

THE SECRET OF THE KEY AND CROWBAR

A true story of the hardships and sufferings of a Southern girl, (Mary Carroll) now Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks, during the War Between the States. Told by her and written by O.S. Barton. (Retyped by Maureen Riley February 2001)

INTRODUCTION

No fair-minded person will for a moment deny the fact that the sufferings and sorrows of the women of the South, during the last war, exceeded those of any other women, in any civilized country. These women, in the most part, have been raised in luxury, and for virtue, beauty, and all true womanly graces, they were unequaled. To this class belongs Mary Carroll. At the beginning of the war, a pretty, wholesouled, jolly Missouri girl of Irish descent, little did she dream of what sadness and sorrow was in store for her, during the next few years. She has told me the facts, I have written them down, and the following pages contain nothing but the truth. I have known her for over a quarter of a century, and have always found her to be a kind-hearted, affectionate, Christian lady; self-sacrificing and generous almost to a fault. None of her neighbors ever needed help, but what she expended it, and this was especially true in cases of sickness. Far above the average in intelligence, she has always been a welcome visitor to the homes of all who knew her, but as a majority of the women of the South, she still belongs to the unreconstructed class.

THE SECRET OF THE KEY AND CROWBAR

CHAPTER I.

When the war clouds first appeared on the southern horizon of our country, I was a happy girl of seventeen years, living with my mother, a widow, and my three brothers, James, Dennis and Dan, and my sister, Sarah Carroll, on a farm near Pilot Grove, Cooper County, Missouri.

Ours was a happy Christian home, a cozy little house situated on a vine clad hill surrounded by beautiful grassy fields and massive timbers. All was happiness and joy then, we were happy in the pursuits of childhood joys, romping and swinging from swings made by our brothers from hickory bark and grape vines under the limbs of shade trees.

Mother would frequently prepare a lunch and accompany us to the shady woods, where we would eat our supper and then ramble over hills and hollows, gathering the wild roses and finding the nests of quail and hiding places of wild berries, watching from a grass carpeted knoll the glorious coloring of a summer sunset, returning home late at night, tired but happy, soon to be lost in peaceful slumber and again to awaken to greet the rising king of day, to spend another day gathering the ripe fruit from the tallest branches and joining in happy childish joys and pleasures.

The springtime of life was happy to all of us, and although in after years I saw much of sorrow and underwent many hardships, yet in my declining years, I thank my Maker for the happy hours memory brings back to me of the scenes of my childhood; so that I again live in the past of a happy, bright, and joyous childhood.

We lived on happily until the spring of 1861 when the country was agitated by the discussion of the coming war. My parents were born in Ireland, true practical Catholics, yes, true Christians, and taught us children to live in the love and fear of God, which I trust we have ever done.

THE ROSARY

Sweet, blessed beads, I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem:
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief,
In all the days of many years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

For many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain and always found
In some "Hail Mary" sweet relief.

Ah: Time has fled and friends have failed
And joys have died, but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads,
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone;
But ah, you keep my secrets well.

You are the only chain I wear,
A sign that I am but the slave
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and his mother fair.

In the year 1849, known as the year of the gold fever in America, my father started to the state of California. When the Company had crossed the plains they stopped at the Humboldt River to fish and rest; this was within a few days of the end of their journey. My father was crossing the river, carrying the rope of the seine, when he was caught in a whirlpool and drowned. That left my mother a lonely home and God alone was her guide.

As youth is not given to forethought, we children could not realize what had happened. As years went on, we seemed to catch a glimpse of the great hope and grandeur that lies around this beautiful world of ours. A breath of its scent is wafted as if on fleeting years, voices are calling us to some great effort, to some mighty work. Sure this was the voice of our guardian angel, instilled in us by the teaching and prayers of our mother at whose knee we knelt every night. These must ever remain bright recollections in the lives of all who cherish ennobling sentiments, which do reverence to God, honor, and humanity. I feel that I owe all of this to my early training and example of my Christian mother.

In 1859-1860 there were many political debates. My uncle, who was also from Ireland, was well posted and a good judge, as we thought, of the right and wrong versions of the political uproar. We took quite an interest in the issues of the day, when the horrors of war seemed threatening to burst over our hitherto peaceful country. No man or woman, who could think at all, could think of anything but the impending danger. The passion on both sides was high—they seemed to forget they were Americans. The political and unconstitutional agitation of the abolition party had driven many strong-minded men to believe that immediate emancipation was upon us. There was a political force in ideas which silently rendered protestations, promises, guarantees, no matter in what good faith they may have been given, of no avail, which made constitution obsolete against the uncontrollable anti-slavery ideas.

In 1859, president-elect Abraham Lincoln declared if he ever got a chance to strike at the institution of slavery, he would, and would strike it hard, and so he did. We all knew what that meant. Then was to find out which way duty pointed. It was not long until a call for soldiers came. We had to decide where honor lay, to choose between the blue and the gray. My mother's whole family espoused the cause of the gray, because of the wrong perpetrated against our own and sister southern states. It is a history that a

nation lives. Sure reminiscences of the days when principle was far above comfort; even life itself was subordinate.

There is nothing we old people of the 60's can do of so much importance in these closing years and days of our lives, as keeping in sacred memory the true history of the Southern Confederacy. We should teach our children the causes that led to the War Between the States. That there was no strain upon their forefathers in the action between the states, that their heroic valor is a precious heritage to be treasured in all times to come. This history and worthy charity is entrusted to the care of our Daughters of the Southern Confederacy. May Heaven's choicest blessings be with them.

I believe our present president, Woodrow Wilson is truly living up to President Davis' motto: "Be slow to anger, swift to forgive, every ready to help the lowly." I advise all to read the life of the noble man, and lay prejudice aside. You will think of him as the little girl said: "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will linger round it still." I don't repeat this, my experience of actual facts, to exult myself nor to promote acromony. It is a warning to evade the horrors of war; it is a duty I owe to my children and my friends not to let this go down into oblivion. Deeply engraven in our hearts are the memories of half a century ago, when we were in the hands of an enemy we could neither pacify nor subdue.

This evolution has made many changes all over the country since I was forced to flee for my life from my home 54 years ago for making a key to liberate my brother from a federal prison. All we could hear was the tramp of soldiers, bugle, fife and drum. We had the beautiful moon and stars and a tallow candle to light us through our pathways, through the darkness of night. See the discoveries, great oil fields, the electricity that illuminates our streets and homes, the educational advantages are far superior to fifty years ago, better still the beautiful churches towering so high, emblems of Heaven, the angelus bells ringing morning, noon, and night, calling the hearths of man to God. Surely the angel of love has hastened over the land with good words and good wishes to carry the faith that never dies to all Christian homes. Home is a word we love to linger, it brings in our hearts a confiding trust and repose. Happiness of home almost depends upon wife and mother, for woman's highest mission is her home; it is the object to which all unselfish endeavor is directed. The world is full of good men who appreciate these homes. It means life after death to all who are blessed with offspring in whom their own characteristics are perpetuated. Parents should remember if we are careful to inculcate in our children the sentiment of duty, love and fear of God, we lay the foundation of the future happiness and usefulness of these little ones whom God confided to our care. It is therefore necessary that we mingle with the good and well-bred people. It is also true that what you are in character, that you will be in the estimation of the people in the community in which you live. It was easy to see with whom we should associate, as great and many dangers beset us from our fellow beings. He said we will have to separate and divide our house. I will take the inside and you the outside. The affairs grew more lamentable; the people were so divided in opinion, and enlisted in both armies. As the tide of war surged to and fro, marauding bands swept through the country killing the opposite party. It was like tolling the clock of destiny. Nor for the love of God let us never cease pleading and praying for those thousands of pour souls who went down to eternity, both North and South, in those dark days of civil strife.

When the Southern people in the neighborhood learned that the boys were ready to start, they cooked a large amount of provisions and sent to them. My mother cooked quite a lot of provisions which Dennis carried over to the boys the evening before they were to depart. He and Mastin Patrick returned the next

morning. We sat up until a late hour talking, and the weather being exceedingly warm, Dennis and Mastin went to bed in a downstairs room, leaving the doors all unlocked. Just after midnight this traitor, Jake Reed, with about twenty-five federal soldiers, came to the house, he slipped into the room where Dennis and Patrick were sleeping, and shaking Dennis said: "It is time to start, make no noise, strike no light. We want you to go with us and show us where the other boys are camped as we want to go with them." He told Patrick to go to the barn and get his horse and come on.

It was exceedingly dark and raining very hard. Hearing the commotion downstairs I went quietly down and asked my brother what was the matter. He said, "Mary hush, do make any noise." In putting on his vest he dropped some silver on the floor, and locating where he was by the noise of the falling money, I pushed my way through the crowd of federals and went to him. I pressed his soft young face to mine, kissed him and whispered "Federals", and he answered, "I know it."

A man grabbed him by each arm and led him out into the yard, placed him on a horse behind a federal, tying his feet beneath the horse. They called to Patrick to come on. He rode toward them and said: "Hold on boys till I get my saddle blanket" and wheeling his horse he dashed back by the barn, made his horse jump a fence into a cornfield, and escaped. They took my brother on with them.

When daylight came I saddled my horse, and followed their tracks to the little postoffice of Pilot Grove, where I found there were seven hundred federals, waiting for the citizens to prepare their breakfast. Being well acquainted with the postmaster, Uncle Sam Roe, as he was familiarly called, I went over to the post office which was located in one room of his dwelling house. As the office was full of federals, I went into the dwelling house and Uncle Sam came in. He told me that Jake Reed and the federals had been talking in the postoffice, that they were going that afternoon to capture the boys who were in camp preparing to go South. As soon as he told me this I mounted my horse and rode leisurely out of town. But as soon as I was out of sight I urged my horse into a run and went home. After I had eaten a light breakfast, sister Sarah assisted me in saddling a fresh horse; just as I started to mount him, my dear mother came out and placing her arms around me, kissed me, saying "May God bless and protect you, my child, be careful or they will kill you too."

I hated to leave my mother, but I thought it was my duty to warn the Southern boys of their danger, for I knew what would be their fate if they should be captured by the militia. I rode on through the woods and across hollows in a perfect downpour of rain, avoiding all houses of Union citizens.

When I reached the Teatsaline River it was out of its banks and was running very rapidly. I realized the danger in crossing it, but I felt that I must cross, and tell the boys of their danger. I had heard my brother say that the horse I was riding was a fine swimmer; and also that in attempting to swim a stream, always go above the ford so the landing on the opposite side would be safe. I turned my horse and rode above the ford a short distance and tucking my riding skirt close around me, I got on my knees in the saddle and asking the protecting care of the blessed Mother of God and my guardian angel, I urged my horse into the swollen stream. The noble animal swam bravely across, seeming himself to realize that the lives of our friends depended on us. On reaching the opposite bank, I rode to the home of the Widow Lowry, whose two boys, Frank and Tip, were going South. I found that the boys had just left, having come to bid their mother farewell, which was indeed a last farewell, for neither of them ever returned. I then shuddered, knowing that I would again have to cross the swollen river and if I should fall from my horse, no one could rescue me for there was not a house within two miles of the ford I crossed. When I again reached

the banks of the river I said aloud, "Angel of God, to whose care I have been committed, enlighten, protect, and defend me this day." I then urged my horse into the swollen stream again and he again bore me across in safety. I rode rapidly through the creek bottoms to the home of Mr. Warren, who was a true Southern gentleman. Sitting on my horse in the rain, I told them my story and we all cried together. I was wet, hungry, and nervous. I asked for something to eat. Then they insisted on my coming in and removing my wet clothes, and staying for dinner; I told them time was too precious, so they brought me some cold coffee which I hurriedly drank and taking a biscuit and meat in hand, I rode rapidly on, hunting the camp of the boys. I was riding at a sweeping gallop along a bridle path through the woods; a man stepped from behind a tree and commanded me to halt. I asked him what for and he replied, "You must not go any farther." Knowing that I was in the neighborhood of the boys' camp, I told him whom I was looking for, and what I wanted. He said "Miss, you will find the captain in that pawpaw thicket." I rode hurriedly toward the thicket, when the captain came out, I told him that the traitor Reed had been in his camp, had come to my mother's the night before, and assisted in capturing my brother and was now leading the federals to capture them. And I also told him that if he and his men were captured by that gang they would all be shot. He had with him eighteen or twenty men from Boone and Callow counties, ranging in years from beardless boys to gray haired men. They had no arms, no provisions, and no blankets, but still were going to fight for the cause they loved. The captain remarked to me, "Miss, we are entire strangers in this country and do not know how to escape." I told him to "mount in the water so they will leave no tracks and go directly east two miles where you will find the heavy cedar thicket." When I turned to leave them one of the old gray haired men said, "Boys, let us bow in silent prayer." Then they all thanked me and asked whether I was afraid to go home. I then remarked to the old gentleman, "It did make me nervous to take this ride, but I have no fear of Southern men for they treat us like ladies should be treated, but I am afraid of the militia."

