SELECTIONS FROM THE HYATT MANUSCRIPTS.

Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York city, was, in 1856, President of the National Kansas Committee. This committee raised and disbursed hundreds of thousands of dollars to promote Free-State emigration, to sustain the Free-State settlers, and to aid them in carrying on measures for defense. During the fall and winter of that year large disbursements were made, of clothing, food, and seeds for the settlers. In these contributions Mr. Hyatt was perhaps the most liberal giver of all. He himself came out that winter, and occupied nearly a month in looking after this distribution, and gathering information in regard to the troubles, and the condition of the settlers. He reduced to writing the information he obtained. He has deposited with our Historical Society a portion of the manuscripts then made up. Among them are the statements of fifty-two persons who narrate their experiences in Kansas; some of them covering the period from 1854 to January, 1857. These papers are of great interest and value, as being the statements of witnesses of and participants in affairs; and as having been written down soon after the occurrences to which they relate. Besides these statements, there are in this contribution many other papers relating to Kansas; embracing among others, statistical statements of population, maps of localities, diagrams of battle-fields, Mr. Hyatt's journal of his tour through Kansas, and an account of his journey through Iowa to look after and direct the emigration to Kansas through that State. These papers contain much that goes to show how great a bearing the war in Kansas in 1856 had upon the Presidential campaign of that year, which resulted in so nearly electing Fremont, and which made possible the election of Mr. Lincoln four years later. Examples of these papers are here given, to indicate their character and value as materials of Kansas history:

KANSAS EXPERIENCE OF MRS. JAMES TOWNSLEY.*

NORTH POTAWATOMIE CREEK, Dec. 29, 1856.

My husband came with his family to Kansas in the month of November, 1855. We have four children. We are both natives of Maryland. My husband is a painter by trade. The business of painting not agreeing with his health, he thought farming would be healthier, and he concluded that he would sell out his interest in Palston, and

* An additional interest attaches to this statement, because it is made by the wife of a person who has more recently given testimony to circumstances in connection with what has been known as the "Pottawatomie creek tragedy," with which the name of Capt. John Brown has been associated.
emigrate to Kansas. We also thought that we would have a better opportunity to accumulate something for our children. We had, when we left Baltimore, eleven hundred dollars. We came by the river route. We boarded in Kansas City three weeks, when we reached that place. Our board cost $4 per week for each of us, and $2 apiece for the children. My husband went to Lawrence to negotiate for a claim. He found none that suited him, but when he returned he went with a man who directed us to Pottawatomie creek. This man accompanied us. We found a claim which suited us, for which Mr. Townsley paid eighty dollars. We might have found just as good a claim, and not paid anything, if we had not taken the word of the settlers who were on the creek at that time, who said that all of the claims had been taken which had timber. This we found to be false, as scarcely a claim had been taken at that time anywhere near us, and but a few on the creek. I did not come with my husband when he first came on the creek. The man who came with my husband remained to prepare a house for our reception, while he returned for me and the children. When we moved in there was no floor, neither door nor fire-place. We had bought a stove in Kansas City, paying $25 for it.

Our household goods did not reach Kansas City in time, and we were obliged to purchase many things that we would not have had to if our goods had arrived in season. We were compelled to pay out, on this account, more than $50.00, besides paying for the stove. We slept on an old hay bed more than three weeks after we arrived here. Mr. Townsley paid for a team of horses, in Kansas City, $225.00, (including a harness,) and $75.00 for a wagon, and about $100.00 for some goods that he afterwards sold, viz.—excepting what we consumed and have out yet, such as window-sash, nails, glass, &c. The goods which he purchased consisted of sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, tobacco, &c.

We got through the winter without any inconvenience except a cold house and considerable sickness of the children. Mr. Townsley was laid up with a lame foot for over a month, in the course of the winter. The house was so bad that the snow would lie all over the floor, so that we could sometimes scrape up five or six bushels at a time. We had plenty of bedding, as our goods finally arrived, and we could have slept very comfortably if we had not been obliged to get up so often in the night on account of the sickness of the children. The three largest children froze their feet, which were a long time in getting well. They were so bad that they had on them running sores, and they would cry, at times, especially at night, so that it was piteous to hear them. This was not because the children were not warmly clothed, for we had plenty of clothing, also provisions during the winter. We got on our claim too late to fix our house properly, and the winter set in early, besides it was severely cold.

As spring opened, and it began to grow warm, we supposed that we should have more comfort. Mr. Townsley broke about four acres, and had begun to plant it, and had not finished one row, when Mr. Partridge, one of our neighbors, came for him to go to Lawrence to assist in the defense of that place from an invasion by the Missionaries. This was about the 1st of May, as nearly as I can remember. He had previously joined the company of Brown, and obeyed the summons immediately, as did most of the company. He was absent five days, when he returned home and remained one night, returning to join the company the next morning. He remained away from home this time about six weeks, during which time I did not hear much from him. During the time of his absence, I knew that the battle of Black Jack was fought, in which my husband was engaged, Brown commanding. I do not know of any of the particulars of this fight, except that Mr. Townsley said that he was exposed to much danger, the bullets whistling about his head in every direction, like hail. He said his escape seemed almost providential.

Soon after my husband went away, I thought I and our little boy nine years old could carry rails from a little distance and inclose a small space for a garden, that we might
raise a trifle of something. We succeeded in fencing about an acre, and planting it to corn, beans and other vegetables, when I was taken sick from over-exertion, so that I was confined to my bed for three weeks, and under the doctor's care (Dr. Gilpatrick); and when I began to amend and was beyond danger, I was so weak and feeble that I could scarcely walk about the house. I never suffered so much in any sickness as I did during this sickness. I had two or three complaints—one was chills and fever. All the nourishment I had during the sickness was corn bread and milk and tea. The neighbors were pretty good to attend me, which was all the help I had. My little girl was sick just before, and also when my sickness began, so that she had to have the attendance of the doctor for some time.

Mr. Townsley came home about the 11th of July, accompanied by two men. When he arrived, I was so poorly and thin in flesh, caused by fear and suspense on account of his absence, that I do not know as I should have survived if he had not come. As soon as he came home, or soon after, I got better. But he was pursued so hotly by the Missourians and dragoons, because he belonged to Brown's company and was an active Free-State man, that he deemed it unsafe to remain in the Territory, and he finally concluded that he would leave for Iowa. One of the men who came with him on his return, he left to assist me during his absence; the other remained about ten days, and then went away.

About four days after Mr. Townsley left, Mr. Zink, the man who was engaged to remain at our house during the absence of Mr. Townsley, was taken sick with a high fever. He was confined to his bed for about six weeks, when he began to amend, when he relapsed, and was so sick the second time that the doctor despaired of his recovery. He relapsed several times, and was sick, in all, more than three months. During his sickness, myself and whole family were sick with chill-fever. Sometimes every inmate of the house was so low as to be unable to even assist so much as to give each other water to drink.

Mr. Townsley returned from Iowa about the 1st of November; but while he was gone, parties, both of dragoons and Missourians, at different times, came to our house to search for him. The dragoons first came, about twenty-five or thirty in number; they came just after dark. They closely examined the house. When I asked by whose authority they were attempting to take Mr. Townsley, they first answered, "The Governor." I told them I did not believe it, when they replied that the President had given them the authority, and one fellow asked, "Is that satisfactory, madam?" Considerable conversation passed between us before they left—one fellow remarking that unless they succeeded in the capture, that they would lose the $500 reward that had been offered for his arrest. They said that no marshal was in the party, and after much impERTINENCE, they finally went away.

