yesterday, was captured by guerrillas between Huntsville and Macon, and twenty five soldiers taken off, and it is supposed they were killed. There are reports on the streets that many others were murdered, train destroyed, &c.

We presume the band is Anderson's, as we have not heard of their crossing the Missouri on their way South. There is no organized band except his north of the river.

Late.--We learn by telegraph that the rebels captured the express passenger train at Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad. The engine was blown up. The mail, baggage, express, and passenger cars were robbed, and then burned. Twenty-four discharged Union soldiers were drawn up in line, and deliberately shot.

We have no heart to comment on these barbarous and murderous deeds. The fiendish rebels have been committing these horrid crimes for nearly four years, and our officers and men do not inflict summary death upon the criminals. An order should be issued at once, authorizing officers and soldiers to kill these devils on sight when found.

Any and all attempt [sic] to *win* back these outlaws or their sympathizers is foolishness. God speed the day when the lines shall be tightly drawn--when there shall be no half-way men; when those miserable scoundrels who do nothing but find fault with Lincoln and have not one word to say against Jeff. Davis, will be obliged to go into the army, and be put in the front, with a good guard to watch them. Better put them in the army than in office, as is proposed by some of our soreheads.

Rumors on the street say that Gen. Lane, L.T. Smith, Ben. Akers, and Levi Wilson were on the train. We are unable to learn further particulars before going to press.

Freedom's Champion, Atchison, Kansas, September 29, 1864

More Outrages.

By a passenger we learn that the morning train of Tuesday on the North Missouri road, was stopped by a band of three hundred guerrillas who murdered twenty-three discharged soldiers, robbed all the passengers and killed two civilians, burning the Express car and all the rails[?]. A painful rumor prevails that the soldiers killed were returning from the 9th Regiment.

The train was surrendered to these demons with the agreement that life and private property should be respected, the number of the bushwhackers being so great that resistance was useless. Twenty-five men were then killed in cold blood.

The telegraph being down, and no mails coming through for the past two days, we are without the details of this terrible massacre. It is evident that the community which harbors such fiends is rotten with disloyalty and ought to be exterminated without regard to age, sex or condition.

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, September 29, 1864

GUERRILLA ATROCITIES!

Butchery of Soldiers and Citizens on the North Missouri R.R.

Maj. Johnson's Command of Militia Ambuscaded and Almost Annihilated.

FULL DETAILS OF THE HORRIBLE MURDERS.

Information derived last night from the North Missouri railroad is more than confirmatory of the terrible news published yesterday morning in the *Democrat*, in regard to the capture of a train and the murder of between thirty and forty soldiers by a guerrilla band under the notorious Bill Anderson.

We have from Mr. Jeffries, Postmaster at Mexico, who came down last night, the following harrowing details of the Centralia affair, and the additional news of a terrible disaster to Major Johnson's command of the State Militia:

Bill Anderson's band of guerrillas, numbering about 175 men, it seems, were being pursued by Major Johnson in command of about one hundred and fifty men detached from Colonel Kutzner's regiment of Northeast Missourians, included in which were also a few militiamen from Paris, Monroe county. The guerrillas had been chased out of Monroe county and were on their way to the South, when they came upon the town of Centralia, on the line of the railroad. They entered the town about eleven o'clock. They were dressed in Federal uniforms and were well armed, mounted and equipped. The citizens at first took them for the State Militia. Shortly after their arrival, a gravel construction train came along, which was seized and stopped. A few minutes later the passenger train from St. Louis arrived, which they also immediately seized. Three civilians who made some resistance were shot in the cars, and either killed or wounded, and were left on board. The other passengers including between thirty and forty soldiers were all ordered out of the cars, and plundered of all their money and valuables. As soon as the stripping was completed the vile miscreants commenced firing upon their captives, the unarmed soldiers, some of whom attempted to escape by running into the houses and out into the fields, but were pursued and shot down like wild game. *Twenty-four of these soldiers were thus butchered*, seven of whom were of the 1st Iowa Cavalry, stationed at Mexico, and ten of whom were discharged soldiers, *veterans returning to their homes from Atlanta, after a faithful three years and four months service in the cause of their country*, the four months being extra service generously given by them to the Government. After these men were thus hunted and shot down, their bodies were beaten, their heads cut off or hacked with swords, and every possible indignity inflicted upon them. Mr. Roland, express agent at Centralia, was also among the killed. The murderous work having been accomplished, the torch was applied to the depot, and the train containing the three wounded civilians was fired and started on its way up the road. It ran about six miles, when it stopped and was slowly consumed.

The band then passed on, and in about one hour was followed by Major Johnson and his command. Two or three miles beyond Centralia, in Boone county, on the farm of a Mr. Fullenweider, of this city, Anderson hid his gun [sic] in the bushes, and awaited his

pursuers. Major Johnson approaching the ambush, was fired upon. He immediately withdrew his command, dismounted them, and formed in line of battle. At this moment the guerrillas burst from their hiding place with fierce yells and rapid firing. Major Johnson's horses took fright and left him and his men to wage the unequal contest on foot. They had delivered but one volley when the guerrillas were upon them, shooting, hacking and slaying to the right and left. The militia made no stand, scattered and fled in all directions. *Eighty-six of their number, including Major Johnson, were killed in the very field where they dismounted. Ten others were found dead in the prairie toward Centralia. Out of the whole command of about 150 men, twenty-five were all that, up to our latest advice, had escaped*. A number of the dead bodies were brought down yesterday to Mexico by train. Others will be brought down to-day.

This completes our account of the most horrible butchery our State has yet been afflicted with. The shocking details bear some resemblance to the Lawrence massacre of last year. In brutality and fiendishness these horrible deeds were never surpassed. The people of the surrounding country are terribly excited. They say these guerrillas have their homes and their hiding places in Callaway county, and that they never will have peace and protection until that and adjoining counties, which are so notoriously disloyal, shall be thoroughly purged of rebels and rebel sympathizers.

The railroad train which left this city yesterday morning went as far as Mexico, about thirteen miles this side of Centralia, but the track not having been put in order beyond, it was compelled to turn back, and arrived here in time last night. The telegraph was working through to Macon City last night.

Daily Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, September 29, 1864

Train on the North Missouri Captured by Guerillas--Soldiers Murdered and Passengers Robbed.

The mail and passenger train which left this city on Tuesday morning at 4:15, on the North Missouri railroad, for Macon, on reaching Centralia, in Boone county, about 12 o'clock, was captured by 200 or 300 guerillas, under Anderson.

All the particulars have not reached us, but it is reported, and from what we hear, we believe it to be substantially true, that the rebels at once proceeded to rob all the passengers, and to commit the diabolical outrage of murdering all the Federal soldiers on the train. The soldiers are reported to number between 20 and 30, all of whom were taken out and *shot on the track!* The depot and freight house, the latter a large new structure were then burnt, and with them a number of freight cars in proximity to them.

The passenger train was then permitted to proceed on its way, but did not return to the city on Tuesday night. We await full particulars.

The Morning Herald, St. Joseph, Missouri, September 29, 1864

[three articles]

More Guerrilla Outrages.
Guerrillas on the North Missouri Railroad--Soldiers Murdered in Cold Blood--One Hundred of the Militia Killed.

One of the most diabolical outrages ever perpetrated, it is our province this morning to chronicle. It has been long known that Anderson, with a gang of murderers, has been prowling around in Shelby, Howard, Boone, and Randolph counties. Tuesday he made a raid on the North Missouri Railroad, captured a train of cars, robbed the passengers, murdered 26 Union men, and started off. Two companies of militia went to the scene of his operations, and he returned, and killed the greater part of them.

We get the following particulars from Paymaster T.D. Price, of the Hannibal & Joseph R.R., who received the following dispatch from Macon City, yesterday:

T.D. Price:--The bushwhackers under Bill Anderson, to the number of about 300, came from Fayette to Huntsville and demanded the surrender of Huntsville. Col. Demy got in the Court House with his men, and sent word to him that he would see him in hell first. They left and came to Centralia, too late to stop the train; but yesterday they came in again, about 200 strong, two hours before the train got there. When the train arrived, about 100 shots were fired into it. They stopped the train, took all the passengers off, robbed them, took 24 returned soldiers out into line, and shot them down in cold blood; set fire to the depot and it communicated to the train. They made the engineer start the train, and it ran 3 miles before stopping. The whole train, mail, express, and baggage, was burned. One citizen and one passenger were killed. A short time after Anderson left, Major A.V.E. Johnson, of Hannibal, with 125 men came in, They were taking care of the dead and wounded when Anderson returned and made an attack on them. Their horses were stampeded, and every man tried to take care of himself the best way he could. The last seen of the Major he was surrounded by a few of his men, and is supposed to be killed. Only 25 of his men are known to be safe. That is the latest up to last night. J. Vincent.

FROM GENERAL FISK.

The Centralia Butchery Confirmed.

Guerrillas in Howard Co.

By the kindness of Capt. Holloway, A.A.G., we are furnished the following telegram from Gen. Fisk:

H'd Qr's in the Field, near
Glasgow, Mo., Sept. 28, '64.

To Capt. G.A. Holloway:

The disasters at Centralia yesterday were severe. Twenty-one soldiers were captured on the train, taken therefrom, shot and stripped. Passengers were robbed, the train set on fire, and the engine put in motion, with the blazing cars attached. The war has furnished no other such barbarities. Maj. Johnson, 39th Mo. Infantry, came upon the villains with too light a force, fought them gallantly but was repulsed. The Major and several of his men were butchered. I am moving soldiers and citizens as rapidly as possible. The guerrillas are increasing in number and ferocity every hour. The crisis is upon us.--Loyalty and disloyalty in Missouri must separate; the two cannot dwell together. Nearly every family in this infernal region has a representative, either with Price's invading columns, or in the brush with "Bill Anderson." We are killing entire squads of the rascals daily. Have killed the notorious Capt. Bessell, of Platte County, and another guerrilla Captain, whose name we have not yet obtained. Quantrill directs the guerrilla movements in this section.

(Signed) Clinton B. Fisk,
Brig. General.

LET SOLDIERS WHO TRAVEL ON RAILROAD TRAINS BE ARMED.

The practice of permitting soldiers to travel on railroad trains and steamboats in this State, without arms, should be immediately stopped. At Sibley, last summer, thirty soldiers were taken off a steamboat, by guerrillas, and shot. Now, about the same number are taken off the North Missouri railroad cars, at Centralia, formed in line by guerrillas, and shot. If our government does not retaliate, by shooting one hundred guerrilla prisoners, we shall be much deceived. Let the lives of one hundred guerrillas go up, and go up now. No more murders without retaliation. Let an assessment be made on the rebels in the central part of the State, to indemnify men whom Anderson robbed at Centralia. Kill every man who voluntarily gives aid and comfort to guerrillas. If the military authorities do not do this, they will be untrue to the principles of right and justice.

Evening Bulletin (also cited as *Daily Bulletin*), Leavenworth, Kansas, September 29, 1864

The Massacre at Centralia!

From an Eye-Witness.

E.J. Brown, of Woodson Co., Kansas.

Horrible Details.

Twenty-Four Soldiers Killed.

Mail Burned.

We are indebted to Mr. E.J. Brown of Woodson county, Kansas, for the following account of the horrible massacre at Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad, on Tuesday morning the 27th inst.

The train consisted of the engine, mail, express, baggage, and four passenger cars, which left St. Louis at 3:30 A.M. that morning, and arrived at Centralia at 11 A.M.

His attention was first called by a remark that the militia were on drill, just as the train was entering Centralia. Another gentleman remarked they were guerrillas. He looked out, and saw the rebels about fifty yards distant, drawn up in line on horseback. They fired upon the train, and immediately advanced upon it. Obstructions had been placed on the track. The train was stopped. The first demand they made was to know if there were any soldiers on board. They were told there were some on board. They were discharged soldiers, and unarmed. The guerrillas dismounted, and came into the cars, ordering all out, and commenced robbing men and women indiscriminately. Passengers and soldiers were then ordered into line. After they were in line, the rifling of baggage commenced, which was done, taking and loading their horses with all they wanted. When done, they ordered the conductor to fire the train, which he did.

When the train was fired, Anderson, their leader, ordered his men to dismount and form in line. The soldiers were stripped, some of them entirely naked, and marched in front of the line of mounted guerrillas, about thirty feet distant, when Anderson gave the order to fire, and they commenced firing at will, vieing with each other for the privilege of killing one of the "damn sons of b----s."

One of the soldiers while marching to the place where he was to be murdered, told the fiends "he could suffer all this for the Stars and Stripes."

There were twenty-two soldiers and two citizens killed. Seven of the soldiers belonged to an Iowa regiment. The balance were Missouri soldiers. The two citizens were Germans, from St. Louis.

There were about one hundred of these devils, commanded by Captain Bill Anderson, who said "he was going to kill every soldier he came across."

Many of them were drunk. They were armed with from four to six revolvers each--many of them new, of Remington make. When the soldiers were killed, the engineer was ordered to put on all steam on the engine. He did so, but set the cold water

pump running, so that after running three or four miles, it stopped. The whole train moved off on fire. The mail was burned.

They marched the citizens in rear of the storehouse. Anderson rode up, and offered whisky to some of the party. One of the citizens drank. The prisoners were then told to go where they pleased, but were ordered not to touch any of the dead bodies, or attempt to save any of the property. The railroad buildings had all been previously fired.

The construction train came up just at this time, and was stopped. The tender was set on fire, and the caboose car in rear was also fired, and they ordered the men on the train to go back to Mexico on foot.

The guerrillas left, going out on the Columbia road, through an open prairie. About two miles out they stationed pickets. The passengers waited about half an hour, and then started for Sturgeon on foot.

About four hundred of the 9th Missouri Cavalry had started in pursuit, with what success we have not learned.

Mr. Brown relates many incidents of the barbarous acts perpetrated. Mr. B. estimates that they took about twenty thousand dollars. They robbed the passengers of their railroad tickets. They asked Mr. Brown where he was from. He told them from St. Louis, and was going to Leavenworth. They asked him what he was going to do there. He replied, "To drive a train for Irwin & Jackman," and was told to go on.

The account is too heart-sickening to give further details.

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, September 29, 1864

Train on the North Missouri Captured by Guerillas--Soldiers Murdered and Passengers Robbed.

The mail and passenger train which left this city on Tuesday morning at 4:15, on the North Missouri railroad, for Macon, on reaching Centralia, in Boone county, about 12 o'clock, was captured by 200 or 300 guerillas, under Anderson.

All the particulars have not reached us, but it is reported, and from what we hear, we believe it to be substantially true, that the rebels at once proceeded to rob all the passengers, and to commit the diabolical outrage of murdering all the Federal soldiers on the train. The soldiers are reported to number between 20 and 30, all of whom were taken out and *shot on the tracks!* The depot and freight house, the latter a large new structure[,] were then burnt, and with them a number of freight cars in proximity to them.

The passenger train was then permitted to proceed on its way, but did not return to the city on Tuesday night. We await full particulars.

Boston Daily Advertiser, Boston, Massachusetts, September 29, 1864

FROM MISSOURI.

Bridge Burned by the Rebels--All Rebel Attacks Repulsed--Federal Communications Cut--A Dash into St. Louis Apprehended.

St. Louis, Sept. 28...[Reports several paragraphs of other Missouri war news first]

...The passenger train which left here yesterday morning on the Northern Missouri railroad was captured at Centralia by Bill Anderson's bushwhackers, and 21 soldiers taken out and murdered.

[Note: See also the issue of October 1, 1864.]

Kansas City Daily Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, September 30, 1864

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST!
Two Dispatch Bearers Shot.
GUERRILLAS IN NORTH MISSOURI
A Railroad Train Captured and Burned.
Twenty-Four Union Soldiers Murdered in Cold Blood.
Passengers Robbed--Baggage, Mail and Express Destroyed.

(Special Dispatches to the Leavenworth Times)

Fort Scott, Sept. 28.

Montgomery and Riley, dispatch riders to Fort Gibson, were shot on Pawnee Creek Monday night. The mail was not taken, having been escorted previously. It has been brought in with the bodies.

W.H.B.

St. Joseph, Sept. 28--10 A.M.

A dispatch from the local agent of the Railroad at Hudson, states that a train has been captured and burned--baggage, mail, express and passengers were robbed. Twenty-four returned Union soldiers were placed in line and murdered in cold blood. It was done at Centralia. Will send further particulars.

LATER--PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR

We are indebted to Mr. Leopold Richard, of Lawrence, who arrived here last evening from St. Joseph, for full particulars of this revolting tragedy.

Mr. R. was a passenger on the train. It left St. Louis on Tuesday morning at 3 1/2 o'clock. There were six passenger coaches all filled. The train reached Centralia at 9 1/2 o'clock. The road was barricaded, and before the train halted it received a full volley from the guerrillas, who were drawn up on the side of the road and were eighty-five in number, and commanded by Bill Anderson.

The engineer was shot through the breast as soon as the train halted; the rebels entered the cars and ordered all the passengers to go outside. They complied, and the rebels then commenced a promiscuous robbery, stripping every male passenger of whatever valuables were found upon his person. The female passengers were generally ill treated, and robbed, until the interference of the Captain, who ordered his men to desist.

The soldiers on the train were compelled to fall into line, and were then cruelly shot down--some of them receiving over a half dozen balls in their bodies. They were twenty-three in all. One, who had on citizens pants, borrowed a coat of Mr. Richard and thus escaped detection. None of the soldiers were armed. They were furloughed and discharged men, and some of them belonged here. After the butchery was completed, the guerrillas set fire to the train and the depot, and burned them up. Fifteen minutes later, the freight train from St. Louis arrived, and was destroyed in the same manner. Two citizens of St. Louis were also among the victims--being shot down without provocation.

Having completed their fiendish mission, Anderson rode off with his gang to their camp, about three miles distant. An hour and half later a detachment of cavalry--125 in number--arrived at Centralia and started in pursuit. Our informant proceeded to the next station on a hand car. He states that about 5 P.M., eighteen or twenty of the pursuing force came in reporting that they had been whipped by the guerillas, and had lost upwards of eighty men. They were ambushed by the rebels and captured en masse, and then murdered in cold blood. The rebels are now supposed to be between Mexico and Centralia. A body of six hundred cavalry from Hudson are in pursuit.

A member of the 2d Iowa, Orderly Sergeant, was returning to Leavenworth where his parents reside. He had served three years in the army and had re-enlisted as a veteran. Mr. Richard did not learn his name. He was among the victims.

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, September 30, 1864

THE CENTRALIA BUTCHERY,

Further Confirmations and Particulars of the Horrible Affair.

THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE KILLED.

Mexico, Mo., September 28[?], 1864

Editors Missouri Democrat:

Having just returned from Centralia this forenoon, it becomes my unpleasant duty to recount the particulars of the horrible massacre of Union soldiers at that place yesterday afternoon, by the combined gangs of desperadoes under Bill Anderson, Thrailkill, Poole, the two Todds, and others, numbering, according to best accounts, nearly 400 men, all wearing blue overcoats. They camped three miles from town, on Singleton's farm, the evening of the 26th, and the next day captured the passenger train going north, robbed the passengers, and murdered all of the soldiers--just twenty-four in number--who were unarmed and incapable of resistance. Seven of them belonged to the 1st Iowa cavalry veterans, going to St. Joseph on business, and only three of them with arms. The others were furloughed from Banks' army, and some discharged from Sherman's army.

After burning the depot and killing the agent of the road, they set the train on fire and started it off towards Sturgeon. It ran about three miles and burned up, and the passengers walked on to Sturgeon.

A construction train followed up the passenger train, and was taken, compelling the Engineer to run his locomotive over the bodies of the soldiers that lay on the track, throwing the forward trucks off, when they made him fire the train, and threatened to kill him because he couldn't make it all burn.

Between three and four o'clock Major Johnson and 135 men of Colonel Kutzner's regiment, came in from Sturgeon. The gang had left, and they followed, leaving about forty men to guard the place.

About one and a half miles from town they found the enemy waiting for them, who charged them, and it is supposed, killed all. Sixty-eight were left dead in the field on Mr. F.B. Fullenwider's farm, and fourteen between that and town.

They then returned to town, and the troops there thought they were their own men until they were almost to them, when they charged upon them, and the soldiers retreated towards Sturgeon, but they killed sixteen or eighteen of them, and dispatches from Sturgeon say only twenty-five returned to that place.

It is supposed that Major Johnson and Captain Baxter are among the slain, not all having been brought in at the time of writing. Two were scalped, all were more or less mangled, having been repeatedly shot after they were dead. Some surrendered, being promised safety upon that condition, but were instantly shot after laying down their arms.

Four of the murderers were killed in the fight, and several wounded, by report of Mr. Singleton, who saw them, and among them one of their Captains, but all were taken away.

Thus perished 122 soldiers, as brave as ever lived, by the most inhuman butchery that this war ever witnessed. Colonel Dyer is busily engaged, with Major McDermott, of the 1st Iowa cavalry, in bringing the bodies to this place for internment.

Among the slain are:

Private Owen F. Yore, company A, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private Ed. Madura, company C, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private John Russell, company C, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private Oscar B. Williams, company B, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private George W. Dilley, company B, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Corporal ---- Arnold, company E, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private Charles Carpenter, company K, 1st Iowa cavalry, veteran.

Private William R. Barnum, company F, 23rd Iowa volunteers, on sixty days sick furlough from New Orleans.

The blood of our mangled comrades cries out to us for *vengeance*, and we are sworn to take it.

HENRY L. MORRILL.
First Iowa Cavalry, Veteran Volunteers.

Daily Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, September 30, 1864

Guerilla Attack on North Mo. Railroad

Centralia Butcheries and Burnings

ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS

Near Sturgeon, Boone Co., Mo.

September 28th 1864.

Mr. Editor: I send you a few lines to give you some of the facts connected with the disaster at Centralia, yesterday, on the North Missouri railroad.

Bill Anderson, with Holtzclaw and Todd, camped on Monday night about two and a half miles from Centralia, southeast of Young's creek, with their number of men variously estimated, from two to four hundred.

On Tuesday morning, (yesterday) small squads of them made their appearance in Centralia, pressing horses and committing other depredations. About 10 o'clock, from seventy-five to one hundred of their men came into town, and commenced an indiscriminate plunder of the stores of Mr. Ball and Mr. Thomas S. Snead, the railroad agent. They also seized all dry goods and other property in the depot, breaking open boxes, trunks, &c., and appropriating whatever suited them. About 11 o'clock the stage coach arrived from Columbia with eight or nine passengers--among them, Mr. Jas. H. Waugh, Sheriff of the county, Mr. Henry Keen, Mr. Jno. M. Samuel, Mr. Hume, Mr. Lewis Sharp, Mr. C. Hickum, Mr. Boyle Gordon, Mr. Kelly, the driver, and the Hon. Jas. S. Rollins. When within about two hundred yards of the depot, eight or ten of the guerillas dashed up on their horses, ordered the stage to halt, dismounted, opened the doors of the coach, and demanded to know whether there were any Federal soldiers in the stage. On being answered in the negative, they then said, "Out with your pocket-books," and simultaneously placed a revolver cocked against the breast of each one of the passengers. These gentlemen all being unarmed, surrendered their pocket-books, together with all the money they had. The robbers then returned to several of them some of their papers, but kept the money and other valuables. In the meantime the stage horses, four in number, belonging to Mr. Gordon, at Columbia, were taken off by the scoundrels. One of them demanded to know the name of Major Rollins. Fortunately for him he gave a fictitious name, and by this means, no doubt, saved his life, as every one believed that they would have killed him instantly had they known him. The passengers, after being robbed, went to the house of Mr. Snead, and remained there until what follows occurred. About the usual time, half-past eleven o'clock, the passenger train from St. Louis to St. Joseph, came in sight. Immediately, the guerillas commanded by Anderson in person, formed into line near the track and as the train approached the depot, commenced throwing ties and other obstructions across the road, and also firing upon the engineer. From fifty to one hundred shots were fired at him, none of them taking effect, except wounding slightly one of the firemen. The train being stopped, they rushed into the cars with pistols cocked, demanding the pocket-books and money of all the passengers--men, women and children--all of which were promptly delivered or secreted

upon the persons of the ladies. They also got quite a number of gold watches and other valuable articles from the passengers. They also robbed the express safe, broke all the boxes filled with dry goods, clothing, &c., and also the trunks of the passengers, and rifled [sic] them of everything valuable. There were scarce twenty-two Federal soldiers on board of the train. These they put under guard, marched them into the town, placed them in line, and at the word fire commenced murdering them. Several of them attempted to escape, and begged for their lives; but these infernal scoundrels gave no heed to their entreaties, but shot all of them dead in their tracks; although as the train approached, white flags were seen flying from many of the car windows. Nearly all of the soldiers were shot through the head, and upon examination I saw that two of them had been brutally scalped. I do not know to what command these soldiers belonged. Amongst the number I understand there was one lieutenant, who was lame, having been previously wounded in the leg. They burned also the depot building, with all its contents, at Centralia, with six box cars standing near the depot. After murdering the soldiers, plundering the passengers and the citizens of the town generally, they set fire to the box car next to the locomotive, put the engine in motion, and without passenger or officer on started the train up the road toward Sturgeon. It ran about two and a half miles, when, from some cause, it stopped, and the four passenger cars and baggage car attached were entirely consumed. Their work of destruction being completed, they mounted their horses and left the town with savage yells in the direction of their camp. All these men were splendidly mounted and equipped, and most of them had Federal army overcoats, and some of them were dressed in Federal uniform, with four or five revolvers each. They were nearly all of them young men, stout and athletic, and ranging from eighteen to thirty years of age. They were all strangers, none of the citizens knowing any of them as residents of this section of the State. Never in any country was there a more abandoned set of desperadoes and villains. The passengers on the train left, some in buggies, some in wagons, and others on foot, up the railroad and to their respective places of destination.

I have omitted to remark that the guerillas also set fire to a construction train, which arrived at the depot a short time after the passenger train arrived, but by the timely efforts of Captain Felps and other officers, there was nothing burned but the caboose car.

I am, however, deeply pained to inform you that the saddest part of the story is yet to be told. After the above occurrences had transpired in Centralia, Major Johnson, with a part of his battalion of mounted infantry, of Colonel Kurtzner's [sic] 39th regiment of Missouri volunteers, got to Centralia about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As near as I can ascertain the facts, he had about one hundred and forty-eight men. Sixty, under the command of Capt. Smith, co. A, of Adair county; (killed) Lieut. Moore; thirty-eight men under the command of Captain Thies, of Hannibal; Lieut. Stafford, of Clark county, killed, co. H. Fifty men under the command of Lieutenant Jaynes, of Shelby county, company G. Major Johnson's men, were rather poorly mounted, armed with rifled muskets and bayonets, but no revolvers. Centralia is situated in the open prairie, about two miles from the timber. Upon his arrival there, Major Johnson determined to give the guerillas battle, and marched his men out in a southeast direction on the prairie toward the timber, where the enemy was encamped. They soon made their appearance, when Major Johnson's command, being armed with long guns, were ordered to dismount. An engagement at once commenced, and the horses of Johnson's command becoming unmanageable, broke and fled (many of them,) leaving the soldiers on foot foot [sic] in

the open prairie. The guerillas being finely mounted, and heavily armed with three or four revolvers each, charged vehemently, producing still greater confusion, and rushing upon the soldiers in the open prairie, shot them down in every direction. Those who remained mounted, finding themselves overborne by numbers and the great advantage of superior horses and arms, retreated, the bandits in pursuit. Many of them were overtaken and killed. They were followed up to within a mile and a half of Sturgeon, in the open prairie, directly along the railroad--and the whole road and prairie from Centralia is literally strewed with the dead, as all who were overtaken were killed and robbed. I have not yet learned definitely the number of Johnson's command who were killed, but, from all I can learn, there must have been from seventy to one hundred, besides the twenty-two taken from the cars. Of course, I give you this statement depending upon the information gotten from the soldiers who escaped. To-morrow I will endeavor to obtain the facts accurately, and send them to you. At present, with no more knowledge than I possess, I am not prepared to attach blame to any one; but certainly, taking it altogether, it has been one of the very worst affairs which has happened in North Missouri. The guerillas ae now being pursued by Col. Draper's, Major King's and other commands, and it is hoped they will all be overtaken and properly dealt with for their infamous crime. I must add that there is no blame whatever to be attached to the railroad officers. It was one of those disasters which they could neither anticipate nor prevent. Upon its occurrence, Capt. Felps, Mr. J.G. Gamble, Mr. Bender, and, I may add, all the other officers did all in their power to save the lives and property of the passengers, also the property of the company; and all of us feel much indebted to Messrs. Thomas S. Snead and J.J. Collier (the latter of whom was in much danger) for their successful efforts in preventing harm to the passengers.

TRAVELLER.

P.S. It is believed the thieves got not less than $15,000 or $20,000 in cash from the train robbed.

The Morning Herald, St. Joseph, Missouri, September 30, 1864 [two articles]

BILL ANDERSON.

Statement of an Eye Witness--Horrible Details.

From an eye witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter. The engineer of the Northward bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and after he discovered the character of the troops at Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bushwhackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had that morning been at that station. As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet, ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about 32 years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women and children--to march in one direction where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were 24 soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg, and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as anybody. From this time forward I ask no quarter, and give none.--Every Federal soldier on whom I put my finger shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d--d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flame, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot-leg, and on demand handed over the balance.

A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the guerilla, the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

Our informant thinks at least 75 of Major Johnson's men were butchered, who came in after the train was burned.

Such are the proceedings of the outlaw Anderson. He and his men deserve death. Are there not soldiers enough in Missouri to rid the State of those fiends?

MORE PARTICULARS OF THE CENTRALIA BUTCHERY.

Correspondence of the Morning Herald.

Macon City, Sept. 28, 1864.

Yesterday, Bill Anderson and his band of bushwhacking fiends, numbering from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, rode into the town of Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad, and there waited for the passenger train coming north to Macon. He had his pickets stationed a mile from town, on a prominent place on the prairie. Passengers on the train saw them and believed they were rebels, but the conductor, supposing all was right, and anticipating no danger, ran the train into Centralia. As it approached the station, Anderson had his men drawn up in line near it, and mounted, ready to run in case there was any force on the train; but finding there was no armed force, he gave orders to dismount and surround the train, which his men did, with their revolvers in hand. Then commenced a scene of consternation; men, women, and children, frightened, crying, imploring for their lives, money, and the clothing they had on their persons. All were in the greatest state of alarm and confusion. Anderson's men walked through the cars, with pistol in hand.--They would point their pistols at the passengers' faces, ready to fire if they did not hand over their money and valuables. Some passengers who were frightened, at once handed them their money and valuables. Others, having more presence of mind, threw their money to the ladies who were not molested by the bushwhackers, as Anderson told his men in the train not to trouble women or children. After they had robbed the passengers, they ordered them out into a line and marched them around a bluff and kept them there for a short time. There being twenty-four unarmed soldiers aboard, they were ordered into a line, marched out a few paces from the train, and shot. After they had killed the soldiers, one of Anderson's men said he recognized a German Jew in the crowd of citizens, who had tried to have him hung when a prisoner among the Federals, and, as soon as he'd finished talking, fired at the Jew. He was then ordered out of the line, when a number of Anderson's men fired at him, killing him instantly. While some of the bushwhackers were guarding the passengers, others were rifling the baggage car, and taking what they wanted. After possessing themselves of the plunder, they set fire to the passenger train, and soon it was in ashes. In the meantime a freight train had arrived. It was also captured and burned. The engine of the passenger train was all that was saved. They all then left, going in the direction of the Missouri river. Some of the passengers came to Sturgeon, some went below and some remained at Centralia. One passenger was robbed of $2,000, and others

of smaller amounts--if a passenger did not give up his money he was threatened with being shot. An officer and soldier saved their lives by being dressed in citizens' clothes.

Among the brave and noble soldiers who were shot were some from Atlanta on furlough and discharged. A lieutenant who was a cripple was with the soldiers from Atlanta, and was walking on crutches. He was ordered to take off his coat, and vest. They then killed him. Two hours after they had burned the train, a detachment numbering 150 men of Col. Keutzner's [sic] regiment of 12 months' men, and under the command of Maj. Johnson, arrived at Centralia. Anderson's men had returned. They immediately formed in line of battle. Anderson also drew up in line of battle, and ordered his men forward. They came on with a yell, making a dash on the Federals, causing their horses to stampede, and scatter in all directions, his men after them, and shooting them down.--Some fifteen made their escape into Sturgeon, and it is thought from the information brought by those who escaped, that 50 or 75 soldiers were killed. They were new recruits, had seen no service, their horses were wild and unmanageable, and they were forced to retreat. Col. Draper with some 5 Companies of Cavalry, was at Renick, sixteen miles this side of Centralia. He intended to make a forced march for Centralia. No news has been received from there to-day, but rumors say he has had a fight. Troops are being sent down the road. Quantrell, it is rumored, is in Randolph county with 600 men.

The passenger train bound for St. Louis went down as far as Sturgeon, and returned to Macon City without any trouble.

Liberty Tribune, Liberty, Missouri, September 30, 1864

The Tragedy at Centralia.

At this late hour it is impossible to give a detailed and thorough account of the scene of unmitigated horrors witnessed by us day before yesterday at Centralia, Boone county, in this State, on the North Missouri Railroad. The upward train, crowded with passengers, ladies and soldiers, was approaching the above place when it was surrounded and captured by the bushwhacker and desperado, Bill Anderson, and his gang of outlaws. There were twenty-two soldiers on the train, consisting in part of furloughed men and men whose terms of service had expired. Every soldier was massacred on the spot--some as they came out of the cars, and others as they stood drawn up in line in front of the station. It has fallen to the lot of few to witness so terrible and appalling a spectacle. In some instances the pistols were placed against the cheeks of the soldiers. Only three citizens were killed--one was named Meyer, and of St. Louis--the names of the others are unknown. The passengers, ladies as well as gentlemen, were robbed. One gentleman lost over four thousand dollars, and a lady fifteen hundred dollars. Every article that struck the fancy of the miscreants was immediately taken. The train and depot were set on fire and consumed. The engineer was forced to raise the steam and start the engine and tender at full speed up the road.

Immediately after the conclusion of this awful deed of pillage and murder, they quietly galloped away over the prairies.--They numbered about 75 strong.

It is said Anderson attacked the same evening, at the above place, a force of 130 Union soldiers, and killed 75 of them.--Anderson it is said numbered 400 strong.

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, September 30, 1864

Guerilla Attack on North Mo. Railroad

Centralia Butcheries and Burnings

ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS

Near Sturgeon, Boone Co., Mo.

September 28th 1864.

Mr. Editor: I send you a few lines to give you some of the facts connected with the disaster at Centralia, yesterday, on the North Missouri Railroad.

Bill Anderson, with Holtzclaw and Todd, camped on Monday night about two and a half miles from Centralia, south-east of Young's Creek, with their number of men variously estimated, from two to four hundred.

On Tuesday morning, (yesterday,) small squads of them made their appearance in Centralia, pressing horses and committing other depredations. About 10 o'clock, from seventy-five to one hundred of their men came into town, and commenced an indiscriminate plunder of the stores of Mr. Ball and Mr. Thomas S. Snead, the Railroad agent. They also seized all dry goods and other property in the depot, breaking open boxes, trunks, &c., and appropriating whatever suited them. About 11 o'clock the stage coach arrived from Columbia with eight or nine passengers--among them, Mr. Jas. H. Waugh, Sheriff of the county, Mr. Henry Keen, Mr. Jno. Samuel, Mr. Hume, Mr. Lewis Sharp, Mr. C. Hickman, Mr. Boyle Gordon, Mr. Kelly, the driver, and the Hon. Jas. S. Rollins, when within about two hundred yards of the depot, eight or ten of the guerillas dashed up on their horses, ordered the stage to halt, dismounted, opened the doors of the coach, and demanded to know whether there were any Federal soldiers in the stage. On being answered in the negative, they then said, "out with your pocket-books," and simultaneously placed a revolver cocked against the breast of each one of the passengers. These gentlemen all being unarmed, surrendered their pocket-books, together with all the money they had. The robbers then returned to several of them some of their papers, but kept the money and other valuables. In the meantime the stage horses, four in number, belonging to Mr. Gordon, at Columbia, were taken off by the scoundrels. One of them demanded to know the name of Major Rollins. Fortunately for him he gave a fictitious name, and by this means, no doubt, saved his life, as every one believed that they would have killed him instantly had they known him. The passengers, after being robbed, went to the house of Mr. Snead, and remained there until what follows occurred. About the usual time, half-past eleven o'clock, the passenger train from St. Louis to St. Joseph, came in sight. Immediately [sic], the guerillas commanded by Anderson in person, formed into line near the track and as the train approached the Depot, commenced throwing ties and other obstructions across the road, and also firing upon the engineer. From fifty to one hundred shots were fired at him, none of them taking effect, except wounding slightly one of the firemen. The train being stopped, they rushed into the cars with pistols cocked, demanding the pocket-books and money of all the passengers--men,

women and children--all of which were promptly delivered or secreted upon the persons of the ladies. They also got quite a number of gold watches and other valuable articles from the passengers. They also robbed the Express safs [sic], broke all the boxes filled with dry goods, clothing, &c., and also the trunks of the passengers, and rifled [sic] them of everything valuable. There were scarce twenty-two Federal soldiers on board of the train. These they put under guard, marched them into the town, placed them in line, and at the word fire commenced murdering them. Several of them attempted to escape, and begged for their lives; but these infernal scoundrels gave no heed to their entreaties, but shot all of them dead in their tracks; although, as the train approached, white flags were seen flying from many of the car windows. Nearly all of the soldiers were shot through the head, and upon examination, I saw that two of them had been brutally scalped. I do not know to what command these soldiers belonged. Amongst the number I understand there was one lieutenant, who was lame, having been previously wounded in the leg. They burned also the depot building, with all its contents, at Centralia, with six box cars standing near the depot. After murdering the soldiers, plundering the passengers and the citizens of the town generally, they set fire to the box car next to the locomotive, put the engine in motion, and without passenger or officer on started the train up the road toward Sturgeon. It ran about two and a half miles, when, from some cause, it stopped, and the four passenger cars and baggage car attached were entirely consumed. Their work of destruction being completed, they mounted their horses and left the town with savage yells in the direction of their camp. All these men were splendidly mounted and equipped, and most of them had Federal army overcoats, and some of them were dressed in Federal uniform, with four or five revolvers each. They were nearly all of them young men, stout and athletic, and ranging from eighteen to thirty years of age. They were all strangers, none of the citizens knowing any of them as residents of this section of the State. Never in any country was there a more abandoned set of desperadoes and villains. The passengers on the train left, some in buggies, some in wagons, and others on foot, up the railroad and to their respective places of destination.

I have omitted to remark that the guerillas also set fire to a construction train, which arrived at the depot a short time after the passenger train arrived, but by the timely efforts of Captain Felps and other officers, there was nothing burned but the caboose car.

I am, however, deeply pained to inform you that the saddest part of the story is yet to be told. After the above occurrences had transpired in Centralia, Major Johnson, with a part of his battalion of mounted infantry, of Colonel Kurtzrer's [sic] 39th regiment of Missouri volunteers, got to Centralia about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As near as I can ascertain the facts, he had about one hundred and forty-eight men. Sixty, under the command of Capt. Smith, co. A, of Adair county; killed, Lieut. Moore; thirty-eight men under the command of Captain Thies, of Hannibal; Lieut. Stafford, of Clark county, killed, co. H. Fifty men under the command of Lieutenant Jaynes, of Shelby county, company G, Major Johnson's men, were rather poorly mounted, armed with rifled muskets and bayonets, but no revolvers. Centralia is situated in the open prairie, about two miles from the timber. Upon his arrival there, Major Johnson determined to give the guerillas battle, and marched his men out in a Southeast direction on the prairie where the enemy was encamped. They soon made their appearance, when Major Johnson's command, being armed with long guns, were ordered to dismount. An engagement at once commenced, and the horses becoming unmanageable, broke and fled (many of

them,) leaving the soldiers on foot in foot [sic] in the open prairie. The guerillas being finely mounted, and heavily armed with three or four revolvers each, charged vehemently, producing still greater confusion, and rushing upon the soldiers in the open prairie, shot them down in every direction. Those who remained mounted, finding themselves overborne by numbers and the great advantage of superior horses and arms, retreated, the bandits in pursuit. Many of them were overtaken and killed. They were followed up to within a mile and a half of Sturgeon, in the open prairie, directly along the railroad--and the whole road and prairie from Centralia is literally strewed with the dead, as all who were overtaken were killed and robbed. I have not yet learned definitely the number of Johnson's command who were killed, but, from all I can learn, there must have been from seventy-five to one hundred, besides the twenty-two taken from the cars. Of course, I give you this statement depending upon the information gotten from the soldiers who escaped. To-morrow I will endeavor to obtain the facts accurately, and send them to you. At present, with no more knowledge than I possess, I am not prepared to attach blame to any one; but certainly, taking it altogether, it has been one of the very worst affairs which has happened. The guerillas are now being pursued by Col. Draper's, Major King's and other commands, and it is hoped they will all be overtaken and properly dealt with for their infamous crime. I must add that there is no blame whatever to be attached to the railroad officers. It was one of those disasters which they could neither anticipate nor prevent. Upon its occurrence, Capt. Felps, Mr. Gamble, and Mr. Bender, and, I may add, all the other officers did all in their power to save the lives and property of the passengers, also the property of the company; and all of us feel much indebted to Messrs. Thomas S. Snead and J.J. Collier (the latter of whom was in much danger) for their successful efforts in preventing harm to the passengers.

TRAVELLER.

P.S. It is believed the thieves got not less than $15,000 or $20,000 in cash from the train robbed.

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, September 30, 1864

Further Particulars From Centralia

TWENTY-FOUR SOLDIERS MURDERED

MAJOR JOHNSTON AMBUSCADED AND KILLED.

Heavy Loss of his Command.

Mr. Jeffries, Postmaster at Mexico reached St. Louis yesterday, and communicated to some of the papers the following particulars of Anderson's barbarities at Centralia, a partial account of which appeared in our evening edition of Wednesday.

The train that left St. Louis Tuesday morning at 4:15 A.M., on the North Missouri railroad, reached Centralia at 11:30 A.M. Before reaching that point the passengers noticed a number of men in Federal uniform, and supposed they were militia. On the arrival of the train at the Centralia depot it was taken charge of by one hundred and fifty bushwhackers, commanded by Bill Anderson, who had murdered the station agent, Mr. Rowland, before the train reached there.

On the train were seven privates of the 1st Iowa cavalry, and seventeen returned Missouri veterans, that had served three years and four months at the front. These soldiers were placed in a row, and a volley fired at them. Those that did not fall started to run, but were followed by the fiends and shot down.

Some of the wounded soldiers crawled for two miles after they were wounded, and six of them were found dead in a field some distance from where they were shot. Most of them were stripped and scalped, or hacked to pieces with knives.

The passengers on the train were then robbed, the mail bags were rifled, the express matter taken possession of, and the trunks and baggage of the passengers broken open, and their contents strewed around. What the bushwhackers could carry off they stowed away in their pockets and boots. The wood in the tender was then set on fire, the baggage and passenger cars fired, and the train started at full speed for Allin. It ran six miles and then stopped.

Soon after a construction train came up, and it was seized, the workmen, engineer and conductor robbed, and the train set on fire and started after the passenger train.

A battalion of Col. Kutzner's regiment, stationed at Sturgeon, seeing the smoke, and thinking that something was wrong, came down to Centralia, under the command of Maj. Johnson. There were one hundred and forty-five of them. They were not very well armed, and were mostly new recruits for the six months' service.

The sight of the mangled bodies of the soldiers almost maddened them, and they galloped on after the bushwhackers. Two miles from Centralia they were fired upon by the ambushed foe, and a number shot. Major Johnson, supposing he had an equal force to cope with, fell back a short distance, and ordered his men to dismount. Just as they had dismounted, and before they had formed on foot for a charge, Bill Anderson and his men dashed at them, yelling with all their might. Having three hundred men, Anderson rode down the dismounted cavalrymen, frightened off their horses, and left eighty-six dead on the prairie, and the rest escaped.

Thirty-four of the dead were brought to this city last night. The rest lay where they fell, or where they dragged themselves and died.

We learn that Anderson professes to find license for these barbarities in the fact that his two sisters were killed about a year ago by the falling of the walls of a building at Kansas City in which they were detained at the time, with others, as prisoners. He has often threatened, since that event, to wreak summary vengeance upon all persons wearing the Federal uniform who might fall in his power.

His band seems to have been considerably increased in numbers by the junction of other squads of bushwhackers. It is doubtless his intention to seek the south side of the Missouri river and secure comparative safety for himself and the wretches who follow him, by joining the rebel forces that have just invaded the State.

The train on the North Missouri road which went out Wednesday did not proceed farther than Mexico. The cars left on time this morning, with instructions to go through in case they find the track unobstructed beyond Mexico.

Missouri Statesman, Columbia, Missouri, September 30, 1864 [from a transcript at the State Historical Society of Missouri (Columbia), verified by comparison with the original newspaper]

A RAID ON CENTRALIA

Bill Anderson in Command

The Depot and a Train of Cars Plundered and Burned

17 Soldiers and 2 Citizens Brutally Murdered:

Citizens and Stores Robbed

The notorious murderer and robber, Bill Anderson, after making an ineffectual attack on Fayette on Saturday crossed the North Missouri Railroad above Sturgeon, and turning came into Boone east of Centralia. On Tuesday morning last, Anderson and his murderous crew entered Centralia; and there these abandoned scoundrels stained anew their heads with the blood of defenseless and innocent victims, and perpetrated robberies and fiendish outrages on the most unlimited scale. From eye witnesses to all their crimes there committed we have learned the harrowing particulars. The heart sickens at the recital of the bloody deeds of these inhuman butchers, in whose hearts does not exist the faintest spark of moral feeling or of mercy.

When the mail coach of this place got within a few hundred yards of Centralia it was met by Anderson and a few of his men. The mail bag was taken and all the letters therein were opened and scattered over the ground.-- A part of the Boone delegation to the Mexico Convention, consisting of Hon. J.S. Rollins, Messrs. J.H. Waugh, J.M. Samuel, Henry Keene and Boyle Gordon, were in the stage and were subjected to robbery; but they had taken the precaution to have but little money and no valuables on their persons. The stage horses were also taken from the stage.

In a short time all of Anderson's band and parts of other bands came into Centralia from the southeast to the number of about 125. It is supposed they had a camp about 3 miles from the town. Then the work of destruction and robbery commenced. The depot, a very large and substantial one mostly new, was set on fire and burned to the ground with its contents. It contained a great deal of valuable property. Whilst the depot was burning but before the flames had made much headway the passenger train from St. Louis, consisting of four cars, came in sight. As most of the guerrillas wore Federal uniform, the suspicions of the engineer of the train were not awakened until it was too late to reverse the engine and escape back. The train moved slowly on into the jaws of destruction. Just as it neared the depot obstructions were placed across the track to cut off all possibility of its going on.-- Showing their utter contempt for all regard of human life, when the train arrived within pistol shot a part of the guerrillas drew up in line and commenced firing into the cars, freighted as they were with innocent men, women and children. The sides of the cars were splintered with shots and the window glass knocked out. In this way we learn that two citizens on board the cars were killed.-- When the train stopped then commenced a scene of pillage and murder which has scarcely a paralel

[sic]. The passengers were all ordered off, and as they descended the steps of the cars each one was accosted by the robbers and money, watches, and other valuables demanded.-- Seventeen Federal soldiers, some of whom were sick and returning to their homes, were on the train. They were taken off the cars and drawn up in line, two of them supposed to be officers, having been stripped of their outer clothing. Then their executioners stood before them and commenced the murderous work of shooting them down in cold blood. Some broke from the line and attempted to escape by flight but they were pursued and mercilessly shot down. Others ran around and crept under the cars in hope that through some kind providence they might escape. But all their efforts were of no avail. They were hunted out and inhumanly butchered in their hiding places. One poor fellow who was stripped of his outer clothing grappled for a time with a ruffian but seeing that resistance was hopeless he finally gave up and was immediately shot.-- While this terrible massacre was going on the baggage car of the train was plundered; boxes and trunks were broken open and rifled. The cars were then fired and the engineer was ordered to let on steam and start the train forward. This he did; whilst some of the band rode alongside the locomotive until it was fairly in motion, and then the engineer was ordered to jump off. The empty cars went thundering onward giving out a sheet of flame and smoke. They went but a few miles.

The stores of T.S. Sneed and J.W. Ball were thoroughly plundered and their contents scattered around and trampled under foot. A rope was put around the neck of Mr. J.J. Collier, hotel keeper, and the guerrillas were in the act of hanging him up when one of their number interfered and he was released.

The general scene is represented to have been affecting and revolting to the last degree. On the ground scattered and in clusters lay the murdered soldiers, ghastly, and stained with blood, silent but eloquent victims of outraged humanity. Children cried, and women screamed as the rude vandals stripped off their finger rings and other jewelry. On every side was visible a scene of woe and confusion. By 12 o'clock the terrible work was over and the band mounted their horses and rode slowly away in the direction from whence they came, loaded with plunder.

We are unable to state the amount of the loss incurred in the destruction of the depot. Several parties of this place suffered. Trimble, Fyfer & Co. lost between 2,500 and $3,000, in dry goods, boots and shoes; S.F. Conley $1,500 in whiskey and wool, and Samuel, Con____ & Co. [sic], a considerable amount in salt.

Western Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 1, 1864

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST!
Two Dispatch Bearers Shot.
GUERRILLAS IN NORTH MISSOURI
A Railroad Train Captured and Burned.
Twenty-Four Union Soldiers Murdered in Cold Blood.
Passengers Robbed--Baggage, Mail and Express Destroyed.

(Special Dispatches to the Leavenworth Times)

Fort Scott, Sept. 28.

Montgomery and Riley, dispatch riders to Fort Gibson, were shot on Pawnee Creek Monday night. The mail was not taken, having been escorted previously. It has been brought in with the bodies.

W.H.B.

St. Joseph, Sept. 28--10 A.M.

A dispatch from the local agent of the Railroad at Hudson, states that a train has been captured and burned--baggage, mail, express and passengers were robbed. Twenty-four returned Union soldiers were placed in line and murdered in cold blood. It was done at Centralia. Will send further particulars.

LATER--PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR

We are indebted to Mr. Leopold Richard, of Lawrence, who arrived here last evening from St. Joseph, for full particulars of this revolting tragedy.

Mr. R. was a passenger on the train. It left St. Louis on Tuesday morning at 3 1/2 o'clock. There were six passenger coaches all filled. The train reached Centralia at 9 1/2 o'clock. The road was barricaded, and before the train halted it received a full volley from the guerrillas, who were drawn up on the side of the road and were eighty-five in number, and commanded by Bill Anderson.

The engineer was shot through the breast as soon as the train halted; the rebels entered the cars and ordered all the passengers to go outside. They complied, and the rebels then commenced a promiscuous robbery, stripping every male passenger of whatever valuables were found upon his person. The female passengers were generally ill treated, and robbed, until the interference of the Captain, who ordered his men to desist.

The soldiers on the train were compelled to fall into line, and were then cruelly shot down--some of them receiving over a half dozen balls in their bodies. They were twenty-three in all. One, who had on citizens pants, borrowed a coat of Mr. Richard and thus escaped detection. None of the soldiers were armed. They were furloughed and discharged men, and some of them belonged here. After the butchery was completed, the guerrillas set fire to the train and the depot, and burned them up. Fifteen minutes later, the freight train from St. Louis arrived, and was destroyed in the same manner. Two citizens of St. Louis were also among the victims--being shot down without provocation.

Having completed their fiendish mission, Anderson rode off with his gang to their camp, about three miles distant. An hour and a half later a detachment of cavalry--125 in number--arrived at Centralia and started in pursuit. Our informant proceeded to the next station on a hand car. He states that about 5 P.M., eighteen or twenty of the pursuing force came in reporting that they had been whipped by the guerillas, and had lost upwards of eighty men. They were ambushed by the rebels and captured en masse, and then murdered in cold blood. The rebels are now supposed to be between Mexico and Centralia. A body of six hundred cavalry from Hudson are in pursuit.

A member of the 2d Iowa, Orderly Sergeant, was returning to Leavenworth where his parents reside. He had served three years in the army and had re-enlisted as a veteran. Mr. Richard did not learn his name. He was among the victims.

Kansas City Daily Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 1, 1864

The Centralia Butchery Confirmed

We learned yesterday that the bushwhackers under Bill Anderson, killed in all 158 men--all soldiers but two.

The following dispatch we clip from the St. Joseph Herald. It was received by Paymaster T.D. Price, of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad:

T.D. Price: The bushwhackers under Bill Anderson, to the number of about 300, came from Fayette to Huntsville and demanded the surrender of Huntsville. Col. Demy got in the Court House with his men, and sent word to him that he would see him in hell first. They left and came to Centralia, too late to stop the train; but yesterday they came in again, about 200 strong, two hours before the train got there. When the train arrived, about 100 shots were fired into it. They stopped the train, took all the passengers off, robbed them, took 24 returned soldiers out into line, and shot them down in cold blood; set fire to the depot and it communicated to the train. They made the engineer start the train, and it ran 3 miles before stopping. The whole train, mail, express and baggage was burned. One citizen and one passenger were killed. A short time after Anderson left, Major A.V.E. Johnson, of Hannibal, with 125 men came in. They were taking care of the dead and wounded when Anderson returned and made an attack on them. Their horses were stampeded, and every man tried to take care of himself the best way he could. The last seen of the Major he was surrounded by a few of his men, and is supposed to be killed. Only 25 of his men are known to be safe. That is the latest up to last night.

J. Vincent.

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1864

GUERRILLA ATROCITIES.

TROOPS AFTER THEM.

By dispatches received at Headquarters, the reported atrocities of the rebels in North Missouri are confirmed. These dispatches furnish the following information:

Major Johnson, 39th Missouri Volunteers, left Paris, Monroe county, with 150 men, in pursuit of the guerrillas. He arrived in Centralia soon after Anderson had closed his bloody chapter of crimes at that place, and discovering the rebels in the timber about two miles from that place, immediately started after them. On nearing the timber, he formed his men in line of battle and dismounted them, each man guarding his own horse. The guerrillas rushed from the timber in line of battle, near 500 strong, under Thrailkill, Perkins, Todd, Anderson and Holtzclaw. When within 150 yards of our troops, Major Johnson ordered his men to fire. The fiends were temporarily checked and thrown into disorder, but soon rallied, reformed, and fired upon our men before they could fire a second shot.

Major Johnson was completely overwhelmed and himself and command subjected to the most shocking barbarity that ever blackened the page of history. Major Johnson was murdered and scalped. One hundred and thirty of his men shared his fate, most of them were shot through the head, then scalped, bayonets thrust through them, torn off and thrust into the mouths of the dying.

These crimes were committed by men recruited by authority of Sterling Price, as attested by his son, Edwin M. Price, who visited the rebel camps and saw the documents from his father, authorizing the formation of guerrilla gangs by Perkins and Holtzclaw.

The guerrillas scattered through Boone and Howard counties, after the massacre. Our forces are after them.

General Douglas left Columbia on Wednesday, with 400 good men and one howitzer in search of the rebels, and troops are moving into Boone county from Sturgeon and Mexico.

Daily Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1864

Another Outrage at Centralia.

Yesterday, as we learn from passengers by the North Missouri railroad, the house of Mr. Thomas Snead, at Centralia, the scene of the late horrid massacre by the monster Anderson, was set fire and burnt to the ground. A day or two since his store-house was fired and burnt. Mr. Snead's fate has been a very hard one. Anderson's bushwhackers pillaged his store of all its contents, and he only narrowly escaped with his life from some shots one of the rascals fired at him. After being robbed by the bushwhackers, his store and house were burnt down, and, as we understand, not by bushwhackers. Mr. Snead has lost everything, and he and his family--a numerous one--are now in this city in a state of utter destitution.

We cannot learn why this gentleman has been marked out for such punishment. He kept a house of entertainment at Centralia and is reported to have always deported himself in a manner which should not have made him a single enemy. He was a liberal and accommodating man, and much liked by travelers who stopped with him and the railroad people who were acquainted with him. On the recent attack on the railroad train he is said to have done all that a man could do, in his circumstances, to aid and relieve the passengers. We have not heard what defense is set up to excuse or justify the ruin inflicted on him.

Weekly Louisiana Journal, Louisiana, Missouri, October 1, 1864

HORRIBLE NEWS.

A dispatch to headquarters at St. Louis Wednesday morning, announces that a body of guerrillas attacked a train on the North Missouri Railroad, at Centralia Tuesday, "captured some thirty soldiers, took them out and shot them, and then let the gravel train run over their dead bodies, which threw the engine off the track." It is further reported, though not confirmed up to the time of writing this, that Major A.V.E. Johnston of this city, who was in the vicinity, made pursuit of the fiends, and was led into an ambuscade where he and all his men except six were killed. It is said Major Johnston's command was composed of Captain Smith's and another company. Captain Baxter's company was not along. Before going to press we hope to hear that the report about Major Johnston is untrue.

We hope that our citizens will arouse themselves and wage a war of extermination against these bushwhackers.

Evening Bulletin, Leavenworth, Kansas, October 1, 1864

The Centralia Massacre.

The St. Louis Democrat gives a full account of the massacre at Centralia, which does not differ materially from the one we gave. Our account was up to the time Anderson had massacred the soldiers found on the train, and fired it. The Democrat gives the following additional:

The band then passed on, and in about one hour was followed by Maj. Johnson and his command. Two or three miles beyond Centralia, in Boone county, on the farm of a Mr. Fullenweider, of this city, Anderson hid his men in the bushes, and waited his pursuers. Major Johnson approaching the ambush, was fired upon. He immediately withdrew his command, dismounted them, and formed in line of battle. At this moment the guerrillas burst from their hiding place with fierce yells and rapid firing. Major Johnson's horses took fright and left him and his men to wage the unequal contest on foot. They had delivered but one volley when the guerrillas were upon them, shooting, hacking and slaying to the right and left. The militia made no stand, scattered and fled in all directions. Eighty-six of their number, including Major Johnson, were killed in [the] very field where they dismounted. Ten others were found dead in the prairie towards Centralia. Out of the whole command of about 150 men, twenty-five were all that, up to our latest advices, had escaped.

A gentleman who passed over the road day before yesterday, informs us that he saw the bodies of the murdered men lying alongside the track, presenting a most horrible sight.

The whole of that country should be made desolate. This band of cutthroats were camped within three miles of the track the evening before the massacre, and their presence must have been known to the neighborhood. If there was a loyal man there, he would undoubtedly have taken some measures to prevent trains from being captured. There is no loyalty there.

Daily Advertiser, Boston, Massachusetts, October 1, 1864

[No title]

Thirty-four veterans who were returning home from Atlanta were shot in cold blood at Centralia, Mo., and the bodies horribly mutilated. Mr. Rolland, the express agent, was also murdered, and three citizens on the train were wounded and left to burn up on the train, which was fired and started off at full speed. About one hour after the guerillas left, Major Johnson with about 150 militia arrived at Centralia and started in pursuit. They were ambushed when about three miles out, and 96 of their number, including Major Johnson, were killed. The militia were all raw and badly armed. The rebels were commanded by the notorious Bill Anderson. This is the most atrocious affair since the massacre at Lawrence. The Unionists along the North Missouri Railroad are intensely excited over the massacre, and call for the extermination of all rebels and sympathizers.

Daily Citizen & News, Lowell, Massachusetts, October 1, 1864

[No title]

Thirty-four veterans who were returning home from Atlanta were shot in cold blood at Centralia, Mo., and the bodies mutilated horribly. Mr. Rolland, the express agent, was also murdered, and three citizens on the train were wounded and left to burn up on the train, which was fired and started off at full speed. About one hour after the guerrillas left, Major Johnson with about 150 militia arrived at Centralia and started in pursuit. They were ambushed, when about three miles out, and 96 of their number, including Major Johnson, were killed. The militia were all raw and badly armed. The rebels were commanded by the notorious Bill Anderson. This is the most atrocious affair since the Lawrence massacre. The Unionists along the North Missouri railroad are intensely excited over the massacre, and call for the extermination of all rebels and sympathizers.

The Morning Herald and Daily Tribune, St. Joseph, Missouri, October 2, 1864

MURDERED SOLDIERS.--Privates Martin Graves, James Thomas, Thomas Goodwin, Serg't. Claib Thompson and one other whose name could not be ascertained, were murdered on the train at Centralia, by the guerrillaAnderson. They were all members of the old 25th Regiment No. Vol., now called the 1st Mo. Engineers. They were on the way home to their families from Atlanta.

We were pleased yesterday to meet in our city, Samuel Sayward, Esq., the gentlemanly and energetic sutler of the 35th Mo. Mr. S. informs us he was a passenger on the train on the North Missouri railroad which was captured at Centralia, and escaped with his life, but lost some $1,600 in money and a gold watch and chain valued at $400. A citizen was shot over his shoulder, the muzzle of the pistol being so close to his face as to burn it and blacken on the side with powder.

The Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1864

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

We copy what follows from the St. Joseph *Herald*:

From an eye-witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter. As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet, ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair, inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about 32 years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women and children--to march in one direction, where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers, who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were 24 soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as anybody. From this time forward I ask no quarter, and give none. Every Federal soldier on whom I put my fingers shall die like a dog. If I get into your cluthes [sic] I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d--d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flames, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot leg, and on demand handed over the balance. A guerilla asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was

drawn off by the guerilla, the money obtained and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

The Manhattan Independent, Manhattan City, Kansas, October 3, 1864

[No headline]

We are indebted to Mr. E.J. Brown of Woodson county, Kansas, for the following account of the horrible massacre at Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad, on Tuesday morning the 27th inst.

The train consisted of the engine, mail, express, baggage, and four passenger cars, which left St. Louis at 3:30 A.M. that morning, and arrived at Centralia at 11 A.M.

His attention was first called by a remark that the militia were on drill just as the train was entering Centralia. Another gentleman remarked they were guerrillas. He looked out, and saw the rebels about fifty yards distant, drawn up in line on horseback. They fired upon the train, and immediately advanced upon it. Obstructions had been placed on the track. The train was stopped. The first demand they made was to know if there were any soldiers on board. They were told there were some on board. They were discharged soldiers and unarmed. The guerrillas dismounted, and came into the cars, ordering all out, and commenced robbing men and women indiscriminately. Passengers and soldiers were then ordered into line. After they were in line, the rifling of baggage commenced, which was done taking and loading their horses with all they wanted. When done they ordered the conductor to fire the train, which he did.

When the train was fired, Anderson, their leader, ordered his men to dismount and form in line. The soldiers were stripped, some of them entirely naked, and marched in front of the line of mounted guerrillas, about thirty feet distant, when Anderson gave the order to fire, and they commenced firing at will, vieing with each other for the privilege of killing one of the "damn sons of b----s."

One of the soldiers while marching to the place where he was to be murdered, told the fiends "he could suffer all this for the Stars and Stripes."

There were twenty-two soldiers and two citizens killed. Seven of the soldiers belonged to an Iowa regiment. The balance were Missouri soldiers. The two citizens were Germans, from St. Louis.

There were about one hundred of these devils, commanded by Captain Bill Anderson, who said "he was going to kill every soldier he came across."

Many of them were drunk. They were armed with from four to six revolvers each--many of them new, of Remington make. When the soldiers were killed, the engineer was ordered to put on all steam to the engine. He did so, but set the cold water pump running, so that after running three or four miles, it stopped. The whole train moved off on fire. The mail was burned.

They marched the citizens in rear of the storehouse. Anderson rode up, and offered whiskey to some of the party. One of the citizens drank. The prisoners were then told to go where they pleased, but were ordered not to touch any of the dead bodies, or attempt to save any of the property. The railroad buildings had all been previously fired.

The construction train came up just at this time, and was stopped. The tender was set on fire, and the caboose car in rear was also fired, and they ordered the men on the train to go back to Mexico on foot.

The guerrillas left, going out on the Columbia road, through an open prairie. About two miles out they stationed pickets. The passengers waited about half an hour, and then started for Sturgeon on foot.

About four hundred of the 9th Missouri Cavalry had started in pursuit, with what success we have not learned.

Mr. Brown relates many incidents of the barbarous acts perpetrated. Mr. B. estimates that they took about twenty thousand dollars. They robbed the passengers of their railroad tickets. They asked Mr. Brown where he was from. He told them from St. Louis, and was going to Leavenworth. They asked him what he was going to do there. He replied, "To drive a train for Irwin & Jackman," and was told to go on.

The account is too heart-sickening to give further details.--*Bulletin*.

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1864

The Massacre at Centralia.

Centralia, September 28.

Since I arrived at Centralia from Sturgeon, a few moments ago, I learn that the disaster to the Federal troops has been much greater than the report made to you in my letter written this morning. Major Johnson had in his command from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred men. The fight took place on the farm known as the Fullenwider or Rollins Farm, lying about two and a half miles southeast of this place, and just in the edge of the brush, on Young's creek.

Major Johnson lost of his command at least one hundred and thirty men killed and some four or five wounded. Those do not include the twenty-three soldiers taken from the cars and killed yesterday morning. Major Johnson himself was killed, also Capt. Smith and some other officers whose names I have not been able to obtain. Eighty-seven dead soldiers are now lying out in the street waiting to be conveyed to Mexico for interment. Forty-eight have already been sent to Mexico, and some fifteen or eighteen to Sturgeon. There may be a few others killed not yet found. Nearly all the soldiers were shot in the head.

I am now satisfied that Major Johnson acted with great indiscretion. When he came to Centralia he was warned of his danger. He was told not to go out to attack the guerillas--that they numbered three or four hundred--and were desperate and skilful [sic] men. But he persisted in stating his belief that there were not over eighty or one hundred. He went out; the battle was fought; your readers have the melancholy result. This will be known as the battle of Centralia; and since the beginning of the rebellion, in no single battle, has the Federal cause suffered more severely in proportion to the numbers engaged. The guerillas had two killed and three wounded, as far as heard from.

I repeat the statement made in my hasty note of this morning *that these guerillas do not live in this part of the State*. They are nearly all from above, and returned soldiers from Price's army. They have been driven down here by the Federal soldiers above, and it is to be hoped that every soldier north of the river will be kept after them, *until the last one of them is killed--for they are a disgrace to our country and to humanity*. If I get further facts, I will send them. Truly yours,

TRAVELLER

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1864

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

We copy what follows from the St. Joseph *Herald*:

From an eye-witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter.

As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair, inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about 32 years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women and children--to march in one direction, where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers, who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were 24 soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as anybody. From this time forward I ask no quarter, and give none. Every Federal soldier on whom I put my fingers shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d--d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flames, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot leg, and on demand handed over the balance. A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money, and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was

drawn off by the guerilla, the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

Tri-Weekly Missouri Republican, St. Louis, Missouri, October 3, 1864

Another Outrage at Centralia.

Yesterday, as we learn from passengers of the North Missouri railroad, the house of Mr. Thomas Snead, at Centralia, the scene of the late horrid massacre by the monster Anderson, was set fire and burnt to the ground. A day or two since his store-house was fired and burnt. Mr. Snead's fate has been a very hard one. Anderson's bushwhackers pillaged his store of all its contents, and he only narrowly escaped with his life from some shots one of the rascals fired at him. After being robbed by the bushwhackers, his store and house were burnt down, and, as we understand, not by bushwhackers. Mr. Snead has lost everything, and he and his family--a numerous one--are now in this city in a state of utter destitution.

We cannot learn why this gentleman has been marked out for such punishment. He kept a house of entertainment at Centralia, and is reported to have always deported himself in a manner which should not have made him a single enemy. He was a liberal and accommodating man, and much liked by travelers who stopped with him and the railroad people who were acquainted with him. On the recent attack on the railroad train he is said to have done all a man could do, in his circumstances, to aid and relieve the passengers. We have not heard what defense is set up to excuse or justify the ruin inflicted on him.

Kansas City Daily Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 4, 1864

From the St. Joe Herald.

BILL ANDERSON.

Statement of an Eye Witness--Horrible Details.

From an eye witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter. The engineer of the Northward bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and after he discovered the character of the troops at Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bushwhackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had that morning been at that station. As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet, ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about thirty two years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women and children--to march in one direction where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were twenty four soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg, and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as any body. From this time forward I ask no quarters [sic] and give none. Every Federal soldier on whom I put my fingers shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every dam [sic] soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the sholder [sic]. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerg- [sic] from the smoke and flame, and with a club nocked [sic] down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry

and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He sliped [sic] a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot-leg, and on demand handed over the balance. A gurrilla [sic] asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the gurrilla [sic], the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

Our informant thinks that at least 75 of Major Johnson's men were butchered, who came in after the train was burned.

Such are the proceedings of the outlaw Anderson. He and his men deserve death. Are there not soldiers enough in Missouri to rid the State of these fiends?

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, October 4, 1864 [three articles]

THE CENTRALIA BUTCHERY.

List of the Killed Soldiers--Further Particulars of the Horrible Affair.

Mexico, Mo., Sept. 28, 1864.

Editors Missouri Democrat:

Herewith I send you the regiment, name rank and company of the soldiers who were brutally murdered at Centralia yesterday, and brought here for burial. Many of them were horribly mutilated; in some instances the clothing and skin were "powder-burned," showing that the weapons of the murderers when discharged were but a short distance from their unhappy victims. There is scarcely a body that did not receive more than one wound, and some four or five. Two were scalped, one a private of company C, 1st Iowa Cavalry, and the other belonged to an infantry regiment. One soldier, besides being shot three times through the head, was stabbed in the neck with a knife. Another was placed upon the railroad track, and an engineer ordered and compelled by these fiends to run his engine over him. By this unheard-of act of fiendish brutality both lower limbs were severed from the body. The fingers of one hand were cut off in the same manner. Thirty-four were taken from here for internment, viz:

William R. Brown, Ward 27. From papers found about him, it is supposed he came from a New Orleans hospital.

D.C. Sully.

A lieutenant from Atlanta, on leave of absence.

W.R. The letters "W. R" were embroidered with new silk on the waistband of his pants.

John G. Harvey, Utica, Ill., supposed to be a member of the 17th Illinois cavalry.

Martin Trail.

--- --- Thomson, company L, 1st Missouri Engineers, on furlough.

James W. Thomas, co[.] A, 1st Missouri Engineers.

---- ----, sergeant, 1st Mo. Engineers. Both on furlough.

A citizen. On his person was found two brass checks for baggage, from St. Louis to St. Joseph. He was dressed in dark blue pants, a light mixed woolen vest and dark coat.

Edward Maders, co: [sic] C, 1st Iowa cav.
John Russell " "
Oscar G. [or O.] Williams, co: B [or D] "
George Dilly, " "
Owen P. Gore, co. A, "
Jos. H. Arnold, corp., Co. E, "
Chas G. Carpenter, co. H, "

Upon the remaining seventeen nothing was found by which they might be identified, yet a majority of them are supposed to belong to the 1st Missouri Engineer Regiment, returning home on furlough. All others who were killed were buried at or near Centralia. Yours, CHAS. H. LATHROP.