I then turned my horse and rode about a mile to the water mill, where I found twenty more of the boys with whom were the two Lowry boys. I told them of Reed's treachery and told Frank Lowry to ride down the stream to hide their tracks, and to make haste, as the federals would soon be there. And in less than a half-hour after they had left, a number of federals surrounded the mill, and searched through the woods hunting the boys. I followed the road on my return trip, and when I arrived home my horse was exhausted, and so was I. My clothing was wringing wet, my riding habit was as heavy as lead, being covered with mud and water. I was almost heartbroken at the grief of my poor mother. She walked the floor all night crying about her boy; I would take her in my arms, forcing back my own tears, tell her not to cry, that I would go on the morrow and find Dennis. The next morning sister Sarah and I went to Pilot Grove where I learned that the federals had taken Dennis to the town of Syracuse about eighteen miles from our home. Both of my horses I had ridden down. A sweetheart of mine, Sam Hanna, owned a very handsome claybank saddle horse with a beautiful mane and tail. I borrowed this horse from Sam, my sister riding a horse that belonged to Mastin Patrick. Taking some clean clothes for our brother Dennis, we went to Syracuse. We rode up in front of the office of Capt. Wilson, the Provost Marshall, and hitching our horses went in, asking Capt. Wilson for my brother. He very promptly replied, "I have sent him with some other southern prisoners to the prison at Alton, Illinois." This was an awful shock to us girls, loving our brother as we did, and knowing what an honorable, noble, upright boy he had always been, the thought that he was in the prison was more than we could bear. I told Capt. Wilson that we had brought some clean clothes to Dennis, and he told us to leave them with him and that he would send them to him. But Dennis never received the clothes.

When I reached my horse, I discovered that some of the homeguards had cut all the hair from my horse's tail. Weeping, I took him by the bridle and led him up to Capt. Wilson's door and showed him what they had done. He in a very sneering and insulting manner told me that that amounted to nothing, and he wanted me to understand that he was too busy to be bothered with such trivial matters. Sister and I started home, both sad and worried over the arrest of our brother, and I was worried as to what my sweetheart would say when he saw how his beautiful horse had been disfigured.

About three miles from Syracuse we rode into a pool of water to let our horses drink. I was thinking of our trouble, when I heard my sister scream, "O Mary, Mary." I quickly turned facing her and saw a federal soldier trying to catch her horse by the bridle. I drew my revolver from my pocket, and leveling it at his breast, I rode toward him and said, "Don't you dare touch that horse, you villain." He dropped his hand from the bridle, and I told Sarah to ride on, and still holding my pistol on the federal, I told him to go on back to town and not to try to follow us. He left in a hurry, and did not follow us.

Imagine, if you can, our feelings, two young girls eighteen miles from home, darkness fast approaching, danger on every side. The weather was so intensely hot that we could not ride fast and we did not reach home until midnight, when we told our broken-hearted mother that her boy had been sent to the Alton prison.

CHAPTER II

When brother Dennis reached Alton and was placed in a federal prison, he learned that the prison authorities permitted Union women to come inside the walls, and sell things to eat to the prisoners. He and another young man whose name I have now forgotten purchased a pie from one of these women. As they started to eat it, some of the other prisoners, who had been in there longer than they had, told them not to touch it, as a number of southern prisoners who had eaten pies made by these women had suddenly died. But the boys being very hungry paid no attention to them and ate the pie. Within a few hours the other boy was dead, and my brother was violently ill, and he never fully recovered from this sickness.

There were not any charges filed against him when he was imprisoned in August 1862, and had not been when he was released in March 1863.

About the middle of March 1863 he arrived home, so pale and emaciated from the effects of the poison and his prison life, that we hardly recognized him, and girl that I was, I could take him in my arms and carry him from his bed to his chair. When he left home he was a tall, stalwart, handsome boy. But eight months' confinement in a federal prison and the long illness caused by the poisoned pie had made him a living skeleton. And this act, with thousands of other such acts of inhumanity, are sins that the north has, and will continue to have to answer for.

My mother, sister and I nursed him back to life, and he partially regained his strength so he could plant a crop that spring. He was not molested, except by being constantly watched and reported on, until about the first of June. I was teaching school at this time at Morton's school house and boarding at Mr. Morton's, and I would return home every Friday and remain until Monday morning. On Saturday morning about the first of June, my brother Jim, who had married a Miss Wilson, sent word for Dennis to come over to his farm and help him replant corn. After Dennis had left our house, our aunt, Mrs. McFadden invited us to come over to her house and eat supper, that the chickens had reached the frying

age, and that Mrs. Houx's daughter from Clay County was there, and her sister, Miss Rebecca Massie. As my mother, sister, little brother Dan and I started to leave home mother remarked to me, "What will Dennis think when he comes home and finds us gone?" I took a piece of chalk and wrote on the panel of the front door, "Gone to Uncle's for supper", so that he would know where we were. How many times in the following years did I have cause to regret writing those words. When Dennis returned from brother Jim's, he saw the notice on the door and came on over to uncle's house.

On Friday night before this, some southern men from the neighborhood of Lebanon, under the leadership of Lt. Brownlee, a recruiting officer from the south, went to the home of Brownfield, a militaman, who was known to be at home from Boonville, looking for firearms that he was known to keep. When the men approached his house and forced his door open, Brownfield ran up into the loft, and as the southern men entered the door, he fired, shooting Lt. Brownlee in the back. On Saturday night a company of militia came out from Boonville, under the command of Major Ware, as heartless a scoundrel and coward as ever lived, looking for the men who had been at Brownfield's. They went to my mother's house and finding no one at home; they saw the writing on the door and claimed to think it was an invitation for the bushwhackers to come over to uncle's to supper. They came on over to my uncle's house that night and tried to find out who had been there for supper. They took one of uncle's Negroes, Uncle Rial, and threatened to hang him if he did not tell that the bushwackers had been there. But his only answer was "Nobody's been here 'ceptin ol' Massa's sister, Mrs. Carroll and her children." Then they took the cook and threatened to hang her. But she told them the same thing Uncle Rial had.

Mastin Patrick at that time was working for my uncle, Dennis McFadden, and he and my brother were sleeping together. The federals took them both with them, and started toward Boonville. Sister and I hurriedly dressed, not taking time to put on our stockings, and followed them about four miles. This squad of militia was part of the command of Major Ware, and was Capt. Easton's company. When they had halted, and Ware told Eaton to take five or six of his men and take Patrick out into the woods. Patrick, thinking they were going to kill him, started to run, but stumbled over a grapevine. The militia fired on him, and a ball entered his body under the right arm, passing through and coming out under the left. Major Ware struck my brother Dennis on the head with a pistol, and tried to get him to tell who the men were at Brownfield's, and told him to kneel and say his prayers. Dennis dropped to his knees and said "O My Lord, I will humbly bow to thee, but I bow to no militiaman." Major Ware then rushed at him, striking him across the head with his gun and firing his gun close to his head. When the guns would fire, sister and I both thought they were shooting the boys, and the shrieks of my sister would ring through the woods, plaintive and pitiful enough to melt the heart of anyone except a Missouri militiaman, in whose anatomy there was neither heart nor soul.

We followed them to Brownfield's and found our brother sitting on a little mound in the yard surrounded by the militia. I asked him where Mastin Patrick was, and he told me they had shot him in the woods. After they had finished their breakfast, they put Lt. Brownlee and Dennis in the wagon, drove down to the woods where Patrick was lying badly wounded, and taking him by his feet they dragged him over the rough ground and threw him down in the dust of the road on his face. I went to him and taking his head in my arms, I wiped the dust from his mouth and eyes, kissed him and said "Mastin, are you badly hurt?" He made no reply. I then asked him if I must send for his mother and he only tried to open his eyes. The federals then roughly raised him from the ground, and literally threw him into the wagon, with the other boys and took them to Boonville in the hot sun, reaching there about noon.

When they reached Boonville, they stopped at the Thespian Hall, now known as Stevens' Opera House, which is situated across the street from the Presbyterian Church. Soon a great crowd gathered around the wagon. Among them being Captain Hill, a cousin of Mastin Patrick. Hill immediately went to Col. Bowers who was a Southern man but on account of his age had to remain at home, and told him the condition of the boys. Col. Bowers had his wife prepare a nice meal for the boys, and sent to them. The two wounded boys, Lt. Brownlee and Patrick, were placed in the third story of the hall, and a guard placed over them, and my brother Dennis was placed in the county jail.

When sister and I reached home, Uncle Dennis McFadden notified Patrick's mother who was then a Mrs. Cole, having married after the death of Patrick's father. When uncle returned, he and I rode to Boonville and sat up during the night with the wounded boys. Patrick's mother came the next morning and I started to return home when my uncle said to me, "Mary it would be a pity to leave this woman alone with her dying boy, don't you think you had better stay with her?" I readily consented, little dreaming that this act of mine would cause me to stay in Boonville so long, and become engaged in the many thrilling and dramatic events that followed.

Uncle Dennis returned home; in a few days he was arrested and brought to Boonville and taken to Col. Catherwood, who was in command and had his headquarters at the City Hotel. He sent for me to bring him some smoking tobacco and when I went in, he and the colonel were talking. I said, "My goodness, Uncle Dennis, what are you doing in here?" He replied "You are the cause of it. That writing that you put on your mother's door has caused all this trouble." He then told me that he would have to give a five thousand dollar bond or go to jail. Turning to Col. Catherwood I said, "It is a shame, an outrage, and an injustice for my uncle to be here. He has done nothing wrong and neither have I. He has a large family at home, and is needed there to take care of them". Judging from the manner in which Col. Catherwood afterwards treated me, I think he believed me and saw it was pure spite.

Uncle Dennis then remarked, "I do not know who will go on my bond for that amount of money and I am afraid I cannot give it to you and will have to go to jail." I replied quickly, "Uncle Dennis, I will go on your bond." Col. Catherwood turned to me and said, "Are you worth that amount?" and when I told him "Yes" he then asked "Of what does your property consist, Miss"? I answered, pointing to myself, "Personal Property". He then released my uncle.

CHAPTER III

After my uncle was released, Patrick's mother and I remained in Boonville nursing the wounded boys, and carrying them meals. Col. Bowers and his wife had invited me to stay at their home, as did Mr. Jas. Armstrong and his wife. These two southern families were very kind to me, furnishing me all the provisions I took to the wounded boys and my brother. In about ten days after Dennis had been placed in jail, he was again taken sick, and I asked Col. Catherwood to permit him to be removed to the hall where the other boys were. Before he was brought to the hall, they took him to the blacksmith shop and had a chain with a heavy ball attached, riveted around his ankle.

One of the guards at the hall was a neighbor of ours by the name of Hopwood, who had been in the Confederate army with Dennis, and had deserted and joined the militia. In talking to Dennis, he told him that he was really a Confederate at heart, but as he did not have the money to hire a substitute for the

Union army, he had to join the militia. He told Dennis that he would do everything in his power to get him out of jail.

In a few days Hopwood came to me and said, "Mary, why don't you get Dennis out of here? Would your mother give me a deed to her farm if I help you get him out?" I told him that she would give anything on earth to save her boy. He then said to me, "You get a dress, a bonnet and a set of hoops and put them on Dennis some night; you know the guards on the second and third floors go to sleep at twelve o'clock. I will be at the street door to meet you. You come down with Dennis and turn in the direction of the drug store, which will cause no suspicion, as you and Patrick's mother go there at all hours for medicine. I will go with you and show you how to get away."

As Hopwood was to be on guard that night, Dennis and I decided to go then. I went out and purchased a small rope to use in tying the ball and chain about Dennis' waist, and three files, and put three corncobs in my pocket, and filled another pocket with biscuits. I also selected a route through the Zeak Houx graveyard to the woods. My bed was the naked floor, and tired as I was from the intense strain of the last few weeks, even my anxious thoughts were not sufficient to keep me awake. I rolled my brother's coat for a pillow. My mother and Patrick's mother were sitting near me taking care of the wounded boys. I dreamed at three different times while I was trying to sleep, that I heard Hopwood say to the other guards, "Look out boys, two women will come down the steps. Look into their faces and be sure one of them is not a man." I went to Dennis' bed and told him. He said, "Mary, I never close my eyes but I see that man's face. I believe he is a traitor. Let us wait until tomorrow night." We afterwards learned that this hypocritical scoundrel had planned to shoot my brother as we came down the steps. He had not only intended to shoot Dennis, but had gone to the federal authorities with our plans. So early the next morning the authorities sent a wagon up to the hall taking the boys to the county jail and placing them in the front cell upstairs and locked the door.