I asked these fellows what it was that Mr. Townsley had done that made them so anxious to get him, to which they replied, that he had been the means of a great many leaving the Territory, and other things, for which he should suffer. I told them he was not here, and they would not get him. They said they would, if he was in the Territory.

Another gang came soon after from Missouri, about the middle of the afternoon. Their number was about seventy-five. They crowded without any ceremony into the house, until the house was crowded full, with their guns cocked, some of them examining every nook and corner in the whole house, looking under the beds, and unlocking trunks—indeed every place was closely examined.

A short time after this the dragoons (same ones) came the second time, just at daylight, and surrounded the house, with revolvers in their hands, cocked. They came into the house and examined it closely, even locking into the bed I was occupying, remarking that there was more than one in the bed. They seemed so certain that he was about
the premises that they examined carefully outside, and in the bushes some distance from
the house.

When Mr. Townsley returned from Iowa I supposed that he would be in no further
danger, and that no further attempts would be made to take him. In the hope that he
would now be with his family, that hostilities were suspended, and peace between the
two parties restored, I began even now to live in some enjoyment; but he had scarcely
been with his family a month, when the troops came, and found him at home outside
the door of the house. They would not so much as allow him to come in for his overcoat,
and to see and bid adieu to his family, which he attempted to do several times, and was
as often kept back. I went out where he was guarded, and clasped my hands about his
neck and said, "You are not going away from me, my dear?" To which he only replied,
"I cannot help it." There were many men besides the troops in the party which took
my husband away. I do not remember the marshal who accompanied the escort. Dutch
Henry acted as pilot. They were so impertinent that they examined the house for
stolen goods, and were so abusive that they accused Mr. Townsley of having on a pair
of stolen boots, belonging to one of the company. Dutch Henry had long previously
made his brags that he would be the cause of having Mr. Townsley hung, and I suppose
that it was him that swore out the "writ" against him. Mr. Townsley has not brought
home any goods that they called "pressed" during the war. Mr. Townsley is accused of
being accessory to the Pottawatomie murders. He has had his harness and wagon
cover burned, and camp equipage besides other things destroyed to the amount of
over $50.

We have raised nothing this season, and have used up completely all that we had,
extcepting the stock which we bought. We have now a span of horses and two cows. I
was obliged to sell two yearlings to procure food for the rest, and have not enough to
keep them through now, although I have let a man in Kansas City have one of the
horses to pay for its keeping. I have received some aid from Dr. Gillpatrick, consisting
of one sack of flour, five yards of cloth for my little girl a dress, also half a pound of tea.
This is all I have received as yet. I have four children, aged one, four, six and nine,
respectively; all of them want clothing. I do not know what we should have done had
it not been for Mr. Potter, who has boarded at our house since Mr. Townsley was taken
away. He has assisted in furnishing provisions, also in taking care of the stock, cutting
wood, etc. The neighbors have recently hauled and cut a large quantity of wood, which
will last me a long time. Some that assisted in this were Pro-Slavery men.

I have received no news from my husband direct since his imprisonment.

KANSAS EXPERIENCES OF LEMUEL KNAPP.*

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Jan. 5, 1857.

I formerly lived at St. Armand, Essex county, New York, and now live on Wild Cat
creek, seven miles from Ogden, near Fort Riley, Kansas. I came to the Territory with
the fourth party of emigrants that started under the auspices of the New England Emi-
grant Aid Company, in the beginning of November, 1854. This party proceeded to the
neighborhood of Fort Riley, intending to locate a town in that section. This, however,
they did not accomplish, and I was induced to settle in Pawnee City, and start a board-
ing house. I was the first settler on the town site, having pitched my tent there on
Christmas day (Dec. 25, 1854). Pawnee is on the Kansas river, about one mile east of
Fort Riley, between One and Three-mile creeks, and is now included in the military re-
serve, according to the decision of the President. Major Ogden laid out the military
post known as Fort Riley, in the summer of 1853. Col. Montgomery, who is a Free-State
man, was the second commander. He formed a military reserve around the fort, and his

*Gov. Reeder in his statement mentions Mr. Knapp.
imaginary boundaries embraced a space of eighteen miles one way and nine the other. In the spring of 1854 the Colonel was authorized by the war department to have the survey completed. The reservation, as then surveyed, was about eight miles one way and four the other, mostly on the north side of the Kansas river; Pawnee City site was not included in the reserve, as then surveyed. The survey was run round north and east of the town — as far east as two miles beyond Three-mile Creek, and north of the river four miles. A number of Irish families were settled on Three-mile creek, and it was said that the desire of Col. Montgomery to get them off induced him to extend the reservation in that direction, and that he intended afterward to throw open to settlement the whole of the reservation east of One-mile creek, which would have placed Pawnee City outside of the boundaries, beyond a shadow of doubt.

The following gentlemen were among the members of the Pawnee Association: Dr. Hammond, of the Fort; Capt. Nathaniel Lyon; Mr. Wilson, Sutler; Robert Klots, Esq., the Secretary of State for Kansas under the Topeka constitution. The other names I have forgotten. They were all Free-State men, except Mr. Wilson. When Governor Reeder first visited Fort Riley, the Pawnee Association gave him an interest in the city. This fact was afterward made to subservi the purpose of accusing Reeder of land speculations, etc., and was also used as an excuse for the subsequent destruction of Pawnee.

Myself and family, consisting of nine persons, lived in a tent from Christmas day, 1854, to the beginning of March, 1855. We pitched our tent in a small gully, between the river and the high prairie upon which the town was laid out. The gully was deep and narrow, affording just sufficient space for the tent, and was complete protection against the high winds. During the heavy snow storm of January 23th, 1855, the snow drifted into the gully to the depth of twenty feet, completely covering our tent more than eight feet above the top. The standards broke down with the weight of the snow, and we had to prop the ridge poles to prevent their breaking. When the morning came, we had to dig a passage out, and it took me nearly three days to clear the snow off the top.

About the 4th of March, my house was completed, so far as to enable us to inhabit it. We had boarders in our tent for several weeks previously, and when we entered our house, it was immediately filled. My house was a story-and-a-half log cabin, fifty feet long and sixteen wide. The country around us was quiet, and we were making money. Our precincts were not invaded at the March election. About three hundred Missourians went to Marysville, in our Council district, and voted for a Mr. Donaldson. M. F. Conway, Esq., was the Free-State candidate, and received the certificate of election from Governor Reeder. The foreign voters got so drunk that they were unable to fulfill the requirements of the Governor’s proclamation, and instead of voting by ballot, the votes were taken by acclamation.

Nothing of importance occurred in our section, up to the time of the convening of the Territorial Legislature, by Gov. Reeder, at Pawnee City, on Monday, July 2d. They were assembled there till Friday, the 6th, when they adjourned to the Shawnee Manual Labor School.

The following buildings were erected up to this time: A large, two-story stone building, sixty feet by forty; in this building the Legislature held its sittings. A large stone store, built by Mr. Wilson, of the Fort; about a dozen dwelling-houses were finished. Gov. Reeder built a large, bevel-log house, which was the best building of the kind I have ever seen. It must have cost at least a thousand dollars.