Surgeon 1st Iowa Cavalry.

FROM GEN. FISK.

His Report of the Centralia Affair--Loyalty and Disloyalty Cannot Live Together in Missouri.

Headquarters in the Field,
Near Glasgow, Mo., September 28.

To Captain A.G. Holloway, A.A.G., St. Joseph, Missouri:

The disaster at Centralia yesterday was severe. Twenty-one soldiers were captured on the train, taken therefrom, shot and stripped. Passengers were robbed, train set on fire and the engine put in motion and the blazing cars attached. The war has furnished no such barbarities. Major Johnson, 39th Missouri Infantry, came upon the villains, with too light a force, fought them gallantly, but was repulsed.

The Major and several of his men were butchered. I am moving soldiers and citizens as rapidly as possible. The guerrillas are increasing in numbers and ferocity every hour. The crisis is upon us. Loyalty and disloyalty in Missouri must separate--the two cannot dwell together. Nearly every family in this infernal region has a representative in either Price's invading columns, or in the brush with "Bill Anderson." We are killing entire squads of the rascals daily--killed the notorious Captain Bissell, of Platte county, and another guerrilla captain whose name we have not yet obtained.

Quantrill directs the guerrilla movements in this section. CLINTON B. FISK, Brig. Gen.

BILL ANDERSON.

Statement of an Eye Witness of the Centralia Affair--Horrible Details.

[From the St. Joseph Herald, 30th.]

From an eye witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter. The engineer of the northward bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and after he discovered the character of the troops at Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bushwhackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had that morning been at that station.

As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about thirty two years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women

and children--to march in one direction where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were 24 soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg, and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much rapidity and skill as any body. From this time forward I ask no quarter, and give none. Every Federal soldier on whom I put my fingers shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d---d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flame, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot leg, and on demand handed over the balance. A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money, and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the guerrilla, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

Our informant thinks that at least seventy-five of Major Johnson's men were butchered, who came in after the train was burned.

Such are the proceedings of the outlaw Anderson. He and his men deserve death. Are there not soldiers enough in Missouri to rid the State of those fiends?

Canton Press, Canton, Missouri, October 6, 1864; quoted from the *Paris* (Missouri) *Mercury* of September 30, 1864

From the Paris Mercury. Sept. 30.

Terrible Massacre.

One of the most bloody massacres of which we have heard or seen recorded, took place near Centralia, in Boone county, on Tuesday last. It occurred, as near as we can learn, from the confused mass of reports that are afloat in regard to the same, in this wise:

On Monday evening a report reached this place that on Sunday evening a rebel force of some 300 had made their appearance at Huntsville and demanded the surrender of the place, and while parleying with the commander of the post on the subject, they got news that Gen. Fisk, with a considerable force was on their track and close at hand, when they left in the direction of the North Mo. Railroad. After night, Maj. Johnson received intelligence that some 300 rebels were seen on the prairie about ten miles southwest of this place. He at once determined to go in pursuit of them, though some of his fellow officers doubted the policy of his thus doing, as the force at his command was not sufficiently strong nor properly equipped to meet such a force as the rebels were represented to be. But his motto was to fight rebels wherever he could find them--hence he left that night with about 170 men, in pursuit of the rebels, a small portion of his force being infantry and the balance mounted, the horses being such as were recently picked up in this county. He struck the rebel trail about daylight the next morning, some 10 miles south-west of this place, and soon after sent back the infantry and continued the pursuit with his cavalry, numbering about 145 men. He trailed them to Centralia, on the North Mo. Railroad where he found that Anderson's band of guerrillas had just been there, had captured the up-bound train of cars, had robbed the passengers of their valuables, murdered some twenty-four furloughed soldiers found on the train, and who were on their way to their homes, and then fired the train, raised steam and set it afloat. The scene before the Major was such as to fire him with indignation, and despite the advice of some of the citizens he determined, if possible, to overhaul the rebels and give them fight at all hazards. He had not proceeded more than a mile south of Centralia when he encountered their pickets, who maneuvered in such a manner as to lead his forces on and until they neared a patch of brush, where the rebels soon showed themselves in force, and at once came charging and yelling like so many savages--at this Johnson ordered his men to dismount and form in line of battle, but their horses having never before been in action at once stampeded, throwing the men in confusion and causing them to scatter in every direction, while the rebels, who were thrice-doubly armed and finely mounted, came charging on, each singling out his man or men and dealing death and destruction on every hand. The last seen of Maj. Johnson he was waving his sword, endeavoring to rally his men, but in vain--they were perfectly disconcerted and fell an easy prey to their enemies. They fell back towards Centralia, but few of them, however, ever again reached that point, and the most of those who did were afterwards killed. No quarter was shown them. Bur few of them had pistols, and hence, after firing their muskets, they had no means of defense, as the rebels rushed upon them before they had time to load after firing the first round, and as each of the enemy had a revolving rifle and from six to ten

revolvers, which they used in both hands, were enabled to keep up a continuous fire. Johnson had left a squad of men at Centralia in charge of a couple of wagons containing ammunition and provisions--all these were killed, the teams shot and the wagons burned--one of the drivers, a negro belonging to Dr. Long, of this place, escaped. But seven of Johnson's men that went into the action have reached this point, but it is rumored that Capt. Theis, with some 25 of his men, made their escape to Sturgeon--the rebels following them to within three miles of that place, three dead bodies having since been found on the route. It is not know that any of the rebels were killed. A gentleman who was in Centralia on the following day, and after the bodies of the slain had been gathered up, says he counted 87 dead bodies, and one that was still alive, and understood that 40 bodies had previously been sent to Mexico, including the bodies of the soldiers found on the cars. The most of the men were shot in the head, and many of them were stripped of their pants and boots. The majority of the men were from Adair, Marion and Shelby counties. Capt. Smith, of Adair, is supposed to be among the killed. The body of Major Johnson was recognized. The buttons had been cut off his vest, and a piece of the scalp of about the size of a dollar taken from the top of his head. It is also reported that most of the commissioned officers were scalped. The rebels were commanded by Anderson, among whom it is understood there were men from the most noted guerrilla bands in the upper country.-- They were only about 100 strong, but stated they had about 300 more men close at hand. The horrible work they accomplished is better imagined than described--hence we leave the subject, as it is one that sickens the heart to contemplate. We understand that some 500 troops arrived at Centralia on Wednesday in pursuit of the rebels.

Daily Sentinel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 6, 1864

[No title]

General Fisk has published an official statement in regard to the massacre near Centralia, Missouri. on the 26th ultimo, Major Johnson, commanding 150 men of the 39th regiment Missouri militia, was ambushed about ten miles from Centralia by 500 regular Confederate soldiers. Overwhelmed by superior forces, our troops could make no resistance, and the butchery commenced. Major Johnson was murdered and scalped; and 130 of his officers and men shared the same fate. Most of them were shot through the head, then scalped, bayonets thrust through them, their ears and noses cut off and thrust into their mouths. Such heartless and barbarous acts of atrocity, by any but Sepoy savages, are almost too horrible for belief.

Liberty Tribune, Liberty, Missouri, October 7, 1864

The Centralia Massacre.

From the St. Joesph Herald.

By the kindness of Capt. Holloway, A.A.G., we are furnished the following telegram from Gen. Fisk:

Headquarters in the field Near [sic] Glasgow, Mo., September 28, 1864.

To Capt. G.A. Holloway:

The disasters at Centralia yesterday were severe. Twenty-one soldiers were captured on the train, taken there from, shot and stripped. Passengers were robbed, the train set on fire, and the engine put in motion, with the blazing cars attached. The war has furnished no other such barbarities. Major Johnson, 39th Mo. Infantry, came upon the villains with too light a force, fought them gallantly but was repulsed. The Major and several of his men were butchered. I am moving soldiers and citizens as rapidly as possible. The guerrillas are increasing in number and ferocity every hour. The crisis is upon us. Loyalty and disloyalty in Missouri must separate; the two cannot dwell together. Nearly every family in this infernal region has a representative, either with Price's invading columns, or in the brush with "Bill Anderson." We are killing entire squads of the rascals daily. Have killed the notorious Capt. Bessell, of Platte county, and another guerrilla Captain whose name we have not yet obtained. Quantrell directs the guerrilla movements in this section.

(Signed) Clinton B. Fisk,
Brigadier General.

Western Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 8, 1864

The Centralia Butchery Confirmed.

We learned yesterday that the bushwhackers under Bill Anderson, killed in all 158 men--all soldiers but two.

The following dispatch we clip from the St. Joseph Herald. It was received by Paymaster T.D. Price, of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad:

T.D. Price: The bushwhackers under Bill Anderson, to the number of about 300, came from Fayette to Huntsville and demanded the surrender of Huntsville. Col. Demy got in the Court House with his men, and sent word to him that he would see him in hell first. They left and came to Centralia, too late to stop the train; but yesterday they came in again, about 200 strong, two hours before the train got there. When the train arrived, about 100 shots were fired into it. They stopped the train, took all the passengers off, robbed them, took 24 returned soldiers out into line, and shot them down in cold blood; set fire to the depot and it communicated to the train. They made the engineer start the train, and it ran 3 miles before stopping. The whole train, mail, express and baggage was burned. One citizen and one passenger were killed. A short time after Anderson left, Major A.V.E. Johnson, of Hannibal, with 125 men came in. They were taking care of the dead and wounded when Anderson returned and made an attack on them. Their horses were stampeded, and every man tried to take care of himself the best way he could. The last seen of the Major he was surrounded by a few of his men, and is supposed to be killed. Only 25 of his men are known to be safe. That is the latest up to last night.

J. Vincent.

Louisiana Weekly Journal of Commerce, Louisiana, Missouri, October 8, 1864

For the Journal.

The Centralia Massacre.

Mr. Editor:--The statements which have appeared in the St. Louis papers, of the slaughter of Major Johnston's command near Centralia, though in the main correct as to the extent of the disaster, are entirely erroneous as to the manner of its occurrence. The following statement of an eye witness and participant in the bloody tragedy--a wounded soldier of Maj. Johnston's command--will correct the errors above alluded to, and portray in its true colors the infamous cowardice of the fiendish perpetrators:

"On Tuesday, September 27th, Maj. Johnston with a Battalion of the 39th Missouri numbering 150, newly recruited, was at Sturgeon, on the North Missouri Railroad. About noon of that day an unusual smoke was observed seemingly on the railroad, some miles below Sturgeon. Suspecting something wrong, Maj. Johnston, with 135 of his men, mounted and hurried down the road. Arriving at Centralia, they found the dead bodies of the soldiers, who had been butchered in cold blood by Anderson's gang of cut-throats--lying gashed and mutilated by the roadside. Learning that the gang with Anderson numbered about 80, the Major detailed about 40 of his command to bury the dead, and with the remainder (less than 100 men) hurried forward in pursuit, on the route which the scoundrels had taken. Some two miles south of Centralia, on the prairie, we came in sight of a band of guerrillas corresponding in numbers with the force said to be with Anderson, and supposed to be the same. Forming in line the Major ordered an advance and led the charge. Between us and the rising ground on which the guerrillas stood, a wide ravine, grown up thick with brush, intervened. The road led through an opening in this brush, and through this our men had to ride. We had scarcely got into this ravine when from the brush on all sides a deadly fire was poured upon us. Maj. Johnston fell from his horse mortally wounded at the first discharge. Fully three-fourths of his command were unhorsed, dead, dying, and disabled by the same discharge. The handful that remained were instantly shot down. The *heroes* who fight for the rights of the South, then charged forth from the brush to the number of upwards of 400 to strip and mutilate the bodies of the dying and the dead. This was the only *charge* they made. Some of our wounded fellows, who happened to carry revolvers, succeeded, before approaching death glazed their eyes, in killing four and wounding several of the miscreants. The narrator of this was three times shot--twice after he had fallen from his horse--and being still alive when the gang were ready to leave the scene of their butcheries, was taken some distance with them and left at a house by which they marched. Maj. Johnston was killed by a ball which entered his side under his sword arm, not far below the arm pit. He was shot a second time in the head after he had fallen. He was stripped of arms and uniform and the scalp-lock cut from his head; but was in no other manner mutilated. All the officers were scalped. Many of the privates were shockingly mutilated, some of them before life was extinct. The Major's horse--a gallant grey--galloped back to Centralia--*riderless*--conveying the first intimation of his fate."

Such is the substance of the account, as detailed by this wounded survivor of this infamous and cowardly butchery. It bears the impress of truth upon every line, and is

corroborated by the accounts of loyal citizens who were in the vicinity, and whose opportunities were best for obtaining accurate information.

The alleged *charge* made by Anderson's cut-throats upon Maj. Johnston's command, in the open prairie, evidently originated with rebel sympathizers in the vicinity who, unable to conceal the fiendish brutality of their friends in the bush, were yet anxious to cover up the infamous cowardice of the butchery, and their false statements have been furnished second-handed to the St. Louis press. A moment's reflection should suffice to brand their statements as false, even without the testimony of this wounded survivor.

Cowards, who strip and mutilate the bodies of the dead, never charge upon an armed enemy in the open field, even though, as in the present instance, that enemy is but one-fifth of their own number.

Western Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 8, 1864

MURDERED SOLDIERS--Privates Martin Graves, James Thomas, Thomas Goodwin and Serg't Claib Thompson, were murdered on the train at Centralia. They were all members of the old 25th Regiment Mo. Vol., now called the 1st Mo. Engineers. They were on the way home to their families from Atlanta.

Western Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri, October 8, 1864

From the St. Joe Herald.

BILL ANDERSON.

Statement of an Eye Witness--Horrible Details.

From an eye witness, a gentleman from Indiana, we learn the horrible details of the Centralia slaughter. The engineer of the Northward bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and after he discovered the character of the troops at Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bushwhackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had that morning been at that station. As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet, ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about 32 years of age. He was dressed in a Federal soldiers' coat, black pants, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens--men, women and children--to march in one direction where they were formed in lines two deep, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes were marched in an opposite direction. In getting off the platform, two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson and tumbled off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of passengers who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were 24 soldiers aboard the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Mo. Infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg, and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed into line, and Anderson walked up to them, and thus addressed them:

"You Federals have just killed six of my soldiers, scalped them, and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any man to be scalped, but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as anybody. From this time forward I ask no quarters [sic] and give none. Every Federal soldier on whom I put my fingers shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every dam [sic] soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, and declared that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are Federals, and Federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle bows." A line of bushwhackers with revolvers were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives, but every man was shot. All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens, chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and from thence under the depot building. The building was fired, and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flame, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell pierced with

twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry and money. One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot-leg, and on demand handed over the balance. A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the guerilla, the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German, and he was instantly killed.

Our informant thinks at least 75 of Major Johnson's men were butchered, who came in after the train was burned.

Such are the proceedings of the outlaw Anderson. He and his men deserve death. Are there not soldiers enough in Missouri to rid the State of those fiends?

Wisconsin Daily Register, Portage, Wisconsin, October 8, 1864

A Guerrilla Massacre at Centralia, Mo.--Horrible Atrocities.

From the Quincy Whig.

The following particulars of the fiendish massacre at Centralia are furnished by a person who obtained them from eye-witnesses of the terrible scenes. We have no heart to comment on them, and leave them to the reflection of our readers:

Quincy, Sept. 28, 1864.

The passenger train bound North on the Missouri railroad yesterday was attacked by guerrillas, at Centralia, in Boon [sic] county, Mo. Twenty-two furloughed and discharged veterans from Atlanta, Ga., (one of them without a leg and on crutches) were inhumanly and barbarously butchered; also two passengers and one citizen; making twenty-five in all. The soldiers were stripped and some of them scalped. Every person on the train was robbed, baggage rifled, and the train burned, as was also the station house. The guerrillas were hid in the depot building and could not be seen by the train men until they ran up to the station, when the track was immediately obstructed on either side of the train, and the horrid work commenced.

The first man killed was a passenger; he was standing on the hind platform of the rear coach, and was ordered to open the coach door. This he could not do in consequence of its being locked, when one of the incarnate fiends shot him dead. They then went through the coaches, taking from every person pistols, watches, pocket-books, and other valuables, making many persons pull off their boots to see if they had any thing secreted in them. They forced the baggageman to pass out the baggage to them as they plundered it, and then compelled him to set fire to his own car. The soldiers were marched into line to be shot. One of them had been severely cut with a knife during the robbing process inside the coaches, and when being led forth to the slaughter, he placed his hand upon his bleeding breast, from which the life-current was fast ebbing, and looking upon his murderers, his face radiant with patriotic smiles, said: "I have suffered a great deal for the glorious old Stars and Stripes, but I can still suffer more for our starry banner. So do your worst; I am prepared." He was immediately shot dead. When the soldiers were in line they were tantalized by being offered cigars, which, if they either took or refused, resulted in their being perforated with bullets. One of the guerrillas detailed to do the butchering, shot at a captain and missed him, when the captain sprang forward, knocked the assassin down, wrenched his pistols from him, and in another instant would have ended his career of crime, but was shot from behind through the head and instantly killed.

While this butchery of the soldiers was going [on], one of the passengers, moved with compassion, went up and commenced interceding with the guerrillas in behalf of them, when one of the demons instantly shot him through the head, saying, "Take that you d----d Yankee son of a b---h." No braver men than these soldiers were ever sacrificed on Freedom's altar. One citizen, a Lincoln man, was diligently sought for, found and murdered. Mr. Stewart, baggageman on the train, after all was over, counted

the dead bodies, and found some with as many as thirty bullet wounds.--Four of the soldiers were scalped in regular Indian style.

These guerrillas breathed out terrible threats against every man who supports Lincoln and Johnson, and said they would see to it that the State goes for McClelllan and Pendleton. They left the town cheering long and loud for McClellan and Pendleton.

I regret that I cannot give the names of the murdered soldiers, nor of the miscreant who led the guerrillas.

[A later report, given us by A.H. Lacy, one of the route-agents on the Hannibal Road, who obtained his information from parties who had visited Centralia since the massacre, states that the number of dead bodies found is 155, which includes those murdered on the train and killed in Johnson's command. So far as known, not an officer of Johnson's force escaped, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, was scalped after being shot. Some of the privates were not only scalped, but the most inhuman and indecent barbarities [were] committed upon their dead bodies. After the dispersion of Johnson's forces, the few who attempted to escape were pursued and shot down. Dead bodies were found as far as ten miles from the place of attack. Capt. Wm. Glover, one of the officers under Johnson, formerly lived in this State, and held the rank of 2d Lieutenant in Col. Glover's, subsequently Col. Black's regiment. His entire company, consisting of 51 men, is reported killed.

Mr. Lacey states his informants corroborated the statement that Anderson talked loudly in favor of McClellan, and declared his intention to "clean out" all the Lincoln men in Missouri.--Editors Whig.]

Daily Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, October 10, 1864

THE CENTRALIA AFFAIR.

Statement of the Conductor of the Train.

St. Charles, October 7, 1864.

Editors Missouri Democrat:

I was this morning handed your issue of the 4th, in which there is an extract from the St. Joseph Herald, that reflects on the officers of that ill-fated train at Centralia, on the 27th of last month. I think the gentleman from Indiana must have been very much frightened, as he attempts to give an account of the affair in which there is not a single circumstance stated correctly. I shall not take issue with him in regard to the details of the killing and robbing, for they were enough to appal [sic] the sensibilities of any good man, so he could not give the particulars as they occurred. I could not, is the reason why I have never attempted a description of the horrible scene. But I do object to the gentleman's insinuations, of the train being run by the Conductor into a band of bushwhackers, when he had timely warning of their presence. He says the Conductor and passengers saw them at least a mile distant. I did not see them over a quarter of that distance, and then it was some seconds before I discovered of what character the troops were; and I will defy any person to go into the country and distinguish between the dress of the State militia and the bushwhackers. Some of the former are uniformed, and some are not; the same is true of the latter. A great many of these men had on Federal uniforms, and the engineer of the train supposed them to be such troops. After the discovery was made, it would have been impossible to stop the train before being in their midst--they being mounted on fine horses could have kept up with us for two miles, firing into the train. Before we could have gone that distance, we would have run into the construction train, which was following, and thereby sacrificed the lives of many of the passengers.

The engineer, seeing that it was impossible, under the circumstances, to go back, thought we might avoid being captured by running past the station, as we had momentum sufficient to have outrun them. They had collected crossties and pieces of plank on the side of the track, and when we approached near the station they threw them on, and prevented our passing. He says that it was well known that Anderson and his men were in Centralia that morning. That is false. The only intimation I had of their being on the road, I received from the conductor of the southern-bound freight train, which I met at Jeffstown, who said that two had been in Centralia that morning, before he arrived there, which was before eight o'clock.

If we had stopped every train, on hearing that two or three bushwhackers were at a station, no train would have passed over the road for the last three months. I make this statement in justice to myself and other officers of the train, to remove any prejudice that may have been formed, from statements of parties who knew nothing of the circumstances that surrounded us.

R.H. OVERALL, Conductor.

The Morning Herald and Daily Tribune, St. Joseph, Missouri, October 14, 1864

An Escape from Anderson.

INCIDENTS OF IMPRISONMENT.

Mr. Thomas Goodman, a resident of Hawleyville, Iowa, was in our office yesterday--having escaped from Anderson's band of cut-throats, after having been in their hands for ten days. Mr. Goodman was captured at Centralia at the time of the inhuman butchery there, he being one on the train who was reported killed by the murderers. He was ordered into line with those shot, being dressed in full uniform, and being on furlough from the 1st Mo., [sic] Vol. Engineer Regiment. Anderson asked if there was a sergeant in the line, and Mr. G. saying he was one he was ordered to step out, which he did, and was placed under a guard of two men. Anderson told him that he should hold him as a hostage for one of his men captured by our forces, named Wyatt. He was closely guarded the entire time, and was allowed no privileges, being allowed to eat only after the guerrillas were through, and such victuals as were left. For the first two days of his imprisonment he was without either food or drink.

Mr. Goodman says that after robbing and burning the train at Centralia, they fell back about two miles to a camp in the brush, where was gathered four hundred men. They stayed there until after the fight with Major Johnson and Mr. G. was an eye witness to that entire bloody massacre. He says no prisoners were taken, but that many of Johnson's men were killed after having surrendered. Not a single body was left as long as the least life was visible, the fiends shooting many of their victims after being mortally wounded, and laying insensible. Anderson ordered his men to pick up all the arms on the battle-field, saying they would have use for them, and pressing a wagon from a farmer loaded in the arms. Our informant says that he heard the guerrillas say they had four killed, and some five or six wounded, the latter he saw after the guerillas [sic] started on their march. Just after the fight at Centralia, near sundown, the prisoner was mounted on a horse and closely guarded.--The entire guerrilla force then moved off, but, the night being dark and cloudy, Mr. G. could not tell which way they traveled. At midnight a halt was made, at a corn field in the woods, where the guerrillas remained until daylight, feeding their horses. From here they marched to a settlement some five miles farther on, where a camp was formed, and the men sent out in all directions for provisions, but before much was brought in, and while the foraging parties were out, they were attacked by Union soldiers, and left precipitately, traveling in a southwesterly course towards the Missouri river. The fear of an attack prevented a halt, the wounded from the Centralia fight being left at some houses, and the wagon load of arms captured was left in the woods. The force traveled through the woods entirely, avoiding all roads, and did not halt until ten o'clock at night, when a stop was made for the rest of the night.--Here Anderson became beastly drunk, and, taking a gun, fired among his own men.

At daylight the force moved again, and traveled a few miles, halted and fed the horses, and sent out for provision, which was brought in baskets. But a short stay was made, when the march was resumed, and kept up all day without halting. In the evening a halt was made close to a large white church near Columbia, Boone county, and Mr. G. was taken by a guard some distance ahead, when the guerrillas held a council and

disbanded, the entire force breaking up into squads of from six to fifteen, and left in every direction, Anderson and Todd remaining with a squad of fifteen or twenty who had Mr. G. under guard. The next morning these two notables left, and were only seen once afterwards.

Nothing of importance transpired until the next Tuesday, the squad traveling from one point to another in Boone and Howard counties, living by foraging from house to house, feeding their horses from corn fields, and sleeping in the woods.

On Tuesday the most of the Centralia band met at a farmers named Hooker, about four miles northeast from Rocheport, and, after a consultation, again disbanded, Anderson appearing and talking with his men, telling them he should get them out of there.

On Thursday they met again at the same place, at 12 o'clock, and started for the Missouri river to cross to the south side. When at the river, Mr. G. effected his escape by jumping into the brush, and running for his life.

About one hundred had crossed before he left, skiffs being used for that purpose, which Mr. G. thinks were brought in wagons from some place in the country, where they had them concealed.

The force at the crossing numbered fully four hundred, and was, almost exclusively, composed of boys from sixteen to twenty years of age, dressed in good Federal clothing, each man having a full suit.

While in Boone county, and throughout his entire imprisonment, every place the guerrillas went, with one of two exceptions, they were received with open arms and fed on the best of the land, the women devoting their time to making clothing for the cut-throats.

Mr. G. says the guerrillas repudiated the idea of belonging to Price's army, but said they were going to Texas. Some of them remarked that they had deserted Price before, and did not care to see him again.

Milwaukee Daily Sentinel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, December 24, 1873

ST. LOUIS.

———

A Colored Man Murdered--Removal of Bodies of Union Soldiers.

St. Louis, Dec. 23.--A colored man named Allen Law, who lived at Pleasant Hill, was murdered yesterday, about five miles from that town, and robbed of $80.

The bodies of seventy-eight Union soldiers who were killed during the late war at Centralia, Mo., by Bill Anderson's guerrillas, were sent to Jefferson City yesterday, for interment in the National Cemetery, under charge of Major Iron, of the United States Quartermaster's Department.

Daily Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, November 9, 1877

The Centralia Massacre.

To the Editor of the Globe-Democrat:

CHILLICOTHE, MO., November 5.--DEAR SIR--
In your issue of the 3rd you publish from the Lousville [sic] *Evening News* what purports to be an account of the Centralia Massacre. This article has been widely published in papers of all political complexions, and is, perhaps, as fair in its statements as could be expected from the evident Southern bias of the writer, but in several particulars it does great injustice to brave men who can not now vindicate themselves, and it ought not to be allowed to pass without correction. The true history of this dreadful massacre, the most cruel and inhuman that disgraces the annals of the late war, has never been published. There is, however, one man who was there, and who was in a position to give a correct account, and who also has the official data necessary. I refer to Capt. Adam Theis, of Hannibal, and I now call on him, in justice to the memory of those brave men who died as only brave men can die, to publish the true and correct account of this terrible affair. I can not, however, let the occasion pass without correcting a few of the misstatements of this writer. In the first place, Maj. Johnson's command was not militia, but United States Volunteers; and, in regard to the numbers of his force, he entered Centralia with only 160 all told. It is true that he left Paris with about 300 men, but his forces were not one-half mounted, and finding that the unmounted men delayed the march, he sent them back to Paris several hours before reaching Centralia. The scene which met their eyes at Centralia is very correctly and graphically described in the article referred to. The only thing to be added to its inhuman details is the fact that the men who were taken off the train and so brutally murdered were discharged and furloughed soldiers from the hospitals, and entirely unarmed. This sight seemed to deprive Maj. Johnson of all reason and prudence; caution he never had, nor fear. Declaring that his handful of men could whip any number of such inhuman wretches as could be guilty of such cowardly conduct, he hastily marched out after the guerrillas with less than 130 men, leaving Capt. Theis, with about thirty men, at Centralia as a reserve. The most of Johnson's men knew that they must be going to certain death, mounted as they were upon untrained horses and armed only with muskets, but they went in obedience to orders and met their death bravely and unflinchingly. Surely the famous charge of the six hundred, which has been immortalized in song and story, was not surpassed by this. Maj. Johnson paid the only penalty a man could pay for such rashness: he fell at the head of his command, and of his command scarce a dozen escaped. Capt. Theis was immediately surrounded at Centralia, and bravely cut his way through with a loss of one-half his men. The total loss of the Federals was 121 killed and 2 wounded, who escaped.

In regard to unfurling a black flag, this is pure imagination. There was no black flag shown. Neither Johnson nor his men would have marched under such a relic of barbarism. It has also been charged that Johnson's forces were at that time, and previously, under orders to take no prisoners. This is not so. Only the day before the massacre the writer hereof had a skirmish with a company of guerrillas, under Capt. Brison, and captured a prisoner, Henry J. Ewing by name, and turned him over to the post

commandant at Mexico. This company of Brison's, consisting of ninety men, joined Anderson, and was present at the massacre, but probably took no part, their services not being needed.

Again calling upon Capt. Theis to publish an account of this affair, I am, very respectfully, yours,

Frank B. Ray,

Late First Lieutenant, Company H, 39th Infantry, Missouri Volunteers.

[Note: Douglas Scott searched the November 3 and October 3, 1877, issues of the *Daily Globe-Democrat* for the earlier article mentioned, without success; also, a computer search of "Centralia" failed to reveal the earlier article.]

Kansas City Daily Journal, Kansas City, Missouri, April 4, 1882

FRANK AND JESSE JAMES.

...

Bill Anderson, at the head of 150 men, on the 27th of September, 1864, marched upon Centralia, a small town in Boone county. After pillaging the village, the guerrillas unfurled their banner of midnight black, relieved only by a white skull and cross-bones, and at the depot awaited the arrival of the train. As the engine drew up a squad boarded the cars and ordered everybody outside. The five coaches were soon emptied, and the passengers and some thirty soldiers were ordered to stand in line with hands up. In this situation the passengers were robbed of their money and valuables, and the soldiers wantonly shot down in cold blood, without so much as a twinge of conscience. Later, the same day, before they had left Centralia, a body of Missouri state militia, 200 strong, under Maj. J.H. Johnson, rode into town, and, for a few hours, a terrible conflict rages. In this fight Jesse James was again a conspicuous participant, and, after the ranks of the guerrillas had be decimated by the death of fifty of their best men and their banner once more about to trail in defeat, he made a furious dash upon the brave Johnson and sent a pistol ball careering [sic] through his brain. The loss of their leader disheartened the volunteers, and the fight they had almost won was converted into their own ruthless massacre.

THE FIENDISH DEEDS

of these border ruffians received the earnest condemnation of the regular forces of both confederate and federal armies...

Daily Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Missouri, April 7, 1882

A Survivor of Centralia.

Geo. F. Carruthers, of the Union Warehouse Company, was one of the few captives who escaped the vengeance of Jesse James and his associates at the Centralia massacre. In speaking to some friends yesterday on 'Change [sic] he told the story briefly as follows: "It was on September 21, 1864, when I was express messenger on the North Missouri Railroad. The guerillas got hold of us at Centralia and took us all out and stood us up in a row. Then the James gang began picking us off from their saddles, and not, as the accounts say, that Jesse approached and shot down each man himself. They amused themselves at this sport for some time, and you bet I thought that was my last breathing moment when one of the James boys drew a bead on me. He would have shot me down in my tracks only some one of his gang whom I did not know jumped out and said, `If you shoot that man I will kill you.' James glanced at him and seeing he was determined, dropped his gun, and with a vile oath called me to approach and fasten a scalp to his bridle. The papers don't say so, but I saw him scalp the dead men, and when he called I just went and fixed the reeking scalp where he wanted it. There were probably seventeen or eighteen of us remaining whom he would have dispatched only he was called away by the arrival of the Kirksville militia. After they left we ran for the woods and escaped."

The Daily American, Nashville, Tennessee, October 9, 1882 [An interview with Frank James about his life as a fugitive in Tennessee and Kentucky, before his offer to surrender in Missouri; published after his surrender.]

..."What weapons do you generally carry, Mr. James?"

"I usually have two large Remingtons and a Winchester rifle. Some of the other boys preferred the Smith & Wesson revolvers, but the Remington shoots twice as hard."

He made a quiet, easy motion at his waist at this juncture, and swung out his arm with a formidable looking armament dangling from his hand. A broad, stout leather belt sustained by a strap, a large, finely worked leather holster, from which protruded

THE BUTT OF A REVOLVER

of the Colt's navy size. How in the world such an outfit could be hidden under a short business frock coat is one of the mysteries. He laid the belt on the floor in front of him, and the reporter went over to inspect it. In close lines all around the belts [sic] were metallic cartridges of rifle size, , and the large bronze buckle bore the United States stamp. When the reporter caught hold of any part of the belt to inspect it Mr. James helped to lift the weapon, courteously holding the handle of the revolver. "I captured that belt," said he, "at Centralia eighteen years ago, and its as good yet as the day I got it. I generally wear two belts just like this and I always carry a Winchester rifle I like to have revolvers of the same caliber. That you see is a great advantage, as, if I were to carry two sizes of cartridges, I might sometimes in moments of excitement, lose valuable time by

GETTING OUT THE WRONG SIZE."...

Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado, November 18, 1883

CENTRALIA'S CARNAGE.

Anderson's Memorable Attack Upon a Railway Train.

Graphic Description of the Butchery by a "News" Reporter.

Federal Soldiers Stood in Line and Shot Down Like Dogs.

"Here is Bill Anderson and His Band of Guerrillas."

The Cool Reply of a Brave Sergeant in the Face of Death.

Todd's Terrific Charge Upon Major Johnson's Militiamen.

A Morning Horror Supplemented by a Ghastly Afternoon.

One morning in September, 1863 [sic], the writer boarded the train on what was then the North Missouri railroad, at St. Louis, enroute for Macon City and further north. It was a beautiful autumn morning, and as each passenger aboard appreciated the generous warmth and grateful beaming of the September sun there was no thought in the mind of any of us that we were rapidly approaching the scene of a mournful and most terrible tragedy. Arriving at St. Charles we were electrified by the news that Bill Anderson and his band of guerrillas had s[t]opped the train several hours in advance of ours and

SHOT DOWN EIGHTY-FOUR SOLDIERS

and one Jew who was dressed in an army blouse. This tragedy took place at Centralia, then a small station on the road, and rumors came over the wires at short intervals that the guerrillas were s[t]il[l] prowling around not many miles from the little station. It was deemed prudent to not let the train proceed farther until more information could be received, and the result was that we did not proceed farther on our journey until the next morning. That night, however, the news came that the guerrillas had attacked 300 militiamen under one Major Johnson, about four miles from Centralia, and killed nearly all of them. The following morning our train renewed its journey, and about noon we arrived at the scene of the tragedy. During the day all of the fac[t]s that could be gathered, now on the note-book of THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS chronicler, but the true story of the terrible slaughter was never learned until after the close of the war. The mournful story, with all of its sickening details, is as follows:

The guerrillas camped on the night before the tragedy at Singleton's barn, between two and three miles west of Centralia. There were about 200 of them, under command of Thomas Todd, who was assisted by his lieutenants, Bill Anderson, George Todd and Bob Thrailkill. Early the next morning Bill Anderson was sent out with 100 guerrillas, the objective point being Centralia and their prey the passenger train from St. Louis which was supposed to contain a great many federal soldiers. Arriving at Centralia the telegraph operator was taken prisoner, the instruments were destroyed and the guerrillas

occupied the balance of their time levying contributions on the stores and having a high time generally. About 11 o'clock a distant rumbling was heard to the southward, and the guerrillas all gathered at the depot prepared for action. Little did the soldiers dream as the train thundered down the grade that they were rushing swiftly

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH,

and that in less than half an hour every one of them would be a corpse. The engine rushed into the station and had hardly halted before the engineer was ordered to get down from his post of duty and to do it quickly at that. The soldiers on board were on furlough en route to their homes, but most of them had arms of some description. Looking out at the windows they at once comprehended the situation and dismay prevailed in their midst. One of them said:

"Boys, let us get down on our knees and pray, for here is Bill Anderson and his band of guerrillas."

A huge Iowa sergeant took in the situation at a glance, and replied:

"Pray, hell. The devil and all of his angels are upon us and the hour of battle has arrived."

Seizing his musket he fired upon the guerrillas on the platform wounding one of them. It is doubtful if the guerrillas would have spared a single soldier on the train, but after the wounding of one of their comrades it was evident that there was no mercy to be shown. They were commanded to surrender, and after doing so were marched out on the platform. Then they were marched a few steps across the track and stood in a line. A Jew in the crowd wore a blue army blouse and plead hard for his life, claiming he was not a soldier. The prayer was disregarded and as soon as the soldiers were got in a straight line

THE CARNAGE BEGAN.

Eye witnesses reported afterwards that it was the most horrible sight they ever saw and never wished to see its like again. One by one the poor fellows were shot down and the work of death was performed with great rapidity. When the last man had been killed the guerrillas proceeded to the engine. They put a full head of steam on, opened wide the valve and sent it dashing away at a terrible speed towards the North with no one aboard of it. The depot was then fired and the guerillas disappeared, going back to Singleton's barn when they reported to Thomas Todd and were received with wild cheers by the balance of the command. After the guerrillas left town the citizens dug a long trench near the railroad track wherein they buried the eighty-four soldiers and the unfortunate Jew in a common grave. Their bodies remained there for years afterwards and was gazed at with much curiosity by the passengers on the cars who passed day after day. Finally they were all removed to the federal cemetery at St. Louis and reinterred.

One would think that this would have been enough to satisfy the guerrillas for one day, and perhaps it would have had not a brave but very inexperienced militia major, stationed a[t] Paris, some ten miles away, gone in pursuit of the guerrillas and came upon them. When the news reached the major, whose name was Johnson at Paris, in Monroe county he sounded the call of "to arms" and in less than half an hour he started for Centralia at the head [of] 300 raw recruits, who were wholly incapable of coping with the notorious revolver fighters. On the road Johnson was raging about the Centralia massacre almost upon the verge of madness. He swore he would hunt Anderson and

KILL HIM WHERE HE FOUND HIM

like a dog. Farmers who were really good Union men cautioned Johnson as he passed them by to beware of Bill Anderson and his men. They well knew the prowess of the guerrillas and the inefficiency of the militiamen. Such warnings only heated the blood of the greatly excited Major and made him more reckless than ever. He swore at the men who were warning him altogether for his own sake and that of his men. He said they were nothing but d----d secesh anyway, and when he returned with the head of Bill Anderson on a pole he would apply the torch to the country far and wide and burn up the whole rebel neighborhood from beginning to end. A black flag had floated at the head of his column ever since leaving Paris. When he arrived at the outskirts of Centralia a beautiful young Union girl rushed out from a residence near by and taking hold of te bridle reins upon Johnson's horse begged him with tears in her eyes to turn back and not hazard a meeting with the guerrillas. She told him that she had a presentiment that if they looked for the guerrillas they would find them and all be killed.

But her prayers were unavailing. Major Johnson pushed her rudely aside, and never did [a] fool hardy man, after being repeatedly warned of his danger, rush more recklessly to his doom. Some of his lieutenants, with more coolness and caution, advised him to be watchful of how he approached the enemy, but he denounced them as cowards and no more was said. He marched straight to Singleton's barn and sent out scouts to reconnoiter. Returning soon they reported that the guerrillas were in waiting in the edge of the woods, one mile and a half further south. Again the command marched forward and all knew then that

A BLOODY CONFLICT WAS NEAR AT HAND.

The guerrillas sent out four men who rode within two hundred yards of the militia, then turned and fled. It was nothing but a ruse to draw the militia further on and get them upon the kind of ground they wanted to make the charge. The militia were deceived and rushed madly after them. Three hundred yards from the guerrillas they halted and began to dismount. Todd, Anderson, Jesse and Frank James and others sat on their horses and watched them.

"What are they going to do?" said Anderson, "Certainly they do not intend to receive our charge on foot?"

"It seems so," said Todd, "but whoever heard of such ruinous tactics? Our victory will indeed be a sweeping one."

Major Johnson detailed several men to hold the horses and when he had formed his men in line he shouted:

"Come on, you bloodthirsty scoundrels, and we will show you how to avenge the cowardly murder you perpetrated this morning! Come on, we are ready for the fight!"

It is an actual fact that when he made this speech the guerrillas burst out in wild shouts of laughter.

"Come on," the major repeated.

"Don't be in such a d----d hurry," replied Jesse James, "for we will get there all too soon for you."

At this juncture the militiamen saw that the guerrillas were dismounting also, and wondered what it was for. And well they might, for they were tightening their saddle girths, looking well to their bridle reins[,] putting fresh caps on their pistols and preparing for a charge that was to have about[?]

THE FURY OF THE WHIRLWIND.

The autumn sun was fast sinking to rest beyond the Western prairies, and admonished them that whatever was to be done must be done quickly. The sun was as red as blood, as if in anticipation of the dreadful tragedy. A quiet stillness reigned, and nothing disturbed it save now and then the barking of a far away watch dog, the occasional lowing of cattle and the soft murmuring of a stream near by. A black flag was still waving at the head of Johnson's column. There was a black flag waving over the heads of the guerrillas also, but beside [it] the noble banner [of] the stars and bars were waving in graceful abandon, as if it were the intention to add to the scene the force and effect of legitimate war. When the guerrillas started upon the charge there was no such thing as a walk, trot and gallop, but they shot forward at a mad run, as if impelled by some invisible force.

Jesse and Frank James, George Noland, Bill Haller, Bill Anderson, Thomas Todd. Cole Younger led the charge, each one being mounted upon a magnificent animal. Before the militia had time to think the guerrillas had dashed upon them,

SHOUTING AND YELLING LIKE DEMONS,

and firing a revolver with each hand. The militiamen were simply thunderstruck, dismayed, overwhelmed and panic stricken. They never fired but one volley, and that was as the guerrillas rushed upon them. After that a mad rush was made for their horses. Some were shot down running to them and others as they climbed into the saddle. No mercy was shown to any one. Jesse James singled out Major Johnson. There was a puff of smoke, the major threw up his hands as if catching at something above him and fell to the ground a corpse, with a bullet through his brain. In the rush for the horses about sixty-five mounted and dashed away. All the rest were dead. Jesse and Frank James, Ol Shepherd, George Noland, Bill Haller, Cole Younger and Allen Palmer pursued them. Todd drew up his men, and watched the chase. Almost every second a puff of smoke would be seen and another horse would dash riderless away over the prairies. The chase was kept up for a few miles until darkness set in. Out of the sixty-five who got to their horses

ONLY SEVEN ESCAPED

to tell the tale of the awful affair. In the race Jesse James was credited with killing 13, Frank 10, Ol Shepherd 8, Cole Younger 9, Allen Parmer 7, Bill Haller 5, George Noland 7. The guerrillas only lost one man killed and three or four slightly wounded. The young man who was killed was a new recruit who had joined the band the day before from Howard county. The guerrillas disappeared and the next day the citizens gathered from far and near and buried the dead. Such is the correct account of the Centralia horror, a tragedy which for ferocity, cruelty and wholesale slaughter had not its counterpart during the whole rebellion.

National Tribune, August 28, 1884

MASSACRED SOLDIERS.

The Brutal Slaughter at Centralia, Missouri.

TODD'S BUSHWHACKERS

Burn a Town and Shoot Prisoners Down in Cold Blood.

MAJOR JOHNSON'S FATE.

Lured Into a Deadly Ambush from which Few Escape.

BY R.I. HOLCOMBE.

On the 25th of September, 1864, a band of guerrillas, bushwhackers, and 150 recruits who had been mustered into the Confederate service, all numbering about 400 men, crossed the North Missouri Railway (now the Wabash) at a point near the present site of Moberly, 125 miles northwest of St. Louis. They went eastward into Monroe Co., threatening Paris, the County seat. The Confederate recruits were under the command of Maj. John Thrailkill. The guerrillas and bushwhackers were divided into squads and companies of various sizes, led by George Todd, Bill Anderson, Dave Poole, Tom Todd and Si Gordon, all experienced and noted leaders. The master spirit was George Todd, who planned all movements and settled all controversies. Tom Todd was a Baptist minister!

Learning that there was a strong Federal force at Paris, the guerrillas turned southward toward Jefferson City, resolving the cross the Missouri and join the army of Gen. Price (known to them to be already in the State and advancing northward, and at that time at Pilot Knob,) as soon as it should come up in that quarter, near the State Capital. They recrossed the North Missouri three miles east of Centralia and 30 miles below where they had crossed the previous day, and went into camp on the farm of a Maj. Singleton and in the timber along Young's Creek, just in the northwest corner of Callaway, about three miles from Centralia.

The next morning (Sept. 27) Todd sent Bill Anderson with his company of 75 men up to Centralia to reconnoiter and pick up information. A Federal detachment was at Sturgeon, eight miles from Centralia, and another at Columbia, 16 miles away. Centralia was then a small village of 25 houses, a station on the North Missouri. Anderson rode in without molestation (there were no troops there), sacked the place, gutting the two stores; robbed the stage coach from Columbia; plundered the depot of some cases of boots and a barrel of whisky, and, at about 12 o'clock, captured the west-bound passenger train from St. Louis. The train--express, baggage and passengers, all--was robbed of about $30,000--not a cent less. Then the cars were fired and the train started up the road under a full head of steam, but it ran only about two miles when it stopped and burned up. The Centralia depot and some cars were also burned. On this train were 23 Federal soldiers, furloughed men, and one man (a German) wearing a blue blouse. The guerrillas took

them off the train, separated them from the other passengers, robbed every one, stripped the most of them, then stood them up in line and shot the 22 soldiers and the citizen wearing the blue blouse. One soldier, Serg't Tom Goodman, of the 1st Mo. Eng., (now at Santa Rosa, Cal.,) was spared by the express order of Bill Anderson--why, no one ever knew. The murdered soldiers were chiefly from the 1st Iowa Cav. and 1st Mo. Eng. I have obtained the names of 15 of them. Four of the bodies were scalped; all were shot more than three times. After this scene was over the guerrillas returned to camp, yelling and hooting. Some of them bore with them new boots filled with whisky.

The force at Paris was composed of some companies of the 39th Mo., a regiment which had been in service about a month, but the most of whose members had served in the military and were not altogether inexperienced. The Colonel of the regiment was E.A. Kutzner. The regiment was armed only with Enfield muskets and bayonets.

As soon as it was learned that the bushwhackers had entered the County, Maj. A.V.E. Johnson, of the 39th, set out after them with detachments of Cos. A, G, and H, numbering, officers and all, 147 men. Nearly all his men were mounted on plow horses, brood-mares, and mules, "pressed" from the citizens for the occasion. Company A, from Adair Co., was commanded by Capt. Jas. A. Smith; Co. G, from Shelby Co., by Lieuts. Jaynes and Gill; Co. H, from Marion and Lewis Cos., by Capt. Adam Theis.

Maj. Johnson soon took the trail of the guerrillas and followed it to where it recrossed the North Missouri, arriving at the latter point about 3 p.m. of the 27th. Seeing the smoke of the smoldering depot at Centralia, three miles off, the Major marched his command up to the little hamlet to investigate. Here he saw and learnt what had happened. With all proper deliberation and coolness he prepared to act. While in the garret of the hotel, in company with Dr. A.F. Sneed, then and now a citizen of Centralia, engaged in reconnoitering the position of the guerrillas as well as he could at a distance of three miles across open country, the Major saw a squad of them approaching the town. Hastily descending, he prepared to attack them. In vain did Dr. Sneed and others remonstrate, telling Johnson how many guerrillas were really down at Singleton's, how splendidly they were mounted, and how well they were armed. Maj. Johnson had been ordered to follow and punish the bushwhackers. He had pursued them for 24 hours; had come up with them, and found the mangled and murdered corpses of 22 of his comrades lying festering in the sun; a village robbed and plundered, and the people paralyzed with terror. What was he to do? Turn about and flee from danger, now that he was in its immediate presence? There are those who think he should have done so for the sake of his men; but they forget that his men were as eager as he to advance on the guerrillas. He did his duty, as became a true soldier.

"I will fight them anyhow," the brave officer exclaimed to Dr. Sneed. Mounting his horse he hastily formed his men into line. Detaching Capt. Theis with his company of 30 men to remain in the village, Maj. Johnson marched out to attack his desperate foe with 110 men. He said a few words to them, informing them of their danger. Not a man flinched or desired to remain behind. It was as when Gonzales addressed his men at La Espina:

"I lead ye not to win a field--
I lead ye forth to die!"

The bushwhackers led Maj. Johnson and his men southeast from Centralia across the prairie into a fallow field, on the farm of one Capt. Fullenwider. Here a fatal

ambushcade and trap had been prepared. The Federals marched south into the field, and then turned and faced the east, immediately opposite Bill Anderson's company, drawn up in line ready to charge them. The line now dismounted, and leaving every fourth man to hold horses, the rest advanced on foot to within about 400 yards of Anderson's company, behind which was Poole's, all the guerrillas that could be seen. The line halted and fixed bayonets. Johnson rode twenty paces to the front, and halted, sitting motionless on his horse, his revolver in his right hand. The guerrillas were preparing to charge him--he could see that.

But Maj. Johnson could not see all of his fearful peril; at least, it is believed he could not. The fallow cornfield was a sort of moraine, sloping to the east. On either side, running into Young's Creek from west to east was what we in the West call a slough, a sort of ravine filled with plum bushes, crab apple, hazel, and other brush. Behind this line of brush, securely hidden, and lying down of their horses, with one foot in the stirrup and the other on the ground, were hundreds of guerrillas, the most desperate men then in existence, the best pistol shots in America. On the north were Thrailkill, Gordon, and Tom Todd; on the south George Todd. In the center was Bill Anderson, and lapping his line in the rear was Dave Poole.

When George Todd had gotten his men into position as he wanted them, he lifted his hat to Bill Anderson, the latter lifted his hat to Dave Poole, and then with a great yell Anderson dashed forward. Johnson's men could fire but one volley, and this they did. In a moment Anderson and his band were upon them; then Poole and his men; then the Todds, Thrailkill and Gordon came swarming up from the flanks and the bloody work was soon over. No quarter was shown to a single Federal; perhaps none was asked. The guerrillas say the most of the Federals died fighting--striking with their muskets, stabbing and thrusting with their bayonets. Maj. Johnson fired three shots from his revolver, and was then shot out of his saddle, a bullet through his temple. Capt. Smith was killed. Lieuts. Jaynes, Gill and Moore escaped, being mounted.

Anderson and Poole kept on for the "fourth men" holding the horses, and in five minutes were in Centralia. Fifteen men were killed between the field and the village. Lieut. Jaynes (now living near Hunnewell, this County) was the first in town from the scene of carnage. Capt. Theis tried to form his company and fight, but before he could do so the guerrillas were upon them. All that could then set out for Sturgeon. Fifteen of Theis' company (H) were killed in Centralia and on the road to Sturgeon. Some were killed in outhouses, and one was murdered by the bedside of a sick lady. One citizen was killed by the guerrillas.

Out of the 147 men under Johnson's command but 23 escaped, for 123 were killed, and one, Frank Barnes, of Co. H, was wounded--shot five times. Company A lost 56 men killed, including Capt. Smith; Co. G, 51 men killed; Co. H, 15 killed, one wounded. The guerrillas lost but three killed and 10 wounded. Maj. Johnson had a small piece of his scalp taken. Six or eight others were scalped, and Samuel Bell, of Co. G, was mutilated in a revolting manner not to be described. Some of the bodies were buried at Mexico, Mo.; others by the citizens at Centralia. Friends came and carried away many. Maj. Johnson was buried in Marion County, not far from his home.

It is but proper that I should say that the reports which have been circulated that Maj. Johnson carried a black flag at the head of his command; that he cursed and swore at the citizens of Centralia, threatening them with dire vengeance when he should return

from the battlefield, and that he was drunk at the time and did not know what he was doing, are all cruel and malicious slanders wholly without foundation. Maj. Johnson was a school teacher, and sometimes officiated as a minister. He was an honorable, Christian gentleman, temperate at all times, and the people of Centralia say he spoke kindly to and with sympathy for them. He perhaps did not know how largely the guerrillas outnumbered his men, but no doubt if he had he would have moved against them just the same. He said: "I will fight them, anyhow."

The guerrillas carried from two to six Colt's navy revolvers each, and were quite proficient in their use. Their horses were also the best in Missouri. The Federals had only muskets and bayonets for arms, and generally miserable hacks of horses.

Frank James, the noted bandit, was at Centralia, a member of Anderson's company. His brother, Jesse, was not present.

Shelbyville, Mo.

National Tribune, March 11, 1886

MISSOURI GUERRILLAS.

Their Horrible Work at Centralia, Mo.

To the Editor: On the 17th day of September, 1864, the west-bound passenger train on the North Missouri Road was captured at Centralia, Mo., a small way-station on the prairie, by a band of guerrillas, numbering 75 men, under the notorious Bill Anderson. Twenty-six Federal soldiers who were on the train were taken from it and murdered in cold blood. Among them were three wounded officers from Sherman's army. When the train drew up at Centralia it was surrounded by the guerrillas, and the soldiers, who were mostly furloughed men and without arms, were induced to surrender, and after getting out of the cars they were formed into line and shot down. Bill Anderson gave the command "Right--dress! I'll send you to ---- in a straight line!"

Seven of these soldiers belonged to my regiment, the 1st Iowa Cav., viz: Owen P. Gower, Co. A; Geo. W. Dalley, B; Oscar P. Williams, B; Chas. E. Madera, C; John Russell, C; Jos. H. Arnold, E; Chas. G. Carpenter, K. Charley Carpenter served in the same company with me, and was a warm friend of mine. As soon as the news came to Mexico, where the command was stationed to which he belonged, all the men who were available boarded a train and hurried down to the scene of the massacre. Lieut. Walter M. Carpenter, a brother to Charley Carpenter, was among the number. Lieut. Carpenter, in describing the scene to me afterwards, said that when they arrived at Centralia they found the murdered men just as the rebels had left them. The bodies had been piled in a heap with straw thrown over them and then burned, and the clothing which had not been stripped off them before was burned off, the charred bodies of the poor fellows presenting a sickening sight. Lieut. Carpenter found the body of his brother in the heap among the slain, with clothing burned from it, and with 11 bullet holes in the body, and one of his little fingers had also been cut to remove a gold ring which had been given him by a young lady before leaving home.

After this murderous work of Anderson and his gang, they returned to their camp, about three miles distant from Centralia, where was [sic] assembled other bands, numbering in all about 250 men under Geo. Todd, Dave Pool, Tom Todd, Si Gordon, all experienced and noted leaders. Tom Todd was a Baptist Minister. Maj. Johnson, of the 39th Mo., who was on the trail of them with 147 men, attacked the guerrillas in the afternoon after the massacre at Centralia; they ambushed his command, and Maj. Johnson and 123 of his men were killed. The notorious Frank James was known to be in Bill Anderson's company at these massacres.--James M. Russell, Captain, Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, September 24, 1887.

Adam Theis, Hannibal, Mo. I enlisted in Company H, 39th Missouri, September 8, 1864. My first engagement was at Centralia, Mo., where our company lost fifteen men and two wounded. Ten of my men were lost in the retreat. Maj. Johnson was killed also. The total regimental loss was 120 men and two officers. We were nest in the Price engagement at Jefferson City, supporting Maj. Sutter's battery. We went from there to Nashville to take part in the campaign against Hood, but being delayed by snow on the prairies on Illinois we arrived too late. We were then sent to Montrose Hills in Kentucky. We were mustered out July 19, 1865. Out of 136 enlisted men we came out of the war with 76. A Captain and Major in the regiment were killed. I was Lieutenant in the State service, Col. J.T.K. Hayward's regiment, two years before joining the regular service. Of Company H, who survived the war, several are in Kansas, probably a dozen. Some are in Dakota, some in California and Illinois, and the remainder scattered throughout the different counties of Missouri. One has grown rich and is Mayor of a city; another has held the position of County Judge and United States Commissioner, while a third is manager of a large mercantile establishment.

Daily Tribune, Kansas City, Missouri, May 12, 1888

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A History of Quantrill and His Operations Related by One of His Followers.

W.H. Gregg said: "We always called Quantrill Charley, although his name was William Clark Quantrill. In Kansas, for some reason that I never learned, he was known under the name of Charley Hart. There was one thing I could never understand, and that is why Quantrill went into guerrilla warfare on the Confederate side and why in 1860[?] he went to old man Walker's house with those three men and then betrayed them and helped kill them. John Koger, James A. Hendricks and myself joined Quantrill January 11, 1862. He then had seven men with him. They were camped about two miles from Blue Springs on the Widow Crump's farm. We swelled his number to eleven men. Their names were George Todd, Bill Haller, John Little, Jim Little, Joe Vaughan, Joe Gillchrist, John Kroger, Jim Hendicks and myself, W.H. Gregg. They are all dead now except Kroger, Hendricks and Vaughan. I want to say that Quantrell never killed a prisoner or robbed anyone until after the order was issued by General Halleck in March, 1862, outlawing him, and his men. Even after that he'd let prisoners go if there was an[y chance?] to do so. He often did let them go. The Federals wouldn't exchange with him. Colonel McFerrin was stationed at Lexington. He was not in the habit of molesting citizens for their opinion's sake. Quantrill captured over 100 of his men and turned them loose. Quantrill's force was composed mostly of young men and old men. There were few middle aged men belonging to it[?]. I brought Frank James across the Missouri river in the latter part of May, 1863. We crossed near Ingram Island near Blue landing. That was his first introduction to Quantrell Jesse James joined the band in the early part of 1864. Colonels Jemison and Pennock, in command of Union regiments, took no prisoners, neither did we during the latter years of the war, when we met Kansas Red Legs and Jayhawkers. Pennock was a bulldozer and he created more havoc among women and children than he did among the soldiers on the other side. He made war on women and children and old men. The first time I saw Bill Anderson was near Aubrey, Kansas, in June or July, 1862. Quantrill dismounted him and his brother, Jim, another man, and told them if he ever heard of them robbing anyone again he'd kill them. Bill and Jim Anderson subsequently rejoined Quantrill and fought under him. Quantrill was very mild in his manner. He was well informed, and was not given to profanity, nor was he brutal. Frank James, while in camp, had little to say. He was one of the quietest men I ever saw. Jesse James I knew but little of. David Poole had a company of men under Quantrill. He is in Arizona now. I went south to Texas after Price's raid in the fall of 1864 I went with George Sheperd, who was in command of fifty men, among whom was Jesse James, who was suffering from a wound received at Centralia that summer. Frank James went to Kentucky with about forty men. I was in the Lawrence massacre. We had numerous fights under Quantrill in Jackson, Cass, Clay, Lafayette, Johnson and Henry counties. I was also in the fight at Independence, but was not in the fight at Westport in 1864. That was Captain Todd's fight. I joined Colonel Shank's regiment, the Second Missouri, on Christmas, 1863, after Quantrill had gone South. I was captain of Company H, in the Second Missouri. Quantrill held a commission as captain. He was a range

recruiting officer. He and his men were paid by the Confederate government. We cleaned out 250 men at Baxter Springs, who were under General Blunt, and captured a gorgeous silk flag, presented to him three days before by the ladies of Leavenworth. Only about fifteen or twenty of his men got away. There were 250 men in Fort Baxter, whom we did not attack. They received a flag of truce from Quantrill, the first time a Federal force had ever done so. He sent to ask about two of his men who were missing. He wanted to know if they were wounded. The commandan[t] replied that they were dead. Quantrill then drew off without attacking the fort.

"Quantrill was not in command at the Centalia fight. He was at Fayette a few days before, which occurred a few days prior to the Centralia fight. There had been some racket in Texas during the winter of '63-'64. The men came back under George Todd, and Quintrell [sic] was practically, for the time being, frozen out. After George Todd was killed in Price's raid, which was late in the fall of 1864, Quantrill again took command. He started for Kentucky with about forty men, and on January 1, 1865, crossed the Mississippi river at Memphis. In the Centralia fight the following persons participated as members of Captain Bill Anderson's, George Todd's, Thomas Todd's, and John Thrailkill's commands, which numbered 150 men, all told, and which killed 282 out of 300 men under Major Johnson. It was fought September 27, 1864: Jesse James, Frank James, George Shepherd, Oll Shepherd, Frank Shepherd, J. Frank Gregg, McGuire, Allen Parmer, Lionel and Lafe Irwin, James Younger, Press Webb, Babe Hudspeth, Dick Burnes, and Morris and Thomas Maxwell, Lou Welch, J.S. Whitsett, John C. Hope, Silas King, James Cosmer, Moses Huffaker, William Reynolds, William Gaw, Chat Rennick, Henry Porter, Arch Clements, Jesse Hamlet, John Thrailkill, Si Gordon, George Todd, Thomas Todd, William and Hugh Archey, Plunk Murray, Ling Litten, Joshua Estess, Sam Wade, Creth Creek, Theodore Castle, John Chatam, Hank Williams, Ed Hink, Sam Constable, J.S. Barnhill.

*Kansas City Daily Journa*l, Kansas City, Missouri, May 12, 1888

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A History of Quantrill and His Operations Related by One of His Followers.

W.H. Gregg said: "We always called Quantrill Charley, although his name was William Clark Quantrill. In Kansas, for some reason that I never learned, he was known under the name of Charley Hart. There was one thing I could never understand, and that is why Quantrill went into guerrilla warfare on the Confederate side and why in 1860 he went to old man Walker's house with those three men and then betrayed them and helped kill them. John Koger, James A. Hendricks and myself joined Quantrill January 11, 1862. He then had seven men with him. They were camped about two miles from Blue Springs on the Widow Crump's farm. We swelled his number to eleven men. Their names were George Todd, Bill Haller, John Little, Jim Little, Joe Vaughan, Joe Gillchrist, John Kroger, Jim Hendicks and myself, W.H. Gregg. They are all dead now except Kroger, Hendricks and Vaughan. I want to say that Quantrell never killed a prisoner or robbed anyone until after the order was issued by General Halleck in March, 1862, outlawing him, and his men. Even after that he'd let prisoners go if there was any chance to do so. He often did let them go. The Federals wouldn't exchange with him. Colonel McFerrin was stationed at Lexington. He was not in the habit of molesting citizens for their opinion's sake. Quantrill captured over 100 of his men and turned them loose. Quantrill's force was composed mostly of young men and old men. There were few middle aged men belonging to it. I brought Frank James across the Missouri river in the latter part of May, 1863. We crossed near Ingram Island near Blue landing. That was his first introduction to Quantrell Jesse James joined the band in the early part of 1864. Colonels Jemison and Pennock, in command of Union regiments, took no prisoners, neither did we during the latter years of the war, when we met Kansas Red Legs and Jayhawkers. Pennock was a bulldozer and he created more havoc among women and children than he did among the soldiers on the other side. He made war on women and children and old men. The first time I saw Bill Anderson was near Aubrey, Kansas, in June or July, 1862. Quantrill dismounted him and his brother, Jim, another man, and told them if he ever heard of them robbing anyone again he'd kill them. Bill and Jim Anderson subsequently rejoined Quantrill and fought under him. Quantrill was very mild in his manner. He was well informed, and was not given to profanity, nor was he brutal. Frank James, while in camp, had little to say. He was one of the quietest men I ever saw. Jesse James I knew but little of. David Poole had a company of men under Quantrill. He is in Arizona now. I went south to Texas after Price's raid in the fall of 1864 I went with George Sheperd, who was in command of fifty men, among whom was Jesse James, who was suffering from a wound received at Centralia that summer. Frank James went to Kentucky with about forty men. I was in the Lawrence massacre. We had numerous fights under Quantrill in Jackson, Cass, Clay, Lafayette, Johnson and Henry counties. I was also in the fight at Independence, but was not in the fight at Westport in 1864. That was Captain Todd's fight. I joined Colonel Shank's regiment, the Second Missouri, on Christmas, 1863, after Quantrill had gone South. I was captain of Company H, in the Second Missouri. Quantrill held a commission as captain. He was a range recruiting

officer. He and his men were paid by the Confederate government. We cleaned out 250 men at Baxter Springs, who were under General Blunt, and captured a gorgeous silk flag, presented to him three days before by the ladies of Leavenworth. Only about fifteen or twenty of his men got away. There were 250 men in Fort Baxter, whom we did not attack. They received a flag of truce from Quantrill, the first time a Federal force had ever done so. He sent to ask about two of his men who were missing. He wanted to know if they were wounded. The commandan[t] replied that they were dead. Quantrill then drew off without attacking the fort.

"Quantrill was not in command at the Centalia fight. He was at Fayette a few days before, which occurred a few days prior to the Centralia fight. There had been some racket in Texas during the winter of '63-'64. The men came back under George Todd, and Quintrell [sic] was practically, for the time being, frozen out. After George Todd was killed in Price's raid, which was late in the fall of 1864, Quantrill again took command. He started for Kentucky with about forty men, and on January 1, 1865, crossed the Mississippi river at Memphis. In the Centralia fight the following persons participated as members of Captain Bill Anderson's, George Todd's, Thomas Todd's, and John Thrailkill's commands, which numbered 150 men, all told, and which killed 282 out of 300 men under Major Johnson. It was fought September 27, 1864: Jesse James, Frank James, George Shepherd, Oll Shepherd, Frank Shepherd, J. Frank Gregg, McGuire, Allen Parmer, Lionel and Lafe Irwin, James Younger, Press Webb, Babe Hudspeth, Dick Burnes, and Morris and Thomas Maxwell, Lou Welch, J.S. Whitsett, John C. Hope, Silas King, James Cosmer, Moses Huffaker, William Reynolds, William Gaw, Chat Rennick, Henry Porter, Arch Clements, Jesse Hamlet, John Thrailkill, Si Gordon, George Todd, Thomas Todd, William and Hugh Archey, Plunk Murray, Ling Litten, Joshua Estess, Sam Wade, Creth Creek, Theodore Castle, John Chatam, Hank Williams, Ed Hink, Sam Constable, J.S. Barnhill.

National Tribune, June 14, 1888

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

Massacre at Centralia, Mo.

Editor National Tribune: A guerrilla force, numbering about 250 men, headed by Bill Anderson, Si Gordon and other noted leaders, went into camp on the 26th of September, 1864, in some timber on a creek a couple of miles from Centralia, a small town on the North Missouri Railroad. On the morning of the 27th Bill Anderson, with about 75 men, went into Centralia, intending to capture the passenger train due from St. Louis in the morning. The guerrillas, after taking possession of the town, plundered the stores and shops and filled themselves with whisky, and they were then in a fit condition to carry out their devilish work. They halted the train when it came up to the station and took possession of it. On board the train were 26 Federal soldiers, the most of them being furloughed men from Sherman's army. Among the number were three wounded officers, two of whom were accompanied by their wives. There were also on the train seven men of the 1st Iowa Cav., and one of them, Charles G. Carpenter, belonged to my company. Bill Anderson told the Union soldiers if they would surrender they should be released on their parole. As they were mostly unarmed they agreed to us, gave up their arms and got out of the cars, and were formed in line, surrounded by the guerrillas. Bill Anderson gave the command, "Right dress!" saying "I'll send you to hell in a straight line," and fired the first shot, which was followed by the guerrillas, who then opened fire on the helpless prisoners, the most of whom fell where they stood; but a few of them made a struggle and rushed at the guerrillas, and one poor fellow broke through their ranks and ran into a house and under a bed, where he was killed and his body dragged out into the street. The guerrillas, after they had finished their work of slaughter, robbed the dead and stripped the bodies and threw them into a pile, put straw on them and set if on fire. They then rode out of the town, after notifying the people of the place not to send any news of the massacre or to move the bodies. A few hours after the guerrillas had left, Maj. Johnson, with 147 men of the 39th Mo. mounted militia, who had been following the trail of the guerrillas for several days, rode into Centralia. The sight of our poor murdered fellows filled them with rage, and they immediately made preparations to go out and attack the guerrillas. The people of the town tried to induce Maj. Johnson not to attempt to follow the guerrillas with his small force, but the Major was determined to attack them. He left 22 of his men at the station, and with 125 men went after this guerrilla force, which numbered at least 250 men, and as reckless fighters as the world ever saw.

The guerrillas were found in the timber, ready to charge when the militia came up. Maj. Johnson formed his men in line on the prairie in front of the timber, and as he did so the guerrillas charged. They came like the rush of a cyclone, and with a yell they dashed onto our line of militiamen, who broke in all directions, and the men were slaughtered without any attempt at defense. The result was that Maj. Johnson and all his command were killed, with the exception of three, who were left for dead, but finally recovered. Thirty-two of the militia broke away and attempted to go back to Centralia, but they were followed by six guerrillas, who overtook and killed them all. Frank James was said to be

one of these six. Maj. Johnson was a school teacher, and the most of his command were mere boys, and a large number of them recruited from the city of Hannibal. The dead were taken back to their homes for burial. Sixty-two of these poor boys' bodies lay awaiting burial in a church at Hannibal at one time. A detachment of the 1st Iowa Cav. were encamped at Mexico, Mo., at the time, and when the news of the massacre was received there, the available force of the 1st Iowa boarded a train and hurried down to Centralia. Lieut. W.W. Carpenter, a brother to Charles G. Carpenter, who was among the slain, went with them. He found his brother's body among the dead, with the clothes burned off, and with 11 bullet holes in the body and one of the little fingers cut off by the guerrillas, so as to enable them to get a gold ring from the finger that had been given him by a young lady when he left home for the war. The guerrillas were hard pressed by the pursuing forces after the Centralia affair, and, as usual, they broke up into small squads and scattered out through the country. Bill Anderson, with a few men, was surprised by two companies of the 9th Mo. militia as they were about to cross the Missouri River, a few miles above Jefferson City, and six of them, including Bill Anderson, were killed. The whole two companies then dismounted and marched past Bill Anderson's body as it lay on the ground, and each man fired a shot into the body, which was buried on the spot. The next day a party of men went up from Jefferson City with a camera, dug up the body of Bill Anderson, set it up against a tree, took a negative of it, and hundreds of copies were distributed among the troops. Bill Anderson, the notorious guerrilla and cold-blooded murderer, had met his just deserts [sic] at last, and this picture of a lifeless form, as it lay against the stump, with the long, tangled hair hanging to his shoulders, with the face thickly pitted with bullet holes, presented a ghastly sight.--J.M. RUSSELL, Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav.

National Tribune, August 23, 1888

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Mutilation of Dead Soldiers by Guerrillas.

Editor National Tribune: I have seen from time to time published accounts of the Centralia massacre, that took place at Centralia, Mo., Oct. 27, 1864, the last one by Comrade Russell, of Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav. None of them, to my mind, give a good, or at least a full account of that affair. Permit me to briefly state what I know of it.