As soon as they were removed, I went directly to the jail, was there when they were put in. I was standing near the door crying when Col. Revis came to me and in an insulting manner sneeringly said, "Miss Carroll, who don't you get your brother out of here?" I would, if I could, I replied. Then he sneeringly remarked, "Get hoops, a dress and a bonnet, put them on Dennis like you were going down to the drugstore for medicine." I then knew that Hopwood had told the plan that the deceitful man had himself suggested, for I had never even mentioned our plans to my mother. After the boys were placed in jail, Mrs. Patrick (sic) and my mother returned home and I remained in Boonville, as I was still allowed to take the boys their meals. Poor Mrs. Cole, Patrick's mother, asked me to care for him too. I never saw her again.

Shortly after the boys had been put into the jail, the guard in attempting to unlock their cell, broke the key, part of it remained in the lock. This of course necessitated the removing the lock from the door, so that their meals could be passed in, and the guards could go in and out. From this time on the door to their cell was left unlocked, giving them free access to the corridor of the entire jail. My brother Dennis examined the bars on the lower windows and told me if I possibly could to secure him a crowbar.

I went to an old iron foundry and found a piece of iron about three feet long and an inch and a half square with one flat end, and a hole in the bar. I tied it around my neck, letting it hang at my right side, and put my dress on over it, leaving the knot in front so that I could place my hand in my bosom and untie it, and drop the crowbar. About noon, taking a coffee pot in one hand and a basket of provisions in the other, I

started to the jail with the bar underneath my dress, swinging back and forth until the rope cut the flesh of my shoulder until it bled. When I reached the jail door, one of the guards offered to carry my basket upstairs, and I gladly offered it to him, as that gave me a free hand to hold my crowbar so it wouldn't strike the wall or steps. When I reached the cell door, there was a high step but I got across it in safety. I walked into the cell and stepping on Dennis' bed which was a straw tick on the floor, I kissed him, whispering "Here is your crowbar." I put my hand in my bosom, untied the rope, and let it drop in the bed. Dennis hurriedly folded a quilt over it, and I took my seat on the quilt and crowbar, talking to them until they had finished their meal. While sitting on the bed, Dennis whispered to me to go into the alley back of the jail and break a plank from the southeast corner of the yard.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and about nine o'clock, having secured a piece of iron, I went into the alley and pried the lower end of a plank off. When the nails were torn from the rafter it made a report like a gun. I looked up and saw a guard standing at the mouth of the alley. I hastily ran down the alley and out at the opposite end. When I reached the street I walked leisurely along swinging my sunbonnet. The guard dashed out up the alley and ran past me. I then walked across the street to Dr. McCutcheon's and talked to them. The guard came back passing me without saying anything.

The boys had succeeded in breaking two of the bars and were working on another when an officer came in with McCarty, a former jailer, who had been drinking. This of course compelled the boys to abandon their work for the night, and they put the bars back in place. The next morning one of McCarty's darkeys came to the window with a long necked bottle of whiskey which he was pouring through the bars into a cup held by Mr. McCarty. The Negro discovered that the bars had been broken and reported it to Col. Catherwood. I had secured the meals that day at Mr. Armstrong's house, and when I arrived at the jail with the boys' dinner a soldier told me to report to Col. Catherwood at his headquarters. When I arrived there he said to me, "Miss Carroll, did you put a crowbar in the window for your brother to break jail?" Feigning surprise, I said, "Did I do what?" He then repeated the question but did not ask me more and told me I could go. He had the boys taken to a blacksmith shop and a chain riveted to the ankle of each and placed in separate cells and chained to the wall. He then locked the doors and of course I thought there was no chance for me to do anything more.

My brother was placed in a very dark cell in the back of part of the jail which had been used as a toilet and the stench was almost unbearable. I went to the Colonel and told him that it would kill Dennis to remain in there, and asked permission to clean it. He said he would have it cleaned at once. The next day the stench was no better and I asked him if the door could not be left open in the day time at least, to which he consented, and told me that I could continue to take meals to the boys.

The sergeant of the guards, an old man, remarked to me one day that he wished he had someone to bring him something nice like I brought my boys. I asked him what he would like for supper that night. He said, "Waffles and tea." When I brought the supper I placed it on the sill of the door. Brownlee took a broom straw, and measured the notches in the key, breaking the straws the same length as the notches. After the guard and I had gone, he drew a pattern of the key, having the different parts on separate pieces of paper so that no one could tell what any one piece represented. He wrote full instructions as to how to make a wooden key and gave the diagram and instructions to me the next morning. I went directly to the home of Mr. Armstrong who had a full set of carpenter's tools and securing an axehandle, Mrs. Armstrong and I immediately set about making a wooden key. We worked hard for several days and

being excited and very nervous, we would sometimes work too fast, and when we had nearly finished would break the notches off. We made at least half a dozen keys, before we had one finished.

When we did get a key finished, I took it to Mr. McCarty who was a southern man and had been jailer of the county. He was in his office at the livery stable. I entered, closing the door behind me, showed him the key. He immediately exclaimed, "O my God, Mary, don't do that. It will break off in the lock, and they will shoot you." Just as I had put the key in my pocket, Col. Catherwood entered the office. You may imagine how guilty we both felt. I hurriedly said to Mr. McCarty, "I have just started to the end of town to sit with a sick lady. Would you mind letting your nephew, Green Clark, go with me?" He called his nephew, and he went with me. I had heard some one say that there was a sick lady in that part of town, but I did not know her. Leaving Green Clark on the opposite side of the street, I went over and introduced myself to the sick lady's daughter and told her that Mrs. Armstrong had told me of her mother's illness, and I'd be glad to come down the next night and sit up with her. But I must confess I never went.

I was very much discouraged of course at what Mr. McCarty had told me about the key and felt as if I were indeed powerless to help the boys escape. But I was determined to keep on trying.

The next afternoon I gathered a lot of flowers and took them to the jail with me. After the boys had finished their supper and I had started down the steps the guard placed the key in the lock and I handed him some flowers, saying, "Would you accept a bouquet from a rebel?" He took his hand off the key to take the flowers when I took hold of the key and turned it in the lock saying, "Let me lock these boys up tonight." My object in doing this was to find out how strong the lock was and whether or not my wooden key would turn it. I found the lock to be a very strong one, and I was afraid my wooden key would not work. With Mrs. Armstrong's assistance I made a key of a piece of stovepipe, but found that it was too weak and would bend.

I went back to the old foundry, secured an iron brace to a wagon tongue, and took it to Mrs. Armstrong's house. We heated it in the cooking stove, and using a large stone step for an anvil, we finally hammered it into shape. We worked on this both night and day, until we had hammered it into the right size for a key. We then took the pattern that Lt. Brownlee had made, and cut the notches with a cold chisel, and then we spent many long and tedious hours filing the notches into shape, using corncobs as handles to our files until we both had badly blistered our hands.

About this time the federal authorities issued another order that all of the women of Cooper County take the oath of allegiance to the federal government. My mother, sister and myself all went to the office of Col. Catherwood to take the oath. Before I would take this oath, I asked him if anything I might do to assist my imprisoned brother would be considered a violation of that oath. He said, "No." We took the oath. Mother and sister returned home and I returned to my work on the key. Lt. Brownlee had several files that I had given him. He occupied the front cell in the jail, and he discovered that there was a hole extending from the keyhole to the inside of the lock. He at once began to work with his files and soon had a keyhole filed from the inside, which he would cover in the daytime with dark paper.

There were a great many prisoners in the jail at this time, and it became absolutely necessary that we secure the aid of some of them, in order that our plans might not be thwarted. Among the prisoners, there were two men by the name of Hatwood and Wilson. Both of them had been federal soldiers, and had served with the notorious Kansas Redleg and outlaw, Jim Lane. One was in jail charged with murder, the

other with horse stealing, and both being guilty they were anxious to escape. We took Wilson into our confidence. I would take the key after Mrs. Armstrong and I had finished it, and wrapping it in paper, would slip it to Lt. Brownlee each night. He and the other boys, assisted by Wilson would file, and try to fit the key at night, and the next morning Brownlee would return it to me when I took the meals.

One morning while I was taking Dennis his breakfast, the officer who had preceded me stepped down into a cell and a large file that had been hidden under the doorstep was jarred out on the floor in plain view. I was close behind the officer and kicked it back without his noticing it.

On another morning Wilson had the key stuck in his boot top, and I saw the end sticking out in plain view. I hastily walked to his side and with my boot pushed it down out of sight. From that time on we looked upon Wilson with suspicion. At last word came from Washington City that Lincoln had signed the papers for Lt. Brownlee, Masting Patrick and Dennis Carroll to be taken from the jail on the following Wednesday morning and shot. When I went to the jail on Sunday morning, I was informed that I could no longer go into the cell of my brother and the other boys, and I stopped at the door of Dennis' cell and began to cry. He said to me, "Mary, don't cry, they can't keep me here always, and when you bring my dinner, bring me a spool of very fine thread and a needle, I want to sew some buttons on my shirt." Sergeant Leak, who was in command of the guards that day, was standing near the cell door and heard him say this.

CHAPTER IV.

When I left the jail, Sergeant Leak followed me to the street, and asked me if he could walk to my boarding house with me. I look at him a moment and said, "No, I would not be seen walking along the streets with a federal, especially since you have my brother in jail." He raised his cap and bowed, saying, "I pity you and do not blame you, Miss Carroll, but may I call on you at your boarding place this afternoon?" My first impulse was to tell him no, but I thought that I might be able to secure his assistance in helping to get my brother released. I told him to call at four o'clock.

When I reached Col. Bower's house, I told Mrs. Bower that I was going to have a beau that afternoon, and that he was a federal officer. She was very indignant and said, "Why Mary, the idea of you letting a federal soldier come to see you while you are in this trouble." I told her that we had worked so hard to get a key to fit, and had failed, and I had failed in taking the crowbar to the jail to the boys, and that I did not know what hour my brother might be shot, and I was willing to do anything to save him, and I thought if I permitted this guard to call on me, I might secure his key and get a correct pattern, that the time was short and we had to work fast. When I had made this explanation to her she was well pleased with my plans and helped me to carry them out. She helped me dress and told me to dress nicely and look my best, that I might captivate this fellow. She had her servant, a Negro girl, to dress in white and put a white cap on, and bring us a bowl of fruit, and a pitcher of ice water. The lieutenant was well pleased that he had been treated so nicely, and had spent such a pleasant afternoon.

As soon as he arrived, he commenced to flatter me, to admire my dimples and my Irish complexion, and tell me how much he thought of me. He asked if I would not be his sweetheart and finally asked me if I would marry him after the war was over. I told him if he would assist in getting my brother out of prison, I would give my answer after the close of the war. He then asked me how he could get my brother of jail, and I told him many ways, if he would only try to think of them.

He had the key to the jail in his belt, and I asked him to let me look at it, and he handed it to me. Before he came, I had placed several books on the center table and under one I placed a sharp penknife. When he handed me the key, I placed it on the flyleaf of the book and taking the penknife cut deep incisions around the key, which not only went through the flyleaf but also into the cover of the book. When I had finished, I handed him the key, tearing the flyleaf out of the book, closed it, and placed it under the other books on the table. I then held the flyleaf up so he could see it. He sprang up, jerked the flyleaf out of my hand, put it in his mouth, chewed it up, and said "My God, that would hang me." I pretended to be very angry and said, "Now you see I cannot place any confidence in a federal soldier. That act broke our engagement." He left, in utter ignorance of the fact that I had a perfect pattern of the key cut in the cover of the book. As soon as he left, I hurriedly placed a thick piece of paper over the outline cut in the cover of the book and made a perfect pattern of the key. I showed this to Mrs. Bowers, and immediately took the pattern, went to Mr. Armstrong's house, and showed it to his wife. We asked Mr. Armstrong to assist us in making another key. This was the first time we had ever mentioned to him what we were doing.

I took the boys their supper rather early that evening, but not being allowed to talk to my brother or any of the other boys, I did not find out what he wanted with the spool of thread until afterwards. I afterwards learned that the key that I had made with the assistance of Mrs. Armstrong did not fit, because the notches were too short; and that Dennis had cut leather from the top of his boot, placed it on the notches, and wrapped it with the thread, making the notches long enough to turn the bold.