During this time we heard nothing of our being removed on account of being on the military reserve. On the 31st of August, we were informed by the officer in command that the President had ordered the removal of all buildings on the reserve, and that he had ordered Pawnee to be included in its boundaries. This was the ostensible reason,
but the real fact was that a strong Free-State settlement was growing up, and therefore was an eye-sore. The survey as first completed did not include Pawnee, but Jefferson Davis, when the report reached Washington, used his influence with the President to have it included. Charges of speculation and mal-administration were brought against Col. Montgomery, and he was cashiered. We were notified to leave by the 10th of October, but previous to that date the commander was removed, and Major Merrill was appointed in his place. I saw that gentleman, and got from him a written promise to allow me to stay, he promising to use his influence with his successor to let me remain all winter. I did not, therefore, take any step to get me a house. When Col. Cooke came I had an interview with him, and got a partial promise to let me stay. The time of leaving had been extended to the 20th of November. I saw Col. Cooke on the 19th; he said that the President's order must be obeyed, and all the houses razed to the ground. In consequence of my expecting to stay all winter, he gave me another week to get my family and furniture off. It was impossible for me to move in the time, the roads being perfectly impassable from ice and snow. On the 27th or 28th of November, the soldiers came from the fort, and while five men were seated at dinner commenced tearing the building down. They took off the roof and part of the upper logs, and then left. We could not get away, and stayed in the unroofed building until Christmas day. Col. Cooke refused to allow us to make any kind of roof or shelter to protect us from the elements. It was an intensely cold winter. The rain and snow beat in, and very often our garments were frozen stiff. About the 10th of December a fearful snow and rain storm occurred, and our beds and furniture were covered with ice to the depth of two inches. Some of the children, whose heads were protruding from underneath the bed-clothes, had their hair frozen to their pillows, which were obliged to be thawed in the morning. We finally moved a small building to the neighborhood of Ogden, just outside the reserve. All my funds were invested in Pawnee, and by the destruction of the town and my house we were completely impoverished. Col. Cooke stated at the time that all buildings were to be destroyed, yet the stone store built by Mr. Wilson, and the large stone warehouse erected by the Pawnee Association, are still standing uninjured.

After this time till spring, I resided near Ogden, which was then intensely Pro-Slavery, and as a Free-State man had to endure a number of petty persecutions. At one time, in the spring, my wood-pile, which was a very large one, was set fire to, and completely destroyed. It was only by great exertions that my house did not share the same fate. In the spring of 1856, I went with my three eldest children to a claim, on Coal creek, with the intention of farming, etc. It is well known to all the Free-State settlers of Kansas, that last spring a deep scheme was laid to prevent them planting, and otherwise harassing them. The plan followed in our section was to annoy the citizens, burn their fences, and keep them dancing attendance on the bogus courts, as witnesses or jurors. In the early part of June, I was subpoenaed to attend as witness on several cases that I knew nothing about. The consequence of this was, that a large part of the seed that I intended to sow, was planted too late to be productive, and what grew was destroyed by a large herd of cattle that came down from the Republican fork, when we were all sick and unable to drive them off. In July, a pony, I valued at seventy-five dollars, was stolen by a Pro-Slavery man; another pony was shot by a neighbor, a young Pro-Slavery man, with whom I had a slight dispute. I have been sick since last August, with the fever and ague, bilious fever, and inflammation on the lungs. My eldest children have been sick. My wife, however, has always been in good health, and her exertions and good management have enabled us to keep afloat. All together, my emigration to Kansas has not benefited us so far. If Pawnee had not been destroyed, I should have now been worth two or three thousand dollars. At that time, I estimated my loss at one thousand dollars. Still, if we can manage to live through the winter, and till my crops
come in, and they turn out well, so as to enable me to pay for my claim, and get out of debt, I have no fear for success.

From my experience as a practical farmer, both in the States and here, I believe Kansas to be among one of the best agricultural countries. It is unsurpassed for stock-growing, sheep-raising, and dairy farming. It will be one of the finest States in the Union, and it will be a free State. It is the best place for emigration now open. In our section the Free-State men are in a proportion of three-and-a-half to one Pro-Slavery man. The census was taken in August.

KANSAS EXPERIENCE OF CAPT. SAMUEL ANDERSON.

SOUTH FORK OF POTAWATOMIE CREEK,

FRANKLIN COUNTY, Dec. 23, 1856.

I am fifty-two years of age. I have a wife and seven children. My native State is Pennsylvania. I have resided in Illinois seven years. I came to Kansas in June, 1855. My family came in September of the same year. I settled at my present place of residence in October following. I have two sons who are married, who have taken claims adjoining mine. Both of them have one child each. The reason of myself and family emigrating to Kansas was, to get farms and better our conditions. We came by the overland route. I came with a yoke of oxen and a poor, old wagon. The oxen I traded for a claim. My family had two spans of horses and wagons that they came with. The reason why I bought my claim was because I was told that all of the timber claims were taken. This I soon found was false, as there were at least a hundred claims with good timber that had not been preempted. This deception is practiced in all new settlements, to the disadvantage of the settlers.

I had a few provisions when my family came, and some household furniture, but not much. We had, in addition to this, among us all, about fifty dollars. We managed, by working by days' works, to get through the winter. The work which we employed ourselves at was "manling" rails. We had to haul our provisions from Missouri. It was a cold winter, and of course, as we were circumstanced, we did not have the same comforts that we could have had if we had had some time to prepare for the winter.

Early in the spring of 1856, we made up a team of our two spans of horses, and plowed nine acres, and about the 20th of May began planting. We planted only seven rows, when intelligence reached us that the Missourians had invaded the Territory, and were marching for the purpose of destroying Lawrence. I left my work immediately, started in less than a half-hour, and joined Brown's company, ten miles from my house, at the forks of the creek. One of my sons was absent from home, and the other was compelled to remain with his family on account of sickness. Brown's company numbered about thirty men; some of these were men from my neighborhood. I, with these, reached Brown's encampment about three o'clock. Started immediately, without supper, for Lawrence. We marched as far as Middle creek, nearly all of us on foot, where we were obliged to stop for rest and for something to eat. We had taken a trifle with us, which was all that we had to refresh ourselves with, and after remaining two hours we continued our march. We proceeded, very much fatigued, and some almost exhausted, till we arrived within ten miles of Lawrence, when a messenger met us from this place with instructions for us not to march into Lawrence, as the town had been sacked the day before, and that there were no provisions to feed even those who were there. This disappointed our party much, as all had a great anxiety to have been there to assist in its defense; besides, we were hungry and faint. We went after receiving this sad intelligence four miles from this place to Prairie City, where we got plenty to eat. We were obliged to sleep on the ground without any covering, exposed to the heavy dews, and what made it worse for me, I was unwell with the ague and fever. We remained at this
place four or five days, having plenty to eat, but experiencing much uncomfortableness in our sleeping.

We remained here this length of time watching the actions of the enemy, and to be ready in case of necessity to fight. While we remained here we were informed by a messenger from Lawrence that Gov. Shannon had ordered out a body of troops to disband us, and that they were on their way at this time to carry out these instructions. At this news we went two miles into the prairie, and pitched our tents anew. We had scarcely pitched them when a messenger from Big Pottawatomie came into camp with the intelligence that the enemy were rapidly marching to this creek, to burn the houses, and destroy the inhabitants. This was just at sunset. We immediately prepared, and marched towards our homes, resolving to defend them at all hazards. We marched all night, arriving at Big Pottawatomie about daylight. We remained under arms till the second day, at which time Captain Brown and H. H. Williams were taken prisoners by the Missourians. The Captain Brown I am speaking of was not old Captain John Brown, but John Brown, jr., who remained in prison with Robinson and others. Our company made no resistance to the capture, as it was done by a U. S. official.

After this circumstance, the company dwindled to almost nothing, when I, by a little effort, succeeded to organize a new one from the men on the creek, about thirty in number. A vote was passed by these that they should be known as the Pottawatomie Guards. I was unanimously elected captain of this company, and proceeded immediately to make arrangements to take the responsibility of my charge. I drilled my company each week, and we held ourselves in readiness to march at any moment where our services might be needed.

