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The following transcription was compiled by Dennis Northcott in January 2010. The transcriber tried to retain the original spelling and punctuation of the document. These reminiscences were published in the *St. Louis Republic* newspaper on July 26, 1908, under the title “‘Volunteer’ Reviews History of First Missouri Regiment.”

In some cases, small portions of the original document are missing. In these cases, the missing text was supplied from the aforementioned newspaper article; this inserted text is in brackets in this transcription. The original document includes many proofreader’s edits and words that were crossed out. This crossed out text has been retained in the transcription whenever it was legible. The original document, written in pencil, contains 27 pages.

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Proofs to Mr. Knapp & Mr. McAuliffe

Reminiscences of the 1st Regt Mo Vol Militia Infantry

In the winter of 1859, I engaged as company drummer with Capt. Geo. W. West's Company G of the 1st Regt ~~Mo Vol~~ of Infantry, Missouri Volunteer Militia. ~~Infantry~~ The other commissioned officers of the company were Jos Hamblin, 1st Lieut, Sol. Scott, Jr., 2nd Lieut, and A.C. Bernoudy, 3rd Lieut.

Among the "non-coms" were Sergts. Sam'l D. Hendel, Wm. C. Jones, Robt. Buchanan, J. Frank Aglar, Sam. Homans & T.C. Ready, whose names are all I can recall now.

This company also was known as the "Missouri Governor's Guard." Other companies of the "old 1st Infantry," as I recall them, were the St. Louis Grays, Capt. Burke, Lieut Steve Colman; Washington Blues, Capt. Jos. Kelly; Washington Guards, Capt Pat Gorman; Emmet Guard, Capt Wade; Montgomery Guard, Capt Pat Naughton; [City Guards, Independent Guards,]

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Sarrsfield Guards and Jackson Guards.

Where the Armories Were

A.R. Easton was Colonel and John Knapp Lieut Colonel commanding the Regiment. I do not recall the names of the Major or Quartermaster, but I think W.C. Buchanan was the Adjutant, with rank of Captain.

The Missouris, Grays, Emmets and Washingtons had their Armory in the third floor of Thornton's Livery Stable, now the Vendome Livery Stable, on the South side of Walnut St. between 3rd and 4th Sts.

The Washington Blues armory was at Verandah Hall, on the west side of Fourth St. between St. Charles St. and Washington Ave., now the site of the J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co building. The Montgomerys and one or two other companies used the third floor of the Ubsdell, Pierson & Co building, on the East side of 4th street between Vine and St. Charles streets, as their armory and drill room.

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Capt. West was strict

The first regimental parade in which I participated was on St. Jackson's day, Jan. 8, 1860. It was the custom of my company to have a street parade once a month, when the weather was reasonable and in the inclement seasons a full dress drill and dance monthly in addition to the weekly drills at the armory.

Capt. West, a Veteran of the Mexican War, was a severe drill master, paying close attention to

what others might consider the little points in the drill regulations. Nevertheless, he was loved and respected by every one of the boys in his company almost as a father, for while he corrected deficiencies sharply, he was just as ready with commendations when they were deserved.

~~On~~ the June 30, 1860, the Regiment was ordered into camp for one week at the Fair Grounds on Grand Av. and Natural Bridge road. We marched there Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning

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I was detailed as Orderly Drummer at Regimental Headquarters, where I first became acquainted with Lieut. Col. John Knapp, commanding the regiment in the absence of Col. Easton.

Camp named for Explorer

This camp was named "Camp Lewis," as I was informed, in honor of Col Meriwether Lewis, the Explorer. ~~At this camp~~ Besides the 1st Infantry, there were the Engineers' Battalion, a company of Cavalry and a battery of light artillery. There also was a company of Zouaves, Capt Cook, from Springfield, Ill., if I remember correctly.

Our time at this camp was occupied with squad and company drills, guard mounting, parade at troop in the forenoon and dress parade at retreat in the afternoon. ~~On~~ Wednesday, July 4, in addition to the parades, we had a dance in the Amphitheater, winding up at ~~12 P.M.~~ midnight with the order: "Clear all citizens from the enclosure."

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Saturday evening, July 7, we marched into the city to Lucas Market Square on 12th St., where we were dismissed, each company going to its own armory, tired and glad the encampment was over and hoping that the encampment of next year would be either a month earlier or three months later in the year.

