Letters of Julia Louisa Lovejoy, 1856-1864

PART FIVE, 1860-1864—CONCLUDED

BRADFORD, VT., Dec. 25, 1860.

WHEN we left Kansas a few brief months since, we left as lovely a daughter as God ever gave to a fond mother, in perfect health, and today, whilst we write, with hearts wrung with the keenest grief, amid the snow-clad hills of Vermont, we are written daughterless—our cherished one sleeps on the prairies of Kansas.

Mrs. Juliette Louisa, wife of Dr. Samuel Whitehorn, and only daughter of Rev. C. H. and J. L. Lovejoy, fell asleep in Jesus, in Manhattan, Kansas, Nov. 20th, 1860, aged twenty-one years. The disease which terminated her earthly existence was typhoid fever. She loved the Savior, and feared not to die, but said to her grief-stricken companion, “I have much to make me desire to live, but I fear not death, and the will of God be done.” The last words that trembled on the lips of our darling one, quivering in death, were to her brother, who stood over her, and who had been her constant playmate from childhood to riper years—“Yes, ready.” Thus passed away our beloved daughter, without a struggle, leaving a desolate companion, and only child of nearly three years of age, who was at death’s door with the same dire disease when the mother went to God.

JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

MONTPELIER, VT., April 24, 1861.

BRO. ELLIOTT: At the last session of the Kansas Conference we were transferred by Bishop Morris to these hills where, a dozen years ago, we fought side by side with these veterans of the cross, of whom but a few remain of the original battalion, who once nobly battled for truth along the shores of Lake Champlain, where, for eight years, we witnessed signal victories in the Conqueror’s name, hundreds of whom can still be found with faces Zionward. It was not without many a pang, and tearful strugglings before the throne, that we asked divine guidance in the matter of leaving

137. The grave of Juliette Lovejoy Whitehorn is in Sunset cemetery, Manhattan. “Among the first to occupy our city of the living, she is also among the first to occupy our city of the dead,” the Manhattan Western Kansas Express reported in its issue of December 15, 1890. Juliette avenue, Manhattan, was named for Mrs. Whitehorn.
138. The paper which published this article has not been identified.
139. The Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis.
Kansas for a time, and the dear brethren in that distant field—Kansas, the scenes of more sorrows than was ever crowded into our life’s history at any previous time—Kansas, where our poor desolate hearts lie buried; for there rest the precious remains of our own dear children, and God only knows the thrill of agony that pierces our inmost souls at the bare mention of the name! Oh ye who wander o’er those distant prairies, or halt on Mount Oread, overlooking Lawrence, or wend your way to the mouth of the Big Blue River, where the setting sun shines on that Western city—Manhattan, pause and drop a tear for the silent slumberers, for whom tears will never cease to be shed, until Jesus’ own hand shall wipe away the last tear, and “mortality is swallowed up of life.” Oh, haste the hour . . .

This letter has already attained an unpardonable length; but my heart is still running over with “talk.” We would say to our dear Western brethren, from whom we felt compelled to be separated for a time, on account of the suffering condition of Kansas, that our field of labor the present conference year is among old and tried friends, on the picturesque shore of old Champlain. Our P. O. address is Milton Falls, Vt.; and we shall listen to the shrill whistle of the locomotive with peculiar interest, as it announces, among other subjects of interest, the weekly advent of the C. C. Advocate. That will be doubly dear, as “distance lends enchantment to the view.”

By your permission, Mr. Editor, we would, through the Central, solicit a line occasionally from former friends and co-laborers in the West.

Yours, in the great work of the world’s redemption,

    JULIA LOUISA LOVEJOY.

MILTON FALLS, VT.

DEAR SIR: . . . you know not how our souls cry out for Kansas in these terrible times. Kansas, the home of our adoption—in whose bosom are the graves of our children. Kansas, the scene of former labor and sufferings, where the great drama between freedom and slavery was so successfully played out; but the scene shifts, and lo! a whole nation is engaged in mortal combat; and O my God! when will the end come? Must we offer up our last offspring, our only son, save a “prattling one” of six summers, to swell the holocaust of victims to appease the slave power? In a few weeks,

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140. This excerpt was undated. It probably was published in the Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Julia Louisa Lovejoy
(1812-1882)

Newspaper correspondent and wife of a pioneer Kansas preacher. Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Florence (Fox) Harrop of Manhattan.
by the leave of Providence, we leave forever our native hills in dear old New England, and go back to Kansas to labor and to die in any spot, only at our post with the armor on. Our mission in New England is nearly ended—we have spent well-nigh one year and a half most delightfully, in a spiritual sense, with our brethren in Vermont; have witnessed glorious displays of the power of grace in the salvation of souls, though we have constantly borne about a bleeding heart for the “loved and the lost;” have gazed into the eyes of our aged parents, and sought their blessing for the last time; have bade the last “adieu” to kindred dear, and now only wait to sever our connection with our dear brethren and sisters on this charge, and then, should life be prolonged, our feet will tread the prairies of Kansas.

Our son writes us from Leavenworth, Kansas, that Missouri is pretty thoroughly cleansed of traitors. Gen. [James H.] Lane's Division, with which he is connected, will move soon (probably about the middle of February,) it is conjectured to the “Cherokee Nation,” arming the different tribes through which he passes, and our souls tremble in view of the destruction and carnage that is sure to follow in their wake.

MRS. JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

MILTON FALLS, VT., Dec. 7, 1861.

MR. EDITOR 141:— . . . Recent intelligence from our son confirms the fact that the typhoid fever, that awful scourge of our army in Missouri, is still making sad havoc in the ranks of the loyal soldiers. He himself has but just escaped death, with a severe attack of the disease, while lying in camp with his command near Kansas City, Mo., he having remained nearly two weeks in an unconscious state; but God has heard our prayers in his behalf, and we hope he will yet live to preach Jesus from the walls of Zion.

It may interest your New England readers to learn something of the noble Christian patriots composing the company of which our son (himself a Methodist preacher) is captain. Rev. N. Taylor, Presiding Elder of Wyandotte District, Kansas Conference, is private in his company; so are also Rev. Mr. Sellers and Witten, of the Missouri Conference; also, Messrs. Stewart and Robinson, of the Kansas Conference, all privates in this company; and almost to

141. Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.

12—2515
a man, the whole company are members of the church. They have what they call a “camp church,” with regular class and prayer meetings, and God’s blessing is manifested in their midst at these seasons of spiritual refreshing.

JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, March 18, 1862.

BRO. HAVEN 142:—We took the cars at Milton, Vt., March 4th, and turned our faces Kansas-ward, and for the first time in our journeyings to and from the “far West,” concluded to take the Northern route, through Canada, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Detroit, as we had been informed it was a shorter and cheaper route; but in this we were sorely disappointed, and paid dear for this additional experience; and we advise all travelers by all means to take the “N. Y. Central Railroad” to Chicago and all points beyond. From St. Albans, Vt., to Ogdensburg, N. Y., our route lay through a lonely country, where the snow was five feet in depth on a level, and we passed through snowdrifts 22 feet deep by actual measurement—quite a contrast, we thought on our arrival in Kansas, to see the green grass shooting up, and the wheeling as fine as in May in Vermont. The cars were filthy—the occupants, we judged, a low class of Canadians; but we endured our journey with as much good humor as possible till we left the cars at Ogdensburg to cross the St. Lawrence River, into Prescott, Canada. Here there were fifteen specimens of humanity crowded into a small boat, rowed with oars, where the river was a mile and a half in width. This perilous passage was performed on a bitter cold day, the boat rocking, the women and children trembling and weeping from sheer fright, whilst the itinerant and his little family looked to Heaven, and thought, “Well, this spot is just as near the better land as any other place, and ’tis all well, for Christ is here as elsewhere;” and as he sat in the bow of the frail craft, his voice rolled over the dark waters, as he lustily sung in his own peculiar way, “On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,” &c.

At Prescott, Ca., we were close prisoners for 24 hours in a filthy, unfurnished depot, where there was neither wash-basin nor towel, nor any kind of lodging-place save the un cushioned benches, or any refreshment, only as our company ventured a mile or more in pursuit of it in breathless haste, lest the cars would come in their absence, as they had been coming for nearly a week, and one lady had

been waiting in the depot from Tuesday till Friday, (the day of our arrival,) but no cars made their appearance till Saturday, P. M., about 5 o’clock. It was well for us that we had our own bread and cheese, and tin cup, for water, among our luggage, for there was actually but one article of convenience for travelers in this large depot, and that was a zinc cup, holding about two gills, chained to the walls of the room, (we were reminded of Luther’s Bible, chained,) from which this thirsty crowd—vexed beyond endurance at such a long delay of a number of days in succession—washed the grumblings and curses from their profane lips. The family were sick with the small-pox at the only hotel within walking distance, and so we spent a day and night as miserably as we ever wish to spend one, our sleepless senses being regaled, as we were stretched on the hard bench, with carpet-sack for pillow, with oaths and vulgar love-songs from a low class of Irish and Scotch, although there was a goodly number of respectable ladies and gentlemen, who were emigrating West, and others who were returning from the East, in the same fix as ourselves, who durst not leave the depot lest the long-expected train would leave them, as it had others previously.

