to Gen'l Fremont's office, which was in a little frame building, the Gen'l sitting at the end of quite a long table facing the door that I entered.

I never can forget the appearance of the man as he sat there, with his piercing eye, hair parted in the middle. I then ripped from my coat lining the document which had been sewed in there and handed the same to him, which he nervously took and opened. He glanced at the superscription and then at the signature at the bottom, not looking at the contents. A frown came over his brow and he slammed the paper down on the table and said, "Sir, how did you get admission into my lines ?" I told him that I had come in as a messenger bearing information from the rebel lines. He waved me out, saying "That will do for the present." As before stated, I had orders to make the contents of the orders immediately known as soon as delivered. The first man I met was Gen'l Sturgis to whom I communicated the facts above stated. The next man I met was Gen'l McKinstry, Chief Quartermaster, to whom I also gave the information. I was then overtaken by the Chief of Staff, Eaton, who said that Gen'l Fremont was much disappointed with the communication as he had thought that I had information from the rebel forces, and that I do not make the message known for the present.

I then told Col. Eaton that I had important dispatches for Gen'l Hunter and would like transportation and a guide, and he remarked he would consult Gen'l Fremont on the subject. He soon returned with the information that he did not know where Gen'l Hunter was and refused to give me any transportation, saying that he had been relieved

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

and had no authority to do so. Eaton also stating that he had no authority in the premises. I then went to a self-styled Col. Richardson who had a kind of a marauding company having neither been mustered into the U. S. service or the State service. I gave him to understand that I would use my influence to have him regularly mustered into the service, whereupon he furnished me with a good horse and a pretended guide ~~who afterwards proved himself to be a coward and without knowledge~~. I could get ny information in regard to Hunter but there was a rumor that he was making towards Springfield and was in the region of a place called Buffalo. I therefore started out about eleven o'clock at night on the Buffalo road. ~~I had no difficulty getting past the first line of pickets as an express bearer, and as I had accidentally heard the officer of the day give the officer of the guard the password.~~ I had not, however, passed very far out on the road when I was overtaken by a Dutch lieutenant who was officer of the guard, who demanded that I halt, as Gen'l Fremont had given orders to pass no one through the lines in or out without his special permit. I replied, "All right," and we dismounted at a little fire on the second cordon of pickets and I took from my hat lining a little slip of paper from Gen'l Curtis and undid it before the flickering light and particularly pointed out Maj. Gen'l at the bottom, running my finger over it, stating that I was in no great hurry. He immediately replied, "All right," and passed me ~~through the second line~~ and on through the third line, and after great difficulty I reached the town Buffalo about daylight, but could hear nothing of Gen'l Hunter; ~~and here I will diverge a little from~~

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

mystery, that is, never to say anything against a man's town, no matter how insignificant it is. Buffalo is a little insignificant town on a clay hill, deep gutters being washed through the streets by the rains. The landlord, a little fellow about five feet four inches high, very broad and fat, had imbibed the idea that I was some important personage, was exceedingly polite and obliging and danced around and killed his last chicken and prepared a good breakfast for me and was very communicative and gave me all the information that he possessed. I sat down a few minutes to rest and made the remark that his town was a hard looking town. A frown immediately came over his brow. He took both hands and threw one leg over the other, which by-the-by was a great effort, and he then threw himself back in his chair, putting his thumbs under the lapel of his coat, and looked daggers at me. "Well," says he," I thought it was a God damn fat town." After that I could not get a civil word out of him. I could get no information in regard to Gen'l Hunter at this place. I left my guide and started out on the road to Boliver. I had not proceeded more than twelve or fifteen miles before I heard the rattling of horses' hoofs in my rear. I stopped to await their arrival and found that they were a small detachment of Hunter's troops to inform me that Hunter had just arrived in Buffalo, whereupon I retraced my steps and delivered my message to Gen'l Hunter in person. Gen'l Hunter immediately started for Springfield in a four-mule ambulance. Arriving he issued a short proclamation assuming command. It was thought by some that this would produce a mutiny among the

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

foreign element. It however did not. Gen'l Fremont having previously prepared, started immediately for St. Louis accompanied by a large body guard of the foreign element, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and French. About midnight of the same night it was discovered that Fremont had taken with him his paymaster with all the funds that belonged to the army #

I was again dispatched with orders for the Commander, Gen'l Hunter, to have the paymaster arrested, and to get past Fremont, if possible, without being intercepted. I passed around his lines unobserved and had gone a few miles when my horse gave down, this being about one o'clock at night. I was here compelled to do a deed that I had never done before nor since. I succeeded in getting into the stable of a leading rebel of the country and stole a mule, or rather exchanged my horse for his mule. It proved to be a very sensible animal and in some respects had more sense than I had. I arrived at the Osage river, which had to be passed, at about two o'clock at night, the second day of November, the river being very much swollen; and over the bottom lands just before entering the water my mule shied and there was a keen report of a gun of some kind. Being right in the midst of bushwhackers this alarmed me, but smelling the powder very quickly I thought that one of my own pistols had exploded, which proved to be the fact, the ball just grazing my foot. Then burying my dragoon spurs into my mule I pressed on, guessing at the road and could see nothing but the dark water as it rushed by me and glittered as it struck the limbs and