About three weeks after we had organized, we were sent for from Osawatomie, to assist the people of that town, as they had been threatened to be served in a similar manner with the Lawrence people. We marched immediately, according to request, starting late in the evening, and reaching Osawatomie, after marching on foot twenty-five miles, at three o'clock next morning. We immediately sent out scouts to search for the enemy, but finding no signs of them, after remaining until the second day, in the evening, we returned home. Soon after we returned from this expedition, we learned that a company of over a hundred of the enemy had collected on Big Sugar creek, and were attempting by force to compel the citizens of that creek to sign a paper pledging themselves to either leave the country or join the Pro-Slavery party and support its principles. They had made the attempt to extort this pledge from Mr. Warren, and also Mr. Sutton, who resided on the creek, but on account of their refusing to sign it, they took both prisoners. After a short detention they released Mr. Sutton. They kept Warren ten days, and after extorting a pledge from him he would not take up arms against them, or inform concerning them of what he had learned during his imprisonment, they released him also. I think he has kept his pledge pretty well, as he has remained inactive ever since. The same threat was made to us on Pottawatomie creek, and that unless we complied with their requirements we must suffer the consequence. A few were for leaving, but a large majority determined to remain, and rather than submit to this base and unjust requirement, or to any other indignity, resolved to “fight it to the death.”

On the 25th of August intelligence reached us that Osawatomie was again threatened; also Sugar and Pottawatomie creeks. In fact, the threat of annihilation and destruction embraced the whole southern part of the Territory—that is, of the Free-State party. We immediately marched for Osawatomie. I was quite unwell—so much so, in fact, that I was in bed when the news came. My son was also sick. But so stirring was the threat, that we determined to start, whether we held out or not; but the excitement of the occasion made us forget our sickness, and in a little while we felt quite well. We met at Osawatomie the companies of Shore and Cline. As nearly as I can remember,
our whole force, the three companies combined, numbered seventy-eight. My command consisted of twenty-five men, when we started from Osawatomie. We marched about six miles from Osawatomie, where we encamped to get something to eat. We had sent out scouts before leaving Osawatomie, and therefore knew pretty nearly where the enemy were; and at this place where we took refreshments, we sent out new scouts, who reported that there were about 176 of the enemy on Middle creek, near the old California road. This was one and one-half miles from where we were. The enemy’s camp was on the northwest side of the stream, and on the east side of the road.

After learning these facts we laid out our plan of attack. As I was best acquainted with the ground in that vicinity, having lived near that spot for three months, I was assigned the part of cutting off the retreat. I was allowed for this purpose twenty horsemen and sixteen footmen. The horsemen I placed at the crossing of the California road, ten paces apart; the footmen a hundred yards below, at another crossing, the same distance apart. I ordered my men, after stationing them, to call to any who might pass, or attempt it, to halt, and if they would not obey to fire upon them. The two companies under Cline and Shore were to begin the attack from the north; but before I had my men fairly stationed, the firing commenced. After a few discharges, the enemy were heard with heavy tramp like distant thunder rushing through the timber toward where my men were stationed. When they had reached within about fifty yards of us, we cried loudly for them to halt and surrender. Some turned to the right and others to the left, to release themselves, while fourteen in number, of footmen, came forward and surrendered. Many of the horsemen dismounted and left their horses, and passed through the brush on foot and escaped. This was the only way in which they could have escaped. During this time, as they refused to halt, I ordered my men to fire. The effect produced by this fire wounded two men, one of whom died afterwards. The prisoners reported that they saw four or five besides fall from their horses. It was afterwards said that more than this number was missing. Phillips, from Osawatomie, was one of these, and his friends have accused me since of being instrumental in his death, and have threatened to pursue me to avenge it. Thirty-nine or forty horses were taken from the enemy, about thirty-five guns, one keg of powder, and much lead, also three wagon-loads of provisions, some coats and hats, boots, etc., besides a large flag with this inscription: “Victory or Death.” It was a black flag with red letters. Capt. Brown’s coat (of the Pro-Slavery party), was found, with many interesting documents relating to the war.

The prisoners seemed very humble, and would frequently come to me, and ask if I intended to kill them. They remarked that their leaders had often told them that if they were taken they would be murdered by the Abolitionists. Those who escaped went, some to the States, others to Fort Scott. They were so frightened that they ran their horses almost to death, for fear of being caught. One poor fellow, who lived on Sugar Creek, in passing Mr. Arthur’s house, told Mrs. Arthur, with whom he was acquainted, that 600 Abolitionists were in close pursuit, with more than 1,000 Sharp’s rifles, admonishing her to leave or else she would be killed by them; and turning his head just at this moment, when he was giving this advice, saw some of his comrades coming at full speed, he dropped his narrative, started his horse at full speed, riding about a half-mile, when it fell. He dismounted, leaving his horse, and pursued his course on foot. One of the party, who was neighbor to Mr. Arthur, came to his house and begged protection. He was so frightened that he crawled under the bed. Mr. Arthur is a Free-State man. He related this to our party afterwards.

While we were in pursuit of these fellows, we learned from his wife that they were beyond our reach, when we gave up the chase and returned to our homes. Mr. Arthur was not at home at this time.
On the 28th day of August a messenger was sent from Osawatomie to the creek, informing us that the town was again in danger, as the enemy were prowling around, and requested that every available man on the creek come to its relief. I immediately, as soon as I could collect my men, started. The number was twenty-eight; but three were so unwell as to be unfit to march so far, so arrangements were made for them to ride, and they accompanied the rest. We began our march about 4 o'clock P.M., traveling nearly all night, and getting within four or five miles of the town, when a messenger met us from the town, stating that there would be no further need of us there, as the town had been sacked that day, and that the same company had said they were going immediately to Pottawatomie, to destroy and burn the houses and property there. We immediately turned and countermarched the whole distance without resting. From the time we set out the day before up to the time we got back, at 8 o'clock next morning, we only had a few mouthfuls to eat, which we took in our pockets when starting. In fact, nearly every man on the creek, in anticipation of the execution of this threat, the next day immediately set to work and took those things which were the most valuable from their houses, and secreted them in the brush. We then, every available man on the creek, met, and resolved ourselves to make a stand in defense of our lives and property, even though we forfeited them in the attempt. We kept spies and scouts on the lookout for several days; also kept a guard standing nights. Most of the families slept in the woods; some, however, by clubbing together, stuck to their houses.

About one week after this alarm, we were again called, by old Captain Brown, to march to his assistance, on account of anticipated troubles on Sugar creek, twenty-two miles distant. I immediately marched my men to this place. The enemy against whom we were marching numbered 300, and were marching immediately for the south. Pottawatomie Baker, a Pro-Slavery man, discovered my company when I passed his house, and sent word to the commander of the 300 that I was on my way to reinforce Brown, which so frightened them that they gave up their project and retreated to Westport, in Missouri. I immediately marched my company home, when I learned this; and have never been obliged to call them out since. We have, however, experienced much anxiety, and been several times alarmed since this time. During much of the time this summer, my family, indeed every family on the creek, have been in almost constant fear of being assassinated, or else having their property destroyed by the Border-Ruffians. Since the Middle creek affair, my life has been in almost constant jeopardy. My wife has had to watch outside the house, at times, that I and my sons might sleep in safety; and at times the women and children have been obliged to sleep in the brush. I should not have raised a hill of corn, if it had not been for my little girls, who finished planting the field which I spoke of, when I was called away from my work in the spring. They planted and partially hoed four acres, which would have been good could it have been attended to in season. This is all that I have been able to accomplish toward the support of my family, in the way of raising crops. My sons raised about one and one-half acres. They planted more, but it never amounted to anything but fodder. They have both been with me engaged in the difficulties all summer. One of my sons has been laid up for nearly two months on account of an accident which happened by the discharge of a pistol, which broke one of the bones of his leg.