At this time there was also confined in the jail at Boonville another one of our neighbors by the name of Hildebrandt. He was a Union man, and having had a misunderstanding with a neighbor of his named McClary, came out to feed his stock, when he arose from behind a corn crib where he was hiding, and shot McClary, killing him instantly. He was arrested and placed in the Boonville jail to await his trial. The first night that Dennis' cell door was left open, this old murderer, who had known Dennis from his childhood, crawled into the cell, knowing Dennis was chained to the wall, and with a large knife in his hand was crawling toward Dennis, with the intention of assassinating him. The cell was shrouded with absolute darkness. Dennis heard someone crawling toward him and being unable to see, going to the length of his chain, he picked up a heavy stick of stove wood and backing into the corner, began to strike right and left with it; fortunately he struck Hildebrandt on the hand that had the knife in it, and the knife fell to the floor. Hildebrandt exclaimed, "you broke my hand but I will get you yet," and hastily left the cell. This act of his of course made us very uneasy, and we all knew that it would be necessary to keep this old villain in utter ignorance of all our plans.

At this time Will Hazel was in the prison, but was to be released within a few days. He told us that while he did not care to escape he would assist the boys in any way he could. I went to a drug store, purchased a four ounce bottle of chloroform, gave it to Hazel and told him that when the time came for the boys to attempt to make their escape, to use it on Hildebrandt whose cell adjoined that of Hazel.

CHAPTER V

Just before twilight on Sunday evening, as the church bells were all ringing, the boys whispered to Hazel that the key would work. They had their files with them and had their chains ready to break. Hildebrandt was lying on his bunk asleep. Will held the chloroform close to Hildebrandt's nose and the villain did not come from the arms of Morpheus and the fumes until late that night. Hazel unintentionally came very

near being a great benefit to the world by administering too much chloroform, and he slept in utter ignorance of what the boys were doing.

Lt. Brownlee inserted the key and the lock yielded; his knees smote together with joy. Whispering to the boys who had filed their chains, he told them to come on. They all walked out the front door. There were five of them, my brother Dennis, Mastin Patrick, Lt. Brownlee, Hatwood and Wilson. When they reached the street, they turned south where they were halted by a picket, but paying no attention to his command, they walked quietly on through Houx graveyard and through a clover field, into the woods. When they had reached the woods, Patrick who was still weak from his wound, and still had the shackle and part of the chain to his ankle, told the boys that he was too weak to keep up with them and for them to leave him; he would take care of himself. The boys then left him; my brother, Brownlee, Wilson and Hatwood going together. Wilson still had the key in his pocket, having taken it out of the door as they come out. Of course my brother did not know this, as he had told all of us whoever opened the door to leave it in there, that the federals would see at once how they got out. When the boys left him, Patrick went into a cornfield, and the next morning at daybreak, he went to the old home of his grandfather Patrick, which was at that time occupied by another man. He sat down in the yard to rest and called the man to come to him, and asked him to bring him a file, that he might get the shackle off his leg. The man told him not to sit there, as someone might see him, but to go down into a hollow and in a short time brought him his breakfast, filed the shackle off his leg, and placed it in the fork of a tree. The tree later grew over and around this shackle and a few years ago a part of the chain was still hanging from the tree. Dennis and the other boys traveled all night, and the next morning came to a deep pool in the Teatsaline River, on the bank of which they slept for awhile, then went to my brother Jim's house, securing something to eat and going back to the woods. My sister-in-law carried them provisions. Dennis and Brownlee did not have very much confidence in their traveling companions, owing to the fact that they had once been with Jim Lane in Kansas. After persuading their companions to accompany them to a new camping place on the Teatsaline, Dennis and Brownlee slipped off, leaving them quietly sleeping, and went direct to the woods back of mother's house.

When Dennis went to the house he told my mother I was safe and not to worry about me. She gave them a sack of provisions and he and Brownlee went back into the woods, getting their provisions from my mother. In about two weeks Patrick and Brownlee went south to join Price's army, but Dennis, still being sick from the poisoned pie at Alton, and from the exceedingly unsanitary condition of the federal jail at Boonville, was unable to accompany them. He stayed in the woods back of mother's house, mother and sister Sarah carrying him provisions. I never heard what became of Hatwood. But Wilson went to the home of his mother in Morgan County where he was afterwards captured and brought back to Boonville, and placed in jail.

The federal authorities did not discover that the boys had escaped until after ten o'clock that night when a sick federal soldier on his way to the hospital passed the jail and noticed the door standing open, went in and asked the guard if they left the jail open on Sunday night.

CHAPTER VI.

As stated before, I had been denied the privilege of going into the cell with the boys and talking to them, and when I left their supper for them on this eventful Sunday evening, I had no idea that they would attempt to escape that night, for I thought that the iron key I had made would not fit, and was of no use.

I went direct from the jail to the home of Mr. Armstrong. After supper, company came and we were detained from working on the wooden key. After the company left, Mr. Armstrong and his wife went with me to the cellar, where all at once went to work on a key, using the pattern I had made in the cover of the book. Mr. Armstrong secured another axe handle and we worked hard until nearly eleven o'clock and had the key about finished. To our utter surprise and horror, we heard the federals marching around the house. My first thought was that the sergeant who had called on me had told of my making the impression of his key, and they had come to arrest me. We heard the federals on the porch and Major Ware calling to know where we were and who was with us. I took the candle and started to go up the steps, Mr. Armstrong next to me and his wife carrying the wooden key, bringing up the rear. As she passed the flour barrel she pushed the wooden key down into the flour.

When we reached the top of the steps, Major Ware turned to Mr. Armstrong, uttering one oath after another and said, "I believe I will kill you right now." He then made Mr. Armstrong take the candle, without telling us what they were looking for, proceeded to search every room in the house. I did not then know the boys had escaped. When he had finished his search, he turned to me and began to use vile names and curse me, finally saying, "You are a prisoner; men, take this rebel woman along with you." They grabbed me by the arms, making me walk in the middle of the road, through dust ankle deep, and this gallant, gentlemanly, brave (?) officer walking by my side, cursing, abusing, and calling me vile names at every step, using language that I had never heard before and never have heard since, until one of his soldiers became so indignant at him that he said, "Major, that is all uncalled for, and if you do not cease your abuse of that girl, I will shoot you, if I am hanged for it." I was then taken to the Provost Marshal's office and set down by a table. Major Ware came and sat near me, putting his feet on the table almost against my face. I arose and began to walk the floor. In a very insulting, loud manner, he said, "Did you give your brother files to file his chains with?" I turned and looked at him and said, "Have you killed him?" and with a foul oath he said, "I demand that you answer my question." I then said, "No," and he replied, "You are a damned liar." I turned and bowed to him and said in my most sarcastic tone, "Indeed, Major Ware, you are a gentleman." Just at this time I heard a soldier outside say, "If those boys have twenty minutes the start of us we will never be able to catch them." This was the first time I knew they had escaped. This was an exceedingly dark night but one long to be remembered. All the town was excited. The soldiers dashing here and there, bugles, sounding, calling the cavalry who were dashing madly through the streets of the little town.

Major Ware ordered me to jail, where there were about thirty-five prisoners, consisting of soldiers, murderers, horse thieves and Negroes, Lieut. Finley told Ware that he should not put me in the place, that such an act would be an everlasting disgrace to the United States Government. They then took me to the home of Col. Bowers and placed me under guard with Miss Sallie Hill, a cousin of Mastin Patrick, whom they had also arrested. The dining room was to be our prison, and the first thing I noticed upon entering the room was a bottle of chloroform sitting on the mantle, that I had purchased with the intention of using it on one of the guards, if my key failed to work. My conscience made me feel guilty, and to think the federals would know for what I had purchased it.

I took the bottle and tried to scratch the label off with my teeth, and in my hurry and excitement I broke a hole in it and the chloroform ran into my mouth and on the fireplace, nearly smothering Sallie and me. The next morning about ten o'clock, our two guards invited us to go across the street to an ice cream parlor. Some of the parties who saw us reported it at once to the authorities, when the officers came up

arrested our two guards, and placed two men over us who were not so gallant. During this time I had nothing to say, but Miss Hill talked very defiantly to the soldiers, shouting for the southern confederacy and asking me to join with her. In a few days, it was learned that she had absolutely nothing to do with the boys' escape, and she was discharged. In a few nights I wrote my mother a letter, telling her not to worry, that I was being treated all right, that the officers were all gentlemen except Major Ware, and that she would have to look over his insulting conduct the night of my arrest, as he had been prompted that evening at a Lager Beer Saloon. I also told her in the letter if she saw Dennis to ask him whether they used the wooden or the iron key in escaping, and that I would likely be banished and to tell Dennis to meet me in Austin, Texas. I kept this letter until I had an opportunity to send it. Mrs. Bowers would invite young ladies in to spend the evening and my guards would come in and sing with the girls, and sent out to the parlor for ice cream. I would always stand at the door facing the street, and watch for the officers. One evening I saw Capt. Stall coming up the street very hurriedly. I went into the dining room and took my seat, the guards turning their backs to me. When Capt. Stall entered the house he asked, "Where is the prisoner?" The guards answered "In her place." He then said to me, "I thought you were in the parlor. Don't you want to go in there and hear the music?" I told him no, that distant sometimes lent enchantment. He then turned and left, thinking everything was all right.

As soon as he was gone we returned to the parlor and finished our cream and the girls played on. Those strains of music so beautifully rendered were songs of old, so endearing to memory, and bring back to all confederates the time when hope was high and faith was strong. But alas!-----

That set of guards was very nice and gallant. The five or six girls that used to come and play for us treated the soldiers with civility and they seemed to appreciate it. About three weeks after I was arrested, Gen. Dodge and another officer from Jefferson City came up to Boonville and came to Col. Bower's home where I was under guard, to see me. Mrs. Bowers seated them in the parlor and called me from my prison room to come in to see them. I took a seat near a table where Gen. Dodge stood in an attitude of as much ease and indifference as could be expressed. Gen. Dodge looked around at this finely furnished parlor, then said to me, "Miss Carroll, you say you are a prisoner?" I said that it looked that way to me. "What do you think ought to be done with you?" he asked. "Let me go home," I answered. "I can't blame you so much," he said; "Your sweetheart, your brother, and your intended brother-in-law were about to be shot in a few days." I cried out "Mercy!" and he looked at me and said, "Didn't you know you were doing wrong?" "I can't see it that way," I replied, still weeping. Then he said gravely, "Your fate is in your own hands and will depend very largely upon your answer to my questions." I got up and stood in front of him and looked straight at him when he said, "Where is your brother?" "Surely you realize" I replied, "that I must decline to answer if I knew." My voice shook with fear and anger. The other man then said, "Banish her, banish her." I realized what the result might be, but my spirit was high; I felt the utter uselessness of prolonging the interview, sooner or later the end must come. O, the image of that old man, I can see him now. The two men talked to each other and he began to comment on my beautiful prison surroundings. By this time, Mrs. Bowers had the servant bring in a nice pitcher of water, which seemed to cool them off and put them in a better humor. Gen. Dodge then said to me, "I came up here from Jefferson City to see you, you will hear from me later on." I said to him, "May I ask what you think the penalty will be?" "Banishment," he answered. I said, "Poor exile I may be for doing my duty. Banish me if you want to." They had not found out at this time that I had really let the boys out. It was all guesswork with them. When Gen. Dodge started to leave, he shook hands with Mrs. Bowers, then reached his hand to me and said, "I am sorry to see you in this trouble." "Why don't you let me go

home?" I asked, weeping again. "I would like to," he answered. I never heard any more of him until peace was declared.

Lieut. Brownlee went into Springfield, Missouri and surrendered to the federal authorities, when some of the same militia from Boonville knew him and shot him under the same old sentence. He wrote to Gen. Dodge asking him to commute his sentence, that peace was declared and he had surrendered. Gen. Dodge would not open his letter until after he was executed. The lieutenant also wrote to his mother saying, "Ere the sun goes down tomorrow, my spirit will have gone to God who gave it. Don't grieve for me for I have never done anything for which you may be ashamed. Give my love to Elizabeth, Archibald, and Robert. Don't grieve for me." He also told her they were eager for the sacrifice and the victim must be ready. Rev. Davis of Springfield, Missouri was his spiritual advisor.

During my imprisonment, Lieut. Finley, the officer who kept Col. Ware from having me placed in jail, called to see me frequently, and Mrs. Bowers invited him up to tea several times. He received orders to leave Boonville and report elsewhere and came up to bid me goodbye. When he arose to go, he asked me to kiss him, which I indignantly refused to do. He caught me by the arm and tried to kiss me. I called out to the guard, "Guard, what are you there for? What are you doing?" Mrs. Bowers came to the door and said, "Mary, what in the world is the matter with you?" "What is all this commotion about?" "This dirty federal has tried to kiss me," I replied, and the lieutenant bowed himself out as best he could.

