

CHAPTER IX.

DURING 1863 AND 1864.

The Military Occupation of 1863—1864—Miscellaneous—Bill Anderson's Raid—Capture and Plunder of Shelbina—Burning of the Salt River Bridge—The Centralia Massacre—A Shelby County Company Almost Annihilated—Names of the Slaughtered—The Presidential Election.

1863.

The year 1863 found Shelby county securely in the possession and under the control of the Federal military authorities with no rebel to molest them or make them afraid, and so the county remained throughout the year. A very large majority of the citizens were really Unionists, and many more so avowed themselves whether they were or not.

The militia held the posts at Shelbyville and Shelbina and guarded the Salt river railroad bridge. From time to time detachments were stationed at Clarence, Hunnewell and elsewhere throughout the county.

The military usually lived off the country, and obeyed the old military maxim to "forage on the enemy." Many a load of corn was hauled from a "rebel" crib, many a "rebel" horse was "pressed." When scouting through the country the militia usually took their meals at farm houses, preferring to favor those of Confederate proclivities when practicable.

In the early spring of the year Cos. I and L, of the Second Missouri State Militia—the Shelby county companies—were sent into South-eastern Missouri. On the 26th day of April they assisted in defending Cape Girardeau and in repulsing an attack on that city by the Confederates under Gen. Marmaduke.

1864.

Up to December 31, 1863, the county of Shelby had the following number of troops in the regular military service of the United States, as reported by the adjutant-general:—

(767)

IN MISSOURI REGIMENTS.

Twenty-fifth Infantry ¹ 1	Third Cavalry	45
Twenty-sixth Infantry 1	Seventh Cavalry	1
Thirtieth Infantry 4	Eleventh Cavalry	34
Total		<hr/> 86

IN THE MISSOURI STATE MILITIA.

Second Cavalry 182	Eleventh Cavalry (before consolidation)	236
Total		<hr/> 418

In regiments from other States there were 36, making a total of 540. There were, as is well known, at least 60 men from this county in other regiments whose names were unreported, making not less than 600.

This, of course, did not include those in the Enrolled Militia, of whom there were some hundreds.

In November, 1864, the county court offered a bounty of \$100 to every man who enlisted in the Federal service or furnished a substitute. Under this order bounties were paid to nearly all of the heirs and legal representatives of the members of Co. G, Thirty-ninth Missouri that were killed at Centralia.

BILL ANDERSON'S RAID INTO SHELBY COUNTY — CAPTURE AND SACK OF SHELBYNA — BURNING OF THE SALT RIVER BRIDGE.

Although the most exciting period of the war through which Shelby county passed was in 1862, yet the experiences of some of the people of the county in the summer of 1864 were of the most thrilling character and are vividly remembered even yet.

In the latter part of the month of July the Confederate guerrilla chieftain, Bill Anderson, with 23 men, crossed the Missouri river at Waverly, into Carroll county, shot down without mercy a dozen Union citizens, and passed on into Randolph, where he had been reared to manhood. Entering Huntsville, his old home, he robbed the town and county treasury of \$30,000 and proceeded eastward. Crossing the North Missouri at Allen (now Moberly), he entered Monroe and turned northward toward Shelbina.

¹ There were at least 50 men from Shelby in this regiment, but as they had enlisted in other counties, they were credited to those counties.

On the morning of July 27, Anderson, at the head of 34 men, entered Shelbina from the south. Riding directly into the square, about the first man he accosted was Taylor, the banker. "Come here you red-headed — — —!" yelled Anderson, "and hold this horse." Taylor, gazing into the muzzle of a huge dragoon revolver, became at once a very efficient groom.

The guerrillas dispersed through the town and made a prisoner of every able-bodied male citizen that they met. They began a systematic and thorough plundering of the stores, shops, and citizens. The store-houses were gutted. In every instance the money drawers were robbed first and the proprietors were forced to give up their purses, pocket-books and watches. Clothing, dry goods, notions, boots, ladies' goods, infants' articles — all were seized by the brigands without scruple and without discrimination.

Bolts of silk and alpaca were taken for saddle blankets; ribbons and laces ornamented the hats and clothing of the men, and festooned the necks and were plaited into the manes and tails of the horses. "Give me another bolt of stuff to make my gal a dress," yelled one guerrilla to Mr. Reid, the merchant. "It will take a whole bolt," he added, "for she is awful big, and she's just as sweet as she is big!" When the bolt was handed out, "Now, I want some trimmin's," he said. Helping himself to these, it was noticed that they included a string of baby shoes.

The citizens had been taken unawares. The guerrillas were nearly all dressed in Federal uniform, and at a distance the line looked as blue as a bunch of violets and as loyal as "Co. I." To be sure the citizens could not have done much against the invaders, and perhaps it would not have been best if they had tried to do anything, since the guerrillas were splendidly mounted, more splendidly armed, rode like Mamelukes, and were fierce and merciless as janizaries.