The 1st Iowa Cav. belonged to the Seventh Corps, Army of Arkansas. In May, 1864, the veterans to the number of 600 went home on veteran furlough. On our way back, in June, when we got as far as Cairo, we were ordered to St. Louis, and soon after were sent out into northern Missouri, to fight bushwhackers, finally bringing up and establishing a post at Mexico, Mo., about 14 miles east of Centralia. I was in Co. B of that regiment. On Sept. 22 a detail from that command, with myself among the number, started out for a long scout after the rebels. The next day about noon we got into Rocheport, on the Missouri River, where up to this time there had been no troops. We found there a detachment of the 3d Mo. State Militia, in the United States service for the defense of the State, who had been ordered from Sturgeon to Rocheport to establish a post there. The men were there, but the train had very carelessly been left behind to come up at its leisure, with a small and I think not well-managed escort. The train did not get in that day. That night I was on picket on the road on which that train was to come. In the night a straggler came in from the train at my post, and reported that the bushwhackers had captured the train and killed nearly every one with it. One or two others came in with a like report before morning. In the morning we sent a command out some five miles or so, and found it too true. The train had been moving along in a lane, going south, with timber beyond the field to the west, and a crossroad; or, at least, a road and a lane leading from the timber spoken of to the one where the train was. The rebels charged in from the woods through the cross lane, striking the one on which the train was just ahead of the train. They charged right down the road along the train, and put everything into confusion and rout. Some of the men were killed in the road, and some ran into an adjoining field and tried to hide in the shocks of corn there standing. They were pursued and killed wherever they could be caught. One man said he hid in a shock of corn, and that the rebels stuck a saber through it in every direction, thinking he was there, and but barely missed him several times. However, thinking he was not there, they left him, and he escaped. Eleven dead bodies were brought in from there and buried at Rocheport. Nearly every one, if not every one, was shot through the head from ear to ear, showing they had stood them up, and putting pistols to their heads, shot them down. They had jumped their horses over and on to a good many of them, so that the bodies were mutilated by the horses' feet. The day we were thus burying these dead, the same

bushwhackers made an attack on a small garrison of Missouri State Militia holding a post at Fayette, Mo., and were driven off, with a loss of two or three dead left on the field.

The next day we, for some reason unknown to me, because we knew nothing of this fight, went from Rocheport to Fayette, and found out what had been going on there. We staid there two nights and one day, during which time we sent out parties to find out if we could where the bushwhackers had gone. We were unsuccessful, and then on the 27th we moved to Columbia, Mo., where the State University is located, and where is also the residence of James S. Rollins, a gentleman of very considerable note and a Union man. That night I again was on picket, this time on the road leading north to Centralia. In the night, I being on at the time, a carriage approached the picket-post, and I halted it. It proved on investigation to be the carriage of said Rollins and Mr. Waugh, the Sheriff of that County. They brought us word that there had been a terrible massacre at Centralia that day. They had themselves been in the hands of the rebels for some time, having been on the road near Centralia, going there to take the cars. I think they said the rebels did not know them, or they were sure Waugh would have been killed, and may be [sic] Rollins also. Early in the morning we moved out on that road till we got near the edge of the timber country, a few miles south of Centralia, when we turned to the east and soon drove the bushwhackers out of the camp or bivouac where they had spent the night. We there found a large family carriage, with some sheets and pillows, and I think a feather bed in it, on which there was some blood, showing they had some wounded man with them. We always understood that when they first attacked the train at Centralia there was a shot or two fired at them from the train, which I suppose was true, and that accounts for the wounded man. Right about there we found a woman on horseback, whom we understood to be a friend of one of the leaders of the bushwhackers, though not a relative, and who kept near him; but it was best for her not to be with him when we were around, for she might be in danger of being shot. So she was now staying back.

About this time we were accidentally joined by Col. King, of a Missouri cavalry regiment, with a detachment of men and a 12-pound brass mounted [sic] howitzer. We then followed rapidly after the rebels, and soon overtook them. They retreated before us some distance, and then formed a line, and we thought we were going to get a fight out of them and a chance to kill some of them. The trouble was always in getting them to fight us when we found them. Their line was more than a quarter of a mile long. We got into line, and just as we began our advance on them Col. King fired that little howitzer, sending one shell at them. This was in the woods, and we knew nothing of an intention to use the cannon till we heard it. Well, when that was done the rebels broke, and they never made another stand. We then followed them at a dead run all day and until quite dark. A good deal of the time our advance was in sight of their rear, but they had good horses, and none of them even fell out or ever stopped to give us a shot. We bivouacked that night in the rain and moved forward the next morning at daylight and found their bivouac within a mile of ours. We again got at times in sight of their rear, but could do nothing more till in the afternoon, when they simply scattered in every direction, and we lost them. We had by this time come to some place to the southwest of Columbia, whereas when we started them we were a little east or north of Columbia. During that afternoon one of our boys went to a house on a hill not more than 75 yards from the road to get something to eat, and found two of the rebels there, who drew their guns and tried to take him in; but he dodged out of the door and around the corner and ran toward the

road, hallooing to turn the column up that way, as there they were, and we made a break for that house. The rebels ran out and tried to make for a cornfield, but one of them was killed by some of our men and the other wounded. We followed on, but soon lost all trail or trace, as before stated.

Now as to the Centralia massacre itself. Capt. J.T. Foster, of my company, was not with us on this scout, and he afterward told me he was with the party that went up to bury the dead, and I think he has in command of it. I have been a number of times in Centralia and over the ground to the southeast of there, where the final massacre took place, before it occurred.

About half a mile to the east of the town and depot at Centralia there then was a water-tank, where the trains stopped for water. About 100 yards west of the tank was a hedge, beginning and running toward the town along the railroad. I never understood the rebs did not all come into town [sic], but supposed they all did. Anyway they came to the water-tank and lay down behind this hedge. I do not know where their horses were. The train stopped at the tank and watered the engine; then started up, and it being up-grade, it was not much under way when it got up to the end of the hedge. Then the rebels rose up and stopped it. There were on the train seven or eight of the 1st Iowa Cav., who were going to St. Joseph on detail and had just got on at Mexico; among them Privates Williams and Dilly, of my company (B), and privates Russell and Medary, of Co. C. The names of the others I cannot give. There was a Corporal or Sergeant and either six or seven men. One or more shots were fired from the train, when the rebels cried out that if the soldiers on the train would surrender they should be treated as prisoners of war and should not be killed. They then surrendered, and the rebs took full control of the train and had it run up to the depot. There they got the prisoners all out. There were some furloughed soldiers on the train, in all about 20, as well as I could learn. They had them under guard near the depot building in charge of someone--not Anderson, however; and were so held by them for some time, during which time they were scattered over the town, and may have been robbing. Then someone came up to the guards who had the prisoners in charge, and said they might as well kill them now. This may have been Anderson. Those then in charge of the prisoners immediately fired on and killed all of them. They were nearly all killed at the first fire, except Williams, of my company. He, as we learned from the citizens there, tried to get away and dodged around the corner of the depot, and was only wounded at the first fire. They then laid him on the railroad track. In the meantime they had set the express train on fire and sent it on up the track burning, with no one on it. It was entirely consumed. How far it went I did not learn. A freight train coming along slowed up, and they took it in charge back some distance from the depot and made the engineer run it up to the depot. When he came near where Williams lay wounded, but not dead, on the track, he stopped, and there being a rebel riding on horseback on each side of his engine with pistols pointed at his head, they asked him what he stopped for. He said, "There is a man there on the track." They stuck their pistols at him and bid him on his life to go on with his train. He did so, and so ran the train over Williams, killing him. They then burned that train also, and I think the depot or station-house.

The rebels then went out of town, going to the southeast. For some distance in that direction the road ran over open prairie, then ran straight south through a lane of perhaps half a mile in length, with a high stake and ridered fence on both sides and with

the timber coming right up to the south end of it. It is some two and a half or three miles from the town to this point of the timber at the end of the lane.

Comrade Russell is mistaken when he says Maj. Johnson was of the 39th Mo. Militia, and had been following the bushwhackers. The fact is Maj. Johnson was of the 47th Mo., but that was a 12-months regiment just then called into service, and had been enlisted for only one year. They were entirely raw recruits, without any sort of experience. They had not been following the rebs, for the rebs had not been north of the railroad, and Maj. Johnson had come down from the north, from Paris, Hannibal, or somewhere up there. I think he was simply coming down to join in a general scout after the bushwhackers. Johnson came into Centralia before the rebs, got into the timber and each of them saw the other, and this was, I think, the first either knew of the whereabouts of the other. Johnson followed on to avenge the death of those killed in the town, and the rebels formed in column in the timber with their front near the end of the lane and waited. Johnson's men were raw infantry, armed with muskets and mounted. The rebels carried from one to seven revolvers each, and were the worse set of devils that ever lived. Johnson never did form a line, but moved his men in column in ordinary marching order, and if he had an advance-guard out at all it was not far out, as I learned, and as must have been the fact. When Johnson was thus in column and marching down that lane, or rather up, for I think it was a little up hill, the rebels charged out of the woods and right down his column and among his men, putting them into utter confusion and route. Johnson's men could not get out to the sides for the high fences; and the lane was a long one, so they could not get back to the end of it. A few got across the fences on foot, but were shot down, and a few did get back to the end of the lane, but were pursued and killed. I never knew, as is stated by Comrade Russell, that Johnson left any of his men in the town. But I suppose he did, and that accounts for any of them escaping, for those so left escaped, as they probably retreated; any way [sic], the rebels did not come back into the town. All in all, as I understood it, a little over 140 were killed there that day--all Union soldiers. Some 20 or so of Johnson's men escaped. Comrade Russell says 22 were left in the town, and three that were left on the field for dead recovered. So I suppose this is about right.

I have spoken about how they finally killed and of course mangled the body of Comrade Williams, of my company. As to Comrade Russell, of Co. C of my regiment, they scalped him and carried off the scalp. This scalping was not an infrequent thing with them. They used to have the scalps hanging on their bridles, and used to trade with them to get those that would match, as can be proved by a man now holding a State office in this State. Quite a number of the dead bodies were mutilated, some in a manner that would not do to tell in print. In this latter class was Capt. Smith, of Johnson's command, whose grave I visited yesterday in the National Cemetery at Jefferson City in company with a gentleman who knew him well in life, and who was conversant with the facts. Capt. J. Foster, my own Captain, who, as I said, buried the dead, told me of the mutilations, but he knew none of them save those of our own regiment.

Such in brief was the Centralia massacre. There were some 250 or 300 of the rebels. They were led by the notorious Bill Anderson. They were the companies of Anderson and Gordon and a fellow named Jones, and I think a leader by the name of Stewart had a company there. The Youngers and Jameses, who have since become both famous and infamous, were in the crowd, and among the worst of them.

I think Comrade Russell is mistaken as to the troops that killed Bill Anderson, and I know he is mistaken as to where it was done. He was killed in a fight with some troops under command, as then reported in the papers, of Gen. Craig, who commanded in the District of St. Joseph, and it was not a few miles above Jefferson City, nor were they trying to cross the Missouri River. It was away above Glasgow, and some distance from the river. It was in a fight in which Anderson used his usual tactics, when he did fight at all, that is, to charge, and he charged on our men, and I think rather through the line, and was killed in the charge. This was more than a month after the Centralia massacre. Russell speaks of the men who killed him emptying their revolvers into his dead body. As to this I know nothing, but I saw within a short time after his death a picture of him taken after death, and there was about it no sign of his having been thus treated. If he had been, it is likely some of them would have shot him so that the picture would have shown it.

All in all, the Centralia massacre marks the most brutal episode of the war, unless it was the Lawrence massacre. These two stand out as monuments to prove that the men who were guilty of them were the greatest fiends ever found in this country or any other.--E.J. Smith, Co. B, 1st Iowa Cav., Sedalia, Mo.

National Tribune, September 13, 1888

The Centralia Massacre.

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of June 14, 1888, a description is given of the Centralia massacre by J.M. Russell, Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav. Brother Russell is correct in detail, with two exceptions: First, There was a soldier (furloughed with the Army of the Potomac), whose name I have forgotten, who was on the captured train, whom Anderson spared, and sent within one mile of our camp at Fayette, Mo., and there released him. This soldier came into our camp, was arrested as a spy and held as such until our officers ascertained that he was O.K. He was then released and sent back to his command. This soldier and Anderson were both Masons. Second, Bill Anderson and the other guerrilla chiefs--Todd, Thraelkill [sic] and Poole--were so hotly pursued by the 9th Cav., M.S.M., that, as usual on such occasions, they disbanded and scattered their men to meet at some appointed place. Our boys killed six of the guerrillas between Fayette and Roachport [sic], but they never wasted powder shooting at dead rebels, nor was it their privilege to kill that chief of guerrillas, Bill Anderson.

William Anderson was killed in northwest Missouri by Capt. Cox while making a charge upon some Federal soldiers.--Amos H.W. Sullivan, Co. H, 9th M.S.M. Cav., Miami, Mo.

National Tribune, October 11, 1888

The Battle of Fayette and the Centralia Massacre.

Editor National Tribune: Truth is the aim of all honest minds. In your issue of Aug. 23 I see a statement from Comrade E.J. Smith, Co. B, 1st Iowa Cav., Sedalia, Mo., in regard to the attack on Fayette, Mo., and also of the noted Centralia massacre. The attack on Fayette was on the morning of Sept. 20, 1864. We killed 18 and wounded 42 of the guerrillas; several of the wounded dying shortly after the battle. The Centralia massacre occurred on the 27th of September, 1864, about 4 o'clock p.m., on an open prairie; Maj. Johnson having formed his men in line of battle and ordered a halt, not more than two of Johnson's men escaped. The guerilla chiefs in charge of this tragedy were George Todd, Bill Anderson, Dan [sic] Poole, Thomas Todd and Thrailkill, commanding 257 men. Anderson was killed near Camden, on the Missouri River, by Capt. Cox, a Missouri militia Captain, on the 27th day of October, 1864. I was a member of Co. H, 9th Mo. S.M., and was a witness to the Fayette battle, our company helping to inter the unfortunate victims of the Centralia massacre.--A.H.W. Sullivan, M.D., Miami, Mo.

National Tribune, July 25, 1895

[reprinted in the *Sturgeon Leader*, Sturgeon, Missouri, August 9, 1895]

THE MASSACRE AT CENTRALIA.

Work of Guerillas That Has Seldom Been Outdone.

DESPARATE CHARACTERS.

Loyal Missourians Aroused by Deeds of Violence.

WATCHING THE ENEMY.

Fatal Mistake of Maj. Johnston in Dealing with Anderson.

By Wiley Britton, Author of "The Civil War on the Border."

The guerrillas under Bill Anderson and Quantrell were guilty of many fiendish acts that have never been described, for the victims of their bloody bands were often dispatched in lonely places where no friendly eye or ear could see or hear what was said or done. These men frequently boasted at the places where they stopped, that their victims numbered way up in the hundreds in the Counties north of the Missouri River, and in central and western Missouri. Anyone who has conversed with the surviving inhabitants of the sections where they operated would certainly be convinced that their bloody boasts were not exaggerated.

But of all their bloody acts the Centralia Massacre was the most extensive and barbarous in all its details. The loyal people of other sections of the country have never realized fully what desperate characters the loyal people of this State had to contend with in their bitter struggle for the Union. Early in September, 1864, all north Missouri--in fact, the loyal people all over the State--were greatly agitated on account of the stirring reports in the newspapers that Gen. Price had crossed the Arkansas River with an army of 12,000 to 16,000 men, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery, and was marching north rapidly to invade Missouri. It was given out by the Southern sympathizers that their hero would capture St. Louis and Jefferson City, and receive large accessions to his ranks from Illinois.

It had been noticeable after the Confederate forces were overthrown at Pea Ridge and

DRIVEN FROM THE STATE,

that when there was a threatened invasion or raid the guerrilla bands in every section where they operated became unusually active and bold. At the time Price's army was reported to be arching north the latter part of the summer of 1864, the guerrillas under Bill Anderson were becoming unusually aggressive in north Missouri.

In a recent raid through the Counties of Ray, Carroll, Chariton and Howard every few miles of their march had been marked with the mutilated corpses of their murdered victims. In a drunken frenzy Anderson had led his band in an attack on a detachment of

the 9th Mo. S.M. stationed at Fayette, who after a gallant defense, drove him off with considerable loss. He then marched off in a northeast direction into Randolph and Monroe Counties. His presence in the neighborhood of Paris, Monroe County, very soon aroused the Federal officers commanding detachments in that section to great activity and a determination to drive him out at any cost.

While the Federal officers knew that his force was heavily armed with the best arms in use and mounted upon the best horses the country afforded, they could not ascertain with certainty the number of his followers. The presence of such a desperate band in any given locality created intense excitement, and gave rise to all kinds of reports as to its strength and the bloody character of its acts. To the different posts, therefore, where the loyal militia were stationed the people fled for protection on the approach of the guerrillas. Some of the frightened citizens who saw the guerrillas marching on the road estimated their number as high as 400, and others as low as 100 men. In the

NUMEROUS CONFLICTS

with the guerrillas in different parts of the state experience had taught the Federal officers who had been in the service since early in the war, to use great caution in pursuing or attacking them, for more than once Federal detachments had been drawn into ambush, attacked and cut to pieces by the officers underestimating the strength of the enemy.

A Federal officer constantly scouting was required to use the greatest vigilance at all times to prevent the guerrillas from taking him at a disadvantage now and then. If the detachment holding any of the [towns of importance in the different Counties were much reduced in strength at any time for scouting purposes, the guerrillas invariably soon found it out through their friends, and generally lost no time in concentrating their forces to fall upon the weakened detachment.

The militia were generally vigilant and familiar with the tactics of the guerrillas, and perhaps most of the stations that they held had defensive quarters, block-houses, and in most cases they were quartered in the county court-houses, so that the attacks of the guerrillas were by no means always successful. There was also a commendable and patriotic pride among most of the militia officers to gain a reputation for gallantry in their service against the guerrillas, so that they were sometimes led to

TAKE UNDUE RISKS

on insufficient information in pursuing or attacking the enemy. Now that Anderson with his band had reached the neighborhood of Paris unresisted it fell to Maj. A.V.E. Johnston, 39th Mo., to take such force as he could mount, to check his further operations in that section. He therefore took 140 men of his regiment mounted as cavalry, and leaving Paris on the morning of the 16th [sic] of September, 1864, marched in a southeast direction, with the expectation of soon getting definite information of the exact location of the guerrillas, and of ascertaining their strength and intentions.

The detachment marched all that day, and the following night, and to the morning of the 17th [sic], at daylight, struck the trail of the guerrillas near Long Branch, between Paris and Mexico. At Long Branch he sent back to Paris all his dismounted men. At sunrise Maj. Johnston halted his command for breakfast and to feed his horses, having been constantly in motion for the last 24 hours. He had halted only a few moments when some of his men who were in advance returned and reported to him that they had just come in sight of the guerrillas, who were some two or three miles distant, on the prairie. The Major, Capt. Adam Theirs [sic], Adj't Tripler, and Serg't Haines were soon looking

through the fieldglass at the distant body of men, and came to the conclusion that they were Anderson's band. The observers could also see that the guerrillas were dismounted, and were probably resting and feeding.

After estimating this force of the enemy as well as they could, the observers expressed themselves decidedly that the force in their front was too strong for the detachment to attack single-handed. A picket guard was thrown out by Maj. Johnston to

WATCH THE ENEMY,

while his men and horses refreshed themselves for half an hour with food and rest. The opposing forces resumed the march about the same time, the advance guard of Maj. Johnston frequently being in sight of the rear-guard of the guerrillas for the next three or four hours. After this Maj. Johnston continued the pursuit by following their trail until he came to Centralia.

On his arrival at Centralia, about 4:00 o'clock he found that the guerrillas had been there only an hour or so before, and had captured and burned the train on the North Missouri Railroad and had taken from it and shot down in cold blood 21 Federal soldiers, who were unarmed and were returning home discharged. The blood was still oozing from the wounds of the murdered soldiers, and in some instances their clothing was still burning and their bodies burned to a crisp. And some of them had gashed wounds, for in their death struggles the guerrillas had plunged sharp knives through their bodies with demon-like ferocity.

After viewing the sad sight for a moment, Maj. Johnston was soon ascertained from those present who had witnessed the tragedy that the guerrillas had just left town, and marched off in a southeast direction. Those whom he questioned in regard to the number of men Anderson had differed widely in their estimates. This position required immediate action, and he was an officer who could not consent to retreat without first testing the strength of the enemy. He therefore directed Serg't Haines to count off 70 men from the right, and remarked: "We will go out and feel of them."

The town of Centralia was in the prairie, but there was a body of timber about one and a half miles southeast, in the direction of which the guerrillas had marched on leaving town.

On the march to the timber the Federal detachment were unable to

SEE THE GUERRILLAS

in ambush, but the guerrillas were posted so that they could see the detachment marching out and count the number of men in it, and make full preparation to meet it. In the hasty preparation for the reconnaissance Maj. Johnston neglected to leave his reserve detachment in a defensive position, or to suggest any provision for making a stand in the event of being driven back or pursued by the guerrillas.

Leaving town the Federal detachment marched out across the prairie until it came to a depression some two or three hundred yards from the timber. Nothing had as yet been seen of the enemy, but Maj. Johnston felt that they were near at hand, for he ordered his men into line, and as he was ascending the opposite side of the ravine his men saw the guerrillas coming out of the timber on a full charge, estimated at least 400 strong, yelling like fiends, with their bridle reins in their teeth and a revolver in each hand.

In another moment the opposing forces were within 50 yards of each other, and Johnston ordered his men to halt and open fire. The volley from his men was quickly followed by a volley from the guerrillas. Maj. Johnston fell in the first volley, and as the

guerrillas were rapidly closing in on his men they soon broke, endeavoring to retreat back to Centralia to join the detachment of 70 men which had been left there. Only three men of the reconnoitering detachment--Lieut. Gill and a private of Co. A, and Serg't Haines, of Co. H,--escaped; the others being

OVERTAKEN AND SHOT DOWN

before reaching their comrades. The whole band of guerrillas were in town almost as soon as these three survivors, so that the detachments which Maj. Johnston had left behind having heard nothing of the disaster until the guerrillas were upon them, had no time to prepare for action, but at once commenced to retreat towards Sturgeon. They were quickly pursued by the guerrillas, who were generally mounted upon better horses, and overtaken, and the entire detachment, except 18 men, killed before reaching the stockades at Sturgeon. In the pursuit a few guerrillas came up in sight of the stockades at Sturgeon, and then turned back upon the road and shot to death all the Federal detachment who had fallen wounded, except Frank Barnes and James Cummings, both of Co. H. Cummings was wounded through the lungs, and hid in a cornfield, but after night managed to crawl into Sturgeon, a distance of four miles. Barnes had eight wounds.

Before leaving the scene of their bloody work, and to satisfy their fiendish nature, the guerrillas shamefully mutilated the bodies of several Federal officers who fell in the disastrous affair. That evening, that night, and part of the following day the guerrillas rode over that section in small squads looking for those of the Federal detachment who had been cut off from Sturgeon and had fled in other directions, shooting down any they found wearing the Federal uniform.

Serg't Hiram Haines, one of the survivors who was cut off from Sturgeon and pursued by the guerrillas, and from whom the particulars of the disaster were obtained, had an exciting experience in making his escape to Paris, where part of his regiment was stationed. He managed to get into the timber before being overtaken, and, night coming on, he was able to elude the squad pursuing him, and after

WANDERING IN THE WOODS

and over the prairies nearly two days and nights, made his way to Paris, where he joined his comrades in a nearly exhausted condition.

When the guerrillas captured Centralia Anderson promised the Federal soldiers that if they would surrender without resistance they should be paroled without injury. They therefore surrendered without firing a shot; whereas had they known they were to be slaughtered in the face of the promise, they might have made considerable havoc in the ranks of the guerrillas.

Capt. Samuel E. Turner and one or two other soldiers on the train, who had participated in operations against Anderson and knew he was in the habit of killing his prisoners, quickly exchanged their military uniforms for citizen suits, and thus escaped death, which would have otherwise befallen them. James S. Rollins, a prominent Union man of Columbia, Mo., who was also on the train, came near being identified, which would probably have cost him his life.

After completing his bloody work at Centralia Anderson turned his face to join Gen. Price, whose destination was then understood to be St. Louis. In fact, Anderson saw from the daily papers, which he took from the passengers of the train, that Price was at that moment marching through Arkansas, if he had not already entered Missouri, with his large force, and might be expected in central Missouri in a few weeks at farthest.

It was several days after the Centralia massacre before the Union militia in northern Missouri were able to concentrate in sufficient force to commence

ACTIVE OPERATIONS

against the guerrillas again. And no sooner were they in condition to move against the guerrillas than they were ordered south of the Missouri river to operate against Price's large force, which was marching north almost without resistance. The loss of the guerrillas in the affair was insignificant, probably not more than six or eight in killed and wounded.

To understand how the Federal detachment was so utterly destroyed without inflicting more serious loss upon the enemy is not easy without a word of explanation in regard to the equipment of the two forces. But a moment's consideration of the situation will show that after Maj. Johnston got into the fight and fell there was no other course left for his men than to retreat as they did.

In the first place, the men and most of the officers of the Federal detachment were from a newly-organized regiment, which had seen little service up to that time. In the next place, the men were mounted upon horses recently pressed into service, and intractable, in a measure, under fire, and armed with muskets which were no better than clubs after firing one round.

On the other hand, the guerrillas were armed with carbines, and two, four, and six revolvers each, so that the Federal soldiers were entirely at their mercy after firing a single round each.

It was a terrible and fatal mistake for the commanding officer of an inferior force, having several miles of open prairie in his rear, to march up and attack, or even to reconnoiter, the position of a superior force posted in the timber, as the guerrillas were.

In marching out to the timber Maj. Johnston's mind appears to have been so much absorbed with what he had just witnessed that he did not deliberately consider the movement he was making, and the possibility that he was marching to his own destruction.

Sturgeon Leader, Sturgeon, Missouri, August 9, 1895 (originally appeared in *The National Tribune* of July 25, 1895). [Clipping in the Lewis M. Switzler papers, Western Historical Mauscripts Collection, University of Missouri, Columbia. The *National Tribune* identifies the author as Wiley Britton, author of *The Civil War on the Border*.]

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

The National Tribune, of Washington, D.C., Describes the Murderous Work of the Guerrillas.

The guerrillas under Bill Anderson and Quantrell were guilty of many fiendish acts that have never been described, for the victims of their bloody hands were often dispatched in lonely places where no friendly eye or ear could see or hear what was said or done. These men frequently boasted at the places where they stopped, that their victims numbered way up in the hundreds in the Counties north of the Missouri River, and in central and western Missouri. Anyone who has conversed with the surviving inhabitants of the sections where they operated would certainly be convinced that their bloody boasts were not exaggerated.

But of all their bloody acts the Centralia Massacre was the most extensive and barbarous in all its details. The loyal people of other sections of the country have never realized fully what desperate characters the loyal people of this State had to contend with in their bitter struggle for the Union. Early in September, 1864, all north Missouri--in fact, the loyal people all over the State--were greatly agitated on account of the stirring reports in the newspapers that Gen. Price had crossed the Arkansas River with an army of 12,000 to 16,000 men, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery, and was marching north rapidly to invade Missouri. It was given out by the Southern sympathizers that their hero would capture St. Louis and Jefferson City, and receive large accessions to his ranks from Illinois.

It had been noticeable after the Confederate forces were overthrown at Pea Ridge and driven from the state, that when there was a threatened invasion or raid the guerrilla bands in every section where they operated became unusually active and bold. At the time Price's army was reported to be marching north the latter part of the summer of 1864, the guerrillas under Bill Anderson were becoming unusually aggressive in north Missouri.

In a recent raid through the Counties of Ray, Carroll, Chariton and Howard every few miles of their march had been marked with the mutilated corpses of of their murdered victims. In a drunken frenzy Anderson had led his band in an attack on a detachment of the 9th Mo. S.M. stationed at Fayette, who after a gallant defense, drove him off with considerable loss. He then marched off in a northeast direction into Randolph and Monroe Counties. His presence in the neighborhood of Paris, Monroe County, very soon aroused the Federal officers commanding detachments in that section to great activity and a determination to drive him out at any cost.

While the Federal officers knew that his force was heavily armed with the best arms in use and mounted upon the best horses the country afforded, they could not ascertain with certainty the number of his followers. The presence of such a desperate band in any given locality created intense excitement, and gave rise to all kinds of reports

as to its strength and the bloody character of its acts. To the different posts, therefore, where the loyal militia were stationed the people fled for protection on the approach of the guerrillas. Some of the frightened citizens who saw the guerrillas marching on the road estimated their number as high as 400, and others as low as 100 men. In the numerous conflicts with the guerrillas in different parts of the state experience had taught the Federal officers who had been in the service since early in the war, to use great caution in pursuing or attacking them, for more than once Federal detachments had been drawn into ambush, attacked and cut to pieces by the officers underestimating the strength of the enemy.

A Federal officer constantly scouting was required to use the greatest vigilance at all times to prevent the guerrillas from taking him at a disadvantage now and then. If the detachment holding any of the towns of importance in the different Counties were much reduced in strength at any time for scouting purposes, the guerrillas invariably soon found it out through their friends, and generally lost no time in concentrating their forces to fall upon the weakened detachment.

The militia were generally vigilant and familiar with the tactics of the guerrillas, and perhaps most of the stations that they held had defensive quarters, block-houses, and in most cases they were quartered in the county court-houses, so that the attacks of the guerrillas were by no means always successful. There was also a commendable and patriotic pride among most of the militia officers to gain a reputation for gallantry in their service against the guerrillas, so that they were sometimes led to take undue risks on insufficient information in pursuing or attacking the enemy. Now that Anderson with his band had reached the neighborhood of Paris unresisted it fell to Maj. A.V.E. Johnston, 39th Mo., to take such force as he could mount, to check his further operations in that section. He therefore took 140 men of his regiment mounted as cavalry, and leaving Paris on the morning of the 16th [sic] of September, 1864, marched in a southeast direction, with the expectation of soon getting definite information of the exact location of the guerrillas, and of ascertaining their strength and intentions.

The detachment marched all that day, and the following night, and to the morning of the 17th [sic], at daylight, struck the trail of the guerrillas near Long Branch, between Paris and Mexico. At Long Branch he sent back to Paris all his dismounted men. At sunrise Maj. Johnston halted his command for breakfast and to feed his horses, having been constantly in motion for the last 24 hours. He had halted only a few moments when some of his men who were in advance returned and reported to him that they had just come in sight of the guerrillas, who were some two or three miles distant, on the prairie. The Major, Capt. Adam Theirs [sic], Adj't Tripler, and Serg't Haines were soon looking through the fieldglass at the distant body of men, and came to the conclusion that they were Anderson's band. The observers could also see that the guerrillas were dismounted, and were probably resting and feeding.

After estimating this force of the enemy as well as they could, the observers expressed themselves decidedly that the force in their front was too strong for the detachment to attack single-handed. A picket guard was thrown out by Maj. Johnston to watch the enemy, while his men and horses refreshed themselves for half an hour with food and rest. The opposing forces resumed the march about the same time, the advance guard of Maj. Johnston frequently being in sight of the rear-guard of the guerrillas for the

next three or four hours. After this Maj. Johnston continued the pursuit by following their trail until he came to Centralia.

On his arrival at Centralia, about 4:00 o'clock he found that the guerrillas had been there only an hour or so before, and had captured and burned the train on the North Missouri Railroad and had taken from it and shot down in cold blood 21 Federal soldiers, who were unarmed and were returning home discharged. The blood was still oozing from the wounds of the murdered soldiers, and in some instances their clothing was still burning and their bodies burned to a crisp. And some of them had gashed wounds, for in their death struggles the guerrillas had plunged sharp knives through their bodies with demon-like ferocity.

After viewing the sad sight for a moment, Maj. Johnston was soon ascertained from those present who had witnessed the tragedy that the guerrillas had just left town, and marched off in a southeast direction. Those whom he questioned in regard to the number of men Anderson had differed widely in their estimates. This position required immediate action, and he was an officer who could not consent to retreat without first testing the strength of the enemy. He therefore directed Serg't Haines to count off 70 men from the right, and remarked: "We will go out and feel of them."

The town of Centralia was in the prairie, but there was a body of timber about one and a half miles southeast, in the direction of which the guerrillas had marched on leaving town.

On the march to the timber the Federal detachment were unable to see the guerrillas to ambush but the guerrillas were posted so that they could see the detachment marching out and count the number of men in it, and make full preparations to meet it. In the hasty preparation for the reconnaissance Maj. Johnston neglected to leave his reserve detachment in a defensive position, or to suggest any provision for making a stand in the event of being driven back or pursued by the guerrillas.

Leaving town the Federal detachment marched out across the prairie until it came to a depression some two or three hundred yards from the timber. Nothing had as yet been seen of the enemy, but Maj. Johnston felt that they were near at hand, for he ordered his men into line, and as he was ascending the opposite side of the ravine his men saw the guerrillas coming out of the timber on a full charge, estimated at least 400 strong, yelling like fiends, with their bridle reins in their teeth and a revolver in each hand.

In another moment the opposing forces were within 50 yards of each other, and Johnston ordered his men to halt and open fire. The volley from his men was quickly followed by a volley from the guerrillas. Maj. Johnston fell in the first volley, and as the guerrillas were rapidly closing in on his men they soon broke, endeavoring to retreat back to Centralia to join the detachment of 70 men which had been left there. Only three men of the reconnoitering detachment--Lieut. Gill and a private of Co. A, and Serg't Haines, of Co. H,--escaped; the others being overtaken and shot down before reaching their comrades. The whole band of guerrillas were in town almost as soon as these three survivors, so that the detachments which Maj. Johnston had left behind having heard nothing of the disaster until the guerrillas were upon them, had no time to prepare for action, but at once commenced to retreat towards Sturgeon. They were quickly pursued by the guerrillas, who were generally mounted upon better horses, and overtaken, and the entire detachment, except 18 men, killed before reaching the stockades at Sturgeon. In the pursuit a few guerrillas came up in sight of the stockades at Sturgeon, and then turned

back upon the road and shot to death all the Federal detachment who had fallen wounded, except Frank Barnes and James Cummings, both of Co. H. Cummings was wounded through the lungs, and hid in a cornfield, but after night managed to crawl into Sturgeon, a distance of four miles. Barnes had eight wounds.

Before leaving the scene of their bloody work, and to satisfy their fiendish nature, the guerrillas shamefully mutilated the bodies of several Federal officers who fell in the disastrous affair. That evening, that night, and part of the following day the guerrillas rode over that section in small squads looking for those of the Federal detachment who had been cut off from Sturgeon and had fled in other directions, shooting down any they found wearing the Federal uniform.

Serg't Hiram Haines, one of the survivors who was cut off from Sturgeon and pursued by the guerrillas, and from whom the particulars of the disaster were obtained, had an exciting experience in making his escape to Paris, where part of his regiment was stationed. He managed to get into the timber before being overtaken, and, night coming on, he was able to elude the squad pursuing him, and after wandering in the woods and over the prairies nearly two days and nights, made his way to Paris, where he joined his comrades in a nearly exhausted condition.

When the guerrillas captured Centralia Anderson promised the Federal soldiers that if they would surrender without resistance they should be paroled without injury. They therefore surrendered without firing a shot; whereas had they known they were to be slaughtered in the face of the promise, they might have made considerable havoc in the ranks of the guerrillas.

Capt. Samuel E. Turner and one or two other soldiers on the train, who had participated in operations against Anderson and knew he was in the habit of killing his prisoners, quickly exchanged their military uniforms for citizens suits, and thus escaped death, which would have otherwise befallen them. James S. Rollins, a prominent Union man of Columbia, Mo., who was also on the train, came near being identified, which would probably have cost him his life.

After completing his bloody work at Centralia Anderson turned his face to join Gen. Price, whose destination was then understood to be St. Louis. In fact, Anderson saw from the daily papers, which he took from the passengers of the train, that Price was at that moment marching through Arkansas, if he had not already entered Missouri, with his large force, and might be expected in central Missouri in a few weeks at farthest.

It was several days after the Centralia massacre before the Union militia in northern Missouri were able to concentrate in sufficient force to commence active operations against the guerrillas again. And no sooner were they in condition to move against the guerrillas than they were ordered south of the Missouri river to operate against Price's large force, which was marching north almost without resistance. The loss of the guerrillas in the affair was insignificant, probably not more than six or eight in killed and wounded.

To understand how the Federal detachment was so utterly destroyed without inflicting more serious loss upon the enemy is not easy without a word of explanation in regard to the equipment of the two forces. But a moment's consideration of the situation will show that after Maj. Johnston got into the fight and fell there was no other course left for his men than to retreat as they did.

In the first place, the men and most of the officers of the Federal detachment were from a newly-organized regiment, which had seen little service up to that time. In the next place, the men were mounted upon horses recently pressed into service, and intractable, in a measure, under fire, and armed with muskets which were no better than clubs after firing one round.

On the other hand, the guerrillas were armed with carbines, and two, four, and six revolvers each, so that the Federal soldiers were entirely at their mercy after firing a single round each.

It was a terrible and fatal mistake for the commanding officer of an inferior force, having several miles of open prairie in his rear, to march up and attack, or even to reconnoiter, the position of a superior force posted in the timber, as the guerrillas were.

In marching out to the timber Maj. Johnston's mind appears to have been so much absorbed with what he had just witnessed that he did not deliberately consider the movement he was making, and the possibility that he was marching to his own destruction.

Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado, August 12, 1895

THIRST FOR BLOOD

Death of Jim Clarke Recalls Quantrell's Gang.

Centralia Massacre by the Noted Outlaw of Missouri.

Denver Merchant One of the Witnesses Who Escaped.

Union Men Singled From Captives and Shot Down in Cold Blood.

Fifteen Men Were Deliberately Killed at One Time and the Total Number is Unknown.

The tragic death of Jim Clarke last week resurrected may stories of border warfare in which Clarke is supposed to have taken a prominent part. It is claimed that no man who ever figured in the West was quicker or surer with the gun than Clarke. He was a man of morose disposition and he seldom talked of his past life, but if half the adventures that are accredited to him were true, he bore a charmed life and had cause to imagine that the bullet was not molded that would end his career. Yet when he is called to his last account he drops in the dark, at the bullet of a secret assassin.

Quantrell's Bashi Bazuuks.

The guerrilla warfare which was carried on for years in Missouri and Eastern Kansas was a disgrace to modern civilization and will forever leave a stain on the regions in which it was practiced. Wholesale murder was perpetrated by Clarke and the bands with which he was identified. A striking instance of the operations of those times was presented in the massacre at Centralia. Abraham Jacobs, a cigar dealer of this city, was a witness of the atrocities that were perpetrated at Centralia. Mr. Jacobs was a '50er and had gone East on a business trip when summoned to return to Denver.

"I took the Wabash road at St. Louis," said he, yesterday, in speaking of his startling experience, "and found myself with 75 or 100 passengers in a train bound for Kansas City. We knew of no trouble ahead and the first intimation of danger was as the train came to a sudden stop at the little station of Centralia. We heard the rapid firing of guns and bullets began to smash the car windows and rain like hail stones against the sides of the cars. Passengers fell to the floor for protection, and there was such screaming, praying and confusion generally that it cannot be described. I felt that we were going to be robbed and as I lay on the floor I reached into my inside vest pocket and drew out $300 in bank bills which I slipped into my boot. Loud commands could be heard and passengers were ordered to leave the cars and range themselves alongside the train. As we stepped from the cars we were each rudely searched. One of the men took from me $150 in money, which I had left in my vest pocket, and a fine gold watch and chain which I had bought in Cincinnati a few days before for $500. The guerrillas threw the insides of gold watches away and used the case as a receptacle for caps for their guns and revolvers. Metallic cartridges had not come into use at that time."

Massacre of Passengers.

Mr. Jacobs says that the work of murder began as soon as the passengers appeared in view on the platforms. One fine-looking man wearing the blouse of an officer of the union army dropped dead as he reached the car door, and a handsome young fellow attempted to escape by hiding under the depot platform. A shower of bullets flew after him, but the guerrillas not knowing whether their victim was dead, set fire to the depot. The unfortunate man crawled out and was shot within a few feet of the trembling passengers.

"I can see that poor fellow quivering yet," said Mr. Jacobs as he described the scene. Mr. Jacobs learned that the young man's father was obliged to stand by and witness the awful fate of his son.

"There were not less than twelve or fifteen men singled out and shot before our eyes," continued Mr. Jacobs. "Three of the victims were civilians who unfortunately for them, were recognized by members of the guerrilla gang. I feared every moment that I would be made to suffer the death penalty for some things I had done in Denver early in the war, in assisting in chasing rebels out of the town, but nobody seemed to recognize me. Several rough looking men scanned my face closely, but they passed on down the line."

Saved by an Overcoat.

Mr. Jacobs says he had a heavy overcoat in the train when the firing began. A soldier returning from Sherman's army in the South hastily donned the overcoat and thus saved his life. After the robbers had completed their work they set fire to the train and ordered the engineer to run it out of town. The engine stopped about a mile from the depot and was afterwards found standing uninjured on the railway track. A large party of the passengers rode to the nearest station on the engine. The express and baggage cars were looted and the guerrillas rode away without meeting any opposition. The same band of guerrillas met a company of federal cavalry later in the day and killed every man except one.

Mr. Jacobs was the first man to arrive in St. Joseph after the Centralia massacre, but he says he did no talking in St. Joseph. The town was strongly in sympathy with the guerrillas, and Jacobs though[t] it the part of a wise man to keep his mouth shut.

The adventures of the Denver pioneer were not yet ended. The Indians were very warlike about the time of the Centralia affair, and as the Denver bound coach passed Plum creek it was attacked by red skins. There were eight passengers in the coach, all armed to the teeth. It was night time and very dark. A volley of bullets killed one of the horses and wounded one of the passengers. In the fight that ensued Jacobs was shot through the leg and carries the scars to-day as a reminder of life upon the frontier. The fight continued two or three hours, but the Indians were finally driven off and the journey was resumed. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows and guns and the coach was bristling with more than 100 arrows when hostilities ceased. Mr. Jacobs considers the brush with the savages fully as dangerous as the affair a few days before in Missouri.

Two Jim Cummings.

James McParland, superintendent of the local branch of the Pinkerton Detective agency, says Clarke is Clarke and not Jim Cummings, and he ought to know, for he was instrumental in running Cummings to earth years ago in Missouri. Cummings is still alive, Mr. McParland says, and is living quietly in Missouri. He is old now and will probably end his life without any more adventures. The Pinkerton superintendent

believes Clarke is the real name of the man who was shot at Telluride. The very idea of his being the Jim Cummings of long ago amused him.

"I am positive that Cummings is still alive and living in Missouri," he said. "Where his dwelling place is it is not necessary for me to say, for the old man was not a cruel robber and he wants to spend his last days in peace. When Fred Witrock held up the 'Frisco train near Pacific, Mo., in 1886 and robbed the Adams express car of $75,000 suspicion in a measure pointed to Cummings. We hunted him up and found him a broken down old man. He was not the dashing young fellow he had been before in the days of the James and Younger brothers. His sight was poor and he was in no condition to commit a robbery of any kind.

Shortly after the express car was looted Witrock began writing letters to the St. Louis newspapers which he signed "Jim Cummings," and in which he boasted of the robbery. He also wrote numerous letters to Cummings apologizing for using his name. Some of these contained small sums of money. Altogether he gave Cummings about $100. When the Pinkerton detectives called on the horsethief he handed over the letters to them and was willing to return the money he had received, but the express company refused to accept it.

"Cummings," continued Mr. McParland, "while an intimate friend of the James and Younger brothers, was never much of a train robber, but he was the best horsethief in the country. He supplied the James and Younger gangs with the fastest horses he could find, and he did his work so well that he usually got away with his plunder.

"When he did take part in the robberies it was in a minor capacity. He was not a bad man, as the term goes, but he liked horses, and much of the success of the gangs he worked for is due to the mounts he provided for them. He is a much older man than Clarke and there is not the slightest resemblance between the two men."

Moberly Daily Monitor, Moberly, Missouri, June 4, 1896

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

A Correct Account of the Terrible Massacre at Centralia, September 27, 1864.

The Story Related by Engineer James Clark of Moberly Who Was an Eye Witness of the Affair.

As I have read several accounts and different ones of the Centralia massacre, I have come to the conclusion to make a statement myself of what I know and what I have seen as I was running the engine that pulled the train of Sept. 27, 1864.

As I was running at the rate of 35 or 40 miles per hour, about two miles east of Centralia I discovered a big crowd of men [on] horseback. At first I did not pay much attention to them thinking they were state troops, as it was not unusual in those days to find them any place and at most any station along the road. As I was about one mile away I remarked to my fireman I did not like their actions and that we might strike the wrong gang this time, if so look out for yourself. At this time they all fell in line on the south side of the track about one hundred yards below the platform. I glanced ahead and saw several men piling wood on the track to throw the train in the ditch. I told my fireman to look out for himself, I pulled the throttle wide open and dropped down on the deck. By this time I was in front of them and they opened fire on us with a perfect shower of bullets in the engine and train. My intention was to go through and not stop if the obstructions did not throw the engine off the track. In those days we did not have any air brakes. The guerrilas [sic] being on the south side of the track and the depot on the east side, the brakeman did not see them until they opened fire on the train and there being a perfect shower of bullets into the train and across the platform of the coaches, the brakeman rushed into the cars and left the brakes all set tight which brought the train to a stop in front of the depot. The throttle was wide open slipping her wheels, and as long as they saw the wheels spinning on the engine there was a shower of bullets. I saw they had me foul so I raised up and shut off the throttle and then dropped on the deck again. In three or four seconds I saw a half dozen six shooters pointing at me and my fireman, demanding our money, valuables, watches, etc. My fireman was shot in the breast but it was a flesh wound and did not amount to much. I thought he was shot bad until I made an investigation and found it was a light flesh wound and the blood was running freely. My fireman asked them for God sake not to kill us. They replied, "We do not want to hurt any of you men but consider yourselves prisoners and obey orders.["] This relieved us at this time greatly. In a few seconds my fireman was called off the engine to hold their horses while they went through the express and baggage, and with an oath, if you let my horse get away I will blow your damn head off. He had both hands and his mouth full of reins and they were dragging him all over the road, with oaths from others if you let my horse get away I will blow your head off. I was called into service then with a half dozen six shooters pointed at me. I had two union flags 20 by 30, one on each side of my head light. Take down those flags you son of a b--, was the howl from a dozen or more. I did not expect to live long enough to take them down as they stood over me giving me an awful tongue lashing, with their six shooters leveled at me. At this time they were

going through the passengers and relieving them of their money, valuables, watches, etc., and marching the soldiers out to be shot. There were twenty-two soldiers and three citizens shot and killed off the train, and eighteen soldiers in line when the word was given to fire. About half of them fell in the first fire, when they broke ranks and was shot running. One fine looking young man, a surgeon [i.e., a sergeant] in some company, stripped off his uniform to put on citizens clothes but he did not have time to make the change and he was marched out with the balance; but he did not fall in the first fire but broke and ran towards the engine where I was standing at the time looking on and it was hard telling which they were shooting at, the soldier or me. For a few seconds the bullets were plowing up the ground all round me as bad as him. He turned and went between the engine and baggage car and crawled under the depot, but the depot was all on fire, so he could not stay under there. He came out on the other side of the depot and they caught him again and brought him around and shot him down where he started from with the rest. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor fellow beg for his life. There was a sick soldier on board the train who had been in a St. Louis hospital and his father was bringing him home. He was taken from his father, put in line and shot down. There was a man, a citizen, his name was said to be Baum and that he had quite a lot of money with him. He gave them one big wallet of money and they asked him if that was all he had. He replied that it was. They said that they would search him and if they found any more they would kill him. He later acknowledged that he had a wallet in his boot so they killed him for lying to them. I saw him shot down. Another citizen driving a team was asked some questions and did not give them a satisfactory answer so they shot him down. Here I was called into service by two six shooters at my head with orders to set fire to the train, also all train hands and citizens standing around were put to work setting the train on fire. Four coaches and one baggage car and engine on the main track in front of the depot and nine box cars on the side track and the depot were all to be burned up together. A few minutes later a work train came into sight two miles east of Centralia, which changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the passenger train to be started out as it was, all on fire. They at once commenced to look for the engineer and they came across my fireman first. He was leisurly [sic] walking away so as not to attract any attention. They asked him if he was the engineer. He replied no, sir. Do you know where he is? Yes sir, there he is getting over the fence into the yard at the Callior [sic] Hotel. They put the spurs to their horses an[d] fell in line and demanded me to come, each one of them with a gun leveled at me. There being about ten of them, I did not know if I would live long enough to get there or not as I had left without permission, as they had told me to consider myself a prisoner until released. When I got to them the officer in charge of the squad asked if I could get on the engine and start it and jump off. I replied that I could. They all put up their guns except one and he was about to shoot me when the officer demanded him to put his gun up or he would kill him. So he saved my life.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Moberly Daily Monitor, Moberly, Missouri, June 5, 1896

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

A Correct Account of the Terrible Massacre at Centralia, September 27, 1864.

The Story Related by Engineer James Clark of Moberly Who Was an Eye Witness of the Affair.

(Continued from yesterday.)

I told the officer that I would have to back the engine 10 or 15 feet to get the obstructions out from under [the] pilot that they had piled on the track to ditch the train. I backed the engine up so they could get the obstructions out from under the pilot and engine trucks. They then demanded on me to turn the engine loose, yelling at me from all sides to giver her h--, with their six shooters waving at me in the cab on the engine. In those days an enine [sic] got its supply of water through a pump that could be operated only when the engine was in motion. I put on both pumps as the engine started off. It ran about three miles and a half before it stopped. The boiler was full of water and out of steam. Here I was released as [a] prisoner from Bill Anderson and was then a spectator standing around to watch the movement of the capture of the work train. As the train was approaching the station they circled around it a half mile or so and came up behind, brought it to a halt about fifty yards below the east platform of the depot with a dead soldier dragged out of the ditch and laid across the track. Ed Rice, engineer, and Wm. Pearce, fireman and Ross Carby conductor were then demanded to give up their money, watches and valuables, even down to a pocket knife. One of them discovered a breastpin on engineer Rice's shirt bosom and demanded him to hand it over. Engineer Rice told him it was no account and that he did not need that, so he took out his shooter and demanded it "d-- quick too," thinking that he was wasting too much time, made another demand. Conductor Darby spoke up and told him that engineer Rice only had one hand and they he could not get it off as quick as if he had two hands. "Then G--d d--n you see if you can help him to get it off." Conductor Darby had to take [the] pin off of Engineer Rice's shirt bosom. After he handed it over Rice asked him his name. "What the h--l do you want to know my name for?" "Just for fun." "Well I will tell you my name for fun, it is Robertson. I am from Johnson county and I am the last of five brothers and will never stop shooting as long as I can see a blue jacket engineer." Rice was then ordered to pull his train up in front of the burning depot. They were asked by Rice to take the dead soldier off the track. They took out their six shooters and demanded him to run over him which he did, and the dead soldier threw the engine off the track. This changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the train to be set on fire where it stood. The soldier was dragged out from under the engine and the train crew was then ordered to set fire to their train and every one that was standing around was called into service to set fire to the work train. After this job was completed the train crew of the work train was called up in line to get their orders. Their orders were to go to Mexico, 13 miles east of Centralia, and not to look back and I guess they didn't from the time they were making down the track. The crew on the passenger train did not get any marching orders. We were all released and Bill Anderson left town and went south of Centralia. The officers

and train crew on the train that day were J.H. Gamble, superintendent; J.H. Bender, fuel agent; Ben Dawler[?], baggage master; George Cruthers, express messenger; Dick Gilchrist and Jewles Helbert, brakemen; Jack Kirby, fireman and James Clark, engineer. As we had no instructions we came to the conclusion to act upon our own judgment. We first put out the fire of the work train engine and then we pushed two box cars out of the nine that were burning, up on the side track back of the depot. Seven box cars and the depot was burnt up. There was nothing else that we could do. I then had a talk with Supt. J.H. Gamble and my conductor, Overall, what they thought we had better do. I told them the engine was all right and did not think she had run more than four miles and that I would fire her up and go on to Sturgeon. The superintendent did not give me any encouragement what to do about stealing the engine out of the fire. I got my fireman and the express messenger, George Cruthers. We started down the track together and had not gone half a mile before the rest of our crew fell in line, passengers also. I found the engine after walking 3 1/2 miles, out of steam but plenty of water and the wood was burning on the tender, as the engines [in] those days most all burnt wood. The train was all burnt, four coaches and one baggage car. I raised steam on the engine as quick as possible and when the train crew and passengers came up I was ready to go to Sturgeon with the engine. I started from the burning train with 45 passengers and crew on the engine to Sturgeon, arriving there at about 2[?] o'clock p.m. I remained at Sturgeon until the train arrived from Macon City. Now the fight is going on between Major Johnson and Bill Anderson. Two of Major Johnson's men came in off the battle ground just as I was leaving, our train crew taking the train that came from Macon to take our passengers through, and what they had, back to Macon.

I left Sturgeon about 3:30 p.m. and arrived at the wood shed one mile north of Sturgeon to take wood on the engine. There was a big gang of men coming across the prairie [on] horseback. Most all the passengers and crew thought it was Bill Anderson or some other outlaws coming and were yelling at me to pull out. I told them that I could not go until they give me some wood. I was wooded up in a hurry. Every man that could get near the tank threw on a stick. I was soon on my way and when in a mile or so of Renick I discovered a big crowd on horseback. I did not know whether they were Federal soldiers or guerrilas [sic], so I came to the conclusion that I would not stop there. Passing the depot forty miles per hour, I discovered Colonel Draper from Macon, and being acquainted with him I came to the conclusion to stop and tell him of what had happened at Centralia and the fight with Major Johnson. I then went on to Macon, arriving there about 7:30 p.m. This completed the day[']s work of September 27, 1864.

September 28 there was no regular trains run between St. Charles and Macon City. On this date the road was obstructed at Centralia where the passenger train was burnt the day before, and the track was tore up east of Mexico, so no trains could get through. I was ordered out from Macon City to take Col. Forbes and ten men from Macon to Centralia on the engine. I arrived at Sturgeon at 10 o'clock. All the citizens had been picking up Major Johnson's men that were killed the day before by Bill Anderson.

While there we walked over to a vacant warehouse, where we found 23 of Major Johnson's dead men, had been picked up on the prairie a few hours before. While standing there an ox team drove up with six more dead soldiers in the wagon bed. I then started to Centralia with Col. Forbes and his guard. There I saw 87 more of Maj.

Johnson's men lying beside the track. This made 116 dead soldiers. Here I learned from good authority that there were 45 who had been picked up and taken to Mexico. There were about 175 killed altogether, including the 25 that were killed off the train of Sept. 27. I then returned to Macon City with Col. Forbes and guard. Part of his regiment was stationed at Sturgeon and part at Macon City--Forty Second Mo. Regiment. Sept. 29 trains all moved on time.

Daily Mail, Nevada, Missouri, April 28, 1897

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AFTER.

The Centralia Massacre and Deadly Battle.

Dr. J.F. Robinson Relates the True Story to the "Mail."

Bill Anderson's Daring - Thirty Men Taken From a Train and Shot - The Train Run Out of Town in a Blaze of Fire.

One Hundred and Forty-Three Out of 160 Men Killed - One Saved by Mystic Ties - Another Left for Dead - Seventeen Get Away.

"I have read a great deal about the battle of Centralia," said Dr. J. F. Robinson, superintendent at the Nevada Asylum to a MAIL representative, "but there is still a great deal of unpublished history regarding that most deadly of terrible combats." As I was right on the ground at the time, the whole contest appears perfectly vivid to my mind. I was a boy at the time and the impressions of that day - in September, 1864 - have remained with me ever since.

"My parents had moved to a farm one mile southeast of Centralia from Johnson county, the spring before," continued Dr. Robinson. "Capt. Bill Anderson, with his company of 80 daring men, and 300 raw but unarmed recruits, were in camp on the Col. Singleton farm, about one mile south of our farm. The recruits had been gathered up through northeast Missouri and were under Major Thrailkill and Capt. Tom Todd, the well known farmer and preacher of Vernon county. They came in there and went into camp at night, and the morning of the battle two of the men, dressed as Federal soldiers rode up to our house and ordered my mother to prepare breakfast for 20 men. This was the first we knew of their presence, and we supposed they were Federal soldiers. My mother told them that she would prepare breakfast if they would come there and get it, but she would not cook breakfast to be carried away. They replied that they would return in about one hour, and that if breakfast was not prepared as directed they would burn the house. With this they rode away. We had killed a beef the day before, and my mother very naturally changed her mind. When the two men returned I think my mother and sister had about two bushels of bread and beefsteak prepared. They took the provisions to camp in buckets, and later my father went to the camp to get the buckets, and there he met Major Singleton and other of his acquaintances, with whom he engaged in conversation.

"After breakfast was over Anderson and his 80 men, heavily armed and dressed in Federal uniforms rode past our house going to Centralia. During the forenoon the Wabash express from the east pulled up to the Centralia depot. Anderson's men boarded the train and found 30 Union soldiers, who were returning to their command from some point east where they had guarded a lot of prisoners. They took the Union soldiers, some distance southeast of the depot, formed them in line to be shot. The Union men then broke line and started to run for their lives. Some were shot down in line and others as they ran.

Three of them ran into a house nearby, and went into hiding under a bed in which a young lady was dying form consumption. One of Anderson's men, named Robinson, whose sick brother had been killed in Johnson county a short time before by Union soldiers, followed and pulling them out, one by one from their place of hiding, shot them to death. After the killing of these Union soldiers the train was robbed, the passengers ordered off, the cars tired, the throttle opened and the train started off alone in a blaze of fire. The train ran a few miles west, where it stopped and burned to the irons.

"Anderson marched his men back to camp about noon. The men had scarcely gotten out of sight of our house, when we could see Col. Johnson and his command of 160 mounted infantry, one-half mile west of our house and one-half mile east of Centralia. They had been following Anderson's command for several days without the knowledge of Anderson or his men. They had started from Hannibal on foot, and had mounted themselves enroute with farm horses. They rode into Centralia, saw the slaughter that had been made, and in opposition to the appeals of citizens started in pursuit of Anderson.

"While Col. Johnson and his men were making their way into Centralia Anderson was notified of their presence.

"Anderson immediately threw out his pickets, who started toward Centralia. The Anderson and Johnson pickets, each had gone about a mile when they met almost immediately in front of our house. They first began abusing each other and then commenced firing, but none of the shots were effective. The Johnson pickets fell back to the command just coming out of town. Anderson's pickets also returned to their command.

"Johnson and his men then turned due south, going through Yate’s pasture until they reached the west side of the Fullenwider farm, forming a line of battle on a ridge about one-half mile west of Anderson's camp. The men dismounted, in the open prairie, in plain view of Anderson and his men. About every fifth man was left a few paced back of the line to hold the horses.

"Anderson formed his 80 men in line, who taking a revolver in each hand, made bold charge on Johnson's forces. Par of Johnson's men fired as Anderson's men dashed down upon them, while others threw up their hands and began pleading for mercy. Others ran for their lives. Anderson's men dashed right through the lines, killing about 80 of Johnson's men in the first charge while in line. Others were killed at different points from there to Centralia, and some even west to the creek just east of Sturgeon. Out of the 160 men who marched out to fight Anderson, only 17 made their escape unhurt. Johnson was killed by the side of his large gray horse, just in the rear of his line of men. A large number of horses were also killed. Only one prisoner was taken. He was wounded and was running southwest when two of Anderson's men rode upon him. The story goes that he gave a Masonic sign and his life was spared. It is certain, however, that he was taken up behind one of Anderson's men who took him to a neighboring house and gave instructions to care for him. He finally got well. Every man that was killed was shot in the head, either before or after they had been shot down.

"Three of Anderson's men were killed, each of them having been shot by their own comrades in cross-firing. All of them were young men less than 20 years of age. Each of them was shot in the face, and had the balls been shot into one face they would not have been two inches apart. Two of these bodies were left by Anderson's command in

an old house on Col. Singleton's farm, and the other was left lying on Fullenwider's front porch, with instructions to give it a Christian burial. All three bodies were buried at a church near by on the following day.

"Anderson broke camp and left with his men and recruits on the night after the battle. They went in the direction of Columbia, but before reaching that place they turned west, and crossed the river at Glasgow. A short time after this Anderson was shot and killed.

"The day after the battle soldiers appeared at Centralia and forced the citizens to bring in the dead of Johnson's command. They were hauled to town and buried in a long trench, just east of the town by the side of the Wabash railroad track.

"One man was left on the field for dead, who was found to be alive when the bodies were being removed. He had been shot in the forehead, and the bullet had gone around under the scalp. He was badly stunned and lay on the field all night with the dead. After taking him up he soon revived, and finally got well.

"About one week after the battle a man who was herding mules on the prairie, came to our house and informed us he had found a dead man. Thos. Tuner and I went out, and finding the body to be that of a Union soldier, we buried it right on the spot. He had been shot through the head. We stuck his bayonet at his head and placed his cartridge box at his feet. Doubtless the poor man's bones are there today, or at least whatever may be left of them."

Columbia Missouri Herald, Columbia, Missouri, September 24, 1897

FRANK JAMES TELLS THE STORY OF THE CENTRALIA FIGHT.

For the First Time Since the Battle He Visits the Field, the Scene of the Most Terrible Conflict of the Civil War.

How the Guerillas Lived, Fought, and Died.--Thrilling Description of Terrible Times.

The most terrible conflict of the civil war occurred near Centralia, Boone county, Missouri, in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 27, 1864. Nearly 200 Federal soldiers, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnson, of the Thirty-Ninth Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerillas, met there Capt. Bill Anderson and Capt. George Todd, with 225 men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives while of the guerillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on the fair September afternoon. Every single man in the Federal line of battle perished and only half a score of those left to hold the horses got away.

The conflict has been described by surviving Union soldiers and by persons who were near by at the time of or after the fight. But not until now has one of the chief actors on the Confederate side given his version. On Sunday morning, for the second time in his life, Frank James rode over the battle field and, for the first time, described the fight. In his company were Hon. M.S. Bush, mayor of Centralia, J.K. Pool, editor of the Centralia Courier, and a representative of the Herald.

Now and Then.

There could scarcely have been a contrast more striking to Frank James' eyes as he drove out to the battle-field. The weather was much the same as in September of '64. There was the same blue sky with the chill of early fall. The timber along the head of Young's creek was much the same, green and stubby. Here and there the prairie grass, long and coarse, bent to the morning breeze. The ridge upon which Johnson's men formed and the "swag" in the prairie across which pursuit followed were unchanged. But now there were fences--then an open prairie. Now there was cornfield and meadow land and the fine farms of S.L. Garrard and Valentine Miller--then the ground was unbroken and only the prairie grass to be seen, as far as the eye could reach. Now the quietude of the Sabbath morning, the cattle standing peacefully for the milking--then the shouts of desperate men and the sharp report of gun and pistol. Now green grass, autumn leaves, rosy cheeks in the peach orchard--and peace. Then war--which Gen. Sherman said was hell and Frank James declares "a game of chess with human lives as pieces on the board." No blood stains reddened the white flowers of the prairie after this ride and no ghastly upturned faces lay upon the sun-kissed sward.

Frank James Tells How It Took Place.

"There is the spot," said Frank James, two miles and more from Centralia, shortly before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S.L. Garrard's home. "Yonder on the rise near the hay-rick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, towards Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the woods beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He had not been to the field before nor since the day of the fight thirty-three years ago next Monday. No word had been spoken to indicate the locality. But he remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said, "to any battle-field where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the locations. I guess it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later he came on to the field itself. Corn is growing rank and there was a herd of cattle calmly feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. Here Mr. James wandered around for a few moments drinking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told the story, quietly at first, but as he proceeded, his face lighted up, there was a ring in his voice and his whole frame seemed ready for the fray again.

"The day before we had a small skirmish down in Goslin's Lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We could scarcely keep account of months and years at that time much less days. We killed a dozen Yankee soldiers in Goslin's lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson. I was with Capt. George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived but less desperate than Anderson."

James paused a moment--his conversation was in scraps all day and only here put in connected form--he paused a moment and continued: "But Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's creek not far from the home of Col. M.G. Singleton. There were about 225 men, all told, in our combined command. Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of at least 10,000 men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war when the truth is there were never more than 350 or 400 from one end of the war to the other.

"In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia. I was not with him nor was any of Todd's company. In Centralia Anderson captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, shot down some soldiers who were on the train and did other things about which I know nothing save from hearsay and which Todd condemned when the boys returned. In the afternoon Capt. Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in the neighborhood. This squad was composed of Dave Pool, Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland and two others whose names I don't remember. They were to find out if any Federals were around, how many and, if possible, `toll' them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them and then galloped rapidly away as if surprised to see them. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us there were 350 and he was usually very accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came on and reported.--Todd called out `mount up, mount up.'

The sharp, piercing eyes of James flashed. "I can see them now yonder on that ridge. On they come. I don't care what your histories say, they carried a black flag. It was apparently a black apron tied to a stick. We captured it in the battle that followed. No, we had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly a half mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses and said: `Why the fools are going to fight us on foot!' And then added in seriousness: `God help 'em.'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses and then at the word of command started on our charge. The ground, you will notice, rises sharply and we moved slowly. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up when they fired their first and only time. They nearly all fired over our heads. We were laying low on our horses a trick that Comanche Indians practice and which saved our lives many a time. Only two of our men were killed. Frank Shepherd and "Hank" Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days afterward from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode next to me on either side. The blood and brains from Shepherd splashed on my pants leg as he fell from his horse. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought side by side, slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say, `Frank, I'm shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

But we couldn't stop in that terrible charge for anything. Up the hill we went yelling like wild Indians. Such shrieks, young man, you will never hear as broke the stillness of that September afternoon now nearly thirty-three years ago." There was the silence of hopeful assent from every listener.

"On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word though I reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way, looked like Svengali. Some of the Yankees were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload. Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. Every one was shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape we followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them. The last man and the first man was killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start.

"That night we left this woods and this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

Jesse James Was in the Fight.

"It has been reported that my brother, Jesse James, was not at the Centralia fight, that he was sick in Carroll county at the time. This is a mistake. Jesse was here. He it was who killed the commander of the Federal troops, Major Johnson. The Younger boys were not at Centralia."

An Ear of Corn for a Souvenir.

The plowshare had taken the place of the sword on the hillside. Frank James took an ear of corn from the battle-field. "I want some sort of a relic," he said, "and this is the most peaceful-looking I saw." Later in the day Adam Rodemyre, of the Guard, gave him a bullet found on the field.

Visit to the Graves of the Guerillas.

After two hours on the battle-field a visit was made to the Pleasant Grove burying ground on the Silver farm where Frank Shepherd and "Hank" Williams are buried. The burying ground is a typical country cemetery, lying in a secluded spot, away from the main traveled road, some four miles from Centralia. It is reached through a half-cleared piece of timber and contains a number of newly-made graves. The graves of the two guerillas are unmarked, not even a head board indicating their last resting place. A great pine tree stands near by and sobs their requiem as heaven's breezes blow. "I would give $100 for that tree," said a bystander who had followed the party. "That would be like robbing a graveyard," commented James.

The living guerilla stood with his black slouch hat in his hand at the side of the sunken graves of his dead comrades. "To this complexion must we come at last," he said looking down at the withered grass. "Our boys are scattered everywhere. You will find their graves in the hollows and on the hills, by the gulf and on these prairies. Many have no monument. They don't need any. They made their monuments while they lived. They left a record for daring courage that the world has not surpassed. They don't need any monument after they are dead. Their sleep is just as sweet here as it would be in a beautiful city cemetery." Frank James pinched a twig from the great, green pine tree and walked away. "The marvel to me," he said to the Herald reporter, "is that I am not sleeping in a place like this. What have I been spared for when so many of my comrades were taken? `Two men shall be working in a field, one shall be taken and the other left.' That's Scripture--you know my father was a Baptist preacher, a good man and a good preacher--it's Scripture and it's Life, too."

A brief stay was made at the farm house of William R. Jennings. Mr. Jennings helped bury the Federal dead the day after the battle. He could not remember the number but there were several wagon loads. "I felt sorry for one poor boy, hardly more than 17 years old, who had almost reached the woods in an attempt to escape. All the Federals," continued Mr. Jennings, "had been shot in the head. So unerring was the marksmanship of the bushwhackers that frequently we would find no wounds on the soldier's bodies until we would turn back the eyelid or look into an ear and there would be the single little hole that brought death." When the old man closed his story the party turned to go. "Well," said Mr. Jennings, "I hope we'll meet in a better world than this." "I hope so," said Mr. James, "where there is no fighting."

Talking of Books and Politics.

Over a dusty road back to Centralia Mr. James talked on. There was nothing of the braggart or the blackguard in his conversation. He never boasted of his own deeds

but always praised others. He quoted Shakespeare, the Bible, Macaulay and Lord Bacon. He showed familiarity with books and men. In politics he said he was an uncompromising democrat. "If the gold standard is a good thing for the laboring men why are all the bankers and corporations for it. The best definition I ever heard of love was given in a theatre the other night. `Why, love,' said the actor "Love is something syndicates cannot control' And it's about the only thing!

"If ever there is another war in this country, which may happen, it will be between capital and labor. I mean between greed and manhood. And I'm as ready to march now in defense of American manhood as I was when a boy in defense of the south. Unless we can stop this government by injunction that's what we are coming to."

His Defense of the Confederates.

Then he went back to the Centralia fight. "When great, big grown men with full possession of all their faculties, refer to that battle as `the Centralia massacre' I think they are pleading the baby act. We did not seek the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us and he found us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed every one of us if he had had a chance? What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the southern soldiers and the soldiers from the south tried to kill all the Yanks--and that's all there is of it.

"We were just out there in the brush not molesting anybody when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. How could we carry them around with us? We either killed them or turned them loose--and we didn't turn many loose. As for the Centralia fight--it reminds me of Macbeth: `Never shake thy gory looks at me; thou canst not say I did it.'

"We didn't make war on women and children. They are the only people whom I sympathize with during war. Men ought to be in the fight on one side or the other. Nor did we fight the citizens except when they had played informer. I understand one citizen was killed in Centralia in a drunken row. That ought not to have been done. The Yankees killed many more non-combatants than we did."

They Never Fought from Behind Trees.

"We have been called guerillas (which some people pronounce gorillas), bushwhackers and all that. I do not know who originated the name bushwhackers but it is a pretty good description. We lived in the brush but never fought from ambush. We always gave battle in the open. I never fought from behind cover, but once. Then there were only three of us and 150 Federals were fighting us. But we got away."

Turning to a newspaper man who was present he said: "Of course you will not say anything mean about us. Everything mean has been said. And no enterprising newspaper man repeats; he originates."

Ewing's Order No. 11.

When the old soldier spoke of the mistreatment of the south there was a grim, set look about his mouth and a cold glitter in his eyes. "Bushwhackers did some bad things

but they never devastated and ruined the country. When General Sherman, whom the north worships as a great Christian soldier, went on his famous march he issued orders that the country should be made so desolate that to get over it a crow would have to carry his haversack full of rations with him. We did nothing like that.

"And Order Number 11--Ewing's. I am glad General Bingham put that on immortal canvass [sic]. That is a picture that talks. That order simply ruined hundreds of peaceful homes in western Missouri. I know one man up in Jackson county who made a fortune going around picking up cattle that had been abandoned, a high toned cattle thief."

His Knowledge of Wood-Craft.