A short time after this, it was reported that my brother Dennis had joined Quantrell, and that they were coming to Boonville to release me from prison. The authorities put double guard around my door, and the tramp, tramp of the guards kept Col. Bowers, his wife, and myself from sleeping. About eleven o'clock that night there was a knock on my door and one of the guards said, "Open this door, we have orders to come into your room and stay to see that you are there." I indignantly replied to him, "No man, however great his authority may be, can come into my room where I am sleeping, and I will stand no such insults." He said, "We are ordered to do this," and came on in. I immediately arose, and taking the covers and pillow from my bed, went into the room where Col. Bowers and his wife were sleeping, made a pallet across the parlor, and tried to sleep. Later in the night, the guard came in and asked me if the parlor door was locked, and told me to give him the key. I replied very quickly, "I am getting tired of being disturbed, and having you come into my bedroom. I do not know and do not care whether the parlor door is locked or not, and if you want the key you will have to come and get it yourself. I am getting tired of your insults and impudence, and will stand it no longer." He replied, "I am simply acting under orders, Miss." And Col. Bowers said to me, "Mary, be careful, you know you are in their power."

The next morning, Capt. Stall came up to the house and I asked him what he meant by having guards placed in my bedroom. He replied that the guards were only obeying orders. I said to him, "I think it is a shame the way I am treated. I have done nothing to justify it. I have never tried to escape, and you know if guards were permitted to stay in my bedroom, it would cause people to talk about me. I have been maligned and slandered enough. I am a pure and innocent girl, and I cannot and will not stand any such indignities as the federals are heaping upon me, and rather than endure anymore such insults, I ask you to shoot me now, for I am a southern girl and far prefer death to disgrace." He lowered his head and looking at the floor said, "Miss Carroll, I have a wife and daughter whom I love and respect, and I have great respect for you because you respect yourself, and I promise you now that a guard shall never again enter your room, and that your door will never again be opened." During these days of imprisonment and fear, there were many dear friends who would call and ask Mrs. Bowers how I was enduring my awful

imprisonment. And among them none were more attentive than Gov. Lon V. Stevens and his brother, W. Speed Stevens. They were little boys then, but almost daily they would come with flowers and ask the guards if they might present them to the prisoner. They would always deliver me some kind message from their dear mother, and on several occasions, the little boy who afterwards became governor of his state, would say to the guard, "Can't you let the prisoner go home with us? My mama loves her and wants her to come home with us."

During the imprisonment of my brother, their mother, Mrs. Stevens, had been very kind to me and had given me many nice things to give the boys in jail. During my stay in Boonville, I had always been quiet and reserved. I had dressed neatly, but plain, and always wore a white sunbonnet, and never spoke to anyone on the street, unless I was first spoken to. I felt the trouble that I was in could never be adjusted by talking.

CHAPTER VII.

As stated in a former chapter, Wilson, who escaped with the boys, had been recaptured and returned to the Boonville jail. Soon after he was placed in jail, the federal authorities placed in the cell with him a detective who soon won the confidence of Wilson, and displaying a great roll of money told him he was willing to pay liberally if he could escape. Wilson, true to the education he had received from Jim Lane, placed money above everything else, and soon told the detective all about the boys' escape. He told him that I had made the key, and that he had taken it with him the night of the escape and left it at his mother's in Morgan County, and if they could secure that key it would be an easy matter again to escape. The detective told him then that he had a sister in Boonville, and if he would write a letter to his mother, telling her to send the key to the detective's sister, that they could get the key and escape; that his sister would call at the jail that afternoon. Wilson wrote the letter. A woman did call at the jail that afternoon and took the letter with her to Wilson's mother and secured the key.

I learned these facts from one of my guards. The first day of my imprisonment, he told me he would tell me everything he could hear to my interest. I had confidence in him because he told me to tell him nothing, but to keep my mouth shut and he would tell me all.

As soon as the girl secured the key, this guard heard the officers discussing it. When he came on duty that night, he said to me, "Miss Carroll, I have something of great importance to tell you. You must judge for yourself what is best to do." He told me the female detective had returned with the key, and the officers, thinking no one but a blacksmith could have made it, had arrested two old gray-haired blacksmiths, and had placed them in a cell on bread and water, trying to make them tell about the key. One of these old blacksmiths, Mr. Rail, heard that his daughter was coming to see me and sent word by Mrs. Bowers to say nothing, that while he was entirely innocent and knew nothing about the key, before he would have me say anything that would hurt me, he would lie in jail and rot. These men were kept imprisoned for several days in order to make them confess to something they knew absolutely nothing about.

When I had written the letter to my mother, I gave it to Mrs. Bowers and she sent it to Miss Joe Lowry who lived near my mother. Miss Lowry's brother-in-law Rice, who lived in Otterville, had been in the confederate army, but had returned home about this

time. The federals learning that he was at home sent the gallant Major Ware with a squad of soldiers to look for him. They captured him at Otterville, and as was their murderous custom, immediately shot him. While in Otterville, Major Ware heard that Miss Lowry had received a letter from her brother Frank, who was in the confederate army. He, at once, went to Mrs. Lowry's house and made a search for the letter. Miss Joe had neglected to take my letter to my mother, and when she saw the major coming, she placed my letter in her bosom; when the gallant major had finished searching the house, he caught this young girl, tore the bosom of her dress open, and took my letter from her.

My guard told me these facts and told me that Major Ware was very indignant as to what I had said in my letter about his conduct the night of my arrest, and that he had made dire threats against me. About this time, I was terribly frightened by the report that the other companies were to leave Boonville, and that Major Ware was to assume command, and that he had already planned to have me placed in an old house near the fair grounds. Fortunately for me, Col. Catherwood returned and took command of all forces.

There were three guards who seemed to be special friends of mine, who sympathized with me and told me everything that would help me in any way. Two of the men when they heard I was to be turned over to Major Ware (they had heard the mean things he said to me when he arrested me) wanted to help me escape. They said they would have a horse and saddle in the alley for me when they were going to leave the town and would protect me from Major Ware. I told them I had no money and did not know where to go. They said if they had money they would give it to me and direct me where to go. But owing to these circumstances, I could not leave. One of these soldiers who was on guard, when leaving, bid Mrs. Bowers and me goodbye and asked me to write to him as he would be anxious about me, as he had seen how wrongfully I had been treated. I wrote to him for several months and used to show the letters to Postmaster Roe, and they were a source of much amusement to us. That set of soldiers seemed to be a different class than what our home guards were. When we saw the latter coming we knew they carried the cup of woe for someone to drink. But in reviewing the period of fifty years ago, many pleasant memories arise to offset the gloomy days.

I deeply sympathize with the people who are in the European War. I can never forget the waste, the woe, the bloodshed and tears that tracked our country for four long years. When the close of the long, bitter struggle came, to these who cast their fortune with the south it seemed almost like the end of the world had come. My own dear husband served those four long years of hardships. At the close he said it was the agony of despair. Our cause was lost, no home, no money. Many thousands of the boys in gray had given their lives and were left sleeping in unmarked graves over the southern states. For these and their northern brothers who fell with them, I can only say in the words of the poet:

“Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.”

Those who were left alive were made welcome by loving and anxious mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts. We were proud of them, glad to live with them on bread and water, and I dare say many did.

In the last four or five years, my friends have persuaded me to give a lecture that would be interesting to the public, and I did. Here are the recommendations that the U.D.C. have given me.

TO THOSE INTERESTED.

Mrs. Brooks is a member of excellent standing of our U.D.C. The Emmett MacDonald Chapter of Sedalia, Missouri, No. 630.

We the members of said chapter have united in heart and hand to aid her in the lecture she is to give, a lecture that will prove of historic value to the cause of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Brooks is not merely known locally, but over the entire state. She holds the most prominent and influential people. She comes of fine family, is an active Christian worker, and in every way most worthy of any assistance we can bestow.

As a Chapter we commend her as a blessing to our people, and personally I am her friend.

Mrs. Geo. Longan

President Emmett MacDonald Chapter No. 630, Sedalia, Mo.,
May 10, 1909

This is the program given in Sedalia, Mo., my hometown.

PROGRAM

- I. Organ Selected
Mr. Isaac Ferris
- II. Quartette Southern Melodies
Misses O'Connell and Longan
Messrs. Dobel and Lawson
- III. "Our Confederate Flag"
Mrs. Frank Leach
- IV. O Nia Fernando "La Favorita" Donizetti
- V. Presentation of Mrs. Brooks.
Rev. McClannahan
- VI. "Key and Crowbar"
Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks
- VII. Nearer My God to Thee
Mrs. Leach and Miss Longan

TO MY CHILDREN.

This is the regiment your father belonged to and the battles in which he fought. A comrade of Mr. Brooks tells me this. They belonged to the same company. Company B, Regiment Infantry, Parsons Brigade. Capt. H.H. Hughes of New Franklin, Missouri, and later on, Capt. Willis. Col. Mercer commanded the ninth regiment. They were in the battles of Peach Grove, Arkansas, Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, Jerkin's Ferry, Arkansas, and several other smaller battles. His brother Jon or "Cap" as we called him, was with your papa through all of this. Your Uncle Jim was in the Wade's battery east of the Mississippi River. He was a gunner but I don't know what company he was attached to. Neither of the three boys was wounded. This is the parole your father took.

Alexandria, La. June 7, 1865

No. 1309

Thomas B. Brooks of B Company, 9th Regiment Missouri Infantry, C.S.A., residing in Howard County, Mo., having met with the approval of the proper authorities, is paroled and permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities as long as he observes his parole and the laws in force where he may reside.

BY ORDER OF
Major General E.R.S. Canby, U.S.A.
George L. Andrews
Brig. Gen. and Provost Marshall General

CHAPTER VIII.

After this digression to other topics, I return again to my story. All the mystery surrounding the escape of the boys had been cleared up. The key had been found; and with my letter to my mother, were now in hands of the federals. There was no longer any doubt as to the part I had played in this matter. Col. Stall came up to my prison one afternoon, and drawing a letter from his pocket, said, "Miss Carroll, your neighbors are preferring some very serious charges against you." Then he read certain charges and I would answer, "there is no truth in that." I could see the back of the letter to mother. Taking this letter he said, "Well, Miss Carroll, is there a word of truth in this?" He began to read from the letter: "Mother, if you see Dennis ask him by which key he got out. Was it the wooden key or was it the iron key? Don't worry about me. Dennis will meet me in Austin, Texas, if they send me south." I looked up at him and said, "Well, that is just what I would like to know." He looked up from the letter and laughed.

I knew it was useless to prolong this interview, so I said, "Captain, I hear you have two old gray-haired men in prison, neither of whom I ever saw, and if you will release them, I will tell you all about it." Do you know all about it?" he asked, to which I replied, "I know absolutely nothing about it." He then said, "I will gladly release them if they are innocent, but what about you?" "Captain, I am in your hands," I answered, "and it is with you whether or not I am shown any mercy." I then told him how I had made the key, but I did not implicate Mrs. Armstrong or Mrs. Bowers. When I told him how I had blistered my hands using the files, he came over to me and examined my hands. He then asked me where my tools were and I told him in the garden in the ash hopper. He told me to get them. I brought them in all wet and rusty. There were several files, and rasps with cobs for handles. He laughed heartily when he saw the tools. I explained to him the injustice of my brother's arrest, and how mean the federals had been to us all. He seemed to realize that I had been unjustly treated, and said so. He walked up to me and taking

my hand, said, "Goodbye, Miss Carroll, if I ever get into trouble, will you come and help me?" I told him, "Yes." He shook my hand saying goodbye, and I thanked him for the kindness he had shown me. He left me and I have never seen him since.

The next day, Col. Catherwood sent his aide for me and I was taken to his office at the City Hotel. When I entered, he said in a very grave manner, "Miss Carroll, your fate is in your own hands and depends to a great extent upon your answers to my questions. "Where is your brother?" "I do not know," I replied. Raising his voice to a high pitch he said, "You have violated the oath you took before me." I calmly asked, "In what way?" To which he replied, "You have let those boys out of their jail to bushwhack us." I looked him squarely in the face and said, "Don't you remember, Colonel, that before I would take that oath, I asked you if anything I would do for my brother would be a violation of the oath, and you told me "No." "Yes, I remember," he answered. "But I was not thinking of anything like this." "But I was," I replied, "and was working on the key at the time." For a while he sat in deep silence and then looked up at me and holding his hand out, said, "Go, you are released."

