

best equipped and best drilled Federal troops in Missouri. If they had been lacking in training and equipment as we, the battle could not have lasted a half hour. Instead it was about 10 o'clock when they began to feel shy they were beaten. But even then a wonderful thing happened. Although nearly every officer among them had been either killed or wounded, the survivors marched off toward the southeast in the best of order.

"When they abandoned their battery, they carefully spiked the two guns, and we never got the tubs horded out until we were away down in Arkansas. The guns were fine brass 12-pounders."

ASTOR THE BATTLE.

After the battle had ceased and the Federals had retreated, persons from the surrounding country poured into the little town and gazed with wonder on the sad sight. There lay scores of dead; there were the smoking ruins of all the principal buildings; there was the little Confederate army almost as badly crippled as the enemy.

J. S. Yankee of Independence, though too young at the time to be a combatant, was one of the first to arrive. He said recently: "The afternoon was spent in burying the dead, and in caring for the wounded. Little time could be spared for ceremony or for unnecessary details. A place was selected for a burying ground. Two long trenches, each eighty feet long, six feet wide and three or four feet deep, were dug. The dead men were laid in these trenches as closely together as they would lie, the Federals in the one next to the road, the rebels in the one on the east."

ONE FIGHT FOR HIM.

The cemetery is a little rectangle eighty feet from east to west and one hundred feet from north to south. It is inclosed by an Iron fence and is near the western edge of a 40-acre meadow. Besides the soldiers buried in the two long trenches a few soldiers who died afterward, or a few persons related to the dead soldiers, also were buried here, but in separate places. This cemetery is not to be confounded with the general burying ground of Lone Jack, which is a half mile east of the town.

One of the men who fought in the Confederate firing line that day, Alfred Spahnour, still lives a short distance southeast of Lone Jack. He has never attended a celebration, giving as a reason: "I got enough of it the day of the battle."

Nearly every building that was left standing was riddled with rifle bullets and many of them bore marks of cannon balls. Houses at that time were nearly all built of hard native lumber, and for many years the marks of the struggle were as sharply defined as the day of battle.

LONE JACK'S SCAR OF HONOR
LITTLE LEFT EXCEPT MEMORIES OF THE BATTLE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Tomorrow the Half Century Anniversary of the Day When Gray Met Blue and the Flag of the South Triumphed.

Tomorrow, Friday, August 16, the day of the Lone Jack picnic, will be the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Lone Jack, one of the fiercest and bloodiest, for the comparatively small number of men engaged, of the entire Civil War.

How time flies! As one stands in the quiet, almost deserted little public square at Lone Jack it is difficult to conjure up from the long past the scene of the death of more than one hundred and fifty men in two or three hours on ten acres of ground.

The shot-riddled buildings have gone; nearly all who took part in the battle or lived in the village at the time have died. Little is left to recall that fateful morning except the tall marble shaft, shining among a clump of cedar trees; and here and there a gray man or woman who saw the battle.

LITTLE LEFT EXCEPT MEMORIES LEFT.

Now, as on the day of the battle, Lone Jack consists of two streets, or roads, crossing each other at right angles. One of these runs towards Strasburg on the south and Sal Mills on the north. That is the one on which the battle, mainly, was fought. The other runs toward Leo's Summit on the west and Warrensburg on the east, but is a half mile north of the battle ground. There are three or four stores, a blacksmith shop, a Baptist church a Union church, a broom pulper school and perhaps fifteen or twenty residences. That is about all there is to Lone Jack today—except its memories.

The praises of the Confederates who fought and died in the battle have been sung at every anniversary. Fifteen years after the battle this was put into more substantial form in a white marble shaft erected in the little cemetery to mark the graves of the Confederate dead. It bears this inscription on each of its four sides:

In Memory of the Confederates Who Fell in the Lone Jack Battle, August 16, 1862.