STATEMENT OF SAMUEL F. TAPPAN.

December 14, 1856.

I have been in Kansas two years. I have never received any money for Kansas, nor lectured East. I happened to be on my way to Kansas in the latter part of August. At St. Louis, I judged from reports that I could not go up the river. I went to Chicago. There I received an order for a cannon at Rock Island, which I took to Iowa City. At
Davenport, I met Winchell, on the 2d day of September; reached Iowa City same evening. On the 5th, our cannon arrived. On the 6th, Dr. Bowen bought one pair of gray horses for the cannon wagon. Besides these, he bought a large bay horse and a sorrel, and a covered wagon; also another covered wagon and a span, one black horse and a small bay mare. That day, the 6th of September, the revolvers arrived from the East. On the 5th, we packed up—put provisions, cartridges and all in the wagons. Dr. Bowen also furnished one tent and two dozen blankets. On the evening of the 5th, Winchell and Dr. Bowen rode out to our camp, ten miles from Iowa City. Winchell said he was going back to Iowa City and take the stage to Tabor, where he would meet us. Dr. Bowen gave me $60 to pay expenses of our party on the way. While we were at Iowa City; during the night, some one attempted to steal our horses, and also our cannon. They also broke open a store house and destroyed forty Government muskets, thinking they belonged to us. At Knoxville, I had $30 left. Our loads were heavy, and it was raining, so I hired an extra team for three dollars per day, and we paid his expenses. We paid him $33. Higgenson paid, at Nebraska City, $30 for us and $30 for Lane's party. We met, all through Iowa, people fleeing from Kansas. At Nebraska City, we received a message from Eldridge to remain until he came up. Lane told us we could go in without any trouble. Higgenson here took charge. We encamped two miles from town, opened our boxes, and gave each man a rifle, revolver, cartridges and knives, each member promising to give them up at Topeka. Our understanding with the committee at Chicago was that we each were to have a rifle, revolver and knife, to use in the Territory, but not to carry out—that is, those who had none. Higgenson paid me back the money I had expended for flour and meal, at White Cloud, out of my private purse. By this time we had been eaten out.

At Plymouth, we gave Redpath some ninety-odd revolvers; we had 200 in all, at starting. At Nebraska City, some persons joined us. Plumb gave out twenty-seven rifles; the balance, seventy-three, he handed over to the Central Committee, and ninety-two revolvers, and bowie knives whose numbers I do not know; also, one-half keg of Sharp's rifle balls; cannon we buried at Topeka. Plumb's bill of blacksmithing, etc., was $20. We had fifteen men to feed every day, until we got to Tabor. At Topeka, we sent back a man named Chubb, a short man (four feet ten), light complexion, long visage, light eyes, light-brown hair, walked a little bow-legged, short bow legs. Chubb went with Mr. Trott, of Topeka, who had a wagon, to get the cannon which we had buried twelve miles south of Lexington. Chubb rode the black mare, bought in Iowa City. At Winterset, (I forgot to mention,) we were joined by a man named Jo, a New Yorker. Chubb ran away with that horse, disappearing towards Nebraska City. At Topeka, Plumb took two gray horses, the bay horse and the sorrel, and a small bay (the mate to the one Chubb ran away with), three wagons, and a yoke of oxen (we bought a yoke for $80, in Nebraska City.) This was done by consent of Higgenson. Plumb went up forty miles above Fort Riley, and made a settlement. This party went out on a buffalo hunt; Plumb rode the big bay; shot a buffalo; horse threw him, and ran away. The next day Jo started to look for the runaway horse, with one of the grays. The last seen or heard of him, he was fifteen miles west of their camp. The man, Wm. Eldridge, from Logansport, Ind., who was with him, says they saw something ahead which they took to be the lost horse, but he could not keep up with Jo, who proceeded ahead. This was the last ever seen of him. The arsenal at Topeka was broken up.

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*Hon. James M. Winchell, afterward President of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention.
†Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of the late war, and author of "Oldport Days."
‡Gen. James H. Lane.
§Col. Shaler W. Eldridge, of Lawrence, at that time in command of the army of immigrants.
James Redpath, the well-known author, newspaper correspondent, and lecturer.
†Preston B. Plumb, now United States Senator.
EXPERIENCES OF CAPTAIN THOMAS BICKERTON.

LAWRENCE, Friday, December 5, 1855.

I am a native of Maine, aged forty years. I am a widower. Have no children; both wife and children dead—died before I came here. Having no ties to bind me anywhere, I concluded to come to Kansas. I am a machinist by trade. I followed the sea from the age of thirteen up till about thirty years of age. I then went into the machine shop of Ross Winans, of Baltimore, after having worked one year at Simpson’s, at suction pumps. After having worked at Winans’s fifteen months, I talked of leaving, and was told, if I would remain I could have work as long as there was work to be had, and at regular wages. In the summer of 1847 I went to Portland to work in the machine shop of the Portland Company. The shop not being ready, I went mackerel-catching for seven weeks, and did well. I then went on to Boston, as the Portland Company was not ready, and went to work in the Boston & Worcester Machine Company’s shop; worked until 1849, and then went around Cape Horn to California. Left in May, and arrived in San Francisco in October. I went into a company, and put $150 into a vessel. This I received back from its sale, and so my passage cost only the labor of working it.

I went straight to the mines. I made $900 the first winter; got the rheumatism working in the river Yuba; worked cutting a canal across a bend of the river. The water is very cold—snow-water from the mountains. We would work in it until our legs were blue. Finally, I got to having pains in my liver, the company broke up, and I worked around awhile afterwards; but, thinking I was likely to be sick, concluded to return home before my money was run out.

I returned by the Nicaragua route. Remained at Granada six months. At one time there I could scarcely walk across the floor. At this time I carved figure-heads, and made sails; carved figures for the churches. Afterwards, when I got so I could go about I shot birds, and preserved them. I sent them to the Tremont Temple, Boston, where they got burnt up. Afterwards commanded a little schooner on Lake Nicaragua, employed by Dr. Segur. At that time there was no transit company of any note.

 Reached Boston in July, 1851. Went to work again at locomotive work. In the fall of 1852 married. Had two children—twins. My wife died in the fall of 1853. One child died at its birth; the other in the summer of 1854. After my wife died I went to Portland, where my child lived with its grandmother. There I taught drawing of evenings, and worked at my trade of days. After my child died I could not contain myself, and so, on March 30th, 1855, I started from Boston, with a company, for Kansas.

We came up the Missouri river, and on the way talked of the election coming off, and said if we were in time we should vote. Arrived at Kansas City the 3d of April. We came up to Lawrence. My claim is just one mile south of Wakefield’s. At that time there were no houses. We had been told we could get work here. I bought some stuff at St. Louis, and made a tent on the boat. I persuaded some of the others to do so, and helped them. Four of us picked out claims adjoining each other, seven miles from Lawrence. All were married except myself. Two had brought their families. The one who did not, became discouraged and went back. I had only $88. I let one family who had no tent stay in mine until they could get a house built, and helped them build it of round logs. After the house was up I took my tent on to my own claim. We helped each other the best way we could; we were all poor. I charged nothing for what I did for my neighbors, and would not have taken anything. I bought a bag of hard bread, and a spade to cut the turf with, and went to work and made a sod house with walls two feet, and a sod chimney.