Through the woods Mr. James commented frequently upon the beauties of the thickets and the cow paths. "Don't that look nice?" he would ask pointing to the shade of the wooded recesses. "I think I would enjoy life in the woods again. For more than ten years I never slept in a bed. I had a blanket sometimes but more often nothing but the moss for a mattress and the starlit sky for a coverlid.

"I think I know all the trees and shrubs of Missouri and what they are good for. I have had to use them for food and medicine sometimes you know. Occasionally they fool me in Shaw's Garden in St. Louis with the trees and plants from other countries but with nothing from Missouri."

His Conversation With Citizens.

In the afternoon at the Globe Hotel a large number of persons, men, women, and children, called, some from curiosity, others from genuine interest. Mr. James greeted all pleasantly. He did not seem to seek notoriety nor to shun it but accepted the inevitable. "They act like I was a wild beast," he smilingly said as a fresh crowd peered through the window. "And may be I was a little wild," he added--and then, thoughtfully, "once. But it amuses them and doesn't hurt me."

Samuel Holland, employed by the Centralia Produce Company, remarked as he was introduced to James: "Major Johnson taught me the alphabet in my first school on Buckskin Prairie in Pike county, Missouri." "What kind of a man was he?" asked James. "He was rather short and stout with a sandy mustache. He liked to have his own way but was usually very shrewd." "Well, he acted foolishly at last," responded James.

A bright-looking boy, about twelve years of age, shook hands with Mr. James. "My name," he said, "is Marquette Richards. My grandfather, John Marquette, was the last man killed in the fight." James looked kindly at the manly little fellow. "Well, son, you may be proud of your grandfather. He was about the bravest in Johnson's command. Arch Clements shot him near Sturgeon. He rode a dun horse which I learned down in Columbia the other day was afterwards bought by Dr. W.T. Lenoir." No contrast of the day was more striking than that of Frank James and the grandson of his old enemy, the grizzled veteran and the mite of a boy.

James R. Bryson, himself an old Confederate soldier, said: "You don't look as old as I expected you would." "Now this man is my friend," was the quick reply of James. "Any man who says I don't look old is my friend."

One lady said: "I hope you are a better man than when you were here before." Mr. James bowed courteously as he rejoined: "Well, madam, I was just as good a man that day as I knew how to be."

"No man is older than he feels," said Mr. James to Mr. Brown. "I sometimes think I could fight as well now as ever. But I haven't ridden a horse for fourteen years. Maybe if I would try it now I'd fall off."

"How old are you?" some one asked. "In years about 54 but in experience 150."

"Do you ever see ghosts?" some one asked Mr. James. "No, it is the live men who trouble me not the dead ones."

"Why was the south whipped?" repeated James in response to a question. "Why, as Major Edwards once said, in the same proportion sheep would have trampled lions to death."

Mr. James specially enjoyed his talk with Col. H.C. Threlkeld and Thomas S. Sneed, both of whom were in Centralia at the time of the fight. Col. Threlkeld told how he came in town a boy and, seeing the Federal soldiers killed at the train, he backed out of town. Shortly afterward he started to help put out the flames on the burning train but was frightened away. Mr. Sneed tried to dissuade Johnson from going out to fight Anderson.

Harvey Silver, who, a youth, saw the fight from a distance, corroborated James' account. He said the Federals fell in a space of about the size of a [p. 2] block. They were all shot through the head. His father helped load nine wagons of dead bodies. They were piled in like logs.

Enoch Hunt, now in Centralia, was one of Johnson's men who escaped. He does not talk much about the fight. Dr. Sneed, who plead with Johnson not to hunt the guerillas, still lives in Centralia, but was out of town Sunday.

Should Vote Guerillas a Medal.

"Missourians ought to vote the guerillas a medal. I know people called Missouri the state of bushwhackers and outlaws. They said it was the home of the James boys, and life and property were not safe. So the Republican emigrants went through Missouri without stopping. They settled in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, made those states republican and plastered them al[l] over with mortgages. The result is that Missouri is democratic, her people have been forced to depend on their own resources and look at the result. In my own county of Clay there are fewer mortgages than in any township in Kansas. Why? Eastern money owners refused to loan money because the James boys came from there.["]

How the Guerillas Lived.

"We usually met," said Mr. James, "hospitable treatment through Missouri, Kentucky and states further south. There were enough southern sympathizers to give us a kind reception, and we had little trouble up to the last days of the war in getting enough food. We lived in the woods of course, that was our only home. We captured from the Federals clothes, horses and ammunition. We generally carried our coats and overcoats fastened on our saddles. Most of our clothing was the blue uniform of the Yankees. We

wore vests cut low in the front and trimmed with gold lace. Each guerilla carried from two to four pistols. I nearly always carried two. I was small and slender and more than that number were too many for me.

"The stories about guerillas riding with the reins of the horses between their teeth and firing with pistols in both hands is simply dime novel stuff. There was never any such thing. We always held our horses with one hand and the pistol with the other. It was as important to hold the horse as it was to hold the pistol.

"Anderson always made us keep our horses in good condition. If a man did not keep a good horse and good pistols he sent him to the infantry. I rode a horse named `Little George' at Centralia.

"At night and when we were in camp we played like school boys. Some of our play was as rough as football. The truth was we were nothing but great big boys, anyhow."

Some Personal Sketches.

"If you ever want to pick a company to do desperate work or to lead a forlorn hope, select young men from 17 to 21 years old. They will go any where in the world you will lead them. When men grow older they grow more cautious but at that age they are regular dare devils. Take our company and there has never been a more reckless lot of men. Only one or two were over 25. Most of them were under 21. Scarcely a dozen boasted a mustache. Wasn't it Bacon who said when a man had wife and children he had given hostages to fortune?

"Arch Clements, who was the real brains of Anderson's command, was only 20. He, Payton Long and myself followed the Federals nearly to Sturgeon. He was First Lieutenant. Clements came from Kingsville, Johnson county. He was killed at Lexington.

"There were only two of the guerillas who would fight in a battle just like in a personal difficulty, George Todd and Dick Kinney. They would get mad in a battle just like in a fist fight.

"Dave Pool was a born comedian. He could have gotten $500 a week on the stage.

"Up in the old German settlements of Lafayette county the mothers still quiet their children by telling them to be still or Dave Pool will get them. After the Centralia fight Pool walked across the dead bodies of the Federals stepping from one to another. Todd asked him what he was doing. `Counting 'em.' `But you needn't walk on 'em to count 'em,' said Todd. `That's inhuman.' `Aren't they dead?' replied Pool, `and if they are dead I can't hurt them. I cannot count 'em good without stepping on 'em. When I get my foot on one this way I know I've got him.' Pool counted 130 dead bodies in one block.

"George Wigginton, of Jackson county," said Mr. James, "was known as the man who never swore. He was a Christian if there ever was one."

"Very few of our men went through the war without wounds of some kind. Quite a number of the guerillas are still living." Mr. James mentioned a number of men who were at the Centralia fight.

Charles Webb. Babe Hudspeth and George Shepherd are in Jackson county.

Henry Noland, William Noland, First Lieutenant James Little, Second Lieutenant Clark Renick, Orderly Sergeant John Baker, Payton Long, Foss Key, Jim Gibson, Clark Hockensmith, Dick Glasscock and William Bassham were killed in Kentucky.

Jim Evans and George Robinson were captured and hung at Lexington, Kentucky.

Capt. William Anderson was killed near Albany, Missouri.

Jim Anderson was killed in Texas after the war.

Capt. William H. Stuart was killed in Howard county.

Ol Shepherd was killed near Lee's Summit after the war.

George Todd was killed near Independence on Price's last raid.

Dick Burnes was killed after the war in Jackson county.

William Hulse, of Jackson county, died after the war.

Bud and Daniel Pence died in Kentucky.

Ike Flournoy is a Texas farmer.

John and Thomas Maupin live in the Indian Nation.

Allen Parmer is in Austin, Texas.

Lee McMurtry is sheriff in Wichita Falls, Texas.

Killed 1,000 Men in Two Weeks

"The greatest raid made by the guerillas was the one in September, 1864. We were north of the Missouri river only about two weeks. We had with us never to exceed 250 men. We averaged a battle a day and we killed over 1,000 Federal soldiers besides destroying much Yankee property. The only battles in the world's history to surpass Centralia are Thermopylae and the Alamo. Next to the Centralia fight is the skirmish at Baxter Springs, Kansas, where we killed 130 of Gen. Blunt's body guard.

"Yes, I was at Wilson's Creek but that was a slow fight. The idea of that many thousand men fighting for hours and killing so few. I want results when I fight."

The Bravest Federal Soldiers.

"We never met many Federal soldiers who would fight us on equal terms. They would either want to outnumber us or would run away. I have been amused to hear of the fellows in central Missouri who chased us. They always followed at a safe distance.

"The bravest Federal soldiers we met were Maj. Emory S. Foster's command and the Second Colorado commanded by Col. Ford. They were fighters, sure enough.

"Once while this Colorado regiment was chasing us they almost reached our rear guard. Dave Pool hollered to the Yankees, `You cowards, you, if there wasn't so many of you, I'd stop and fight you.' To Pool's surprise they sent out one man and called back their other troops. And then those two men, Pool and the Yankee, sat on horseback and pecked away at each other until all their ammunition was exhausted. Pool had a slight flesh wound and the other man wasn't hurt. Pool always said he would have whipped him if he hadn't been afraid of the other Federals. But we made fun of him for inviting a fight and then getting licked."

The Worst Fright of James' Life

"The worst scared I ever was during the war was in the Fayette fight. That was the only time we ever got whipped, too. Bill Anderson managed this fight. Quantrell protested against it but finally told Anderson to go on and he'd fight in the ranks as a private. We charged up to a blockhouse made of railroad ties filled with port holes and then charged back again. The blockhouse was filled with Federal troops and it was like charging a stone wall only this stone wall belched forth lead.

"On a slight rise a short distance from the blockhouse one of our men, Ol Johnson, fell. When we got back our captain asked for volunteers to go after Johnson's body. Sim Whitsett, Dick Kinney and myself started out. We got to the rise all right. There we were in plain view of the Federals and they simply peppered us with bullets. We got as close to the ground as we could. I was mightily scared. It was the worst fright I ever had. I knew if we raised up we would expose ourselves to the fire of the Yankees and we couldn't stay still.

"I tell you, Pride makes most of us do many things we wouldn't do otherwise. Many men would run away in a battle if the army wasn't watching them. Well, Pride kept us there until we got Johnson's body rolled up in a blanket and then we made tracks."

Killed Within Sight of Home.

"I believe the saddest thing I know connected with the war," said Mr. James and the man of blood and iron showed much feeling as he told the story, "occurred at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. Young Theodore Carter was fighting there. But a few yards away was his old home with his mother standing at the window, watching the battle and waiting for him. How bravely he fought that day and with eager anticipation he looked forward to the window where he knew his mother watched for him after years of absence. Almost within a stone's throw of his mother's door, within sight of the yard where he had played as a boy he was shot down and died.

"I visited the old battle-field some weeks ago and since then a friend has sent me a gavel made out of the old gin house there. I cherish it for the memories it brings of that bloody day and of the gallant Theodore Carter."

Characteristics of the Man.

Frank James would not be selected from a crowd as a desperate man. He is mild in manner, uses good English, does not swear, drink or chew. He wore on Sunday light gray trousers, black coat and vest, a slouch hat, a cheap neck tie, a neat watch chain. There was nothing flashy or cowboy-like in his dress, talk or appearance. Wm. R. Jennings, a good old farmer, mistook Editor Pool for the guerilla and James for a reporter. His hair has begun to turn white and there are deep lines in his face but his step is as firm. vigorous and elastic as ever. Though he uses spectacles when he reads he can see a long distance without them.

Mr. James, his wife (formerly Miss Ralston, of Independence) and their one son, Robert F., a boy of 19 years, are keeping house at 4279 Laclede avenue, St. Louis. He is doorkeeper at the Standard Theatre. His son is employed in the auditor's department of the Wabash Railway. Saturday the lad was in a sprinting race in St. Louis and his father,

who seems devoted to his family and proud of his wife and boy, was anxious to find out the result. He was gratified to learn he came in next to first among a dozen contestants and was only beaten by one yard. "I have been asked if I did not intend to send Robert to the State University. I wish I could afford to do so."

Mr. James is emphatic in his advocacy of temperance. "A man's a fool to drink," he said. "It takes away his money and his brains and does him no good in any way." He is a man of positive convictions on every subject. "Half way men are of no value to anybody even themselves," he said. "I like for a man to be all the way for or against anything." He manifests no resentment against any one except the detectives who threw hand grenades into his mother's home in Clay county, killed his little brother and tore off his mother's arm. He talks with bitterness of this event.

By a singular coincidence James Clark, engineer on the Wabash branch railroad Sunday, was the same man who took the ill-fated Wabash train into Centralia on the fatal September morning, 1864. As with James the snows of years have drifted on his head and he is an old man now.

Soon all the actors in this terrible drama of a day will meet again--at the judgment bar of Him who reads all hearts as an open book. And then?

[Note: This article contains a line drawing said to be made from a photo of guerilla Bill Stuart: "BILL STUART. Capt. William H. Stuart was one of Anderson's men at Centralia. He was killed some time afterward in Howard county. The picture is from a photograph taken of Stuart's dead body in Boonville, by O.D. Edwards. Edwards' photograph gallery was in the building now occupied by the Advertiser printing office. The picture from which the above engraving was made is probably the only one of "Bill" Stuart in existence. Frank James pronounced it a good likeness and said Stuart was "a typical guerilla."]

Telegraph, Macon, Georgia, September 26, 1897

CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Frank James Revisits the Scene After Thirty Years.

A special dispatch to the Globe-Democrat from Centralia, Mo. says: Centralia entertained a visitor yesterday who attracted fully as much attention as William J. Bryan did during the campaign. It was no less a personage than the notorious Frank James, who stopped over here to revisit the scenes of his exploits thirty-three years ago. Frank James drove over the battlefield of the Bill Anderson marauders, pointing out the position of the opposing forces. He took a great interest in talking with old citizens. This is Frank James' first visit since the memorable fight. He stated that Jesse James killed Maj. Johnson; that the Younger brothers were here. Quite a number of people called upon Frank James at the Globe hotel. The proprietor, H.O. Threlkeld, was here on the day of the fight. T.S. Sneed owned a hotel and was burned out. Tom Hodge and Clint Christian were eye-witnesses of the fight. W.R. McBride, now president of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank, helped bury the dead after the fight. James Clark, now engineer on the branch train, had charge of the engine that was captured by Bill Anderson's men, September 27, 1864. Dr. A.N. Sneed was the physician who attended the rebel wounded. T.J. Jennings made the coffins to bury the three dead rebels. Capt. James R. Bryson, now a prominent citizen, fought in the fight with Frank James. Enoch Kruit [sic] is a survivor of Johnson's men. It was a notable gathering.

The history of the Centralia massacre, briefly told, is as follows:

September 26, 1864, 350 guerillas [sic], under the unified command of Tom and George Todd, Si Gordon, John Thralhill [sic], Dave Pool and Bill Anderson, encamped southwest of Centralia. On the morning of September 27 seventy-five of Bill Anderson's men rode into Centralia and plundered the stores and terrorized the citizens. About 11:30 the passenger train arrived from St. Louis and was captured and plundered by Anderson's men. Twenty-three Union soldiers, going home on furlough or invalided, were taken from the train, stood up in line and shot in cold blood. The train was set on fire and started up the road under a full head of steam. The depot was burned and the guerrillas departed for their camp. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Maj. Johnson arrived from Paris with 197 Union soldiers, mounted infantry..[sic] They started out after Anderson to punish him for his depredations. The rebels came out of the timber in force[.] Johnson's men dismounted and fired one volley, when the bushwhackers charged like demons, giving no quarter. It was a slaughter, 123 Union soldiers being killed and only three rebels. Such is, in brief, the history of the bloodiest fight in the annals of the war. Frank James seemed to glory in his achievements, and did not deny the report that he killed nineteen men with his own hand. He was 20 years old at the time, and is now 54.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, October 8, 1897

FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

One of Major Johnson's men who was with Johnson's command during the memorable fight has come out in a statement charging that many of the published statements regarding the Centralia fight are entirely erroneous as to the manner of occurrence. According to this account, Major Johnson was at Sturgeon Sept. 27, 1864, with a lot of new recruits for the 39th Missouri, all inexperienced men. About noon that day a dense smoke was observed about Centralia and suspecting something wrong, Major Johnson mounted his men on ordinary farm horses and hurried to Centralia, where he found the true condition of affairs. The citizens were demoralized, stores and dwellings had been plundered, and the murdered Union soldiers taken off the train were lying around shot to pieces, some with their throats cut and others horribly mutilated, stabbed, cut and slashed. Major Johnson refused to listen to any advice or suggestions but started in pursuit of Bill Anderson, leaving many of his men in Centralia, among them Capt. Adam Thiers [sic] and his company. A short distance southeast of Centralia a scouting party of the bushwhackers were sighted and followed down a slope, until they disappeared in a fringe of brush and timber in the ravine. On the opposite side of the ravine on the crest of a slope, the guerrillas were discovered on their horses. Johnson formed his men in line and advanced. It must be remembered that between Johnson's command and Anderson's there was a wide ravine overgrown with brush and tall grass, and through this Johnson's men advanced, but had hardly gotten into the brush when from all sides a deadly fire was poured into them, forcing them back up the slope with Anderson's horde of marauders following, and on this slope most of Johnson's men fell, and this is why the general opinion has been that the entire fight occurred here. Heretofore all accounts have placed Johnson's men on the slope and the guerrillas charging from the timber up hill. This account places Anderson's men on the slope and Johnston's men attempting to cross the ravine, which was filled with sharpshooters. The men on the other side being a decoy to lead Johnson into an ambuscade.

Major Johnson fell at the first fire and fully three-fourths of his command was unhorsed, dead and dying. The balance were pursued and killed. The dead bodies being stripped and mutilated. A few of the Union soldiers who carried revolvers made a stubborn fight. The old muzzle loading muskets were useless, as many of them had never loaded a gun with cartridges, and did not know which end went into the muzzle of the gun. The ball that killed Major Johnson entered the side under the sword arm and was given while he was waving his sword and encouraging his men. The wound was not far below the armpit. He was not dead when he fell but was afterwards shot through the head while on the ground. His uniform was stripped off and his scalp torn from his head, but was not further mutilated. All the officers and many of the privates were scalped. The claim made by Frank James that the fight was all in the open is false. The bushwhackers did not come out of the brush until Johnson's men were demoralized.

The writer of this account, who is a prominent Monroe county citizen and does not desire newspaper notoriety[,] was an eye witness of the start and finish of the fight, and was wounded three times, twice after he was on the ground and afterward escaped and was taken care of at a neighboring farm house.

Macon Telegraph, Macon, Georgia, September 15, 1898

HOT TIMES ON THE RAIL

REMINISCENCES OF GUERILLA DAYS IN MISSOURI.

Reunion of Witnesses to Some of Anderson's Wild Deeds--How Gratitude Saved the Life of a Conductor.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There was a meeting in Macon, Mo., this week between two men who were close witnesses to an important historical event in Missouri during the latter years of the war. In fact, they were almost too near for comfort. These two men were R.H., or Dick, Overall and R.M. Holt. Mr. Overall was a conductor on the old North Missouri railroad during the war, and Mr. Holt was the mail agent on his train. Mr. Overall was in charge of the train that was destroyed by Anderson's orders at Centralia in September, 1864. This is his first visit to Macon in twenty-three years. He was highly gratified to find his old mail clerk alive and well. He tried to see "Dad" Clark, the engineer on that train, who is now running the Columbia accommodation between Centralia and Columbia, but he was away. However, he will see him before his return to Texas. Mr. Overall and Mr. Holt spent several hours together, discussing reminiscences of the old North Missouri days. During the war Macon was the northern terminal. The road entered St. Louis from the north, the old station being known as North Market. Mr. Overall said that after the soldiers were ordered from the train at Centralia he begged Anderson not to destroy it, as there were a number of women and children that wanted to get home. Anderson asked him his name. Overall gave it to him. Then the guerrilla chieftain consulted a note book he had and said: "Mark Belt gave me your name and told me not to hurt you; I guess I will let you off, but we're going to fire this train and send it up the road to hell.["] And they did, too. There was another train bound toward St. Louis coming down the road. Engineer Clark was ordered to throw the throttle valve wide open, and did so, but with rare presence of mind he opened the pumps, knowing the boilers would be filled and the train stopped before colliding with the eastbound one. The cars were fired and started west or north at a terrific rate of speed.

Mark Belt, to whom Anderson referred, was with Quantrill's band. He and Mr. Overall had been schoolmates. Belt was a wild, reckless fellow, but possessed a streak of gratitude in his make-up. While at school he was charged with some flagrant misdemeanor, which rendered him liable not only to the school authorities, but the state. Overall defended him and got him out of the trouble. He heard no more of Belt until Anderson mentioned his name at Centralia.

When Mr. Overall came to Macon this week Frank James was on board the same train, and they had a very pleasant chat together. He has met James a number of time[s] since the war, both in Texas and Missouri, and they are pretty good friends. James resents the implication of bushwhacker. He says the men fighting with Quantrill and Anderson were regular bands of the cavalry service, and the very fact that they fought on horseback and used revolvers would disprove the charge of bushwhacking. Horses could

not be maneuvered in the brush to advantage, and the brush fighter would be more likely to use a rifle than a revolver.

Mr. Holt's story of the trip out of St. Louis that day is graphic. The railroad men had previously frequently met guerrilla bands and had had more or less trouble with them, but there had never been a concerted attack on one of the trains. A young lieutenant went into the car where Mr. Holt was assorting the mail and asked him several times about bushwhackers. Holt told him he didn't anticipate any trouble, but the officer insisted that he had a presentiment that he and his men would never reach home alive. He came to the mail car several times and repeated his lugubrious statement, and Mr. Holt says the lieutenant's fears gave him the blues himself. Of course, everybody on the train was badly scared when they found out that Anderson's guerrillas were in town, bent on deadly mischief. Mr. Holt says that he thoroughly appreciated the danger he was in, but saw the importance of keeping his wits about him and di[d]n[']t lose his head.

When Anderson boarded the train a large, stoutly-built woman swooped down upon him and shrieked, "I just wish there were a thousand loyal federal soldiers here to wipe your cutthroats off the earth!" Anderson smiled grimly and said he wished there were, too. Then he went up to a crippled soldier and caught him by the neck. The same lady, in a tone of shame, asked him if he was going to shoot that poor crippled fellow. Anderson said he might get well and be able to vote, and he was marched out to the dead line.

In those days the engineers on the North Missouri had as much authority as the pilots on the Mississippi. Of course, the conductor was supposed to be in command, but the engineer was "running the thing," and if he didn't choose to open up the throttle valve, all the conductors in the world couldn't make the train go. "One day, while making the stop at Wentzville, St. Charles county," said Mr. Holt, "the operator rushed to us hurriedly and said that the guerrillas were coming. Clark jerked the throttle wide open, and the train nearly split in two with the sudden momentum. But before we got out of town the guerrillas swooped down upon us, howling and shooting. However, they were not on mischief bent that time, but were yelling for Jeff Thompson, who had recently gained a big victory in an encounter with Union forces in South Missouri. They didn't attempt to harm us, but as soon as we reached Warrenton, Montgomery county, Clark refused point blank to budge his engine another foot without a guard; said it was hard enough to run an engine over a rickety road and keep it out of ravines without being terrorized every foot of the way by guerrillas.

The commander at Warrenton said he couldn't spare a man, but that he had lots of guns, and said if the passengers would take the guns and defend the train they were welcome to them. The passengers were all anxious to get to their families, and each one readily agreed to to [sic] take charge of a musket and defend the train with his life if necessary, all except one man. He swore by all the stars in the Union flag that he wouldn't pay for a ride and fight for the company, too, and he threw his gun out of the window. The rest were so indignant that they came near throwing him out, too. But Clark, the engineer, was not satisfied. He entered the car, and, after glancing contemptuously at the warlike preparations, delivered his ultimatum. `Expect me to haul a train through this blasted stand-and-deliver-or-go-to-kingdom come with a lot of toy soldiers like that? Why, if they's see guerrilla[s] the only shootin' they'd do would be to

get under the seats. No, siree. You don't get this engineer up the road with a lot of such make-believe soldiers. This train's going back to St. Louis.'

"And it did. Clark turned his locomotive around and hauled that train back to St. Louis. It was no use to protest and talk about the United States mail. He was the supreme boss of the train. The passengers handed their arms back to the commander and were pulled into St. Louis."

A curious thing about these old railroaders is their wonderful memory. The men who were running the trains in those days were usually bright, healthy and very resourceful. A slow-coach of a fellow wouldn't have done at all. Good wages were paid and the men were allowed to a large extent to use their own discretion as to the management of the trains. All the company wanted them to do was the very best they could, and trust to luck for the rest.

Los Angeles Times, Los Angeles, California, June 8, 1899

WAS WITH QUANTRELL.

ONE OF THE GUERILLA'S LIEUTENANTS BURIED IN PHOENIX.

His Name was Dave Poole, and He Was a Bushwhacker from Away Back--Took Part in the Raid on Lawrence--He Sheltered Jesse James in Arizona.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) June 3--[Special Correspondence.] One of the fiercest and most noted of the men who made Western Missouri a hell in civil war times has passed away. Dave Poole, one of Quantrell's lieutenants, was buried Memorial day in the cemetery of Phoenix, the burial honored by the attendance of every local Confederate veteran, the grave garlanded with flowers by the Grand Army of the Republic, alike with the graves of those who had worn the blue.

For thirteen years Poole had been a resident of the Salt River Valley of Arizona, farming four miles from Phoenix. There is a widow; she had been a Miss Kirtley of Lafayette county, Missouri. The dead guerrilla was 68 years old, and till a fortnight ago was still vigorous. Ordinarily a hard-working granger, he would occasionally come to Phoenix for a spree. On these occasions he rarely would boast of his record of Yankees slaughtered. "I never killed more than eight Yanks in any one day," he is quoted: "never killed more than a hundred of 'em altogether."

He left Missouri in '72 going to Texas. He worked successfully till in 1885, he was a large owner in 16,000 head of stock in the Panhandle. Then came the slump in cattle values. For the first time in his life he was in debt, and deeply. He turned over his assets without reservation to his creditors, Peacock Bros. of St. Louis, packed his family in a wagon and again turned his face toward the West.

A fact that has become known since Poole's death is that for a winter he here sheltered none other than Jesse James himself. This was in '86. James came on horseback and departed the same way. Poole's farm is on a quiet side road and was an ideal haven. To the intimates of the family the visitor was introduced as a Mr. Black, a friend from Texas who was looking for a location in Arizona. The secret was kept successfully from official ears, though several knew the facts concerning the stranger and there were rewards of the heaviest upon his head for train and bank robberies.

Dave Poole was born on a farm in Lafayette county Mo., sixteen miles from Lexington, and was there reared. Even before the outbreak of the civil war he had been a bushwhacker, having taken a prominent part in the bloody feuds that marked the birth of Kansas sovereignty. When the war broke out he already was a familiar of Quantrell's, and by him was made one of his lieutenants. In point of fact, Quantrell's band never knew ,ore than the roughest organization. It acknowledged a captain and obeyed him, though he never wore shoulder straps. As deputies of the commander's authority, however, were recognized five men. They were Anderson, Poole, Todd, Gregg and Frank James.

A half-dozen of Quantrell's men now live in Phoenix and its vicinity. One is D.F. Greenwood, a life-long friend of Poole's. His stories of the war in Western Missouri are well told, but there is to them a grewsome [sic] quality that chills the marrow of even an

Arizonan, supposedly inured to tales of bloodshed. A fair sample is one how Anderson and Poole and ninety of the band held up, at Centralia, a train loaded with five hundred sick and wounded furloughed soldiers. This tale is supposed by the teller to be one of gentle mercy. "We didn't have any fight with the regular army," he observed, "but militiamen and Kansans were our meat. We found a regular army officer, and got him to separate all the regulars from the bunch. We couldn't distinguish the differences in the uniforms like he could. That left about thirty-five militiamen. These we took off and settled with. What did we do with them? Well, we had no use for prisoners. We either let a man go or we killed him. The other side hung every one of us they caught, so I guess we were only evening up." The remaining soldiers were relieved of their valuables, and much of their clothing and set marching away, while the train was fired and sent down the track at full speed, a terrestrial meteor in the night. Then, for further diversion, the guerrillas ambushed and annihilated a Federal cavalry command of several hundred men, under Col. Anderson, sent to punish the marauders.

Poole and the whole command participated in the bold raid on Lawrence, Kan. His old companions in arms assert they numbered only 130 riders, and that they stampeded 5000 Federals. Jesse James, disguised, visited Lawrence and returned to Quantrell's camp, eighty miles away, with a map of the town and a full statement concerning the national forces in the vicinity. Quantrell wanted Gen. Jim Lane--wanted him badly. So it was agreed about the campfire to make a dash, despite the odds. The story, which may of may not coincide with his story, is that a Lawrence girl, with a runaway horse, spoiled the surprise anticipated. Lane saved himself by hiding out in a cornfield, but the raiders got his uniform, arms and charger, as well as 300 head of good cavalry horses. Then the town was fired in more than a score of places. Retreating, driving the spoils before them and closely pursued, twenty-six miles away they unexpectedly found Gen. Shelby and a column of 5000 Confederate cavalry. Through Shelby's men they galloped, the ranks closing behind them to give a warm welcome to the pursuing bluecoats. That the fight that followed was a rebel victory is best told by the name it bears on the national war records, "The Massacre of Pleasant Hill."

On this retreat, Tom Little of the raiders was shot through the leg, his horse falling later from another bullet. Pinned down to the earth, he would surely have been captured and hanged had not Poole galloped back, pulled him from beneath the horse and mounted him behind him.

"We only operated in Missouri in the summer time," Greenwood volunteered, "when the leaves were on the trees, when we could hide and leave no tracks. It was too risky and uncomfortable in winter. When fall would come, Poole would gather up as many likely recruits as could be found and strike south. One fall he must have taken 300 men to Arkansas, mostly to Joe Shelby. You see Shelby never officially knew anything about our connection with Quantrell. Poole was carried on the Confederate rolls all through the war as a recruiting officer, attached to Shelby's command, while I was a member of Shelby's headquarters guard. In the spring we would get leave to go `recruiting' again. Dave was then one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He wore his hair in long ringlets. We never gave him any title, though he has been called a captain because he once commanded a Missouri company. We were mighty careful about formalities. We mostly wore good Federal uniforms. Joe Shelby never wore any kind of

uniform. The first I ever knew of discipline was in a Yankee camp after I was captured at Vicksburg."

Most of Quantrell's men left alive at the close of the war went with Shelby into Mexico, Greenwood among them. Poole spent a few precarious months in hiding, then joined a Confederate command in Arkansas and surrendered.

Washington Post, Washington, D.C., October 4, 1908

Deadliest Battle of the War.

TERRIBLE ENGAGEMENT AT CENTRALIA, MO., RESULTED IN ANNIHILATION OF UNION SOLDIERS.

(Kansas City Star)

The most terrible conflict of the Civil War took place on Missouri soil. More lives were lost in proportion to the number of men engaged than were lost on any other battle field in [A]merican history. It was the battle of Centralia, September 27, 1864, 44 years ago to-day. On that Tuesday afternoon nearly 200 Federal soldiers, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnson, of the Thirty-ninth Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerrillas, met there Captain "Bill" Anderson and Captain George Todd with 225 men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerrillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on that fair September afternoon. Every man in the Federal line of battle perished and only a half score of those left to hold the horses escaped.

Centralia, then a mere hamlet, now a thriving town of 2,000 inhabitants, was, on the morning of the battle, crowded with visitors. They had come up from Columbia on the way to a political convention at Macon, Major James S. Rollins, James H. Waugh, John S. Samuel, James C. Orr and others. They only escaped by pretending to be Methodist ministers on their way to a conference. Nearly all the Centralia visitors of that day are dead. Colonel Turner S. Gordon, proprietor of the Gordon Hotel at Columbia, is one of the two or three survivors. He had gone to Centralia on the early morning train from St. Louis with John Kirtley, another Columbian. Mr. Gordon, then a boy of 16 years, was traveling in the car with Federal soldiers. He saw the massacre of the morning. There were about 25 furloughed United States soldiers on board, some sick and disabled. The guerrillas closed in on every side of the train, firing their pistols and ordering the engineer to stop. Anderson and his men immediately went through the car, taking all the Federal soldiers, killing all but one, Sergeant Goodman, whom they kept for [exchange for one of] Anderson's men. After robbing the train they set fire to it and ordered the engineer to pull the throttle wide open and jump off. These orders Clark obeyed, but he had allowed the fire to go out and the train ran only two or three miles west of town.

After at[t]ending the Columbia Fair recently, Frank James, in company with two or three residents of Boone County, visited the battle field. It was the second time in his life that he had been in Centralia. There could scarcely have been a contrast more striking to Frank James's eyes as he drove out to the battle field. The weather was much the same as in September of 1864. There was the same blue sky with the chill of early fall. The timber along the head of Young's Creek was much the same, green and stubby. Here and there the prairie grass, long and coarse, bent to the morning breeze. The ridge upon which Johnson's men formed and the "swag" in the prairie across which pursuit followed were unchanged; but now there were fences--then an open prairie. Now there

was cornfield and meadow land and the fine farms of S.L. Garrard and Valentine Miller--then the prairie was unbroken and only the prairie grass to be seen as far as the eye could reach. Now the quietude of the Sabbath morning, the cattle standing peacefully for the milking--then the shouts of desperate men and the sharp report of gun and pistol. Now green grass, autumn leaves, rosy cheeks in the peach orchard--and peace. Then was war--which General Sherman said was hell, and Frank James declares "a game of chess, with human lives as pieces on the board." No blood stains reddened the white flowers of the prairie after this ride and no ghastly, upturned faces lay upon the sward.

"There is the spot," said Frank James, two miles and more from Centralia, shortly before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S.L. Garrard's home. "Yonder on the rise near the hay rick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the woods beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He had not been to the field before nor since the day of the fight. No word had been spoken to indicate the locality. But he remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said, "to any battle field where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the location. I guess it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later he came on to the battle field itself. Corn is growing rank and there was a herd of cattle calmly feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. Here he wandered around for a few moments, drinking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told the story.

"The day before we had had a small skirmish down in Goslin's lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We could scarcely keep account of months and years at that time, much less days. We killed a dozen Yankee soldiers in Goslin's lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson. I was with Captain George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson.

"But Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's creek, not far from the home of Colonel M.G. Singleton. There were about 225 men, all told, in our combined command. Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of at least 10,000 men who claimed to be with Quantrill or his lieutenants during the war when the truth is there never were more than 350 or 400 from one end of the war to the other.

"In the morning Anderson took about 30 of his company and went into Centralia. I was not with him nor was any of Todd's company. In Centralia Anderson captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, shot down some soldiers who were on the train and did other things about which I know nothing save from hearsay and which Todd condemned when the boys returned. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of 10 men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in the neighborhood. This squad was composed of Dave Po[o]l, Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland and two others whose names I don't remember. They were to find out if any Federals were around, how many and, if possible, toll them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He

found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them and then galloped rapidly away as if surprised to see them. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us there were 350 and he was usually very accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came on and reported. Todd called out `Mount up. Mount up.'

The piercing eyes of James flashed. "I can see them now yonder on that ridge. I don't care what your histories say, they carried a black flag. It apparently was a black apron tied to a stick. We captured it in the battle that followed. No, we had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly half a mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: `Why, the fools are going to fight us on foot!' And then added in seriousness: `God help 'em.'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses, and then at the word of command started on our charge. The ground, you will notice, rises sharply, and we moved slowly. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up when they fired their first and only time. Only two of our men were killed, Frank Shepherd and `Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot, and died three or four days later of lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode next to me on either side. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought side by side, slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say, `Frank, I'm shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

"But we couldn't stop in that terrible charge for anything. Up the hill we went yelling like wild Indians. Such shrieks, young man, you will never hear as broke the stillness of that September afternoon now nearly 43 years ago."

"On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word, though I reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way, looked like Svengali. Some of the Yankees were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload. Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Every one was shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape we followed into Centralia, and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. The last man and the first man were killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start.

"That night we left this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

The dead soldiers were buried in a long trench on the south side of the Wabash Railroad track, east of Centralia. The bodies were removed after some months to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City. Engineer Clark, of the Wabash, says that there were about 175 killed, including the 23 who were taken from the train in the morning. Other authorities, however, put the number at over 200 out of the total 225 Federal soldiers who were on the battle field.

The Saint Louis Republic, St. Louis, Missouri, Sunday, August 5, 1900 [magazine section]

FOR THE FIRST TIME, FRANK JAMES TELLS THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

The Former Rough-Riding Outlaw Goes Over the Field of Battle and Describes the Action With Minuteness--An Incident of a Grandson.

One of the most terrible conflicts of the civil war occurred near Centralia, Boone county, Mo., in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 27, 1864. Nearly 200 Federal soldiers, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnson of the Thirty-ninth Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerillas, met there Captains Bill Anderson and George Todd, with 225 men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on the fair September afternoon. Every man in the Federal line of battle perished, and only half a score of those left to hold the horses got away.

The conflict has been described by surviving Union soldiers and by persons who were near at the time of or after the fight. But not until now has one of the chief actors of the Confederate side given his version. On a recent Sunday morning, for the second time in his life, Frank James rode over the battlefield and for the first time, described the fight.

"There is the spot," said Frank James, two miles and more from Centralia, shortly before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S.L. Garrard's home. ["]Yonder on the rise near the hayrick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the wood beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He had not been to the field before nor since the day of the fight. No word had been spoken to indicate the locality. But he remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said, "to any battlefield where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the locations. I guess it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later he came into the field itself. Corn was growing rank and a herd of cattle calmly feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. Here Mr. James wandered around for a few moments drinking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told the story, quietly at first, but as he proceeded his face lightened up, there was a ring in his voice and his whole frame seemed ready for the fray again.

"The day before we had many a small skirmish down in Goslin's lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We killed a dozen Federal soldiers in Goslin's lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche Hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson, I was with Captain George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson."

James paused a moment--his conversation was in scraps all day and only here put in connected form--he paused a moment and continued: "Bill Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the

hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's creek not far from the home of Colonel M.G. Singleton. There were about 225 men, all told, in our combined command. Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of at least 10,000 men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war, when the truth is there were never more than 350 or 400 from one end of the war to the other.

"In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia. I was not with him, nor was any of Todd's company. In Centralia Anderson captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, shot down some soldiers who were on the train and did other things about which I know nothing save from hearsay and which Todd condemned when the boys returned. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in our neighborhood. This squad was composed of Dave Pool, Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland and two others whose names I don't remember. They were to find out if there were any Federals around, how many, and, if possible, `toll' them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them and then galloped rapidly away, as if surprised to see them. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us there were 350 and he was usually accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came on and reported. Todd called out, "Mount up, mount up."

The sharp, piercing eyes of James flashed.

"I don't care what your histories say, they carried a black flag. It was apparently a black apron, tied to a stick. We captured it in a battle that followed.

"We had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly a half mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: "Why, the fools are going to fight us on foot!" And then added, in seriousness: `God help 'em.'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses, and then, at the word of command, started on our charge. The ground, you will notice, rises sharply and we had to charge uphill. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up, when they fired their first and only time. They nearly all fired over our heads. We were lying low on our horses, a trick that Comanche Indians practice, and which saved our lives many a time. Only two of our men were killed, Frank Shepherd and `Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days afterward from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode next to me on either side. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought side by side, slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say, `Frank, I am shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

"On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word, though I reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way,

looked like Svengali. Some of the Federals were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload.

"Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. Every one was shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape were followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them. The last man and the first man was killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start.

"That night we left this woods and this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

"It has been reported that my brother, Jesse James, was not at the Centralia fight; that he was sick in Carroll county at the time. This is a mistake. Jesse was here. He it was who killed the commander of the Federal troops, Major Johnson. The Younger boys were not at Centralia."

The plowshare had taken the place of the sword on the hillside. Frank James took an ear of corn from the battlefield. "I want some sort of a relic," he said, "and this is the most peaceful-looking I see." Later in the day Adam Rodemyre of the Centralia Guard gave him a bullet found on the field.

After two hours on the battlefield a visit was made to the Pleasant Grove burying ground on the Silver farm where Frank Shepherd and "Hank" Williams are buried. The burying ground is a typical country cemetery lying in a secluded spot away from the main traveled road, some four miles from Centralia.

The living guerilla stood with his black slouch hat in his hand at the side of the sunken graves of his dead comrades. "To this complexion must we come at last," he said, looking down at the withered grass. "Our boys are scattered everywhere. You will find their graves in the hollows and on the hills, by the gulf and on these prairies. Many have no monument. They don't need any. They made their monument while they lived. They left a record for daring courage that the world has not surpassed. They don't need any monument after they are dead. Their sleep is just as sweet here as it would be in the beautiful city cemetery." Frank James pinched a twig from the great green pine tree and walked away. "The marvel to me," he said to me, "is that I am not sleeping in a place like this. What have I been spared for when so many of my comrades were taken? `Two men shall be working in a field; one shall be taken and the other left.' That's Scripture--you know my father was a Baptist preacher--a good man and a good preacher--it's Scripture, and it's life, too."

A brief stay was made at the farm house of William R. Jennings. Mr. Jennings helped bury the Federal dead the day after the battle. He could not remember the number, but there were several wagonloads. "I felt sorry for one poor boy, hardly more than 17 years old, who had almost reached the woods in an attempt to escape. All the Federals," continued Mr. Jennings, "had been shot in the head. So unerring was the marksmanship of the bushwhackers that frequently we would find no wound on the soldiers' bodies until we would turn back the eyelid or look into an ear, and there would be the single little hole that brought death." When the old man closed his story the party turned to go. "Well," said Mr. Jennings, "I hope we'll meet in a better world than this." "I hope so," said Mr. James, "where there is no fighting."

"When great, big, grown men, with full possession of all their faculties, refer to that battle as `the Centralia Massacre' I think they are pleading the baby act. We did not

seek the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us, and he found us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed everyone of us if he had had a chance? What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the Southern soldiers, and the soldiers from the south tried to kill all the Yanks, and that's all there is to it.

"We were just out there in the bush, not molesting anybody, when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. How could we carry them around with us? We either killed them or turned them loose. As for the Centralia fight, it reminds me of Macbeth: `Never shake thy gory locks at me; Thou canst not say I did it.'

"We didn't make war on women and children. They were the only people whom I sympathized with during war. Men ought to be in the fight on one side or the other. Nor did we fight the citizens, except when they played the informer. I understood one citizen was killed in Centralia in a drunken row. That ought not to have been done. The Yankees killed many more noncombatants than we did."

When the old soldier spoke of the mistreatment of the South there was a grim, set look about his mouth and a cold glitter in his eyes, "Bushwhackers did some bad things, but they never devastated and ruined the country.

"There was order No. 11--Ewing's. I am glad General Bingham put that on immortal canvass [sic]. That is a picture that talks. That order simply ruined hundreds of peaceful homes in Western Missouri. I know one man up in Jackson county who made a fortune going around picking up cattle that had been abandoned, a high toned cattle thief."

"I think I know all the trees and shrubs in Missouri and what they are good for. I have had to use them for food and medicine sometimes, you know. Occasionally they fool me in Shaw's Garden, in St. Louis with the trees and plants from other countries, but with nothing from Missouri."

A bright-looking boy about 12 years of age, shook hands with Mr. James. "My name," he said, "is Marquette Richards. My grandfather, John Marquette, was the last man killed in the fight." James looked kindly at the manly little fellow. "Well, son, you may be proud of your grandfather. He was about the bravest of Johnson's command. He fought all the way. Arch Clements shot him near Sturgeon. He rode a dun horse." No contrast of the day was more striking than that of Frank James and the grandson of his old enemy, the grizzled veteran and the mite of a boy.

"The stories about guerillas riding with the reins of the horses between their teeth and firing with pistols in both hands is simply dime novel stuff. There was never any such thing. We always held our horses with one hand and the pistol with the other. It was as important to hold the horse as it was to hold the pistol.

"Anderson always made us keep our horses in good condition. If a man did not keep a good horse and good pistol he sent him to the infantry. I rode a horse named `Little George' at Centralia.

"At night and when we were in camp, we played like schoolboys. Some of our play was as rough as football. The truth was we were nothing but great big boys, anyhow."

"If ever you want to pick a company to do desperate work or to lead a forlorn hope, select young men from 17 to 21 years old. They will go anywhere in the world you

will lead them. As men grow older they grow more cautious, but at that age they are regular daredevils. Take our company, and there has never been a more reckless lot of men. Only one or two were over 25. Most of them were under 21. Scarcely a dozen boasted a mustache. Wasn't it Bacon who said when a man had wife and children he had given hostages to fortune?

"Arch Clements, who was the real brains of Anderson's command, was only 20. He, Payton Long and myself followed the Federals nearly to Sturgeon. He was first Lieutenant. Clements came from Kingsville, Johnson county. He was killed at Lexington.

"There were only two of the guerillas who would fight in a battle just like in a personal difficulty, George Todd and Dick Kinney. They would get mad in a battle just like in a fist fight.

"Very few of our men went through the war without wounds of some kind. Quite a number of the guerillas are still living." Mr. James mentioned a number of men who were at the Centralia fight.

Henry Noland, William Noland, First Lieutenant James Little, Second Lieutenant Clark Renick, Orderly Sergeant John Baker, Payton Long, Foss Key, Jim Gibson, Clark Hockensmith, Dick Glasscock and William Bassham were killed in Kentucky. Jim Evans and George Robinson were captured and hanged at Lexington, Ky. Captain William Anderson was killed near Albany, Mo., Jim Anderson was killed in Texas after the war. Captain William H. Stuart was killed near Lee's Summit after the war. George Todd was killed near Independence on Price's last raid. Dick Burnes was killed in Jackson county after the war. William Hulse of Jackson county died after the war. Bud and Daniel Pent died in Kentucky.

"The greatest raid made by the guerillas was the one in September, 1864. We were north of the Missouri River only about two weeks. We had with us never to exceed 250 men. We averaged a battle a day and we killed over 1,000 Federal soldiers, besides destroying much Yankee property. The only battles in the world's history to surpass Centralia are Thermopylae and the Alamo. Next to the Centralia fight is the skirmish at Baxter Springs, Kas., where we killed 130 of General Blunt's body guard."

"We never met many Federal soldiers that would fight us on equal terms. They would either outnumber us or would run away.

"I believe the saddest thing I know connected with the war," said Mr. James, and the man of blood and iron showed much feeling, as he told the story, "occurred at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Young Theodore Carter was fighting there. But a few yards away was his old home with his mother standing at the window, watching the battle and waiting for him. He fought bravely that day. Almost within a stone's throw of his mother's door, within sight of the yard where he had played as a boy, he was shot down and died.

James Clark, engineer of the Wabash Branch Railroad, is the same man who took the ill-fated Wabash train into Centralia on the fatal September morning, 1864. As with James the snow of years has drifted on his head and he is an old man now.

Walter Williams.

Huntsville Herald, Huntsville, Missouri, November 9, 1900

FOR THE FIRST TIME, FRANK JAMES TELLS THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

The Former Rough Riding Outlaw Goes Over the Field of Battle and Describes the Action With Minuteness--An Incident of a Grandson.

Written for the Sunday Republic.

One of the most terrible conflicts of the civil war occurred near Centralia, Boone county, Mo., in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 27, 1864. Nearly 200 Federal soldiers, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnson of the Thirty-ninth Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerillas, met there Captains Bill Anderson and George Todd, with 225 men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world's [sic] record of a charge more destructive than that made on the fair September afternoon. Every man in the Federal line of battle perished, and only half a score of those left to hold the horses got away.

The conflict has been described by surviving Union soldiers and by persons who were near at the time of or after the fight. But not until now has one of the chief actors of the Confederate side given his vision. On a recent Sunday morning, for the second time in his life, Frank James rode over the battlefield and for the first time, described the fight.

"There is the spot," said Frank James, two miles and more from Centralia, shortly before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S.L. Garrard's home. ["]Yonder on the rise near the hayrick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the wood beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He had not been to the field before nor since the day of the fight. No word had been spoken to indicate the locality. But he remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said, "to any battlefield where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the locations. I guess it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later he came into the field itself. Corn was growing rank and a herd of cattle calmly feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. Here Mr. James wandered around for a few moments drinking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told the story, quietly at first, but as he proceeded his face lightened up, there was a ring in his voice and his whole frame seemed ready for the fray again.

"The day before we had many a small skirmish down in Goslin's lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We killed a dozen Federal soldiers in Goslin's lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche Hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson, I was with Captain George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson."

James paused a moment--his conversation was in scraps all day and only here put in connected form--he paused a moment and continued: "Bill Anderson had much to

make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's creek not far from the home of Colonel M.G. Singleton. There were about 225 men, all told, in our combined command. Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of at least 10,000 men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war, when the truth is there were never more than 350 or 400 from one end of the war to the other.

"In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia. I was not with him, nor was any of Todd's company. In Centralia Anderson captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, shot down some soldiers who were on the train and did other things about which I know nothing save from hearsay and which Todd condemned when the boys returned. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in our neighborhood. This squad was composed of Dave Pool, Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland and two others whose names I don't remember. They were to find out if there were any Federals around, how many, and, if possible, `toll' them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them and then galloped rapidly away, as if surprised to see them. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us there were 350 and he was usually accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came on and reported. Todd called out, "Mount up, mount up."

The sharp, piercing eyes of James flashed.

"I don't care what your histories say, they carried a black flag. It was apparently a black apron, tied to a stick. We captured it in a battle that followed.

"We had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly half mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: "Why, the fools are going to fight us on foot!" And then added, in seriousness: `God help 'em.'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses, and then, at the word of command, started on our charge. The ground, you will notice, rises sharply and we had to charge uphill. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up, when they fired their first and only time. They nearly all fired over our heads. We were lying low on our horses, a trick that Comanche Indians practice, and which saved our lives many a time. Only two of our men were killed, Frank Shepherd and `Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days afterward from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode next to me on either side. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought side by side, slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say, `Frank, I am shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

"On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word, though I

reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way, looked like Svengali. Some of the Federals were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload.

"Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. Every one was shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape were followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them. The last man and the first man was killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start.

"That night we left this woods and this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

"It has been reported that my brother, Jesse James, was not at the Centralia fight; that he was sick in Carroll county at the time. This is a mistake. Jesse was here. He it was who killed the commander of the Federal troops, Major Johnson. The Younger boys were not at Centralia."

The plowshare had taken the place of the sword on the hillside. Frank James took an ear of corn from the battlefield. "I want some sort of a relic," he said, "and this is the most peaceful-looking I see." Later in the day Adam Rodemyre of the Centralia Guard gave him a bullet found on the field.

After two hours on the battlefield a visit was made to the Pleasant Grove burying ground on the Silver farm where Frank Shepherd and "Hank" Williams are buried. The burying ground is a typical country cemetery lying in a secluded spot away from the main traveled road, some four miles from Centralia.

The living guerilla stood with his black slouch hat in his hand at the side of the sunken graves of his dead comrades. "To this complexion must we come at last," he said, looking down at the withered grass. "Our boys are scattered everywhere. You will find their graves in the hollows and on the hills, by the gulf and on these prairies. Many have no monument. They don't need any. They made their monument while they lived. They left a record for daring courage that the world has not surpassed. They don't need any monument after they are dead. Their sleep is just as sweet here as it would be in the beautiful city cemetery." Frank James pinched a twig from the great green pine tree and walked away. "The marvel to me," he said to me, "is that I am not sleeping in a place like this. What have I been spared for when so many of my comrades were taken? `Two men shall be working in a field; one shall be taken and the other left.' That's Scripture--you know my father was a Baptist preacher--a good man and a good preacher--it's Scripture, and it's life, too."

A brief stay was made at the farm house of William R. Jennings. Mr. Jennings helped bury the Federal dead the day after the battle. He could not remember, the number, but there were several wagonloads. "I felt sorry for one poor boy, hardly more than 17 years old, who had almost reached the woods in an attempt to escape. All the Federals," continued Mr. Jennings, "had been shot in the head. So unerring was the marksmanship of the bushwhackers that frequently we would find no wound on the soldiers' bodies until we would turn back the eyelid or look into an ear, and there would be the single little hole that brought death." When the old man closed his story the party turned to go. "Well," said Mr. Jennings, "I hope we'll meet in a better world than this." "I hope so," said Mr. James, "where there is no fighting."

"When great, big, grown men, with full possession of all their faculties, refer to that battle as `the Centralia Massacre' I think they are pleading the baby act. We did not seek the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us, and he found us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed everyone of us if he had had a chance? "[sic]What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the Southern soldiers, and the soldiers from the south tried to kill all the Yanks, and that's all there is to it.

"We were just out there in the bush, not molesting anybody, when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. How could we carry them around with us? We either killed them or turned them loose. As for the Centralia fight, it reminds me of Macbeth: `Never shake thy gory locks at me; Thou canst not say I did it.'

"We didn't make war on women and children. They were the only people whom I sympathized with during war. Men ought to be in the fight on one side or the other. Nor did we fight the citizens, except when they played the informer. I understood one citizen was killed in Centralia in a drunken row. That ought not to have been done. The Yankees killed many more noncombatants than we did."

When the old soldier spoke of the mistreatment of the South there was a grimset [sic] look about his mouth and a cold glitter in his eyes, "Bushwhackers did some bad things, but they never devastated and ruined the country.

"There was order No. 11--Ewing's. I am glad General Bingham put that on immortal canvass [sic]. That is a picture that talks. That order simply ruined hundreds of peaceful homes in West Missouri. I know one man up in Jackson county who made a fortune going around picking up cattle that had been abandoned, a high toned cattle thief."

"I think I know all the trees and shrubs in Missouri and what they are good for. I have had to use them for food and medicine sometimes, you know. Occasionally they fool me in Shaw's Garden, in St. Louis with the trees and plants from other countries, but with nothing from Missouri."

A bright-looking boy about 12 years of age, shook hands with Mr. James. "My name," he said, "is Marquette Richards. My grandfather, John Marquette, was the last man killed in the fight." James looked kindly at the manly little fellow. "Well, son, you may be proud of your grandfather. He was about the bravest of Johnson's command. He fought all the way. Arch Clements shot him near Sturgeon. He rode a dun horse." No contrast of the day was more striking than that of Frank James and the grandson of his old enemy, the grizzled veteran and the mite of a boy.

"The story about guerillas riding with the reins of the horses between their teeth and firing with pistols in both hands is simply dime novel stuff. There was never any such thing. We always held our horses with one hand and the pistol with the other. It was as important to hold the horse as it was to hold the pistol.

"Anderson always made us keep our horses in good condition. If a man did not keep a good horse and good pistol he sent him to the infantry. I rode a horse named `Little George' at Centralia.

"At night and when we were in camp, we played like schoolboys. Some of our play was as rough as football. The truth was we were nothing but great big boys, anyhow."

"If you ever want to pick a company to do desperate work or to lead a forlorn hope, select young men from 17 to 21 years old. They will go anywhere in the world you will lead them. As men grow older they grow more cautious, but at that age they are regular daredevils. Take our company, and there has never been a more reckless lot of men. Only one or two were over 25. Most of them were under 21. Scarcely a dozen boasted a mustache. Wasn't it Bacon who said when a man had wife and children he had given hostages to fortune?

"Arch Clements, who was the real brains of Anderson's command, was only 20. He, Payton Long and myself followed the Federals nearly to Sturgeon. He was first Lieutenant. Clements came from Kingsville, Johnson county. He was killed at Lexington.

"There were only two of the guerillas who would fight in a battle just like in a personal difficulty, George Todd and Dick Kinney. They would get mad in a battle just like in a fist fight.

"Very few of our men went through the war without wounds of some kind. Quite a number of the guerillas are still living." Mr. James mentioned a number of men who were at the Centralia fight.

Henry Noland, William Noland, First Lieutenant James Little, Second Lieutenant Clark Renick, Orderly Sergeant John Baker, Payton Long, Foss Key, Jim Gibson, Clark Hockensmith, Dick Glasscock and William Bassham were killed in Kentucky. Jim Evans and George Robinson were captured and hanged at Lexington, Ky. Captain William Anderson was killed near Albany, Mo., Jim Anderson was killed in Texas after the war. Captain William H. Stuart was killed near Lee's Summit after the war. George Todd was killed near Independence on Price's last raid. Dick Burnes was killed in Jackson county after the war. William Hulse of Jackson county died after the war. Bud and Daniel Pent died in Kentucky.

"The greatest raid made by the guerillas was the one in September, 1864. We were north of the Missouri River only about two weeks. We had with us never to exceed 250 men. We averaged a battle a day and we killed over 1,000 Federal soldiers, besides destroying much Yankee property. The only battles in the world's history to surpass Centralia are Thermopylae and the Alamo. Next to the Centralia fight is the skirmish at Baxter Springs, Kas., where we killed 130 of General Blunt's body guard."

"We never met many Federal soldiers that would fight us on equal terms. They would either outnumber us or would run away.

"I believe the saddest thing I know connected with the war," said Mr. James, and the man of blood and iron showed much feeling, as he told the story, "occurred at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Young Theodore Carter was fighting there. But a few yards away was his old home with his mother standing at the window, watching the battle and waiting for him. He fought bravely that day. Almost within a stone's throw of his mother's door, within sight of the yard where he had played as a boy, he was shot down and died.

James Clark, engineer of the Wabash Branch Railroad, is the same man who took the ill-fated Wabash train into Centralia on the fatal September morning, 1864. As with James the snow of years has drifted on his head and he is an old man now.

Walter Williams.

National Tribune, November 28, 1901

Wants Some History.

Editor National Tribune: I am always interested in original ideas and sketches, and it is only by this means that the whole truth can be obtained. It makes no difference if it is 40 years since the commencement of the war, and we must bear in mind that the majority of the actors in that great war drama have not yet made their report. There are many who took an active part in skirmishes and battles who, if they could be induced to speak, could throw much liught on dark subjects. For instance, I would like to see a fair report, if possible, by an eye-witness of the killing of Lieut.-Col. Edgar A. Kimball, April 12, 1863, and, if any, who were the witnesses to appear in the court-martial that followed. The facts are wanted, no matter who it hurts, or how many friends they have living now.

Also, an account of the battle of Centralia, Mo., Sept. 24, 1864, in which the 39th Mo. had 122 killed out of 147 carried into action. A survivor of that eventful day certainly could enlighten us as to how and why it occurred.--W.P. KREMER, 359 W. 25th St., New York City.

National Tribune, December 26, 1901

The Centralia Massacre.

Editor National Tribune: In The National Tribune of Nov. 28, W.P. Kremer, 359 W. 25th St., New York City, asks some comrade to give an account of the battle of Centralia, Mo.

I was born within 20 miles of Centralia, and served three and a half years in the 9th Mo. S.M. Cav., and know at least half a dozen men who participated in the massacre. I was in Centralia Sept. 28, 1864, the day after the massacre, with 200 of my regiment. I saw the bodies of the unfortunate men, some scalped, others pinned to the ground with their own bayonets.

Quantrell and Bill Anderson captured a passenger train at Centralia, on which were 25 veteran furloughed and discharged Union soldiers. These guerrillas formed them in line and shot them one at a time. When a badly crippled soldier was reached an old lady called to Bill Anderson: "Don't shoot him; he can do you no harm." Anderson replied: "D--- him, he can vote," then shot him down. Later, Maj. Johnson, in command of 147 men of the 39th Mo., reached the scene. I will give an account of what followed, as it was related to me by one of the survivors, whom I met some 12 years ago. He said:

"When we got to Centralia, a small party of guerrillas galloped away to the south. Maj. Johnson was advised not to follow, as they outnumbered his command, but he marched us south about two miles. As we came to a slight rise, we saw the guerrillas about 200 yards distant, formed in line of battle, with the whole country an open prairie, except here and there a farm. Maj. Johnson ordered us to dismount and form in line, leaving some of the men 50 yards in the rear to hold the horses. Just as we got formed, the guerrillas charged. Being armed with muskets, we had one shot only, which we fired into them, but before we could reload they were among us with from four to six revolvers each, and shooting our men down. I ran between two of them unnoticed, as they were busy shooting some of my more unfortunate comrades. I ran into a meadow, got behind a haystack and hid under the hay until night, then crawled out and got away.

"The men holding the horses took in the situation at a glance and started, but some were overtaken and murdered. A lady, neighbor of mine, said they were so close in pursuit of one man on a horse when he got to Centralia that he left his horse, ran around some houses, dodged into one and hid under a drop-leaf table; but they found him. One of them said: `I will not kill a dog in a lady's house;' so two of them grabbed him and took him out into the yard, where they shot him."--James M. Jack, Co. H, 9th Mo. Cav., Riggs, Mo.

Times-Democrat, Macon, Missouri, November 19, 1903

WHERE DEATH REIGNED.

Survivors of Centralia Tragedy Planning for a Reunion

Four of the nine men of Company A, 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, who ran against Bill Anderson and George Todd at Centralia, Mo., the afternoon of September 27, 1864, are yet living. The company was the pick of the military men of Adair county. There were five pairs of brothers and a son and father--David R. and John B.W. Graves, respectively. The company went into action with 65 men. The muzzle-loading muskets of the infantry made a pitiful defense against the revolvers of the mounted Guerrillas. As Major Johnston's men passed through the terror-stricken town of Centralia--where the warm blood of Anderson's victims was still trickling over the ground--they were told that the bushfighters carried from four to eleven revolvers to the man. But they went undaunted into the trap.

The battle was a mistake on the part of Major Johnston. The Centralia people informed him that Anderson had not to exceed a hundred men. They knew nothing of George Todd and his fierce crew back in the woods. Johnston went after a bear and found two. He gallantly gave his life for the error.

The four survivors of Company A are James Pinkerton, Isaac Novinger, Peter Darr and Calvin Round. The big colliery town of Adair county, mentioned so frequently during the coal conference at Kansas City, was named after a relative of Novinger's. Calvin Round lives at La Plata. A Times-Democrat representative visited him recently, and found him back of his pretty little cottage sawing wood. At 61 he's full of the zest of life and its ambitions. He is arranging for a meeting of the soldiers who survived the slaughter at the train and the fight that followed a few hours after. It will be held at Macon or Centralia. Mr. Round prefers Centralia, that they may view the field of bitter memories. He has never revisited it since his hurried departure from it in 1864. There wouldn't have been many even if such a meeting had been held on the 28th of September, 1864. There will be less now. But the half dozen or so gray-haired men attending it would be knit by one of the closest of human ties--they were comrades in calamity.

The trainmen were spared, though frequently in mortal peril during that tragic day. Richard H. Overall, the conductor, escaped in a curious manner. When Anderson, the chief, bristling with oaths and smoking revolvers, stalked into one of the coaches, he held up a dirty scrap of paper and demanded to know the whereabouts of one Dick Overall. Overall supposed he was appearing for a death sentence when he made himself known.

"You're Overall?"

"I'm Overall," said the conductor.

"Dick Overall?"

"Dick Overall."

"Well, you're let out; thank Mark Belt. Make yourself scarce now, or some of the boys may get you."

Mark Belt was with Quantrill. Belt and Overall had been schoolmat[e]s, and on one occasion Overall had saved Belt from expulsion from school for misconduct by

showing that Belt was really not at fault. Belt knew Anderson was going to swoop down on Overall's train when it reached Centralia, and he wrenched from Anderson a promise that his life should be spared. Overall died at Coleman, Texas, in December 1900, at the age of 68. Richard Holt, now living at Macon, was the mail clerk on the ill-fated train. George F. Carruthers of the Mound City Warehouse Co., St. Louis, was the express messenger. Engineer James Clark is also living and is yet running a locomotive for the Wabash on one of its branch lines. He has written a graphic description of the shooting of the men on the train, and his personal experience with the guerrillas.

H.F. Lynde, known on the train as "Harry, the Newsboy,["] owns [a] 360-acre farm 35 miles west of St. Louis, and recently wrote Mail Clerk Holt that he had "a nice Family [sic] of children and am very happy and contented." He is an elder in the Presbyterian church, treasurer of the Franklin county Sunday school association, and superintendent of the largest Sunday school in his county. Like Mr. Round he is very anxious to have a reunion of the Centralia survivors.

Would Mr. Round talk about the fight? Certainly he would; he didn't see wherein a member of Major Johnston's command had anything to be ashamed of on account of his part in the tragedy.

On the 28th of October Mr. Round was 61 years old. He was 22 and a month the day he rode in advance of Johnston to beat the brush for the guerrillas. He is a small, gentle speaking man, plain in his manner or description, and blessed with a keen memory.

"First I would like to say," said Mr. Round, "that the report about my shaking hands with Frank James when he was here recently with his show was a mistake. I was away from home that day, but had this not been so I would not have been among those who crowded around seeking that privilege. Not because of any ill feeling I have on account of his being with the force that fought us at Centralia, but because it is not my habit to seek acquaintances with men merely for the sake of a more or less turbulent life they may have led. They tell us James has reformed and become a good citizen. I hope he has.

"About the fight? Well, it wasn't much of a battle. We were hunting bushwhackers, and we caught them. I would like to remark that Major A.V.E. Johnston, whose command consisted of Companies A, G and H--about 150 men--of the 39th Missouri was one of the most unassuming men I ever met. Braggadocio wasn't in him. He was of a slight build, and at times rode carelessly, but in action was quick and impetuous. I never heard him give a harsh order to any one. His men loved him and had the greatest confidence in his judgment. We carried no black flag that day, nor at any other time. If Johnston `pointed gleefully to his black flag' and said quarter would neither be asked or given it is news to me. We had no orders to refuse any man's surrender. I carried a United States flag up to Centralia, and passed it to the seventh man when six of us were selected by Second Lieutenant Robert Moore to add to the 12 men he commanded as an advance picket. The 18 of us went ahead through town to reconnoiter the woods on the south.

"There was a Sunday-like stillness in Centralia. Very few people were about. The evidence of Anderson's work was all around the track and depot. A detail of soldiers was left by Major Johnston to pick up the dead soldiers. The few citizens abroad talked

in serious voices as men do after a cyclone or a railroad wreck where many are killed. In this case the worst of the storm was to come.

"As the skirmish line progressed east by south eight horsemen came out of the timber, and rode slowly along, paralleling it. When within 150 or 200 yards of the woods we turned and followed the movement of the guerrillas, riding parallel with them, but keeping a regular distance away.

"Major Johnston left about 40 men at Centralia as a reserve. Then he followed us with the main body, not to exceed 110. Company A was on the right, G in the center and a portion of H on the left. I think there were a few men from Company H, but I am not certain about that. I am confident Major Johnston's force at Centralia all told did not exceed 150 men, and about 40 of these were left back in Centralia as a reserve.

["]Across the field, parallel with the wood, was a stake-and-rider fence. Gaps were made for the Union horsemen to pass, and continue their advance. I have thought it would have been wiser had Johnston halted his men on the far side of this fence, and it would have made a good breastwork against the attacking guerrillas. It passage by our force completed the trap, and retarded the retreat of many a poor fellow.

"One by one the guerrilla pickets disappeared in the wood. We knew some sort of tactics had been arranged by the enemy, but we thought as it was to be a fair fight in the open, and our guns shot further than revolvers, we would have at least an equal show. Many of our men had never been under fire before. The officers had seen real service, and the major commanding had a good record as a soldier.

"Finally but one of the enemy remained. He stopped his horse, and fired his revolver straight up in the air! Then he, too, got out of sight. It was a signal, and we began to get ready for what was to follow. Lieutenant Moore gave the command: `Left face; open order.' That put us marching wide apart towards the woods where the enemy was. We were expecting to be fired on every instant. Johnston's command was what is called mounted infantry. The soldiers were drilled to fight on foot. Excepting those possessed by the officers, I don't think there was over a half dozen revolvers in our troop. The bayonets had not been affixed to the muskets, though each man had one.

"Before we reached the woods a company of guerrillas rode out and leisurely lined up on the edge. They were as cool as if on dress parade. Lieutenant Moore halloed back to Major Johnston that the enemy was coming out and getting ready for action. We were ordered to fall back on the main body. There was not the least uneasiness among our men at that time. We felt able to handle those in front of us, but didn't know the woods behind and on the side were swarming with guerrillas, and they seemed bent on keeping the knowledge from us until it was too late to do any good. The citizens with whom we talked at Centralia said Anderson had only 84 men. That is all they saw, and they were, I think, honest in their statements, because the presence of Todd was evidently concealed for a purpose. We were also informed that Anderson's crowd carried from four to 11 revolvers to the man.

"Before we got back to the main body Major Johnson had dismounted his men, and was getting ready to fight on foot, the way his men could fire quickest. Every fourth man was assigned to hold the horses in the rear of the line. I was the only man that didn't dismount. I was riding a frisky mare, and had great trouble in holding her. It was on the extreme left of Company A.

"The men advanced, and our men began to shoot. So heavy became the fire that the guerrillas stopped. They knew we had single loading guns, and I guess they thought they could wait till we emptied them. I fired, and we were all reloading when they came at us. My mare began jumipng [sic] up and down, and I couldn't get the cartridge in the gun. The battle was over before I ever got that load in. Now the enemy began developing his full strength. On they came and the front lines opened fire on us. Our left commenced getting shaky. The right stood for a while, and the boys worked hurriedly with their guns.

"Did you see any of the guerrillas fall?"

"I could not say for certain. You know all things were happening in a good deal less time than I'm telling it. About this time the details are not as clear as at first. I can't ever remember whether the guerrillas were given [sic] their war-cry as they came on. They may have done so. I know it seemed like the woods were shedding horsemen from every point, until they threatened to smother us by numbers. There was no attempt at formation. They just came on with a rush, shooting right and left.

["]It was just about this time we realized the gravity of our condition. Until then we felt we could beat them back. I took in the situation and saw there was no hope for a stand, and determined to ride back to the reserves. We might check them there and drive them back from the town. So I headed my mare for Centralia, but soon turned back. That wouldn't do, I thought. I looked at the field. It was lost. Nobody was giving orders and everything seemed to be in confusion. The men were throwing away their guns and running for their lives. I headed for some brush, but before I got there more guerrillas began pouring out, and I turned in another direction. I looked back several times, as I urged my horse onward. Many a poor fellow was shot at the fence, which was a terrible hindrance to escape. Riderless horses were rushing wildly around. One took after me and followed me from the field.

"Did the Guerrillas carry a black flag and refuse to receive any surrenders?"

"I never saw a black flag on that field, but have you ever heard of any prisoners they took there? I was told they shot some of the reserves who had surrendered to them up in town. If a man they got hold of was spared I never heard of it. And I was interested in finding out.