There were six engines that had run off the track, we were told, between Prescott and Montreal, and one had been demolished. For several miles there was a solid mass of ice on the track that had to be picked off with a hand-pick the entire distance. We had fixed for a start the dozenth time, when lo! the telegraphic dispatch from Montreal, “the trains have started”—then other telegrams, until the wires said, “only 20 miles out,” all hands be ready; and such a rush to hear the distant whistle! In one matter all were agreed, never to be caught on that route again as long as there was another thoroughfare to the Mississippi River. But the train heaves in sight, headed by two locomotives, puffing and blowing as though they had just emerged from some straight place, as did Johnny Bull after the Mason and Slidell affair. The cars had been picking up travelers, who had been delayed all along the route from Montreal to Prescott, until there was quite a miniature world of living freight. Crossing the St. Clair River into Detroit, we were forced to pass through another vexatious farce, in having our luggage inspected at the Custom House; but happily for us, we had not one dimes’ worth purchased in the Queen’s dominions; but one poor fellow of our party was not so fortunate, he having purchased a gun for eight dollars, was taxed three dollars; and another had a pair of stockings and a few skeins of yarn in his carpet-sack, for which he was taxed
one dollar, which was more than we would have given him for the whole amount.

How changed the phase of things as soon as the boat struck the Michigan side of the river! Here we found tidy cars, sumptuously furnished, and luxuries to which we had been strangers after we left the domains of the United States. We never desire to trespass again on the dominions of Queen Victoria—forty-eight hours will suffice us for a lifetime.

We ran into Chicago in season for Mr. L. to attend church, who listened to an interesting sermon from Rev. Mr. Tiffany. The earth was mostly free from snow around Chicago, but not as dry and settled as in Missouri and Kansas. Monday morning we were whirling along at a rapid rate through Illinois to Quincy, where we crossed the Mississippi River. At Quincy our trunks were opened and searched, our carpet-sacks examined, and not even one you carried in your hand but must be examined and sealed with Uncle Sam’s insignia ere you pass into the land of Secesh, lest some documents may be concealed, or something found to brand you as spies. Every part of our luggage was sealed with sealing-wax, stamped with “U. S.,” and a bit of red tape, about six inches in length, sealed across the mouth of the carpetsack. This is to prevent spies from passing in rebeldom and conveying important intelligence to Secesh. From Quincy, Ill., to St. Joseph, Mo., all along the route of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, troops are stationed at certain distances to watch the road and prevent the destruction of bridges and tearing up of the track. The entire route across the State of Missouri bears the marks of the ravages of war; here a house burned, fences demolished, windows nailed up; there a bridge burned, causing a great destruction of human life, and one bridge we crossed had been burned and re-built several times in succession; and every bridge must be examined ere the cars passed over it. We run only 14 miles an hour, and carefully scanned the whole distance across the State, lest some trap might be laid for our destruction.

Business is all stagnated throughout the State—fine farms deserted, and the sad effects of war seen on every hand. The secesh owner of a fine farm, not far from the Mississippi, said “he would give any man a warrantee deed who would furnish him with a team to get out of the State with;” but, like Noah’s dove, he will find no place of refuge. Secesh is dead in Missouri, though deadly hatred to the United States is concealed in many bosoms, and this hatred
breaks out in murder and horse-stealing and robbing Union men at every opportunity.

A little out from St. Joseph we crossed the high bridge where so many were barbarously murdered by the burning of the bridge; and an incident connected with this bloody affair came to our knowledge for the first time. The cars were loaded with the wounded, and proceeding to St. Joseph for help, when they found another bridge on fire, as the traitors were bent on the destruction of all the wounded, but by prompt efforts they were saved.\textsuperscript{143} The U. S. Marshall was returning with his bride from the East, who was among the dangerously wounded, and now bears on her person the fearful scars of the terrible tragedy. She is a member of our church in this town, (Leavenworth.) We were delayed so long on the road that we did not reach Leavenworth until after the Kansas Conference commenced its session at Wyandotte, 25 miles from Leavenworth. Mr. L. took stage the day following and immediately proceeded to the seat of the Conference, leaving his family in Leavenworth till his return. We are very agreeably and hospitably entertained with the family of Rev. G. W. Paddock, who the past year has been the pastor of the M. E. Church in this place, and who was formerly a member of the East Genesee Conference. This dear brother and his estimable lady stood at their posts unflinchingly during the days of famine that so sorely tried men’s souls, and whilst many of their brethren either returned to their former fields of labor, or accepted of an agency to solicit funds for the suffering, Bro. Paddock stood firm as a wall of brass, resolved to stand by Kansas to the last, and God has honored him. There is a membership of 130 in the M. E. Church in this city, paying their pastor a salary of $700, and they intend to complete their fine church in early spring.

Everything looks warlike here. The streets are constantly thronged with soldiers, and regiments are going and coming. Whilst we write, a company are on the march by the dwelling, with their stuffed haversacks strapped to their shoulders, bound in a southerly direction; anon a company of cavalry gallop into town. Yesterday, by special invitation, in company with Sister Paddock and two other Christian friends, we visited the hospitals for the sick soldiers, and those who were somewhat convalescent. Here were several who were in the terrible battle at Springfield, Mo.,\textsuperscript{144} when the brave [Gen. Nathaniel] Lyon fell—some sick with typhoid fever, pneu-

\textsuperscript{143} The Platte River Bridge Massacre, September 3, 1861.—See The Conservative, Leavenworth, September 5, 1861.

\textsuperscript{144} Battle of Wilson’s Creek, ten miles south of Springfield, August 10, 1861.
monia, measles, &c., and we found three who will soon breathe their last, far from home and kindred dear. There was the empty pallet from which one had just been lifted to his rude grave; there another soldier speechless, and grappling with the grim monster; there another emaciated to a skeleton, sobbing as though his heart would break, and trying to tell us of his poor mother away up in Wisconsin. Our own emotions at times quite overcame us as we grasped the skeleton fingers of one after another of these poor creatures, who had come hundreds of miles to fight for their country, and now must find a grave unmarked, and be buried by a stranger's hand. We tried to tell them as well as we could of that world where the inhabitants are never sick, and many a rough hand was drawn across the eyes as they told us in broken accents, “We do find Jesus precious.”

We never spent an afternoon more profitably in our lives than in visiting the wards in that Mammoth Hospital. Everything about the premises bore the marks of neatness. The rooms were well ventilated, and kept in excellent order—the beds tidy; each cot had a pillow, sheets and coverlet, the most of the cots being single. The physicians are gentlemanly in their deportment, and the most of the nurses are pious men, and members of our church. Provisions are very plentiful in Kansas. Flour is six dollars per barrel, potatoes 30 cents per bushel, bacon 7 cents per pound, butter 20 cents, apples, very fine, one dollar per bushel.

O the changes that have taken place since we left Kansas, 18 months since—instead of a daughter come to welcome our return, the graves of two beloved daughters in solemn stillness tell us, “our loved ones are not here,” and we in untold agony turn away to weep. God help us to feel “Thy will be done.”

Julia L. Lovejoy.

P. S. Our P. O. address will be, Rev. C. H. Lovejoy, Baldwin City, Douglas Co., Kansas.

Baldwin City, Kan., June 20, 1862.

Mr. Editor: . . . A terrible state of affairs, politically, is now being enacted in the bloody drama that has brought death and desolation to so many families in Missouri. Whilst we write, a refugee from that ill-fated State, is at our son’s table at dinner, who with his family escaped as by the “skin of his teeth,” leaving a fine farm, farming tools, &c., behind him; not knowing how soon all

145. The Independent Democrat, Concord, N. H.
would be destroyed by those infuriated demons, who watched to shoot him for no crime only loving the government under which he had always lived. It would make your ears and the ears of every true Vermonter burn with indignant horror, to listen to those tales of woe and suffering that those patriots pass through,—you can find them by scores, if not by hundreds in every part of Kansas, eking out a bare subsistence for their families who have escaped from the bloody fangs of Secession. Hear from this pious man’s lips—well attested facts:—A neighboring physician, a quiet, unobtrusive man, and withal a slave-holder, said he would have his right arm torn off before he would fight for the Southern Confederacy against his country.—Those fiends shot him and left him weltering in his blood, then fired his house and burnt his body up with it, and whether he was quite dead ere the fire reached him is more than his neighbors can tell. Another neighbor, a woman, they shot in the presence of her husband, who died the next day. Others started to flee, and were shot on the road, and left unburied. Union men are shot down like dogs, and their property destroyed in almost every part of Missouri. Four or five men whose families live at Black Jack, about 5 miles from here, were shot a few days since, near Independence, Mo.

Please say to our friends that Mr. Lovejoy is stationed the present Conference year, at Wyandotte City, a beautiful city about two miles from Kansas City, Mo., where so many bloody tragedies have been enacted during the present war. Our family remain at Baldwin City for a time.

This is quite a dry season in Kansas, but farmers have got an immense amount of crops, of different kinds. Provisions low—flour, $5 per bbl; corn, 20 cts. per bushel; butter, 8 cts. per lb; eggs, 6 cts per doz; potatoes 5 cts per bush; extra 20 cts; ham, 6 cts; pork, 3 or 4 cts.

**JULIA L. LOVEJOY.**

BALDWIN CITY, DOUGLAS CO., KANSAS,
July 22, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS: . . . Rumor says [Gen. Sterling] Price’s army has again re-crossed the Mississippi River, and we fear another raid upon Kansas. Guerilla parties are making dreadful slaughter upon Union men in Missouri and stealing and destroying their property.—Anarchy reigns in Missouri. A man who came home with Mr. Lovejoy the last time he visited his family, was shot at in

140. The paper which published this article has not been identified.
Kansas City, Mo., the same day they journeyed together, and I have great fears for the safety of Mr. L. as he is stationed the present Conference year, at Wyandotte City which is only two miles from Kansas City. Our family will remain for the year at Baldwin City, Douglas Co., which is our P. O. address. The weather is very dry and unless we soon have rain, crops will come in very light. There is an immense breadth of land planted and sown. Wheat is harvested and a fair crop. Garden vegetables light—quite a failure on account of the drought, in some places. We have had green corn for weeks past. The prices current are as follows: Flour $5 per bbl; corn 15 cents per bushel; butter 8 cents per pound; eggs 6 cents per doz; ham 5 and 6 cents per pound; pork, 3 and 4 cents; beef, 3 and 4 cents per pound; working oxen, 50 and 60 dollars; good cows, 10 and 12 dollars. We write this for the farmers of N. H. Heaven bless the dear old Granite State, and may her soldier-sons take the lead in striking the death-blow to the great cause of this rebellion.