I was so overcome I clasped my hands and said, "Do you really mean it?" "Yes," he replied. I again extended my hand to him and said, "Colonel, I do indeed thank you, and as I told you, the night my uncle was under arrest, no one was ever more unjustly persecuted than my entire family has been. Will you give me a written release?" "Yes," he said, "But no one will molest you." He did not seem to realize what injustice had been done me.

When I left the colonel's office alone and free, I could hardly walk, my feelings were about to overcome me, and as I walked up the street toward Col. Bowers' many men stopped me on the street and told me how glad they were that I was free. When I reached Harper's Drug Store, old Col. Pierce, Dr. Gibson, James Harper, John L. O'Brien, and several other southern men were standing in front of the store anxiously waiting to learn what my fate would be. When they saw me coming up the street alone, Col. Pierce stepped out from the crowd, caught me in his arms and kissed me, saying "God bless you, child, we are so glad to see you free," and tears were streaming down the cheeks of them all. Mrs. Bowers was almost overcome with joy and when the Colonel came in he kissed me and wept, being too much affected even to attempt to talk. As soon as I had finished my supper, I went down and spent the night with my true friends, Mr. Armstrong and his wife. The next day there was a Sunday School picnic given near Boonville; Mr. Harper and his wife took me with them. When we reached the picnic ground, I was given an ovation, as nearly all the crowd was southerners. That was the last of July 1863.

CHAPTER IX.

I immediately wrote my mother to have my brother Dan meet me at the crossroads near our house, that I would be out the next day in the stage. He met me with my saddle horse and we rode by Aunt Peggy Houx' house. When we rode up to the gate, old Aunt Eliza, an old black woman, rushed out and gathering me in her arms, said "God bless you honey child, I thought I would never see you again," as the tears streamed down her old ebony cheeks. When I had entered the house, Aunt Peggy took me in her arms and said, "Mary, there ain't another gal in this country who could have done what you have done."

The scene when I reached my own home and was in the arms of my mother and sister is beyond my power to describe. Tears of joy were mingled with those of sadness. About midnight, mother, Sarah, Dan and I went into the woods to see my brother Dennis. He was still sick, but had to sleep in the woods on

quilts and pillows we brought him. We could only visit him at night, knowing that if any of our neighbors should see us they would report us and find him and have him shot. The next day I went to Dr. Pemberton, a southern man from Kentucky, and secured medicine for my brother, and took it to him that night. He told me that as soon as he was able, he would join the confederates and go south. He was overjoyed to see that the federals had done me no hard during my imprisonment. Brother Dennis remained in hiding until the middle of September; my mother, sister, and myself carrying him provisions. Every few days a squad of federals would dash up to my mother's house searching for him and insulting us all.

A company of militia rode up to the house of Jonathan Wilson, the father-in-law of my brother James, and demanded of him to tell where Dennis was. Although he told them he did not know, they cursed him and abused him in the presence of his wife and daughters, threw a rope around his neck and drew him up to a limb, his wife and daughters shrieking and begging them not to hang him. They rode off, thinking him dead, as they had choked him until his tongue protruded from his mouth. His wife and daughters caught the rope and let him down. My brother Dan, who was then twelve years old, and Arthur Wilson, about the same age, had gone to the barn to feed the stock, when these brave (?) soldiers, seeing the two boys, called to them to come out, that they were going to be hanged. Dan asked them to wait until they had fed the horses, when the two boys rushed to the back of the barn and jumped out a rear window into a cornfield, and escaped. The federals at Boonville about this time brought Wilson back into this country to show them where they had stayed after their escape, and who had fed them. They went to my brother Jim's house, and Wilson went into the dining room and would point to the different dishes my sister-in-law had carried the provisions in, and pointing to the coffee pot he said, "Those dishes and that coffee pot are what you brought our meals in." Then he took them into a pasture where there was a large patch of poke-berry bushes and told the federals that was where they had slept, and to notice how the weeds and grass under the poke bushes were mashed down. Mrs. Wilson listened to them a few minutes, then she told the federals that this man was not telling the truth, and that the cows had been lying under the bushes. Turning to Wilson she said, "You know you are telling a lie and you ought to be hanged for telling such lies on innocent people." The soldiers then left.

From our neighborhood there had joined the federals a little ingrate, named Billie Phillips. His father and mother having died when he was quite small, leaving him utterly penniless, my mother had really raised him. She had fed him and her girls had made and given him his clothes. This little ingrate, in reality a dog who had bitten the hand that fed him, was very active in watching me and seeing if he could not catch me going to feed brother Dennis. He would bring federal soldiers to my mother's house at all hours and insist on searching the house. He insisted that I knew where Dennis was and on several occasions led squads of federal soldiers to the house at night looking for me. This became so frequent that I could not stay home at night any more, and soon after sundown I would take the two boys, my brother Dan and Arthur Wilson, and go into the woods and sleep. O, how lonesome these nights were! The lonesome baying of the hounds, and the hooting of the owls, and weird cries of the whippoorwill added to my lonesomeness and sorrow. Many nights I have sat with my back to a tree and let the two little boys lie with their heads in my lap, and thus we would sleep until daylight. When daylight came, we would cautiously walk to the edge of the timber and look over toward our home. If we saw a tea towel floating from a branch on a tree, we would know our mother had placed it there to show us the coast was clear, and we would go home.

In September, Tom Cranmer, a grandson of Aunt Peggy Houx, who had been with Quantrell, came home, and we took him to the woods to see Dennis. They planned that Dennis should go south and join them, and Dennis and I could live in the south. Cranmer stayed in the woods with Dennis several days. There were a number of boys in our neighborhood who learned by experience that they could no longer safely remain at home and had decided to go south. I immediately began to make frequent visits to Boonville, trying to secure ammunition and arms for them. I went to the store of B.F. Wilson, a true southern man, and purchased from him five hundred boxes G.D. Gun Caps, and five forty-five caliber Colt revolvers. I took these to the home of Mrs. McCarty. Mrs. Hanna came over and we made an extra tuck in my petticoat and swung the caps in it. I took the Colt revolvers, and placing a rope through the trigger guards, I tied them around my body, under my hoops. I came to Boonville that day in a wagon for flour; and when I got ready to start home, I took a seat on a sack of flour, and when the federals came to search the wagon, as they did all wagons before leaving Boonville, I asked them if they wanted me to move. They told me "No." I very much doubt if I could have moved as I was so heavily armed. In a few days I returned to Boonville for more flour and secured six pairs of horseshoes from Mr. Hanna and placed them in a sack. I went to Mr. Wilson's store and purchased six pairs of men's boots. I then went over to Mr. Hanna's house. I tied the sack of horseshoes and the six pairs of boots under my hoops, got into the wagon again and took my seat on a sack of flour. The federals did not have me move. When I reached home I delivered all my caravan to the boys in the woods.

On the sixteenth day of September, 1863, the boys had a farewell supper in the woods back of my mother's house. Miss Rebecca Massie, one of our neighbor girls, in addition to other provisions, had a pocket of sweet cakes and a bottle of cider which she presented to my brother Dennis saying, "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry," and she might have added, "for tomorrow you die." On the afternoon of this day, my brother Dennis came to the house to bathe and change his clothes before starting south. My younger brother Dan was stationed in front of the house, sister Sarah at the north of the house and I went on the south of the house. I was braiding an overshirt for Dennis. When I had finished the shirt, I braided an extra thick piece across the front for him to use as a pincushion.

When he had finished dressing, he put his arms around my mother, kissed her passionately and said, "Goodbye, mammy, if anything happens to me you have a home. This place is deeded to you." We went with him into the woods where the boys had their supper; as soon as they had finished supper they started south. Capt. Brinker from Boone County was selected captain, having with him seven boys. A heavy rainstorm came up about the time they started. They hastened to cross the Lamine River to get into the woods before the rain ceased. When they had reached a point in Pettis County near Mrs. Dolly Joplin's, they left the road and went into the woods back of her house to remain there until daylight. As they approached Mrs. Joplin's house, they saw a company of federals there who afterwards turned out to be Col. Rheamy's regiment from Sedalia. After the federals had finished their breakfast, they started down the road, and soon came across the trail where our boys had entered the woods. They dashed into the woods and surrounding our boys, immediately opened fire. They all started to run when Capt. Brinker said, "Wait boys, till I get my saddle blanket." Brother Dennis and Robert Craig waited for him. Dennis' horse became unmanageable and started down a steep bluff, when he wheeled and ran back toward the federals. My brother was shot and fell from the horse. Cail Mock, one of these brave (?) soldiers who made this attack, told some of the neighbors that Dennis was on his knees trying to draw his revolver when he rushed up to Dennis and struck him across the head with the butt of his musket, crushing his skull. As Dennis fell back lifeless, Mock emptied his pistol into his body and his federal comrades then

rode up and riddled his lifeless body with bullets. They took off his boots and rifled his pockets. As they were leaving, they told some of the neighbors they had killed a man back there and to go and bury him.

As Tom Cranmer dashed out of the woods for safety, he told some of his friends that he believed one of his boys had been killed, for them to see that he had a decent burial and he would be back in a week or two and avenge his death. When the federals fired on the boys, Bob Craig, who had stayed with Dennis, was thrown against a tree and had his ribs broken. He ran and fell down the bank of the steep ravine and hid under some rosebushes. The next morning he started to crawl toward Bob Houx' house; Houx came over and told my mother about his condition and we took the quilts Dennis had used and placed Craig in the woods and waited on him until he recovered.

While he was in the woods, Craig told us that one of the boys had been killed, it was either Dennis or Tom Cranmer, that the man that was killed had on dark blue clothes. This statement did not satisfy my mother and me. While Dennis and Cranmer both wore dark blue coats, Dennis had on dark gray trousers and Cranmer blue. I went to Pilot Grove trying to find out what I could from the neighbors who had assisted in burying the man. He finally told me that the neighbors said that the man who was killed had golden hair, was tall and handsome, and was dressed in dark blue clothes. This description fitted both Tom Cranmer and my brother Dennis.

I felt that Dennis had been killed, and so told my mother. But she, with a mother's love and hope, said that she did not believe that her boy had been killed. I then told her that I would go to Warrensburn and see Tom Cranmer's father and see what I could learn.

At this time I did not have any money, so I went over to Squire McCutcheon's and asked him to loan me ten dollars. He said, "Mary, you know I would do anything on earth I could for you and your mother, but you know I cannot loan you money, for if I did, the federals would find it out and in less than a week would be here and burn my house and kill me. I cannot loan you any money, girl, but if you go into the parlor and find any money on the mantelpiece under some books, take it, I cannot help it. But I positively refuse to loan you a cent." I went into the parlor and found ten dollars.

The next morning I took the stage to Pleasant Green, representing myself as the widow of the man who had been killed, telling that I wanted to see the corpse and be certain that it was my husband. Miss Kate Green, the daughter of the Postmaster at Pleasant Green, and I went to the place in Pettis County where he was killed. Mr. Scott secured four Union men to come and dig up the remains. Before the men arrived, I met several ladies who had assisted in the burial. One of them had a lock of hair she had cut from his head, also the piece I had embroidered across the front of his shirt for him to use as pincushion. These ladies told me that the dead man had on dark gray trousers, that the little finger of his right hand had a crooked nail. Then, I remember that when Dennis and I were little children, while feeding the oxen one day, one of them had bitten the nail off his little finger. They, also, told me that on his left cheek was a small brown mole, and that where his hair parted was a white lock. Another lady had found his hat and piece of the lining torn from his coat. When they showed me the lock of hair, the braided pincushion, and the piece of lining from the coat, I no longer doubted that the federals had at last accomplished their purpose and had murdered my brother, that it was his body that now rested in the loan grave in the woods. I told them that it was useless to disturb his body. Another lady told me that when she had assisted in burying him, she felt that he was a man who had been tenderly reared, and that she had placed her handkerchief over his face.

Miss Kate Scott took me home, I did not tell anyone who I was or that it was Dennis that had been killed, for I did not want the federals to know what had been done. Brokenhearted, I told my mother that there was no doubt that my brother had been killed; and I took my revolver off, hid it in the closet, and said, "O, mammy, mammy, after all the hard work we have had and after all I have suffered to save him, to think that my darling brother has at last been murdered is more than I can stand." My mother was, of course, heartbroken, but we decided not to remove him and left him, sleeping peacefully, in the lone grave in the woods, for nearly six months.