Praise for Lieut Col Knapp

During this encampment, it fell to my lot, as being the most expert drummer of the regiment, to be orderly drummer for five days duty. This detail brought me into closer acquaintance with Lieut Col. John Knapp, commanding the regiment, ~~than would have happened otherwise~~ and a more considerate, kindly-spoken commanding officer I have never known. When I made a mistake or misunderstood an order, he never gave me a harsh or abusive word in his corrections, and that is a lot more than ~~can~~ may be said of many commanding officers.

In Nov, 1860, the regiment was ordered to take part in an expedition to the Kansas border. This was known as the Southwest Expedition. The route was by the Pacific Railroad to its terminus, Smithton, thence by march across the country, from water to water, to our destination, a few miles from

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Fort Scott.

After the Jayhawkers

On the morning of the fourth day of our outward march, I saw prairie chickens for the first time in my life, a flock of them flying up in front of me from the head of the column so close that I killed two ~~of them~~ by throwing my drumsticks at them. In this expedition, it again was my fortune to be detailed as orderly drummer at regimental headquarters and I was kept there for ten consecutive days' duty, Col John Knapp being in command of the regiment and most of the march commanding the brigade. We were told that the object of this expedition was to corral the Kansas "Jayhawkers," commanded by "Jennison" and "Montgomery," if they should cross into Missouri, while Gen Harney, with a command of U.S. Regulars was coming in from the west with a view of arresting and capturing the ~~aforsaid~~ "Jayhawkers." How we didn't do it is a matter of history. On our outward march in the afternoon of one day at a place called Dry Woods, so named because there was a grove of small trees but no water near, we were met by a party of men on horseback, who rode slowly by us at a little distance from our left flank.

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~~making~~ They made no ~~audible~~ remarks to us, though what they conversed about ~~between~~ among themselves, I afterwards learned, would have interested us much, ~~if we had we~~ but known it.

Anxious to give battle

~~One morning~~ I afterwards learned from Col. Jennison's own lips that ~~these were~~ this was a party of the very "Jayhawkers" we were to corral, that he was with them, that they overheard some of our men grumbling because the ammunition had not been issued to the men, except to those doing guard duty, that his men were armed each with a brace of Colt revolvers and a short carbine, ~~and~~ that they were anxious to attack the "St. Louis dandies," as they termed us, and give us a "taste of hell."

Jennison reminded them that they were in Missouri ~~but if the St. Louis~~ and must keep their hands off, but if the St. Louis men crossed the line into Kansas, then it would be different.

Early one morning on our outward march, just before "Reveille," the guard admitted within the lines a farm wagon containing a man, his wife, ~~and~~ two children and his mother.

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"Jayhawkers" Start a Fire

The man said he lived about seven miles away from us. He and his family had heard our drums the night before ~~that~~. They had never seen a drum ~~and~~ so his "old marm" made him "hitch up" his team and bring her and his family to our camp ~~so they could see the drums~~. As they arrived early enough, they saw and heard the drums from "reveille" to "generale" and "march."

We remained about a week at our camp, "Daniel Boone," ~~about~~ which was two or three miles from the Kansas line. ~~camped on~~ The grass surrounding our encampment was tall and dry, as we learned one day. Dinner call had just been sounded, when from our picket line came the sound of firing and the cry of fire.

It was fire sure enough, coming straight ~~for~~ toward our camp. Dinner was dropped. Every one was ordered to wet his blanket and ~~go and~~ fight the fire by beating it out with his wet blanket. After about an hour's hard work the fire was turned, so that it passed around our camp, doing us and our camp equipage but little damage.

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This fire was only a little joke put up on us by our friends the "Jayhawkers," who lay in the tall grass on a hill or ridge about a quarter of a mile back of our camp and enjoyed the spectacle of our amateur fire fighters at work.

Another cruel jest

Another little jest ~~of our~~ perpetrated by our Kansas friends is worth relating. One day a farm wagon was driven into our camp by a woman who told ~~her~~ a tale of woe to Gen Frost, commander of our expedition. She said her husband, a Mr. White, I ~~think~~ believe, a Missouri immigrant to Kansas, had been killed by the "Jayhawkers," her home robbed of provisions and that she, with four children had been left destitute. ~~and alone in the world~~ Her story was believed, her necessities relieved with hard bread, salt pork and such other supplies as our commissary's and quartermaster's stores afforded. She was then sent on her way as comfortable as she could be expected to be under the circumstances and considering the fact that "Mrs. White" really was Mrs. Jennison, the wife of one of the commanders of our "Jayhawker" friends.