Julia L. Lovejoy.

Baldwin City, Douglas Co., Kansas, Monday Morning, Sept. 8, 1862.

Bro. Haven:—I write hastily this morning, whilst consterna
tion and excitement are imprinted on every brow. That which we so greatly feared, has come upon us. Yesterday morning before light, [William C.] Quantrell’s band of desperadoes numbering, report says, about 700, stole into Olathe, Spring Hill, and Squiresville [Johnson county], whilst the peaceable inhabitants were asleep, and sacked each of the above mentioned places, carrying off all the plunder they desired. At Olathe, a company of our boys had collected, to start for Fort Lincoln (near Fort Scott), to go into camp there; they took them all prisoners, and took two hundred stand of arms, all the commissary stores collected for the regiment; and a number of our soldier-boys broke and run, when they shot some half a dozen of them dead, and three or four citizens also. A young man who was stopping there for the night, from Spring Hill, was mounting his horse to flee to his home, when they seized his horse and shot him dead. Capt. Charles J. Lovejoy, (our Charlie), is quartermaster of this regiment, and was to have started with the Olathe soldiers this morning for Fort Lincoln; he has just gone, whilst his unfortunate comrades are weltering in their blood. “How

147. Zion’s Herald, Boston, Mass.
long, O Lord, how long” must this state of things continue? This Quantrell, who is a second Nero, or fiend rather, in point of cruelty, was Charles Hart, formerly of Lawrence, Kansas, with whom Mr. Lovejoy was acquainted during our troubles in 1856 and ’57. At the recent capture of Independence, Mo., four of our neighbors fought to the last, and refused to surrender until overpowered by numbers, and all were wounded—two severely. Capt. Thomas, of Independence, Quantrell shot dead and then kicked his body repeatedly. Capt. Thomas was a Methodist preacher, and had been a member of the Mo. Conference. About that time, Quantrell and his band murdered a man, in presence of his own son, and said, “Go back to Kansas city, and tell the people you saw Quantrell kill your father.” We could not sum up the horrid murders committed by this notorious guerrilla leader and his band, who have eluded the vigilance of thousands who have been on their track, from every point of the compass, for months past. A woman, who bears the sobriquet of Nancy Slaughter, seated on one of the fleetest horses, accompanies this wretch on his bloody perigrinations. She is a “grass widow,” and strange as it may seem, is the daughter of a respectable man now living in Kansas. A few weeks since, says the Lawrence Republican, he murdered Judge Paine, of Burlingame, and a man living with him. Quantrell sent one of his party on ahead, who pretended to be a weary traveler, and called for some whisky; the Judge went to his store to get some, when the party rushed upon him and shot him, and tumbled his body into the cellar—shot the other man and threw him also into the cellar, and then set fire to the building; the hired man crawled out of the cellar-window, but afterwards died; the remains of the Judge were partially consumed with the building. You are aware that Olathe is the county seat of Johnson Co., and is a place of considerable importance. It was our field of labor two years since, and Mr. L. has passed through the place going to and returning from Wyandotte, his present charge, during the summer.

Amid the clanger of war, we have glorious news of the triumphant march of the Prince of Peace. A camp meeting commenced at Centropolis [Franklin county], some three weeks since, and after formally closing the meeting at the expiration of the first week, such was the wonderful display of the power of God that it commenced again, and last night Mr. L. preached on the ground, and there were many new cases of individuals in the altar for prayers, and the work was progressing with unabated interest. We were there
two weeks since, and the altar was well filled with seekers, and those who were endeavoring to point them to the Lamb of God. From fifty to seventy found peace in believing. Many leave for their homes, so that it is difficult to number Israel. A number of young men came there to get religion who had enlisted in the army, and we heard their testimonies that Christ had sealed a pardon on their hearts. This is what our young men want, to shield them from the corruptions of camp life and prepare them to fall in defense of their country.

A camp meeting commences next week, on the University grounds, at Baldwin City, and we will endeavor to tell our New England friends the result of the meeting. Our school in this place has flourished beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends, having the last quarter sixty students.

**Julia L. Lovejoy.**

**Baldwin City, Douglas Co., Kansas,**

Oct. 8th, 1862.

**Bro. Webster** 148.—I know your good kind heart will pardon our tardiness, in performing pledges made to the *Messenger*. Two unfinished letters now lie in our own writing desk, with quite a chasm in the date, commenced by Mr. L. in different parts of the State, for the readers of the *Messenger* in the Green Mountain State, but having no time at command they must be “laid over” for the present, and my own letters are all written at double quick. We are having a heap of excitement at this writing in Southern Kansas. You have learned ere this, of the invasion of our beautiful State by “Quantrell,” the famous Guerilla chief, and his gang of banditti, in which Olathe, the County seat of Johnson County, was sacked, and also the adjoining town, Spring Hill, and a little village called Squiresville, and some of the most cold blooded murders on citizens and soldiers rendezvousing at Olathe, were perpetrated by this fiend of which we have any record, even in Kansas. Mr. [Frank] Cook, a worthy citizen, was dragged from his bed, where he was sleeping with his wife, and murdered, and so was also a Mr. [J.] Judy, he too was an inoffensive citizen. They broke into the home of Rev. S. Brooks (formerly a member of the Iowa Conference now of the Kansas Conference, and the present year stationed at Olathe) frightening his wife almost out of her wits, Bro. B. being on the circuit, and lo! on the day following they were pulling, with goods and

chattels, and so was also the family of his steward, “bag and baggage” for Baldwin City to find home for the remainder of the year, if “Quantrell” does not pay us a visit, as we are expecting a “surprise,” and I trust our citizens will be prepared to receive so distinguished a guest.

Report came to town last night that a terrible battle had been fought in the vicinity of Fort Scott, in Linn County Kansas, and the first Messenger said “7,000 of our troops have been taken prisoners;” the last report was to the effect that the Federal arms were victorious,—God grant that the latter may be confirmed. O, the terrible suspense, that shrud some aching hearts in our midst, who have husbands and fathers in that Division of the Army. We met a little boy, the son of a Methodist preacher, as we were returning from town, (whither we had been to administer the holy sacrament to a dying woman) and said he, “Pa is now, we are afraid a prisoner.” The sons of two of our neighbors were in the late battle at “Harper’s Ferry” and Antietam. One, the son of Rev. N. Taylor, ex-Prasing Elder, the other of our good Methodist, Dr. Dollars, and oh, these pale-faced mothers with their quivering lips, tell a tale of heart-agony, such as thousands of mothers can now tell in our suffering Country. Missives came, one, two, three, after the terrible battle began, then all was silent as the grave. Not a word to tell their fate. O, Bro. Webster, can you fail to see that this war is the exact fulfillment of prophecy, as plain as can be spelled out to human intellect, and the different phases it has assumed and is assuming, seems clear to my own mind that it is the great battle of “Armageddon,” in the Apocalypse, and we are very near the final consumation of time. Why Sir, there are to day probably, ten thousand God-fearing, praying men in our army, battling for the right, and if this does not look like the camp of the saints, that regiment of Methodist preachers that made me shout out-right, when I read of their patriotic zeal, is a photograph of one. I disclaim all sympathy with “Millerism,” and its errors long since exploded, but I do believe from the “signs of the times” that the sound of the “Bridegroom cometh” is issued, and the “Great day of God Almighty,” is just at hand.

Our late camp meeting in this place, was a glorious success.

149. Millerites or Adventists “were followers of William Miller who, during 1831-’44, preached that, according to Daniel’s and Ezra’s prophecies, at Christ’s second coming in 1844 fire would destroy the earth. The advent failing to materialize and opposition from existing sects becoming intolerant, a new church, Adventist, developed in 1845. The adherents believed in Christ’s personal, visible return. . . .”—Dictionary of American History (New York, 1949), v. 1, p. 18.
Twelve have already united with the Church as fruits of the meeting, and it is a difficult matter, here in the “far West,” to tell the number of conversions at such meetings there are so many comers and goers. General [J. M.] Chivington, late Presiding Elder of the Rocky Mountain District, who with his command has accomplished such wonders of late in New Mexico, was present and preached from the stand in his regimentals. His persuasive eloquence, and clear, ringing stentorian voice swayed the multitude like a Western tornado, as it bends its massive oaks. The work of God is still going on, and we have meetings almost every night.

News came to Paola where the eleventh [Twelfth] Kansas regiment now rendezvous, that “Quantrell,” was at Gardner, twelve miles from here, Sunday morning, and the soldiers who were horseless, pressed those belonging to the citizens, about one hundred of them, and started in pursuit. People who came to Church had their horses taken from their waggons, and they left in the streets. Charles, who is now Adjutant of this regiment, (late Quartermaster,) was awakened one night last week and called from his room by two men, who apologized when they found their mistake,—“he was not the man they wanted.” They went to another room, called out two men who started off with them in the night. The next morning our class-leader’s son, who is a soldier there, went into a piece of woods near by and saw a human hand protruding from a hastily dug grave, and there was one of the men dead, shot through the head, that they had called from their bed. Such is life in the army.