"When I saw the day had gone hopelessly against us the thing uppermost in my mind was to get away. My horse so frisky at first began to lag. In spite of all I could do it would not go. Then for the first time I was really scared. I saw I could not hope to reach town, and it is well I did not try. There was some timber on my left, enclosed with a rail fence. Nobody seemed to be noticing me and I made for the wood, jumped over the fence and got out of sight, leaving my horse to shift for herself. Then I loaded my gun so I could be certain of getting one man at least if they discovered me. Out on the prairie I could hear the revolvers popping and the shouts of the pursued and pursuers. But I had the woods all to myself, and lost no time getting further in the brush. This was late Tuesday afternoon. I remained concealed all that night, and on Wednesday morning I started, as I thought, in the direction of Paris."

"Keeping your gun?"

"Yes. As far as I know I'm the only man on our side that left the field with his gun, but later on I got rid of it, when I changed my clothes. Thursday morning I was four miles north of Centralia."

"Hungry?"

"Not much. I was too badly excited. A thing like that overpowers a man for a while. I had got so much in the habit of seeing Guerrillas come out of the woods that in fancy [sic; I fancied?] every movement among the trees was a gang in pursuit of me. At last I struck a farm house and determined to risk an interview so as to get my bearings. A very decent sort of man welcomed me. Of course he saw it was a Union soldier, and judged I had been in Centralia. Whatever side his sympathies were on, he was a friend in need to me.

"You were one that got away?" he said.

"Yes--thank God. What news have you?"

"He shook his head gloomily.

"`The Union force is cut into bits. Hardly a man got away. They took no prisoners.'

"He fed me and tendered me a horse to enable me to reach Paris, but I declined it, fearing it would hamper my escape. My good Samaritan directed me to a postoffice down on the road between Mexico and Paris, and there the postmaster gave me a suit of jeans to cover the uniform that would have meant death had I fallen into the hands of my foes, and I set out again, after leaving my gun and cartridge box.

"I have often thought I would like to have that gun as a souvenir of Centralia, but I never heard from [sic] it any more.

"I kept on foot and on Friday reached Paris, where our camp was. One or two of the Monroe county men who escaped had beat me there, and we had a mournful reunion.

"I have heard it stated that one man escaped by hiding in a small corn shock. Corn is not in the shock in Missouri in September. Isaac Novinger got into a cornfield, and was saved, but not by hiding in a shock. He escaped in a curious manner. Just as a Guerrilla fired at him his saddle girth broke, and he tumbled to the ground with his saddle. He laid still and the assailants, thinking him dead, paid no further attention to him. When they had passed on he got up unhurt, and got over in the cornfield.

"While hiding there some Guerrillas came and fed their horses near by [sic], but didn't see him. That was between Centralia and Sturgeon.

"Why did Major Johnston risk such an unequal encounter?"

"Major Johnston was ordered to rid the country of bushwhackers. He was a conscientious soldier. I don't believe any odds would have frightened him from his duty. The trouble was our men were inexperienced in fighting the sort of men with Anderson and Todd. As I remarked, many of them had never been under fire. They got nervous when they found the Guerrillas among them, shooting so rapidly without reloading. Under the circumstances I think they did what any other man would have done. We were against another man's game and he held all the high cards. The ground sloped down gradually toward us, a stake and rider fence was behind and a branch ran to the left and rear. The battle was lost before we started, and yet I believe, man to man, we could have held them back with our old muskets."

Mr. Round was laid up for several weeks after his thrilling experience. He recovered, however, and re-entered the service at Glasgow, Mo., in November, 1864, and stayed till the war was closed. He married Miss Eva Silvers Oct. 20, 1866, and settled in Macon county.

The following from an official memorial gives an account of Company A's strangely short and terrible history:

"Company A, 39th Infantry Missouri Volunteers, was organized at Kirksville, Adair county, Mo., August 1, 1864, under the order of Gen. Rosecrans calling for 12 months' volunteers for United States service; reported at Hannibal, Mo., on the 11th of August with three commissioned officers and 82 enlisted men, and they were there mustered into the service on August 24. Left Hannibal for field duty September 14 and scouted for bushwhackers in Northern Missouri until September 27, 1864, when the company was disastrously defeated in action by an overwhelming force of guerrillas under Anderson. Capt. James A. Smith and 55 enlisted men were killed on the field by the murderous Guerrillas, who shot down without mercy all who fell into their hands."

Ex-Guerrillas have always contended that the forces were numerically even--about 300 men on a side. They blame Johnston for dismounting his men, and say a scholar in military tactics might have told him better. Engineer James Clark says there were 175 men and soldiers killed, including those executed at the train.

Kansas City Post, Kansas City, Missouri, September 14, 1907

The Centralia Massacre

As it was seen by Engineer James Clark

The following account of the Centralia massacre was written by Engineer James Clark of this city and was published in the "Moberly Monitor" in 1896. We republish it at the request of a number of our readers:

"As I have read several accounts of the Centralia massacre, written by different persons, I have come to the conclusion to make a statement myself, of what I know and what I saw while I was running the engine that was pulling the train of September 27, 1864.

As I was running at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour about two miles east of Centralia, I discovered a big crowd of men on horseback. At first I did not pay much attention to them, thinking they were state troops, as it was not unusual in those days to find them any place and at most any station along the line. As I was about a mile away, I remarked to my fireman that I did not like their actions and that we might strike the wrong gang this time, and if so, it was look out for yourself. At this time they fell in line on the south side of the track about one hundred yards below the platform. I glanced ahead and saw several men piling wood on the track to throw the train into the ditch. I told my fireman to look out for himself.

I pulled the throttle wide open and dropped on the deck. My intention was to go through and not stop if the obstructions did not throw the engine off the track. By this time I was in front of them and they opened fire on us with a perfect shower of bullets into the engine and train. In those days, we did not have any air brakes. The guerrillas being on the south side of the track and the depot on the east side, the brakemen did not see them until they opened fire on the train and across the platform of the coaches. The brakemen all rushed into the cars and left the brakes all set tight, which brought the train to a stop in front of the depot. The throttle and then dropped on the deck [sic] slipping her wheels and as long as they saw the wheels spinning there was a shower of bullets. I saw they had me fast[?], so I raised up and shut off the throttle and then dropped on the deck again.

In three or four seconds I saw half a dozen six-shooters pointing at myself and fireman, demanding our money, valuables, watches, etc. My fireman was shot in the breast, but it was a flesh wound and did not amount to much. I thought he was shot badly until I made an investigation and found it to be a light flesh wound from which the blood was running freely. My fireman asked them for God's sake not to kill us. They replied: "We do not want to harm any of you men, but consider yourselves prisoners and obey orders." This relieved us greatly at this time.

In a few seconds my fireman was called off the engine to hold their horses while they went through the express and baggage cars and one man said with an oath: "If you let my horses get away, I will blow your d--- head off." I was then called into service with a half a dozen sixshooters pointing at me, as I had two Union flags, 20x30, one on each side of the headlight. "Take down those flags," was the howl from a dozen or more.

I did not expect to live long enough to take them down as they stood over me, giving me awful looks and tongue lashings, with their six-shooters leveled at me.

Soldiers Shot Down.

At this time the rest of the party were going through the coaches, relieving the passengers of their watches, valuables, etc., and marching the soldiers out to be shot. There were twenty-two soldiers and three citizens shot and killed on the train and eighteen soldiers were standing in line when the word was given to fire. About half of them fell at the first fire, while others broke ranks and were shot running. One fine looking young man, a sergeant in some company, stripped off his uniform to put on citizens' clothes, but did not have time and was marched out with the rest, but did not fall at the first fire. He broke and ran towards the engine where I was standing at the time, looking on. It was hard to tell which they were shooting at, the soldier or me, for the bullets were plowing up the ground all around me. He turned and went between the engine and baggage car and crawled under the depot, but he could not stay there as the depot was all on fire, so he came out on the other side and they caught him again and brought him around and shot him down with the rest. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor fellow beg for his life.

There was a sick soldier on board the train who had been in the St. Louis hospital and his father was bringing him home. He was taken from his father and put in line and shot down.

There was a man, a citizen, whose name was said to be Baum, and who had quite a lot of money with him. He gave them one big wallet of money and they asked him if that was all he had. He replied that it was. They said they would have to search him and if they found any more they would kill him. He later acknowledged that he had another wallet in his boot, so they killed him for lying to them. I saw him shot down.

Here I was called into service with two six-shooters at my head with orders to set fire to the train. Also all train hands and citizens standing around were put to work, setting the train on fire. Four coaches and one baggage car and engine on the main track in front of the depot, nine box cars on the side track, and the depot were all to be burned together.

A few minutes later a work train came in sight, two miles east of Centralia; this changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the passenger train to be started out as it was, all on fire. They at once commenced to look for the engineer and came across my fireman first. They asked him if he was the engineer, He replied "No sir." "Do you know where he is?" "Yes, sir, there he is, going across the fence into the yard of the Colliers' hotel." They put the spurs to their horses and fell in line and demanded that I come, every one with a gun leveled at me. There being about ten of them, I did not know whether I would live long enough to get there, as I had left without permission; they had told me to consider myself a prisoner until released. When I got to them, the officer in charge of the squad asked me if I could get on the engine and start it and jump off. I replied that I could. They all put up their guns except one and he was about to shoot me when the officer commanded him to put up his gun or he would kill him; thus he saved my life. I told the officer I would have to back the engine 10 or 15 feet so as to get the obstructions they had piled on the track to ditch the train out from under the pilot and

engine trucks. I backed the engine up so they could get the obstruction out. They then demanded that I turn the engine loose, yelling at me from all sides to give her h---, with their six-shooters waving at me in the cab on the engine.

In those days an engine got its supply of water through a pump which could be operated only when the engine was in motion. I put on both pumps as the engine started off. It ran about 2 1/2 miles before it stopped. The boiler was full of water and out of steam.

Stopped Train With Dead Soldier.

Here I was released from the custody of Bill Anderson and was a spectator standing around to watch the movements of the work train. As the train was approaching the station, the men circled around it a half mile or so and came up behind, brought it to a halt about 50 yards below the east platform of the depot with a dead soldier dragged out of the ditch and laid across the track.

Ed Rice, engineer; Wm. Pierce, fireman, and Ross Darby, conductor, were then commanded to give up their money, watches and valuables, even down to a pocket knife. One of the men discovered a breast pin on Engineer Rice's shirt bosom and demanded that it be handed over. Engineer Rice told him it was no account and they did not need that, so the man took his six-shooter and demanded it "d--- quick too." Thinking he was wasting too much time, he made another demand. Conductor Darby spoke up and told him that Engineer Rice only had one hand and that he could get it off if he had two hands. "Then see if you can't help him get it off." Conductor Darby took the pin off Engineer Rice's shirt bosom. After he handed it over Rice asked him his name. "What the h--- do you want to know my name for?" "Just for fun." "Well, I will tell you my name for fun. It's Robertson; I am from Johnson county and am the last of five brothers and never stop shooting as long as I can see a blue jacket." Rice was then ordered to pull his train up in front of the burning depot. They were asked by Rice to take the dead soldier off the track. They took out their six-shooters and commanded him to run over the dead body, which he did, and the dead soldier threw the train off the track. This changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the train to be set on fire where it sood. The soldier was dragged out from under the engine and the train crew and every one standing around was called into service to set fire to it. After this job was completed, the train crew of the work train was called up in line and got their orders. Their orders were to go to Mexico, 13 miles east of Centralia and not to look back, and I guess they did not from the time they were making down the track. The crew on the passenger train did not get any marching orders. We were all released and Bill Anderson left town and went south of Centralia.

The officers and train crew on the train that day were J.H. Gamble, superintendent; J.H. Bender, fuel agent; Ben Bawler, baggage master; George Cruthers, express messenger; Dick Gillorst and Jewel Herbert, brakemen; Jack Kirby, fireman; James Clark, engineer and Dick Overall, conductor.

As we had no instructions, we came to the conclusion to act upon our own judgment. We first put out the fire of the work train engine and then we pushed two box cars out from the nine that were burning upon the side track back of the depot. Seven box cars and the depot were burned up. There was nothing else we could do. I then had

a talk with Superintendent Gamble and my conductor, Overall, as to what they thought we had better do. I told them the engine was all right and that I did not think it had gone over three or four miles and that I would fire her up and run to Sturgeon. The superintendent did not give me any encouragement what to do about stealing the engine out of the fire. I got my fireman and express messenger, George Cruthers. We started down the track together and had not gone a half a mile before the rest of our crew fell in line; passengers also.

Found Passenger Engine.

I found the engine after walking 3 1/2 miles, out of steam, but plenty of water and the wood was burning on the tender, as the engines in those days all burned wood. The train was all burned; four coaches and one baggage car. I raised steam on the engine as quickly as possible and when the train crew and passengers came up I was ready to go to Sturgeon with the engine. I started from the burning train with 48 passengers on the engine, for Sturgeon, arriving there about 2 o'clock p.m. I remained in Sturgeon until the train arrived from Macon City.

Now the fight was on between Major Johnson and Bill Anderson. Two of Major Johnson's men came in off the battle grounds just as I was leaving.

Our train crew took the train that came from Macon to take our passengers back to Macon City. I left Sturgeon about 2:30 p.m. and arrived at the woodshed, one mile north of Sturgeon, where I stopped to take wood on the engine. There was a big gang of men coming across the prairie on horseback. Most of the passengers and crew thought it was Bill Anderson or some other outlaw coming and were yelling at me to pull out. I told them I could not go until they gave me some wood. I was wooded up in a hurry. Every man that could get near the tank threw a stick. I was soon on my way and when in a mile or so of Renick, I discovered a big crowd on horseback. I did not know whether they were federal soldiers or guerrillas, so I came to the conclusion not to stop there. Passing the depot at the rate of 40 miles an hour I discovered Colonel Draper from Macon City and being acquainted with him, I made up my mind to stop and tell him what had happened at Centralia and the fight with Major Johnson. I then went to Macon, arriving there at 5 p.m.

This completed the day's work of September 27, 1864. September 28, there were no regular trains run between St. Charles and Macon City. On that day the road was obstructed at Centralia, where the passenger train was burned the day before, and the track was torn up east of Mexico so no trains could get through.

I was ordered out of Macon City to take Colonel Forbes and his men from Macon to Sturgeon at 10 o'clock. All the citizens had been picking up Major Johnson's men who had been killed the day before by Bill Anderson. While there, we walked over to a vacant warehouse, where we found 23 of Major Johnson's men who had been picked up on the prairie a few hours before. While standing there, an ox team drove up with six more dead men in the wagon bed. I then started with Colonel Forbes and his guard. I saw 87 more of Major Johnson's men lying beside the track. This made 116 dead soldiers. Here I learned from good authority that there were 45 men who had been picked up and taken to Mexico. There were about 175 killed altogether, including the 25 who were killed off the train, September 27th.

I then returned to Macon City with Colonel Forbes and his guard. Part of the regiment was stationed at Sturgeon and part at Macon City. This was the 42d Missouri regiment.

September 29th, trains all moved on time.

The Excelsior Springs Daily Journal, Excelsior Springs, Missouri, June 3, 1908

Jim's Book Now Out.

JIM CUMMINS HAS ANOTHER EDITION.

Tells of His Experience With Quantrell, Bill Anderson and the James Boys.

The first edition of Jim Cummins' latest book appeared in this city today and he has been very busy disposing of books to his friends who have been expecting the book for some time.

This book is a paper back of 64 pages and is called "Jim Cummins, The Guerrilla," and is put up so as to be sold at 25c per copy.

Jim tells a great many things in this new book about his experience with Quantrell, Bill Anderson and the James Boys has not been told in his previous book and there will no doubt be a big demand for this cheap edition.

See Jim and get a copy or buy one at the news dealers.

The Kansas City Post, Kansas City, Missouri, August 21, 1909 [re G. (George) T. Scholl; (see also Donald R. Hale, *We Rode With Quantrill*, pp. 147-148)]

Quantrell Survivors Elect Officers and Spin Yarns

Eleventh Annual Reunion of Veterans is Quiet With About Thirty in Attendance--"Some Tight Places" Furnishes Good Stories of the Civil War.

[Newspaper story about the eleventh reunion of Quantrill veterans; includes a photo showing Scholl]...

Fight at Centralia.

Lieut. G.T. Scholl of St. Louis was with Bill Anderson in the bloody raid of Centralia. "We rode into town with no intention of taking a trip around town. Some time later a train came in and one coach was filled with federal soldiers. The company lined up outside the coach and began a fusillade. We answered and started in to clean them. A moment later the battle was abruptly stopped by the appearance of Captain Johnson with about 180 militiamen. Anderson charged them and they broke and ran. There was only six of their men escaped."...

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, October 1, 1909

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE. 1864.

From the files of the Guard we take the following story of the "Centralia Massacre," commonly called the "Bill Anderson Fight:"

The golden rays of the September sun falling today upon the ripening grain and waving grasses of a grand old Missouri farm, casting no shadows save those of restful peace and plenty, will give to the traveler no suggestion of the awful scene once enacted upon this selfsame ground where now the harshest sound that greets the ear is that of the lowing kine or the wild birds gleeful song.

What a contrast is the scene now to that of forty-five years ago, when the rank prairie grass seemed alive with fast dashing horses and running soldiers, the sharp crack of the revolver and the long, rolling volley of the state troops making wierd [sic] music for the soldier's dying ear.

Now the scene is all changed and all nature seems to rejoice that the day is numbered with the past. The day when the warm September sun in its changeless course warmed alike the bronzed cheeks of two opposing forces drawn up in line of battle, the one where duty called to do and die, the other where fickle fortune willed.

The little wild flowers that fringe the field and meadow today may each whisper to the passing breeze a tale of how its counterpart in the long ago was crushed to the earth by the hoof of the war horse and wet by the blood of heroes who, like Gonzales' men, "went forth not to win a field, but to die."

[Illustration of "Capt." W.T. (Bill) Anderson appears here.]

This halftone was made from an old daguerrotype made after Anderson had been killed. It is one of the few if not the only likeness [a line of text here is illegible] dressed and prepared for the photograph by admirers of his and two of the plates made, one with the hat off and the right hand grasping a large revolver. This picture showed the ornamental jacket worn by him when he was at Centralia. The latter picture showed the drawn mouth and a death pallor, and the above was taken to make the form and face more lifelike.)

On the 25th of September, 1864, a band of guerrillas, bushwhackers and recruits, all in numbering about 40[0?], crossed the North Missouri Railway, at a point near the present site of Moberly, about twenty-four miles to the northwest of this place. They went eastward into Monroe county, threatening Paris. The recruits were under the command of Major John Thrailkill. The guerrillas were divided into squads and companies of various sixes [sic], led by George Todd, Bill Anderson, Dave Poole, Tom Todd and Si Gordon, all experienced and noted leaders. The master spirit was Geo. Todd, who planned all the movements and settled all controversies.

Learning that there was a strong Federal force at Paris, the guerrillas turned southward toward Jefferson City, resolving to cross the Missouri river. They recrossed the North Missouri Railroad two and a half miles east of Centralia and about forty-three miles east of the point they had crossed the day before, and went into camp on the farm of Major Singleton and in the timber along Young's Creek, just in the southwest corner of Audrain county, about three miles from Centralia.

The guerrillas were all armed to the teeth, each man carrying from two to five revolvers, mostly Colt's and of varying calibers. Bill Anderson carried four revolvers, two of them were of ponderous size, carrying a .45 colibre [sic] ball, and the five other leaders were probably armed in a like manner. There were only two or three guns in the entire command.

The next morning (Sept. 27th) Todd sent Bill Anderson with his company of 75 men up to Centralia to reconnoiter and pick up information. A Federal detachment was at Sturgeon, and another at Columbia. Centralia was then a small village of twenty-five houses, a station on the North Missouri[.] Anderson rode in without molestation, sacked the place, gutting the two stores; robbed the stage coach from Columbia; plundered the depot of some cases of boots and a barrel of whiskey, and at about 10 o'clock, captured the westbound passenger train from St. Charles. The train--express, baggage and passengers all--was robbed of about $10,000. Then the cars were fired and the train started up the road under a full head of steam, but it ran only about 2 1/2 miles west of town where the coaches all burned. The Centralia depot and some cars were also burned. On this train were twenty-three Federal soldiers, furloughed men and one German civilian wearing a blue blouse. The guerrillas took them off the train, separated them from the other passengers, robbed every one, stripped most of them, then stood them up in line and shot the twenty-two soldiers and the German wearing the blue blouse. One soldier, Sergeant Tom Goodman, of the 1st Missouri Engineers, was spared by the express order of Bill Anderson, who probably wanted him for exchange.

The murdered soldiers were chiefly from the 1st Iowa Cavalry and the 1st Missouri Engineers. After this scene was over the guerrillas returned to their camp yelling and hooting.

As soon as it was learned the bushwhackers had entered the county Maj. A.V.E. Johnson, of the 39th, set out after them with detachments of Co's A, G and H, numbering, officers and all, 147 men. Nearly all the men were mounted on plow horses, brood mares and mules, "pressed" from the citizens for the occasion. Company A from Adair county was commanded by Captain Jas. A. Smith; Company G, from Shelby county, by Lieut's Jaynes and Gill; Company H of Marion and Lewis counties by Captain Adam Theis.

Major Johnson soon took the trail of the guerrillas and followed it to where it recrossed the North Missouri Railroad, arriving at the latter point about 3:00 o'clock p.m. of Sept. 27th. Seeing the smoke of the smoldering depot and cars at Centralia about three miles off, the Major marched his command up to the little hamlet to investigate. Here he saw and learned what had happened. With all proper deliberation and coolness he prepared to act. While in the garret of the hotel, in company with Dr. A.F. Sneed engaged in reconnoitering the position of the guerrillas as well as he could at the distance across the open country, the Major saw a squad of them approaching the town. Hastily [partial line is illegible here] attack them. In vain did Dr. Sneed and others remonstrate, telling Johnson how many guerrillas were really down at Singleton's and how well they were armed. Major Johnson had been ordered to follow and punish the bushwhackers. He had pursued them for twenty-four hours and had come up with them and had found the mangled and murdered corpses of twenty-two of his comrades lying festering in the sun; a village robbed and plundered, and its people paralyzed with terror. What should he do? Turn about and flee from danger now that he was so close to the end of the chase? Every gaping wound in the foreheads of his slaughtered comrades called for vengeance,

and every man in his ranks was eager to go on. Waving all the arguments aside, Major Johnson said: "I will fight them anyhow," and, mounting his grey horse he hastily formed his men into line. Detaching Capt. Theis with his company of 36 men to remain in the village, Major (Continued on Eighth Page.)

Johnson marched out to attack his desperate foe with 110 men. Major Johnson spoke calmly to his men and told them of their danger and of the odds against them, and at the command "Forward!" not a man flinched nor looked backward.

The bushwhackers led Major Johnson and his men southeast from Centralia across the prairie into a fallow field, on the farm of Capt. Fullenwider (now known as the Garrard farm[)]. Here a fatal ambuscade had been prepared. The Federals marched south into the field, and then turned and faced the east, immediately opposite Bill Anderson's company drawn up in line ready to charge them. The Federal line, now dismounted, and, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses, advanced on foot to within about four hundred yards of Anderson's front, behind which company was Poole's, all the guerrillas that could be seen. The line halted and fixed bayonets. Johnson rode twenty paces to the front of his men and halted, sitting motionless on his horse, his revolver, a Colt's dragoon, in his right hand. The guerrillas were preparing to charge him--he could see that, but he could not see all his fearful peril: at least is is [sic] supposed that he could not. The fallow corn field was a sort of moraine, sloping to the east. On either side, and running into Young's Creek from west to east was a sort of ravine, filled with plum bushes, crab apple, hazel and other brush, securely hidden, and lying low down on their horses, with one foot in the stirrup and the other on the ground were the guerrillas. On the north were Thrailkill, Gordon and Tom Todd and on the south, George Todd. In the center in view of the Federal line was Bill Anderson, and, lapping his line was Dave Poole.

When George [illegible] gotten his men in position as he wanted them, he lifted his hat to Poole, and then with a great yell, Anderson dashed forward. Johnson's men with their muzzle loaders could fire but one volley and this they did. In a moment Anderson and his men were upon them then Poole and his band: then the Todds, Thrailkill and Gordon came swarming up from the flanks and the bloody work was soon over. No quarter was shown to a single Federal--none was asked. The guerrillas say the Federals died fighting. Major Johnson fired three shots from his revolver and was then shot out of his saddle with a bullet through his temple. Capt. Smith was killed. Lieuts. Jaynes, Gill and Moore escaped, being mounted.

Anderson and Poole kept on for the [illegible line] in five minutes they all came pouring into Centralia. Fifteen men were killed between the battlefield and the village. Lieut. Jaynes was the first man into the village, and he warned Capt. Theis' men to "run for your lives, or you will all be killed!" Theis tried to form his company and fight the advancing line, but before he could do so the guerrillas were upon them. All that could then set out for Sturgeon. Fifteen of Capt. Theis' company (H) were killed in Centralia and on the road to Sturgeon. Some were killed in outhouses in Centralia, some on the streets and one was murdered by the bedside of a sick woman.

Out of the 147 men under Johnson's command but twenty-three escaped, for one hundred and twenty-three were killed, and one, Frank Barnes, of Company H, was wounded--shot five times. Company A lost 56 men killed, including Capt. Smith;

Company G, 51 men killed; Company H, 15 killed, one wounded. The guerrillas had three killed, three badly wounded and seven slightly wounded.

After the fight the guerrillas went back and scalped several of the Federals including Major Johnson, from whose head a small piece of scalp was removed. Samuel Bell, of Company G, was mutilated in a revolting manner not to be described.

Citizens from Centralia went out the day following and gathered up the bodies. Some were taken to Mexico. Some were taken to Sturgeon and friends and relatives came in and took several away. Major Johnson was taken to Marion county and buried not far from his home. The balance were buried in a long, deep grave just east of the village by the south side of the North Missouri right of way. There were 79 bodies buried in the one grave. Afterward a large granite column was erected on the grave to mark the place. Years afterward the bodies and the monument were taken up and removed to the national cemetery at Jefferson City.

There were killed in and around the little village of Centralia on the 27th of September, 1864 between 150 and 175 men (authorities differ on the number) including the soldiers killed in battle, those shot down in the village, the passenger on the train and a citizen of this locality, John C. Rowland, who was shot for trying to protect some ladies from the insults of the guerrillas.

Frank James, the noted bandit, was in Centralia with Anderson's men and has since admitted this fact and also that he rode a buckskin horse that day. (The man on the buckskin horse killed [illegible] in the village where now the[?] street runs between A.R. Toalson's residence and that of R.H. Baldridge, the last man falling where the alley opens in the rear of Mr. Baldridge's residence, and followed and killed Marquette, one of Johnson's men, between this place and Sturgeon)

This fight, in point of fatality to the vanquished has no parallel in our history or in the history of any battle, so called.

Much comment has been made on the fighting qualities of Johnson's men and their condition when Anderson charged them. The number of hits accredited to Johnson's raw militia is 13. Allow 13 hits out of every 110 shots fired and the killed and wounded at Gettysburg would have startled the world. Of course, the guerrillas scored more hits because they had twelve shots for one, and they numbered nearly four to one against the Federals.

Johnson's men had fired one volley and some of the soldiers had re-loaded, but few fired the second time as they were shot down by the oncoming horde. Many of them clubbed muskets and some tried to use their bayonets but the revolvers of the guerrillas were more effective at close range.

This is in brief, the story of that dark and bloody day when many a brave man went down in the dirt in vain endeavor to avenge the murder of their comrades and to rid the country of a band of desperadoes who were alike a menace to the North and the South.

Centralia has often been unjustly censured in the past by uninformed persons because of the massacre, and the town suffered because of it, but citizens here, who were for the most part Southern sympathizers, tried to avert the catastrophe that happened to Major Johnson and his men, but he was resolved to go on and would not listen. The citizens would have averted this unequal fight, but as they could not they waited until it

was over and then went out and helped to gather up the bodies and give them as near a Christian burial as the nature and the enormity of the task would permit.

On the other hand no one can con-[illegible line] dier. He had orders to find the bushwhackers from his superior officer, and to wipe them out, and when he found that they were within his reach he would have indeed been a craven had he not gone out against them, and the characteristic of the man stood out in relief when he uttered the words that every American should remember with pride: "I will fight them anyhow!"

The first Decoration Day services ever held in Centralia was [sic] for the purpose of decorating the grave of the soldiers who fell in this fight. On Thursday, May 30th, 1872, all business was suspended and almost the entire town participated in the services. Delegations were here from Mexico and Moberly on special trains, and, headed by the Moberly Band, they all all [sic] marched out to where the monument stood and heaped flowers upon the great grave. Addresses were made by citizens and visiting orators, and when the mound was left with its mass of flowers the citizens felt that beneath those flowers were buried not only the martyred heroes but all the bitterness of the war, for the North and the South had joined hands in this simple and impressive act.

BILL ANDERSON'S GRAVE

Bill Anderson, the noted guerrilla, was buried at Richmond, and his body is now lying in the old cemetery at that place.

Bill Anderson was killed in the battle of old Albany: shot by some soldiers of the regiment to which Capt. Johnson was attached before he met his death at Centralia at the hands of Anderson's men. Anderson was taken to Richmond and his remains interred in the cemetery at that place. The grave is located in the southwest corner of the old cemetery on North Thornton Avenue and is not marked with a tombstone, but rough rocks were laid around the grave to mark the spot where the noted guerrilla lay awaiting the judgment.

It is said that after Anderson was buried friends or admirers placed a large offering of flowers upon the grave as a token of remembrance and some federal [sic] soldiers who went to view the last resting place of their late antagonist, finding the grave so bedecked, trampled it into the earth so as to almost obliterate the spot, but it can possibly be located by the stones and the fact that it is the corner grave of the cemetery and in the southwest corner.

ENGINEER CLARK'S STORY.

September 27th is the 45th anniversary of the "Centralia Massacre."

The story of this bloody battle has several times been told in the columns of the Guard, but the following story retold by Engineer James Clark for the Moberly Monitor may be interesting to many of our readers. Mr. Clark was not a witness to the fight of Fullenwider's pasture, but he did witness the massacre of the unarmed soldiers in the village on the day of the awful fight, and many incidents leading up to and following the famous battle.

Mr. Clark said: "I have seen several different accounts of the Centralia Massacre and have concluded to make a statement of what I know and what I saw while running on the engine which pulled the train on September 27, 1864.

"Running at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour, about two miles east of Centralia, I discovered a crowd of men on horseback. I did not pay much attention to them, supposing they were state troops. It was not an unusual thing to see them then almost anywhere, particularly at the stations along the road. I was about a mile away when I told my fireman that I did not like their actions. Said I, "We may strike the wrong gang this time; if we do look out for yourself." The men fell in line on the south side of the track about one hundred yards below the platform as we pulled into the town. I looked on ahead and saw several men piling wood on the track to stop the train. I pulled the throttle wide open and dropped down on the deck. When in front of them they opened fire on us, and a shower of bullets swept engine and train. I intended to go through if the obstruction did not stop us, or throw the engine off the track.

"In those days we did not have any air brakes. The men being on the south side and the depot on the north side of the track the brakemen did not see them until they opened fire. There was a perfect shower of bullets into the coaches and across their platforms. The brakemen rushed into the coaches and left the brakes all set tight, causing the train to stop in front of the depot. The throttle was left open [illegible line] the engine on the tracks, and as long as the men saw the wheels turning, they continued to fire. Seeing they had me foul, I raised up and shut off the throttle, and dropped on deck again. In a short time half a dozen men surrounded me and my fireman, demanding our money, watches and valuables. The fireman was shot in the breast, but it was a flesh wound and did not amount to much. It was a light wound but the blood was flowing freely. He said: "For God's sake, do not kill us." Some one said, `We don't want to hurt any of you men, but consider yourselves prisoners and under orders.'

This relieved us greatly. My fireman was called off to hold their horses, while they went through the baggage and express cars. I was called into service then and half a dozen six-shooters were pointed at me. I had two Union flags, 20x30, one on each side of my headlight, and was commanded to remove them, with an oath, and the addition of a foul name. I did not expect to live long enough to take them down, for they stood over me, with their guns leveled at me and gave me a fearful tongue lashing. Other men were going through the passengers, taking their money, watches and valuables, and marching soldiers off the train to shoot them.

"There were twenty-two soldiers and citizens who were taken from the train and killed. They lined up eighteen of the soldiers and gave the order to fire. Half of them fell at the first fire, and the rest of them broke ranks and were shot running. One fine young man, a surgeon [sic] in some company, stripped off his uniform and put on citizen's clothes, but had not time to make the change. He was marched out with the rest. He did not fall in line in the first fire, but broke and ran toward the engine where I was standing at the time, looking on, and it was hard to tell whether they were shooting at the soldier or at me.

"The bullets plowed the ground around me as much as around him. He turned and went between the engine and baggage car and then crawled under the depot, but as the depot was on fire he could not stay there[.] He came out on the other side of the depot and they caught him and brought him around again and shot him down. It was

pitiful to see him beg for his life. There was a sick soldier on the train, who had been in St. Louis, and who was going home with his father. He was taken out, put in line, and shot down. There was a man named Baum on the train, who was reported to have a great deal of money. He gave them a large wallet. They asked him if it was all he had, and he said it was. They told him they would search him and if he were lying to them they would kill him. He then said that he had another wallet in his boot, and they killed him for lying to them.

"I was called into service by two six shooters at my head, and ordered to set fire to the train. All train hands and citizens standing around were put to work setting the train on fire. Four coaches and one baggage car and engine on the main track in front of the depot and nine box cars on the side track and the depot were all to be burned together. A few minutes later a work train came in sight, two miles east of Centralia, which changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the passenger train to be started out as it was all on fire. They began to look for the engineer and came across the fireman first. He was walking away trying not to attract attention. They asked him if he were the engineer. He replied, `No, Sir.' `Do you know where he is?' `Yes, Sir, there he is getting over the fence into the yard at the Collier Hotel.' They put spurs to their horses and fell in line, and overtaking me demanded that I should come with them.

"As there were ten of them, I didn't know whether I would live long enough to get there; especially as I had left without permission and they had told me to consider myself a prisoner until released. When I got to the officer in charge he asked me if I could get on the engine and start it and then jump off. I told him I could. They all put up their guns except one man who was going to shoot me, but the officer commanded him to put up his gun and thus saved my life.

"I told them that I would have to back the engine ten or fifteen feet to get the obstruction from under the pilot, that they had piled on the track to ditch the train. I backed the engine so they could get the obstruction from under the pilot and engine trucks.

"In those days an engine got its supply of water through a pump that could be operated only when the engine was in motion. They command-[illegible line] ling from all sides to `give 'er h__l' and brandishing their guns at me in the cab. I put on both pumps as the engine started off and it ran for about three and a half miles and stopped for want of steam. I was then released as a prisoner and remained a spectator, standing around to watch the movements of the work train.

"The train was approaching the station. Anderson's men circled around it half a mile or so, and came up behind. They brought it to a halt about fifty yards below the east platform of the depot. They had dragged a dead soldier out of the ditch and laid him across the track. Ed Rice, engineer Wm. Pierce, fireman and Ross Darby, conductor, were then ordered to give up their money, watches and valuables, even to their pocket knives.

"One of them discovered a breast-pin on Engineer Rice's shirt bosom and ordered him to hand it over. Rice told him that it was of no value and he did not need that, so he took out his gun and told him to hand it over and `be d___d quick about it.' Conductor Darby told the man that Rice had only one hand. `Then d__n you see if you can help him get it off.' Darby had to take the pin off Rice's shirt front. After handing it over Rice asked the trooper his name. `What the h__l do you want to know my name for?' `Oh,

just for fun.' `Well I will tell you my name, just for fun. It is Robertson. I am from Johnson county. I am the last of five brothers, and never stop shooting as long as I can see a blue jacket engineer.'

"Rice was ordered to pull his train up in front of the burning depot. He asked them to take the dead soldier off the track. They took out their revolvers and commanded him to run over the dead soldier, which he did, and the dead soldier threw the train off the track. This changed the program. Anderson ordered the train to be set on fire where it stood. The soldier was dragged from under the engine and the train crew compelled to fire the train, and every one around was called into service to set fire to the work train. After this the train crew was called up to get their orders. They were ordered to go to Mexico,14 miles east of Centralia and not to look back and I think these orders were strictly obeyed. The passenger crew did not get any marching orders. We were all released and Bill Anderson left the town and went south of Centralia.

"The officers and train crew on the passenger [sic] that day were J.H. Gamble superintendent; J.H. Beder fuel agent; Ben Dawler, baggage master; Geo. Cruthers, express messenger; Dick Gilchrist and Jewell Herbert, brakemen; Jack Kirby, fireman and James Clark, engineer.

"We put out the fire of the work train engine and then we pushed two box cars out from the nine that were burning. We pushed them up on the side track of the depot. Seven box cars and the depot were consumed. There was nothing else we could do. I told them the engine was all right and that I did not think that the passenger train had run over four miles west, and that I would fire up the work train engine and run her on into Sturgeon or until I overtook the passenger. The superintendent did not encourage me to steal the engine from the fire.

"I got my fireman and expressman, Geo. Cruthers. We started down the track and before we had gone half a mile the remainder of the crew and the passengers fell in line. After walking three and a half miles I found my engine out of steam but with plenty of water, and the wood burning on the tender, as this was in the days of the wood burners. The train was burnt, four coaches and one baggage car. I raised steam on the engine as quickly as possible and when the train crew and passengers came up, I was ready to go on to Sturgeon. There were 45 passengers when we got to Sturgeon, which we reached about 2 p.m. I stayed in Sturgeon until the train arrived from Macon City. By this time the fight was in progress between Bill Anderson and Major Johnson. Two of Johnson's men came in from the battleground just as I was leaving. Our train crew took the train which had came in and the passengers back to Macon.

"I left Sturgeon at 3:30 p.m. and reached the wood shed one mile north of Sturgeon to take wood on the engine. I saw a big gang of men coming across the prairie on horseback. Nearly all of the passengers on the train thought it was Bill Anderson and his men coming back and began yelling to me to pull out. I told them I would not pull out until they had given me some wood. I was wooded up in a hurry. Every man that could get near the tank threw on a stick. I was soon on my way and when near Renick I saw another big crowd on [illegible line] they were Federal soldiers or guerrillas, so I concluded not to stop there. As I passed the depot, I saw Col. Draper, from Macon, whom I knew. I then decided to stop and tell him what occurred at Centralia. Also the fight with Major Johnson. I did so, and then went on to Macon.

"Thus ended the day of September 27, 1864.

"There were no regular trains run between St. Charles and Macon on the 28th. The road was obstructed at Centralia, where the train had been burned the previous day and the track was torn up east of Mexico. I was ordered out from Macon to take Col. Forbes and ten men and proceed to Sturgeon at 10 a.m. All the citizens had been picking up Major Johnson's men that had been killed the day before by Anderson.

"While there we walked to a vacant warehouse, where we found twenty-three of Major Johnson's men who had been picked up on the prairie a few hours before. While standing there an ox team drove up with six more dead bodies in the wagon bed. I then started for Centralia with Col. Forbes and his guard. There I saw eighty-seven more of Major Johnson's men lying besides [sic] the track. This made 116 dead soldiers. Here I learned from good authority that there were forty-five who had been picked up and taken to Mexico. There were about 175, in all, including the 25 that were killed on the 27th. I returned to Macon City with Col. Forbes and his guard. Part of his regiment was stationed at Sturgeon and part at Macon City and made up the 42nd Missouri Regiment. On the 29th all trains were moving on time."

James Clark, or "Uncle Jimmy" as he is familiarly known, is one of the oldest of the Wabash engineers, having been with the road from the time it was the old North Missouri Railroad up to the present. He relates the facts of the killing of the unarmed soldiers with all the vividness of the happenings of a yesterday.

It was 10 o'clock a.m. when the guerrillas, led by Bill Anderson, came into Centralia. They robbed the citizens, plundered the stores of everything that struck their fancy, even taking new boots from the general store and filling them with whisky so they could carry it to camp. It was 11:30 when the passenger train came in. The battle southeast of town happened after three o'clock in the afternoon.

The old North Missouri Railroad, now the Wabash, was originally about six feet in width, and the change to its present gauge was made in a single day. This stupendous task was accomplished by marking the entire route in sections and just enough work for one day was apportioned to each gang of workmen.

The Liberty Advance, Liberty, Missouri, April 1, 1910 [re Dr. L. (Lee) C. Miller; (see also Donald R. Hale, *We Rode With Quantrill*, pp. 128-131)]

RODE WITH QUANTRELL.

A Resume by a Johnson County Man of the Stirring War Times.

[Newspaper interview with Quantrill veteran Lee C. Miller, then a physician at Knobnoster, Missouri]...

...In 1864, sixty-five of us, under Todd, killed all but one out of 100 Federals at the noted battle of Centralia. We did not go south that fall for we knew the war would soon be over..."

Columbia Statesman, Columbia, Missouri, January 3, 1913 [this transcription was made from a clipped article at the State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia.]

An Engineer's Story.

Following is the story of the Centralia massacre, September 27, 1864, as told by James Clark, an engineer:

As I have heard several accounts of the Centralia Massacre I have concluded to make a statement myself. What I know and what I saw I saw as I was running the engine that pulled the train on September 27, 1864.

"I was running at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour, and about 2 miles east of Centralia I discovered a big crowd of men on horseback. At first I did not pay much attention to them, thinking that they were state troops as it was not unusual in those days to find them any place and at most any station along the road. When I was about a mile away I remarked to my fireman I did not like their actions, and that we might strike the wrong gang this time, "if so, look out for yourself." They fell in line on the south side of the track about one hundred yards below the station. I glanced ahead and saw several men piling wood on the track to throw the train into the ditch.

I told my fireman to look out for himself. I pulled the throttle wide open and dropped down on the deck. By this time I was in front of them and they opened fire on us with a perfect shower of bullets into the engine and train. My intention was to go through and not even stop if the obstruction did not throw the train off of the track.

In those days we did not have air brakes. The guerillas being on the south side of the track and the depot on the east side, the brakeman never saw them until they opened fire on the train. The brakeman rushed into the cars and set all the brakes tight which brought the train to a stop in front of the depot. The throttle was wide open, slipping her wheels, spinning on the engine; there was a shower of bullets. I saw they had me foiled so I raised up and shut off the throttle and then dropped on the deck again. In three or four seconds I saw half dozen revolvers pointed at me and my fireman, demanding money, watches, valuables, etc. My fireman was shot in the breast but it was only a flesh wound and did not amount to much. I thought he was shot bad until I made an investigation and found the blood flowing freely. My fireman asked them for God's sake not to kill us.

They replied: "We do not want any of you men, but want you to consider yourselves prisoners and obey orders." This relieved us at this time greatly. In a few seconds my fireman was called off the engine to held [sic] their horses while they went through the express and baggage. I was called into service then with a half dozen shooters pointed at me. I had two Union Flags 20x30, one on each side of my headlight.

"Take down those flags, was the howl from a dozen or more throats.

I did not expect to live long enough to take them down as they stood over me, giving me awful tongue lashings, with a shooter leveled at me.

At this time they were going through passengers relieving all of them of their valuables and marching the soldiers out to be shot. There were twenty-two soldiers and three citizens shot and killed on the train, and eighteen soldiers in line, when the word was given to fire. About half of them fell in the first fire. Then they broke ranks and were shot running.

One fine looking young man, a surgeon [i.e., a sergeant] in some company, stripped off his uniform to put on citizens clothes, but he did not have time to make the change and was marshaled out with the rest. He did not fall in the first fire but broke and ran towards the engine where I was standing at the time looking on and it was hard telling which they were shooting at, the soldier or me, for a second the bullets were plowing the ground up all round me.

He turned and went between the engine and the baggage car and crawled under the depot, but the depot was all on fire so he could not stay under there. He came out on the other side of the depot and they caught him again and brought him around and shot him down where he started from with the rest. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor fellow beg for his life. There was a sick soldier on the train who had been in a St. Louis hospital and his father was bringing him home. He was taken from his father, put in line and shot down.

There was a man, a citizen, his name was said to be Baum, and he had quite a lot of money with him. He gave them quite a wallet of money and they asked him if that was all he had. He replied that it was. They said they would search him and if they discovered any more they would kill him. He later acknowledged he had a wallet in his boots so they killed him for lying to them. I saw them shoot him down. Here I was called into service by six shooters at my head with orders to set fire to the train, also all train hands and citizens were put to work setting the train on fire. Four coaches and one baggage car and engine on the main track in front of the depot and nine box cars on the side track in front of the depot were burned up together. A few minutes later a work train came into sight two miles east of Centralia, which changed the program.

Bill Anderson then ordered the passenger train to be strated [sic] out as it was all on fire.

They at once began to look for the engineer and they came across my fireman first, while he was walking away as not to attract attention.

They asked him if he was the engineer. He replied: "No, sir."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes sir, there he is getting over the fence into the yard at the Collier Hotel."

They put spurs to their horses and fell into line and demanded of me to come, each one of them with about 3:30 p.m. and arrived at the [sic] a gun leveled at me. There being about ten of them I didn't know whether I would be alive long enough to get there as I had left without permission myself a prisoner until released. When I got to them the officers in charge of the squad asked me if I could get on the engine and start it and then jump off. I replied that I could.

They all put up their guns except one and he was about to shoot me when one of the officers commanded his [sic] to stop.

I told the officer that I would have to back the engine ten or fifteen feet to get the obstructions they had piled on the track to ditch the train out from under the pilot. I backed the engine so they could get the obstruction out from under the pilot and engine truck. They then commanded me turn the engine loose and yelling at me from all sides with their six shooters waving at me in the cab of the engine. In those days an engine got its supply of water from a pump that could be operated only when the engine was in motion. I put on both pumps as the engine started off.

It was about three miles and a half before it stopped. The boiler was full of water and out of steam.

Here I was released as a prisoner from Bill Anderson and then became a spectator, standing near by to watch the movements of the work train. As the train was approaching the station they circled around it a half mile or so and came up behind, brought it to a halt about fifty yards below the east platform of the depot with the dead soldier dragged out of the ditch and laid across the track. Ed Rice, engineer and William Price, fireman, and Ross Carby, conductor, were then ordered to give up their money, watches and other valuables even to their pocket knives.

One of them discovered a breast pin on Engineer Rice's shirt bosom and ordered him to hand it over. Engineer Rice told him it was of no account, and that he did not need that, so he took out his shooter and demanded it "and quick, too." Then thinking that he was wasting too much time, made another demand. Conductor Darby spoke up and told him he could not get it off as quick as if he had two hands. "Then see if you can help him get it off?"

Conductor Darby had to take the pin off Engineer Rice's bosom.

After he had handed it over, Rice asked the guerilla his name.

"What do you want to know my name for?" Well I will tell you my name for fun. It is Robertson. I am from Johnson county and I am the last of five brothers and never stop shooting as long as I can see a blue jacket engineer."

Rice was then ordered to pull up his train in front of the burning depot. They were asked by Rice to take the dead soldiers off the thrack [sic]. They took their six shooters out and commanded him to run over them which he did, and the dead soldiers threw the engine off the track. This changed the program. Bill Anderson then ordered the train to be set on fire where it stood.

The soldiers were dragged out from under the engine and the train crew was then ordered to set fire to their train and every one that was standing around was called into service to set fire to the work train. After this job was completed the train crew of the work train was called up in line to get their orders. Their orders were to go to Mexico, thirteen miles east of Centralia, and not to look back, and I guess they didn't from the time they were making down the track.

The crew on the passenger train did not get any marching orders.

We were all released and Bill Anderson left town and went south of Centralia. The officers and train crew on the train that day were: J.H. Gamble, superintendent; J.H. Bender, fuel agent; Ben Dawler, baggage master, George Cruthers, express messenger; Dick Gilcrist and Jeweles Herbert, brakeman [sic]; Jack Kirby, fireman and James Clark, engineer.

As we had no instructions we concluded to act upon our judgment. We first put out the fire on the work train engine, and then we pushed two box cars from the nine that were burning on the side track back of the depot. Seven box cars and the depot were burned up. There was nothing else that we could do.

I then had a talk with Supt. J.H. Gamble, and my conductor, Overall, asking them what they thought we had better do. I told them the engine was all right, that I did not think it had run more than four miles and that I would fire her up and go on to Sturgeon. The Superintendent did not give me any encouragement as to what to do about stealing the engine out of the fire. I got my fireman and express messenger, George Cruthers.

We started down the track together and had not gone a half mile before the rest of our crew fell in line, passengers also.

I found the engine after walking three and a half miles, out of steam but with plenty of water and the wood burning on the tender, as all engines in those days burned wood.

The train, f[o]ur coaches and the baggage car had been burned. I raised steam on the engine as quickly as possible and when the train crew and passengers came up, I was ready to go to Sturgeon with the engine.

I started from the burning train with forty-five passengers and crew on the engine to Sturgeon, arriving there at about 2 o'clock p.m.

I remained at Sturgeon until the train arrived from Macon City.

Now the fight is going on between Major Johnson and Bill Anderson. Two of Johnson's men came in off the battle ground just as I was leaving, our train crew taking the train that came from Macon to take our passengers through and what they had back to Macon. I left Sturgeon about 3:30 p.m. and arrived at the wood shed one mile north of Sturgeon to take wood on the engine. There was a big gang of men coming across the prairie on horseback. Most all the passengers and crew thought it was Bill Anderson or some other outlaws and were yelling at me to pull out.

I told them that I could not go until they gave me some wood.

Every man that could get near the tank threw on a stick and I was soon on my way and when within a mile or so of Renick, I discovered a big crowd on horseback. I did not know whether they were Federal soldiers or guerillas, so I came to the conclusion that I would not stop there. I passed the depot at forty miles an hour, and I discovered Col. Draper from Macon and being acquainted with him, I came to the conclusion to stop and tell him what had happened at Centralia and about the fight with Major Johnson. I then went to Macon, arriving there at 7:30 p.m. This completed the day's work of September 27, 1864.--Macon Republican.

National Tribune, October 22, 1914

The Massacre at Centralia.

Editor National Tribune: To settle a dispute in regard to the Centralia (Mo.) Massacre on Sept. 27, 1864, how many men did Maj. Johnson have in his command there, how many were killed and how many got away from Anderson and his guerrillas.--T.J. Payne, Columbia, Mo.

Sept. 24, 1864, Lieut.-Col. Draper, 9th Mo. State Militia Cav., heard that Fayette, Mo., had been captured by the guerrillas under Quantrell, and he sent Maj. Johnson to follow them up with 150 men. He came upon the guerrillas, dismounted his men and formed them in line, each man holding his horse. The guerrillas charged him, broke the line and murdered all those whom they could catch. One hundred and fifty dead bodies had been found at the time of the report, of whom 17 were scalped and one man had his nose cut off. The men belonged to Cos. A, G and H, 39th Mo. The official reports say that there were two officers and 114 men killed, 2 men wounded and 6 men missing. Maj. Johnson and Capt. J.A. Smith were the officers killed. Capt. Theis succeeded in getting away with 18 men.

National Tribune, December 10, 1914

The Centralia Massacre.

Editor National Tribune: Some weeks ago someone wrote for information regarding the number of men killed in the Centralia massacre. I belonged to Co. H, commanded by Capt. Theis, one of the companies engaged in that unfortunate affair. The roster of the 39th Mo. shows there were 123 men killed and two wounded, who, fortunately, escaped. In addition to this, and previous to the fight, Bill Anderson stopped a train on which were about 25 soldiers, some discharged and some going home on sick furlough, whom he lined up and shot. They were unarmed. That brings it to 150.--Benedict Tisher, Hannibal, Mo.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, July 9, 1915

CENTRALIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

At various times we learn more of the old days of Centralia and of the one eventful day during the Civil War when the Battle of Centralia was fought. Almost every new tale of this event brings a new horror and a new thought of the horrors of war.

Reuben Russell, living five miles west of Centralia is one of the few remaining persons who were living in Centralia at the time of the War and who was an eye-witness of the "Bill Anderson Massacre,["] September 27, 1864.

Mr. Russell was in town Saturday and talked with us about the scenes exacted that day. He was living on a farm south of town where the old Reid place is and on the W.I. Keene farm as it is now, just south of the Charley Jacobs place. He had come to the village on the morning of September 27, 1864 to buy some nails and had $2.50 in money in his pocket. The first one of Dave Pool's bushwhackers that accosted him relieved him of his money at the point of a six shooter, taking his rawhide purse also. They then pressed Mr. Russell into service and made him hold four of the bushwhackers horses. He saw the train when it came in and saw the unarmed soldiers taken off the cars and shot. Mr. Russell says the guerrillas stood on the railroad right of way just south of the track, facing south. The unarmed soldiers were stood up in a single line facing the men with the revolvers. They were man for man in numbers; the firing squad and the doomed men. Their position was on Railroad street between the track and the present site of the vacant Jacobs lot on Railroad and Rollins street. There was just ten paces between the two lines when the order was given to fire. At the first fire the line broke but every man was killed except one who was singled out and was not stood up with the balance. Mr. Russell says he does not know why this one man was spared. He says the two men who were said to have been stripped of their uniforms by Anderson, were caught on the train trying to change their uniforms to civilians' clothes, which they carried with them.

Mr. Russell went home after the killing and while he was in the house a guerrilla rode up and, throwing down the rails of the front fence, came up to the house with his horse and called on Mr. Russell to come out. He went out on the front porch and the fellow stuck the barrel of a six shooter within a foot of his stomach and told him he was going to kill him for informing on him. He told the man he was mistaken, that he had not informed on him at all. Mrs. Russell came out of the house and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and also told the fellow that her husband had not informed on him. The fellow seemed cross and surly and was in a very bad humor. He kept the revolver pointed at Mr. Russell, and finally said: "Well, you've got some money here and I want it." Mr. Russell said, "Well, if I've got to die I ain't going to die with a lie on my lips." Turning to his wife he told her to go and get the fellow their money. Mrs. Russell brought the money out in the purse and handed it to her husband who gave it to the fellow, telling him it was his. The bushwhacker counted the money over and found there was $46 in the purse which he emptied and handed back to Mr. Russell. Taking his empty purse he remarked, "You are more generous than your pardner [sic] was this morning, he took my purse, too.["] The bushwhacker was in a good humor now that he had the money, and he said he had no use for the purse, and rode away with the money in his pocket.

Mr. Russell says he saw a great deal if not all of the fight south of town, and that the men who fell at the first fire and were wounded were afterward shot by the guerrillas, who rode back over the field. This accounts for the fact that so many of the skulls were found with a hole in the center of the forehead; the guerrillas had taken deliberate aim at the helpless men and shot them in the head to be sure none escaped alive. One man was wounded while running into town near the present site of Charley Jacobs' house and was lying in the prairie after the horses had swept on toward the little village and toward the west. The soldier got up on his elbow and talked with those who rode past him. Mr. Russell says he had just begun to conclude that the soldiers or the federals would make him take him into his home and take care of him, when two guerrillas rode up to where the man was lying and saw that he was not dead. They got down and one of them picked up the soldier's musket and shot him dead with it, then went up and stuck the bayonet through the body pinning it to the earth. Dr. Sneed afterward removed the bayonet and it taxed his strength to do so.

The federal cavalry from Moberly came to Centralia the next day and pressed in the citizens and farmers to pick up the dead soldiers and haul them to Centralia. Mr. Russell was one of those so impressed. He says after the bodies had been gathered up the cavalry fired one volley over them and rode away, leaving the citizens to bury the bodies. He helped to gather the bodies and says two of them were buried where they fell, south of town, and all those who fell west of town on the road to Sturgeon, were taken to Moberly by the cavalry as they went back to their station. The balance were interred without coffins in one large grave east of town on the Wabash railroad right of way.

Mr. Russell is now an old man in the seventys, and is partially blind from cataracts on his eyes, but he can remember the happenings of September, 1864, as plainly as tho they occurred yesterday. He is about the only man not engaged in the battle, who saw the fight at close range, and who is still alive.

An account published in the Guard written by a Monroe county man who was with Major Johnson in the battle, differs with some of the other accounts in some respects. This account was published October 8, 1897 and we just last week discovered it in the files. This writes [sic] says Major Johnson was attracted to Centralia by a dense smoke in this direction. He was at the time in Monroe county and, fearing something was wrong, he mounted his raw infantry on farm horses and rode over here. Some of the men had never loaded a musket with the then new paper cartridges and they did not know how to bite the paper tail off the cartridge or which end of the cartridge to put downward into the muzzle of the musket.

The writer also says that the ball that unhorsed Major Johnson struck him in the side under the sword arm as he was waving the weapon to encourage his men. He says Major Johnson was afterward shot while he lay wounded and he was also scalped but was not mutilated in the manner of the others.

National Tribune, July 15, 1915

The Centralia Massacre.

Editor National Tribune: There have been so many conflicting reports about the Centralia Massacre of Sept. 27, 1864, that I will be glad if you will give a history of this. The 39th Mo. was the regiment that was so unmercifully butchered at that time.--W.T. Reed, Sergeant, Co. C, 39th Mo., Centralia, Mo.

The report of Lieut.-Col. Daniel M. Draper, Sept. 29, 1864, says that 600 bushwhackers under Quantrill attacked the 9th Mo. Cav. at Fayette. The guerrillas in advance were dressed in Federal uniform, but a provost guard took post in the courthouse and fought the bushwhackers off. They fell back from Centralia about two miles and Maj. Johnson, of the 39th Mo., started in pursuit with 150 men. The guerrillas charged him, broke his line and massacred nearly every man, scalping 17 and committing other outrages. There were altogether found 174 dead bodies. By the time Col. Draper came upon the scene the guerrillas had gotten 30 hours start and pursuit was useless. At Centralia Bill Anderson and his villains took 21 soldiers from the train and shot them, robbed the passengers and set the train on fire. Cos. A, G and H of the 39th Mo., were in Maj. Johnson's command and were cut to pieces. Altogether they lost two officers and 114 men killed, two enlisted men wounded and six enlisted men missing.--Editor National Tribune.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, July 16, 1915

CENTRALIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The one point never touched upon in any of the histories of the Centralia battle is the action of the Federal troop here after the massacre. We learn from Mrs. J.H. Cupp, a daughter of Thos. S. Sneed, one of the old pioneers of Centralia, that after the massacre of September 27th, 1864, which happened on Tuesday, a troop of Dutch soldiers from St. Charles came here on Saturday and set fire to the Boone House, T.S. Sneed's hotel. Mr. Sneed had packed most of his goods in a car and was going to St. Louis to live. The car was attached to the same train on which the St. Charles troop were going back to St. Louis. When the train had gotten as far east as the creek (Young's creek) where the old water tank was, operated by a horse-power treadmill, the officer in charge of the troop learned that Major Jas. S. Rollins, of Columbia had extinguished the fire in the hotel. The officer ordered the train to back up to the village, where the soldiers got off again and went to the hotel, tore up a mattress and set it on fire to destroy the building. A cordon of soldiers with bayonets fixed were drawn around the hotel and the officer said he would kill any man who attempted to put the fire out again. This time the hotel was burned to the ground.

The troop was then taken back to St. Charles, as none of the Federal soldiers seemed to want to stay in Centralia any longer at one time than was necessary. When the train got to Mexico, the car with Mr. Sneed's goods was set out on a side track. We do not know if the Federal officer knew the goods belonged to Mr. Sneed or not.

It has been erroneously stated that the soldiers burned the old Eldorado House here, but it was the Boone House, the hotel conducted by T.S. Sneed. Mr. Sneed was leaving the village on this occasion because he had been ordered to feed all the Federal soldiers free who came to his place and he could not afford to do so.

People did some horrible things in the days of the war, things at which our souls would revolt today. They were ruled by passion and prejudice in those times and they seem to have given little thought to the consequences.

On Friday, November 18, 1864 a lot of negroes were murdered near Sturgeon by parties who have never been apprehended.

An old negro woman, the slave of Edward Graves, living about eight miles from Sturgeon, on the old Rocheport road, had left here home and gone to Sturgeon to live under the protection of the Federal soldiers. The woman had gone to the home of her former master and induced another negro woman, a boy and two small children to go back to Sturgeon with her. They all got in a wagon and started to Sturgeon. When they had proceeded about two miles on their road, being within six miles southwest of Sturgeon, when three men dressed in Federal uniforms, overtook them, compelled the two women, the girls and the boy to go into the woods with them. Here they hung one of them to a tree and shot into her body. They then shot the other woman, the boy and the girl, leaving their bodies lying in the woods. The two smaller children were returned to their home.

No one was ever found who knew who did the deed or why. The people of the locality and the soldiers looked over the ground and the soldiers ordered the people to

bury the bodies. History don't say where they were buried, but probably where they fell, as both the Federal soldiers and the people of that day usually considered a negro merely an animal.

The Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Missouri, October 24, 1915 [short excerpt]

James Boys Not Heroes, Jim Cummins Says

Much of the Romance Surrounding the Notorious Missouri Bandit Chiefs Destroyed by the Old Outlaw.

Who Jim Cummins Is.

Jim Cummins is writing a book.

Who is Jim Cummins? What! You haven't heard of Jim Cummins? That proves you to be of the younger generation.

Cummins is almost the last of the original Jesse James gang. There is just one other alive: Cole Younger.

Cummins is 69 years old and lives in the Confederate Home in Higinsville, Mo. Cummins was born in the same neighborhood with Jesse and Frank James in Clay County and they were playmates. He and Jesse enlisted together in the war under the black flag of Bill Anderson, the land pirate of the border, who used to hang festoons of human ears on his bridle reins. Every time Bill Anderson killed a man he cut off his ears and hung them to his horse's bridle.

Cummins and Jesse James were rough riders together through the border wars and were bandits together for ten or fifteen years thereafter...

...Cummins...was never arrested, was never behind the bars and now is spending the closing years of his turbulent life in the peace and quietude of the Confederate Home and writing a book.

Published After His Death.

Why should Jim Cummins write a book?

That's just what I asked him, and here is his answer:

"Not for money, because this book of mine is not going to be seen by anyone until after I am dead. I am writing it so that the truth about the James gang may be known at last. The truth has never been told. I am going to tell it and tell it all."

..."Another reason I want to write the book," he tells you, "I want to tear the mask off of Frank and Jesse James. Posing as heroes! Bah! They were just common, ordinary robbers, traitors and double crossers. Heroes? Not on your life. I know. I rode with them, went into the jaws of death and the fumes of hell with them. I knew Frank and Jesse better than any man that ever lived, and I tell you they were just plain robbing crooks, without honor."

Frank posed for years as the best of the two. After Jesse was killed Frank went on permanent exhibition, as a race starter at fairs, as doorkeeper of the toughest theater in St. Louis, posing as the victim of his brother, Jesse. He let the whole world say and believe that Jesse was the worst of the two. He never opened his mouth to correct it. I knew them and I tell you that both of them were bad enough, but Jesse was the better of the two..."

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, December 10, 1915

SAW CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Rev. Mr. Green, of Cameron, was in Centralia last week, enroute home after a visit with some relatives in this county. While here Rev. Green told of having witnessed the Bill Anderson massacre south east of here during the Civil War. Mr. Green was at that time only nine years old and on the 27th day of September, 1864 he was going to school at the Singleton school house then about three miles southeast of here. It was the custom in those days to let school out at 4:30 instead of 4:00 o'clock, as at present. There was a recitation going on in the school when a man on horseback rode up to the school house and called out to the teacher that there was going to be a battle and they had better get out as there was no telling where the fight might take place. The scholars and teacher made for the door, every one for himself, and as they got out they saw the man riding away to the south. This man was said to have been either Frank James or Bill Todd, as he claimed authority in the Anderson forces.

Rev. Green says he had a half a mile to go to his home, which was south of the place where the bushwhackers formed their line and he had to pass to the east of their lines. When he got home he found his father mounted on the best horse they had and he was telling his mother that if the Union force was victorious he would have to cut his lucky [sic] for a safer place, as he was a Southern sympathizer, and he then rode away from the fight. Rev. Green got up in the bed of a farm wagon where he could see the two opposing forces plainly, and he says they were all out in the open and none of them were behind the plum thicket. The Union forces under Major Johnson were throwing down a rail fence to get thru into the open, and were to the west and facing the Anderson men. Rev. Green places the Anderson men west of the draw in the field, but contrary to others, he puts them also west of the Fullenwider house. The Union forces began to advance and then stopped and fired one rolling volley from their muskets. They had dismounted and were standing and firing. The Anderson force were mounted and they started forward rapidly and Rev. Green says he never saw a prettier horse race in his life, every horse going at full speed and the line almost unbroken. When the Anderson men got within a few rods of the Union force there was a small cloud of white smoke and the sound of a volley of revolver shots. The horses continued to sweep on and there was another rolling volley from the revolvers at within a few yards of the Federals, and then the pop, pop, popping of the revolvers here and there over the field and then the long race toward Centralia as the guerrillas followed the men who had been left to hold the horses and who had bolted for town after the effects of the first volley had been noted.

Rev. Green says his father came back, but would not let him go out on the battle field for several days after the fight, and when the bodies had been removed. He says Bill Anderson rode up to the house and told his father to arrange boxes and burial for the three guerrillas who were killed in the fight, and named several other Southern sympathizers who were to help.

Rev. Green had been allowed to go to the camp of the guerrillas when they made their camp near the home before the fight, and he was in this camp when Todd and Poole with their men came in after the sacking of Centralia. He heard them tell what they had done and says he remembers distinctly of seeing them with the goods they had taken and

one man especially who had a pair of brand new boots strapped to his saddle, which he handed down to another man who took them, loosened the strap and drank the whiskey which had been poured into them from a barrel in town.

The soldiers all liked to play marbles and after the battle Rev. Green went over the ground and picked up marbles enough that had been dropped or taken from the pockets of the dead men to fill a sleeve taken from an old shirt which his mother made into a sack by sewing up one end. He says he often wishes he had kept the marbles but he gave many of them away or played "keeps" and lost them until they are all gone.

Rev. Green calls to mind that one gray horse and a mule was killed in the fight, or rather, the mule was killed and the horse crippled by a minie ball and rendered worthless. The mule was left where he fell and Mr. Green and the other boys went out and cut long strips of his hide off his back to make strings for their cross-bows.

His father was James Green, who for many years lived south of Centralia, and the family were neighbors to Reuben Russell and others who lived in that locality in those days.

The Columbia Daily Times, Columbia, Missouri, December 11, 1915

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MASSACRE AT CENTRALIA

Yesterday's Centralia Guard says:

"Rev. Mr. Green of Cameron, was in Centralia last week, enroute home after a visit with same [sic] relatives in the county. While here Rev. Green told of having witnessed the Bill Anderson massacre southeast of here during the Civil War. Mr. Green was at that time only nine years old and on the 27th day of September, 1864 he was going to school at the Singleton school house then about three miles southeast of here. It was the custom in those days to let school out at 4:30 instead of $:00 [sic] o'clock, as at present. There was a recitation going on in the school when a man on horseback rode up to the school house and called out to the teacher that there was going to be a battle and they had better get out as there was no telling where the fight might take place. The scholars and teacher made for the door, every one for himself, and as they got out they saw the man riding away to the south. This man was said to have been either Frank James or Bill Todd, as he claimed authority in the Anderson forces.

"Rev. Green says he had a half a mile to go to his home, which was south of the place where the bushwhackers formed their line and he had to pass to the east of their lines. When he got home he found his father mounted on the best horse they had and he was telling his mother that if the Union force was victorious he would have to cut his luck for a safer place, as he was a Southern sympathizer, and he then rode away from the fight. Rev. Green got up in the bed of a farm wagon where he could see the two opposing forces plainly, and he says they were all out in the open and none of them were behind the plum thicket. The Union forces under Major Johnson were throwing down a rail fence to set [sic] through the open, and were to the west and facing the Anderson men. Rev. Green places the Anderson men west of the draw in the field, but contrary to others he puts them also west of the Fullenwider house. The Union forces began to advance and then stopped and fired one rolling volley from their muskets. They had dismounted and were standing and firing. The Anderson force were mounted and they started forward rapidly and Rev. Green says he never saw a prettier horse race in his life, every horse going at full speed and tine [sic; i.e., the line] almost unbroken. When the Anderson men got within a few rods of the Union force there was a small cloud of white smoke and the sound of a volley of revolver shots. The horses continued to sweep on and there was another rolling volley from the revolvers at within a few yards of the Federals, and then the pop, pop, popping of the revolvers here and there over the field and then the long race toward Centralia as the guerrillas followed the men who had been left to hold the horses and who had bolted for town after the effects of the first volley had been noted.

"Rev. Green says his father came back, but would not let him go out on the battle field for several days after the fight, and when the bodies had been removed. He says Bill Anderson rode up to the house and told his father to arrange boxes and burial for the three guerrillas who were killed in the fight, and named several other Southern sympathizers who were to help.

"Rev. Green had been allowed to go to the camp of the guerrillas when they made their camp near the home before the fight, and he was in this camp when Todd and Poole with their men came in after the sacking of Centralia. He heard them tell what they had

done and says he remembers distinctly of seeing them with the goods they had taken and one man especially who had a pair of brand new boots strapped to his saddle, which he handed down to another man who took them, loosened the strap and drank the whiskey which had been poured into them from a barrel in town.

"The soldiers all liked to play marbles and after the battle Rev. Green went over the ground and picked up marbles enough that had been dropped or taken from the pockets of the dead men to fill a sleeve taken from an old shirt which his mother made into a sack by sewing up one end. He says he often wishes he had kept the marbles but he gave many of them away or played "keeps" and lost them until they are all gone.

"Rev. Green calls to mind that one gray horse and a mule was killed in the fight, or rather, the mule was killed and the horse crippled by a mine [sic] ball and rendered worthless. The mule was left where he fell and Mr. Green and the other boys went out and cut long strips of his hide off his back to make strings for their cross-bows.

"His father was James Green, who for many years lived south of Centralia, and the family were neighbors to Reuben Russell and others who lived in that locality in those days."

The Columbia Daily Times, Columbia, Missouri, December 15, 1915

About That Centralia Massacre.

I wish to settle some facts in regard to the famous Centralia Massacre. I see that you recently clipped from the Centralia Guard an account of the massacre by the Rev. Mr. Green of Cameron, Mo.

I wish to correct some mistakes that he made in regard to the massacre. I have read different accounts: one of them is that Major Johnson commanded 400 men there and that only one got away. The records at Washington, D.C., also at Jefferson City, will show that Major Johnson was in command of 147 men of the 39th Missouri infantry, and that twenty-five got away. Company A lost fifty-six killed, company B 51 and compnay H fifteen, a total of 122 killed.

This happened as follows: Bill Anderson and his men took twenty-two soldiers and three citizens from a train to Centralia and shot them to death. One of them was a sick soldier who had been in a St. Louis hospital. His father was bringing him home. He was taken from his father, put in line and shot before his father's face.

Soon after this Bill Anderson left Centralia. Major Johnson came into Centralia the next day. If Major Johnson had waited one day longer, we would have been there 2000 strong, the whole force of the Ninth Missouri Cavalry. But knowing of the assassination of the sick soldier and the helpless prisoners, anger overruled Major Johnson's better judgment. I will now give you what one of Major Johnson's men told me in after years. This man said that when Major Johnson's men reached Centralia a small band of the guerillas [sic] galloped off to the south. This was only to get Johnson's men into a trap into which they soon fell. The citizens advised Major Johnson not to follow the departing guerillas as they outnumbered his men. But Major Johnson did not heed the advice of men who had seen both commands. Major Johnson then gave the command to go forward and his troops had not ridden more than two miles when they came upon the guerillas over the brow of a hill. The men were in line of battle out on the prairie as the country was at that time. Except for a farm here and there the country was thinly settled.