All the citizen prisoners were formed in a line along Maple street, south of the depot, and relieved of their money and valuables.

Although many threats were made, nobody was hurt, except in his feelings! All fared alike. The Confederate sympathizer shared the fate of his Union neighbor, and was fleeced as completely. C. M. King, then a spruce young attorney, was arrayed in a handsome suit of clothes. Confronted by a guerrilla with a drawn revolver and the demand, "Hand out your money," Charley produced a dollar and offered it. "Is that all you have?" roared the robber. Assured that it was, the guerrilla declared that King ought to be shot "for puttin' on so d—n much style without the money to back it!" Thereupon he contemptuously threw Charley's dollar back to him!

Another citizen, a Confederate sympathizer, was robbed of all his money. "Now your watch," called the robber. Begging to be allowed to keep his watch, saying, "You have taken all my money and that ought to satisfy you," Mr. Citizen was met by the proposition: "What in h—l does a man care about the time o' day when he hain't got any money."

W. A. Reid lost \$550 in cash and \$1,000 in goods. He saved \$500 by kicking it under the counter and covering it with rubbish.

J. W. Ford, druggist, lost \$157 in cash and a considerable lot of goods. The turpentine, alcohol and other inflammables used in burning the depots and cars were taken from his store.

Sparks, Hill & Co., of the tobacco factory, had some tobacco on the cars which were burned. Anderson graciously allowed them to remove it and his men then helped themselves. List & Taylor and S. G. Lewis, the other leading merchants, were also robbed.

Inquiry was made by the guerrillas as to the situation at Shelbyville, but it was learned that the citizens there had an improvised cannon, a strong stockade, plenty of arms, and that they would fight before they would give up their town. So Anderson wisely concluded not to attempt a raid on the county seat, although he said it would give him great pleasure to "go over there and clean up the d——d milish."

After a stay of some three or four hours, and having pretty thoroughly "cleaned out the town," the guerrillas set both railroad depots and two cars on fire, and departed, going eastward. They were not requested to remain longer! The depots (freight and passenger) and the cars were burned up.

Riding rapidly on, the band soon came to Lakenan Station. Here a halt was made long enough to give the station house to the flames, and then the march was resumed for the main objective point, the Salt river bridge. Reaching the bridge the band dismounted, put out pickets to the east and south and soon had the bridge on fire. When they thought the conflagration and entire destruction of the bridge were assured, the guerrillas rode away toward the south-west, going back into Howard and Chariton counties. At Saunder's, south of the bridge, they got dinner, and in a quarrel over a watch which one of them had stolen, he was shot dead and Saunders was forced to bury his body.

Although they did nothing on this raid but rob and burn and murder, Bill Anderson and his band of cut-throats are somehow regarded by a small minority of people as semi-heroes, and braves, and as

exponents of the Confederate cause. The true citizen, the honest man, and the genuine Confederate all repel this idea, or even its insinuation. The good citizen can have no sympathy with robbery and murder. The true Confederate soldier can have no fellowship with robbers and cut-throats.

Anderson pretended that he was acting under orders from some superior Confederate authority, and that his operations were military movements. The burning of the depots and of the Salt river bridge was done as much to give color to this pretense as in wantonness. Any one who was ever deceived thereby was not wise. Bill Anderson never held a commission of any sort in the Confederate service. Only once (at Boonville, during the Price raid) was he recognized as being in the military service, and then Gen. Price sent him out to destroy the North Missouri Railroad, detaching him from the main Confederate army.

But if Anderson's raid on Shelbina was a military movement, pray, how must be characterized the robbing of citizens, irrespective of their politics, of their money, watches and jewelry, the plundering of merchants of their dress patterns and baby shoes, and the seizure of everything striking the fancy of the villians, from a suit of clothing to a jack-knife or a box of cathartic pills?

Only one end of the Salt river bridge was burned off. Some citizens came up and put out the fire and saved the greater portion of the structure. The guerrillas also set fire to a long line of cordwood beside the track, but the greater portion was saved by these same citizens. Mr. J. B. Wood ("Cobe") was one of these, although considered a "reb." Before Anderson's men left he was at work trying to save the bridge and a guerrilla came over and kicked him off the grade. The next day, when the Hannibal militia came, they inquired of him why he did not put out the fire, and then *they* kicked him off the grade.

The next day a considerable number of the Thirty-eighth Regiment Enrolled Militia (the "Railroad Brigade"), under Col. J. T. K. Hayward, came up from Hannibal to the burned bridge on the cars. Here they alighted, and marched up to Shelbina on foot. Of course they came too late to do any good, but they showed a willing spirit, whatever that may have been worth.

Meredith's company went out to Saunders', where the guerrillas had eaten dinner and, calling on John Henry Saunders (sec. 17 — 56 — 9), demanded his gun. Although he was willing they should have it, his nephew had mislaid it and it could not be found. A brute of a militia man then struck him over the head a cruel blow with the butt of his

musket, knocking him senseless. It was Mr. Saunders' watch over which the guerrilla was killed.