Julia L. Lovejoy.

Baldwin City, Douglas Co., Kansas,
Jan. 16, 1863.

Mr. Editor 150:—You will rejoice to learn that we are enjoying the most powerful revival of religion on this charge that we have ever witnessed in Kansas. Between forty and fifty were at the mourner’s bench last Tuesday evening, and about twenty rejoiced in a sin-pardonning God. Twenty-two joined the class Wednesday evening who had found the Saviour within the two previous days, and the glorious work is progressing. The University Building, three stories high, where we are compelled to worship for want of a church, is becoming “too strait for us,” as there is hardly standing room for the eager crowd who are to hear the word of the Lord.

150. The paper which published this article has not been identified.
This is God's own work in answer to the prayers of his people, and he shall have all the glory.

There are now between eighty and one hundred students, ladies and gentlemen, in attendance at "Baker University," and a number have been converted during this revival, and we are expecting that at the close of the present term, as they will scatter in different directions to their homes, and bear with them the "impress of Jesus" received here, that others will be led to Christ through their faithful "personal effort." This is a very interesting and important field of labor, having the families of a dozen Methodist preachers to worship with us on the Sabbath, and usually from six to eight ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, members of our congregation, who are located here that their families may enjoy the benefit of school. Mr. Lovejoy was called from his field of labor to become their pastor immediately after the death of the lamented Prof. [T. H.] Mudge, and we are hoping that hundreds of names will be enrolled in the sheaf, to be borne from this charge, who will all be found at the last day written in the Book of Life. The Conference which meets at Lawrence next March, will not be under the necessity of convening in a big tent as in 1857, but in a house owned by the Methodist Episcopal Church, though not entirely free from debt.

The Kansas troops have won laurels recently in Tennessee and Arkansas. Report says: "Quantrell has recently returned from the latter place with several hundred men, designing to make another raid into Kansas." The rumor needs confirmation. We learn this week that the Kansas 12th, with which our son is connected, has been ordered to Arkansas to re-enforce General [James G.] Blunt, and from thence to Vicksburg, Mississippi. Who can number up the bleeding, anxious hearts in our midst who have husbands and sons in the army? Whilst we worshiped night before last, the sad tidings went from lip to lip, "Coffran is killed!" fell pierced by a shell and died instantly at the late battle of Fredericksburg. He was son-in-law of Ex-Presiding Elder Taylor, a neighbor of ours, and his grief-stricken wife and four helpless little ones are with us in untold agony. At the same hour we received a missive, stating that Mr. Lovejoy's youngest brother, a steward and class leader from Old Landaff Circuit, N. H. Conference, was in the same terrible fight, and escaped unscathed, with two bullet holes through his pants, and another struck his rifle, but God spared him and permitted another relative youth to fall in the same rank by a murder-
ous shell. May God sustain the bereaved family. We bespeak the prayers of our dear brethren and sisters, with whom we have formerly labored, and wept and rejoiced, that God will take care of our dear sons that we have laid on the altar of our distracted nation, and bring them back to our arms again unpolluted by the corruptions of camp life, and that our dear boy may again stand on the walls of Zion to blow the gospel trump[et]. We have known of but few cases of sickness in Kansas the present year, save a number of cases of diphtheria in this locality, and at one time forty cases of small pox in the Kansas 12th, not one of which proved fatal.

Julia A. Lovejoy.

Baldwin City, Douglas Co., Ks.,
January 23, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: I have no apology to offer in calling your attention, and through the medium of the Daily Record, that also of the State Legislature, now in session, to the object of this communication, which is to bring before the people of Kansas, more fully and definitely, through their honorable representatives, the Deaf Mute Institute, located at Baldwin City, and which has, since December, 1861, been in successful operation, tirelessly pursuing its noiseless, unostentatious course, grappling with poverty, and struggling against fearful odds, to be self-sustaining, and actually keeping gaunt poverty at bay, by almost superhuman effort and energy of character, exhibited by the indomitable principal, Prof. P. A. Emery, A.M. And, sirs, permit me to say, this article is entirely unsolicited, on the part of the worthy Principal, or any others connected with the institute, but wholly gratuitous, and prompted by philanthropic sympathy alone for the unfortunate beings, who, by some mysterious Providence, are compelled to drag out a voiceless existence, and never hear the “sweet music of speech,” or feel the mystic power of soothing words, and so completely was sympathy intensified (at a recent visit and exhibition impromptu by the mutes), that I should have been, with my pen, at the opening session, knocking at the doors of the Senatorial or Representatives' hall, followed by a train of some half dozen mutes, who, with pleadings unutterable, seek their sympathy, aid and co-operation, but sudden illness alone prevented. Go sirs, with me, and witness, if you can, without emotion, eight immortal beings, endowed by their Creator, with intellectual faculties and mental capacities of a grade

151. Topeka Tribune.
equal with your own, whose lips are forever sealed to soul-communion, or the interchange of thought, only by silent sign, words or hieroglyphies, and suppose these were your sons and daughters, allied by the strongest ties of consanguinity, who, for no act of their own, must grope along life's dreary way, unheeded by no glimmering ray from science, but doomed in mental darkness to live and die? Fancy one of these, the bosom partner, of life's joys and sorrows, as is literally the case with the accomplished lady of Professor Emery, and the mother of two interesting children. Mrs. E., we learn, has almost from childhood been a mute, though well educated and intelligent, conducting herself with lady-like propriety, and entertaining her visitors, in "conversational style," with slate and pencil, with remarkable tact. She writes rapidly, and her chirography is elegant, and orthography might possibly compare favorably with some of our wisest and best statesmen high in office.

We have not been initiated into the mysteries of "mute language," but from what we witnessed of their unpremeditated performances, we should judge the mutes had made as great proficiency in book-learning, as their parents or guardians had a right to expect; and to prove that these performances were not parrot-like, the indefatigable Professor gave us leave to introduce what subject, or rather objects, we pleased, within their capacity, and the various objects, were with suprising facility written upon the "black-boards." These mutes (as we have also observed in those blind from birth or through a series of years), seemed gifted with a kind of instinctive knowledge, far superior to those who are gifted with the power of speech, and recognize a look, or a sign as readily as the loquacious do the well-known voice of a friend. Now, gentlemen, we ask your influence, your patronage, your money, to aid this worthy Institute, which is poor, very poor, and no resources, unless your clemency and sympathy provide them, as the parents of the children, now in attendance, are scarcely able to defray the actual expenses of board, for which the benevolent Principal informed us, he charged only about half the sum required for the students of his next door neighbor "Baker University." We earnestly hope the present Legislature will appropriate no meager sum to this God-like enterprise, "but devise liberal things." . . .

Respectfully,

**Julia Louisa Lovejoy.**
CORINTH, MISS., April 22, 1863.

Bro. Scott 152:—For the information of my old friends in Vermont, as well as others, I pen a few lines for the columns of the Messenger, should it in your judgment be fitting. It will be seen by the date of this letter, that I am in the enemy’s land, on the very spot where the contending forces met in the deadly conflict on the 3d and 4th of October last, in which hundreds of lives were lost, and where the enemy met with a fearful loss, and to them a most overwhelming defeat, after two days of hard fighting. I have walked over this field of blood, looked with tearful eye upon the graves of those sons of Freedom, who freely gave their lives to save their country from the tyrannical reign of Southern despots. Never was I so deeply impressed with a sense of the great wickedness of this causeless rebellion, as now, yet I can view it in no other light than as the legitimate fruit of the Godless system of human bondage, which has diffused its poisonous miasma through the entire body politic;—and these are its death thrones. Yes, Slavery has awfully corrupted state and church, and God in his righteous displeasure is working out by this terrible scourge, the freedom of the poor bondmen, and this nation is yet, (as we believe,) to come out of this dreadful ordeal a purified and free people.

The colored race are destined to be elevated, and to become a people among the nations of the earth. This war has laid waste this whole country. Sad to think of, while thousands of precious lives are being sacrificed, and the land is filled with lamentations and mourning.

At Memphis, on my way to this place, I visited the hospital, where hundreds of our brave men are suffering from various diseases. I was glad to find that no pains was spared to make their condition as comfortable as it was possible. I heard no murmurings or complaints, but all seemed astonishingly cheerful. But the saddest sight, and that which so affected me that I could not refrain from weeping was what I witnessed at the levee in Memphis, where they were loading upon a hospital-boat some five hundred sick and wounded, to send them up the river to St. Louis and other points. Here were men on which the stoutest heart could not look without weeping. Men, who at the call of their country left all,—wives and children, mothers, fathers, sisters, and homes of plenty—strong and

152. This letter, printed in the Christian Messenger, was written by Julia Lovejoy’s husband, the Rev. Charles H. Lovejoy, three days after he was mustered into service as chaplain of the Seventh regiment, Kansas Volunteer cavalry.—Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Kansas, 1861-65 (Topeka, 1890), v. 1, p. 214.
healthy, to defend their country from the usurpation of Southern despots. Exposure in camp life or on the battle field, in a few short months has fastened upon them disease of which they may never hope to be freed, and many, alas, will never reach their homes. Alas, how many desolated homes are the fruits of this cruel war. In conversing with these noble sons of freedom, I was deeply impressed with the patriotic zeal and patience they manifested in their sufferings. No words of complaint escaped their lips. In the large crowd of sufferers waiting to get aboard or to be carried, I saw a lady standing by an emaciated form, on whose countenance was the picture of deep sorrow. I approached to say a word of comfort. I found her to be the wife of the suffering individual who sat at her feet on his haversack, wasted to a skeleton, and who to all appearance could not live long. That wife had come all the way from Northern Iowa to attend upon that sick husband and accompany him home, if it was possible to get him there.