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

snags in my front. This is about the first time my heart sank within me. At this time my mule stopped and refused to go any farther, the water then being about up to my saddle skirts. We had arrived at the original banks of the stream and instinct told me the mule that there was deep water and trouble ahead. I again buried my spurs in my mule, all but lifting him off his feet. He suddenly plunged in. I held myself firmly in the saddle. I do not know how deep he went down but he came to the surface about twenty-five yards below, the current being very rapid, and struck the shore with his forefeet on the same side that he entered, and whirled around as if he was in a whirlpool. This same thing was repeated several times until we reached about a half mile below, when we struck a flat place and we got out on the same side we went in on. As there was no chance to get across something else must be done. I recollected having seen a light in the woods about two miles before I got to the river, which I had avoided, thinking they were bushwhackers. Nearly frozen I now resolved to go back to this light. I approached it and was halted by a sentinel who came very near shooting me; he being a foreigner I was unable to communicate with him. I showed him my pass and gave him to understand that I wanted to see the officer of the guard. He finally called for him, and I found him to be a Frenchman and in command of two companies of French sappers and miners en route to join Fremont. I swapped some of my clothing for dry garments and was shown a temporary bridge that Fremont had crossed on. This soon led me into a

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

little intensely rebel town called Warsaw. Not knowing which way to go I rode up to a prominent house on the main street and called up the occupant. I asked him the road to Sedalia. Without answering my question he asked me where I was from. I was foolish enough to tell him Springfield. It being known at that time that Fremont was occupying that place, and of course he would infer that I was a federal, and without giving me any answer he went back into the house. My suspicions were aroused that he went back for his gun, and with a few parting remarks that were not learned in the Sunday school, I made a hasty retreat from the house and took to a main road, as I supposed, in the direction of Sedalia. The road having just been opened to that place. Luckily I struck the right road and after being lost for a time on an immense prairie I reached Sedalia just before the cars and military guard was leaving for St. Louis. I dismounted from my mule leaving him standing unhitched with all his equipage, and went to the telegraph office and telegraphed my instructions to the Commander of the Dept. of Missouri at St. Louis, then got on the cars just as they were starting and arrived at St. Louis the same day, Nov. 3rd, and reported to the commanding officer, Gen'l S. R. Curtis. The paymaster was met at the depot and arrested when he arrived at St. Louis and the funds returned where they belonged.

I will here state that the impression prevailed among some of the knowing ones that Gen'l Fremont thought the Southern confederacy would gain their independence and that he was going to establish him-

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

self as a Western dictator, and with this in view was fast surrounding himself with the foreign element; and wherever he could hear of any of this element he had them mustered out and attached to his immediate corps without any regard to regularity, and I think this was one of the reasons that I was instructed to make his removal known immediately as I had intimations that I might be spirited away and he might claim that he had never received any orders of removal.

When Gen'l Fremont was appointed Commander in the West, I think there was no name around which the people would rally with more enthusiasm. The opinion later expressed was that he was inefficient as a General or a financier. This being generally understood, why Gen'l Wm. K. Strong of New York, a successful wool merchant and financier, was sent out to be Fremont's chief of staff, Fremont being so perfectly reckless in regard to his expenditures. This position, however, Strong never occupied, as Fremont was removed about that time. After Fremont had been relieved I was made Inspector General of the Department of Missouri; and all of Fremont's records were placed in my hands which had accumulated while he was in command of the Department. These records I found deposited in drygoods boxes. An office was opened upstairs on the corner of Fourth and Washington Ave. and these records selected out, briefed and numbered, a work that took many clerks for months.

I will now bring this to a close. It has been dictated hastily from memory and is incomplete in many interesting details. I am aware that most of it is material that you do not want. Select what you wish, put it in proper shape and relegate the balance of it

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

to the waste basket. But before closing I will state that there was two others sent on the same mission to Fremont with copies of the original documents removing him.

H. Z. Curtis, a son of Gen'l Curtis, and a Mr. Boynton, a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, the Inquirer. These men went by another circuitous route and I cannot say whether they ever arrived on the ground or not; if so it was several days after I did.

You speak of the emancipation proclamation of Fremont. I think it was premature and caused the regignation of very many officers, some who were personally known to me who afterwards became the most bitter copperheads.

A short time after this I saw Leonard Swett at the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, who said the President had read my report of the delivery of this message and that he expressed himself as exceedingly well pleased, and if Capt. McKenny's friends would indicate what they wished in regard to his promotion, he would respond to their wishes, and as nothing was asked for, either by my friends or myself, nothing was given and so the matter rested.

Yours truly,

T. I. McKenny

Digital Image 2009 The Ida M. Tarbell Collection 1890-1944 Allegheny College Pelletier Library