NO SUITABLE MEMORIAL TO THE UNION DEAD HAS EVER BEEN PLACED THERE. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that the ground on which the soldiers were buried is still privately owned. The title to it is in the heirs of William Easley, who are in Texas.

Four years ago the work of constructing a monument to the Union dead began. It was built seven feet high of concrete blocks sixteen inches square. The corner was to run it up a number of feet higher, tapering it toward the top in the customary way. But when it was half done the work for some reason stopped and there it has stood in an unfinished state four years. On the east side this inscription was painted but is now scarcely legible:

Completed August 16, 1904, to the Brave Men of Co. F, 8th Mo. S. M. Cavalry, Who Died in Defense of the Union and of the Flag on Aug. 16, 1862.

Below is painted a list of names of men surviving at that time. They are: W. L. Roney, J. L. Holloway, Phillip Hamel, T. H. Dunnegey and T. J. Nicholson.

A few weeks ago W. L. Roney, who was a corporal in Company F, Eighth M. S. M. Cavalry, and who lives now in Maquette, Kas., undertook again the construction of a monument to the Union men who fought in the battle. He decided not to try to have it erected in the cemetery, and picked out as the site the spot in the east side of the public square where the Federal battery stood during the fight. He planned to have the monument ready for dedication on the fiftieth anniversary and he hoped to have Governor Hadley make a dedication speech. A few weeks ago Roney went to Lone Jack and had a concrete foundation for the monument put in. Then he went away to have the concrete blocks for the pedestal and shaft made in this city.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF CORPORAL RONEY. Two weeks ago a little old man, with stooped shoulders and a thin white beard, drove to Leo's Summit in a cov-

ered wagon, such as movers use. He camped in the street near the Missouri Pacific station. Ever since then he has watched every freight train that came in from the west. He is Corporal Roney and he was hoping that his cherished monument would arrive in time for the anniversary. But Tuesday he said he had given up all hope of that, although it will be put up whenever it arrives.

"The monument I propose to build," Corporal Roney said, "will be eight feet square on the ground and about twenty-four feet tall. It will stand on the spot occupied by the Third Indiana Battery during the fight. I was a member of Company F, Eighth Missouri State Militia Cavalry. Maj. Emory Foster was in command of the Union forces. The monument will bear this inscription:

Erected by William L. Roney, a Survivor of Major Foster's Command, who Fought for the Union and the Flag, Aug. 16, 1862.

The Battle of Lone Jack was the Second in Severity Fought in Missouri, 1861-1865.

Presented to the People of Missouri, Aug. 14, 1912.

On the Spot Occupied by the Third Indiana Battery, Aug. 16, 1862.

THE BATTLE.

The afternoon of August 15, 1862, a strong body of Federal cavalry, under command of Maj. Emory Foster, rode into Lone Jack and camped on the east side of the public square. At 2 o'clock the morning of the 16th, the Confederates, who had just taken part in the battle of Independence, broke their camp at Little Blue and hastened quietly, but swiftly, to Lone Jack. Agriculture had been neglected and the fields and roadways were overgrown with immense weeds. The Confederates arrived within gunshot of the foe, who did not suspect their presence. There is a traditional story that the Confederates awakened the Federals and asked them to get ready for a fight, but that is not generally credited.

Apparently the first intimation the Federals had of trouble was when the Confederates, just at daybreak, began to blaze away at them through the weeds and hedge fences. At first the Union men were thrown into disorder, but soon discipline prevailed, and they prepared for a stiff fight. Officers and men on both sides were shot down by the dozen.

Apparently the losses were about equal. There was a hail of musketry throughout the deserted little village, and the booming of cannon was heard in Independence and Lexington. The Confederates captured the federal battery, but were unable to use it themselves. Then some of the Union men took refuge in a hotel which stood on the public square. Fire was set to it by the enemy and they were driven out.

CAPTURED GUNS WERE SPIKED.