Another, was brought in to the public house where I stopped, being taken by his friends to his home in Iowa; but alas! he meets that weeping wife and children, who are anxiously waiting his arrival no more, for in a few hours he closes his eyes in death. But I must stop, for there is no end, it would seem, to these tales of woe.

There is another subject of interest to the northern people, on which I would say a few words. On yesterday I met with the chaplains who are now at this post, to counsel, as to the best way of accomplishing good, and prosecuting our responsible work as chaplains in our Country’s service. From the chaplain who has in charge the “contrabands,” at this post, we learned the following facts. There are now in this department, twenty-five thousands of these colored people, and at this place twenty-five hundred. Fifteen hundred of whom are hired out to the Government for various purposes, and are receiving wages. One thousand are in camp at this place, under the care of white men. A school has been opened among them which is well attended, and promises much. Scholars learn rapidly.

A large garden of one hundred acres, is put in cultivation, to raise vegetables for the army, &c.

A farm is opened on which these colored hands are employed and one thousand acres of cotton is being planted.

Steps are now being taken by which every man able to bear arms is to be mustered into the U. S. service, under white officers. One company is now organized. Those not able to go into the service
are to be employed on the farm. These people are receiving larger donations from the benevolent, mostly from the Quaker, or Friends which is distributed among them. The donations are mostly in clothing. Most of these colored people owing to the manner of their treatment as slaves know nothing of taking care [of] themselves, any more than children; and we learned that one object of those who had them in charge, was, to teach them lessons of self-reliance, which we conceive to be the true policy. It is evident from all that we can learn there is a hopeful, yea, glorious future for this long oppressed and degraded people.

Quite a force moved southwest from this place last week, and some thirty miles out, their advance guard met the enemy; a skirmish ensued, and the union forces fell back a few miles, as the enemy greatly outnumbered them. A strong reinforcement has been sent out. No doubt a battle has been fought, or will be soon. There is much anxiety here to hear the result. May God speed the right.

C. H. Lovejoy,
Chaplain 7th Kansas Vol.

[Baldwin, August, 1863?]

Mr. Editor:—For eight years past when we first trod the soil of Kansas, no intervening year can compare with the present, with regard to fruitfulness, save the year 1861 that we spent in New Hampshire and Vermont. The earth is like a sponge well filled with water. Rain, rain, almost constantly in this locality, so that the pools are full, and streams almost constantly pouring down the sides of the bluffs. The weather has been so cool the most of the time thus far, that one has needed winter garments, save a few days. We are looking for agues and fevers to prevail, there has been so much rain, and there will be such a large amount of vegetation to decay on the ground.

The wheat crop is already secured uninjured, a very large yield, and every other crop promises an abundance for man and beast. All is quiet, politically, save an occasional raid by guerrillas along the southern border. I hope my brethren in New England, both the ministry and the laity, will heed the call from Missouri in a late number of the Herald. We know of no other spot on the American Continent, that holds out such inducements to the emigrant either to do good or benefit himself temporarily. It will soon be as safe to settle here as it is to live in New England.

Julia A. Lovejoy.
MR. EDITOR:—Little thought we when we sent off those letters to Zion's Herald, three days since, with this note appended, "all quiet here," that even then a gang of murderous banditti were but a few miles distant, and that in a few hours such horrid scenes would be enacted in our midst as would make the cheek of darkness turn pale. Such a day as yesterday and the previous night, Kansas, with all her former scenes of blood, never witnessed. I and my little boy live alone during Mr. L.'s absence in the Army of the Mississippi, on a claim between Baldwin City and Lawrence, two miles from the former place, and ten from the latter. A Methodist preacher on his way to Lawrence had stopped with us for the night, and our son, Capt. C. J. Lovejoy, Adjutant of the 12th, was at home on a visit.

At an early hour Friday morning, looking in the direction of Lawrence, said he, "Mother, Lawrence is all on fire," and in a trice he was in the saddle and galloping down street. I rushed out and saw the smoke of the burning city, and met the preacher who had spent the night with us, and had started for Lawrence, panting for breath, and urging on his horses to hide them in our woods; having left his wagon by the wayside, he cried out, "Sister Lovejoy, Quantrell has burnt Lawrence, and is within two miles of us with 3,000 men"—some have since thought not so many—and I could then see every house this side of Lawrence, with a volume of dense smoke arising from them as they advanced, firing every house in their march of death. My neighbors began to clear their houses of all their valuables, and secrete them in the woods and cornfields. I caught a little tin trunk with our valuable papers and husband's watch in it, that he had left as a kind of memento if he never returned from the war, and concealed it in tall weeds, and dragged out a trunk of clothing, and looked to Heaven for help in this time of need. Nearer and nearer they came; again I hied to my watchtower. Thank God they have taken another road—the Santa Fe Road, running parallel with this from Lawrence to Baldwin City. At this instant rode up a squad of United States troops—three hundred in the whole, who had been in saddle during the night, and nearly famished. I emptied the contents of my bread box, which sufficed for a few; they ate as they rode along. The robbers were at that moment firing Brook-

line,\textsuperscript{156} two miles off, and there our men, hundreds of whom were galloping over the prairies in every direction, headed them off from Baldwin City and Prairie City, both of which they had designed to burn, and murder the inhabitants. These soldiers had learned their intentions, and had followed them from Kansas City, Mo., thirty miles, and traced them by the smoke of the burning buildings after they left Lawrence, and headed them just the moment they were to burn our city; and had it not been for the promptness of these troops, who had ridden until a number of their horses fell dead in the road, our beautiful University Building would today be a heap of ruins. At Prairie City our company of troops and citizens had augmented to 800 or 1,000 men.\textsuperscript{157} Our men chased them, loading and firing, to Paola, twenty-five miles, killing seven of them on the road, and not one of our boys killed. Then Quantrell's band broke and run into the woods and cornfields, and up to midnight last night they had killed twenty of them, and were still chasing them in Missouri.

Our son and a near neighbor are amongst the missing ones, though they may be in the large army that are now in pursuit. But hark! the report of a pistol; I drop the pen; a company of horsemen just returning. "Where's my boy?" "All safe, we hope, but has gone in command of the troops that are still chasing Quantrell in Missouri. Heaven protect him and bring him safe to his mother."

Up to last night, one hundred and twenty had been found and buried in Lawrence, and it was thought that from 150 to 200 had been killed,\textsuperscript{158} and many burnt up in the great Free State Hotel,\textsuperscript{159} and their remains are buried beneath the rubbish. There were a great many guests and boarders in the house, and as they rushed out they shot them down, and threw their bodies back into the fire. One neighbor saw a pile of charred bodies yesterday, some with their whiskers and hair burnt off, and their boots partly burned; and he heard one man speak for 75 coffins, and his opinion was that 250 at least were murdered in Lawrence. Quantrell intended to butcher every man there, but some escaped in woman's apparel, and others concealed themselves.

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\textsuperscript{156} Brookline or Brooklyn was a town on the Santa Fe road about twelve miles south of Lawrence. It is now extinct.
\textsuperscript{157} This number is possibly far too large.
\textsuperscript{158} The exact number was never known. Dr. Richard Cordley thought that one hundred and fifty would not be far out of the way.—Richard Cordley, \textit{A History of Lawrence} (Lawrence, 1895), p. 246.
\textsuperscript{159} The guests were allowed to leave the Free-State Hotel (Eldridge House) before the destruction began.—\textit{Ibid.}, p. 204.
\end{flushright}
Gen. Lane ran out of the back door as they entered the front door, and escaped, although they burnt his house; he is after them now, and says “he will follow them to.........; but what he’ll have the last one of them.” His house was a beautiful and superb brick house, just built. Major [Geo. W.] Collamore, well known in Boston, secreted himself in a well and was smothered to death by the smoke of burning buildings. One lady threw her arms around her husband, and begged of them to spare his life. They rested the pistol on her arm as it was around his body, and shot him dead, and the fire from the pistol burnt the sleeve of her dress. Mrs. Reed [Mrs. F. W. Read?] put out the fire six times to save her house, and they would fire it anew, but she by almost superhuman exertions saved it. Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Rev. H. D. Fisher, of the Kansas Conference, formerly of the Pittsburg, now chaplain of the Sixth Kansas Regiment, a spunky little Dutch-Irish woman from Pennsylvania, by her own exertion saved the L part of her house, whilst the front, a splendid new brick establishment, was burnt, worth $2,000 probably. All the business houses, banks, stores, &c., in the city were robbed and burned save one, and the most of the business men killed. It is estimated that half a million in money has been carried off.

Rev. Mr. [S. S.] Snyder, Presiding Elder on the Lawrence District, (United Brethren) who had been in Kansas since 1855, and one of the best men in the State, living about half a mile from the city on his farm, was killed, and his house burnt. Five men were killed in front of Bro. [G. W.] Paddock’s house, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Although seven of our preachers were in Lawrence, not one of them was killed, but five lay members were murdered. Such a day of mourning as was yesterday never dawned upon Kansas. The air was dense with the smoke of burning buildings, and the prince of darkness and his allies never devised greater schemes of cruelty, to throw back half-murdered victims into the flames and roast them! Their death in a number of instances were signally avenged.

A number of children were killed, but the excitement is so intense it is difficult to find out the particulars. Between Lawrence and Brookline they compelled a woman, with her neighbors’ houses burning all around her, to swear “secesh,” and then get the whole gang breakfast; then passing along they soon burnt a church, and

shot the Dunkard preacher, [the Reverend Rothrock,] putting seven balls in his neck.