About ten days after Dennis was killed, about midnight there was a knock at the door. Going to the door, I said, "Who is there?" A deep voice answered, "A friend." "That cannot be so" I replied, "for I have no friends in this country." "O yes you have," I heard the voice answer. "I am your friend and was with your brother when he was killed." I then recognized the voice of Tam Cranmer and hurriedly let him in. He was bareheaded and very much exhausted. He came into the house and I gave him something to eat. He told us as he was crossing Scott's ford that night, he had been fired on from ambush and his horse had been shot. He had escaped, losing his hat. He stayed a little while and told us all about how my brother was killed. I gave him Dennis' hat and he left, to find another horse.

The corn crop having matured, and being unable to get anyone to assist us, my sister Sarah and little brother Dan, and I had to cut the corn and gather it. Having worked exceedingly hard on Saturday, we were very tired and did not accompany our mother on Sunday morning to church services. After we had finished eating our lunch at noon, we went into a downstairs room, and were soon both fast asleep, lying across the bed. We were suddenly awakened by the federals being in our room; I sprang up and asked them what they wanted. They replied, "We are going to search this house," and started upstairs. I stepped in front of them and said to my sister Sarah, "You stay here and see that they do not steal anything. I will go with them and see that they do not steal anything upstairs.."

There were two beds in my mother's room upstairs, and between the feather bed and the mattress of one of them, my brother Dan had hidden his small squirrel rifle; I went ahead of the federals into this room, and sitting down on this bed, said to them, "Proceed with your plundering." They went to the other bed, stuck their bayonets through it in many places, and went to a box of wheat sitting in the corner, and thrust their bayonets into it, and unrolled a large roll of rag carpet.

They went through all the rooms of the house and not finding Dennis, they left. Looking out of the window, I saw Major Ware sitting on his horse, and I recognized Tom Cranmer's saddle. I knew then that he was the one who had fired on Tom from ambush, killing his horse.

On the same afternoon my brother Dan went to Pilot Grove after my mother. As he was passing near the postoffice the federals fired several shots at him. Mr. Roe, the postmaster yelled at them, "Don't shoot that boy for God's sake. He is nothing but a little boy. He is little Dan Carroll going after his mother, and for God's sake have some heart and don't shoot a child." And strange to say, they ceased firing.

Sister Sarah and I had all the work to do. We cut the corn, husked it, and carried it to the house in sacks. All of our horses had been taken by our neighbors, who had also come to our corncrib the summer before and taken all of our corn. We had to cut wood for the winter use and drag it to the house by hand.

During all this time, Billie Phillips, the little ingrate, kept a very close watch on our actions. In December, my uncle's wife was very sick, and I went over to stay with them, and assisted them in hog killing time. We had killed fifteen hogs, and had placed the meat and lard in the smokehouse. The next night Capt. Rheamy of Georgetown came with his band of marauders on a foraging expedition. He took fifteen horses, five stacks of hay, four wagon loads of corn, several loads of apples and all the meat and lard leaving practically nothing for us to subsist on. My uncle, realizing the fact that he would be killed if he stayed in Missouri, left and went to Montana and never returned. The federal authorities not being satisfied with taking all our personal property, then issued an order that all land belonging to southern men who had either been in the southern army or had in any manner sympathized with south, should be confiscated and sold at the courthouse door in Boonville. My uncle's farm and many other fine farms belonging to southern men were thus sold for a mere pittance and were bought by the militia, who had been saving the thirteen dollars a month that they were being paid by the federal government to rob and murder southern citizens.

When the farm was sold, my Aunt Mary was left destitute with five little children. Professor Stites,¹ who was a refugee from Jackson County, Mrs. Houx, my mother and brothers, took care of her and her five children until the boys became old enough to work. It gives me great pleasure today to state that her boys are still living, and are well to do, honorable and respected citizens.

CHAPTER X.

In February 1864, mother and I decided to remove brother's remains and to reinter them in mother's yard. I went to Boonville and had a walnut coffin made and brought it home. We placed the coffin in our wagon and Arthur Wilson and my brother rode in the wagon, and Uncle Dennis, sister Sarah, Dan and I rode horseback, and we started after the remains. When we reached the Lamine River it was frozen over and when I attempted to ride across it, my horse went through the rotten ice to the saddle skirts. We then had to go up the river several miles to find a bridge. We stopped at several places trying to secure lodging for the night, but the people refused us until we reached the home of Mr. Jack Elliott, who took us in and treated us with kindness. The next morning we crossed the Mastin Bridge, and about eleven o'clock the next day we reached the house of Mr. Weeden, who was very kind to us. He secured a number of the neighbors who helped us in taking up the remains. When the coffin was opened, my brother looked perfectly natural, his flesh still being firm.

Placing him in the coffin, we started back home about four o'clock in the afternoon. The roads were fearfully muddy and we had to travel very slow and the people seemed to be afraid to take us in. Someone directed us to a ford, telling us that by going that route, we would save several miles on our return trip. When we reached this ford we found the creek was out of its banks, and we could not cross. Leaving the rest of the party there, Dan and I started out to find a place of shelter. The night was exceedingly dark and the only way we could locate a house was by the bark of the housedog. We called out at several houses but the people were even afraid to come to the doors and we learned that the reason was because a short time before this, a Miss Creel living in this neighborhood, hearing her dog bark at night, drew aside the curtains and looked out of the window, and was fired on by Rheamy's men, and the ball going through her mouth, cutting her tongue in two, from the effects of which she died a few days later. About eleven o'clock we came to a house and asked if we could secure lodging. The lady objected,

¹ While Professor Joseph M. Stites and his family were refugees from the war; they were refugees from Polk County, Missouri.

saying she was ill, but after I had told her husband who I was and part of my story, he turned to his wife and said, "We cannot turn them away, let them come in. We will do the best we can for them." It was twelve o'clock by the time Dan and I rode back and I helped to prepare something to eat and we slept until the next morning. We departed on our sad journey at sun-up the next morning, and reached home about eight o'clock at night. Some of our neighbors had dug the grave under an elm tree in the front yard but being afraid to stay there had left and we found awaiting us only Capt. Houx, Tom Houx, and an old darkie that we called "Old Blackie."

About eight o'clock at night, standing around the grave, and under the trees where he had so often played in life, this little group kindly and tenderly and with broken hearts placed all that remained of my martyred brother in the bosom of old Mother Earth. The dim stars were looking down like angels' eyes, weeping over that untimely grave. Several of the neighbor ladies came to sympathize with us. We were all shuddering with fear, not knowing at what moment the militia might come and fire on us, even in the presence of death itself. No scene was ever sad or sacred enough to touch their hearts with pity or compassion.

With the body of our beloved brother put forever from our sight, we turned to our lonely home, never again to hear the footsteps my mother had loved so well. We had lived and loved and toiled together. Now all was lost. He was a noble type of manhood and our only support. All this came about because of Duty, the most sublime word in the English language. Our southern people hoped to defend their homes that no spot of our soil should be polluted by the foot of an invader.

My aunt's brother, Wallace Stone, was carrying the Confederate flag when he fell at the fall of Vicksburg, no one to mark his grave.

"Four years afloat on the field of fame,
Sadly it fell not in shame.
When it has smoldered (alas it must)
Tenderly gather the sacred dust,
And let it mingle at last for aye
With that of the boys who wore the gray.

Taken from Father Ryan's poems in memory of my brother.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest who wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheek of his mother lay)
Triumphant waved our flag one day—
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest where duty lead
He hurried without falter.
Bold as the bold as the boldest he fought and bled
And the day was won but the field was red,

And the blood of the fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the tramping breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had rested,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain
(His mother dreamed he would meet again)
the fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child half asleep, he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that slept,
In the fields where his comrades found him,
They carried him there, the big tears crept
Into the strong men's eyes that seldom wept.
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with grass overgrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother,
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, not a stone
And only the voice of the soft winds moan
O'er the grave where never a flower was strewn,
But his memory lives in the other.

Shortly after my brother was buried, I rode horseback to Boonville. I put my horse in Mr. McCarty's livery stable and stayed all night with the Armstrong family. As the next morning was exceedingly cold, the worse snowstorm of the season, I did not hasten to start home.

While I was at Mr. Armstrong's house, Tom Rochester, the sheriff, who had again taken charge of the county jail, came to Mr. McCarty and asked him if Mary Carroll came to town last night and where my horse was. McCarty told him my horse was in his stable. Rochester then said to McCarty, "I am going to arrest that girl and put her behind the bars. She fooled the federal officers and talked them into releasing her but she can't fool me, and I am going to send a company of soldiers down to Col. Bowers and arrest her." As soon as the sheriff left McCarty he sent his son to Mr. Armstrong and told him to tell me to hurry that the sheriff was after me and for me not to come to the stable, but to come down the alley and he would have my horse ready for me. When I reached the alley, Mr. McCarty helped me on my horse and said, "Mary, ride like the devil and don't let them catch you," and I tried to ride the way he told me to. When I reached home and told my mother, there was another sad scene. I immediately took Arthur Wilson and my brother Dan and putting a few of our clothes in a carpet bag, went to Sam Bristoe's and stayed all night.

That night the federals did come to my mother's house looking for me, Billie Phillips leading them. He went to my mother and said to her, "Where is Mary? We have come after her. We want that gun she has." My mother turned to him and said, "You dirty little ingrate, how dare you come here hunting my daughter after all the care and attention I gave you when you were a penniless, homeless orphan? And

now you dare come here swearing and insulting me. You had better let Mary alone and take care of yourself, for if you find her you might get that gun she has in a way you do not want it.” The next morning my sister and sister-in-law, by taking a circuitous route, came and told us the federals had been at mother’s and for us to hurry and get away. Before I left home, my mother had given me fifty dollars for which she had sold some hogs. When the girls told us that the federals were really after us I knew it was time to hasten our departure, so with the two little boys I started to Tipton eighteen miles away. I carried the carpetbag most of the time. The walking was very bad, especially as I had on new shoes, which made my feet very sore. I would take them off and walk a mile or two in the snow barefooted, then put them on again. We did not follow the road but went through the fields all night with a Mrs. Sparks, who advised me to go to Litchfield, Illinois, where her brother was starting a butcher shop. The next morning my feet were so sore, the bottoms of them being solid blisters that I had to be helped to my feet. We arrived at St. Louis that night, stopping at the Everett house where there were a great many federal officers, and I thought that by stopping at this hotel I would never be suspected of being a confederate refugee. At this hotel I learned that a friend of mine, Joe Wolford, who had called on me at Boonville the night the boys had escaped prison was there. I sent for him to come to the parlor. When he saw me he exclaimed, “My God, Miss Mary, what are you doing here?” He remained and talked to us until about ten o’clock and when he left he placed a twenty dollar bill in my hand and said, “Miss Mary, if you ever want any money, do not hesitate to send to me for it.” We left St. Louis that night and reached Litchfield about two o’clock the next day.

I soon found Mr. Duncan. I had not seen him since we were school children together. We stayed at the hotel during the day and went up to Mr. Duncan’s house where we stayed for several weeks. The two boys secured employment in the country. Shortly after this, I was taken with a chill one night, which soon developed into lung fever and I was very sick for several weeks. The boys returned to wait on me, assisted by Mrs. Duncan. After I had recovered sufficiently for the boy to leave me they told me they did not like the man they were working for and wanted to go to another place. I gave them five dollars to pay their expenses while hunting another place, which they took and returned to Missouri.

CHAPTER IX.

Soon after I decided to return to Missouri and go to Howard County. I came to Fayette where I went out into the country to the Stapleton Mill to visit my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who had moved there from Boonville.

In a few days I returned to Fayette, where I found a letter from my mother telling me that a few days before, she and my little brother Dan had been over to Mr. Wilson’s on a visit and when they reached home they found that the federals had been in the house having broken the lock on the door. When she went into the house, she found written with chalk: “This is the second time we have been here to kill you and burn your house and you were not at home. We advise you to get out at once for if we find you here the next time we will kill you and burn your house.” The federals, at this time, did not know that Dennis was dead so they continued to harass my mother and hunt for me.

In the same letter, my mother told me to rent some rooms in Fayette and that she and Dan and Sarah would come and live with me. I rented two rooms from the Wilson’s who were running the old hotel, and we were all soon living together. The citizens of Fayette, who were all southern people, were very kind to me. One morning when I was eating my breakfast with the Wilsons, there were two federal officers,

Capt. Eaton and Lieut. McFarlane at the same table. Mrs. Wilson introduced me to them. It was raining at the time and Capt. Easton asked me if the road remained muddy long after a rain. I replied that I did not know, as I was a stranger here. He then asked me where I was from and I told him Cooper County. I then turned to him and said, "Captain Eaton, don't you remember me?" "Don't you remember seeing me the morning you arrested my brother Dennis and Mastin Patrick and took them to Boonville and put them in jail?" He looked down, pushed his chair back from the table and made no answer. He then abruptly arose from the table without finishing his meal and never returned to board at the hotel.