Finally, it was determined by the ruling powers to leave a permanent party ~~stationed~~ near our camp, with the result that the Southwest Battalion was organized with

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Major Emmet McDonald in command and Chas. B. West, son of my captain, Sergeant Major.

War Rumors Start

~~After~~ When this organization was perfected, we took up our homeward march, arriving in St. Louis after an absence of twenty-three days. As we left the train at Seventh and Poplar Sts., our champion fifer "Red Mike" Salmon, struck up the then popular tune "Aint I glad to get out of the Wilderness" and we marched to our various company armories. ~~We we~~ Our company wound up the day of our return with a dinner at Barnum's Hotel, where we feasted until almost too full for utterance.

Drills and dress drills at the armory were at once resumed. These, with the regular parades Jan 8 and Feb. 22, 1861, filled up the time until the order came for the regular annual encampment at Lindell Grove, known in history as "Camp Jackson." ~~which~~ This opened Monday, ~~the sixth of~~ May 6, 1861. Rumors of war between the states and actual acts of secession had ~~occurred~~ taken place, but the regimental officers ~~leaders~~ of the 1st Infantry had as individuals declared themselves Union men.

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Before ordering the 1st Infantry into camp, Lieut Col. Knapp had a distinct understanding with Col John McNeil of the 3rd U.S.R.C. Mo. Infantry, commanding the post of St. Louis, that the 1st Infantry, M.V.M. [Missouri Volunteer Militia], would leave the camp not later than 6 p.m. of Saturday, May 11 and march into the city ~~and~~ where it would disband; that until after that hour and day, the camp was not to be disturbed by Co. McNeils forces.

Ready For Attack

Wednesday, May 8, rumors began to spread through the camp of an intended attack upon it by Illinois troops in conjunction with the newly-organized volunteer regiments of the city, composed mainly of Germans ~~or Dutchmen as they were popularly termed~~. Around ~~our~~ the camp fires of the 1st Infantry the general expression was about this way:

“If the U.S. regulars attack the camp, I won’t lift a finger in resistance, but if the Illinois, Iowa or ~~Dutch~~ German troops make the attack, I’m ready for a fight.”

~~On~~ Wednesday ~~P.M.~~ afternoon, I was detailed as special orderly drummer at Lieut Col Knapp’s headquarters, with orders to remain on duty night and day, until relieved ~~by further orders~~.

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In consequence of this, I was compelled to remain close by the headquarters tent all the time. Thursday brought more rumors of an intended attack upon the camp. Thursday night was dark and rainy, so I sat on a camp stool with my drum “braced up” by my side, ready to beat the “long roll alarm” at a moment’s notice.

Federal troops appear

No enemy having appeared, ~~on~~ Friday morning ~~quite~~ a large proportion of the boys obtained half day leaves of absence, to bring out their friends from the city to see the grand drill and dress parade, scheduled in general orders for the afternoon of that day. Well we had a drill and parade sure enough, but not just exactly as we had planned it. A little before noon, word came in that Gen Lyon, with a ~~big~~ large army was coming after us. ~~and~~ Soon we saw a battery of artillery planted on the hill west of us, then another north and another south of our camp, while regiment after regiment of infantry ~~and~~ volunteers and one company of U.S. regulars under Capt T.W. Sweeney, a veteran of the Mexican War where he lost his right arm, gradually closed in on the ridges around our camp. The camp was down in a hollow some twenty five to thirty feet below the present level of the streets now covering the site.

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Troops Surrender to Lyon

As soon as the first startle at the appearance of the Federal troops had passed, Capt. West ordered his company to fall in for company drill saying: “Men, don’t pay any attention to them.” Capt. West soon was sent for ~~at~~ to report at Brigade Headquarters and leaving the company standing at a “parade rest,” he obeyed the call.

Although it seemed a long time it was really but a few minutes when he returned and assuming command said practically as follows: "Men, this camp is to be surrendered to Gen. Lyon and we with it as prisoners of war. We are to be marched

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to the United States Arsenal tonight and after that God alone knows what disposition will be made of us.