It was not many days thereafter until the depots at Shelbina and Lakenan and the bridge over Salt river were rebuilt. Trains began to run regularly, and business was resumed as usual. The Shelbina merchants restocked their establishments with bran new goods, the prices of which were constantly advancing, and the most of them in time made up their losses before they recovered from their scare.

THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

Just two months after Bill Anderson's raid on Shelbina occurred the noted and horrible affair at Centralia, Mo., known as the Centralia massacre. How Shelby county came to be identified with this fearful incident is related below. As more than 50 of her citizens were slaughtered in that fearful affair, swallowed up in death as by the yawn of an earthquake, no apology is offered for the following account:—

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 north-west of St. Louis. They went eastward into Monroe county, 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, Dare 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 to 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 Capitol.

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 corner of Callaway, about three miles from Centralia.

The next morning (September 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 passenger cars, 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 and discharged 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, Sergt. Tom Goodman, of the First Missouri Engineers, was spared by the express order of Bill Anderson — why, no one ever knew. The murdered soldiers were chiefly from the First Iowa Cavalry and First Missouri Engineers. 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 Thirty-ninth Missouri, a regiment which had been in service about a month, but the most of whose members had served in the militia 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 Thirty-ninth, 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. Co. A, from Adair county, was commanded by Capt. James A. Smith; Co. G, from Shelby county, by Lieuts. Thomas Jaynes and Josiah Gill; its Captain, William Glover, of Shelbyville, was at home at the time, sick; Co. H, from Marion and Lewis counties, 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 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, 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 36 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 south-east from Centralia across the prairie into a fallow field, on the farm of one Capt. Fullenwider. Here a fatal ambushade 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 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 20 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 a slough, a sort of ravine filled with plum bushes, crab apple, hazel and other brush. Behind these lines of brush, securely hidden, and lying down on 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 Thraikill, 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 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; thereupon the Todds, Thraikill 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's 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. Co. 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 ten 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 proper, for it is the truth, to 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 known 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.

The following is a list of the Shelby county company killed at Centralia, 51 in all, as shown by the records in the Adjutant-General's office at Jefferson City. It is believed that every man was from this county:—

LIST OF MEMBERS OF CO. "G," THIRTY-NINTH MISSOURI INFANTRY,
KILLED AT CENTRALIA, MO., SEPTEMBER 27, 1864.

Sergeants.—David N. Dunn, John Donahoe, William Lair, George W. Miller. *Corporals.*—Leander P. Burt, James S. Gunby, William Loar, David Riggs, L. D. Sherwood, Jacob R. Wexler. *Privates.*—George W. Adams, Charles M. Jenkins, Charles Bishop, William Knepper, Samuel Bell, Anthony Labus, Philip Christian, Louis F. Marquette, William Christian, Charles Masterson, Oscar Collier, John Moore, John J. Cristein, John C. Montgomery, Homer M. Dunbar, William A. Ross, William Drennan, Robert E. Spires, Sylvester H. Dean, J. G. Sellers, James S. Edwards, Edward Strachan,

Eleazer Evans, James Stalcup, Robert P. Elston, William T. Smith, William G. Floor, Peter T. Simmernon, James Forsythe, James W. Trussell, Robert Greenfield, George W. Van Osdale, William P. Golay, Jasper N. Vaden, Henry T. Gooch, A. M. Vandiver, Joseph S. Glahn, Jonathan Webdell, John W. Hardin, William T. Whitelock and Elijah Hall.

The news of the slaughter of so many of their friends and kinsmen was received by the people of Shelby county first, with grief, then with great indignation. The long, loud wail that went up from homes desolated, robbed of their chief supports, and forever stricken, soon gave way to cries for vengeance. Many were for taking redress upon those of Confederate sympathies here at home, as if innocent blood could atone for innocent blood. Soon more righteous counsel had sway. The widow sat in her weeds and gathered her sobbing brood about her to pray for strength to endure her calamity. The mother and sister bewailed the loss of a son and a brother in what calmness they could and in what resignation they might.

The next day after the massacre Mr. J. C. Hale and others went down to Sturgeon and identified and shipped home the bodies of Sergts. Dunn and Lair and Louis Marquette. The next week Mr. B. F. Dunn and others went to Centralia, but it was found impossible to identify any more of the bodies, and they left them in the long wide trench where the citizens had buried them. In 1873 the remains were taken up and conveyed to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City, where they yet repose.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

At the Presidential election, 1864, the vote of Shelby county was: For Lincoln, 366; for McClellan, 216. Republican majority, 150. This year Hon. John F. Benjamin, of Shelby county, was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket by a large majority. Mr. Benjamin was the first Congressman ever elected from the county and served three consecutive terms.



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