The way I made my house was this: I stretched a line, and laid up the sod as a mason would lay up brick. I cut my sod by line and measure very exact, dividing the sod into 1x2 feet, and laying them up so as to break joints, one course of sod crosswise, and
the other lengthwise, and after getting up a couple of feet I drove hickory withes about 2 feet apart, first sharpening the ends. I laid round sticks of hickory, about 3½ or 4 inches in diameter, on top of the sod walls, and pinned them fast. These sticks, where they formed or supported the gable ends, were laid in a series, side by side, 2 feet in width, forming at one end the top of the fire-place, and over the door. The only trouble is, the mice dig holes in it. This house is good now, after standing twenty months, while others have fallen down; it is warm and comfortable. The floor is of clay; I wet it and sprinkled it over with ashes, and hammered it down hard. The roof is double-pitch, with a ridge-pole, and covered with clapboards, about three feet in length, rough split, from 7 to 8 inches in width, and were laid lapping. I hired a man to break up 6 acres of ground, and planted with corn, chopping it in with an ax. I went and bargained for stuff enough to make pickets, and drove them into the ground; pickets about 5½ feet long, driven in about a foot, and about a foot apart (too wide, though). I then split out thin rails, rived out and split with a "fro," which I nailed on the top. I, with a spade, mellowed up the ground, and planted potatoes, one bushel. By this time I had got through my money, and I thought now something must be done. My things would grow without me, I knew, and I had a good fence so the cattle could not get in.

I heard there was work to be had up at Fort Riley, and so, to get there, I dug a cellar for a neighbor for one dollar per day, and earned fifteen dollars, and turned to and baked some bread and put it in a bag, and with a shirt or two, blanket and coat, buckled it on my back and started, telling my neighbor, Barber, (Robert; Thomas was afterwards murdered,) to look after my things; that if I got good pay I would stay until late in the fall. I traveled thirty miles the first day, which was in the month of August, and slept at the Baptist Mission. The next night I slept in a hay-stack, at an Indian's, on the Vermillion; the next night at Juniata, on the Big Blue, and the next day, in the afternoon, I was at Fort Riley.

I worked here until the 15th of November for the Government. I applied to Mr. Sawyer, boss over the whole. He asked what I could do. I told him any kind of machine-work. He said there was nothing of that kind to do. I said: "I see you are gearing new tackling for derricks; I am a sailor, and can do that." He said there was nothing of this kind to do. I then said: "I must have work of some kind, as I am in need of money." He sent me down to the mill, to Mr. Merriman. I took the place of fireman to the engine. The engine had not been put up right; they did not understand metallic packing; and the result was it was not set right. I took hold and made it all right. This saw-mill was on the Republican Fork. There was another mill on the Smoky Fork. At that one they ran the engine night and day, with two engineers. They neglected to off the valve, and it cut into the face of the cylinder, wasting more than half of the steam; so they shut down, and were going to give up altogether. A man by the name of Vogdis was boss over the mill, under Sawyer. Sawyer told him a man had come to him saying he was a machinist; "go to him, and see if he can do anything towards fixing it." I went over and found they had a spare valve; so I went to work and chipped down the face of the cylinder, and filed it level and smooth, and fitted the valve. It took me three days, and I got three dollars per day for this. I then went back to my work, first having set the engine at work with plenty of steam; it was not necessary now to keep up such tremendous fires, as no steam was wasted. Vogdis brought Sawyer to look at it, saying it had never gone so well since he had taken it. Afterwards Vogdis came over and said Sawyer wanted me to take charge of one watch, at ninety dollars per month and rations.

I arrived in Lawrence in November, with $108, paid all my debts and returned to my house. I then went up to Benicia, and worked three days at a mill.

I then went home again, and learned that trouble was threatened at Lawrence. So,
with my revolver, I started down to town. Here I learned that Lane wanted somebody to go down to Kansas City, and bring up a brass howitzer. A young man named Summer, David Buffum (afterwards shot), and another Buffum, a cousin, I think, to David, went with me. These fellows came very near getting us all into trouble. They wanted to shoot hogs on the road, and in one instance another man’s dog, which would have attracted attention to us, and caused us to be watched. After getting the cannon, too, they wanted to go up by the way of Westport, and cross the Delaware ferry. I opposed this, and crossed near Kansas City, over to the Wyandotte side of the Kaw, pretending to go to Atchison. Our mare was blind, and in getting off of the flat-boat got into the water. I knew it would not do to unload, or we would be exposed at once; so I sung out to the Missourians and Indians who had gathered on the shore, to take hold of a rope fast to the wagon and haul it up the bank, which they did. We traveled all night. The others wanted to stop until morning, but I told them that it would not do; and it was lucky we went on, for we had not been in Lawrence more than half an hour before the enemy had their lines stretched across the river, and across the road we had come over. A troop of cavalry from Lawrence were sent up to guard us in. They met us down by Sarcocie’s. Buffum saw them coming, and thought they were Missourians. I was riding along on the wagon, bobbing and bobbing my head with sleep, for you see we were all tired; slept none all night. Says Buffum, says he, “Here comes horsemen! What are we to do?” Says I, “Pull your revolvers, and let ’em have it; because, if they take us, we are sure to be hung, and we may as well kill all we can before we go.” But as we got nearer I saw some faces that I knew, and it was all right. As we were coming into Lawrence, the people all set up a shout for the cavalry. We poor fellows who had done all the work they never noticed at all. Well, it’s all the same, a thousand years hence.

Friday, Dec. 12, 1856.

When I arrived with the howitzer, Thomas Barber, Robert Barber and Thomas Pearson were just going out home to get some wood and water for the women folks, and to return. Thomas Barber had no arms. Robert borrowed my navy revolver, saying I would not need it. I then went into the trenches, throwing up breastworks to defend the city. I had no gun, but wanted one, the worst kind; there were plenty of others in the same fix. Lane wanted an artillery company formed, and they placed me in command.

After the peace of Shannon’s fixing up, I left for home, and boarded with Robert Barber, after the murder of his brother. The weather was so awful cold people could do nothing except get out a few rails.

Trouble came in the spring again, and ground that had been plowed the year before remained unplanted; so that in this vicinity not over one-fourth was planted compared with what would have been done. My corn stood in the field; had to be left out all winter, and plenty of others like me. The half of this was lost, by prairie hens and in various ways. The garden seed sent from the East was too old, and came to nothing. In the spring I hired ground plowed, promising to pay out of this fall’s crop. Then we were going along first-rate. This was in August; I had corn and chickens, and potatoes and beets in the ground. I had come down and sold a load of corn that day—the corn which had stood out all winter. And as I was returning from Lawrence, Grover called out that there was a job under way that night; that those fellows at Franklin were getting too strong, and would soon be so that we could do nothing with them, unless they were routed now.