Surrender made gracefully

"Our private property is not to be molested nor taken from us. Capt. Sweeney's regulars will occupy our camp to night and I have arranged to have one of you paroled to remain here tonight and to go to the city tomorrow after ~~and get~~ a wagon to haul our property to town, ~~and~~ where it will be stored it with some friend until our case is settled. ~~Now~~ "Pack your property as closely as possible, leave it in your tents and fall in on the company parade ground as soon as you can."

When the company was again formed, which was done as quickly and regularly as at any other time and after a few preliminary evolutions in the manual of arms, ~~as~~ Capt West, ~~said~~ just to show ~~those Hessians~~ that we were soldiers, gave the order ~~was given~~ to stack arms, hang the belts and accoutrements on the stacks, ~~of arms and~~ then right face, forward march into our assigned march to "Yankee Doodle" position at the head of the column of prisoners between two ranks of Federals.

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We marched in on Olive St. nearly to Cardinal Ave., where we were halted until the rest of the prisoners were brought into position.

While standing there, Lieut Col. Knapp came along and spoke to Capt West, who said to us, "Men, your officers are going to the Arsenal with you as prisoners, to share your fortunes whatever they may ~~chance to~~ be. If you are offered a release on any terms, remember that your officers went in with you and see to it that as far as you can, they come out with you." Ours was the "color company" of the regiment. Now, bring the national flag to the front of the column. ~~and~~

Turning to me ~~said~~ he added "Billy, you see that when we march in to the Arsenal that it is to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' so that they ~~Hessians~~ may know that we are Americans."

Right here let me say that all ~~orders we obeyed~~ these orders were obeyed to the letter.

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Soldiers Fire On Citizens

While standing in line, awaiting the orders to march, we were startled by hearing the sound of fire arms apparently two blocks west of us. Directly on the ridge ~~in~~ north of where we were standing and in our front was a regiment, largely German in its composition. ~~who~~ They hooted at us to their hearts' content. Under direction of our officers we remained quiet.

Just after the firing, ~~above noted~~ we saw men of this regiment without orders raise their muskets

and fire directly into a crowd of citizen spectators a little off to the northwest. We cried shame on them and Capt West said to ~~one capt~~ the captain of one company whom he knew, "Captain, for God's sake stop your men, this is murder they are committing. ~~and added~~ You ought to place those men under arrest."

The Federal captain ordered his men to cease firing and then said: "Capt. West, I can't arrest any one. How can I tell who did the shooting?"

At this I called out, "Spring your rammers. Then you can see who have fired their muskets."

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"Yes," Capt West called out. "Captain, spring your rammers."

Cheered by spectators

The Federal captain at first said, "I can't do it." Then he gave the command to his lieutenants to examine the muskets of the men by springing the rammers ~~to discover whose muskets were empty~~ but the work was done so slowly and carelessly that the men who had loaded pieces exchanged with those whose pieces had been discharged, so that the inspection amounted to nothing.

After standing in line for what seemed a long, long time the orders, "Right face, Forward march," were given and the march to the U.S. Arsenal was begun. As we went down Olive St, men, women and children, spectators of our predicament, cheered for us and hooted ~~and cursed~~ our captors.

Before we reached the eastern part of the city we were turned southward. I do not now recall on what street and ~~some time~~ about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, arrived at the main entrance to the Arsenal grounds, where we were halted for a few minutes by the sentinels on duty. The soldiers of the Arsenal guard who were standing around came as close to us as they could and looking closely at our flag, counted the stars and stripes, remarking,

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"Why, their flag has all the stars and stripes in full. ~~can't see~~ Why are these men called rebels and secessionists when they carry the old flag?"

How they passed night

As the gate was opened for us to march into the enclosure "Red Mike" Salmon ~~our principal fifer~~ struck up ~~the old American tune~~ "Yankee Doodle," as Capt West had ~~asked~~ directed ~~before we left Camp Jackson~~ and to that tune, we marched into the Arsenal.

My company, the Missouri Guard, ~~with~~ the City Guard, the Independent Guard and the National Guard, Co A Engineers, ~~National Guard~~ were marched into the garret of a big stone building, where straw had been spread upon the floor and we were left to spend the night as best we ~~might~~ could. We were crowded so closely that it was impossible to lie down on the floor, so we

arranged ourselves by a row of men nearest a wall sitting down with their backs to the wall ~~with~~ and their legs spread apart. Between the knees of these men another row sat down in the same way and leaned back against the breasts of the first row. This was repeated again and again and in this position we passed the night. Comfortable, wasn't it?