J. C. Noel of Leo's Summit, who fought as a Confederate in the battle of Lone Jack, said a day or two ago: "I have

never ceased to wonder at the steadiness with which our men stood fire that day. The fight was Saturday morning. We had been recruited only on the preceding Thursday. We were nearly all strangers to one another. I knew only four or five of the men in our company. We were poorly equipped and almost totally lacking in military training. "Opposed to us were some of the

best equipped and best drilled Federal troops in Missouri. If they had been lacking in training and equipment as we, the battle could not have lasted a half hour. Instead it was about 10 o'clock when they began to feel shy they were beaten. But even then a wonderful thing happened. Although nearly every officer among them had been either killed or wounded, the survivors marched off toward the southeast in the best of order.

"When they abandoned their battery, they carefully spiked the two guns, and we never got the tubs horded out until we were away down in Arkansas. The guns were fine brass 12-pounders."

After the battle had ceased and the Federals had retreated, persons from the surrounding country poured into the little town and gazed with wonder on the sad sight. There lay scores of dead; there were the smoking ruins of all the principal buildings; there was the little Confederate army almost as badly crippled as the enemy.

J. S. Yankee of Independence, though too young at the time to be a combatant, was one of the first to arrive. He said recently: "The afternoon was spent in burying the dead, and in caring for the wounded. Little time could be spared for ceremony or for unnecessary details. A place was selected for a burying ground. Two long trenches, each eighty feet long, six feet wide and three or four feet deep, were dug. The dead men were laid in these trenches as closely together as they would lie, the Federals in the one next to the road, the rebels in the one on the east."

The cemetery is a little rectangle eighty feet from east to west and one hundred feet from north to south. It is inclosed by an Iron fence and is near the western edge of a 40-acre meadow. Besides the soldiers buried in the two long trenches a few soldiers who died afterward, or a few persons related to the dead soldiers, also were buried here, but in separate places. This cemetery is not to be confounded with the general burying ground of Lone Jack, which is a half mile east of the town.

One of the men who fought in the Confederate firing line that day, Alfred Spahnour, still lives a short distance southeast of Lone Jack. He has never attended a celebration, giving as a reason: "I got enough of it the day of the battle."

Nearly every building that was left standing was riddled with rifle bullets and many of them bore marks of cannon balls. Houses at that time were nearly all built of hard native lumber, and for many years the marks of the struggle were as sharply defined as the day of battle.

NO SUITABLE MEMORIAL TO THE UNION DEAD HAS EVER BEEN PLACED THERE. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that the ground on which the soldiers were buried is still privately owned. The title to it is in the heirs of William Easley, who are in Texas.

Four years ago the work of constructing a monument to the Union dead began. It was built seven feet high of concrete blocks sixteen inches square. The corner was to run it up a number of feet higher, tapering it toward the top in the customary way. But when it was half done the work for some reason stopped and there it has stood in an unfinished state four years. On the east side this inscription was painted but is now scarcely legible:

Completed August 16, 1904, to the Brave Men of Co. F, 8th Mo. S. M. Cavalry, Who Died in Defense of the Union and of the Flag on Aug. 16, 1862.

Below is painted a list of names of men surviving at that time. They are: W. L. Roney, J. L. Holloway, Phillip Hamel, T. H. Dunnegey and T. J. Nicholson.

A few weeks ago W. L. Roney, who was a corporal in Company F, Eighth M. S. M. Cavalry, and who lives now in Maquette, Kas., undertook again the construction of a monument to the Union men who fought in the battle. He decided not to try to have it erected in the cemetery, and picked out as the site the spot in the east side of the public square where the Federal battery stood during the fight. He planned to have the monument ready for dedication on the fiftieth anniversary and he hoped to have Governor Hadley make a dedication speech. A few weeks ago Roney went to Lone Jack and had a concrete foundation for the monument put in. Then he went away to have the concrete blocks for the pedestal and shaft made in this city.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF CORPORAL RONEY. Two weeks ago a little old man, with stooped shoulders and a thin white beard, drove to Leo's Summit in a cov-