I used to wonder, Mr. Editor, how Charlotte Corday, a delicate lady of fine sensibility, could nerve her arm to plunge her dagger up to the hilt in the heart of the detestable Murat, but I did not wonder a bit when I stood in the door and saw those houses lighting up with their lurid glare the surrounding country, and looked every moment to see the cutthroat villain's ascending the bluff whose crest is crowned by Forest Lodge.

Julia L. Lovejoy.

P. S. The Christian Messenger and Independent Democrat, and other New Hampshire and Vermont papers, will confer a favor on friends and relatives by copying the above into their columns.

J. L. L.

Post Hospital, Corinth, Miss., Jan. 11 [1864].

Dear Old Herald:—Most heartily do we wish thee and thy numerous family (whose names are duly registered on the subscription list) a "Happy New Year," a life of usefulness, a triumphant death, and what is sure to follow the foregoing, a glorious resurrection. From the land of Dixie we greet thee, as an old, long-tried friend who hath borne to our home good cheer, lo! these many years; and thy columns, richly freighted with the choicest blessings, like clouds surcharged with rain, have gladdened our hearts with "good news from a far country." The fat of the land be thy portion, with Benjamin's mess, and "may thy shadow never be less."

The Post Hospital at this place with which we are connected has witnessed heart-rending scenes of sickness and death, and Corinth is one vast Acedema, where graves meet your gaze at every turn, and sometimes you read a long list of names on one head-board; and after the battle of Oct., 1862, 2,500 were buried here, besides the hundreds who have died in the different hospitals.

Two whole brigades and one regiment of regulars arrived here yesterday and to-day in pursuit of [Gen. N. B.] Forrest, a noted guerrilla chief, who has been committing depredations all through this region of country. A large Union force is constantly guarding the railroad between here and Memphis, Tenn., which is about 90 miles distant, but scarcely a week passes without the track being torn up, stopping the trains, and a number of times the trains have been fired into by guerrillas.

162. Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.
There is great suffering at this place amongst the contrabands for food and clothing, and also by the refugees, who would starve did they not receive some rations for their families from government stores.

The Post Hospital was until quite recently a superb family mansion, belonging to a wealthy planter, on his plantation, about one mile and a half from town; but being in constant danger of being gobbled up by secesh, as we were so far from the guns of the forts, we removed to our present commodious quarters, which are of brick, three stories high, and was formerly a college edifice where the Southern chivalry were educated, probably by “Northern mud-sills,” who are now the sole proprietors of this princely establishment. On the first floor are the chaplain’s, surgeon’s and physician’s quarters, dining-hall, room for the convalescents, with an ample hall running through the centre of the building; and on the second floor are the wards for the sick and wounded men, in convenient rooms with fireplaces, on either side of a hall extending throughout the building; on the third floor are the rooms for the employees connected with the hospital, linen room, ironing room, &c. What foreseeing prophet could have predicted that in the year of grace 1864 the hated Yankees would be in possession of this town and surroundings?

The climate thus far has been very salubrious for the soldiers, though at other seasons not cold like the past there must be a large amount of deadly miasma exhaled from these low grounds, where there is so much stagnant water at all seasons of the year. We are far from being pleased with the State of Mississippi, as far as we have had an opportunity of seeing it. The land is quite level, with a superabundance of heavy timber. That part of the State of Tennessee through which we passed was very beautiful, and considered quite healthy. Here also we discovered a greater supply of heavy timber than is usually found in any New England State, and to us who had lived so long in Kansas, where our native pine and spruces and other ever-green trees are missing, it was a welcome sight to see them in such profusion. The winter has been as mild the most of the time as the autumn in New England, and we think the State of Tennessee must be desirable for emigrants from the rigors of a Northern winter. When the war is ended and new lords make new laws, and the curse of slavery is entirely wiped out, Yankee preachers and Yankee teachers will find here a vast field of usefulness opened for them to enter and reap a rich harvest.
Chaplain Lovejoy, in addition to his duties at this post, is teaching a colored school, with some eighty names enrolled of all grades, men, women, and children, and also an evening school composed of men who labor during the day and can find no other time to learn to read. Our own peculiar work is teaching the whites in a day school and a separate school of colored in the evening, and we have never found in New England or elsewhere children with such ambition to excel, nor those who make such rapid proficiency in so short a time. The most who commenced with the alphabet now read in “easy lessons,” and I have one old Aunt Sally now learning her A, B, C’s, who must have been a slave, judging from her physical contour, at least 60 years, and how her eyes danced with joy when she could spell A, X, ax. They are deplorably ignorant of everything but hard fare, hard labor, and the overseer’s lash; and on the back and shoulders of our washwoman, I could lay my finger into the scars of the deep-cut gashes of the slave-driver’s whip, for failing to make up her quota of cotton picking. Slavery, accursed of God and humanity, how art thou fallen from thy lofty estate!

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which has been first and foremost in riveting the chains of the slave, is now doomed, forever doomed, to utter extinction, without a forlorn hope to rise from her utter degradation; for the curse of the Most High is upon her. . . .

The entire South will in our humble opinion be missionary ground, for not one in perhaps twenty or more of the white inhabitants can read or write. We had heard of their ignorance before, but were unprepared to credit what we have found true, and we strongly desire if the climate in summer should agree with our constitution, to return and labor here as a teacher and life-long missionary of the cross.

JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

Baldwin City, Feb. 21, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—At home again, after a tedious journey of four weeks’ duration, and passing through a series of perils by land and perils by water on our way from a Mississippi hospital to our own rural domicile on the hither margin of Coal Creek. And, sir, in the on-coming future, when files of the old Herald shall be eagerly sought after by our children’s children, it may be considered a grave offense of the editor, should he fail to chronicle the important forthcoming items in said journey, for the benefit of his 60,000 readers and all succeeding generations! We were quietly pursuing our daily

163. Zion’s Herald, Boston, Mass.
routine in the post hospital, with a flourishing school of both whites and colored, when, lo! the orders from the commanding general come in quick succession, "To-morrow remove this hospital, with every appurtenance thereof, and all the sick and wounded, to Memphis, Tenn.;" and ere the morning's dawn there was one universal clatter throughout the mammoth establishment, and ears were loaded with their precious freight of brave men with no legs, and men with mended legs, all splintered and bandaged, and men with almost sightless eyes, and maimed and battered in various ways; all for patriotism that glowed in their mangled forms; and not from one have I heard (as I have stood by their cot endeavoring by acts and words to assuage their anguish) the expression, wrung from their lips in their keenest agony, O that I had not laid my life on my country's altar; but the sentiments expressed by a young man about twenty years of age, who was applying a sticking plaster to a bullet-hole in his breast, where a minnie ball had entered, coming out at his back, and whom I was endeavoring to console with these words, "Young man, you will henceforth be a pensioner on the bounty of this country." He interrupted me with, "I don't want a pension; I want to live, long enough to meet the rebs once more in battle, and draw a bead on the man who put his bullet through me, for I know the man."

In connection with the removal of the hospital, was another order from headquarters, "The 7th Kansas Cavalry are ordered without delay to report to Leavenworth, Kansas; and Corinth, Miss., is ordered to be evacuated and burned forthwith," which order has been executed, and to-day Corinth is in ruins.

Memphis, Tenn., ninety miles from Corinth, is the most beautiful and healthy of all the cities in the South we have yet visited, and so captivated were we with the city and its environs, after a week's sojourn, that we hope at no distant day to dispatch greetings to Zion's Herald, dated "Memphis, Tenn." The Kansas 7th were obliged to wait a week at Memphis to get transportation to Cairo, Ill., for every boat that ploughs the turbid waters of the Mississippi, above Memphis, had been seized by government and pressed into the service of transporting troops down the river; but to what point none but those in the secret were permitted to know; and during our stay 15,000 or 20,000 had collected, and it was a grand sight to behold that line of transports anchored at the foot of the bluff, or rather succession of bluffs on which Memphis is built, and to see regiment after regiment like an unbroken thread file past us and
throng the gangways of the boats, and then like swarms of bees darken every part of the rigging as they filled the boat quite to the stern; and tears fell thick as rain drops for the mothers at home, from at least two pairs of eyes, for many of those stalwart forms will fill a Southern grave. And there too lay the sullen-looking gunboats, growling like so many angry mastiff’s impatient for their prey, as they belched forth huge volumes of smoke, with guns of heavy calibre peering from every port-hole; and, sir, were it not that Heaven is merciful and long-suffering to guilty man, the oaths and curses that fell from the lips of profane captains of steamboats during that eventful week, as each boat was taken possession of against their remonstrances and filled with troops, would suffice to sink the whole river craft to the bottom of woe. The Belle Memphis, one of the most splendid boats that ply on the waters of the Mississippi River, was at last secured for the special benefit of the Kansas 7th, and the night previous to her leaving the wharves at Memphis she was packed literally with living freight, and some conjectured there were over 1,500 souls on board, including the Kansas and part of one Ohio Regiment, and the families of numerous officers and soldiers who had left with the Southern expedition, and had sent their families to their Northern homes. We never felt more forcibly these words,

“On what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things,”

than during those two days and nights on board that crammed boat, her hold packed with cotton, with the shocking incidents of the burning of the Sunny-Side in the same waters so recently, and our boat throwing fire from her chimneys so that the deck once caught fire and blazed, and almost every combustible matter on the upper deck, even the soldiers’ hats, overcoats and blankets caught fire, so that numbers were entirely ruined, and in repeated instances the fires in the bedding could not be extinguished, and they were committed to the deep a flaming mass; and many a soldier cast a last lingering look at the remnant of his pallet, as it smoked in the wake of the boat and then disappeared, like all sub-lunar enjoyments, forever.