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General Lyon's Message

[Transcriber's note: The following two sentences are crossed out on the manuscript.]

A small space in one corner of the room was reserved as—ahem, a toilet—for those who were compelled to attend the calls of nature. As many of us had not eaten anything since breakfast in the morning ~~you~~ it may readily be imagined that we were glad of the chance to sit down and stay “sot.”

Shortly after, we were under cover, we could hear the raindrops on the roof ~~over our heads~~ and feel the moisture coming in through the open windows. But the air was so ~~hot and~~ stifling that we let the windows remain open all night.

Daylight came at last and at about ~~seven~~ 7 o'clock, ~~A.M.~~ we were ordered out of our garret. ~~and~~ We were marched to quarters on the first floor of a larger building, where we had room to move about a little and plenty of fresh air. About ~~eight~~ 8 o'clock, we were served a luxurious breakfast of two “hard tacks” and a cup of water to each man. This was all the food we had that day.

About ~~nine~~ 9 o'clock ~~A.M.~~ a lieutenant of artillery made his appearance at the door of our quarters and announced himself as the bearer of a message from General Lyon.

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He said General Lyon would at once release any and all of us who would take an oath of allegiance to the United States. I was among the nearest the door ~~at the time~~ and repeated the message to my comrades. ~~farther back~~

Proposition Is Refused

We made no reply at first but as the officer became insistent ~~for an answer~~ I said, “I'll do no such thing. I have violated no law of the United States and to take that oath under present circumstances and conditions, in itself would be a tacit admission of ~~wrong~~ guilt of at least an attempted violation of the United States laws. ~~and~~ I'll make no such admission.” ~~and~~ Turning to my comrades I said: “Boys, what do you say?” The reply was: “You're right, Billy, and we're with you.”

After some further conversation in which he attempted to make us recede from our determination, the lieutenant left us. ~~to return in a short time~~ He returned soon and repeated the proposition. Upon being again refused he said, “What will you do? We don't want to keep you here forever.”

I replied: “You can parole us not to take up arms against the United States.”

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“No,” he ~~says~~ said, “we can’t do that the parole is only for commissioned officers.”

Defiance Hurlled

“Then we’ll stay here,” we said.

“But,” ~~says~~ declared the officer, “If you are willing to give your parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States, why not take the oath of allegiance.”

“See here,” ~~says~~ I replied. “I am American born and of Revolutionary war stock. My maternal and paternal grandfathers were both ~~of them being~~ soldiers of that war under Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Schuyler and Gates. My mother’s brother was a soldier in the war of 1812. If released from the Arsenal, I ~~shall~~ will very probably go into the United States service. But I’ll be d—d if I’ll ever take an oath of allegiance to the United States after being brought here by these Hessians, when I know that I have not violated any law of my country.

“Rather than do that I’ll stay here till H—I freezes over, so that Gen Lyon can walk out on the ice.”

Away ~~goes~~ went Mr. Officer, leaving us to our own ~~think~~ thoughts.

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Agreement Violated

Hearing quite a hubbub in the grounds around us, as many of us could do so, crowded to the doors and windows to see what was the cause of the tumult. ~~which~~ We soon learned it was due to the return of the German Volunteers, who had been left in charge of our late camp. They had with them not only all our camp equipage and arms, but also all of the private baggage of our men, excepting, as we afterwards discovered, the private baggage of my own company, which, being in charge of Capt Sweeney’s regulars, we found intact after our release. This private baggage was broken open and stolen right there in our sight in violation of the terms of surrender of our camp and likewise in direct violation of the 47th article of war.

About an hour after the entrance of the troops, ~~as above stated~~ our Lieutenant again appeared with a message.

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“General Lyon,” [he said, “must get you out of] this Arsenal. The guards on duty over you are the regulars who have been on duty forty-eight hours and must be relieved. They are your protection from these ~~Dutch~~ German volunteers, who are determined to eat you up. Now General Lyon asks you for your own sakes to take the oath of allegiance and be released.”

All must go or none

Our reply was, "Present our compliments to General Lyon and tell him it's a ~~hell~~ of a commanding officer ~~that~~ who can't protect his prisoners from his own men."

"Do you mean for me to say that to General Lyon?"

"We ~~just do~~ mean that very thing."

"All right, I'll report what you say."