I should have previously stated, that in the spring of 1856, that is, in May of this year, Jones came in to make arrests, and the people all agreed that arrests might be made, but our arms would not be given up. They were talking of boxing up the howitzer. The howitzer was in the cellar of G.W. Hutchinson’s house at this time. John
Hutchinson and Col. Topliff were present at this time. They were the ones who proposed boxing it, and to have my artillery company to defend it with small arms, seeming not to be afraid of firing on the Marshal with little weapons, but that it would not do to use the cannon against him—just like a Nantucket boat steersman who always wants to hit a whale easy, lest it should madden him. I told them if I was to be left in charge of that thing, that I would have it loaded and primed and all ready, with a match in my hand, and the company in there, and that I would lay a false train under the floor in the day, so if the Marshal came and knocked at the door I would say, "Walk in, sir, and look around, and see if there is anybody here you want to take, but we are a private company, and these are private arms, and you must not touch them," and if he and his posse should attempt to make any disturbance, we would just fire the train, saying, "Gentlemen, you can't escape; this whole street is undermined!" And so in the confusion and dirt and smoke kicked up by firing the train, we would escape out of the back door with the howitzer, and these rascals as they rushed up into the street were to be popped off by our men from the buildings around, none of our folks being out of their houses.

They agreed to adopt this. My artillery company numbered about eighteen men, all well drilled, so that we could fire five times in a minute. I told them of our arrangement, and told them I did not want anybody to come unless they were willing to fire upon the Marshal, or even the President of the United States, if he came there to disturb us; that we were to go into the arrangement with the understanding that we were not to be beaten; it was conquer or die. So we got nine out of the whole company.

After this arrangement was all made, Lieutenant Governor Roberts sent in, the next morning, and told us it would be resisting the United States authorities, and they, (the Safety Committee,) had concluded not to resist them. When I heard that, says I: "Gentlemen, I'll go out home; you can give up the howitzer just as well without me as with me."

After I left, the howitzer was taken to the next house, a portion of the foundation wall removed, and the cannon secreted there, the wall being put up again. This howitzer was, a few days afterward, delivered up to Sheriff Jones.

The Stubbs were very much enraged at the course of the Safety Committee, and proposed to me to take the howitzer and go off south, and establish ourselves. But this was impossible, for want of provisions, &c. The hotel was destroyed May 21st, 1856. After this the county was shock-full of those devilish fellows, going about and helping themselves to horses, saying they were ordered by Shannon to take our horses for the use of the Territorial troops, of which they were a part. They were bound to destroy Walker's house. He had wind of it, and sent to his neighbors, who all went there. Walker had some of the men stationed in the ravine. By-and-by, about twelve o'clock in the night, these devils came along, all in a body, and rode up to Walker's house. As soon as they began to dismount, our men began to fire on them. One horse was killed, but none of the ruffians, who all fled at the first fire, except several prisoners who were taken. In the morning they were let go. These fellows, of course, became witnesses against us. That's the way our people always did. Shannon and these fellows came, in a few days, to Walker's house, and compelled Mrs. Walker to remove. Walker concealed himself at my house. His house was left as a trap, for a time, to catch our folks in, and subsequently burnt at the time Wakefield's house was.

We were, after this, left in comparative peace, until the assembling of our Legislature at Topeka. Marshal Donaldeon there read the proclamation to the people outside, who told him they had nothing to do with it. We suspected a Mr. James Tuton, a Methodist preacher, who was a member of the Legislature, of being unsound; and so a court of three was appointed to wait on him to request him to go and and take his seat. But he
would not, saying he had heard the President's proclamation, and that was enough for him. This fellow has since been found guilty of handing in the names of our Free-State people to the judiciary, to get out writs against them. He has been recently waited on and whipped, and ten days given him in which to leave the country. He enlisted with Titus, and went around pointing out Free-State people, and showed Hazleton's house.

As I was saying, I was half way home after selling my corn, when Grover rode out on the California road after me. My artillery company was in existence, but we had no cannon. Grover said there was a six-pounder up at Franklin, and we must have it to operate on Titus's house. Robert Barber and Thomas Parvin were with me; or rather, I was with them, as I had no team of my own. So I left them and came back, on foot, to Lawrence, with Grover. I met William Hutchinson when I came into town, who told me to come up stairs with him, and he would show me a man from the States named "Cook." I went up, and who should I see but Lane! This was the 11th of August.

The Franklin affair was kept secret from the people. They thought, when they saw us going, that we were going out by the church to drill by moonlight. When we got up near to Franklin who should come along but this "Jo. Cook," on horseback, and make himself known to the boys. They were very much elated with seeing Lane, and seemed now to think that everything would go right.

We were there, firing away, for several hours, uselessly. Some, occasionally, sent to know what we were doing, and told us to blaze away. Finally I got tired of lying there, especially as I had nothing but a pistol; so I went over to Cracklin, behind the stable, and told him something must be done, as it was useless to waste ammunition any longer. I proposed getting some hay, and setting fire to them. Caleb Pratt and Fuller volunteered to go with me, each with an armful of hay. So we went around to the end of the hotel, on the road, thinking there were no windows there, where they could see us. But, just as we got in reach of their guns, they began to fire on us; so we got a wagon from a neighbor's, and filled it, and dragged it to the front of the post office, and set fire to it. We had to draw the wagon up, instead of pushing it ahead of us. Pretty soon after the fire got a-going, we heard a great cry from within of, "Quarter, quarter!" I called out to our men to stop firing. I asked for some one to go with me, and stand in the door. Fuller told me to lead, and he would follow. When we burst in the door, we found the soldiers had run through the hotel and escaped, mostly. Mrs. Crane, whose husband kept the post office, begged: "Oh, don't shoot my husband—don't shoot him!"
THE HYATT MANUSCRIPTS.

One of our men exclaimed: "He deserves to die; he is a great villain!" She said: "I know it—that's just the reason I don't want him shot!" We did not intend to do any violence to him, as that kind of work was always done by the other side.

Our men, I am ashamed to say, were so eager, over the way, in gutting Crane's store, that I could hardly get any of them to help me in taking the cannon out of the block-house, which was the first thing I espied. The post office was not disturbed. The postmaster opened it for me, and watched, by my request, to see that nothing was disturbed. I went in only to see if any arms or powder were there. Found no cartridges and only five balls. Got the cannon on to its carriage, and brought it to Lawrence. Placed it in a cellar in the face of the hill, at Mr. Rice's. Mrs. Rice, her husband, and the two or three others I found with him, I made hold up their right hand, and all swear not to divulge what they had seen that morning. I then went to work and made a pattern for a ball; as there was no lead in the place, and we had no way of making them of iron, and we had to take Brown's type, of the Herald of Freedom.

RECENT STATEMENT BY CAPT. BICKERTON.*

LAWRENCE, KAS., JANUARY 31, 1881.

Mr. F. G. Adams—Dear Sir: In answer to your letter, I will tell the story of the taking of the "Sacramento," as near as I can remember it. At the time I did not deem what we were doing of much importance, so I did not note it down. We marched from Lawrence a little after dark with what arms we could muster, and none with none. The Stubbs, however, were well-armed and well-drilled, under the command of Capt. Joseph Cracklin.