But would you believe, Mr. Editor, that even then, when some watchful ones were turning pale with fear, and the soldiers were shouting from the deck, “Fire, fire,” that a dance was proposed in the cabin, and entered into with a zest, even by some who had once borne the profession of Christianity and worn the badge of Christ’s
disciples! Wives participated, whose husbands had but just bid them farewell as they joined the fleet that was to sail the following day, and many of them their eyes had beheld for the last time. Deep-seated sorrow, how easily art thou dissipated by mirth, in a volatile spirit! We had retired to our state-room to sing old-fashioned Methodist hymns, strangely contrasted with the violin and guitar at the door entrance, when the chaplain knocks for admittance, and says, "Please hand Bro. North his Bible from his carpet-bag; he wants to search the word of the Lord as he has been wont to do at the close of each day at home or abroad." Some of your readers will remember C. C. North, of New York city, who has in the Advocate and other religious periodicals given us such interesting communications from his classic pen, and whom God will assuredly honor, for he honors God by dispensing his bounty on a Mississippi River boat, by aiding poor soldiers' families in need, and in a giddy throng hies to the Fountain Head for the all-soothing balm for a disturbed spirit. At Cairo, Ill., our officers, after a delay of a number of days, succeeded in chartering a train of cars of sufficient numbers to transport horses, baggage, regiment and all connected therewith, as far as Quincy, Ill.

If your readers ask for a description of Cairo and its surroundings, we would answer, fancy a town built on a foul morass, with almost every house labeled "Hotel," the streets barricaded by mud, the sidewalks on stilts, and fever and ague, and mosquitoes in mosquito time, and we opine these would make one with prospective proclivities have the night-mare, in solving the problem whether cause is sure to follow effect, or visa versa. We hasted to shake the mud from our feet as we joyfully climbed the steps of the cars, the foremost of which was appropriated to the officers, and we doubt if a larger number of cars were ever connected with one Western train, and whilst one locomotive puffed before, another pushed and snorted in the rear. And it must have been an unusual sight to the loyal towns in Illinois to elicit such huzzas and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs as we swept along, our band of musicians on board in the meantime playing Yankee Doodle; even old, grey-headed ladies would hasten to the gate and wave a napkin or an apron, and cheer us lustily, no doubt letting fall a tear at the remembrance of some loved son in the army, or who had fallen on the battle-field. Silence plainer than words told us when we reached a copperhead town, or a hotel with a copperhead for a landlord, one of which charged the soldiers 75 cents per meal, and at the same
time charged citizens 50 cents, but he was compelled to refund all the money, and in the most ludicrous manner scatter his cigars broadcast among the greedy smokers. The ladies in the place got wind of the matter, and in less than an hour had a load of apples and food of one kind and another to feed them at the depot, till they reached another stopping-place, which proved to be copperhead of the biting character, for some of the soldiers had their overcoats stolen, and in the interim the losers gathered up all the hats they could find and made for the cars, some wearing two or three hats apiece, one above another.

Electricity out-travels steam, and the tell-tale wires had told the citizens of Leavenworth that the "jayhawk regiment" would soon be in their streets. This was enough, and the city corporation voted $800 to give them a grand reception and supper, which was on a magnificent scale, for the ovation began as soon as the "jay-hawkers" crossed the river at the ferriage. There a large delegation of mounted officers met and escorted them to the fort, amid the booming of cannon and almost deafening demonstrations of joy, and the day following was a gala-day throughout the city, and was ushered by the firing of cannon; and as the long cavalcade of military officers and soldiers formed at the fort, two miles from town, it was a grand and imposing sight as they marched from street to street, with banners flying, flags streaming from house tops and windows, martial music discoursing patriotic airs as cheer after cheer rent the air. They had dearly earned the laurels that the Kansians with right good will gratefully placed upon their brow, for nearly three years of hard service in the field had told upon their ranks, though oft replenished by new recruits; and, alas! how many were left amid the miasmatic swamps of Mississippi and Alabama. Gen. [C. R.] Jennison in that triumphant entry into the city headed the procession on a richly caparisoned horse, who seemed to understand the pomp and pride of war as well as his rider; and there too rode the youthful Major [Francis M.] Malone, the pet of his regiment, of whose exploits they are justly proud. Not six weeks previous to that eventful day, when under full headway in a cavalry charge on the enemy in Mississippi, both horse and rider found themselves in a trice at the bottom of a dry well thirty feet deep. The horse was killed in the descent, but the rider escaped—not unscathed, however, and unbruised. When the history of this war shall have been written by an impartial historian, it will no doubt be found that the "jay-hawkers," that have so long been a terror to border ruffians in
Missouri and the rebels of Mississippi and Alabama, have exceeded all other Western regiments in daring exploits and continuous skirmishing and hard toil, being almost constantly in the saddle in pursuit of the enemy. We speak not here, nor need we, of the morality of the regiment, for there is room for improvement in this respect as well as in other regiments which have so long been severed from the restraining influence of home.

We have already trespassed upon your patience and the space allotted to correspondents in your excellent paper, and you can curtail or retrench with pen and scissors to your liking, or kindle a fire some cold morning in your stove, with these hastily-penned jottings, and the world will still move along.

JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

ST LOUIS MO. APR. 26TH 1864

DEAR JULIA & MASTER IRVIN:—I expected a letter this morning, it now being over two weeks since the date of your last. You want me to write every week, & how often do you propose to write? I think I have received one letter, for four. Now I propose to write once a week, and shall expect you to do the same. This is a most lovely morn. By far the loveliest of the season. We have had a long wet & cold weather, & for three days a heavy rain. Everything in nature is rejoicing, & every thing is very quiet in camp. It is acknowledged by all, that there is a decided improvement in the morals of the Regiment. Quite a religious influence in camp. At our prayer meeting 7 arose for prayer, with tears in their eyes told me that they were resolved to lead new & Christian lives. There is every prospect of a revival, if we can have a place to worship. Have held our meetings in the Hospital but, last Sabbath, it was so occupied by the sick that we could have no servis. Had a Bible class in my Reg. Very interesting time. About 150 have joined the temperance pledge & many more will do so. As I went out with 30 of them to join the good Templers (I took them out of our Comp[any] lines in a Co.) the Col. met us, & Smiling, he inquired if there were any men left in the Comp. He told me he would join our society. We shall send a full report, with the doings of our Temperance Society for publication in a no. of the Kans papers, the first of the week, as there has been a vote to that effect. Yesterday morn I met Bro. Paulson, as I was down for the mail. We chatted for a few minutes, & as he expected to stop in town for a number

164. From Chaplain Charles H. Lovejoy to his wife Julia Louisa, and son Irving.
of days, we passed on. I will call this afternoon, at the publick house
where he stops to see him. I expect to draw one or two Hospital
tents to-day for the purpose of having them to hold meetings in.
I think I can get them. The Col. appears willing to aid me in any
thing I desire, to prosecute my work as Chaplain.

As I wrote you in my last, we have had much sickness among
our new recruits mostly. Four have died who have been taken to
the Hospital in town two with the small Pox. Another has just
been taken out of Camp with vereloyed. Over 20 of our men are in
the Hospital in town.

Since I have been here I have been living in the past, in thought.
What a changing & checkered life ours has been. Will it appear in
the great day that any seed sown by us, has borne fruit unto eternal
life? It does now appear to me that in many instances, to accom-
plish our great mission, we have taken it by the hardest (way), &
I feel if I live to the end of the war, I will live an independent life,
to do good the rest of my days.

As to the state of the war, you will learn by the papers, that our
army under Banks, & in N. C. has met with some reverses as well
as at Fort Pillow. The enemy are taking advantage of our men be-
ing absent on furlough but the clouds are thickening, and the
most desperet fighting of the war will be in the course of a few weeks.
Should Grant fail as all others have done, before Richmond, it will
be an awful disaster to the American people. I think however his
campaign will be so planned & his force sufficiently strong to ac-
complish his purpose, & if so it will use up the rebellion. There appears
to be great hopefulness with those who are better informed. Heaven
sped the right.

At the Lodge meeting last night, I had a card sent me with the
compliments of a young Mrs. Robinson, who formed my acquaint-
ance in a Lodge of good Templars] at Sumner also I met with Bro.
Keefer (?) Son, who is in the City on detached servis. His Reg-
iment, is on Provo duty at Alton, Ill. You see by the date
of this we are yet in St. Louis, & it is uncertain how long we remain
here. There are some six Reg. here to be supplied with horses &
our[s] is about the last. One Reg. has got their horses & leave to-
morrow. Horses, I understand, are now coming in at the rate of
about 100 a day. Soon as we get our horses we will go South, it is not
known where. So uncertain is life, we may never meet again. Above
all let us be ready. I hope dear Irvin will be a good boy,—learn

165 Possibly Asbury D. Keefer, of Baldwin, then in the Tenth regiment, Kansas Vol-
all the good things he can. You will have many pleasure moments that you can learn him. Keep a good lookout & take care of your Pals fruit trees. Has Jack wed out the strawberry bed? He should stake the grape vines in the timbers if he has not done it already. Those chores he can do when it is to wet to ploug. He should not ploug when the ground is wet, it will inger the ground. My love to "Jack" & "Mag." tell them to be good, & do well for me & he will do well for himself. Take good care of the team. I will close this time and go to supper. I would like your company. Good evening.