Major Johnson ordered his men to dismount and instructed every fourth man to hold the horses. The command was then formed in line of battle fifty paces in front of their horses. Being infantry the men had only guns as the horses were borrowed for the occasion. The enemy had from four to six revolvers each. Johnson's men had not more than formed their line when the enemy charged them coming as fast as their horses could run. This was done so that they could reach the company before they they had time to reload after the first volley. The men of Johnson's command fired one volley but the enemy were among them before they could reload. Johnson's men were at the mercy of the enemy but if they had been taken as prisoners they would not have lost over ten or fifteen men.

The man who told me the story said he ran between the men as they were shooting down the prisoners. He sought refuge behind a haystack in a meadow where he heard the revolver fire of the Anderson squad shooting their unarmed prisoners. Not even all of the men who were holding the horoseoso [sic] got away. They turned the horses loose and they immediately stampeded leaving the men in the open prairie without a gun among them.

The man who told me this crawled out of the hay in the night and got away. One of the men who had been holding the horses, so a well known Centralia woman afterwards said, ran into the town, ran around a house and finally entered it in order to hide. This woman said that the man hid under a leaf table. One of Anderson's men who found him there said that he would not kill a dog in a lady's house, hence two troopers grabbed the man by the legs, pulled him into the yard where they shot him to death.

"Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and I am glad it is thus.

J.M. JACKS.

The Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Missouri, August 22, 1917

Taps Will Sound Soon for Last of Quantrills.

What May Be the Last Reunion of the Famous Guerrilla Band Will Be Held Next Saturday Near Independence.

Once more, at Wallace's Grove, near Independence, on August 25, the roll will be called of the survivors of that "sable fringe on the blood red garment of civil war," the famous guerrilla band led by William Clark Quantrill, whose exploits in the border lands of Missouri and Kansas made the most lurid chapters in the history of the great conflict between the North and South.

It probably will be the last roll call. Every year, for many years past, in that peaceful grove upon the slopes of Blue Ridge, through which they once rode under the banner of vengeance and reprisal, leaving death and terror in their wake, these now wrinkled and grizzled veterans have foregathered to renew the brotherhood that was cemented and sealed in the desperate, exterminating warfare of the brush in the days when brother fought with brother and the quality of mercy was strained almost to a vanishing point by the code of the reckless riders who ranged themselves under the black flag.

Each year death has been taking his toll of the old guerrillas. Last year only thirty-two signed the register at the annual reunion, and many of these were men who had joind the band during the latter years of the war. This year perhaps less than twenty will respond to the muster call. Many of the old members live in distant states and are now too old to travel. Of the few who remain in Jackson County, the youngest in years are well on their way past the three score and ten mark, many of them were boys when they joined the band more than half a century ago.

Few of the old guard--the trusted lieutenants of that relentless, long necked, yellow haired, Roman nosed, blood and iron captain who ruled the destinies of the band from 1861 to 1864, are now in the land of the living. Cole Younger will not answer the call this year. Frank James will not be there. Fletcher Taylor and Dave Hilton, who was with Quantrill when he got his death wound in Kentucky, and Capt. William H. Gregg and John W. Koger, who rode with Quantrill in nearly all his raids, will be missed.

Joined Band at 16.

"The old boys are going fast," said George Noland, the present secretary of the reunion association, at his home, 2526 Spruce. "I don't know how many of them we can get together this year. I guess there's a good many of us due to go from now on. We're getting well along the road. I reckon they made me secretary on account of my youth. I'll be 73, or thereabouts, next birthday. I was only 16 when I joined. They got me at the Battle of Westport, killed my horse, and when they killed a Quantrill man's horse, they killed his best friend. They tried me by drumhead court martial and sentenced me to death, and if it hadn't been for an old time Jackson County neighbor who was on the other side, I guess they'd had to look around for another secretary about this time. I'm trying to

get as many of the boys to come this year as I can, for we all realize that there won't be many more reunions in Wallace Grove--this may be the last one.

"The few that are left are pretty well scattered, and they are getting too old to take long trips. Tuck Hill is farming--well, I guess he isn't doing very much farming either--down at McKinney, Tex. Sam Kimberlin is living at Clarendon, Tex., and Allan Palmer--he and Frank James were probably the last of the boys to see Quantrill alive--they went and tried to get him out of the hospital in Kentucky after he was wounded, but Quantrill told them the game was up and they had to leave him there. Allan Palmer is still living and pretty well-to-do down in Eldorado, Tex. George Shull lives down at Valley Park, Mo., and Tyler Burns is still out here at Byram's Ford, where he used to do a good deal of brush fighting in the old days. Those are some of the names that you will read a good deal about in the histories of the old guerrilla days."

As an organization, Quantrill's guerrilla band was peculiarly a Jackson County institution--it began its existence as a military entity with a recognized leader in this county. It held its last meeting under Quantrill's leadership in Jackson County. Much uncertain laudatory and condemnatory history has been written about the band. They kept no military records, they left no military reports. The organization was recognized by neither the Federal nor the Confederate governments. It was outlawed by the former and never acknowledged as an army unit by the latter government. According to the most authentic accounts, there were only ten men in the original band--William Hallar, George Todd, Joseph Gilchrist, Perry Hoy, John Little, James Little, Joe Vaughan, William H. Gregg, James A. Hendricks, and John W. Koger--when they met, about Christmas time, 1861, at or near the farm of Mrs. Samuel Crump, on the old Independence-Blue Springs road, and enrolled, as an anti-Jayhawker association, under Quantrill's leadership, the main pledge that was exacted from them being that they were neither to give nor to expect quarter. Of this original band, Joe Vaughan, who lives near Oak Grove, is perhaps the only one remaining. Their first fight was on the 27th of January, 1862, at the house of Noah Alexander, in Sni-a-bar township, where they met seventeen of Jennison's Jayhawkers. It was a pistol fusilade from cover on both sides, only one man being killed and he was on the Quantrill side. Crocket Ralston, John Frisby and John Barnhill, three citizens who took part in this fight, afterward joined the band.

It was in December, 1864, that the last rendezvous of the band, with Quantrill still in the saddle, took place on Jackson County soil, at the Kimmel farm, six miles from Independence. Between 1861 and 1864 much bloody history had been enacted by the guerrilla band within and without the borders of Jackson County. They had fought with Price and with Shelby, at Wilson's Creek and Lone Jack and Independence and Westport, in one fashion and another, and they had left a name at Lawrence and Centralia which it will take another half century to forget. In 1864 the doom of the Confederacy was plain to be read, and Quantrill read it among the first. He sent out the call for the last reunion of the band, held under his leadership in Jackson County, his intention being, so it has been stated by many who were in his confidence, to take his followers south and surrender them with the Confederate Army, to give them the benefit of whatever clemency should be extended to the conquered, to save them from being a hunted and outlawed band after the war was over. But there are other historians of that period who say that his purpose was not so kindly or sentimental, that his plan was to take the remnants of his old band on to Washington and to assassinate President Lincoln, as a last

desperate attempt to demoralize the Federal Army. But perhaps the best evidence that such was not his intention, lies in the fact that he went to Kentucky and not to Washington.

Though between the date of the first organization of the band and that of its last meeting on Jackson County soil it had numbered as high as four hundred members, there were but twenty-five or thirty who gathered at the Kimmel farm in 1864 to follow their leader on his last expedition. The following are the names of the men who started to Kentucky with him, according to the statements of survivors: Sylvester Akers, Peyton Long, Allen Palmer, Chat Renick, Frank James, Dick Burns, Andy McGuire, Jim Williams, Tom Hall, George Hall, Dick Glasscock, Clark Hockensmith, R.M. Venable, Joe Gibson, Payne Jones, Jack Graham, Jim Little, Bill Basham, John Barker, Henry Noland, Bill Noland, Tom Harris, George Wigginton, Tom Evans, Jim Younger, Babe Hudspeth, Rufus Hudspeth, John Koger and Oll Shepherd--the last four, however, left the band at Pocahontas, Ark., and went on to Texas. Quantrill never returned to Missouri. He was killed at Taylorsville, Ky., in 1865 by a federal troop under the command of Capt. Edwin Terrill, which had been organized and commissioned to hunt down the guerrillas.

Koger Had Fourteen Wounds.

One of the last of the old guard that went with Quantrill on that last ill-fated expedition was John W. Koger, one of the four Jackson County men who separated from the band at the Arkansas line and went south to Texas. Several years after the war he returned to Jackson County and lived the life of a peaceful farmer. He was a picturesque figure at all the reunions up to the last a year ago. He had been wounded fourteen times in the old brush fights and he remained to the last an unreconstructed rebel--the only thing federal, he used to say, that ever got into his system was several pounds of lead and he carried a good deal of that around with him until the day of his death. Koger was one of the most notable of the old band at the last reunion held at the Grove. He died a few weeks ago at his home near Lone Jack. A son, William F. Koger, was for many years a member of the Kansas City police force. He was a very brave and efficient officer. He was killed in Kansas City by freight car bandits in 1913.

John N. Edwards, in his "Warfare of the Border," wrote of John W. Koger that "he never missed a battle nor a bullet. He lived as a exemplification of what a guerrilla could endure--the amount of lead he could comfortably get along with and keep fat. Steadfastness was his test of merit--comradeship his point of honor."

Koger himself, while he lived, seldom spoke of his exploits in the brush--like most of the old guerrillas he was willing to let the curtain be forever drawn upon the bloody pictures of the past. He neither glorified nor regretted them.

"Nobody nowadays," he used to say, "can understand the feelings of men in those days--the best thing we can do is to forget them and hope they'll never come again."

The Evening Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, March 11, 1918

COLUMBIA WOMEN SAW THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE

How would like [sic] to stand by and see your trunks torn open and their contents strewn over the floor by a gang of ruffians and your best red ostrich plume stuck in the hat-band of a bandit cut-throat? This was a Civil War experience of Mrs. H.H. Garth of 709 Missouri avenue, one of the few living witnesses of ths [sic] massacre which occurred at Centralia on the morning of September 27, 1864.

Mrs. Garth and her husband, returning from a visit to Quincy, Ill., were waiting in Centralia for the stage-coach which came from Columbia once a day to meet the train from the East, when Bill Anderson and his gang of bushwhackers swooped down upon the quiet little town. The bandit leader and his men raided the stores and robbed every one in sight, "interviewed" the passengers who had arrived from Columbia, inquired whether they were "yanks" or rebels, then waited for the train. The north bound train slowly steamed into the little station with 120 passengers and 23 discharged and furloughed Federal soldiers. Bill Anderson and his men entered the train, robbed the passengers, took the unarmed soldiers, lined them up on the platform and shot them down without mercy. They then set fire to the cars and sent the engine flying across the prairie like a flaming comet. Mrs. Garth and the other guests at the hotel stood cheerfully by, unwilling witnesses of the crime. Then the bandit leader entered the hotel and searched the guests and broke open their trunks. A bright red ostrich feather of Mrs. Garth's especially attracted one of the men, who took it and put it in his hat-band.

Bill Anderson spent a hilarious night terrorizing the citizens, then rode away to his hiding place a few miles away.

A detachment of Federal soldiers arrived from Paris, Mo., to avenge the death of their comrades. They were warned of the fearlessness of Anderson, but leaving thirty-five men to guard the bodies of the massacred men, they started after the bushwhackers. The men on guard had no other thought but that the riders they saw approaching in the distance a few hours later were their own comrades returning. But the party was Anderson's, and the Federals were shot down before they were aware of their danger. The guests were forced from the hotel, which was later set a fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Garth found a deserted horse tied to rack [sic] and made their escape to Mexico, Mo., where they found a safe way to Columbia.

Mrs. Garth still has the little old-fashioned leather trunk that was torn open by Anderson.

The Evening Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, September 27, 1919

COLUMBIAN RECALLS MASSACRE OF 1864

Stewart a Member of Anderson's Band That Killed Federals at Centralia.

WAS 15 YEARS OLD

Tells How Discharged Soldiers Were Slain 55 Years Ago Today.

Today marks the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Centralia massacre and of the battle which followed it, said by some historians to be the bloodiest battle of the Civil War.

"Bill" Stewart, at that time only 15 years old and the youngest of Quantrell's men, after traveling far from the scene of his Civil War activities has returned to Columbia recently to make his home on Gordon street. Stewart is one of possibly two or three living men who were under Quantrell the day of the massacre at Centralia.

"Bill" Anderson was the organizer of the band. Anderson started fighting the federals after his mother and sisters had been killed by Northern soldiers. According to Stewart, the Anderson women were shut up in a hog house, and the hosue [was] knocked over on their heads.

Organizes Famous Band.

After the fight at Gosline's Lane on September 23, Anderson organized a band of 400 guerillas [sic]. George Todd and John Thraikill [sic] came with seventy-five men from Howard County. The Rev. Tom Todd and Si Gordon brought small bands of men to the gang. The James boys were among the members of the band, led by Quantrell.

The band marched to Randolph County where they attacked Allen and his Union forces. Defeating them, the guerillas sacked a station where Moberly now stands and went to Monroe County, then returning to Centralia.

"The biggest fight we ever had was at Centralia," Stewart says.

Centralia Is Taken.

It was just about 10 o'clock on the morning of September 27, fifty-five years ago, that the band entered the village of Centralia, then composed of about a dozen houses, including two small hotels, two general stores, a school house and a depot.

As they approached, the citizens fled shouting, "The guerillas are coming."

Anderson went direct to the Eldorado House, one of the hotels, where he began talking to the proprietor and Vol Collier. Dr. A.F. Sneed approached the hotel and was introduced to Anderson by Collier.

"This is a fine location, doctor--a pretty place for a fight. If those Feds up at Sturgeon will come down I will give them a twist today."

During this conversation one of the band led away Sneed's horse. Anderson sent him after it with the instructions to tell the thief the captain said to return it. Hardly off of the veranda, Doctor Sneed was robbed of his pocketbook and valuables. Later he

answered several times to the cry of "Hands up" with "You are too late--somebody beat you to my money."

Columbians Arrive by Stage.

The Columbia stage arrived at 11 o'clock. It was an old fashioned Gordon, drawn by four horses. The stage driver, Joe Kelley of Columbia, had been warned of the guerillas before reaching Centralia but insisted on continuing with the mail. In the coach were James H. Waugh, sheriff of Boone County, John M. Samuel, a former sheriff, James S. Rollins, congressional representative from this district, then on his way to a district convention, Henry Keene, Boyle Gordon, Lewis Sharp, Columbus Hickam and Lafayette Hume.

The passengers were questioned and then robbed. The arrival of the train at 11:30 o'clock from St. Louis prevented a thorough search of Rollins and Sheriff Waugh, which would have led to their death or being held prisoners had their identity been detected.

The engineer, seeing the mob, tried to run the train through the town, but ties were thrown in front of the engine and the fireman badly wounded. Besides the railroad men there were twenty-three federal soldiers on the train, all of them just discharged and 125 passengers. None of them were armed.

Soldier's Clothing Is Taken.

The passengers were badly mistreated and robbed by the guerillas. The safe in the express car was looted of $3,000. Frank James founded [sic] boxes that were reported to have contained $10,000 in greenbacks. This they divided.

Discovering the Union soldiers the band took them and a German citizen of St. Louis, dressed in a blue uniform, and stripped them of their clothing. A sergeant was held hostage for the exchange of a member of Quantrell's gang, then held by the federals. The others were lined up at the side of the North Missouri railroad depot.

"Arch, when I give the word, pour hell into them," Anderson instructed Arch Clements. The word was given and twenty-four shots rang out.

Only twelve Unionists fell as the guerillas fired the first volley from a distance of twelve paces. The others, all wounded, staggered about until shot down. On[e] husky sergeant, shot five times through the body, staggered to the side of the depot with blood pouring from his body and crawled under the platform, only to be dragged out later and killed before the band quit its work.

All Coaches Afire as Train Starts.

The other passengers made their way the best they could to Centralia. The engine of the train was started with all the coaches set afire down the track, the engineer jumping before it left the railroad yards.

The guerillas withdrew to Col. M.G. Singleton's farm, three miles south of Centralia, after firing the depot.

During the afternoon, Major Johnson, with 175 men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, marched into the town. Hearing of the outrages of the

morning the major marched to the camp of the guerillas determined to secure revenge for their action. The battle is described by Stewart, youngest of Quantrell's men, as follows:

"We let the federals know that we were there and they came under Johnson to clean us up. We were on the Prairies near Columbia. When Johnson and his men came through Centralia the citizens warned him not to continue.

"But he brought his men down there, and we killed the most of them. That was because we were armed so much better than the federals. Each of us had from six to eight pistols, while the Union soldiers carried only powder and ball muskets.

Men Shot and Buried, Horses Taken.

"Two-thirds of the Federals were shot through the head. The last man killed was shot by Frank James. We could have gotten him sooner, but he was on the best horse and we were afraid that we would kill it too. We took all of the horses we wanted, leaving the others there. We couldn't sell them, you know, because they were branded on the shoulder with `U.S.'" After one volley the battle was a massacre. Only four or five of the federal[s] escaped alive. Quantrell's gang suffered three killed, three badly wounded and several slightly wounded.

The bodies of the dead Union men were gathered up by the people of the village and taken to Centralia. A number were sent to Mexico, Mo., for burial, but seventy-nine were buried, unidentified, in a long trench in the eastern section of the village. Many years later the trench was reopened and the remains taken to Jefferson City, where they were buried in one common grave in the National Cemetery.

In telling of other experiences while with Quantrell's band, Stewart said:

Wounded Only Once.

"I was never really wounded but once. That was at Fayette. The federals shot my horse from under me, and I was thrown against the curb, my shoulder being hurt badly. They took me to the cellar under Maxwell's house and waited three or four days for me to die. When I didn't they took me to a cave on Salt Creek one night. I stayed there nine weeks. My bed was a horse blanket.

"When I was thrown from the horse my shoulder was dislocated. It was set by Maggie and Lucy Maxwell, both of them about 17 or 18 years old then. I remember one of them putting her foot against my body and pulling my arm into place. They were the only physicians I had. Every night they brought us food.

"We got all of our provisions from the people who lived around this section of the country. Usually when we went in to eat we would station guards outside to warn us in case of an attack. But once we forgot to leave a guard.

Visit To His Girl Nearly Fatal.

"That happened nine miles north of Columbia at a farm owned by a Mr. Huffman. Eight of us were eating when the federals came. I was shot through the leg, but the wound didn't amount to much. None of the others was wounded. We all escaped.

"The Federals came upon me another time when I wasn't expecting them. That was at Tinner Hill. I was visiting my girl and was up an apple tree getting her some apples when they came. They shot at me, knocking me out of the tree. But I succeeded in escaping on my horse which was tied about 300 feet away.

"The way we operated was by disbanding when we decided to move into groups of two or four. Everyone was told the time and place of the next meeting. When we reorganized we would send a negro to tell the federals where we were located. They would come, and then we would have a little fight."

Mr. Stewart now has one of the eight pistols he carried during the campaign. Six of them he carried in his belt, the other two on either side of his saddle. He is a painter.

Columbia Herald-Statesman, Columbia, Missouri, September 29, 1919

RECALLS MASSACRE OF 1864

Stewart a Member of Anderson's Band That Killed Federals at Centralia.

Saturday was the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Centralia massacre and of the battle which followed it, said by some historians to be the bloodiest battle of the Civil War.

"Bill" Stewart, at that time only 15 years old and the youngest of Quantrell's men, after traveling far from the scene of his Civil War activities has returned to Columbia recently to make his home on Gordon street. Stewart is one of possibly two or three living men who were under Quantrell the day of the massacre at Centralia.

"Bill" Anderson was the organizer of the band. Anderson started fighting the federals after his mother and sisters had been killed by Northern soldiers. According to Stewart, the Anderson women were shut up in a hog house, and the hosue [was] knocked over on their heads.

After fight at Goslin's Lane on September 23, Anderson organized a band of 400 guerillas [sic]. George Todd and John Thrailkill came with seventy-five men from Howard County. The Rev. Tom Todd and Si Gordon brought small bands of men to the gang. The James boys were among the members of the band led by Quantrell.

The band marched to Randolph County where they attacked Allen and his Union forces. Defeating them, the guerillas sacked a station where Moberly now stands and went to Monroe County, then returning to Centralia.

"The biggest fight we ever had was at Centralia," Stewart says.

It was just about 10 o'clock on the morning of September 27, fifty five years ago, that the band entered the village of Centralia, then composed of about a dozen houses, including two small hotels, two general stores, a school house and a depot.

As they approached, the citizens fled shouting, "The guerillas are coming."

Anderson went direct to the Eldorado House, one of the hotels, where he began talking to the proprietor and Vol Collier. Dr. A.F. Sneed approached the hotel and was introduced to Anderson by Collier.

"This is a fine location, doctor--a pretty place for a fight. If those Feds up at Sturgeon will come down I will give them a twist today."

During this conversation one of the band led away Sneed's horse. Anderson sent him after it with the instructions to tell the thief the captain said to return it. Hardly off of the veranda, Doctor Sneed was robbed of his pocketbook and valuables. Later he answered several times to the cry of "Hands up" with "You are too late--somebody beat you to my money."

The Columbia stage arrived at 11 o'clock. It was an old fashioned Gordon, drawn by four horses. The stage driver, Joe Kelley of Columbia, had been warned of the guerillas before reaching Centralia but insisted on continuing with the mail. In the coach were James H. Waugh, sheriff of Boone County, John M. Samuel, a former sheriff, James S. Rollins, congressional representative from this district, then on his way to a district convention, Henry Keene, Boyle Gordon, Lewis Sharp, Columbus Hickam and Lafayette Hume.

The passengers were questioned and then robbed. The arrival of the train at 11:30 o'clock from St. Louis prevented a thorough search of Rollins and Sheriff Waugh, which would have led to their death or being held prisoners had their identity been detected.

The engineer, seeing the mob, tried to run the train through the town, but ties were thrown in front of the engine and the fireman badly wounded. Besides the railroad men there were twenty-three federal soldiers on the train, all of them just discharged and 125 passengers. None of them were armed.

The passengers were badly mistreated and robbed by the guerillas. The safe in the express car was looted of $3,000. Frank James founded [sic] boxes that were reported to have contained $10,000 in greenbacks. This they divided.

Discovering the Union soldiers the band took them and a German citizen of St. Louis, dressed in a blue uniform, and stripped them of their clothing. A sergeant was held hostage for the exchange of a member of Quantrell's gang, then held by the federals. The others were lined up at the side of the North Missouri railroad depot.

"Arch, when I give the word, pour hell into them," Anderson instructed Arch Clements. The word was given and twenty-four shots rang out.

Only twelve Unionists fell as the guerillas fired the first volley from a distance of twelve paces. The others, all wounded, staggered about until shot down. On[e] husky sergeant, shot five times through the body, staggered to the side of the depot with blood pouring from his body and crawled under the platform only to be dragged out later and killed before the band quit its work.

All Coaches Afire as Train Starts.

The other passengers made their way the best they could to Centralia. The engine of the train was started with all the coaches set afire down the track, the engineer jumping before it left the railroad yards.

The guerillas withdrew to Col. M.G. Singleton's farm, three miles south of Centralia, after firing the depot.

During the afternoon, Major Johnson, with 175 men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, marched into the town. Hearing of the outrages of the morning the major marched to the camp of the guerillas determined to secure revenge for their action. The battle is described by Stewart, youngest of Quantrell's men, as follows:

"We let the federals know that we were there and they came under Johnson to clean us up. We were on the Prairies near Columbia. When Johnson and his men came through Centralia the citizens warned him not to continue.

"But he brought his men down there, and we killed the most of them. That was because we were armed so much better than the federals. Each of us had from six to eight pistols, while the Union soldiers carried only powder and ball muskets.

Men Shot and Buried, Horses Taken.

"Two-thirds of the Federals were shot through the head. The last man killed was shot by Frank James. We could have gotten him sooner, but he was on the best horse and we were afraid that we would kill it too. We took all of the horses we wanted, leaving the others there. We couldn't sell them, you know, because they were branded on the

shoulder with `U.S.'" After one volley the battle was a massacre. Only four or five of the federal[s] escaped alive. Quantrell's gang suffered three killed, three badly wounded and several slightly wounded.

The bodies of the dead Union men were gathered up by the people of the village and taken to Centralia. A number were sent to Mexico, Mo., for burial but seventy-nine were buried unidentified in a long trench in the eastern section of the village. Many years alter the trench was reopened and the remains taken to Jefferson City, where they were buried in one common grave in the National Cemetery.

In telling of toehr experiences while with Quantrell's band, Stewart said:

"I was never really wounded but once. That was at Fayette. The federals shot my horse from under me, and I was thrown against the curb, my shoulder being hurt badly. They took me to the cellar under Maxwell's house and waited three or four days for me to die. When I didn't they took me to a cave on Salt Creek one night. I stayed there nine weeks. My bed was a horse blanket.

"When I was thrown from the horse my shoulder was dislocated. It was set by Maggie and Lucy Maxwell, both of them about 17 or 18 years old then. I remember one of them putting her foot against my body and pulling my arm into place. They were the only physicians I had. Every night they brought us food.

"We got all of our provisions from the people who lived around this section of the country. Usually when we went in to eat we would station guards outside to warn us in case of an attack. But once we forgot to leave a guard.

"That happened nine miles north of Columbia at a farm owned by a Mr. Huffman. Eight of us were eating when the federals came. I was shot through the leg, but the wound didn't amount to much. None of the others was wounded. We all escaped.

"The Federals came upon me another time when I wasn't expecting them. That was at Tinner Hill. I was visiting my girl and was up an apple tree getting her some apples when they came. They shot at me, knocking me out of the tree. But I succeeded in escaping on my horse which was tied about 300 feet away.

"The way we operated was by disbanding when we decided to move into groups of two or four. Everyone was told the time and place of the next meeting. When we reorganized we would send a negro to tell the federals where we were located. They would come and then we would have a little fight."

Mr. Stewart now has one of the eight pistols he carried during the campaign. Six of them he carried in his belt, the other two on either side of his saddle. He is a painter.

The Bowling Green Times, Bowling Green, Missouri, October 30, 1919

A BLOODY CIVIL WAR DAY

Centralia Massacre Was Fifty-Five Years Ago

("Bill" Stewart, member of the Quantrell Guerrilla Band of OUtlaws, recalls the battle in Boone County, Sept. 27, 1864.)

Sept. 27--Today marks the fifty-fifth anniversary of Quantrell's Centralia massacre and of the battle which followed it, said to be one of the bloodiest fights of the Civil War.

"Bill" Stewart, at that time only 15 years old and the youngest of Quantrell's men, after traveling far from the scene of his Civil War activities recently has returned to Columbia. Stewart is one of two or three living men who were under Quantrell the day of the massacre.

Band of 400 Men.

"Bill" Anderson, according to Stewart, was the organizer of the band. He gathered a band of 400 guerillas. George Todd and John Thraikill [sic] came with seventy-five men from Howard County. The Rev. Tom Todd and Si Gordon brought small bands of men to the gang. The James boys were members of one division.

The band marched to Randolph County, where it defeated Union forces, sacked a station where Moberly now stands, went to Monroe County and then returned to Centralia.

["]The biggest fight we had was at Centralia," Stewart says.

It was about 10 o'clock on the morning of September 27, fifty-five years ago, that the band entered the village of about a dozen houses, including two small hotels, two general stores, a schoolhouse and a depot.

As they approached, citizens fled shouting, "The guerillas are coming."

"Good Place For a Fight."

Captain Anderson went to the Eldorado House, one of the hotels, and talked to the proprietor, Vol Collier, and Dr. A.F. Sneed.

"This is a fine location, doctor, for a fight," he said. ["]If those `Feds' at Sturgeon will come down I will give them a twist today."

During this conversation one of the band led away Doctor Sneed's horse. Leaving the veranda Doctor Sneed was robbed of his pocketbook and valuables. Later he several times answered to the cry of "Hands up" with "You are too late--somebody beat you to my money."

The Stage Coach Arrived.

The Columbia stage arrived at 11 o'clock. It was an old fashioned Gordon drawn by four horses. In the coach were James H. Wargh [sic], sheriff of Boone County, John

M. Samuel, a former sheriff, James S. Rollins, representative in Congress, then on his way to a congressional district convention, Henry Keene, Boyle Gordon, Lewis Sharp, Columbus Hickam and Lafayette Hume. All were robbed. The identity of Rollins and Samuel was not detected.

The train arrived at 11:30 o'clock from St. Louis. The engineer, seeing the mob, tried to run through the town, but ties were thrown in front of the engine.

There were twenty-three Federal soldiers on the train, discharged or on furlough and 125 passengers.

Frank James Found $10,000.

The passengers were beaten and robbed by the guerillas, the express car was looted of $3[or 5?],000 and Frank James found boxes said to have contained $10,000 in greenbacks. This was divided.

Discovering the Union soldiers the band took them and a German of St. Louis then in a blue uniform and stripped them of their uniforms. They were then lined up at the side of the North Missouri railroad depot.

"When I give the word, pour hell into them," Anderson instructed Arch Clements. The word was given and twenty-five shots rang out.

Twelve Men Fell Dead.

Twelve Unionists fell as the guerillas fired the first volley from twelve paces. The firing kept up. The others, all wounded, staggered about until shot down. One sergeant, shot five times through the body, staggered to the side of the depot with blood pouring from his body and crawled under the platform, only to be dragged out and killed. All were killed before the band quit its work.

The locomotive engine was started, with all the coaches set afire, down the track.

The Federals Plan Revenge.

The guerillas withdrew to Col. M.G. Singleton's farm, three miles south of Centralia, after firing the depot.

That afternoon, Major Johnson, with 175 men of the 39th Missouri Volunteers, marched into the town. Hearing of the outrages of the morning the major marched to the camp of the guerillas determined to secure revenge for their action. The battle is described by Stewart:

"When Johnson and his men came through Centralia the citizens warned him not to continue. But he brought his men down there, and we killed the most of them, because we were armed so much better than the Federals. Each of us had from six to eight pistols, while the Union soldiers carried only powder and ball muskets.

"Two-thirds of the Federals were shot through the head. The last man killed was shot by Frank James. We rould [sic] have gotten him sooner, but he was on the best horse and we didn't want to kill it. We took all the horses we wanted, leaving the others. We couldn't sell them because they were branded on the shoulder with `U.S.'"

The Battle Was a Massacre.

After one volley the battle was a massacre, according to historical descriptions. Only four or five of the Federals escaped. Quantrell's gang suffered three killed, three severely wounded and several slightly wounded.

The bodies of the dead Union men were gathered up by the people and taken to Centralia. Several were sent to Mexico, Mo., for burial, but seventy-nine were buried, unidentified, in a lo[n]g trench. Many years later the trench was reopened and the remains taken to Jefferson City, where they were buried in one grave in the National Cemetery.

Stewart now has one of the eight pistols he carried during the campaign. Six of them he carried in his belt, the other two on either side of his saddle. He is a painter by trade.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, October 1, 1920

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

Monday was the 56th anniversary of the Centralia Massacre.

The story of this massacre may not be familiar to many of the new readers of the Guard nor to the younger generation just beginning to read narrative and history. This was a bloody day in the annals of Centralia and it never grows old to the people who still live to tell of its horrors.

The story, as told briefly from the files of the Guard, is as follows:

On the 25th of September, 1864, a band of guerrillas, bushwhackers and recruits, numbering in all about 400, crossed the North Missouri Railway at a point near the present site of Moberly, about twenty-four miles to the northwest of Centralia. They went eastward into Monroe County, threatening Paris. They were under command of Maj. John Thrailkill, and were divided into squads and companies of different sizes, led by Geo. Todd, Bill Anderson, Dave Poole, Tom Todd and Si Gordon. Learning that there was a strong Federal force at Paris the guerrillas, came on toward Centralia and finally went into camp on the farm of Major Singleton in Audrain County, east of Centralia, and on Young's Creek. They were about three miles from town.

Centralia at that time was only a small village of 25 houses. Its people were Southern sympathizers but were not unfriendly to the many northern soldiers who came and went.

On the morning of September 27 Major Todd sent Bill Anderson with his company of 75 men to Centralia to pick up what information they could. There was a Federal detachment at Columbia and another one at Sturgeon. When Anderson arrived in Centralia he set his men to robbing the stores. They were sacking the village when the stage coach from Columbia arrived. They robbed the stage coach also. Then the west-bound passenger train on the North Missouri (now Wabash) arrived from St. Charles. Bill Anderson and his bushwhackers robbed the train and robbed and killed one or more of the passengers, set fire to the train and made Engineer Jimmie Clark open the throttle and start the train on its journey westward with its passengers on board.

On this train were 23 Federal soldiers and a German citizen who had on a soldier blouse and cap. These Bill Anderson took off the train and stripped them of their clothing and all they had with them. He took one officer out of the bunch and lined the balance up at the place where the edge of the street in front of the present Wabash depot stands, touches the brick walk at the Chas. Jacobs' vacant lot, and with his own men standing on the edge of the track he ordered the soldiers shot down. The guerrillas were each armed with heavy Colt's revolvers and they shot every man of the lot, most of them were hit in the forehead.

The murdered soldiers were chiefly from the First Iowa Cavalry and the First Missouri Engineers.

The guerrillas then stole a lot of new boots from one of the stores, filled them with whisky stolen at another store, and, after shooting a young man by the name of Rowland, they rode back to camp east of town.

The next day Major A.V.E. Johnson of the 39th Federal Infantry rode into Centralia from Paris with 147 men. These men were mounted infantry, riding on plow

horses and mules. Company A from Adair County, was commanded by Captain Jas. A. Smith; Co. G, from Shelby County, by Lieutenants Jaynes and Gill; Co. H, from Marion and Lewis Counties, by Capt. Adam Theis.

They were northeast of Centralia and they had found where the bushwhackers had crossed the North Missouri Railroad two and a half miles east of the town, going to the south, when Johnson saw the smoke from the burning cars and depot here, and came into the town, arriving here on the afternoon of the same day the soldiers had been shot down. Johnson saw what had happened and after looking over the situation he prepared to march upon the guerrillas. He was told by citizens of the town that he could not hope to hold his own against the guerrillas because his men were armed with old army muskets while their enemy had two to four revolvers to the man. But he resolved to avenge the death of his comrades and went out to meet the guerrillas, who has sent out another reconnoitering party to see who had come into the town. He left a number of his men in town to guard the place and went out to attack the foe with 110 men.

The guerrilla pickets led Johnson and his men to the present site of what is called the Garrard farm. The federals marched into a fallow field and faced the east toward Young's Creek. They halted and fixed bayonet. He had left every fourth man back of the force to hold the horses. The guerrillas were hidden by a plum thicket except Bill Anderson and his company who stood out in the open, facing the oncoming Federals. Todd, and his brother, Tom, with their command were hidden on the south and Thrailkill was hidden on the north, so that Anderson [sic; i.e., Johnston] thought he was going to fight the small company of Bill Anderson. When the guerrillas got their men in proper position Geo. Todd lifted his hat to Poole and with a yell Bill Anderson and his men dashed forward on their horses. The Federals fired one volley from their muzzle loaders and before they could reload the guerrillas were upon them firing right and left, each man with a blazing revolver in each hand. Then came Poole, the two Todds, Gordon and Thrailkill on the flanks of the practically unarmed Federals and the bloody work was soon over. Maj. Johnson was shot out of his saddle, Capt. Smith was killed also. Lieuts. Jaynes, Gill and Moore escaped, being mounted.

Anderson and Poole kept on for the "fourth men" who had been left to hold the horses. These men saw the fight was lost and they started to run. In a few minutes the first men came pouring into Centralia followed by the guerrillas. Lieut[.] Jaynes was the first man into the village and he warned Capt. Theis to take his men and "run for your lives!" Theis tried to form his company and fight the oncoming guerrillas but they were upon him before he could do so. All that could started for Sturgeon on horseback. The guerrillas followed shooting every man down whom they over took. Frank James the noted outlaw, was one of the guerrillas in this race for life and he shot down three men inside of Centralia, two of them falling on the prairie just about one hundred feet to the west of the house of Mr. Hulen which was partially destroyed by fire Sunday. One of these men fell near the site of Alex Toalson's residence and the other at the mouth of the alley to the south of his place. Many others were shot down over the town, but these two spots were pointed out to us by Dr. Sneed, who saw the massacre.

Fifteen men of Capt. Their [sic] company were shot down in the town and on the road to Sturgeon. One was murdered by the bedside of a sick woman (a relative of Mrs. J.F. Waters of this city).

Out of the 147 men under Johnson but twenty-three escaped. There were 123 killed. One, Frank Barnes was wounded, being shot five times.

The guerrillas had three killed, three badly wounded, and seven slightly wounded.

There were killed in and around Centralia on that day probably more than 154 men. Most of the killed were massacred, and many of them were scalped and some mutilated in a manner not to be described in print. Some of the civilians murdered that day were taken off the train and others had come into the town by other means. Many were robbed, beaten and some injured by wild bullets, while a few had hairbreadth escapes.

The dead were gathered up and brought to Centralia or taken back to the homes of relatives the next day after the massacre. There were 79 of the federal dead buried in one long grave just east of Centralia. A large granite monument was erected over the grave. This and the bodies which were exhumed, was [sic] taken to Jefferson City where the bodies were reburied and the monument set up over their graves.

The dead were gathered up and [sic]

The guerrillas were not Confederate soldiers altho many of them afterwards joined Price's Army to find a place of refuge from the citizens after their many deeds as bushwhackers. The Union troops were raw, untrained troops, and poorly equipped for fighting at best.

Centralia was sacked and burned alternately by the Federals and the guerrillas, but this day whose anniversary occurred on Monday of this week, was the worst day of the Civil War or of any time, for Centralia.

The Above [sic] is a photograph of the notorious guerrilla chieftain taken after Anderson had been killed in the battle at Old Albany, Mo. Anderson is said to have been shot in that last battle by soldiers of the regiment to which A.V.E. Johnson belonged before he came to Centralia and met his death.

Anderson's body was arrayed just as he had gone into his last battle, and was propped up in a chair to be photographed. The Colt's revolvers are of the type used by most of the men in Anderson and Thrailkill's commands during the Centralia Massacre.

Monroe County Appeal, Paris, Missouri, June 3, 1921

HAULED 3 LOADS OF DEAD

George W. Rogers Tells Of Gathering 3 Wagon Beds of Bodies on Home Farm After Famous Fight.

How he witnessed the formation of battle lines on his father's farm 2 1/2 miles south of Centralia; how 200 troopers, just arrived from Paris, were cut to pieces by 75 guerillas [sic] led by Bill Anderson, and how he gathered up three wagon loads of dead the next day to haul them into town for burial, was told to an Appeal man by George W. Rogers, Wednesday afternoon.

When the fight and pursuit were over, said Mr. Rogers, only 19 of the 200 federal militiamen were alive. Continuing he said:

"I am perhaps the only man now living who saw that awful tragedy. It occurred on my father's farm the 21st day of September, 1864, the first guns being fired at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Earlier in the day Bill Anderson's men, who were in camp on our place, learned that 33 federal soldiers were due at Centralia on an incoming train. Hurrying in to town, they boarded the coaches, dragged those unfortunate fellows out and shot them to death like dogs.

"That afternoon Major Johnson arrived from Paris with 200 men. Dr. Sneed and others tried to dissuade him from marching out to give battle to the Anderson contingent, knowing they were no match for such straight-shooting desperadoes. Johnson, however, denounced these citizens as rebel sympathizers and continued on his way.

"That afternoon at 5 o'clock he reached our farm. I saw him halt his men, dismount them and turn the horses over to 30 of the troopers while he formed the others in line of battle and advanced against the 75 men under Anderson, who had also been wheeled into line. At a command from Major Johnson his men began firing. Instantly Anderson replied with a whoop and a charge. Federal troopers fell right and left. A minute or two later the Anderson men had dashed into their lines and thrown them into a panic. From that time it was not a battle at all; it was a slaughter. Major Johnson fell dead on the field. I counted six holes in his skull that evening. His men fled like mad, with the enemy pursuing and shooting them down like rabbits. All but 19 of the 200 were dead when the chase was over. For miles the bodies, two and three in a bunch, were scattered over the country, the last two being killed just outside of Sturgeon.

"We got orders to gather up the bodies on our farm and take them into Centralia the next day. I hauled 45 dead men in three loads. Most of them had been stripped of their uniforms. They were buried on what is now the Lake place, just east of town. The 19 men who escaped made their way back to Paris that night.

"All the muskets and other accourtrements [sic], of which there was a great number left on the field, we gathered up and threw into what is known as Big Round Hole in the creek which runs through our farm.

"One of my brothers went to war in the company Judge Brace raised in Paris. He was killed in the South."

Mr. Rogers, who is now past 80 years of age, has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. T.P. Rench[?], southeast of Paris. He left Wednesday for his home in Barton county, Mo.

The Columbia Evening Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, January 28, 1921

BATTLE IN '64 FOUGHT CLOSE TO CENTRALIA

M.S. Bush Tells of Fight Between Johnson's Troops and Anderson's Rebels on Singleton Farm.

FEW UNIONISTS ESCAPED

The Famous Frank James Was in Encounter--Returned to Visit Spot Many Years Later.

When eighty men, dressed in blue, the Federal color, approached Centralia about ten o'clcok on the morning of September 27, 1864, the citizens of the town thought them Union soldiers, and discovered only when they arrived in town, that they were Southern guerillas [sic]. Even then they did not realize for what purpose the troops had come, until they saw the train fired upon, men killed without hesitation and stores and houses plundered.

Although the massacre at Centralia was one of the most bloody parts of the Civil War few people here understand its importance or know much about it. Centralia had at the time two hotels, two stores, a school and a depot. There were four two-story buildings in the town, one of which was the predecessor of the New Globe Hotel. The depot was the only other large building, and had been newly built.

First the troops entered the stores and houses, taking everything that they could find, whether or not it would be of use to them. Even bolts of goods and baby shoes were included in their plunder. In the station they found a keg of whiskey and a box of rubber boots. After drinking all the liquor they wanted, they carried the rest in the boots to their comrades in camp.

ROB STAGE PASSENGERS

Some of the guerillas then remembered the stage which ran between Columbia and Centralia. They met it just as it was coming into town, stopped it and robbed the passengers. In the stage were five Columbians: J.S. Rollins, J.H. Waugh, J.M. Samuel, Henry Keene and Boyle Gordon. They were going to a Union meeting at Mexico. The soldiers asked their names but were answered with fictitious ones. Before the passengers could be searched, the St. Louis train arrived and took the attention of the guerillas.

Logs and railroad ties were thrown in front of the train to stop it and shots were fired through the coaches. The passengers, numbering about 150, were robbed, and the express and baggage cars were looted. On the train were twenty-three Union soldiers, some of whom were wounded. The rebels confiscated all of their clothes that they wanted and then lined them up outside to be shot. Most of the Federals were unarmed, and not a shot was fired by any of them during this time. Only one escaped death, a sergeant whom they wished to trade for a prisoner. Most of the Union soldiers died immediately, but those who were wounded and tried to hide were dragged out from their shelter and shot down. The train was then set fire to and the engineer was ordered to start it down the track and then jump off. He did this, but so fixed the engine that it ran only

about two and a half miles and stopped. The four coaches burned. The rebels returned to their camp near Singleton's farm.

MAJOR JOHNSON DEFEATED

Major A.V.E. Johnson with 150 Union soldiers had been ordered to pursue and engage in fight these guerillas. The residents of Centralia tried to dissuade him, but he followed the guerillas to camp and was there defeated by them on account of his small number of men, poor weapons and slow horses. No quarter was given or received and of the 120 Federal soldiers that fought, 108 fell dead on the field.

Johnson was defeated and after this skirmish the guerillas returned to Centralia where they even killed unarmed civilians.

R.B. Price who went to Centralia from Columbia a few days after the massacre, said of it, "it was certainly a bloody affair, one of the worst of the war."

Dean Walter Williams went over the scene of the massacre and has since written a history of the affair, as did Col. L.M. Switzler, then editor of the Missouri Statesman. The Statesman for Friday, September 30, three days after the massacre, begins with the following description of it:

CALLS THEM MURDERERS

"The notorious murderer and robber, Bill Anderson, after making an ineffectual attack on Fayette on Saturday, crossed the North Missouri Railroad above Sturgeon, and turning, came into Boone, east of Centralia. On Tuesday morning last, Anderson and his murderous crew entered Centralia; and there these abandoned scoundrels stained anew their hands with the blood of defenseless and innocent victims, and perpetrated robberies and fiendish outrages on the most unlimited scale. From eye witnesses to all their crimes there committed, we have learned the harrowing particulars. The heart sickens at the recital of the bloody deeds of these inhuman butchers, in whose hearts does not exist the faintest spark of moral feeling or of mercy."

M.S. BUSH TELLS OF BATTLE

M.S. Bush, proprietor of the Bush Furniture Store and Undertaking Parlors of Centralia, and for thirty-six years in business in that city, tells the following tale of the fight between the Unionists and the Rebels:

"It was on the Singleton farm--what is now the Pemberton place--that Anderson's rebels and Johnson's troops met in the big fight near here about the end of the Civil War. Middleton Singleton owned most of the land around these parts at that time, but he wasn't here at the time of the big fight. He was with General Sterling Price of the Confederate Army and a fearless, brave man he was. My father named me after him.

"Johnson and his troops, composed mainly of recruits from Audrain County, were in Centralia in the early fall of 1864 when they heard that some of the Confederate forces were near by. We begged Johnson not to go out of the town and told him that the soldiers he was going to meet were the redoubtable Anderson men, but he was stubborn. He didn't believe that it was this company of course, or he wouldn't have gone. It was said of

the Anderson men that they rode with a pistol in each hand, and that firing from beneath their horses' necks, they could hit a pint cup fastened on a tree that was a block away. I never did believe these tales though. However that may be, Johnson and the federal troops rode out to the Singleton farm, near which the rebels were encamped. The story of the fight that followed came to me partly from old Harvey Silver, who watched the encounter from a schoolhouse, and partly from the famous Frank James, who was with the Southern boys.

JOHNSON MAKES BIG MISTAKE

"When the Federal troops came riding up, school was dismissed and the children were hurried home. On a flat stretch of ground in the open was an old rail fence. The federal soldiers pulled down every other rail of this fence and stationed men behind it. As the rebels came to the edge of the timber, half a mile away, they dismounted to tighten their saddle girths. And here was where Johnson made his big mistake. `The fools,' he said, `they are going to fight on foot.' Accordingly, he made his men dismount and told each fifth man to hold the horses of the others.

"The Confederates remounted. Old Harvey Silver said the rebels' horses went from a trot to a gallop and from a gallop to a dead run. Johnson's men got excited and began firing from such a distance as to have slight effect on their enemy's ranks. Their shots killed four Confederates, the total casualty for that side. Frank James told me out of his own mouth that their men never fired until they saw the whites of the eyes. With a pistol in one hand, the bridle rein in the other, they rode with their heads laid flat on their horses' necks. The rebels yelled like Comanche Indians, James said. `We hypnotized them so they couldn't fire and then we shot 'em down,' was the way he told it to me. Well, they chased the men that were left to about a quarter of a mile from Sturgeon, at least, eleven miles from where the fight started, and only fourteen men out of that band of more than 100 escaped. The histories say that 300 were killed, but it couldn't have been more than 90. The last man to be shot was a farmer named Marquette, and James got him. He said he hated to shoot the man, because he had the grit and gave a hard scrap.

"The men were buried right where they were killed, but in 1875, the bodies of the Union men were moved to Jefferson City. The four Confederate soldiers that were killed were buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery near Centralia and their bodies still lie there.

FRANK JAMES RETURNS IN 1896

"It must have been in 1895 or 1896," Mr. Bush said, "when I was mayor of Centralia, that Frank James returned here and told me his side of the story. He came from Columbia where he had been acting as starter at some horse races and I entertained him while he was in Centralia.

We drove out to the old Pleasant Grove Cemetery and other places, taking with us two reporters, Walter Williams, now dean of the School of Journalism, and James Keith Poole, editor of the Courier and at one time secretary of the building commission for a new capitol at Jefferson City. We tried to keep it quiet, but somehow the people found out who we had with us and about 150 followed us to the cemetery. Among these were

the son and grandson of Marquette, whom James had killed in the battle at the Singleton farm. They came up and shook hands with him.

"One of the questions we asked Frank James was, `After the war was over, why didn't you go home and quit?' His answer was `They wouldn't let us.' He pointed out to us the mammoth pine under which the Confederate men were buried and said he remembered the encounter as if it were yesterday. When he left here, he went to St. Louis, where he lived for some time before his death."

The Centralia Courier, Centralia, Missouri, June 10, 1921

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE

George W. Rogers, age 80 years, of Barton County, who has been visiting in and near Paris related the following to the Paris Appeal last week which we reproduce because of local interest: "How he witnessed the formation of battle lines on his father's farm 2 1/2 miles south of Centralia: how 200 troopers, just arrived from Paris, were cut to pieces by 75 guerillas [sic] led by Bill Anderson, and how he gathered up three wagon loads of dead the next day to haul them into town for burial, was told to an Appeal man by George W. Rogers, Wednesday afternoon. When the fight and pursuit were over, said Mr. Rogers, only 19 of the 200 federal militiamen were alive. Continuing he said: "I am perhaps the only man living who saw that awful tragedy. It occurred on my father's farm the 21st [sic] day of September, 1864, the first guns being fired at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. "[sic]Earlier in the day Bill Anderson's men, who were in camp on our place, learned that 33 federal soldiers were due at Centralia on an incoming train. Hurrying in to town, they boarded the coaches, dragged those unfortunate fellows out and shot them to death like dogs. That afternoon Major Johnson arrived from Paris with 200 men. Dr. Sneed and others tried to dissuade him from marching out to give battle to the Anderson contingent, knowing they were no match for such straight-shooting desperadoes. Johnson, however, denounced these citizens as rebel sympathizers and continued on his way. That afternoon at 5 o'clock he reached our farm. I saw him halt his men, dismount them and turn the horses over to 30 of his troopers while he formed the others in line of battle and advanced against the 75 men under Anderson, who had also been wheeled into line. At a command from Major Johnson, his men began firing. Instantly Anderson replied with a whoop and a charge. Federal troopers fell right and left. A minute or two later the Anderson men had dashed into their lines and thrown them into a panic. From that time it was not a battle at all; it was a slaughter. Major Johnson fell dead on the field. I counted six holes in his skull that evening. His men fled like mad, with the enemy pursuing and shooting them down like rabbits. All but 19 of the 200 were dead when the chase was over. For miles the bodies, two and three in a bunch, were scattered over the country, the last two being killed just outside of Sturgeon. "[sic]We got orders to gather up the bodies on our farm and take them into Centralia the next day. I hauled 45 dead men in three loads. Most of them had been stripped of their uniforms. They were buried on what is now the Lake place, just east of town. The 19 men who escaped made their way back to Paris that night. All the muskets and other accourtrements [sic], of which there was a great number left on the field, we gathered up and threw into what is known as Big Round Hole in the creek which ran through our farm.

The Columbia Evening Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, July 20, 1921

Guerillas [sic] Made Raid Near Here Fifty-Seven Years Ago Today

Had you been traveling by stage on the road between Columbia and Centralia on Wednesday, July 20, 1864, exactly fifty seven years ago today, there would have been no little excitement. Even though it was as hot as it is today, you doubtless would have forgotten the sweltering rays of Old Sol.

The story has to do with a raid on the guerrilas [sic] or bushwhackers who played havoc in so many sections of Boone County during the days of the Civil War. The incident in question relates to an attack upon the Centralia stage at Hallsville.

A writer on Boone County history records the story in substance as follows:

The bushwhackers, who were out law [sic] soldiers belonging to neither side engaged in the war, frequently plundered farms and places of business. They were characterized as "wandering in armed bands over the country, robbing the citizens day and night indiscriminately of whatever property they possessed."

Stopping the Centralia stage coach at Hallsville, the bushwhackers enquired if there were soldiers aboard. A Mr. and Mrs. Karnes, and a furloughed solder, by the name of James Palmer, of Cedar township, were in the stage. Palmer was dressed in civilian clothes. He told his name and acknowledged his identity as a soldier.

The bushwhackers ordered him from the stage, took his pistol away, ransacked his trunk, and marched him off on the road leading west from Hallsville into a patch of woods and there shot him. His body was found four days later not far from Red Top church. It had been covered with logs and brush. Learning of the affair, the commander of the post at Sturgeon ordered the people around Red Top to bury the soldier's body.

In September of the same year, the guerillas raided Centralia and at that time captured the Columbia stage as it approached Centralia. The stage's passengers included the sheriff of Boone County, James H. Waugh, and Hon. James S. Rollins, then representative in Congress. Just as the bushwhackers began to search the stage and go through the pockets of the passengers, some one cried out that the train was coming, and the band hurried off toward the station for the purpose of looting the train.

The train was moving northward from St. Louis, and among its passengers, numbering more than 125 persons, there were 23 discharged and furloughed Federal soldiers. The guerillas ransacked the train, robbed the express car and rifled the mails. The soldiers were removed from the train and taken to the south side of the railroad and formed in line.

Bill Anderson, the leader of the bushwhackers, rode to the line and addressed the men, saying, "Boys, is there a sergeant among you?"

There were several soldiers of that rank in the line, but no one spoke. Anderson repeated the question and added that if there is, "let him step out." Following this, Sergeant Thomas Goodman, of the First Regiment, Missouri Engineers, only five days from his outfit, then in Atlanta, Ga., stepped to the front and looked the guerilla leader squarely in the eye.

Anderson then ordered his men to remove Sergeant Goodman to a place of safety, and to take care of him. The remaining men lined up were fired upon by the guerillas, and all were killed.

Evening Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, August 11, 1921

CENTRALIA HAD ONE OF WORST FIGHTS KNOWN

Story of Battle of Sept. 27, 1864, Was Given a St. Louis Republic Reporter in 1900.

TOLD BY FRANK JAMES

Confederate Veteran Said the Conflict Was Only Surpassed by Thermopylae and Alamo.

This story of the Centralia conflict is republished from the St. Louis Republic of August 5, 1900.

One of the most terrible conflicts of the Civil War occurred near Centralia, Boone County, Mo., in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 27, 1864. Nearly 200 Federal soldiers, commanded by Major A.V.E. Johnson, of the Thirty-Ninth Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerillas, met there Captains Bill Anderson and George Todd, with 225 men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerillas two only were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on the fair September afternoon. Every man in the federal line of battle perished, and only half a score of those left to hold the horses got away.

The conflict has been described by surviving Union soldiers and by persons who were near at the time of or after the fight. But not until now has one of the chief actors of the Confederate side given his version. On a recent Sunday morning, for the second time in his life, Frank James rode over the battlefield and for the first time described the fight.

VETERAN REVISITS BATTLEGROUND

"There is the spot," said Frank James, two miles and more from Centralia, shortly before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S.L. Garrard's home. "Yonder on the rise near the hay rick was the line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the wood beyond our men formed."

His memory served him well. He had not been to the field before nor since the day of the fight. No word had been spoken to indicate the locality. But he remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go," he said, "to any battlefield where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the locations. I guess it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory."

A few moments later he came into the field itself. Corn was growing rank and a herd of cattle calmly feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals had stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. Here Mr. James wandered around for a few moments drinking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told the story, quietly at first, but as he proceeded his face lighted up, there was a ring in his voice and his whole frame seemed ready for the fray again.

"The day before we had a small skirmish down in Goslin's lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We could scarcely keep account of months at that time, much less days. We killed a dozen Yankee soldiers in Goslin's lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche Hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson. I was with Captain George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson."

ANDERSON MERCILESS

James paused a moment--his conversation was in scraps all day and only here put in connected form--he paused a moment and continued: "Bill Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's creek not far from the home of Colonel M.G. Singleton. There were about 225 men, all told, in our combined command. Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard at least 10,000 men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war, when the truth is there were never more than 350 or 400 from one end of the war to the other.

"In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia. I was not with him, nor was any of Todd's company. In Centralia Anderson captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, shot down some soldiers who were on the train and did other things about which I know nothing save from hearsay and which Todd condemned when the boys returned. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in the neighborhood.

"This squad was composed of Dave Pool, Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland and two others whose names I don't remember. They were to find out if there were any Federals around, how many and, if possible, `toll' them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them and then galloped rapidly away, as if surprised to see them. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us there were 350 and he was usually very accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came on and reported. Todd called out `mount up, mount up!'

CARRIED BLACK FLAG

The sharp, piercing eyes of James flashed.

"I don't care what your histories say, they carried a black flag. It was apparently a black apron, tied to a stick. We captured it in the battle that followed.

"We had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly a half mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into charge of a detail of men and prepared to fight.

"John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: `Why the fools are going to fight us on foot!' And then added, in seriousness, `God help 'em.'

"We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses and then at the word of command, started on our charge. The ground, you will notice, rises sharply and we had to charge uphill. For a moment we moved slowly. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long[,] theirs much closer together. We were still some 600 yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up, when they fired their first and only time. They nearly all fired over our heads. We were lying low on our horses, a trick that Comanche Indians practice, and which saved our lives many a time. Only two of our men were killed. Frank Shepherd and `Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days afterward from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode next to me on either side. Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought side by side, slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say, `Frank, I am shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

YANKEES HYPNOTIZED

"On we went up the hill. Almost in the twinkling of an eye we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized. Hypnotized might be a better word, though I reckon nobody knew anything about hypnotism then, though George Todd, by the way, looked like Svengali. Some of the Federals were at `fix bayonets,' some were biting off their cartridges, preparing to reload.

"Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. Every one was shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape we followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them. The last man and the first man was killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start.

"That night we left this woods and this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward."

"It has been reported that my brother, Jesse James, was not at the Centralia fight, that he was sick in Carroll County at the time. This is a mistake. Jesse was here. He it was who killed the commander of the Federal troops, Major Johnson. The Younger boys were not at Centralia."

JAMES GETS A "RELIC"

The plowshare had taken the place of the sword on the hillside. Frank James took an ear of corn from the battlefield. "I want some sort of a relic," he said, "and this is the most peaceful-looking I see." Later in the day Adam Rodemyre of the Centralia Guard gave him a bullet found on the field.

After two hours on the battlefield a visit was made to the Pleasant Grove burying ground on the Silver farm where Frank Shepherd and "Hank" Williams are buried. The burying ground is a typical country cemetery lying in a secluded spot, away from the main traveled road, some four miles from Centralia.

The living guerilla stood with his black slouch hat in his hand at the side of the sunken graves of his dead comrades.

"To this complexion we must come at last," he said looking down at the withered grass. "Our boys are scattered everywhere. You will find their graves in the hollows and

on the hills, by the gulf and on these prairies. Many have no monument. They don't need any. They made their monument while they lived. They left a record for daring courage that the world has not yet surpassed. They don't need any monument after they are dead. Their sleep is just as sweet here as in the beautiful city cemetery."

Frank James pinched a twig from the great, green pine tree and walked away. "The marvel to me," he said to me, "is that I am not sleeping in a place like this. What have I been spared for when so many of my comrades have been taken? `Two men shall be working in a field; one shall be taken and the other left.' That's Scripture--you know my father was a Baptist preacher--a good man and a good preacher--it's Scripture and it's life, too."

HELPED BURY DEAD

A brief stay was made at the farm house of William R. Jennings. Mr. Jennings helped bury the Federal dead the day after the battle. He could not remember the number, but there were several wagon loads. "I felt sorry for one poor boy, hardly more than 17 years old, who had almost reached the woods in an attempt to escape. All the Federals," continued Mr. Jennings, "had been shot in the head. So unerring was the marksmanship of the bushwhackers that frequently we could find no wounds on the soldier's bodies until we would turn back the eyelid or look into an ear and there would be the single little hole that brought death."

When the old man closed his story the party turned to go.

"Well," said Mr. Jennings, "I hope we'll meet in a better world than this."

"I hope so," said Mr. James, "where there is no fighting."

"When great, big grown men, with full possession of all their faculties, refer to that battle as the Centralia Massacre, I think they are pleading the baby act. We did not start the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed every one of us if he had had a chance? What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the Southern soldiers and the soldiers from the South tried to kill every Yank, and that's all there is to it.

"We were just out there in the brush, not molesting anybody, when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. How could we carry them around with us? We either killed them or turned them loose. As for the Centralia fight, it reminds me of Macbeth: `Never shake thy gory looks at me; thou canst not say I did it.'

"We didn't make war on women and children. They are the only people whom I sympathize with during war. Men ought to be in the fight on one side or the other. Nor did we fight the citizens, except when they had played the informer. I understand one citizen was killed in Centralia in a drunken row. That ought not to have been done. The Yankees killed many more noncombatants than we did."

When the old soldier spoke of the mistreatment of the South there was a grim, set look about his mouth and a cold glitter in his eyes.

"Bushwhackers did some bad things, but they never devastated and ruined the country.

"There was order No. 11--Ewing's. I am glad General Bingham put that on immortal canvas. That is a picture that talks. That order simply ruined hundreds of peaceful homes in Western Missouri. I know one man up in Jackson County who made a fortune going around picking up cattle that had been abandoned, a high-toned cattle thief."

"I think I know all the trees and shrubs of Missouri and what they are good for. I have had to use them for food and medicine sometimes, you know. Occasionally they fool me in Shaw's Garden in St. Louis, with the trees and plants from other countries but with nothing from Missouri."

MEETS GRANDSON OF ENEMY

A bright-looking boy, about twelve years of age, shook hands with Mr. James. "My name," he said, "is Marquette Richards. My grandfather, John Marquette, was the last man killed in the fight."

James looked kindly at the little fellow. "Well, son, you may be proud of your grandfather. He was about the bravest of Johnson's command. Arch Clements shot him near Sturgeon. He rode a dun horse." No contrast of the day was more striking than that of Frank James and the grandson of his old enemy; the grizzled veteran and the mite of a boy.

"The stories about guerillas riding with the reins of the horse between their teeth and firing with pistols in both hands is simply dime-novel stuff. There was never any such thing. We always held our horses with one hand and the pistol with the other. It was as important to hold the horse as it was to hold the pistol.

"Anderson always made us keep our horses in good condition. If a man did not keep a good horse and good pistols he sent him to the infantry. I rode a horse named `Little George' at Centralia.

"At night and when we were in camp we played like schoolboys. Some of our play was as rough as football. The truth was we were nothing but great big boys, anyhow.

"If ever ypu want to pick a company to do desperate work or to lead a forlorn hope, select young men from 17 to 21 years old. They will go anywhere in the world you will lead them. As men grow older they grow more cautious but at that age they are regular dare devils. Take our company, and there has never been a more reckless lot of men. Only one or two were over 25. Most of them were under 21. Scarcely a dozen boasted a mustache. Wasn't it Bacon who said when a man had wife and children he had given hostages to fortune?

"Arch Clements, who was the real brains of Anderson's command, was only 20. He, Payton Long and myself followed the Federals nearly to Sturgeon. He was first lieutenant. Clements came from Kingsville, Johnson County. He was killed at Lexington.

"There were only two of the guerillas who would fight in a battle just like in a personal difficulty, George Todd and Dick Kinney. They would get mad in a battle just like in a fist fight.

"Very few of our men went through the war without wounds of some kind. Quite a number of the guerillas are still living." Mr. James mentioned a number of men who were at the Centralia fight.

SOME WHO WERE THERE

Henry Noland, William Noland, First Lieutenant James Little, Second Lieutenant Clark Renick, Orderly Sergeant John Baker, Payton Long, Foss Key, Jim Gibson, Clark Hockensmith, Dick Glasscock and William Bassham were killed in Kentucky. Jim Evans and George Robinson were captured and hanged at Lexington, Ky. Captain William Anderson was killed near Albany, Mo. Jim Anderson was killed in Texas after the war. Captain William H. Stuart was killed in Howard County. Ol Shepherd was killed near Lee's Summit after the war. George Todd was killed near Independence on Price's last raid. Dick Burnes was killed in Jackson County after the war. William Hulse of Jackson County died after the war. Bud and Daniel Pent died in Kentucky.

"The greatest raid made by the guerillas was the one in September, 1864. We were north of the Missouri river only about two weeks. We had with us never to exceed 250 men. We averaged a battle a day and we killed over 1,000 Federal soldiers, besides destroying much Yankee property. The only battles in the world's history to surpass Centralia are Thermopylae and the Alamo. Next to the Centralia fight is the skirmish at Baxter Springs, Kan., where we killed 130 of Gen. Blunt's body guard.

"We never met many Federal soldiers who would fight us on equal terms. They would either want to outnumber us or would run away.

"I believe the saddest thing I know connected with the war," said Mr. James and the man of blood and iron showed much feeling as he told the story, "occurred at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Young Theodore Carter was fighting there. But a few yards away was his old home, with his mother standing at the window watching the battle and waiting for him. He fought bravely that day. Almost within a stone's throw of his mother's door, within sight of the yard where he had played as a boy, he was shot down and died."

James Clark, engineer on the Wabash branch railroad, is the same man who took the ill-fated Wabash train into Centralia on the fatal September morning, 1864. As with Frank James, the snow has drifted on his head and he is an old man now.

The Intelligencer, Mexico, Missouri, January 5, 1922

OPEN COLUMN

NOTE: The Intelligencer has received from Joe Lee Bomar, son of a Confederate soldier, this account of events:

LEADING UP to and After the Centralia Massacre

The strategy having worked its purpose, Urice [sic] suddenly wheeled to the left and went up the Missouri river following his advance legions, led by Shelby, who had paved the way. He captured one small garrison after another wherever encountered. He destroyed the railroad bridge on the Osage river, being joined by Price. He threatened and drove Union forces to cover in the Federal breastworks at Jefferson City, powerfully manned and fortified. Flanking Jefferson, Price moved with his various commands under various leaders spread out like a fan. He captured Russellville and defeated a Federal army at the Maureau Ford. Sedalia, California and Boonville, with their garrisons, and Glasgow and 5,000 prisoners and vast quantities of military supplies fell into the hands of the victorious Confederates. Price, with the main command, rested for several days at Boonville awaiting the arrival of several hundred new recruits, well-mounted but poorly armed, from north of the Missouri river.

Captain William Clark Quantrell and Lieutenants William Anderson and Todd with their celebrated deadly daredevil commands had been ordered by Price to cross the Missouri river west of Lexington and sweep rapidly east, fighting everything in the nature of an enemy regardless of numbers and environment. In fact they were instructed to terrorize all Northeast Missouri, driving, killing, or shutting up for safety all the numerous Union garrisons. Nearly every town and village in Northeast Missouri swarmed with Union militia.

Quantrell struck terror in that section of the state. Moving with the swiftness of the wind, he struck right, left and ahead, killing and driving to cover dozens of commands superior to his in numbers. But numbers to this unrivaled command were never considered. Thier [sic] mission was to kill, kill, kill. They neither asked nor gave quarter. They fought under the skull and crossbones and the ominous black flag. To them life was nothing. Every man had a grievance, a score of grievances, to settle. They snapped their fingers at death. To them it had no terrors. They and their friends had been hounded and mistreated and they courted death. Banded together never to surrender or desert and never to mistreat a woman, child or aged person, they were demons incarnate and the most celebrated band of horsemen and deadly shots the world ever saw. Succeeding beyond their most sanguine expectations, terror was carried to Keytesville and Fayette, where Quantrell was wounded.

The command now developed alternately to Captain William Anderson and Captain George Todd. They swooped on east through Monroe county and to High Hill, where the garrison at the blockhouse was put out of commission and the railroad track torn up. On they went to Danville in Montgomery county, Mo., where a Dutch garrison was killed. Its business had been stealing, burning and murdering of old men, Danville was burned by Anderson's orders.

Having thus far accomplished his purpose, Anderson went westward to further protect new recruits going to Price. He followed up well out on the right flank of Price's army. The Federals, thinking that Mexico, Mo., a strong secessionist town, now in the hands of the Union forces, would be the next town to be attacked by Anderson, moved up a Union command from Fulton to Mexico to reinforce the Mexico garrison.

Sixteen men constituted the rear guard of this regiment during the march to Mexico. A farmhouse three and a half miles south of Mexico was entered by the rear guard and everything of value, wedding clothes, jewelry, bedclothing, silverware, pictures, my little dead brother's clothes, all provisions and several mules, two or three of which were shot and eaten, were stolen. And for what! Because the home was the property of a brave Confederate cavalryman, Alexander Bomar, fighting manfully for his home and state.

The next day Mrs. Bomar, on the advice of her father-in-law and Richard Byrnes, Sr., an uncle of her husband, both of whom were strong Union men, although slaveholders, went on foot to Mexico. To ride would have meant that she would have been dismounted by the militia and her horse would have been retained. Mrs. Bomar sought out the Federal provost-marshal and related the thievery committed at her home. The provost, being a good man, caused a search to be made and much of the stolen goods was found in the quarters and tents of the rearguardsmen, who were arrested, put abroad [sic] the train and started west toward St. Joseph, Mo., for trial in military court for violation of the rules of so-called civilized warfare; that is, making war on women, children and non-combatants.

Anderson heard of their coming and when the train reached Centralia, Mo., the track was found barricaded and the dreaded guerilla [sic] command was drawn up on both sides of the depot with a black flag at its head.

A detachment of Anderson's men boarded the train and took the sixteen thieves and their guards off and shot them to death. The negro engineer was shot, and a steel musket rod thrust down his mouth and through his body, running him to the cab seat.

The whistle of the locomotive was pulled wide open, coal oil was poured on the bullet-riddled coaches, they were set on fire, and with full steam on and the dead negro's hand at the throttle, the train was sent whirling, screeching and burning westward down the track to destruction. Its steam exhausted, the train burned down on the prairie. Yes, war is hell!

(To be continued)

[Note: This is evidently the second of three parts to this story. The first, which was not copied or transcribed, concerned events associated with Price's raid into Missouri and did not contain material directly relevant to the events at Centralia.]

The Intelligencer, Mexico, Missouri, January 12, 1922

OPEN COLUMN

NOTE: The Intelligencer has received from Joe Lee Bomar, son of a Confederate soldier, this account of events:

Leading Up to and After the Centralia Massacre

The bodies of the robbers were then gathered up and sent to Mexico to be given a military funeral they so little deserved. Joe Morris and other Mexico citizens recognized Alexander Bomar's $125 broadcloth suit as a burial shroud on one of them. Turning the coat collar down they saw Bomar's name plainly worked in silk thread. In my father's wedding suit the thief sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking.

For the shooting of these men, who were a disgrace to the national flag, one impetuous, indiscreet, hotheaded major of a Union militia, Major Johnston of Ralls county, gathered together 360 men who were the most outlandish, bloodthirsty, desperate gang that could be selected from 10,000 Northwest Missouri militiamen, and swore vengence[sic] and destruction to Captain Anderson and his little band of braves. He threw away his country's flag, hoisted the black flag instead, and came hunting and breathing dire threats against Anderson.