I soon learned that part of the militia in Fayette were some of the same people who had been my neighbors in Cooper County and had been guilty of so many contemptible and outrageous acts towards us. A squad of this militia took their wagon one day and started to Glasgow on a foraging expedition. When they had gone a few miles from Fayette, they were fired on by some men belonging either to Sydney Jackson's or Bill Anderson's command, causing the militia to hurry back to Fayette. Some of my neighbors who did not know brother Dennis was dead, started the report that it was Dennis Carroll and the bushwhackers who had fired on them. Col. Reeves Leonard, who was in command, immediately sent a squad to our room and arrested my little brother Dan.

I went with Dan to Leonard's office. He looked at Dan and said to me, "Is this your brother?" "Yes," I replied, "he is the only brother I have." Leonard then turned to the men and said, "Is this the boy you accuse of firing on you?" Among the militiamen from Boonville was a man by the name of Koontz, who had known me in Boonville, and he turned to Major Leonard and said, "This boy is innocent and so is his sister. They know nothing about this," and after a few minutes Major Leonard told me to take Dan back with me.

When my mother came from our house in Cooper County she brought with her some window curtains that were made of red and white goods. One day our windows being open, these curtains were waving on the outside in the breeze. Suddenly, an officer with some privates appeared at the window and grabbing hold of the curtains said, "We have orders to take these things down. You are insulting us, flaunting your rebel flag right in our faces." I laughed and said, "Why those curtains were made and in use long before any war was ever heard of and before Lincoln was even elected." He replied, "Take them down anyway, if you do not and offer us any more such insults we will burn this house over your heads." We promptly took the curtains down. After this, they continued to insult us and we decided it would be better for us and our friends that we move to the country, so I rented a little house about four miles from Fayette near Mt. Zion Church. We hired a Negro man to haul us a load of wood. He saw a small squirrel rifle belonging to my brother Dan lying under the bed. He reported this fact to the officers at Fayette and the next day a squad of militia rode up to our house and told us they were looking for guns. My mother pointed to the little rifle and said, "That is the only gun we have." They took the rifle and examined it. With them was a Cooper County boy named Tom Odenall, and he said to them "That is no gun and could do us neither any good or harm." So they put it back. This was in the spring of 1865 and the federals let us alone from this time on.

I then opened a school at Mt. Zion. Among the children attending were Bettie and Irene Brooks, daughters of Mr. Ira Brooks, a splendid southern citizen. These girls had three brothers who had fought four years in the confederate army. James B. Brooks, who was a gunner in the famous Bledsoe Battery, Thomas B., and John, who had been with Gen. Sterling Price. After they had returned home, Bettie Brooks invited me to go home with her and meet her brothers. I readily consented, little dreaming how

that visit would affect my future life. Thomas Brooks made an impression on me at once and I greatly admired his tall manly form, and his quiet gentle nature. He wore a worn and faded confederate jacket which made him all the more attractive to me, for I loved the south and its uniform was dear to me. When I started home the next morning he accompanied me to my mother's house. He called on me frequently during the following summer and I soon learned to love him, and the more I saw of him the more I was impressed with his quiet affectionate, gentle nature.

During the winter of 1865, I attended a dance at the hotel with James B. Brooks. We were dancing in the dining room and I noticed a man standing beside the stove who was watching me very closely. I asked my escort if he knew who that man was and he replied that he did not. "I know him," I said; "That is Hapwood, the militiaman who betrayed me when my brother was a prisoner." He evidently heard me for he immediately left the room. I went to the office and asked Mr. Crigler if Hapwood was there and he said he had registered, but had suddenly left.

On Friday evening when I went home from school, I found my mother cooking the last bit we had for some federal soldiers. I was righteously indignant about this and was speaking my mind pretty freely when Lieut. Finley came into the room. We shook hands and I told him my tale of woe. He ordered all those men to leave the house and leave us alone. He stayed two or three hours and we rehearsed our Boonville trouble. Again he insisted that I wait for him until the war was over. He was out on a raid hunting for Bill Anderson, the confederate gorilla whose sisters were killed in a federal prison in Jackson County. They had been placed in an old house and it was undermined by the federals, killing several ladies, and Anderson swore vengeance. From that time on he was the terror of the Union people. Next morning when Finley was starting away he rode up to my door and bid me goodbye. He was riding a beautiful dapple gray horse. Later on when Gen. Price made the raid on Missouri, I heard that Lieut. Finley was killed in the Battle of Glasgow.

In October 1866, my old friend Col. Bowers was taken very ill in Boonville and sister Sarah went over to help care for him. I was teaching school near New Franklin and could not go. Col. Bowers continued to ask for me and I finally went over and remained with him until the end.

The night that Col. Bowers died, my sweetheart, Thomas Brooks, came over to call on me and told me of his love and asked me to be his wife. I consented and although this has been nearly half a century ago, never for one moment have I had cause to regret giving myself to this noble, true, kindhearted man. Our engagement was a happy one and on the fourteenth day of February 1867, at my mother's little home, I became in truth and fact his valentine. For forty years we lived happily together and though adversity and sorrow came to us, as it does to all, our love never waned. He was always the tender, kindhearted, gentle lover and I was always his sweetheart, as well as his wife. On the sixteenth day of July 1907, his spirit returned to him who gave it. To our happy union, six children were born, two boys and four girls who are all still living and with their children are a great joy and pleasure to me in my widowhood and declining years. Although I underwent many sorrows in my life, I today feel thankful to my Maker that he has blessed me with such a kind husband and loving children. For my enemies, who treated me so brutally and heartlessly during the war, I pray that they may be forgiven. This story is not told for the purpose of causing any hard feelings, but that the world may know what we women of the south had to suffer. I realize the fact that before long I will again be with my soldier husband and my martyred brother, my sainted mother and sister in the land where all is peace, and I ask no greater blessing than that my children

and my children's children will always honor the memory of the boys in gray and teach the coming generation that they were not traitors but heroes.

“And for my dead, my Father may I pray,
Ah! Sighs may soothe but prayers will soothe me more;
I keep eternal watch over their clay,
O! rest their souls my Father I implore,
Forgive my foes, they know not what they do,
Forgive them all the tears they made me shed,
Forgive them though my noblest son they slew,
And bless them, though they curse my poor, dear dead.”

THE END

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The following is a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks, which appeared in the Weekly Democrat-News, Marshall, Missouri—written by O.S. Barton, Carthage, Missouri.

Born November 12, 1841
Married to Thomas B. Brooks, February 14, 1867
Died in Sedalia, Missouri, February 20, 1920
Leaving the following children to mourn her loss:

Ira S. Brooks, New Franklin, Mo.
Mrs. J. R. Quinn, Sedalia, Mo.
Charles T. Brooks, Riverton, Wyo.
Mrs. C. L. Dinkle, New Franklin, Mo.
Mrs. F. B. Riley, Sedalia, Mo.
Mrs. H. A. Bundy, Sedalia, Mo.

Two brothers, Daniel Carroll, Sedalia, Mo.
James Carroll, Gillette, Ark.

The above short sentences are usually all that are published when the ordinary person dies. They contain the brief record of the main events of the ordinary human life. Born, married, birth of the children and the end—death.

There are some who live and die, whose lives are beyond the ordinary. Who by acts of heroism, self-sacrifice, extraordinary traits of character and intellect, deserve more than the passing, stereotyped notice. Such a character was Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Quinn, 1012 East Fourth Street, Sedalia, Mo., on the morning of February 10th 1920

Mrs. Brooks' life, and especially her younger life, was full of the tragic scenes and romantic acts upon her part. When she was a girl only eight years old her father was accidentally drowned while going to California in the search for gold. After the death of her father she lived with her widowed mother and brothers and sister on a farm in Cooper County, Missouri.

About the time she reached the age of womanhood the Civil War came on, with all of its horrors and hardships for women who sympathized for the South, as Mrs. Brooks did. She was a devoted and strong Southern sympathizer, and her two brothers, James and Dennis Carroll, entered the Southern army. Dennis soon returned home, but was soon captured and placed in jail at Boonville. The morning after he was captured, Mrs. Brooks, learning that the militia were intending to capture some boys who were on their way to join the Confederate army, and fully realizing what their fate would be, if captured, mounted her horse and started to notify the boys. When she reached the banks of the Teatseline River, she found the water out of banks and flowing rapidly. This did not halt the brave girl, and getting on her knees in her saddle, she forced her horse into the swollen stream and swam across, and after notifying the boys, again crossed the stream.

After her brother, Dennis, was captured the second time, he was confined with other prisoners in the county jail at Boonville, Missouri. Mrs. Brooks, then Mary Carroll, went to Boonville and secured permission from the federal authorities to take provisions into the jail to the boys. Learning that an order

had been issued by the federal authorities that her brother and two other Confederates were to be taken from the jail and shot, she procured a crowbar and placing a cotton rope through a hole in the end of the bar, she wrapped it with towels, tying the rope about her neck and letting the bar swing down under her clothing, she carried it into the jail. Standing on a pallet and talking to her brother, she placed her hand inside of her dress, untied the rope and let the bar fall on the pallet. The boys were detected in their attempt to use the crowbar. They were taken from the jail to a blacksmith shop and chains riveted to their ankles, and they were then chained to the walls of their cells.

Not being daunted by her failure in this, by the assistance of one of the prisoners she procured a pattern of the key to the jail door, and taking a piece of flat iron she made a key, using a stone door step for an anvil and a cold chisel and files. She slipped the key and several files into the jail with which her brother and his friends made their escape. Her brother and his friends were afterwards shot and killed by the Union soldiers.

Mrs. Brooks was arrested and confined under guard for several weeks, undergoing many hardships at the hands of her captors.

A volume could be written detailing the hardships she had to endure, and the many acts of heroism of Mrs. Brooks during this time.

After the death of her brother she and her mother and sister moved to Howard County, Missouri, where she taught school until 1867. On the fourteenth day of February of that year she became the wife of, and as she expressed it to me, the Valentine of Thomas B. Brooks, an ex-confederate soldier.

She and her husband lived for many years on a farm in Howard County, Missouri, raising their family of children, who are now all grown and men and women of fine character and reputation.

Mrs. Brooks was a true Christian woman, a devout Catholic, noted far and wide for her acts of kindness and her tender sympathetic care of the sick and unfortunate. No matter how urgent her home duties were, no matter how late the hour, nor dark and stormy the night, whenever she received word that any of her neighbors were sick or in distress she would always go to them and in her tender sympathetic way, administer to their bodily needs, and with a kind word and sympathetic touch, cheer and comfort the sick and dying and when death came to her friends, as it often did, with the tears of sympathy sparkling in her tender eyes, she would try to comfort the brokenhearted living by telling them of the happy life beyond, to which their loved ones had been called. Mrs. Brooks was a woman of far more than ordinary intelligence, a woman of fine personal appearance, a woman of fine conversational powers and a woman who made friends with all.

She is one of the last of that type of pure, true Southern women, noted for their purity and charity, and their love for pure frail humanity. A type that I am sorry to say is fast vanishing from this old world of ours. She was until the day of her death an uncompromising and unreconstructed Southern woman, and was never happier than when relating to her friends, to her children, and to her children's children the many deeds of gallantry and heroism of the men who wore the gray. Notwithstanding the fact that she endured many trials, hardships and insults, she bore them all with a true Christian spirit, and often prayed for her enemies and often expressing to me the sentiment of the great poet of the South, Father Ryan as expressed in his poem,

“IN MEMORIUM”

Keep eternal watch above their clay,
“And for my dead, my Father, may I pray,
Ah! Sighs may soothe, but prayer will soothe me more,
Oh! Rest their souls, my Father, I implore.
Forgive my foes, they know not what they do,
Forgive them all the tears they made me shed,
Forgive the, though my noblest sons they slew,
And bless them, though they cursed my poor dear, dead.”

Another of the kind hearted, noble, lovable women of the old South has been called home. Soon all that we will have left of that class of women will be only a memory, but what a precious, happy memory it is. She was my friend and the friend of my family for forty years. I loved and admired her, but I know today that there is a heaven, which fact no sensible man questions, that Mrs. Brooks is there. If we could draw aside the think veil that intervenes between us and that home over there, I am satisfied we could see her standing in the presence of the Hold Mother and the Savior, surrounded by her friends, and with her soldier brother and soldier husband and sainted mother, with a sweet smile on her face, looking down towards earth, and beckoning her children and grandchildren to come on. To her children, and grandchildren, my heart goes out in tenderest sympathy.

O. S. Barton,
Cartage, Missouri

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