He ~~left us~~ departed only to return about ~~two~~ 2 p.m. with this, "General Lyon will release all privates and non-commissioned officers on their giving their parole not to take up arms against the United States."

"How about our commissioned officers? Are they to be released with us?"

"No, they are to be held subject to a decision as to their trial for treason."

"Then you'll keep all of us."

"Boys," I said. "Our officers came in here with us. General Lyon wants to parole us and keep them prisoners. You know we promised Col Knapp and Capt West [to stick together.] Now I say, all [paroled together or all stay here together.]"

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The Point Is Won

"You're right and we all say the same."

"You've got your answer, Lieutenant."

"Well men, I'm sorry for you," said the officer. "If you don't accept this proposal, you may be held prisoners until the end of the war and made to work on fortifications and such work."

"That don't worry us. All paroled together or all stay prisoners, that's final."

Away ~~goes~~ went our Federal lieutenant, remarking as he left, "Well, you certainly are a faithful set of men."

Returning after a while, ~~to say~~ he said, "I am to tell you that General Lyon has decided to release you all, officers and men, on parole not to take up arms against the United States. Now what do you say?"

"Bring us our officers, Col Knapp, Capt West and the others, and let them tell us that."

"Why, ~~laughing~~, won't you take my word for it?"

“Yes, we’ll take your word that you were told to say this, but we want to hear it from our officers as well, and then we’ll know it’s true.”

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“All right, just as you say.” ~~leaving~~ He left us, to appear in a few minutes with Col Knapp, Capt West, and others of our officers, who assured us that our release on parole had been agreed to and that as soon as a steamer could be brought from the city, we would be paroled and sent up to the city by boat.

Way Blocked by Mob

Col. Knapp told us that Gen. Lyon assured him the greatest difficulty was to get us away from the Arsenal in safety, as Carondelet Ave., now Broadway, was filled with a howling mob, as far north as could be seen from the Arsenal wall.

“I’ll fix that for you, ~~I told him~~” said Col. Knapp. “Just you give us our arms loaded, and two extra cartridges to each man, ~~and we’ll~~ then open the northwest gate and we’ll go through that crowd like rats through soft cheese.”

Gen. Lyon’s reply was, “I haven’t the slightest doubt that you’d do it, Colonel, but I can’t let you try it.”

While this was going on in our quarters, an attempt was made to parole the Grays without paroling their commissioned officers. Their acting first sergeant was directed to have his men fall in and march them out into line for parole. He did so, but before the paroling officer commenced speaking the sergeant inquired as to the fate of the commissioned officers of his company. He was told that was as yet not decided, [that] the officers were to be held and the [men paroled. He and the Grays refused the parole, and were returned to their prison quarters.]

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[Landed in City]

About five P.M. we were ordered out of our prison room and formed in line of two ranks ~~for~~ to be paroled. I was at the extreme right of the line. While waiting for the business to begin, I felt a hand on my right shoulder and turning ~~my head~~ around I saw ~~that it belonged to~~ a first lieutenant of artillery U.S. Regulars, who in a low voice ~~asked~~ said, “Drummer what troops are these?”

I replied, “The Missouri Guards, the City Guards, the Independent Guards, companies of the First Infantry Missouri Volunteer Militia and Co A National Guard Engineers.”

He looked down the line and said, “God, they are a fine looking lot of men. I wish I had command of a regiment of a thousand such men.”

I said, “What would you do with them if you had them?”

He answered By God I'd clean these ~~and dutchmen~~ fellows out of this Arsenal so quick twould make their heads swim."

Then came the commands, "Attention. Hold up your right hands," and the administration of the parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States until formally exchanged or released from the parole. After this we were marched aboard the steamer waiting for us. ~~and~~ Coming up to the city we landed at the foot of Chestnut St. The first Infantry, leaving the steamer, marched up Chestnut St. to within

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a few feet of Fourth Street, where it was halted and brought to a front face.

Colonel Knapp Thanks Them

Lieut. Col. Knapp said substantially as follows: "Men, you have stood by your officers faithfully and well and we thank you for it. Remember that we are all of us now paroled prisoners, ~~and are~~ paroled on honor and see to it that none of you violates your parole. Go to your homes quietly and soberly and remain good citizens."

The ranks were then broken, each man going his own way. Such was the end of the ~~First Infantry Missouri~~ First Regiment of Infantry, Missouri Volunteer Militia.

Wm. Streeter