Captain Anderson eventually learned of Johnston, the boaster, and in turn became a hunter of him. Finally on a fateful day in September, 1864, Johnston and his command rode into Centralia, Mo., inquiring for and threatening Anderson. He was informed that Anderson had just come in from a foray and was camped along a small timbered branch just west of Young's Creek, one and a half or two miles southeast of Centralia, resting, feeding their horses and preparing dinner.

Johnston declared he would give them bullets to eat. Many Union men and women plead [sic] with and advised Johnston and his men for their lives to steer clear of Anderson. They told of the desperate character of the old Quantrell command, now led by Anderson, one of the bravest and most desperate of men in existence with a following of 250 like himself. Johnston disregarded all pleadings and admonitions, cursed the enemy and urged them to come on.

He had scarcely said this when every Anderson trooper swung into the saddle and formed in two lines of double intervals, bridle reins in their teeth, a deadly dragon [sic; i.e. dragoon] sixshooter in each hand, horses at full speed.

Jesse James, riding a splendid race mare, spurred a length ahead of the main line and sent a 45 caliber revolver ball straight between Johnston's eyes. Johnston leaped high in the air, throwing up his hands as though to catch hold of something, and fell back dead. The charge was an avalanche, revolvers cracking as fast as cylinders could revolve. Every man in both Johnston's lines was ridden down or shot down, many in the same way Johnston had been. At the last Anderson threw his columns into single file and galloping around, hanging on their saddles by one leg, swinging under the necks of their horses, circling in a dead run around the remainder of Johnston's command, they shot them down to the last man. It was worse than sheep driven to the slaughter. Poor fellows, they yelled, begged and shot rapidly enough but did not kill.

The sixty men who were holding the horses, seeing the fate being meted out to their comrades, disobeyed orders and took to headlong flight to Sturgeon and safety, six or eight miles west. Anderson dispatched Jim Younger, Frank James, Paul Dickson, Dick Maddox, and Jim Anderson in pursuit of the fleeing, panic-stricken fugitives. All were shot to death but two and hiding and superior speed is all that saved them.

Anderson had only four or five men wounded and one killed. Dick Kinney of Fayette, Mo., was thought to have been accidentally killed by his own men.

Such a combat stands unparalleled in the world's history. Of two picked commands under the black flag, both desperate both ready, in broad daylight one was annihilated and the other was practically unscratched.

After the Centralia affair terror and a deep lull pervaded North Missouri. Militia, trembling for safety, kept close to the fortresses and blockhouses and Anderson and other partisan bands roamed at will.

Quantrell, who had been in hiding in the Blackfoot hills of Boone county and had sufficiently convalesced from his Fayette wound, seeing that the war was boneless in the West, took Frank James, James Younger and about 80 more, clothed them in federal uniform, crossed the Mississippi river below Memphis, Tenn., and went on into Kentucky. There his ruse was detected and he fell to fighting desperately the overwhelming numbers of Colonel Terrell's Union cavalry. He lingered for a time but finally died of his wounds and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Louisville, Ky. At his death there ended the chief and the most unique of cavalry leaders ever born on this continent.

Anderson, with the rest of his command, leisurely crossed the great Missouri river at Rocheport. He assisted new recruits to his superiors, Price, Shelby and Marmaduke, and was incessantly on the move in advance of covering the rear. At last he recrossed the Missouri on the north side, operating from North Lexington and Richmond and fell at the head of his columns at or near Camden and Liberty Landing. In Anderson perished a man whose very name was enough to send a chill of horror to a regiment of feather-bed militia. He was buried at Liberty, Mo.

Todd, next in rank, assumed command of the band and assisted Gen. John S. Marmaduke in capturing the vast stores and wagon trains of military supplies of the federal depot at Independence, Mo. He fell dead leading a terrific charge against a huge federal reguard [sic] crouched behind a stone fence. Thus perished the thunder-bolt of the command.

Arch Clements, Capt. Cole Younger, Jariet Pool, and other minor leaders gathered up the various squads fighting the forces of the Blue at Chapel Hill and the desperate battle at Westport was waged by Price under the immediate command of Fighting Joe Shelby.

Retreat south by Price was inevitable to save his vast booty and his army, surrounded by 90,000 enemies carrying on five engagements with his men at one time. It is a marvel that he got out of Jackson county, Missouri, with a man, gun, horse or wagon. His retreat toward the south was almost daily battles to beat off the vast hordes that daily beset his flanks and rear.

Marmaduke and Cabell and about 1500 men were overwhelmed and captured at Mine Creek. Again Shelby and the wreck of the Quantrell command were called to hold the rear, which they did successfully until Newtonia, Mo., was reached. Here Shelby,

with the Quantrell company to assist, stripped for the fight, striking and driving the Kansas Red Legs pell mell in utter rout from the field, leaving the ground stream [sic] with the enemies' dead.

[One final paragraph goes into Price's retreat to Texas.]

[Note: This is evidently the third of three parts to this story. The first, which was not copied or transcribed, concerned events associated with Price's raid into Missouri and did not contain material directly relevant to the events at Centralia. The second part was published on January 5, 1922.]

National Tribune, February 16, 1922

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Editor National Tribune: I am one of the survivors of 12 men who escaped the massacre of Centralia, Mo., on Saturday, Sept. 24, 1864. Two of the 12 were badly wounded. I was a member of Co. H, 39th Mo., Capt. Adam Theis, Hannibal, Mo. The detachment, under the command of Maj. Johnson, went from Paris, Mo., to Centralia, numbering 155 men and officers all told. We rode all night in the rain and arrived at Centralia about 4 o'clock Saturday evening. There were 35 dead men and invalid soldiers lying there that had been taken off the train and murdered by the guerrillas. Maj. Johnson took 120 men and went out to the bushes and attacked the guerrillas, who were under command of "Bill" Anderson, the James and Younger gangs. Our men were all killed at the first fire and then the guerrillas came up in the town and shot down all but 12 of us there, we making our escape by running as fast as horses could carry us. I had a good horse, as white as snow. We got safely to Sturgeon. We were mounted at the time. I sat on my horse and held three horses. They had us nearly surrounded, when I let go all holds and made for their lines and escaped death.--Edwin H. Smith, Co. H, 39th Mo., Sandusky, Ohio.

The Columbia Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, August 18, 1924

"Bill Anderson Massacre" Took Place in Centralia 60 Years Ago"

Centralia is the site of the famous "Bill Anderson Massacre," one of the most outstanding bits of the history of Missouri and the Civil War. The anniversary of the massacre will be September 27.

Residents of Centralia, though but two of them--William Carpenter and Mrs. Hanna Angle--were alive when it occurred, still find interest in relating the details of the massacre to strangers. The diners on the Chicago & Alton periodically carry descriptions of Centralia and of the massacre, and passengers watch interestedly from their seats when they approach the city.

No one in Centralia believes the story which recently emanated from Texas that "Bill" Anderson is alive. They scoff, and, if proof is needed, they will bring to light a newspaper picture of Anderson. This likeness, which they say is that of the noted guerrilla chief, is supposed to have been taken shortly after his reported death in battle. It is said that the body was propped up in a chair and the picture taken.

The likeness depicts Anderson in the dress of a typical outlaw, frontier clothes and all. In his right hand is shown the pistol which Anderson is reported to have mercilessly shot fleeing Federal recruits and whomever came in his way on the fatal day, September 27, 1864.

The Wabash Depot--the same that has stood since Civil War days being repaired and painted--fronts on the scene where Anderson and his men dragged from a train twenty-three Federal soldiers and shot them. Anderson had practically sacked Centralia, robbing the stores and the stage from Columbia. After shooting the soldiers, Anderson made the engineer, James Clark, start the train.

Major-General Todd had sent Anderson to Centralia. There was a Federal detachment at Columbia and one at Sturgeon. Most of the Federals were raw recruits.

Maj. A.V.E. Johnson rushed to Centralia with 147 men from Paris to avenge the death of the twenty-three Federals. Johnson and most of his men were killed by the treacerous outlaws in the fight, or rather rout, that followed.

Anderson and his column had retired from Centralia and Johnson rushed to the pursuit, leaving a number of his command in Centralia. Johnson went to the attack with about 110 men.

The guerrilla pickets led Johnson and his men to the present site of the Gerrard farm. The Federals marched into a fallow field and, facing eastward toward Young's Creek, halted and fixed bayonets.

Johnson had left every fourth man to hold the horses.

What happened is well known. Instead of there being only Bill Anderson and his company present, there were several other outlaw companies hidden in the thicket. Anderson's men stood out in the open facing the Federals. Other bands of the outlaws were hidden to the south and north.

As soon as the Federals had fixed their bayonets to their rifles, the outlaws charged, each armed with blazing pistols in each hand. It was a slaughter. Major Johnson died in his saddle. A few stragglers got back to Centralia followed by the

outlaws. A number of the Federals were killed in Centralia. Only twenty-three of Johnson's men escaped. Altogether 154 men were killed that day.

A long grave was dug near Centralia and many of the bodies buried in it. There a _____ was erected. Late the _____ were removed to Jefferson City.

A price was immediately _____ the head of Anderson ____ supposed that he was killed in battle soon afterward.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, September 12, 1924

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

M.F. Hicks who was living in Centralia at the time of the Bill Anderson Massacre September 27, 1864 gives us the following first-hand account of that memorable day when twenty-three unarmed federal soldiers were taken off of the North Missouri train and shot without quarter by the guerrillas under Capt. Bill Anderson. Mr. Hicks was about ten years old at that time and stood out and saw the tragedy thru as he was not old enough to realize that there was any personal danger in standing out in the open while shooting was going on. Mr. Hicks says the federal soldiers taken off of the train were formed in line just east of Ball's store and Anderson's men stood with their backs to the store and fired their revolvers toward the east at the unarmed federals. He says the guerrillas were many of them so drunk they shot wild and several of the bullets struck the house where Mr. Hicks lived, and many of the men ran in that direction.

The Ball store was an old frame building, painted a dull brick red and stood facing the north on about the present site of the R.P. _____ barber shop in Railroad street. The old North Missouri depot was a little farther to the east than the present Wabash depot.

The house where Mr. Hicks lived was located somewhere just east of where Tom Sims' blacksmith shop now stands, or about a little over a block from where Anderson's men stood while firing.

Mr. Hicks says:

"I was living in Centralia at the time of the Bill Anderson Massacre. I saw the train when it came in on the old North Missouri Railroad with the soldiers that were afterwards taken off and shot down. There were several of these men who were not killed.

"When the soldiers were formed in line to be shot, some of them broke and ran. Two of these men were killed in our house and one of them just as he was starting into the house. I also saw one man make his escape. He ran from the firing squad and was chased into an old blacksmith shop that we had there, by one of Anderson's men who was riding a fine looking horse. The federal ran into the door of the shop and the guerrilla jumped off of his horse and followed him into the shop, when the federal ran out of a side door and then ran to where the horse was, mounted the animal and rode away and fast as the animal could run. The guerrilla came to the door of the shop just as the federal had mounted his horse, and he ran out yelling to the others: `Dam him, shoot him, he has stolen one of our best horses and gone.' The federal soldier flattened himself out on the horse so as to make a very small target, and they did not get him. I learned afterward that he ran the horse out to the Pool neighborhood east of town, got a suit of civilian clothes and made his getaway.

"I also saw Major Johnson and his men when they came into town after Bill Anderson. Johnson made the remark as he rode into town that he would get Bill Anderson or eat his supper in hell.

"When Anderson's men were in town before the train from the east came in, they were sacking the place. They would roll the whisky barrels out into the street and break them open and every fellow who did not have a bottle or canteen, would steal a new pair of boots, tie the straps together, fill each boot half full of whisky and throw them across

the horn of his saddle. Then they would ride around and make every fellow they met take a drink with them out of one of the boots.

"If our Tommy Ryan or `Ras' had been there that day there would have been some scrambling for the boots.

Mr. Hicks was doing errands at the Hall home in Centralia. Mr. Hall's daughter, Eliza, was lying in the house with tuberculosis and it was his business to go for anything the family might need. Mr. Hicks saw the guerrillas when they came into town and saw them loot the stores here. He says they would get a bolt of calico, take hold of the end and get on their horses and start on[?] a run down the streets, unwinding the calico as they shouted and yelled, waving the free end. They also took dishes and other articles out of the stores and sailed them thru the air or broke them upon the rails of the track in front of the Ball store. After the train came in and they shot the soldiers down, three of the soldiers tried to get into Mr. Hall's house, one of them was shot down in the yard and two of them were followed into the house by the guerrillas and shot down in the room where Eliza Hall lay. Mr. Hall went out in the yard and told the guerrillas that his daughter was in the room and was a mighty sick woman and asked them to remove the bodies of the two federals from the sick room. They brandished their revolvers and swore at him, telling him to drag the bodies out himself if he did not want them there. At this juncture Capt. Bill Anderson rode up to the place and asked what was the matter and Mr. Hall told him. Anderson got down off his horse and said to Mr. Riggs who was standing there: `Here, old man, you hold my horse' and turning to Mr. Hall he said, `If you have a sick daughter in there I will get those men out of the sick room.' Mr. Hicks says Anderson was not a large man, while the bodies were those of large men. He went in, seized the first man by the wrist and dragged him out of the house and into the yard. Going back he got the other one and dragged him out, too. He then mounted his horse and rode back to where his men were carousing upon the street.

Richard Cook, one of our good friends, living just southwest of Centralia, was living in this vicinity during the memorable Centralia Massacre, and has given us a little bit more to add to our write-up of that fateful day, which has not been published before. Mr. Cook was a boy of about ten years of age and on the memorable September 27, 1864, was attending school at Union, south of town. His teacher was named Sandusky of Columbia. At about 11:30 A.M., Turner Sexton, who hauled wood to town for selling on the streets, came by the school with his team going as fast as he could drive them. He stopped long enough to yell at the teacher that Centralia was full of guerrillas and that they had stopped the west bound passenger train and took off a lot of Union soldiers and shot them down in the street. The guerrillas were getting drunk and burning the town. Sexton drove on to the south. Shortly after dinner or about two o'clock the teacher dismissed the children and sent them to their homes for safety which they might not [h]ave in the school house if the guerrillas came that way. A little later in the afternoon Mr. Cook said they could distinctly hear reports of the muskets and revolvers to the eastward. The next day he went over to where the battle had been fought. The rail fence had been taken down by Johnson's men for 150 panels so they could go thru with their horses. Just a little ways beyond the fence could be seen more bodies of the dead Union soldiers and a large number of horses that had been killed in the charge of the bushwhackers. Bodies of men were found scattered over a long distance from the scene

of the fight, where they had been followed and set [sic] down. Mr. Cook said that when the Mounted Federals entered town in the afternoon, one man was posted at each of the four roadways leading into town, as lookouts or sentrys [sic], as they expected a brush with the Bushwackers and didn't know where or when they might show up. The man posted at the southwest edge of town tried to stop Sexton as he ran his team out of the town. Sexton yelled, "Run for your life, they're killing everybody over yonder." The sentry thought Sexton was one of the raw recruits of his company and shouted, "Go back you damned coward, and help your comrades in that fight." Sexton didn't tarry but kept on at full speed. The lone sentry died, at his post while he could probably have gotten to safety if he had known the true conditions in that battle. Mr. Cook witnessed the hauling of dead to the trench along the railroad just a little east of the present Centralia High School building where they were buried and remembers when the bones were taken up years later as [sic] buried in the National cemetery at Jefferson City.

Next week we will publish an account written by J.W. Daniel who lived east of Centralia during the Civil War, and saw Johnson's men when they came in from Hannibal.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, September 19, 1924

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

Here is an account from another man who lived in this section during the Civil War days and saw the federal soldiers under Johnson when they were coming into Centralia. We will let him tell his story.

Mexico, Mo., August, 1924.

Editor Centralia Guard:

Dear Sir:

I am told you contemplate writing up the Centralia Massacre of September, 1864. Perhaps what I may say, or know about this slaughter, may interest at least some of your many readers. At the time of this one-sided fight between Major Johnson and Bill Anderson and their soldiers, the writer (then in his seventeenth year--now in his 76th) was living on the farm later known as the Doc Pool place, near the head of Skull Lick Creek, and about five miles easterly from Centralia. Singleton's home and barn (in which latter building the Anderson soldiers were quartered) was about three miles southwest of our farm. The day before the fight Major Johnson with 200 cavalrymen (including himself) came by our farm riding two abreast. Myself and father, A.B. Daniel, Sr., were cutting corn near the dirt road, on the west side. Major Johnson and his men had come from Hannibal as we learned, and as we understood it, had been sent to this locality in search of Bill Anderson. The Major called to us to come out to the road, which we did, when the following colloquy took place:

Johnson asked us if Bill Anderson was in this locality. My father said: "No, not so far as I know." He said that we had been cutting corn several days and had no means of knowing. Johnson then said: "Well, he is up here, and I am going to have him. Have you any horses down at the barn (about 500 yards from the road)." "No," said my father. "None that you would want. They are all worked down.["] Notwithstanding this answer, the Major deputized two of his men to gallop down to the barn. They did not take any horses, but they did take a man's saddle that we had bought only a few days prior to this. The saddle, we found on the battle field the day after the fight.

The first knowledge we had of the slaughter, was in the afternoon of that day, when we saw two Confederate horsemen under whip, shooting at one of Johnson's men as they passed around the north boundary of our farm, and entered the brush on Skull Lick Creek near the old home of Jim Pool. We had to presume that this man got away, as by this time it began nearing dark, and we failed to see Anderson's men return.

Now, I will go back to the beginning of the fight. When Johnson arrived in Centralia, he soon heard that Anderson and his men (about 250, we heard) were camping in the M.G. Singleton barn, about three miles southeast of Centralia. In order that he might the more easily find the location, he pressed into his service our old-time acquaintance and friend, Drury Ragsdale (a Southern sympathizer), whose home was at Paris, Mo., but who had gone to Centralia on business. Mr. Ragsdale afterwards told us of the fight. He said, when nearing the barn, Johnson's men were ordered to dismount from green horses picked up along the road from Hannibal, and then the order was given to fire. The noise of the muskets put the horses on their mettle, of course, and just then

there came out from the Young's Creek brush Bill Anderson's men, with bridle reins in their months [sic], guns and pistols buckled to their saddles and a revolver in each hand, shooting down the Union soldiers man after man, in quick succession.

In order to save himself, Mr. Ragsdale said he sat in his saddle with uplifted hat in hand and yelled: "Citizen, citizen, citizen."

Your informant has heard that Drury Ragsdale died in Paris several years ago, but doubt he has relatives there who have heard him tell of his sad lot, while the fight was on.

We understood that the day after the fight only two or three of Johnson's men escaped death. The Major himself was also killed. The writer was in Centralia the second day after the mix-up, and went out to the pit just east of the town limits where the men had been hauled in, in wagons, from the battlefield, and dumped into the long ditch prepared for burial purposes. Their bodies had been dumped into this pit like hogs, and it was a most ghastly sight to look upon. There I saw many bloody hats and caps scattered along the trench, and all clotted with blood, and punctured with bullet holes, and lying about the grounds were dead horse carcasses and other evidences of the awful slaughter.

Respectively submitted,

J.W. DANIEL.

(Mr. Daniel says he has always contended that the fight occurred on September 24th, 1864 and not September 27th, as it has been published.

(We have for next week the statement of W.L. Hulen, better known as Louis Hulen, who was here in Centralia the day of the Bill Anderson Massacre, and who has given the statement at the request of our good friend Harvey Hulen, the Historian and author. Louis Hulen verifies what the others have said in regard to the Massacre and written interestingly about that terrible affair. Harvey Hulen is preparing a statement or article and tells us he may be able to get hold of another eye witness to that day's happenings and send it in.

In a recent paragraph in the Guard we stated that the Massacre was in the morning of one day and the battle southeast of town the afternoon of the next day, but we made the statement unintentionally, and the Massacre and the Battle of Centralia both occurred the same day, the 27th day of September, 1864.

The object in printing these accounts and statements, as our author-friend has said, is to keep the record straight, and to get from living witnesses the true story of one of the greatest tragedies of the Civil War.)

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, September 26, 1924

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

Here is a letter that was written the day after the Massacre and battle here, by Enoch Hunt, who was the only man who escaped to Sturgeon with his life, out of the number of Johnson's men who ran from the field after the defeat of their comrades south of town. Mr. Hunt was mounted on an old work mare but the mare had the blood and the speed when needed and carried her soldier rider to safety. Mr. Hunt was followed by Frank James "the man on the buckskin horse", who shot and killed two men just south of where A.R. Toalson's residence now it [sic] and who shot Mr. Marquette who died after reaching Sturgeon.

The letter was written to his folks following the escape. Mr. Hunt's mother wrote on the back of the same letter to a relative in St. Louis and the letter was preserved and handed down in the family and the same original letter is now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. J.B. Wisdom of east of Centralia, who kindly showed the same to the editor of the Guard and permitted us to copy it. Here it is, and we note the writer made a mistake in the date as calendars were rare in those days, and he probably had to date from memory only:

Sturgeon Sept. 29, 1864.

Dear ones at home. We had a fight yesterday at Centralia, with Anderson and all got killed except 15 that we know of. We run to Sturgeon. We had 150 killed, they scalped all the officers. You may think that I want to get home, but I don't care. I am doing well. I stopped at Mr. Conger's as we came up there and all of the folks were well. The Rebels was at there the night before. I have seen more dead men than a few. I was not afraid even when I saw men fighting. I am in a hurry to help to tend to the things. I suppose that you heard of it and thought you fretted about me so thought I'd write and let you know whether I was killed or not. You must excuse writing, so I will close.

ENOCH HUNT.

This is a boy's story of the Battle, as Mr. Hunt was about 18 years of age when he was in the army, and it shows the spirit of the boys of that age. The writer did not think it much out of the ordinary to be but one of the few who got out of this terrible battle alive.

There was really only eleven of Johnson's men who escaped alive from Centralia. Mr. Hunt was a private in Capt. Adam Theis' Co. of the 39th Missouri, under Major A.V.E. Johnson. The ages of the soldiers under Johnson ran from bare 18 to 23, the officers being older in years.

Mr. Hunt came to Centralia the day after the battle and helped to gather up the dead and see that the arms were recovered as far as possible. This old letter had been hidden away and forgotten until the Guard began to publish the various accounts of the Massacre and Battle of Centralia. ____ Mrs. Wisdom became interested ___ remembered the family relic. We[?] are glad to add it to the history of the struggle of that day.

Mr. Editor:

I write you this letter at the request of my brother, Harvey Hulen, and tell you what I saw in Centralia when the furloughed soldiers were taken from the train and shot by Bill Anderson's men on the 27th day of September, 1864.

The first thing, I must tell you who I am. My name is W.L. Hulen, but I am known by my boyhood friends as Louis Hulen. I was born on a farm north of Hallsville, not more than half a mile, where my father settled in 1847.

I was born on the 31st day of March, 1850, the year so many people went [to] California following the discovery of gold in '49. My father, William Hulen, and his brother, Taylor Hulen were a part of that big crowd of gold seekers.

Our family moved from near Hallsville to Silver's Fork Creek and made a new farm on the west side of that creek, where I grew to manhood.

I went to Texas in 1874 with my brother Harvey, where I lived for fifteen years. I spent several years in Springfield and Aurora, Mo., and landed here in Lawton (Oklahoma) some twenty years ago.

I have spent almost my whole life since manhood, selling dry goods and clothing and am now past the age of 74 years, and still at work in a clothing store. I expect the last call to find me trying to sell Sharon a new white suit of clothes, before he rows me across the River Styx (guaranteed never to fade, and easily cleaned[)].

The very first question asked me, I could not answer--"Were you in Centralia September 27, 1864, and what did you go there for that day[?]"

I could not answer the question, but I did say I was there. Yes, I was there and I think I saw it all, or at least most of what happened.

I could not and can not say why I was there, but Centralia was our trading town, and I suppose I must have gone there on some errand, or to purchase some farm supplies, or take something to sell from our farm.

It was nearly noon--about eleven o'clock--when the train from the east came in.

I had seen the Anderson gang of soldiers, but outside of being surprised to see them there, I thought it a small matter, as I had seen many such squads of the boys all during the war, and supposed they were there to get food or clothing[.] I saw them robbing the stores, and taking many things useless to soldiers. I saw them drinking whisky, and many were drunk. I saw them take things from the stores and wilfully [sic] destroy them.

Many had canteens full of whisky and bottles full of whisky, too. They rolled a barrel of whisky out in the street and drank from the barrel out of tin cups.

They would ride around the town firing their pistols, and were not very careful as to where they shot. Still, I think that no one was hurt before the soldiers were taken from the railroad train.

I stayed in town only a short time after the Massacre, and was glad to get away and go home.

Then the train from the east stopped at the depot. Anderson's men surrounded the train and some of the men took possession of the engine, and made the engineer and fireman get off of the engine.

Anderson's men took charge of the coaches and made the passengers all get off the train.

There were several passengers, an[d] among them were twenty-two furloughed federal soldiers going somewhere for a rest. All were unarmed, but had on their soldier

clothing, the Federal uniform. These Federal soldiers were taken across Railroad street to the building on the south side of that street, and nearly opposite the depot, and stood in line and shot.

Many of the soldiers begged for mercy and to be spared, others went to their death without a movement of a muscle. Some of them broke ranks and ran. They went eastward and ran into a house occupied by Judge John W. Hall. In the house was Judge Hall's daughter, Eliza, sick, and very low with consumption. Two of the soldiers crawled under the bed which Eliza occupied. They were found there, pulled from under the bed and shot there in her presence.

Among the soldiers was a private citizen, but, unfortunately he had on a soldier's blouse. He tried to tell them he was not a soldier nor ever had been, but they shot him along with the balance.

During the excitement and shooting of the Federal soldiers, one of Anderson's men was guarding the depot. For some cause, William Rowland, the clerk in the depot, got into some trouble with this guard and the guard shot and killed Rowland.

The guard said Rowland had attacked him and he had to shoot to save himself.

The killing that day was the most harrowing sight I have ever seen and today, after an interval of sixty years, I often see this horrible scene enacted over again and again. I have not been able to forget the least detail of those events. Twenty-two men shot, all lying in a pile, some very still, others moving hands or feet, some gasping for breath or moaning audibly!

I did not know the railroad track had been torn up. This was done before I got to town.

The train was run some two hundred yards west, and set on fire and totally destroyed. This was somewhere near an old orchard west of town.

The depot was then set on fire and destroyed.

All pockets of the dead soldiers were rifled and everything of value was taken from them.

I think the stage coach from Columbia had arrived before the soldiers were shot and killed. Bob Thorp was the driver. All of the passengers on the stage coach were made to give up their valuables and Anderson's men then rifled the mail sacks.

I did not know any of the passengers, but was told that Major J.S. Rollins of Columbia, was one of the lot.

I recollect many people who were in Centralia that day and could name them now, if necessary.

I went home that afternoon, and the next day afterward I went back to Centralia and helped to bury the soldiers killed that were taken from the train, as well as soldiers killed in the battle that was fought near Centralia between the guerrillas and Major Johnson's men.

Eighty soldiers in all were buried about four hundred yards east of where the depot had stood. They were buried in a long trench, side by side--laid in the "silent grave."

Another sad sight to see, and, like the massacreed [sic] soldiers, can never be effaced from my boyhood memory.

W.L. HULEN.

(We may get statements from a number of other eye witnesses who are still living in known places, for some later issues. There are some considerable number of Anderson's men scattered over the country and we would be glad to print their side of the story. It is all a matter of history now, and can be viewed in that perspective. Later we may also print the statement of a friend and chronicler of Capt. "Bill" Anderson, who tells why Anderson was bitter against the Federals and speaks of his personal grievances. The prize article of the series, we feel, will be that of the historian Harvey Hulen, who will add the story of the Massacre to his other reminiscences and wants to make it complete.)

The Columbia Missourian, Columbia, Missouri, September 27, 1924

Centralia Massacre Occurred Sixty Years Ago Today

Sixty years ago today occurred the Centralia massacre, one of the bloodiest deeds of Bill Anderson's _____ a guerilla [sic] leader. In this raid he captured and burned a passenger train on the North Missouri Railroad, taking from it twenty-four Federal soldiers who were returning home discharged. These men were mostly unarmed, and were shot down by Anderson's men who, in a savage frenzy, mutilated many of the bodies. The small force of Major A.V.E. Johnston, Thirty-ninth Missouri Infantry, was likewise massacred when in pursuit of the bandits.

Newspaper _____ _____ in September, 1864, aroused North Missouri by the news that General Sterling Price had crossed the Arkansas River with a large army of 12,000[?] or 16,000[?] men. He was reported to be well organized with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and it was expected that he would capture St. Louis, Jefferson City, and other important Missouri towns.

Bill Anderson and his band of guerillas were known to be in the vicinity of Paris where he had gone from his raids to the west. He was known to have a heavily armed force consisting of between four and five hundred men mounted on good horses. Major Johnston left Paris with 140 men with the purpose of checking Anderson's outlaws. His company marched all day on the 26th of September, and struck the trail of the raiders on the morning of the 27th between Paris and Mexico. They even drew near enough to see the enemy through their field glasses, but lost sight of them in the timber east of Centralia.

When Johnston's men reached Centralia at 4 o'clock in the afternoon they found the burning train and the victims of the guerillas. Many bodies of the murdered soldiers were still bleeding and their clothing was still afire, for Johnston was only an hour behind the enemy. He heard the story of the massacre from the terrified survivors and determined to take a reconnaissance party to the southeast to learn the movements of the foe.

Johnston with a small detachment of sixty men crossed the prairie toward the timber in which the raiders were concealed. A small depression lay in _____ _____, and as the pursuers _____ _____ this place Anderson's force rode[?] from the woods in full _____ _____. They held their bridle reins in their teeth to allow the _____ _____ revolver in each hand. The small[?] company of Federal soldiers halted and opened fire but _____ _____ was shot in the first onslaught. Then the survivors _____ _____ retreat to Centralia to rejoin the company there but only three ever reached[?] the _____.

Anderson's men continued on to Centralia and the _____ men stationed there were driven toward Sturgeon. The pursuing[?] bandits overtook and killed all but eighteen of them. They turned back at Sturgeon and on their _____ killed all of the wounded men along the road. All during the evening and night they scoured the neighborhood looking for any soldiers who might have escaped. One of Johnston's men did escape and spent the night hidden in the woods and managed to elude his foes and reach Paris several days later.

From St. Louis newspapers taken from the train Anderson learned that General Price was on his way north, so he did not linger in the vicinity, but left to join the Southern forces.

In the massacre a total of 146 men was killed. Of this number 2 were officers, 24 were discharged soldiers, and 120 were enlisted men under command of Major Johnston. The guerilla band lost only six or eight men. The complete disaster to the Federal band was due to the inferiority in numbers and equipment. The horses were untrained, and the guns were muskets which were useless after the first round was fired. The guerillas were said to have carbines and two, four and six revolvers apiece.

Among the passengers on the ill-fated train was James S. Rollins of Columbia, father of the University of Missouri. He was a prominent leader in Union politics, and had he been recognized, would doubtless have been killed by the bandits.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, October 17, 1924

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

Here is the statement of a former Confederate soldier who fought under Capt. Bill Anderson during the Civil War and was in the Battle of Centralia on September 27, 1864. While there is nothing new in the statement, it is frankly and truthfully made and verifies the account of the battle printed in former issues of the Guard. This statement was secured by the indefatigable and careful historian, Harvey Hulen, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, who says the writer, James T. Willingham, convinced him that he was in the battle or he would not have taken the statement.

Our friend Harvey Hulen asks us why we insist that the Centralia Massacre and the Battle of Centralia both occurred the same day instead of on two different days. We have the statement of Richard Cook of this place who says he was in school the morning of the 27th of September, 1864 when a man by the name of Sexton drove up to the school house south of Centralia and told the teacher of the Massacre and said the bushwhackers were coming out that way and there would be trouble. Later in the day they heard the firing on the battlefield and on the 28th, the day after the battle, he went over to the field.

Switzler's History gives the Massacre in the morning and the Battle in the afternoon of the 27th.

Some persons have written us and said the fighting occurred on the 28th instead of the 27th, and The [sic] letter of Enoch Hunt was dated the 29th, and he said the Battle was on the day before. But we have a copy of the Boston Advertiser, dated September 29th, 1864, and there are just four lines in the telegraphic news from St. Louis, Mo., about the Massacre in the telegram which is dated the 28th, and we give them herewith:

"The passenger train which left here yesterday on the Northern Missouri railroad was held up at Centralia by Bill Anderson's bushwhackers and 21 Union soldiers taken off and murdered."

As all of the telegraphic news in that issue of the Advertiser was dated the 28th, we take it that there is no mistake in the date, especially as Col. Wm. Switzler had access to the government reports when he was compiling his history, and he has the date the 17th. The statement of Mr. Willingham follows:

STATEMENT OF JAMES T. WILLINGHAM.

I was born in Warren County, Missouri, near the town of Warrensburg, on the 10th day of August, 1845.

Moved from Warrensburg to Audrain County with my parents in the year of 1850, and settled on Skull Lick Creek, about fifteen miles north west of the town of Mexico. My parents moved again to Macon County, Missouri and settled near Macon City, then only a small village. We lived in Macon County up to and including the Civil War.

I enlisted in the Confederate service in the company of Captain Todd of Fayette, Mo., whose company belonged to the Quantrell band, and Major Threilkeld's [sic] squardon [sic].

Our company and Bill Anderson's company were in the Battle of Centralia on September 27th, 1864, just 60 years ago. We were camped on Young's Creek, south of Centralia, the night before the battle.

The morning of the battle our scouts reported the Federal troops coming from Centralia toward out camp. The scouts numbered about thirty of our troops and were commanded by Bill Anderson, and they acted as a decoy to draw the Federal troops to our place to have the battle ground.

When the Federal troops were on the selected ground we were ordered to advance to meet them. We had 604 men all told, and fought as cavalry.

We went thru a high rail fence which had been thrown down in many places. This fence was torn down before we started to give them battle.

When the enemy saw us, they formed in line of battle, and were dismounted. We approached this battle line to within about 150 yards when the enemy fired one volley, but as well as I know, not one man was either killed or wounded.

As they were armed with army rifles that carried only one load, and were muzzle loaders too, they did not have time to reload their guns before we were upon them.

Our troops were armed with revolvers, and we usually had four of these six shooters. Two we carried on our belts and two on the horn of our saddles (a holster was on each side of the horn of the saddle), and we had in all of them, twenty-four shots without reloading.

When we received their fire at the one hundred and fifty yards, we were in a perfect line of battle, and were ordered to charge, which we did as fast as our horses could run. Every man had a pistol in each hand, and guided his horse with his knees.

We were on their ground quicker than it takes to tell this part of the story, and shot with both hands and nearly every bullet found its mark--we shot to kill.

The Federal officers did not and could not get their men to hold their front, but they threw away their guns and fled in perfect disastrous panic. The greater number of the Federals were killed on the battle ground. The balance of them were killed as fast as we could catch them, and but very few got away from the battlefield.

Bill Anderson, who had command of the decoy guard, found a convenient ravine and fell back to Young's Creek, when the firing began. He moved his men in the rear of the Federal troops, effectually cutting off their retreat to Centralia, captured and killed all who tried to escape by going to that town.

Our scouts had counted the Federal troops and reported six hundred men.

I was in all of the fight. I shot my two six shooters three times apiece.

All the Federals struck were shot thru the head. Everything of value was taken from the dead soldiers. Very small amount of money was taken as they had but little, tho knives and watches were taken.

I personally knew of but one soldier that got away. He ran east and got in the brush on Young's creek and made good his escape.

Not one Federal soldier offered to surrender. If one tried to surrender he would have been shot.

Myself and another member of our troop followed one Federal soldier to Centralia where he tried to hide in a box car, but we found him and killed him there, and left him in that box car for a grave. The man who accompanied me was Arch Clements, who now lives somewhere in the state of Oklahoma, at Paulis Valley, I think.

The battle did not last more than thirty minutes, but the chase and killing of the Federal troops lasted all the rest of that day. It must have been nearly sundown when the last of the soldiers were killed. I know it was nearly night when we stopped shooting and went to camp.

When we left our camp we went in a southwestern direction, and then turned south and then southwest again at Glasgow, Missouri, where we crossed the Missouri River.

I lived in Oklahoma three years after the war, and then in Charlton and Randolph Counties in Missouri for eleven years, in Prescott, Arizona, seventeen years, in Commanche [sic] County and Lawton, Oklahoma, for twenty four years and now have been living in Lawton for several years. Am a retired farmer, too old to work. I will be eighty years old my next birthday.

JAMES T. WILLINGHAM.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, November 7, 1924

ABOUT THE BATTLE.

We have been asked what brought about the Massacre and the Battle of Centralia and we might answer that the battle was brought about by the massacre and the massacre was the outgrowth of the force of circumstances; it was caused by sectional hatred and was not planned in advance but was done on the spur of the moment.

In proof of this statement we will submit the following which we have looked up in the data we have on hand, the files of the Guard and other sources of information. As all the former articles have been written by witnesses and participants in the events of that day, and in order not to be misleading, we will state that this article was prepared by E.T. Rodemyre, editor of the Guard, and he has not in any way drawn upon his imagination, but but has set down the facts as they have been previously recorded. Incidentally, this office has the most complete record of the early history of this section in existence, and it is kept for historical purposes and as a part of the business of this firm. We refer to the files of our paper.

As none of the writers of recent articles have explained how the bushwhackers happened to be in Centralia on that fateful September day, or from whence they came, we will relate the incidents preceding their arrival, and while we do this we are fully aware that we must be correct of our good historically correct friend. Harvey Hulen will call us down, as we would want him to do, because what we are trying to get at is facts and not fiction.

There were various leaders of men selected or were self-appointed to recruit forces for the Southern Army during the latter part of 1863 and the first of 1864. Some of these bands would travel for quite a distance to and fro across the state in places where they could be concealed and kept away from the Federal forces. The larger bands were apparently trying to fulfill General Price's order "keep the Federals north of the river busy," the object being to force the Union to keep a larger force of soldiers garrisoned over this section than would otherwise be needed, and thus keep those forces from going South to join the Federals under Grant.

Some of these bands ranged from 20 to 80[?] men, were quite active in this section and waged a regular guerrilla warfare against the Federals and some of the leaders caused their men to prey upon both friend and foe alike.

Some time after September 22, 1864, George Todd and John Thrailkill united their forces and then joined Bill Anderson's band. Rev. Tom Todd, a Baptist preacher, had a band of 60 men and they, with Si Gordon's 25 men and Dave Poole's 60 men, all went together and with this and the Quantrill force to swell their numbers they had quite a sizeable force of men, so that we do not doubt the statement of James T. Willingham that there were 604 of them. At any rate, they had a large force to feed and to care for and a raid was planned upon Paris, in Monroe County. When the scouts came in they reported that Major (or Colonel) Kutzner was in Paris with a part of a regiment and the other heads of the guerrillas decided that they would not make the attempt to attack that place.

The guerrillas rode southward and kept along Young's Creek in Monroe County in order to be in the timber both for concealment and to be near water for men and horses.

In this timber some of Bill Anderson's pickets were seen by scouts belonging to Capt. G.W. (Wash) Bryson's command, and, as the Anderson guerrillas wore Federal uniforms of blue cloth clothes, Bryson's scouts fired upon them, thinking they were Federals from Paris or Mexico.

Capt. Bryson was recruiting at that time for Gen. Price and was attached to Col. Perkins' regiment. It was discovered that the scouts had fired upon the wrong men and Capt. Bryson at once sent a lieutenant to explain [t]he matter to the guerrilla chieftain, bu[t] Bill Anderson refused to receive the lieutenant and would not hear the explanation, saying that Bryson's men were "either dam fools or worse" and he would have nothing to do with them.

The force of guerrillas kept along Young's Creek until they had crossed the Northern Missouri Railroad, and went into camp southeast of Centralia.

On the morning of September 27, 1864, a scout came into Centralia from the north and reported that Capt. Bryson had been shot in the hip and badly wounded in a brush with Kutzner's men under Major A.V.E. Johnson, who were probably foraging south of Paris. [T]his scout wanted some one to go with a horse and buggy to get Captain Bryson, to take him to the timber near Hallsville, and he wanted Dr. A.F. Sneed of this place, to go out and give the wounded man surgical attention as the minie ball was still imbedded in the fleshy part of his hip.

At this juncture a man came riding into town like mad and yelled to a bunch of men on the street: "Hell is to pay in this country now, there are two or three hundred bushwhackers camped down at Col. Singleton's. Quantrell, Bill Anderson and all the big bushwhackers are there."

The Bryson scout left town immediately and in a few minutes some one pointed toward the southeast and a band of about 80 horsemen were seen cantering toward the town. As they were dressed in blue cloth uniforms they were supposed to be Federal cavalry, but when they rode into the village they answered the query of citizens by saying: "We are Bill Anderson's men." Anderson rode with the men and went to the Collier Hotel where he was introduced to Joe Collier as "Captain Anderson." Collier said afterward that Anderson was a smooth talking man and remained seated upon his horse and talked with the air of a man who knew his business.

Presently the bushwhackers began to go into the stores and help themselves to what they wanted. A few of them rode up and down the streets and several went out toward the north and acted as scouts to see that no Federal forces came in upon them. The men grew bolder and began looting the stores, robbing citizens and taking things they had no earthly use for in the army. A number began to destroy wares and merchandise and then they found a number of barrels of whisky. They proceeded to tank up on this liquor and became noisy and began to inquire "when does the stage from Columbia get here?" They had come to Centralia to rob the stage and the passenger train from St. Louis, as these were Northern institutions in a sense and were easy prey when Anderson needed money for his troops.

At about 11:00 the stage, an old fashioned "Concord" drawn by four horses, came lumbering in and the bushwhackers surrounded it and ordered the driver down. There were eight passengers in the stage, some Southern sympathizers and some Northerners. All were robbed at the point of the revolver. Two of the horses were taken out of the harness and led off by the bushwhackers.

At this moment the whistle of the train from St. Louis was heard and the guerrillas with common accord rode toward the depot.

The finding of the 23 unarmed Federal soldiers on the train was an incident and the massacre followed. Anderson had no previous knowledge of their presence.

The burning of the depot and the passenger train was the result of too much whisky.

Major A.V.E. Johnson was probably scouting along the timber to see if he could stir up any more of Bryson's men, when he saw the smoke of the burning depot, he came into the village to see what was going on. He had no idea of the number or the equipment of the bushwhackers and if he had he could not have honorably refused to give them battle after he had seen his murdered comrades lying scattered over the village.

It is told that Joe Collier, who was reputed to be a Northern sympathizer, tried to get Johnson to stay in the village and not go out to fight the bushwhackers and in trying to argue with the Major, Collier took hold of the bridle rein of his horse to hold the animal while he explained the danger of attacking Anderson and the other commands, when Major Johnson drew his revolver and pointed it at Collier who then let loose of the bridle rein.

As an example of what the raid upon Centralia meant to many of her leading citizens, the writer of this article has heard Thos. S. Sneed relate how he got up that morning one of the well to do citizens of the village. He owned two negro slaves and had several thousand dollars in property here. That evening after the sound of the firing had ceased and the bushwhackers had returned to their camp, Mr. Sneed and his family walked out of the village to the home of a friend or relative and he had besides the clothes they had on, only twenty cents to call his own.

We are told that it was "Fighting Tom Wisdom" of this place who was with Capt. Bryson when he was wounded and stuck to him thru the whole time and saved him from the Federals, who would have shot him had he been captured. Incidentally, we might mention that the minie ball was not extracted from the hip and came near causing the death of Captain Bryson some forty years after the war. He was riding a horse on his ranch in Texas after cattle, when the horse jumped throwing Mr. Bryson upon the saddle tree and the leaden ball fractured the bone in his hip. He was taken to a hospital for treatment, and it was F.M. Traughber of Centralia who carried the news to the Bryson boys in this section, Capt. Bryson having directed the telegram to Mr. Traughber here.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, December 5, 1924

RECALLS OLD DAYS

On the 27th day of September, 1864, I was on the prairie about three miles west of Centralia with a herd of cattle. Thomas Jones, Isaac and Charlie Boyd each had eighty acres of land that laid side by side, and the North Missouri Railroad (now the Wabash) was built just north of the two eighties. The dirt road that led from Centralia to Sturgeon, was between the railroad and the two farms. A passenger train was run from St. Louis to Kansas City once each day. On the 27th this train was late, I had noticed, and I kept constant watch for the train and finally when it came in sight, the sun was in the west and I thought the train was glimmering brightly in the sun, but as it came nearer and I took a second look, I saw that the train was on fire[.] It ran on past the place where I was standing and on to the James Bryson farm about a hundred yards farther west and stopped.

I went toward the train and then ran to the barn and got hold of a pitchfork and ran back to the train which was burning fiercely by this time. I saw some chinaware in the burning baggage car and I fished in and got hold of a cup, but it was so hot that it cracked when the cool air struck it. I got out several pieces of the chinaware and saved them and gave them to my mother who used them in her kitchen for a number of years.

The train burned to the rails and there were several persons attracted there by the fire, and some of the passengers stood around, having gotten off the train when it stopped. There was no engineer or train crew.

This is the train that had been stopped at Centralia that morning at about 11:00 o'clock and everyone taken off including the 23 Union soldiers who were lined up and shot. The Battle of Centralia took place that same afternoon. All this I had learned later.

In the chase across the prairie toward Sturgeon, there were three men killed near the corner of James Bryson's fence not far from the ____ of the train which was still smoldering[?] on the track. These were the three men who were killed when they ran from the field after ____ had fired one volley at Bill Anderson's men.

Uncle Thomas Jennings made the coffins and these bodies were placed in them and taken to Pleasant Grove cemetery and buried.

On the 29th of September, two days after the battle, I was in the prairie again with the cattle. It was in the early morning and I was sitting on a rail fence when a man came out of the cornfield. He wore blue soldier's clothes, but had no hat on his head. His face was grimy and dirty and he was nearly famished for the want of water.

When the soldier saw me and saw[?] that I was only a boy, he stopped and then came to where I was. He told me he was with Major Johnson when he went into the fight at Centralia and when they were ordered to dismount and form in line, he was on the detail to hold the horses. When the battle began everything was in confusion, so he got on one of the horses and rode away as fast as he could. He said "They followed me and overtook me right over yonder (pointing to the south). A man ran up beside me and just as I leaned over the saddle he fired at me but[?] my saddle girth broke, letting me fall. The bullet missed me but I laid still until the riders had all[?] passed me. Then I jumped up and got over the fence and ran to that ditch. I have been there ever since."

Rile Coats then lived just east of the Bryson house. I told the soldier to go to Coats' house and get something to eat, then he could follow the railroad on to Sturgeon, all of which he subsequently did.

This man looked to me to have been about twenty years of age. I watched him leave and I have never seen nor heard of him since that day.

About thirty years after the Battle of Centralia, I met a man in Shelby County who was carrying the mail on horseback and as we rode along together, I told him that I lived in Centralia and this is in part, the story that he told me: He was in the Union service during the war and was with Col. Forbes, stationed at Macon City. Col[.] Forbes learned that Bill Anderson's force was near Santa Fe, in Monroe County. He said: "Col. Forbes sent me with a message to Major Johnson, stationed at Paris, and this is the way the message ran: `Bill Anderson is near Santa Fee [sic], going toward Boonville. Meet me at Renick tomorrow morning and we will try and intercept him.' When Johnson read this message, he called all of his men to arms and marched to Centralia and then out to M.G. Singleton's pasture, where they located Anderson. Johnson called: `Halt! dismount!' [sic] I turned and started back when Johnson ordered me to dismount. I said: `You go to hell. You are all going to be killed.' I rode away and never made a stop until I reached Macon City, except to change horses three times. The battle took place in the afternoon. It was one o'clock that night[?] when I reached Colonel Forbes' headquarters and when I told him what had happened, he began to curse Johnson for being such a fool."

A.C. BOYD.

(Mr. Boyd was about 12 years of age in 1864 and worked on the farm west of Centralia. He remembers with clearness the incidents of those stirring days. He tells the facts as he saw them and only what he saw or heard relating to the battle. He did not see the fight and does not attempt to describe it. The passenger train he saw on fire is the one Bill Anderson put the torch to in Centralia the morning of the massacre, and then compelled Engineer James Clark to open the throttle and start the train and then jump off. Clark set the pump on the locomotive so that each[?] revolution of the camshaft pumped[?] cold water into the old wood-burning[?] engine and this water soon killed[?] the steam and the locomotive could not pull the cars and went dead. Everything but the locomotive was burned to the trucks, and Mr. Clark later walked up the track and fired[?] the engine up and ran it back to Centralia and then on west again to Macon.)

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, December 19, 1924

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

We have received the manuscript of the Massacre and Battle of Centralia from our friend and reliable historian, Harvey Hulen of Oklahoma and we expect to print the first installment of the article next week. Mr. Hulen, as you remember, promised to write up the historical event some time back and he has been the means of sending and inspiring a number of articles on this subject, by several others. Being a careful man and a conscientious historian, Mr. Hulen did not want to scribble down a hasty account of the dual tragedy of that memorable day in September, 1864, but he has gone to parties in other towns and talked with them, and has written to those whom he knew could give him facts regarding the events of that day. It has been our pleasure to print many interesting articles from the pen of Mr. Hulen, and while this subject has been gone over a number of times recently and in the past, Mr. Hulen can give you much of the local color of the events of that day because he was in the Confederate cavalry as a scout in the 60s and he can see and write things from the viewpoint of the soldier.

Mr. Hulen quotes some of his authorities and they are all good ____. He will tell you of some things regarding the people here and other interesting things. He tells us that he feels better since writing this account and is glad that he could write it while there were still living witnesses to the scenes of that day.

Mr. Hulen also says he may write regarding other matters when the muse awakes or the spirit moves, as he does not like to force himself to the task of writing, but writes because he likes to do so, and we will say that he is always entertaining.

To the new readers of the Guard, who possibly do not know Mr. Hulen, we will state that he followed the Lost Cause with the boys who went from Boone County, where he was reared, and after the war educated himself and became a teacher in the rural schools of this county and also taught the public school in Centralia [the next several lines of printed are smeared and largely illegible] ...related to me[?] all the native Boone County history, as Mayor[?] Brady[?] once said more living relatives than any man in this ____.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, December 26, 1924 [two articles]

CENTRALIA MASSACRE

Mr. Editor:

It has been a long time since we started to write "The True History of the Centralia Massacre and Battle," but I think at last we have the facts of both of those wonderful historical events.

I feel glad now, that we did undertake this work, and I am also glad for myself that we started to do this while we still have living witnesses.

I have learned something myself, and I have learned that the massacre and battle occurred on the same day (September 27, 1864) when I was perfectly satisfied that the massacre occurred on the 27th and the battle fought on the 28th of September, 1864. Will tell why I had thought this later in this article.

I read with great interest your article in the Guard by E.T. Rodemyre, and have wondered where you got that information. I failed to state in my former articles in the Guard--and can now give no reason for that omission except that I did not think about it--while I was fighting, I did not know why we were there, but we were there and for a good reason, and this was not known by myself for many years after that great conflict.

Major A.K. Hulett was the first one to give us the inside information on many things that happened in North Missouri.

Judge W.F. Roberts gave me further information as late as 1910, when he told me of the recruiting officers' orders and of Information Bureau coming directly from the commanding officer of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States. This was as you have stated to "draw as many troops of the United States from the Federal front" as possible.

Judge Roberts was chief of this Information Bureau for several counties, possibly all of North Missouri.

"The various leaders" you refer to in this same article, were not self-appointed, as you suggested, but had papers to show that appointment and they were from 1862 instead of 1863 and 1864.

There was Porter, who raided all over North Missouri in 1862, fought several battles, notably P___ Mo., Moore's Mill and _____. The last two were hard fought battles.

Porter could have crossed the Missouri River any time, had he tried, and I did wonder why he did not cross and go to join Price's Army.

When we know of the many Federal troops stationed in every town in the state of Missouri, almost, we can see the object of the War Department of the Confederate States in keeping the few scouts and bushwhackers and guerrillas in so many places.

There never were more than five hundred of these troops at any time and it cost the Federal Government not less than twenty thousand well drilled troops to cope with them.

As much as the noted Bill Anderson has been abused and even vilified, he did no more than many of the Federal troops. No one ever accused him of being a coward. He was a fighter and did what many of the leaders of both sides were doing. He was cruel. When he needed horses, he would take the first good animal he could find, and if it

belonged to a Southern man, would say: "I'll take this horse for if I do not take him the Federal troops will get him."

I now say that the Federal troops took more horses than all the Confederate troops did, and were no more considerate from whom they were taken. But, when the Federal troops should happen to take anything from a Union man, and if this Union man could prove his loyalty, he stood a good show to recover the property. But a Southern man could not get his property from either the Federal authorities or the Southern troops, and was just as Bill Anderson said, if he did not get the horse, the Federal troops would.

I knew Bill Anderson, and when it was reported that he was not dead, but was still alive and had lived near Dallas, Texas, I knew better.

After Anderson was killed, his picture was taken by a photographer and it was sure the picture of Bill Anderson the noted guerrilla chief.

A man is living near Dallas, Texas whose name is Bill Anderson. I do not doubt it. There are many men named Bill Anderson. I knew one by that name very well, who lived for many years near Hallsville, Mo. and died there several years ago.

I again refer to your article of November 7, 1924, when you told of T.S. Sneed of Centralia, losing all of his property. Dr. A.F. Sneed was in the same condition and I could say that every citizen of Centralia was in the same condition.

The massacre and the battle that followed showed the people of Centralia what war was. My wonder has always been why Anderson's ____ not to kill Joe Collier? He was an outspoken Union man and did not stop abusing "the Secession" Government and designated all Confederate troops as "Rebels" who ought to be shot as soon as captured.

But for all his Union proclivities, Joe Collier was at heart a Southern man and a true "Southern gentleman," and believed in Southern principles, especially the "slavery question." When the slaves were freed, Joe Collier denounced President Lincoln in as strong terms as his fertile brain could conceive and this frequently got "Uncle Joe" as he was familiarly called, in many a trouble.

During the summer of 1863, "Uncle Joe["] had some business in Sturgeon. At the depot, while waiting for his train to take him back to his home in Centralia he got into one of his tirades about Lincoln and his "negro-freeing proclamation." A larged sized Federal soldier happened to hear this denunciation of "the great war President" and some of them went up behind him and seized the heavy cane he always carried and struck "uncle Joe" on the side of the head and sure enough came near killing him.

Mr. Collier was brought home badly wounded, but did not die nor did he stop his denunciation of the "great emancipator."

I hope you will excuse my rambling away from the subject, but these old reminiscences will crop up, and I just have to tell them, whether they interest any of our readers or not. They just slip and go down on the paper, whether I will or not.

Am perfectly satisfied with E.T. Rodemyre's whole article alluded to, and will say that his fears that I will criticize his article are vain. I do not criticize, but endorse all he wrote.

I am now willing to admit that the massacre and the battle occurred on the same day, September 27, 1864. The massacre in the morning and the battle in the afternoon of that day.

Mat Hicks remembers very distinctly what happened, and how the soldiers were stood in a row and shot down, and he certainly was correct when he said "Bill Anderson's

men were so drunk that they shot wild," and the wonder is that there were no casualties among the citizenry from this wild shooting.

The shots were fired directly toward Judge Hall's house.

I never heard before that any of the soldiers taken from the train had escaped but that one of them did escape is undoubtedly true and just as Mat described the escape.

He was known to be several miles northeast of Centralia and getting a suit of civilian clothes went his way rejoicing in his miraculous escape from that murderous, drunken gang.

I did expect Mat to say the battle was fought the same afternoon of the morning massacre and I feel sure he knows.

Richard Cook clinches the matter, and as a boy his mind was active and retentive. He says Sexton, the wood-hauler brought the news out to Union school, and the impression made is that he was at the school house before noon, and the school was dismissed, and that he heard the firing when the battle was fought the same afternoon.

This testimony is sufficient within itself, knowing Richard as we do, personally, would be satisfactory to the writer.

Added to this is what Louis Hulen wanted to say in his article, but I insisted that we leave that out, as I was then perfectly satisfied in the matter, but he insisted, "I was there and saw the massacre, and then that part of the battle, or the killing of the men who were trying to get away from the battleground."

Mr. Willingham would not believe that there had been such a massacre as I described it to him--that such a thing had happened. He declared that it could not have been two days, because they camped only one night at the Singleton farm. That is, they went up Young's Creek one afternoon and made camp and had the fight the next day and left the country that night after the battle.

So, I failed to make this note in the articles of Louis Hulen and Mr. Willingham, both of whom insisted on my doing so.

It is very evident that Anderson and his men never returned to the camp on the Singleton farm on the day of the battle, as they were in Centralia as late as three o'clock before leaving, going south, and must have known of the movements of Major Johnson's command, and were waiting to draw the Federal troops to the battle ground of his own choosing.

There has been some controversy as to the number of men in the action, and different opinions expressed.

The number of different companies would show that Anderson Todd and Quantrell's men would number approximately 400 men, altho Mr. Willingham was very positive about the actual number of the different companies, and placed the number of the bushwhackers at 607 men, and could you have heard Mr. Willingham's statement, you would at once receive it for a fact. He would say very emphatically: "[I] am not guessing. I am telling you what I know to be facts.["]

(Continued Next Week.)

1864 ENGINE RELIC

We see where the editor of the Sturgeon Leader has an old brass plate with the word "Ajax" cast in it which he says is the name-plate of the locomotive of the North Missouri which was burned west of Centralia by Bill Anderson's men on the day of the Bill Anderson massacre.

We do not know what the name-plate of the engine of the burning train was like, it was the practice in those days to name each engine and they each had a brass or bronze plate on them, but the Leader man is in error about the engine of the North Missouri being burned. The train was burned to the rails, but the locomotive escaped the fire and we have published the statement of James Clark, the engineer who was on the train on that fateful September day, and he said that after the guerrillas left town on the approach of the Federals, he with his fireman went up the track west of Centralia and got on the locomotive and found that she was all right, and, after firing up the boiler, he ran the engine and tender on to Macon, carrying with him on the engine, the train crew and 45 of the passengers of the death train who had walked up the track on their way to Sturgeon to get away from the fighting which they had found was going to take place south of Centralia. Engineer Clark stated that the engine was all right but the wood which was the fuel used in that day, was on fire in the tender. This was all thrown into the fire-box or upon the right of way to burn, but the engine was not damaged.

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, January 2, 1925

ABOUT THE BATTLE.

(This article on the Battle of Centralia began last week and is running serially in the Guard. It is from the pen of Harvey Hulen pf Chickasha, Oklahoma, who has personally looked up living witnesses to help clear up some points regarding the battle and to get it written down as history while these living witnesses remain with us.)

But I have frequently talked to the different men who were there, and they said the entire force of guerrillas did not exceed 400 men, all told, and I have never heard that estimate exceeded, except by Mr. Willingham. But that was enough to exterminate a whole regiment of raw, untrained troops which had seen no more service than Major Johnson's battalion.

The largest estimate I have ever heard of Major Johnson's force of Federal soldiers, was 207. Many persons who in speaking about the number of Federal soldiers, would invariably say, "Major Johnson had about 200 men."

When Major Johnson got to Centralia with his little army, a gruesome sight was there. Twenty-one dead--murdered--soldiers! Unarmed furloughed soldiers, going home for a rest, to see the home folks!

Johnson would not have been a man, much less an officer of the Federal Army, had he refused to fight. As an officer in the army and of a good company of hardy Missouri boys, he would fight, and all of the persuasion, warning, that could be made could not and did not stop this brave man.

Johnson was a brave man. Many people have said, "Yes, Johnson was a brave man, all right, but a man of poor judgment."

I do say now, after sixty years of time has passed, that Major Johnson was the bravest man on either side of that tragedy. He showed his true bravery when, knowing that the odds were against him, he decided to avenge the wanton slaughter of his comrades or die trying. He died and a brave man was lost to the army and a noble man to the great State of Missouri.

There has been no difference as to the number of men Johnson had with him in that battle by those who were able to make an estimate.

Mr. Willingham said: "The Federal troops numbered at least 500 men["?] and again __ry positive ____ number, but the largest ____ heard from others ____ before stated. Taking ____ as a basis, we can tell ____ __ly the number of federal ____ __tually engaged. Major Johnson ____ a guard company in Centralia, not to guard the village so much as his rear, in other words, that would leave 187 men who rode to their death that fatal afternoon.

Switzler in his History of Missouri, gives Major Johnson's force at 155, and Dr. A.F. Sneed told the Federal commander on the eve of his departure for the battle ground that the guerrilla force numbered 400 men. But, of course, the doctor had not yet seen any of the guerrillas except the company of 80 men that Anderson had brought into Centralia that morning,--Ed.

Again, as to the number engaged on the guerrilla side. A citizen of the south part of Boone County saw the bushwhackers as they rode toward Rocheport to cross the river and he went over to Frazier's Mill and counted all he could see riding by and said there were 428 of them. This was the next day after the battle at Centralia.

This number of 187 men was what is known as mounted infantry, which means a soldier has a horse to ride from place to place, but when he fought he belonged to the infantry and had to dismount and fight on his own feet.

When this little army got to the battle ground they dismounted. Out of this 187 soldiers, every fifth man had to hold five horses. This was a difficult and dangerous job, and very few soldiers would volunteer for the place as horse-holders, but these soldiers were tolled off and every fifth man got this job whether he wanted it or not.

The fifth men ____ men to fight.

Now, don't ____ ___ing this as ____ numbers of ____ that fight ____ __ly and ____--as near ____ to get.

Well ____ Major Jo____ ____ had they ____ men who ____ War, with ____ world ever ____ best and ____ what could ____

The guerr___ ____ has said, ____ __ers, and every ____ two revolvers ____ four. We all ____ all old veterans ____

Just for information, will state that to get those revolvers was a hazardous job and they were costly if one bought them. The revolvers had to be smuggled in and brought from some large city. Or could be captured in battles at times. But the boys did get them, and the very best revolvers made at that time.

One hundred dollars was frequently paid for a good pistol, and very few sold for less. Many boys would give a good horse for a good revolver. Don't ask me where the boy[s] got the horses--or the one to take its place--if he traded it off.

Anderson's men could ride horses guiding the animal with the knees and some held the reins in their teeth. They could shoot with both hands.

This is a pen picture of the 400 men the little company of Major Johnson's recruits went out to "exterminate" on that fateful afternoon of September 27th, 1864.

The Federal troop, or rather, the State Militia, or State Guards, were raw recruits too, were armed with old discarded army guns, muzzle loaders, and very poor guns they were.

This was the equipment and condition of these two contending armies. One of them had less than one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and the other had Five Thousand rounds. One army had less than one hundred and fifty men on foot, the other had four hundred men, the best horsemen and the best marksmen known in the Civil War days.

When Major Johnson's men arrived on the battleground, they dismounted and their horses were moved back to a place of safety. Then he formed his men in battle array.

He had not long to wait. Just so soon as he was ready, the Anderson men were seen approaching over the crest of the hill on the south of the Federals. Mr. Willingham has described this very succinctly and tells how it was done.

"[sic]Going thru the gaps of the torn down rail fence, formed in battle array and approached the enemy in a very leisurely manner. In fact, let their horses walk all the

way until the top of the hill was reached, and going down the ____ toward the enemy in the same way, until within something near 150 yards of Johnson's men. At this distance, the Federal troops fired their first volley--yes, and it proved to be their last volley, too. They never had time to reload the old muskets.

There are two points to consider, now, one was that less than one hundred of Anderson's men were in the first line of attack. More than two hundred of these guerrillas were under cover of a plum thicket and were not seen by the Federal troops. At the first fire, this reinforcement was ready, and appeared on the battle ground at once. Then Bill Anderson with another company which had acted as a decoy, had gone east and hid in the woods along Young's Creek, and they were not seen when the battle started. But just as soon as the firing began Anderson and his decoy guards appeared in the rear of the Federal troops, effectually cutting them off from any retreat toward the town.

With over three hundred men in front and at least fifty men in the rear and with practically nothing whatever to defend themselves with, what could save this dismounted and now disorganized company of frightened soldiers?

I had been frequently told that many of the Federal soldiers tried to surrender and held up their hands in token of surrender, but Mr. Willingham said: "No one ever offered to surrender" and as he said, had they offered to surrender they would have been shot at once.

At this juncture began one of the most fearful slaughters of young men that the history of the Civil War has given, and we are informed that this entire body of troops were all young men, not one probably, over 25 years of age. It was a needless slaughter. If these Federal soldiers had been allowed to surrender, the objects of warfare would have been accomplished, but they were killed and lost to the country.

It is not known and probably never will be known how many Federal soldiers escaped. The highest estimate I ever heard made gave the number at fifteen, and some were as low as ten.

(Continued Next Week)

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, January 9, 1925 [two articles]

ABOUT THE BATTLE.

That some of them did get away is certain, as the letter from young Hunt, who escaped riding an old farm mare, to Sturgeon, ten miles from the scene of carnage, will show.

Mr. Willingham says one Federal soldier escaped by riding his horse into the brush on Young's Creek and leaving his horse took to the brush on foot. One of the Federal soldiers fell in a ravine and escaped by feigning death, and escaped after dark.

One other Federal soldier was seen on the Paris road about six miles south of Centralia, leading two or three horses. No one ever saw or heard of this boy and it is very evident that he escaped.

So far as I have learned only one man was wounded, and he died at Sturgeon. The number of the Federals killed in this battle will never be known.

Mr. Hunt's letter, written the next day after the battle, gave the number at even 150 shows very plainly that he had to guess at the number.

We gave the number of Johnson's men at 207, and the largest number ever made. Those who escaped at the number of 15 would show at a glance that something near 190 men were killed in that battle.

The only thing that we know for certain is the number of soldiers buried just east of the town of Centralia.

There was only one of Anderson's men killed in that fight, and three of them wounded. Mr. Willingham declared that "not one of our boys was either killed or wounded.["?] There was one killed, but I never knew his name or where he lived.

One of the guerrillas who was wounded in that battle was well cared for by the people of the Locust Grove community. He was shot in the knee joint. The ball shattered the bone and made his leg stiff.

Dr. Austene, the Good Samaritan, took care of him and his wife and one child and the doctor cured that lame leg. When he left and where he went with his little family is a mystery that will remain unsolved.

Another matter that has never yet been explained is what became of the 200 horses that Major Johnson's men rode to that fatal battlefield.

We are led to believe that they were not government horses, brand__ ____ shoulder, and every indication points to the fact that they were just common farm horses, pressed into the service for this special raid.

Not many of the horses were killed, but a few were. Now, where did these horses go, and who got them? I heard a man tell that he saw six of them going south of Centralia on the Paris road, several miles south of Centralia. I heard another man, John Thomas Roberts, tell about 15 horses with saddles on them which stopped at his father, Abram Roberts' farm, about five miles south of Centralia the day after the battle. These horses were turned into a pastur[e], saddles and bridles were taken off and piled up in the fence corner, but after the first or second night they all disappeared, horses, saddles and bridles. But where did the rest of the 207 horses go?

We take it for granted that if Johnson had 207 men he also had 207 horses, because we have not heard that any of the Federals walked.

Not more than 20 horses were killed and we can account for only those mentioned, leaving 150 horses turned loose on the battlefield and scattered over the country.

This is the history, I think a complete one and as near correct as we can possibly make it. Just sixty years ago last September, it was made. I am satisfied with our work and am truly glad that it is done.

In a few more years this story of the battle could not have been completed, as the living witnesses we now have will soon join that great number that has already joined the bivouac of the dead of the greatest Civil War known to history.

HARVEY HULEN.

In the first part of his article on the Battle of Centralia, Mr. Hulen wants to know how we knew what the bands of Confederate troops were doing running around over the state for, during the 60s. When we were growing up, our mother, a former school teacher, used to tell us of the dark days of the Civil War thru which Boone County had to pass and she like all Missourians, was an admirer of Gen. Sterling Price. We asked her why all the Missouri boys under the Stars and Bars did not go South and join the forces under Lee and she explained that these small, scattered bands were doing Lee and the Southern Confederacy a greater service here than they could by going South to eat up the rations of the army in Dixie, which had all it could do to feed itself. So, these little bands, riding hither and thither with apparently no fixed purpose, had the Federal Government in constant fear that they would all unite and sweep across the state with the sort of raid that Anderson made on Centralia, and for this reason there were many regiments of Federals held in readiness to unite on call and thwart the advance of the Confederates. This was according to military tactics in those days, when communication was slow and at times independable [sic]. It would not be possible today.

We give the figures of Col. Switzler's history, regarding the number of men engaged, but it has long been known that these were not accurate in every respect, as it was even in that late day (1882) the policy of all Federal authorities to try to belittle the battle here and lay stress on the massacre. So, we take it that Mr. Hulen's findings as to the numbers engaged are more accurate.

The object in writing up the massacre and battle was to clear up several points regarding this sanguine engagement. He has picked up [a] number of these points and in the article. One point is borne out by the statement of the exbandit [sic], Frank James, made in Centralia some years before his death. James said that the guerrillas guided their horses with their knees and while some of them occasionally held the reins in their teeth for convenience, they did not go into battle that way because they had to hold up their heads to get the use of both eyes while firing right and left with both hands. The famous bandit was in the battle here but would not admit that he was in the affair of the morning.

In printing last week's installment, the makeup man unintentionally left off the name of the writer, but as we had previously announced that Mr. Hulen would write the article, most every body took it for granted that it was his article, anyway.

TALKED WITH MAJOR JOHNSON

Silex, Mo., 1-5, 1925

Mr. Editor:

I see in your paper that a Mr. Hulen has undertaken to write and give the details of the battle that was fought at Centralia in the year 1864, and on September 27th. I will say in regard to the number of Federal soldiers that Maj. Johnson had, there were 565 of them. I know this to be true. The night of September 25th, Anderson [sic] camped on my father's farm and the next morning we fed all of his men for breakfast. They broke camp about 12 o'clock and at about 3:00 o'clock Major Johnson came along with his troop. I was at the camp and he asked me the way Anderson went. I told him that he was going to Centralia and Johnson said he was going to Sturgeon and would head Anderson off. I asked him how many he had and he said "Five hundred and sixty-five (565)[.]" I told Johnson if he met Anderson he would kill all of them, for they had two to three guns to a man.

Now, this I know to be true. I was a boy of only 13 years old. I was the only boy at home then. I can picture Johnson now as he sat upon his black horse. I think it was the finest horse and the finest man on horse that I ever saw. He was a gentleman in looks and ways but he was not armed to fight a man like Anderson.

W.W. SETTLE.

(Mr. Settle did not write the above for publication but wanted us to give the facts to Harvey Hulen as he did not have Mr. Hulen's address. As Mr. Hulen has completed his account of the battle we just take the liberty of printing Mr. Settle's letter because it is interesting and it is another link in the chain of eye witness stories the Guard has published of the trying days of the 60s.)

Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, January 16, 1925 [two articles]

FROM GUARD READERS

San Jose, California,

January 8, 1925

Centralia Fireside Guard,
Centralia, Mo.
Dear Boys:

Enclosed please find P.O. money order for the sum of $1.50 to pay for my subscription to your valuable paper for another year, which I find I can not do without, here in my sunny home of California.

I well remember when your father started his first paper in Centralia. I love Old Missouri, but do not think I shall ever make her my home again.

Tell Jim Angell I may come back there some day and we will take Centralia like we used to when we were boys.

I also remember very well the "Bill Anderson Massacre" which occurred when I was a boy. I helped gather up the dead.

I think that I went to school to [sic] Harvey Hulen. I enjoy his letters, for they bring back my school-boy days. With best regards to all my old friends, I am

Yours truly,
JOSEPH PALMER.

ABOUT THE BATTLE.

Here is some more testimony in regard to clearing up the points regarding the Battle of Centralia[.] It is from a well known Boone County man who wrote to Harvey Hulen to help him with the articles and Mr. Hulen sends the letter to us.

Hallsville, Mo. Jan. 3, 1925

Harvey Hulen:
Dear Sir and Friend:

I am reading your account of the Battle at Centralia on September 27, 1864. I was in Millard, Adair County in the winter of 1881 and had dealings with a man who asked me where I was from. He said he was with Johnson, and I asked him how many escaped after the battle and without hesitation he said thirteen. As all of Johnson's men were from that section of the state, I am persuaded that he is correct.

With best wishes, I am

Your friend,
W.F. ROBNISON. [sic]

National Tribune, August 29, 1929

FIGHTING BILL ANDERSON AT CENTRALIA

How the Guerrillas First Held Up a Train, Murdering and Robbing Those Aboard and Burning the Cars, and Then Fought The Missouri Militia and Almost Annihilated 150 of Them Under Maj. Johnston.

By Dr. J.T. Kimsey, Lathrop, Mo.

I have noticed much about Bill Anderson and the massacre at Centralia, Mo., Sept. 27, 1864, in The National Tribune recently, and it seems that all the facts of that cold-blooded affair have not yet been told.

I have talked with a Union soldier who escaped, and persons who lived at Centralia at the time Bill Anderson and his gang stopped the express train there and shot to death 21 unarmed Union soldiers, robbed the passengers and burned the cars.

At that time I was nine years old, and my father, W.H. Kimsey, was a Union man who wore the blue for about one year in the enrolled militia of Platte County under Capt. W.J. Fitzgerald. Father was orderly sergeant.

In the latter 80's I met Lieut. Moore, of Adair County, who was one of the Federals who escaped from Centralia, and he gave me a full account of the fight, and the part he took in it, when Johnston's men subsequent to the capture of this train fought Anderson.

A reliable citizen of Centralia, who lived there at the time of the massacre, took me out where the fight took place in the afternoon. As for the massacre that took place in the forenoon at the railroad station, I shall pass over.

When Maj. Johnston arrived with his 150 militia in the afternoon, he halted and dismounted his troops, but made the military blunder of not putting out pickets.

An old physician there told Johnston that he did not want to see him go out after Anderson with the men he had as Anderson had twice as many or more than he. He begged him to send to Sturgeon, eight miles west, where there were 800 regular Federal soldiers and get help so he could fight equally with Anderson.

In June preceding the massacre about 500 of the guerrillas had gathered at our county seat, Platte City. As a mill boy 12 years old, I went among them and saw how they were armed. Not a man but what carried a revolver in addition to his carbine, and many of them two and three as I saw.

Johnston bleated out that one of his men could whip three of Anderson's. He drew his revolver and cursed the old doctor and called him a "damn Confederate," and that he was trying to intimidate his men.

The old doctor went away sorrowfully.

A sympathizer of Anderson's had heard Johnston's remarks, and had mounted his horse to hasten to Anderson's camp near town to tell him of Johnston's boasting, how many men he had, and other facts. The fact of this man getting out to Anderson shows what kind of a military man Johnston was.

Now then I want to relate Lieut. Moore's thrilling experience as he told it to me. He said when they got out into the suburbs of Centralia the men halted and said they were not going out there to be killed like dogs.

Johnston left the front of the line, and riding back along the column cursed the men right and left. He called them a set of cowards and if they did not want to fight Anderson he would go by himself.

He finally got the sullen men started, and when they arrived within a quarter of a mile of Anderson's forces, they halted in a depression in the prairie.

He ordered a halt, and the men to dismount and every fifth man to hold horses. The others were to march on foot up a hill in front.

He ordered Lieut. Moore to go out and reconnoiter. Moore, at that time, 19 years of age and weighing 115 pounds, galloped up the hill. Gaining the top of the prairie hill he saw woods along a creek some distance ahead. On reaching the woods there was a fence on his left, along the road.

When he got near the fence he saw men everywhere lying behind the fence and behind logs, trees, and other obstructions. On he rode thru Anderson's camp with men on his right and left within a few feet of him. He expected every moment to be riddled with bullets.

He advanced until no more men were seen, then he deliberately turned his horse and retraced his steps. Not a word was spoken to him nor did he speak to them.

When he regained the open prairie, still expecting them to fire and charge, which they did not do, he could not understand Anderson's game.

Away from the woods he gave his horse the rein and spur and rode rapidly towards his command. On reaching the line he called out, "Men for God's sake, get to your horses; the woods are full of guerrillas; you will all be killed."

At this juncture Todd's men (guerrillas) started their charge, and Moore ran on down to where the men were holding the horses and shouted the same warning.

These latter took him at his word[,] mounted horses and ran towards Centralia, and some toward Sturgeon where the 800 regular Federal soldiers were stationed. Some of these men got to Sturgeon safely.

When Todd's men were within a few hundred yards of Johnston's line Johnston ordered his men to fire. That fire only resulted in the hitting of one man and he was not unhorsed. This left Johnston's men with only their empty muzzle-loading muskets. They were at the mercy of the guerrillas who passed thru their lines back and forth firing their revolvers.

Of all that were in the fight, only three of Johnston's men got away. One of them ran with ramrod in one hand and musket in the other trying to load. He jumped a rail fence into a cornfield where the corn was in shock and crawled into a shock of corn and finished loading his gun. No one saw him hide and he was not molested.

After the fight was over the guerrillas tied their horses to the fence and fed them from the shocks of corn, even out of the shock where this man lay hiding.

Another man ran and was followed by one of Todd's men who fired at him five times, hitting him once but only slightly wounding him. He turned to his pursuer and pled with him to spare his life.

He was taken to camp and expected to be shot down like a dog. Brought before Anderson he gave the grand hailing sign of distress. He was a Mason; Anderson was also a Mason.

Anderson said, "I don't want to kill you; if you will take the oath I will spare your life."

Rather than be killed, the man took the oath and Anderson ordered him taken out of the lines and passed from danger.

The third man ran down the hill to the left. He jumped into a prairie ravine, and crawled under weeds and grass, completely hidden from the enemy.

This man and the one in the corn shock remained until night and finally reached their homes in safety. So these three and the one who escaped on horseback were the only ones that got away, making in all 16 who escaped.

It can be thus seen that the whole thing was a bungled-up affair so far as Johnston was concerned. In the first place it was an error to send out men armed with muzzle-loading muskets to meet such a well-armed foe, and Johnston was not competent.

There were some strange things done by our Government during the Civil War. For instance the enrolled militia was made up of the good loyal citizens of each county and these men did good service.

Later when they were mustered out their arms were put into the hands of the so-called "Pawpaw Militia." Many ex-guerrillas were in the "Pawpaw's." Some of my father's company, when they were disbanded and found out what was to be done with their arms, threw them into the Missouri River, saying no "Pawpaw" should ever handle their guns. Others broke the tubes and in other ways damaged them.

Some of these "Pawpaws" were with Bill Anderson at Centralia. Some of them I knew personally, and I saw them in June after they had taken the oath to the Confederacy.

In June, 1864, there was a company of them stationed at Platte City, Mo. A man named Thornton had been commissioned by Gen. Price to recruit a regiment in North Missouri. They assembled at Platte City to organize the regiment. All the "Pawpaws" who did not want to enlist with them were allowed to go home and those who desired to enlist did so, taking Uncle San's arms and supplies with them.

After this enrolled militia had been disbanded its members were at the mercy of the guerrillas; whereas if they had been kept organized they could have held them down as they had done before.

Many of the men enlisted in the Regular Army, but some on account of being near age limit, as in the case of my father, who also was not an able-bodied man, had to hide out during the Summer of 1864. They were afraid to go out upon the public highway. The boys and women had to do the shopping and milling.

The Kansas City Star, September 22, 1929

From His Grave "Jim" Cummins Voices Hatred of the James Boys

The Last Survivor of the Famous Outlaw Band Purports to Have "Told All" in a Manuscript Left to Be Published After His Death--The Bandit Brothers Were "Not Heroes, but Common Outlaws and Thieves," He Wrote, and Frank James Was "A Liar Not to Be Trusted in Anything"--At the Northfield Bank Robbery There Were Indications of Treachery by the Leaders, According to the Colorful Old Confederate Veteran, Who Served Under Quantrill and Anderson.

By A.B. Macdonald.

...

Had part in Centralia Massacre.

In his posthumous manuscript Cummins asserts that after the Lawrence raid he went to the command of Capt. "Bill" Anderson, the bloodiest guerrilla of all, and was with him in what is known in history as "the Centralia massacre," of September 20, 1863 [sic], in which Anderson and his men took eighty-five unarmed Federal soldiers from a train at Centralia, and killed them all.

"The train had scarce stopped when the slaughter began," writes Cummins. "The Federals were marched out and lined up along the track. When Anderson completed his work there were eighty-five bodies there."

Major Johnson, ten miles away at Paris, Mo., heard of the massacre and marched a militia battalion to Centralia to exterminate Anderson. Cummins writes of this:

"We rode through the lines of the militia like bullets, our bridle reins in our teeth and shooting revolvers with both hands. It was terrible. Within a few minutes 205 of Johnson's men were dead and the remaining sixty broke and fled. One-half of them were killed by Oll Shepherd, Peyton Long, Babe Hudspeth, and Jesse James. Jesse killed nine himself. Anderson was the most desperate man alive. Human life meant nothing to him. He could shoot a man who was on his knees begging for mercy as easy as most men kill a chicken. He feared no man alive and believed heart and soul in the Southern cause. However, the murder of the soldiers at the depot was a little raw and I thought it was going a bit too far, but war is war and what was fair for us was fair for them."...

The Centralia Fireside Guard, Centralia, Missouri, June 6, 1957 (an issue celebrating the town's centennial)

Centralia Massacre and the Battle

Darkest Day in the Village

(From Rodemyre's unpublished History of Centralia)

Captain Bryson Captures Freight Train

In the year 1864, Captain G.W. ("Wash") Bryson, who lived southwest of Centralia and not far from Hallsville, recruited a company for the Confederate army and during the period of recruiting this band did some bushwhacking. The little band was composed of men and boys well known in Centralia and this was friendly territory for them, although they rather avoided the towns and villages. On September 7, 1864, Captain Bryson's company captured a freight train that had been stopped at the horse-power pump about two miles east of Centralia on the North Missouri Railroad and took off several Federal soldiers, held them as prisoners and also commandeered forty horses that were being shipped to St. Louis. The horses were in good condition and were just what the bushwhackers needed to get over the territory on their raids.

[At this point, lines of text appear out of order--I have rearranged them into their prsumed original order] Citizens of this place learned of the Federal prisoners and supposed Bryson would have them shot, an act which would bring another lot of Federals to Centralia to harass the people of the village. A committee went out to see Captain Bryson and begged him to set the soldiers free. Bryson said they were prisoners of war and he was going to hold them. The committee told Capt. Bryson they they would pay him money, and named a sum over 200 if he would not kill the Federals. Bryson was firm and left with the horses and the prisoners, but after holding the bluecoats several days he set them free unharmed and permitted them to proceed to their destination.

Captain Bryson went with his company into Monroe County where he probably picked up several recruits and some more horses. His presence in Monroe County was reported in Paris where there was a garrison of Federals and efforts were made to capture him, but Bryson's force, while small was composed of fighters and was feared by the Federals who would not attack him unless they had a larger force. They had one brush with Bryson in which the Captain was wounded in the hip and one of his men captured, but Bryson retreated in good order.

The Fight in Goslin's Lane

There was a fight on September 23, 1864 in Goslin's Lane, seven miles from Rocheport in this County at a short time before sunset, when two or more companies of guerrillas attacked a wagon train of fourteen wagons under an escort of seventy men from the Federal force at Sturgeon going to Rocheport. The wagons were loaded with clothing and personal effects belonging to officers and soldiers stationed at Sturgeon.

Rev. Thomas Todd, George Todd and Capt. John Thrailkill, leading about 100 men, charged the wagon train and its escort, killing eleven of them and putting the balance to flight. The guerrilla band came so suddenly upon the train, shooting and yelling like madmen, that the Federals had no chance to make a stand for resistance and they scattered, every man for himself. After they left the guerrillas took everything they wanted from the wagons and then burned them. "Bill" Anderson's company was not in this fight.

Capt. "Bill" Anderson Appears On Scene

The next heard of these guerrilla bands was on the morning of September 25, when they crossed the North Missouri Railroad at a point near the present site of Moberly. They were traveling eastward and went into Monroe County, threatening Paris until they learned that there was a force of Federal soldiers and recruits there.

Evidently some of the guerrillas got hold of the blue uniforms taken from the wagons at Goslin's Lane, as Anderson's pickets were fired upon by Capt. G.W. Bryson's Confederates of Boone County, who were bushwhacking in Monroe. While Anderson's men were not in the fight at Goslin's Lane, it is well known that soldiers do a lot of trading.

When the news was carried to Capt. Bryson, he sent a lieutenant to explain the matter to Captain Anderson and to apologize for the mistake. At the same time Bryson proposed a union of the two forces, under the impression that Anderson was also recruiting for the Confederacy. Anderson was so incensed at the firing on his men he refused to accept the apology and said that Bryson's men were dam [sic] fools or worse and that he did not wish to have anything to do with Bryson or any of "Perkins' men." (Col. Perkins was head of the regiment to which Capt. Bryson belonged and was at that time raising a regiment for Gen. Price's army in the South.) The object of bushwhacking in Missouri was to hold as many Union soldiers here as possible so they would not be sent South to increase Grant's army.

The eighty men under Anderson joined with the command of Rev. Thomas Todd and Capt. John Thrailkill a short time after the fight in Goslin's Lane or possibly, before that fight. In the latter event Todd and Thrailkill had become detached from the other companies for the attack on the wagon train.

These recruits under command of Major John Thrailkill [sic]. The guerrillas were divided into squads and companies of various sizes, led by George Todd, Bill Anderson, Dave Poole, Tom Todd and Si Gordon, all experienced and noted leaders. The master spirit was Geo. Todd, who planned all the movements and settled all controversies.

Learning that there was a strong Federal force at Paris, the guerrillas turned southward toward Jefferson City, resolving to cross the Missouri river. They recrossed the North Missouri Railroad two and a half miles east of Centralia and about forty-three miles east of the point they had crossed the day before, and went into camp on the farm of Col. Singleton and in the timber along Young's Creek, just in the southwest corner of Boone county, about three miles from Centralia. They made camp on the night of September 26th.

The guerrillas were all armed to the teeth, each man carrying from two to five revolvers, mostly Colt's and of varying calibers. "Bill" Anderson carried four revolvers,

two of them were of ponderous size, carrying a .45 calibre ball, and the five other leaders were probably armed in a like manner. There were only two or three muskets in the entire commad.

The next morning (September 27th) Todd sent Bill Anderson with his company of 80 men up to Centralia to reconnoiter [sic] and pick up information.

At that time Centralia was a village of about a dozen houses, only two of these being two stories in height. The stores carried general stocks and whisky [sic]. There were two hotels the Eldorado House, kept by Joe J. Collier and the other, the Boone House, kept by T.S. Sneed who also owned one of the stores, the other belonging to J.W. Ball. Sneed was a Southern sympathizer.

The town was in a wide prairie and one could see from the roof of any building for miles around.

On the morning of September 27, 1864 a man on horseback came into town and reported that Capt. G.W. Bryson had been shot in the hip by Federals of Kutzer's men under Major A.V.E. Johnson, over in Monroe County a day or two before, and Dr. Sneed was asked to go out and attend to Capt. Bryson's wound. At the same time the man tried to get hold of a buggy to use in getting Bryson to Hallsville, where he could rest and be out of reach of the Federals. At this juncture a body of soldiers dressed in blue uniforms came riding into town and the man left hurriedly, thinking they were Federals. These bluecoated men rode over the town in twos or more and a count made showed there were eighty of them. When questioned they boasted "We are Bill Anderson's men." They went about robbing everyone they met, regardless of whether they were sympathizers with the North or South. They robbed both stores of everything that struck their fancy. They robbed the depot, the salons and citizens, showing no favors and observing no discipline. Capt. Anderson rode into town with them and rode at once to the Eldorado House where he engaged in conversation with Valentine Collier, brother of Joe Collier, proprietor of the hotel.

Dr. Sneed had gotten his horse out to ride over into Monroe County, but when he saw the soldiers come into town he hitched the horse to a post and was walking along Railroad street when "Vol" Collier called to him. When the doctor arrived at the hotel Collier said, "Dr. Sneed, this is Captain Anderson!" Dr. Sneed acknowledged the introduction and the two conversed for a time when Anderson remarked, "This is a fine location doctor--a pretty place for a fight. If those Federals over at Sturgeon will come down I'll give them a twist. I don't want to go there, but if they will come down here I'll fight them. I don't suppose they will want to come here."

At this moment Dr. Sneed saw one of the guerrillas leading his horse away and he called Anderson's attention to it. Anderson frowned and said, "Go and get him; tell the man I say he must not take your horse." The doctor started after the man but was stopped before he reached him by a guerrilla who demanded his money as he shoved a six-shooter in his face. ["]Excuse me," said Dr. Sneed, ["]but your captain sent me after that horse." He brushed past the fellow, leaving him holding his revolver and looking foolish in his discomfiture. A short distance further the doctor was held up the second time by another man with a revolver, who told him to "fork over" his pocketbook. Dr. Sneed smiled at the fellow and said, "Excuse me, but you are a little too late; I have just been interviewed by your comrade, yonder." He recovered his horse without argument and each time as he

was stopped by a guerrilla with a revolver and his money demanded, he smiled and replied, "You are too late." His coolness saved him.

Guerrillas Looting Centralia

When the guerrillas had stolen everything they wanted they began to break chinaware, unroll bolts of cloth and throw things about to destroy them. One of the fellows found a barrel of whisky [sic] and soon had a crowd around him. They rolled the barrel out into the streets, knocked the head in, stole a lot of tin cups which they used to dip into the liquor and even "Captain Bill" came up and took a drink of the whisky. They became noisy and more boisterous. Some were insulting toward the citizens, while others tried to show their horsemanship by riding about and unwinding cloth from the bolt[s]. Several of them stole new leather boots from the store, tied the straps together and slung them across their saddles and filled the boots with whisky which they carried over the streets and compelled persons to drink from the boots.

At about eleven o'clock the stage coach from Columbia came in over Jefferson Road. It was an old fashioned Concord with leather strap springs, drawn by four horses and driven by Joe Kelly of Columbia. Its appearance was the signal for a general rush to the south part of town by the horsemen, who surrounded the stage and opened the doors while they inquired if there were any Federal soldiers in the coach. Finding none, the guerrillas ordered the passengers to get out of the stage coach. They then took the two best looking horses out of the harness and led them away. The passengers were robbed of their valuables and such belongings as the guerrillas wanted.

Among the passengers were Hon. James S. Rollins, Sheriff James H. Waugh, former sheriff John M. Samuel, Lafayette Hume, Henry Keene, Boyle Gordon, Columbus Hickman and Lewis Sharp. Most of these gentlemen were from Columbia and were on their way to Mexico, where the Democratic Congressional convention was to be held. The guerrillas began questioning the passengers and asked Mr. Rollins who he was. "My name is Johnson and I am a minister of the Methodist Church, South. I live a few miles south of Columbia." One of the three who were holding Mr. Rollins, waved his revolver with a gesture and said, "Hand out your money." Sheriff Waugh said his name was Smith and the guerrillas saw nothing strange in this. John M. Samuel came out with the truth and said, "My name is Samuel. I have been arrested by the Federals and graduated from Lynch's old nigger yard in St. Louis." Peyton Long, a lieutenant of Bill Anderson and a "tough egg," spoke up and said, "That's all right, hand out your wallet, and all of you," turning to the others. Some of the men said, "We are Southern men and Confederate sympathizers; you ought not rob us." One of the guerrillas replied, "What do we care? Hell's full of such Southern men. Why ain't you in the army, or out fighting?"

Peyton Long ordered his men to search the passengers to see if they had lied or if they had held back any money. This would have proved fatal for Sheriff Waugh, Major Rollins and possibly some of the others, as all had papers and other marks of indentification [sic] in their clothing. But just as the guerrillas started the search, they heard the North Missouri passenger train coming into town and they mounted their horses and raced to the station which was less than 300 yards away.

It was about 11:30 when the passenger train from St. Louis came into town. In this train, which consisted of an express and baggage car and three coaches, were several

railroad officials, about 125 passengers of both sexes and twenty-three furloughed Federal soldiers, all unarmed. The train was in charge of Conductor Overall and the engineer was James Clark. The latter, seeing the guerrillas, began to slow down, intending to back the train eastward to Mexico, but as trains in those days were run by schedule, he happened to remember that the passenger was to be followed into Centralia by a construction train party loaded with gravel. Thinking quickly, Engineer Clark opened the throttle of his locomotive and attempted to run thru the town without stopping. He and his fireman dropped down on the floor of the cab to avoid being shot as soon as the locomotive began to pick up speed. At this juncture the guerrillas, who were gathered around the track, began to throw railroad ties, from a pile, upon the track and when the pilot of the locomotive struck this obstruction the train was stopped, as the brakeman had set the brakes, which in those days were operated at the end of the coaches, by hand. When the guerrillas began shooting around the train, the brakeman left his post and the locomotive could not pull the train. When it came to a stop, Mr. Clark rose up and shut off the steam, while the guerrillas were shooting at the locomotive. He was not hit but his fireman was shot in the breast and slightly wounded.

No shots were fired from the coaches or any part of the train, despite reports to the contrary including the story of the big Irish sergeant who tried to fight the guerrillas singlehanded. Two cavalrymen had revolvers, but offered no resistance because it was not known that these men in Federal uniforms were guerrillas. The first intimation the passengers had of the character of the force along the track was when a sldier [sic] of the First Iowa Cavalry shouted, "Those men are guerrillas!" This word passed thru the cars and the passengers were very much alarmed.

Arch Clements, one of Anderson's officers, Peyton Long, another with several of the guerrillas, went into the coaches and when they saw the Federal soldiers, shouted, "Surrender, you are prisoners of war!" One of the Federals said, "We will have to surrender, for we are unarmed." The train was soon swarming with guerrillas, who brandished revolvers and robbed the passengers of money, watches, jewelry and even clothing.

"Bill Anderson himself led the way to the express car and when the squad with him shoved their revolvers at the head of the express messenger, he gave up the keys to the safe and they took about $3,000 from it. Peyton Long, Frank James and two others found a valise which contained a large number of greenbacks (said to be several thousand dollars), but it is said the guerrillas took but little of the paper money as they wanted hard money and valuables. They went back thru the coaches yelling, cursing, insulting the passengers, occasionally striking some one with the barrel of their revolvers. The passengers were in a state of terror, the women and children screaming or crying when the guerrillas would shoot off their revolvers to keep up the intimidation. In the coach where the Union soldiers were, the guerrillas went again and made them strip off their clothing and underclothing, which they stole. They would strike these soldiers with their revolvers, curse them and occasionally kick one of them. The soldiers did not offer any resistance and held their tongues in the hope that they might not precipitate a shooting in which other passengers might be killed. When they had kept up this conduct for a while, Anderson ordered his men to take the naked Federals off the train. With these furloughed soldiers was a Jew or a German, who did not speak English very well. He had on a

soldier's blue blouse, but he was not a soldier. He tried to tell Anderson he was not one of the soldiers, but he was shoved along with the balance of them.

Union Soldiers Massacred

Anderson had these men lined up on the east side of Ball's store, and Arch Clements asked him, "What are you going to do with them fellows, Captain?" "Parole them, of course," returned Anderson, with a peculiar emphasis on the word "parole." Clements laughed and said, "I thought so. You might pick out two or three of them and exchange them for Cave, if you can." (Cave Wyatt is the person referred to. He was a sergeant in Anderson's company, who had been wounded in a fight and was reported to be a prisoner in the hands of the Federal force in Columbia). "Oh, one will be enough for that," said Anderson, as he rode a little closer and said to the Federals, "Boys, is there a sergeant among you?" There were several of that rank in the line, but no one answered. "I say, is there a sergeant in this line?" he repeated. It was supposed that Anderson was going to have the sergeants shot and none of them wanted that distinction, but finally Sergeant Thomas M. Goodman, of Col. Flad's First Regiment, Missouri Engineers, who had left his regiment in Atlanta just five days previously, stepped out in front of the line and nodded his head as he looked Anderson in the eye. The guerrilla who had robbed Goodman of his coat on which were the sergeant's chevrons, stepped out as if to point him out as an officer, but Anderson directed Hiram Litton and Richard Ellington of his force to take Goodman and remove him to a place of safety and to "protect him." He was taken to a stable and kept under guard. Goodman later escaped from his captors after the guerrillas left the Singleton farm. He wrote an account of the massacre and battle in 1864 and had it published.

Anderson turned to Clements and said, "Arch, you take charge of the firing party and when I give the word, pour hell into them." Clements had probably twenty-five men in his party, all armed with two to three revolvers. When Anderson made a sign to Clements, that worthy yelled, "Fire," and opened up with his own revolver upon the poor naked wretches. Twelve of the Federals fell at the first volley. The merciless guerrillas, continuing to fire, killed several others. Sergeant Peters, of Goodman's regiment, clothed only in his shirt and drawers, charged the firing party and knocked five of them down. He was a powerful built man and was desperate. He was shot five times thru the body and ran thru the line to the depot where he crawled under the platform. He was dragged out and shot thru the brain. Others ran about clutching their wounds until a pistol shot in the brain brought them down. Some ran a short distance before they dropped dead. Some screamed, a few begged for mercy, which was answered by a bullet in the head. The poor German fell shot thru the breast and whined pitifully as he expired. One of the men got up and started to crawl away when a bullet thru the head stopped him. The guerrillas stood about watching for any of the men to make a move so that he could be killed. One man, lying upon his back unconscious, was lifting his foot spasmodically and dropping it or dragging his heel in a monotonous movement. Arch Clements watched this man for a while and said, with a grin, "He's marking time." One of the Federals got away from the guerrillas at the train or before the firing began and ran to the home of Judge Hall and went into an outbuilding. He was followed by a guerrilla, who jumped off his horse and ran into the building just as the Federal ran out of the door at the other

side. The guerrilla, somewhat cautiously poked around in the place and came out in time to see the Federal mounting his horse. He fired at the fleeing man, but the shots went wild as the Federal flattened himself out on the horse and rode northward across the prairie to the Pool neighborhood where he secured civilian clothing and rode away to safety.

The shooting was done in full view of the citizens of the town and passengers on the train. The spot where the massacre occurred is now covered by the last building on the east of the Globe Hotel block, and the Federal line was not over ninety feet from the rails on the Wabash south of the west end of the present station. The passengers stood or walked around in a dazed way. Many were dumb with horror. A few walked away from the town toward the west. Most of the women of the town went into their homes and stayed there and some of the men also hid in their homes. One of the passengers, acting as spokesman for several others, asked Anderson if they could go on to Sturgeon. Anderson looked at the man in a leering way and replied, "You can go to hell, for all I care."

The guerrillas, having robbed the train and satisfied their desire for blood, began to make preparations to return to their camp southeast of town. They set the depot on fire and compelled Dr. Sneed and Sheriff Waugh to help shove a car of salt belonging to a Columbia merchant up to the siding so it would burn also. They then made the train crew pile some pine and other materials in the two front coaches and express car of the passenger train and set the three cars on fire. They then compelled Engineer Clark to start the locomotive and jump off leaving the burning train to run westward regardless of what happened. It ran about two and a half miles before the steam died down and the locomotive stopped. The express car and coaches were almost completely destroyed.

When he fond that the train was being set on fire, T.S. Sneed went thru the coaches to see if everyone was out of them. He found in the rear coach a woman and three small children. They were pale and speechless with horror. Mr. Sneed had difficulty in getting the woman to leave the train with the children. He had to tell her repeatedly that the train was to be burned before she would leave.

Several thousand dollars in the express car, overlooked by the guerrillas, were destroyed, together with express and baggage.

After the massacre the gravel train came in from Mexico and was run on the side track. The guerrillas robbed the train crew and burned the train where it stood. They also damaged the locomotive so it could not be run thru to Sturgeon. Then they put Sergeant Goodman upon a mule they had stolen and rode back to their camp on the Singleton farm.

I have heard this scene described by different eyewitness [sic] at different time until I have almost imagined I could see it. One of the citizens who passed thru the ordeal of that day said it was more like a nightmare than a reality. The distressing thing was that one could not put the memory aside after years has passed since that horrible day. The guerrillas were going about the village cursing, brandishing their revolvers, occasionally threatening a citizen or the railroad employees and officials, kicking and abusing the unarmed soldiers before they finally murdered them, occasionally shooting their revolvers into the air or at some object near a group of persons to see them jump for fear the next bullet would strike one of them and all the while yelling and whooping as they found something they could either steal or destroy. Women and children cowered

behind boxes or in the stores, crying, moaning and wringing their hands. The men as a rule stood around like statues, numbed with horror and fearful of what might happen next.

The guerrillas seemed transformed into fiends, half drunken with the whisky they had stolen, they gave no heed to any one, man, woman or child, except to insult or terrorize them. Only the warning of their captain, who knew the value of a friendly section, kept these men from killing several of the citizens when they did not move swifty [sic] to comply with a demand. Those who have never seen men unrestrained can have no idea of how these guerrillas conducted themselves while they had full possession of the little village.

Citizens here were not over their horror at the occurrences of that day when some of them suggested that they would all be held accountable for the deeds of the guerrillas when the Federal soldiers came to the place, which they certainly would shortly. The bodies of the massacred soldiers were still lying where they had fallen, as no one seemed to know what to do about them and no one wanted to gather up the bodies. While they were, as matters stood between two fires, Major Johnson with his force, came into the town.

Major A.V.E. Johnson of the Thirty-eight [sic] Missouri (federal) Infantry, who was scouting in Monroe County some time after the first of September and on the 14th of that month had stopped in Paris where two companies of infantry joined the force. The command was at that time in the second week of its organization and was composd mostly of Monroe County boys with no previous military training. They were armed with Enfield muskets, a heavy muzzle-loading gun, which carried an ounce minie ball, and was equipped with a bayonet.

This force had a brush with Captain Wash Bryson's Confederates, numbering forty men near Santa Fe, and had dispersed them, taking one prisoner, Andrew Ewing, and wounding Capt. Bryson in the hip.

On September 25th Johnson learned that a force of guerrillas was moving along the southern part of Monroe or the narrow strip of western Audrain. This force had been seen near Middlegrove moving toward the southwest.

A young soldier on horseback rode into the camp of Major A.V.E. Johnson at Paris, September 26, 1864 and gave the Major a note penned by Colonel Forbes of Macon "City." This note read:

"Bill Anderson is near Santa Fe, going toward Boonville. Meet me at Renick tomorrow and we will try and intercept him."

Johnson immediately made preparations to start on this mission.

Major Johnson's command was mounted on farm horses which he had commandeered over the county. This was done in order to get over the country more quickly, but it was not possible for the men to fight as cavalry because the plow-horses were not broke to the sound of musketry, and it was not convenient to load an Enfield musket while upon a horse. Johnson proposed to travel as mounted infantry, but intended to fight on foot, leaving every fifth man to hold the horses during a battle. Commissioned oficers in the command were Major Johnson, Captain James A. Smith and Captain Adam Theis.

He ordered his force to mount at ten o'clock p.m. September 26, and started to look for guerrillas.

The Federal force came upon the trail of Todd's company not far from Middlegrove and pressed on in a southeasterly course to the timber along Young's Creek. He found that the guerrillas had robbed most of the farm houses along their line of march, but no one had been killed. When he came in sight of Centralia, Johnson saw the smoke of the burning depot and decided to move upon the town to see what was taking place.

When he arrived here Johnson found the people almost in a panic, while lying upon the ground were the naked bodies of the massacred federals. He at once began to investigate and learned that Anderson had been here at his work of murder, pillage and terrorism.

He talked with Dr. A.F. Sneed and other citizens and gleaned from them the account of what had occurred. He went with Dr. Sneed to the attic of the hotel and together they looked out upon the prairie in the direction of the camp of the guerrillas where they saw a squad of about fifteen mounted men riding about a mile to the south. Major Johnson remarked, "There they are now," and hastily descended to the yard. "How many are there of these fellows?" he asked. Dr. Sneed replied that he did not know exactly but they were said to number about 400 and he thought they would outnumber the Federals. Said Johnson: "But you told me a little bit ago there were only eighty of them in town this morning." "Yes, but the remainder of them were in camp," said the doctor, who volunteered the information also that they were all armed with revolvers.

"They may have the advantage of me in numbers, but I will have the advantage of them in arms. My guns are of long range and I can fight them from a distance," said the Major.

Dr. Sneed protested that the guerrillas were well trained and desperate men and that he considered it folly for Johnson to attack them. The major was thoughtful for a moment and then said, "I will fight them anyhow." On his person at the time Major Johnson had a written order from Gen. C.B. Fisk, commanding him to "exterminate the murderous thieving bushwhackers" in this part of Missouri. He knew something of the nature of the task before him as he knew the character of the men in the force camped southeast of town. He knew they killed every federal soldier who fell into their hands and that they neither asked for or gave quarter to any one who wore a coat of blue in the Union forces.

In the Federal command with Major Johnson were Capt. James A. Smith of Adair County at the head of Company A, with Edwin Darrow and Robt. Moore as lieutenants. Company G was from Shelby County, in command of First Lieut. Thos. Jaynes. Company H, was made up of recruits from Marion, Lewis, Shelby and Monroe Counties and was commanded by Adam Thiess of Hannibal, with Lieutants [sic] Frank B. Wray Lewis County and J.E. Stafford of Clark County.

Major Johnson called his officers together and ordered Capt. Thiess and Lieut. Stafford with 35 men to remain in Centralia with the two teamsters, the wagons, and prisoner, Ewing. With the balance of the troop he started toward the point where he had seen the guerrillas on the prairie. An advance party numbering 25 men was sent ahead in a trot toward the enemy pickets near the Yeates home. When within about 200 yards of these pickets they retreated toward the south, followed by the federals. The pickets arrived at a place where there was a gap in the rail fence that had been previously opened by them and rode thru the gap, followed by the advance of the federals.

The scouts selected to toll Johnson to the point which had been selected by Capt. Thrailkill and Capt. Thomas Todd, were Dave and John Poole, Frank and Jesse James, Ben Morrow, E.P. DeHart, Tuck Hill, Peyton Long, Harrison Trow and Ed Greenwood.

In the guerrilla camp all was bustle and preparation. horses [sic] were saddled and the fence at the west of the farm was thrown down. Todd and Thrailkill planned the oncoming battle. To the right of the field was a small branch running northeast into Young's reek. Up this branch to the right were sent Tom Todd and Thrailkill. To the left on the branch were sent George Todd and Si Gordon each with their companies. "[sic]Bill Anderson was assigned the center, his company line running from north to south and facing the Federal line on the west. Behind and partly overlapping Anderson's Company was Dave Poole and his men. And thus the trap was set for the Federals. The opposing forces stood facing each other in silence. Major Johnson called out "We are ready, come on" and as no move was made he again called out. "Wait for us, you damned cowards." Johnson sat a little in advance of his line upon his fine grey horse, grasping in his hand a heavy Colt's dragoon revolver. If he spoke to his men no one lived to tell of his words. A warm sun was beginning to sink toward the west, as it was a little after 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Johnson closed up the space between his advance guard and main force in a little hollow skirted by a strip of timber. Forming his force he began to advance into a field in which corn had been grown the year before. Here he halted his command and gave the order to dismount, leaving every fifth man to hold the horses. He commanded the men to fix bayonets, and faced his line toward the east. They were then on the land just north and east of where the road leads to what is now known as the Pemberton farm (then the Fullenweider place) about three miles from Centralia.

On the east, about half a mile away, could be seen Capt. Anderson at the head of his 80 men. There was a thicket of plum trees at that point and it concealed the balance of the guerrillas from the federal line.

"[sic]Bill Anderson looked to see that the guerrilla forces were all at their positions. It had been decided he was to open the fight. He then rode along behind his company and said, "Boys, when we charge, break thru the line and keep straight on for their horses. Keep straight on for their horses." He then rode out at the end of his line and lifted his hat with a flourish. This was the pre-arranged signal that all was ready. Anderson's company began to move toward the enemy when a rolling volley of musketry rang from the Federal infantry. The guerrillas quickened their pace to a dead run and closed the gap between the two forces. Before the Federals could reload their muskets Anderson and Dave Poole with their companies were upon them shooting right and left with deadly accuracy.

The Federals broke rank in confusion. Some clubbed their muskets, some tried to reload, some used their bayonets, while others tried to surrender, only to be shot down without mercy.

Concealed by the plum thicket the balance of the guerrilla force dashed out and were upon the bloody field. Anderson's men kept straight on for the horses and the "fifth men" who had released the animals and were mounting and trying to escape. Retreat, however, was cut off by Anderson's men and these fifth men were shot down also. Some mounted their horses and started for town and some tried to get to Sturgeon where a

Federal force was stationed. Only two men got to that place, Enoch Hunt, then a boy of 18, and Louis F. Marquette. The latter died of his wounds. Hunt was unhurt.

The battle lasted barely three minutes after the time Johnson gave the order to fire. The running fight from the battlefield across the prairie toward Sturgeon continued until late in the afternoon.

Dave Poole was one of the first to arrive in Centralia from the battlefield. He had left the others to finish the "fifth men" and had ridden in to kill the rear guard that was left here to protect the citizens. Poole shot two of the Federal soldiers off their horses as they were starting out for Paris to carry the news of the defeat. Frank James or Arch Clements shot one man who was hiding in a box car. The Federals did not try to fight, altho some of them shot wildly and tried to run.

Dr. Sneed and Lieutenant Stafford standing in the attic of the hotel saw the smoke of the battle and saw the Federals on horseback coming toward town. Stafford hastily descended to the ground and joined his company as Lieut. Jaynes came riding into town in a gallop and shouted to Thiess' men. "Get out of here. Every one of you will be killed if you don't run!"

The men mounted and started to run for Sturgeon, but in a few moments Arch Clements, Frank James, Harrison Trow, Ben Morrow, Peyton Long, and, possibly, Jeff Emory and others, who had been in the charge, remembering Anderson's order to his own company, which was passed on to them, continued thru the Federal Line [sic] and kept straight on for the horses and the "fifth men," who were on the west side of the torn-up rail fence. The fleeing infantrymen rode scattering singly or by twos toward Centralia, but some of them veered toward the west and were trying to get to Sturgeon to find safety with the Federal garrison stationed there. The guerrillas named came galloping into Centralia and began shooting at the fleeing Federals. Poole shot two of the soldiers at 50 yards while riding at a gallop. Both fell from their horses dead. T.S. Sneed, standing on the roof of his kitchen saw these men fall. Poole saw Sneed and fired two shots at him, one of which splinered the shingles at his right and the other struck at his left. Mr. Sneed lost interest in the fight. Poole rode up and cursed Mr. Sneed and then galloped away toward Sturgeon, to shoot at more of the Federals.

Lieut. Stafford and three of his men had mounted their horses just as soon as Stafford saw the charge from the second story of the Sneed residence. They made good their escape and probably reached Paris by midnight if their horses held out.

As Capt. Thiess and his men were leaving town two guerrillas who stood by the roadside shot four men out of the ranks and one of the killers went up to the men to make sure they were dead. Two of Thiess' men ran into the privy of the Eldorado House to hide and were shot to death. A guerrilla went up to the home of a citizen and called for a drink of water and while he was waiting he saw a soldier in a blue coat make a break for the fence a short distance away. The guerrilla wheeled his horse, went on a dead run to get a little nearer, fired and killed his man then rode back to where the citizen was standing and said, "I'll take that drink of water, now."

Many instances of this kind, where soldiers were chased and shot down as if they were animals. The author of this book has heard these tales told in homes of the older persons since his boyhood. Some of the tales are too horrifying to be retold here. We were told that a number of the Federals were actually scalped, Indian fashion.

Dave Poole was seen walking on the bodies of the dead Federals on the field, after the firing had ceased and the guerrillas were awaiting the return of those who had ridden after the fleeing "fifth men," and as he would step from one body to another Rev. Thomas Todd said, "What are you doing that for, Dave?" "I am counting 'em," said Poole. "But do not stand on their bodies to count them--that's inhuman," said Todd.

"They're dead, ain't they?" replied Poole, "and if they are dead I can't hurt them. I can not count 'em good unless I step on 'em. When I get my foot on one this way (suiting the action to the word) I know I have got him." Those around Poole laughed, but Tom Todd shook his head and refused to laugh. He had very likely preached upon the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. To fight armed men was his business as a soldiers [sic], but after a man was dead he belonged to a higher power.

When Poole had finished his count he announced that there were 130 bodies lying within the space of one city block. The others were strewn along the prairie for a distance of about ten miles or more.

As far as I can learn, Clements, James, Trow and Ben Morrow (or Payton Long) are the riders who continued on toward Sturgeon. Clements shot two men off their horses on the McBride farm, west of this place. Mrs. J.H. McBride (nee Agnes Palmer) saw the killing and after the guerrillas had gone, went out and guarded the bodies from hogs which were in the pasture. The bodies were about a half of a quarter of a mile apart and she dragged the body of the man fatherest [sic] from her home toward the other, then dragged the body on the east toward the body of his comrade, until by stages she had dragged the bodies close enough together that she could guard them without having to run any great distance. The good woman kept up her vigil until her husband came in from his work in the field.

Horses were not spared as occasionally some guerrilla, with a thirst for blood and no other living target, would shoot down one of the Federals' horses which were galloping around in fright at the noise of the firing, the screams of wounded men and the yells of the victorious guerrillas.

The Scene Has Changed

The golden rays of the September sun falling today upon the ripening grain and waving grasses of a grand old Missouri farm, casting no shadows save those of restful peace and plenty, will give to the traveler no suggestion of the awful scene once enacted upon this selfsame ground where now the harshest sound that greets the ear is that of the lowing kine or the bird's gleeful song.

What a contrast is the scene now to that of 1864, when the rank prairie grass seemed alive with dashing horses and running soldiers, the sharp crack of the revolver and the long, rolling volley of the state troops making weird music for the soldier's dying ear.

Now the scene is all changed and all nature seems to rejoice that the day is numbered with the past. The day when the warm September sun in its changeless course warmed alike the bronzed cheeks of two opposing forces drawn up in a line of battle, the one where duty called to do and die, the other fickle fortune willed.

The little wild flowers that fringe the field and meadow today may each whisper to the passing breeze a tale of how its counterpart in the long ago was crushed to the earth

by the hoof of the war horse and wet by the blood of heroes who, like Gonzales' men, went not forth to win a field, but to die.

Then came nightfall. The conquering cavalcade rode noisily on toward the south. The stars came out in a cloudless sky to shed their cold light upon the scene. There were laid along the prairie and almost in rows as they had stood in the oncoming charge one hundred and ninety-two boys who had been gathered from their farm homes but a few days before to join the colors of their country. Upon some of those ghastly, upturned faces were the look of fear, on some a smile and upon others the serenity of death. They had come to this spot to enter a battle. Upon the pale white flowers and the crisp grass of the field they had poured out their blood to pay the last full measure of their devotion to duty. They are dead, but why they should give up their lives in that war we can not in this day positively state. It has been over seventy-two years since the close of the Civil War and yet the reasons for that war are as beclouded today as they were on that September night in the long ago.

Troops came here from Mexico and Sturgeon the day after the battle and pressed a number of the farmers into service, compelling them to pick up the bodies and haul them to town in wagons. The town was crowded with persons from Monroe County who came to see if they could find among the dead their relatives who had joined the force at Paris. Some came from other places to identify bodies of the massacred men. There were heart-rendering scenes when some one recognized the dead body of a boy who had proudly joined the colors only to ride to his death, or who had started home on a furlough only to find cold death at the hands of executioners whom he had not harmed or offended. Many of the relatives did not arrive in time to see the bodies and went home with the knowledge that they had been placed into a long grave with their comrades. Some of those who came and found the body of a relative had no means to take the body home and left it with the others.

The officer in charge pressed some of the citizens in and compelled them to assist the soldiers in digging the long grave east of town where the bodies were interred.

Most all of the bodies of the massacred men were taken charge of by troops and sent to their relatives by the war department. I can not find what disposition was made of the German civilian, but presume his body was buried with the soldiers here.

Monument is Placed at the Long Grave

About 1866 the war department had a stone monument made with the names of the Union soldiers who were buried in the long grave carved on three sides and the name of their commander on the fourth side, which was sent here and placed at the west end of the grave. This tall shaft remained here until 1873, when it was moved with the bodies to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City.

The Secretary of War at Washington, D.C. issued an order in October, 1873 for the removal of the bodies of the soldiers killed in the battle here to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City.

Where The Federals Were Reburied

On September 27, 1931, which was the sixty-seventh anniversary of the Battle of Centralia, the author, being in Cole County, visited the National Cemetery at Jefferson City and stood by the side of the shaft which had marked the long grave east of Centralia. Walking a few steps from the monument among the small stones that mark the graves of those soldiers the question arose "what price glory?" Here the chapter was closed until that last and final day of earth when it may be known if we as a people are better or worse because of the sacrifices of those who lie beneath the sod of this plot of ground.

This monument and the graves lie along the path straight ahead after one enters the gate at the left of the caretaker's cottage at the corner of the cemetery and straight ahead, as he passes the cottage, possibly about eighty feet. The inscription on the monument is still legible. The monument is a four-sided, tapering obelisk with the name of Major A.V.E. Johnson engraved above an embossed laurel wreath. A legend tells of the Battle of Centralia. On the other sides of the stone are engraved the names of those who fell in the battle and who were interred in the first grave.

Not far from the monument and smaller stones is a marker upon which is cast a verse of Captain Theodore O'Hara's immortal poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," which reads:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

Centralia Fireside Guard, October 20, 1982. [originally published in the *Times-Democrat* (Macon, Missouri), November 19, 1903]

The Centralia Massacre[:] An eyewitness account

When this account of the Centralia Massacre appeared in the Macon newspaper, survivors of that fateful day were still living. Their experience, retold[,] helps us relive a moment in Centralia's history.

Survivors of Centralia Tragedy Planning for a Reunion

Four of the nine men of Company A, 39th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, who ran against Bill Anderson and George Todd at Centralia, Mo., the afternoon of September 27, 1864, are yet living. The company was the pick of the military men of Adair county. There were five pairs of brothers and a son and father--David R. and John B.W. Graves, respectively. The company went into action with 65 men. The muzzle-loading muskets of the infantry made a pitiful defense against the revolvers of the mounted Guerrillas. As Major Johnston's men passed through the terror-stricken town of Centralia--where the warm blood of Anderson's victims was still trickling over the ground--they were told that the bushfighters carried from four to eleven revolvers to the man. But they went undaunted into the trap.

The battle was a mistake on the part of Major Johnston. The Centralia people informed him that Anderson had not to exceed a hundred men. They knew nothing of George Todd and his fierce crew back in the woods. Johnston went after a bear and found two. He gallantly gave his life for the error.

The four survivors of Company A are James Pinkerton, Isaac Novinger, Peter Darr and Calvin Round. The big colliery town of Adair county, mentioned so frequently during the coal conference at Kansas City, was named after a relative of Novinger's. Calvin Round lives at La Plata. A Times-Democrat representative visited him recently, and found him back of his pretty little cottage sawing wood. At 61 he's full of the zest of life and its ambitions. He is arranging for a meeting of the soldiers who survived the slaughter at the train and the fight that followed a few hours after. It will be held at Macon or Centralia. Mr. Round prefers Centralia, that they may view the field of bitter memories. He has never revisited it since his hurried departure from it in 1864. There wouldn't have been many even if such a meeting had been held on the 28th of September, 1864. There will be less now. But the half dozen or so gray-haired men attending it would be knit by one of the closest of human ties--they were comrades in calamity.

The trainmen were spared, though frequently in mortal peril during that tragic day. Richard H. Overall, the conductor, escaped in a curious manner. When Anderson, the chief, bristling with oaths and smoking revolvers, stalked into one of the coaches, he held up a dirty scrap of paper and demanded to know the whereabouts of one Dick Overall. Overall supposed he was appearing for a death sentence when he made himself known.

"You're Overall?"

"You're Overall?"

"I'm Dick Overall," said the conductor.

"Dick Overall?"

"Dick Overall."

"Well, you're let out; thank Mark Belt. Make yourself scarce now. Some of the boys may get you."

Mark Belt was with Quantrill. Belt and Overall had been schoolmates, and on one occasion Overall had saved Belt from expulsion from school for misconduct by showing that Belt was really not at fault. Belt knew Anderson was going to swoop down on Overall's train when it reached Centralia, and he wrenched from Anderson a promise that his life should be spared. Overall died at Coleman, Texas, in December 1900, at the age of 68. Richard Holt, now living at Macon, was the mail clerk on the ill-fated train. George F. Carruthers of the Mound City Warehouse Co., St. Louis, was the express messenger. Engineer James Clark is also living and is yet running a locomotive for the Wabash on one of its branch lines. He has written a graphic description of the shooting of the men on the train, and his personal experience with the guerrillas.

H.F. Lynde, known on the train as "Harry, the Newsboy,["] owns [a] 360-acre farm 35 miles west of St. Louis, and recently wrote Mail Clerk Holt that he had "a nice Family [sic] of children and am very happy and contented." He is an elder in the Presbyterian church, treasurer of the Franklin county Sunday school association, and superintendent of the largest Sunday school in his county. Like Mr. Round he is very anxious to have a reunion of the Centralia survivors.

Would Mr. Round talk about the fight? Certainly he would; he didn't see wherein a member of Major Johnston's command had anything to be ashamed of on account of his part in the tragedy.

On the 28th of October Mr. Round was 61 years old. He was 22 and a month the day he rode in advance of Johnston to beat the brush for the guerrillas. He is a small, gentle speaking man, plains in his manner or description, and blessed with a keen memory.

"First I would like to say," said Mr. Round, "that the report about my shaking hands with Frank James when he was here recently with his show was a mistake. I was away from home that day, but had this not been so I would not have been among those who crowded around seeking that privilege. Not because of any ill feeling I have on account of his being with the force that fought us at Centralia, but because it is not my habit to seek acquaintances with men merely for the sake of a more or less turbulent life they may have led. They tell us James has reformed and become a good citizen. I hope he has.

["]Well, it wasn't much of a battle. We were hunting bushwhackers, and we caught them. I would like to remark that Major A.V.E. Johnston, whose command consisted of Companies A, G and H--about 150 men--of the 39th Missouri was one of the most unassuming men I ever met. Braggadocio wasn't in him. He was of a slight build, and at times rode carelessly, but in action was quick and impetuous. I never heard him give a harsh order to any one. His men loved him and had the greatest confidence in his judgement. We carried no black flag that day, nor at any other time. If Johnston `pointed gleefully to his black flag' and said quarter would neither be asked nor given it is news to me. We had no orders to refuse any man's surrender. I carried a United States flag up to Centralia, and passed it to the seventh man when six of us were selected by Second

Lieutenant Robert [Moore] to add to the 12 men he commanded as an advance picket. The 18 of us went ahead through town to reconnoiter the woods on the south.

"There was a Sunday-like stillness in Centralia. Very few people were about. The evidence of Anderson's work was all around the track and depot. A detail of soldiers was left by Major Johnston to pick up the dead soldiers. The few citizens abroad talked in serious voices as men do after a cyclone or a railroad wreck where many are killed. In this case the worst of the storm was to come.

"As the skirmish line progressed east by south eight horsemen came out of the timber, and rode slowly along[,] paralleling it. When within 150 or 200 yards of the woods we turned and followed the movement of the guerrillas, riding parallel with them, but keeping a regular distance away.

"Major Johnston left about 40 men at Centralia as a reserve. Then he followed us with the main body, not to exceed 110. Company A was on the right, G in the center and a portion of H on the left. I think there were a few men from Company H, but I am not certain about that. I am confident Major Johnston's force at Centralia all told did not exceed 150 men, and about 40 of these were left back in Centralia as a reserve.["]

Next week: The battle is joined. Survivors of the Centralia Massacre and the ensuing battle resume their account of the Civil War engagement on farmland outside the frontier village of Centralia.

Centralia Fireside Guard, October 27, 1982. [originally published in the *Times-Democrat* (Macon, Missouri), November 19, 1903]

The Centralia Massacre[:] An eyewitness account

Survivors of the Centralia Massacre, who give this account of their experiences in the Civil War battle that raged around the town that day, planned a reunion in the Centralia area when this account appeared in the Macon Times-Democrat in November 1903.

["]Across the field, parallel with the wood, was a stake and rider fence. Gaps were made for the Union horsemen to pass, and continue their advance. I have thought it would have been wiser had Johnston halted his me on the far side of this fence, and it would have made a good breastwork against the attacking guerrillas. It passage by our force completed the trap, and retarded the retreat of many a poor fellow.

"One by one the guerrilla pickets disappeared into the wood. We knew some sort of tactics had been arranged by the enemy, but we thought as it was to be a fair fight in the open, and our guns shot further than revolvers, we would have at least an equal show. Many of our men had never been under fire before. The officers had seen real service, and the major commanding had a good record as a soldier.

"Finally but one of the enemy remained. He stopped his horse, and fired his revolver straight up in the air! Then he, too, got out of sight. It was a signal, and we began to get ready for what was to follow, Lieutenant Moore gave the command: `Left face; open order.' That put us marching wide apart towards the woods where the enemy was. We were expecting to be fired on every instant. Johnston's command was what is called mounted infantry. The soldiers were drilled to fight on foot. Excepting those possessed by the officers, I don't think there was over a half dozen revolvers in our troop. The bayonets had not been affixed to the muskets, though each man had one.

"Before we reached the woods a company of guerrillas rode out and leisurely lined up on the edge. They were as cool as if on dress parade. Lieutenant Moore halloed back to Major Johnston that the enemy was coming out and getting ready for action. We were ordered to fall back on the main body. There was not the least uneasiness among our men at that time. We felt able to handle those in front of us, but didn't know the woods behind and on the side were swarming with guerrillas, and they seemed bent on keeping the knowledge from us until it was too late to do any good. The citizens with whom we talked at Centralia said Anderson had only 84 men. That is all they saw, and they were, I think, honest in their statements, because the presence of Todd was evidently concealed for a purpose. We were also informed that Anderson's crowd carried from four to 11 revolvers to the man.

"Before we got back to the main body Major Johnson had dismounted his men, and was getting ready to fight on foot, the way his men could fire quickest. Every fourth man was assigned to hold the horses in the rear of the line. I was the only man that didn't dismount. I was riding a frisky mare, and had great trouble in holding her. It was on the extreme left of Company A.

"The men advanced, and out men began to shoot. So heavy became the fire that the guerrillas stopped. They knew we had single loading guns, and I guess they thought

they could wait till we emptied them. I fired, and we were all reloading when they came at us. My mare began jumping up and down, and I couldn't get the cartridge in the gun. The battle was over before I ever got that load in. Now the enemy began developing his full strength. On they came and the front lines opened fire on us. Our left commenced getting shaky. The right stood for a while, and the boys worked hurriedly with their guns.

"Did you see any of the guerrillas fall?"

"I could not say for certain. You know all things were happening in a good deal less time than I'm telling it. About this time the details are not as clear as at first. I can't ever remember whether the guerrillas were given [sic] their war-cry as they came on. They may have done so. I know it seemed like the woods were shedding horsemen from every point, until they threatened to smother us by numbers. There was no attempt at formation. They just came on with a rush, shooting right and left.

"It was just about this time we realized the gravity of our condition. Until then we felt we could best them back. I took in the situation and saw there was no hope for a stand, and determined to ride back to the reserves. We might check them there and drive them back from the town. So I headed my mare for Centralia, but soon turned back. That wouldn't do, I thought. I looked at the field. It was lost. Nobody was given orders and everything seemed to be in confusion. The men were throwing away their guns and running for their lives. I headed for some brush, out [but?] before I got there more guerrillas began pouring out, and I turned in another direction. I looked back several times, as I urged my horse onward. Many a poor fellow was shot at the fence, which was a terrible hindrance to escape. Riderless horses were rushing wildly around. One took after me and followed me from the field.

"Did the guerrillas carry a black flag and refuse to receive any surrenders?"

"I never saw a black flag on that field, but have you ever heard of any prisoners they took there? I was told they shot some of the reserves who had surrendered to them up in town. If a man they hold of was spared I never heard of it. And I was interested in finding out.["]

Next week: In the final installment of their experiences at the Centralia Massacre and the ensuing battle, told to a newspaper reporter in 1903, survivors of the fighting tell how Union forces were defeated by Confederates.

Centralia Fireside Guard, November 3, 1982. [originally published in the Times-Democrat (Macon, Missouri), November 19, 1903]

The Centralia Massacre[:] An eyewitness account

The Macon Times-Democrat was published from 1901 to 1916. In a November 1903 issue, a survivor of the Centralia massacre, meeting with a Times-Democrat reporter, told this moving story of the Civil War battle that ensued that day, as Union forces went down to defeat. This is the final installment in a three-part series.

"When I saw the day had gone hopelessly against us the thing uppermost in my mind was to get away. My horse so frisky at first began to lag. In spite of all I could do it would not go. Then for the first time I was really scared. I saw I could not hope to reach town, and it is well I did not try. here was some timber on my left, enclosed with a rail fence. Nobody seemed to be noticing me and I made for the wood, jumped over the fence and got out of sight, leaving my horse to shift for herself. Then I loaded my gun so I could be certain of getting one man at least if they discovered me. Out on the prairie I could hear the revolvers popping and the shouts of the pursued and pursuers. But I had the woods all to myself, and lost no time getting further in the brush. This was late Tuesday afternoon. I remained concealed all that night, and on Wednesday morning I started, as I thought, in the direction of Paris."

"Keeping your gun?"

"Yes. As far as I know I'm the only man on our side that left the field with his gun, but later on I got rid of it, when I changed my clothes. Thursday morning I was four miles north of Centralia."

"Hungry?"

"Not much. I was too badly excited. A thing like that overpowers a man for a while. I had got so much in the habit of seeing Guerrillas come out of the woods that in fancy [sic; I fancied?] every movement among the trees was a gang in pursuit of me. At last I struck a farm house and determined to risk an interview so as to get my bearings. A very decent sort of man welcomed me. Of course he saw it was a Union soldier, and judged I had been in Centralia. Whatever side his sympathies were on, he was a friend in need to me.

"You were one that got away?" he said.

"Yes--thank God. What news have you?"

"He shook his head gloomily.

"The Union force is cut into bits. Hardly a man got away. They took no prisoners."

"He fed me and tendered me a horse to enable me to reach Paris, but I declined it, fearing it would hamper my escape. My good Samaritan directed me to a post office down on the road between Mexico and Paris, and there the postmaster gave me a suit of jeans to cover the uniform that would have meant death had I fallen into the hands of my foes, and I set out again, after leaving my gun and cartridge box.

"I have often thought I would like to have that gun as a souvenir of Centralia, but I never heard from [sic] it any more.

"I kept on foot and on Friday reached Paris, where our camp was. One or two of the Monroe county men who escaped beat me there, and we had a mournful reunion.

"I have heard it stated that one man escaped by hiding in a small corn shock. Corn is not in the shock in Missouri in September. Isaac Novinger got into a cornfield, and was saved, but not by hiding in a shock. He escaped in a curious manner. Just as a Guerrilla fired at him his saddle girth broke, and he tumbled to the ground with his saddle. He laid still and the assailants, thinking him dead, paid no further attention to him. When they had passed on he got up unhurt, and got over in the cornfield.

"While hiding there some Guerrillas came and fed their horses near by [sic], but didn't see him. That was between Centralia and Sturgeon.

"Why did Major Johnston risk such an unequal encounter?"

"Major Johnston was ordered to rid the country of bushwhackers. He was a conscientious soldier. I don't believe any odds would have frightened him from his duty. The trouble was out men were inexperienced in fighting the sort of men with Anderson and Todd. As I remarked, many of them had never been under fire. They got nervous when they found the Guerrillas among them, shooting so rapidly without reloading. Under the circumstances I think they did what any other man would have done. We were against another man's game and he held all the high cards. The ground sloped down gradually toward us, a stake and rider fence was behind and a branch ran to the left and rear. The battle was lost before we started, and yet I believe, man to man, we could have held them back with our old muskets."

Mr. Round was laid up for several weeks after his thrilling experience. He recovered, however, and re-entered the service at Glasgow, Mo., in November, 1864, and stayed till the war was closed. He married Miss Eva Silvers Oct. 20, 1866, and settled in Macon county.

The following from an official memorial gives an account of Company A's strangely short and terrible history:

"Company A, 39th Infantry Missouri Volunteers, was organized at Kirksville, Adair county, M., August 1, 1864, under the order of Gen. Rosecrans calling for 12 months' volunteers for United States service; reported at Hannibal, Mo., on the 11th of August with three commissioned officers and 82 enlisted men, and they were there mustered in the service on August 24. Left Hannibal for field duty September 14 and scouted for bushwhackers in Northern Missouri until September 27, 1864, when the company was disastrously defeated in action by an overwhelming force of guerrillas under Anderson. Capt. James A. Smith and 55 enlisted men were killed on the field by the murderous Guerrillas, who shot down without mercy all who fell into their hands."

Ex-Guerrillas have always contended that the forces were numerically even--about 300 men on a side. They blame Johnston for dismounting his men, and say a scholar in military tactics might have told him better. Engineer James Clark says there were 175 men and soldiers killed, including those executed at the train.

From Macon-Times-Democrat, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903.

St. Joseph Argus, date unknown. [from Jim Cummins, *Jim Cummins His Story Written by Himself*, reprint, 2004, pp. 62-67. W.F. Bassett's story of the Centralia events; Cummins comments that "some of it['s] true and some colored."]

W.F. Bassett tells this story, "some of it['s] true and some colored," in the St. Joseph Argus:

"In the month of September, 1863, I started from St. Louis on the North Missouri Railroad enroute to Cameron. At. Charles a telegram announced that Bill Anderson with his band of guerillas [sic] had attacked a north-bound train at Centralia, in Boone county, and killed a number of soldiers. Our train was not permitted to proceed further and all the day long rumors came thick and fast of guerrilla atrocities further up the road.

We remained in St. Charles until the next morning, when the danger was said to be over, and proceeded on our way. When we arrived at Centralia the people there had a terrible story to tell, and pointed to a trench fifty feet long, by the side of the railroad, in confirmation of their story, saying that it contained the final remains of eighty-four Federal soldiers and one Jew, who had been killed by Anderson and his men the day before.

I was in the service of the United States Military Telegraph at the time and found a message at Centralia from Major Smith, general superintendent at St. Louis, ordering me to remain at Centralia for the present and assist the single operator who was stationed there. The town was still wild with excitement, and a reign of terror, fearful to behold, still prevailed. I was not long in learning the story of the day before, which proved to be one of the most tragic affairs that happened during the civil war.

The day before, which I think was the 20th of September, Bill Anderson and George Todd, with their band of 265 trained guerrillas, encamped at Singleton's farm, some two miles southwest of Centralia. Their object was to intercept the north-bound train the next morning, which was expected to have on board a large number of Union soldiers, but no one but themselves were aware of their bloody intention.

About 10 o'clock the next morning George Todd, who was the chief in command, detailed Bill Anderson with 150 men to proceed to Centralia and accomplish the work. But one brief order was issued by Todd, who said grimly: `I want no prisoners, and kill every male thing that wears a blue coat.' He could not have chosen a lieutenant who would more promptly and willingly obey his orders to the letter than Bill Anderson.

Reaching Centralia, the first thing they did was to destroy the telegraph instruments to prevent the train being notified of the danger. They then occupied their spare time levying contributions on the stores and working themselves up, by frequent potations, for the carnage that was soon to follow. About 11 o'clock the rumbling of the fated railroad train was heard as it thundered down the grade and slowed up at the depot, its occupants being entirely oblivious that they were on the threshold [sic] of a monstrous tragedy.

Scarcely had the train come to a standstill, however, before the soldiers aboard, eighty-four in number, glanced out of the windows and comprehended the situation at a glance, `Boys,' said one of them, `say your prayers, for there is Bill Anderson and his devils,' `Pray h-!' shouted a big, raw-boned Iowa soldier, who was going home on a furlough, `I am going to make the best fight I can.' He fired out of the window,

wounding one of the guerrillas, when they returned his fire with a regular fusillade, and pandemonium ensued.

The soldiers, most of whom were going home on furlough, were not very well armed and the guerrillas had but little trouble in subduing them. They were all marched out and stood in a line by the side of the railroad track, and then a scene that beggars description was enacted. Revolver after revolver was fired in rapid succession, and at each shot a soldier was killed. The firing was kept up until the last of the eighty-five men lay dead upon the greensward that was drenched with their blood. An unfortunate Jew who wore a soldier's blouse tried to get them to spare him, but he was told to shut up, and that he ought to have been in better luck and better company. After the soldiers were killed a full head of steam was turned on the engine and it was sent flying tenantless away to the north[.] Bill Anderson then returned to Singleton's barn with his men and made his report to George Todd. The citizens gathered and, digging a long trench near where the soldiers were killed, buried them in one common grave. This is briefly, but correctly, the story of that memorable massacre. All day long the people in Centralia went about filled with fear and apprehension, knowing not what might take place. The carnival of death was not yet finished and the lurid morning was supplemented by a ghastly afternoon. Ten miles away, at Paris, the county seat of Monroe county, there was stationed a battalion of raw Federal state militiamen, commanded by Major Johnson, who was as brave as a lion, but inexperienced in the art of war, especially in coping with those terrible revolver fighters under Bill Anderson and George Todd.

Upon learning of the monstrous outrage, Major Johnson became so overcome with rage and indignation that he was almost beside himself[.] `To horse!' he cried, `and let every man be ready to march in twenty minutes.' In less time 285 men were in their saddles and the command marched out of Paris on the Centralia road, bent upon avenging the outrage. As they marched along, Major Johnson swore he would bring Bill Anderson's head on a pole into Centralia before night or perish in the attempt.

The citizens along the road, knowing that the militiamen were no match for the guerrillas, besought Major Johnson to observe caution and, if possible, secure reinforcements before attacking Anderson and Todd. But his blood was on fire and he cursed them all, saying that they were rebels themselves and that when he had chastised the murderers he would return and lay the whole country waste. Just before they entered Centralia a beautiful young girl ran out and, seizing the bridle reins on the major's horse, begged him to beware of Anderson and his men. She said she had a presentiment that if they looked for the guerrillas they would find them, and all the militiamen would be killed. But he pushed her roughly aside and rode on.

They proceeded straight to Singleton's barn and there learned the guerrillas were in waiting on the prairie a mile or so further west. Again the command moved forward, for it was growing late and what was to be done had to be accomplished quickly. Arriving within three or four hundred yards of the guerrillas, Jess James, Ol' Shepherd and Peyton Long were sent out by Todd to approach the militiamen, and retreating, draw them on within 150 yards of the guerrillas.

The Federals halted and the two commands glared at each other like birds of prey. Todd sat upon his horse grim and stoical, but there was something in his eye that boded no good to the militiamen. He watched his intended prey for a few moments as if puzzled at their actions, and seeing the Federals begin to dismount, he said to Jesse

James: `Can it be possible they are going to receive our charge on foot? ell, the fight will not be a bloody one for the home guards.' Major Johnson was indeed dismounting his men with the intention of fighting on foot. A black flag was waving at the head of each column, but it has been said that, beside Todd's sable banner, the stars and bars were floating in graceful abandon, as if the intention had been to lend to the scene the force and effect of legitimate war.

The September sun was fast sinking and had that deep crimson color peculiar to the autumn days, and had the effect of making one feel that it was in sympathy with the bloody scene about to be enacted. The atmosphere was hushed and still; the lowing of cattle and the bark of a dog could be heard coming from distant farm houses. Major Johnson, now having dismounted his men, and appointed a few to hold the horses while he drew the others up in line of battle, shouted to the guerrillas, `Come on, you dastardly cut-throats, we are ready for the fight.' `Keep your shirts on,' answered Jesse James, `we will get there soon enough for you.' When the guerrillas saw the intention of the militiamen they, too, dismounted at a low command from George Todd, but they were simply tightening their saddle-girth, seeing that their bridle-reins were secure, and placing fresh caps on their revolvers.

George Todd then dressed them into line and in a low, guttural tone of voice said, `Steady, men, are you ready now?' Jesse James, Ol' Shepherd, Will Gregg and Babe Hudspeth rode next to George Todd, and Bill Anderson and Thomas Todd were in command further along the line. James and Shepherd both rode splendid, thoroughbred, Kentucky horses, and were striking pictures of the terrible in civil war. `Charge,' came from the lips of George Todd, like the sudden blast of a bugle, and the command shot forward. There was no gradual movement as is usual in such cases of command, approaching at double quick, but the well trained horses, most of which were thoroughbreds, shot forward like a catapult, and the whole living mass had the appearance of a living whirlwind. The guerrillas had hurled themselves upon the wondering militiamen before they had time to realize the situation, and in the midst of demoniac [sic] yells, with their bridle-reins between their teeth and a revolver in each hand, were sending the leaden messengers of death into the brains of the militiamen.

The latter never fired but one volley, and that was just as the guerillas [sic] threw themselves upon them; after that they were panic-stricken and overwhelmed. Each one tried to mount his horse and flee, but before they could do so all but about sixty had been killed. These managed to get on their horses, but Jesse James, Ol' Shepherd, Peyton Long, George Todd, Babe Hudspeth and several others went in hot pursuit.

Twilight was beginning to fall by this time and Todd drew his command up and watched the chase. Rapidly a puff of smoke would be seen and then another horse would dash riderless away into the gathering darkness. But five men of the whole command escaped slaughter, and they were among the number who got to their horses and wildly fled. Jess James was credited with nine victims on the chase, Ol' Shepherd eight, George Todd eight, Peyton Long seven, Babe Hudspeth six, and others from three to five each. The guerrillas lost but one killed, a young, beardless boy who had joined them the day before in Howard county. The next day the citizens gathered and buried the dead. The guerrillas had faded away like the mists of the morning.