When we arrived on the ground, we commenced firing on the log cabin. The fire was immediately returned through the loop-holes that the cabin was pierced with. The firing was kept up on both sides for a long time, until we had one man killed and several wounded. I began to feel apprehensive that we would not get what we came after, and proposed to Gen. Lane to burn them out. Lane would not hear to it, but finally gave his consent; so I volunteered my services. The first attempt proved abortive. Caleb Pratt and a boy by the name of Ed. Ropes took each of us a bundle of hay; each being well provided with matches, we started towards the house, but the moon would occasionally shine out between the clouds, and we were discovered and fired upon, Caleb Pratt having on white pants. We finally gave up that plan, and loaded a wagon, intending to back it up. Accordingly, the box was taken off from the wagon, and loaded with hay, and we got the wagon up into the street where the log house was. Then, we changed our minds again. In room of backing it up, I concluded it would be better to take the tongue of the wagon, and go directly towards the house. When our plans were completed, I went to Cracklin, the Captain of the Stubbs, and told him not to fire upon the building until he could see by the burning hay that all of our men were away from the building. The plan I adopted was to get the wagon there with as little noise as possible, and if we were discovered and fired upon, then they were to rush to the house, and set fire to the hay. However, fortune favored us. We were not discovered until the tongue grated against the door and fell on the door-step, and then instantly a volley was fired over our heads. I remember saying, as though it was yesterday, that they might fire, and be d-d; that "I will burn you out before I leave." When Fowler and I got behind the wagon, there were only two men left; they were in the act of lighting the hay. Fowler and I soon provided ourselves with whips, and in a moment had the hay ablaze. Then we retreated, and Capt. Cracklin poured in a volley that brought them to time. They halloed for quarter in every direction. They supposed the whole

*As will be seen, this paper is of recent date. It was written by Captain Bickerton without a knowledge of his part that his former account was in the possession of our Society. The slight discrepancies between the two statements illustrate the effects of a lapse of twenty-five years as to the memory of the details of events coming under the observation of the narrator.
building was on fire, but fortunately the wind drew the flames from the building. I immediately started for the door, burst it open, and was the first man in, and saw some of them leaving by the back door. We were glad to get rid of them, for we weren't after them, but after the cannon. In the left-hand corner, as we went into the door, we discovered a gown, bonnet and veil. In removing the wearing apparel, the "Sacramento" was discovered, muzzle down; the carriage and wheels were discovered in the back-yard under the wood-PILE. We dug them out, and got the gun mounted as speedily as possible, as morning was far advanced. The burning hay that we had removed from the wagon was of great service to us in lighting up, and the same time show up a man by the name of Southmade, who had taken Mr. Crane, the landlord, prisoner. His wife appeared, in great despair, clasping her hands, and shouting, "For God's sake, don't shoot Mr. Crane!" Southmade shouted, "He is a d—d old scoundrel. He had ought to have been shot long ago." She said, "I know it—I know it—that is why I am afraid you will shoot him!" We searched for powder and cannon-balls. Our search was rewarded by finding three cannon-balls about as large as potatoes usually are.

We finally formed line of march for Lawrence. Gen. Lane sent word to hide the cannon in some corn-field. I did not like that notion, after having so much work to get it. So I talked with a man by the name of Rice, who had a house on the east side of the hill, and he allowed us to put it in his cellar. After we got the gun dismantled and put in the cellar, we put the wheels and carriage behind the wood-PILE. I saw that his wife seemed to take a great deal of interest in what we were doing, and began to think as soon as she got her dishes washed she would be off telling everybody what she had got in the cellar. So I formed the men into line, the lady at the head, and stepped in front and took off my hat, held up my hand, and said: "Do you solemnly swear not to reveal what you have seen this morning, unless it is to the proper authorities?" They all assented, and thus the oath was administered.

The next day Gen. Lane was at the head of about 500 men, at the head of Coal creek, and kept sending messages to me to bring along the gun. I knew that the gun was useless without ammunition; so I sent word back that he might as well have a spare pump as to have the gun without ammunition. So I set myself diligently at work to procure some. I had remembered that Brown had bragged through his paper that he had several tons of gunpowder that would be used to make balls to be fired at the enemy, if need be. Brown was then a prisoner in the U.S. Camp. So I went to Miss Gleason, his wife's sister, and asked her for type. She told me that she had had a letter from Brown, with instructions not to let any one touch the type, no matter for what purpose. I tried to prevail on her to let me have the key to the room where the type was stored away, but all to no purpose; she steadily refused. I finally went to William Hutchinson's, early in the morning, into the bed-room where he and his wife were asleep, and explained to him the trouble I was in in regard to the type. He replied that I had as much power as anybody, and that I had best take the type. I went to Miss Gleason, and told her I must have the type, anyhow; if she would give me the keys it would save me breaking the door in, as I was bound to have the type, whether or no. She commenced to cry. I told her it was better that every woman in Kansas should cry than not to have the type. So, very reluctantly, she got me the keys. In a short time I had a hundred six-pound cannon-balls made. That was the first time anything was ever cast in a sand mould in Lawrence. Then we started for Coal creek with my company, to join Lane, and finally marched on Fort Sanders. But the Pro-Slavery men did not care to face the music, and left next day. Then we attacked Col. Titus's fort, and I believe that was the first cannon-ball that was fired on the part of the North, in the struggle for freedom against slavery. We fired eleven round shot before we brought them to terms. The result is well known. I believe the "Sacramento" fired the first ball on both sides. I believe
that was the gun that was used at the Free-State hotel, in Lawrence, but she did not do as good work for them as she did for us, for they missed the hotel from the opposite side of the street.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BICKERTON.

THE ABBOTT HOWITZER—ITS HISTORY.

The brass howitzer referred to by Capt. Bickerton in the preceding statements, is now in the collections of the State Historical Society. It was recently presented by Major James B. Abbott, of DeSoto. It was the first Free-State cannon brought to Kansas. In order to give the history of this most interesting relic, the following statement of Major Abbott is given, followed by correspondence and other papers relating to it, chiefly from manuscripts not before published:

Several of the letters and manuscript papers which I have deposited with the Historical Society relate to the purchase of arms for the Free-State men, in 1856. After the armed invasion from Missouri, at the election of March 30th of that year, through which the right of the people to make their own laws was usurped, it was apparent that a conflict of arms would come on; and the Free-State men began to prepare for it. They determined that they would neither respect nor obey the acts which should be passed by the Legislature elected through that invasion; and they knew that the Pro-Slavery party meant to pass oppressive acts, and to try to enforce them.

I went East to get arms, starting from Lawrence the latter part of July. I had had correspondence with, and knew some of influence and means; and I took with me a letter from Gov. Robinson, who was known and respected by the friends of the Free-State people where I was going. I went to Chicago, Detroit, and on to Massachusetts. I went to the “Emigrant Aid” folks, in Boston, and to Amos A. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence immediately gave the money for the purchase of 100 Sharp’s rifles. He gave the money for himself and other friends who joined in the contribution. Among the letters deposited are three from him about this business. His action, and these letters, show what a friend of Kansas he was at that early period, and how quick he was to comprehend the character of the struggle into which we had been precipitated. Some of the other letters I give the Society are written by Frederick Law Olmstead, of New York, a prompt and energetic friend of Kansas. These letters relate to the howitzer, which was purchased by Mr. Olmstead with funds chiefly collected by him as my agent, partly from subscriptions made before I left New York. The howitzer got as far as Kansas City, and was brought up to Lawrence in the midst of the “Wakarusa war,” and almost through the enemy’s lines. Horace Greeley, David Dudley Field, — Perkins, Charles King, John E. Williams, and others, most of whose names I have forgotten, interested themselves about this gun.

I raised a little money at Providence and Hartford, and this, with what was raised in New York, bought seventeen more Sharp’s rifles; and Mr. Olmstead, after consulting with me about it, purchased the howitzer. Joseph R. Hawley gave me, at Hartford, money enough to buy one Sharp’s rifle. Mr. Olmstead was an active man in getting the others together, and in collecting the subscriptions; and it was he who suggested the purchase of the howitzer; reckoning, as he did, that for our use it would be as good as a hundred muskets or rifles. When I reached home, the latter part of September, I found the Sharp’s rifles, which I had sent ahead of me, there at Lawrence and ready for use; as it was apprehended they would need to be used at the election for delegates to the Topeka Constitutional Convention, which was to be held on the 9th of October. The howitzer came later, but was in time to be brought to the defense of Lawrence at the