Yours in Fidelity—

C. H. Lovejoy,

[On the margin of the letter is written:] Cut out your letter in the Herald & send it. I cannot get that no. & any letters of interest. I have a very sore arm, from vasination. It has broak and runs profusely.

FOREST LODGE, BALDWIN CITY, DOUGLAS CO., MAY 10TH, 1864

Tuesday P. M. All alone and all alone!

DEAR FATHER, BROTHER DANIEL, SISTER SARAH, GEORGE, AND ALL MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN LEBANON, HANOVER, CROYDEN, GROTON, AND ELSEWHERE:—

Lonely and weary, with continual watching and anxious solicitude, I seat myself to talk with those I love far, far away. O the days and nights, I number o'er, on the borders of this extensive forest with none (save those too young to understand or sympathise with me) for society, and continually anxious for "father and son," lest one, or both will fall a martyr on their Country's altar, and to add to my sorrow, we are looking every hour for "Quantrill", with his horde of fiends, to sweep through this entire region, and murder indiscriminately and burn every house, in his march of death! We are told he is VERY NEAR us and about to make another raid, thro' Kansas and he says "he will make clean work this time." I should leave the Country immediately, if we could, without having everything we have got destroyed. I lay awake nights and think every hour he may issue from the woods. "Our nigger" has a "six shooter," every barrel loaded to sell his life as dearly as possible, for he well knows no mercy will be shown him. I had him learn me how to fire it and I surely shall if I am not shot before I can seize it, if they begin their murderous work here. Sometimes I think I will flee to another State, but there is Charles, and his family and
the Dr. [Whitehorn] will not let me carry Arthur away from him, so I must trust in God and meet the result. They are preparing to give him (Quantrell!) a warm reception with what few men they have left them, and I learn are already fortifying Lawrence.\textsuperscript{166} This is the darkest, and least hopeful time, for our Country, since the war commenced, not even excepting the "Bull Run" defeat and if Grant fails before Richmond, like his predecessors, woe, woe, to our Country! Maj. Bradford, who was murdered in that awful massacre, at "Fort Pillow,"\textsuperscript{167} sent three children to school to me, last winter and the other Officers, of the colored troops, I suppose some of them, our personal friends. Charles, is gone [to war] and I fear he will be massacred. I walk the room and groan in agony of spirit before God in his behalf. He does not enjoy religion, as he did, before he went into the Army, but his father is growing more and more devoted and consecrated to God and dead to the love and praise of the world—ready to go, when His Master calls him home. Precious man, how I miss him every day and every where—I send his last letter to you—his arm was sore from vaccination for the "small pox." Expect another letter tomorrow; If he lives to get out of the Army, he does not intend to be trammelled by Con[ference] authority to be confined to any circuit or station, but have a home, somewhere, and travel slow-like and hold protracted meetings and labor to save souls, in any spot and place. He thinks he might have enjoyed life better and his family too, and done more good, had he done so years ago. What he styles in his letter, an independent life, "like Perez Mason," the City Missionary of Boston, or like a "home Missionary" among the Baptists. I am glad to learn there is a prospect of a revival in his Reg. for it is greatly needed. Tell us in your next what Uncle Asahel's house could be bought for, or Gransire Packard's place or what other cozy little place could be bought for in any part of Lebanon, but don't say to anybody that "Quantrell" has scared ME out of Kansas, for I may never leave here, but if my house is burned, and all we have destroyed, most certainly, if I live, I want a "shelter" somewhere. The Spring is remarkable backward here— Cold and rainy. Sarah, I got out all my dagguerotypes the other day and amongst my own loved dead, there was father, and little Mary, and many others, to

\textsuperscript{166} Frequent rumors of the return of the guerrillas kept the citizens of Lawrence and eastern Kansas in a state of alarm for months after the Lawrence raid.—Cordley, op. cit., pp. 254, 255.

\textsuperscript{167} The massacre at Fort Pillow, Tenn., took place on April 12, 1864.—Dictionary of American History (New York, 1910), v. 4, p. 272.
weep over; but O they are at rest, and beyond the terrible realities of this cruel war, that falls upon me so heavily... I hope all my brothers and sisters will be good and do right, for life is so short, and eternity so near there is no time nor place for contentions here. I as much believe that the “end of all things is at hand,” as I believe I am now writing. & love each other, all of you, or you will regret it when it is too late to make amends. You are all dear to me and very dear. Love all the family. Please send this to Colby; I meant to have answered his kind letter, but I have about as much writing as I want to attend to with my other cares, I drop the pen; Our next door neighbor has just passed and says “a dispatch” came to Lawrence, last night, that Quantrell was not far from Olathe, Mr. L’s old field of labor, and may be here before tomorrow night. I must wait till I get the mail, tomorrow, before I finish this, to see what husband writes. Do answer this at once; and what perilous times these! Good night. Please tell Colby that money and shawl came safe. I had to pay 2.75 freight on the shawl, because it was sent by “Express.” I thank you, father for your kind remembrance of your absent and afflicted daughter. That money, I at once, put out on interest, for my boys, if I dont need it to buy bread with, or get necessities, of life with I want they should have something from their grandparents.

Wednesday Morn. I am now in Charles’ sitting-room writing on his table whilst Sarah [Charles’ wife] is getting dinner. I walked up here this morning; it is two miles. Charles came home last night will soon go to Little Rock, Ark. I dread to have him go but such is war, and I must submit and can only pray God to protect and save him. He is very healthy and his family well. Please write him any of you. He would be glad to hear from any or all of you, and would answer it. Direct to Baldwin City. He has a splendid residence here, and beautiful grounds, tastefully laid out with a profusion of rare shrubbery. No letter from Mr. Lovejoy today. Glorious news from the Army of the Potomac almost too good to be true. Adieu; Do write immediately, Daniel, Sarah, father and all of you. Pray for us in this hour of our danger. Love to all. Your affectionate daughter and sister,

JULIA L. L.
Baldwin City, Kansas,

"Forest Lodge," Oct. 29th, 1864.

Messrs. Editors:—You will have learned long before this reaches you, of the invasion of Missouri and Kansas by Gen. [Sterling] Price, with an army estimated at from 20,000 to 40,000 men, and of his exit from the aforesaid states, on the “double quick” with the “avengers of blood” in close pursuit, if he, and his demoralized followers, were not already in their grasp. Kansas has been in a ferment of excitement of late, not unlike a seething cauldron, not knowing how soon the whole mass would be disintegrated, and fall asunder; but Heaven has interposed in our behalf—our soldiers and citizens, hastened to the rescue of our beautiful State from the invader’s grasp—and to-day, the paeans of victory are being chanted in every village and city, from the Republican Fork on the North, to the Neosho Valley on the South. The Kansians were quietly pursuing their various avocations, when an order was issued on this wise: “Every man in the State capable of bearing arms under sixty and over sixteen years of age, forthwith shoulder his gun, and advance to meet the foe,” and the State turned out en masse, by hundreds and thousands, until the aggregate of “raw militia,” amounted to 20,000 men, strung along the border towns, with 20,000 brave soldiers to co-operate with them, all prepared, and impatiently waiting for the “old fox” to make his appearance, whom they knew was being sorely pressed and unmercifully chased from one county to another, along Missouri River, with the gallant [Gen. W. S.] Rosecrans and forty thousand brave men close in the rear—and on he came, foaming with rage at one continuous defeat, after he crossed the Arkansas line, thinking the “coast was clear,” and he could easily enter Kansas and devastate the entire State, when, lo! 40,000 men with bristling bayonets unexpectedly confront him, like spectres, rising from the tomb, and appal him with their defiant stubbornness.—The armies met at Westport, Mo., about fifty miles south [northeast?] of this place, and fought like heroes, for eight successive hours, our boys contesting every foot of ground, and forcing the whole mass back to Independence, Mo., twelve miles, when by a desperate effort, knowing that Rosecrans was hard after them, and by being re-inforced, the tide turned, and they in turn drove our men and regained the whole ground, with the dead from both armies strewing the line of contest. At this juncture, two of our citizen-neighbors thought that “all was lost” and broke from the ranks, put-

168. The Independent Democrat, Concord, N. H.
ting spurs to their horses, and thought of nothing but saving their families by flight. Their return, almost speechless from fright, created a panic such as we have seldom witnessed, even in Kansas, causing a general stampede to the forests for concealment, and the clearing of almost every house of valuables. This was Saturday, the 22d inst., and at an early hour, Sabbath morning, the 23d, Gen. Pleasanton [Gen. Alfred Pleasanton] with a large cavalry force came to the rescue of our troops, and another bloody battle was fought, resulting in a decisive victory to our arms. It was estimated that 600 were killed and wounded of the enemy, 200 taken prisoners, 3 guns taken, and but fifty of our men killed. These battles were fought on the State line, as Price was trying to get into Kansas, and a series of misfortunes have attended this “fugitive from justice,” on this “flying tour” through the Southern counties of our unhospitable State, and a telegram has been received that his army is all cut up and wholly demoralized—Generals [John S.] Marmaduke and [W. L.] Cabell prisoners of war—his baggage wagons all taken by our men, save 300 they burnt in despair—their guns captured, and Price, with a shattered remnant, was skulking towards the Arkansas line, with the bold and dashing [Gen. James G.] Blunt, and the fearless “Jim Lane,” who delights in such mischief, is following him up, and will have yet the veritable live General, or his scalp, as a trophy of victory.—The latest news is that Lane is bent on securing his prey, and will have it, if it is among the possibilities.

In the greatest haste, 

JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

169. The Battle of Mine Creek in Linn county.