An Editor Looks at Early-Day Kansas

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES MONROE CHASE—Concluded

Edited by LELA BARNES

III. THE LETTERS OF 1873

WYANDOTTE, KAN.; Oct. 20, 1873.

DEAR READER:

It is a long day's ride from Lincoln, Neb., to this point, distant about 250 miles, but the time is well spent in viewing the beautiful prairie and the villages springing up along the line of the Atchison and Nebraska road. This is a sort of cross road, not included in the main through lines of travel, and is therefore not much crowded. The passengers all have two seats each, and can spread out and take as much ease and comfort as their respective dispositions will allow.

After leaving Lincoln, Tecumseh is the largest village along the line, till you reach Atchison, Kansas. It is a county seat, containing about 1200 people, most of whom are in a fever about town lots. The houses have the appearance of having been dumped down upon the prairie, and left without fencing or ornamentation by way of tree or shrub. Still the inhabitants are waiting for a city which is sure to spring up, as they think, and give a demand for lots and an opportunity for speculation. If it were not for speculation in town lots we don't know what would become of a large per cent of western men.

In passing Leavenworth we were strongly tempted to drop off and interview the old acquaintances of 1864. This is the home of Jennison, the Kansas Jayhawker, and of his associates. He was a strong slavery man in the '56 times, but when the rebellion broke out the Union side afforded the best opportunities for robbery, and he was nominally a Union man, but really a plunderer of Missouri property.¹ There are miles and miles of Missouri thoroughfare on the border, on which Jennison and his men burned every house and in many instances slaughtered the people. One old lady tells us her experience: Her husband had been reported a rebel by

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¹ The statement is generally made in histories of the period and biographies of Charles R. Jennison that he became active in the Free-State cause as soon as he arrived in the territory in 1857. He was a supporter of John Brown.
some of Jennison's men. In passing his house Jennison called him out, and, without much parleying, ordered his boys to string him up on his own piazza. In spite of the woman's entreaties and crying, a rope was fastened to his neck, and, with the other end thrown over a beam, he was jerked several feet into the air. As his neck was not broken, he struggled violently for release, when Jennison ordered two of his men to jump upon him and break his neck. This was done, in the very face of his wife "and there" said she, "is the very beam where they hung him." This is but one specimen of the numerous cases of out-lawing perpetrated in those times.

Wyandotte is situated at the mouth and on the north side of Kaw river. The county embraces the former reserve of the Wyandotts, who have, till within a year or two, resided here, cultivating the lands and mingling with the society of whites, and in many cases intermarrying with them. The Wyandotts have produced some fascinating squaws, who have in times past turned the heads of prominent whites. Sally Driver, still a resident of Wyandotte, has been among the most prominent belles the tribe ever boasted of. Sally was finely educated in eastern seminaries, had the advantage of the best society during her school days, and when she took her sheepskin and came home she was the most charming woman in the west. She was of medium stature, with black hair and eyes, quick and graceful in motion, lively and entertaining in conversation, and as bright as a new dollar. The floor at her feet has been wiped by the knees of prominent statesmen and lawyers. But Sally is still single. We called on her. Her blooming beauty has departed, and she looks a little more like a squaw than a belle.2

Perhaps the reader would like to consult the county records and learn the names of some of the real estate holders and heads of families in Wyandotte county. We called upon the register, today, who turned to his records of deeds and, among others, read the following: Splitlog, Mudeater, Bigknife, Longhorn, Bluejacket, Whiteday, Whitefeather, Johnnycake, Silverheels, Bearskin, Beaver, Bigsinner, Bigtree, Bigarms, Blacksheep, Baldhead, Choplog, Coon, Coonhawk, Cornstalk, Curlyhead, Fighter, Grayeyes, Halfjohn, Caryhoo, Littlechief, Lump, Peacock, Pipe, Porcupine, Punch, Sarahass, Spybuck, Summonduwat, Tallman, Wasp, Whitewing, Bigtown, Longhouse, Nofoot, Standingstone, &c.

2. Gen. George D. Bayard in a letter to his sister dated at Fort Leavenworth, December 15, 1856, wrote: "There are some charming half breed ladies, who resort here from the interior. What do you girls say about it? The great Wyandot Beauty is now here, Miss D."—Samuel J. Bayard, The Life of George Dashiell Bayard (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1874).
The above are all heads of families, and many of them have been prominent citizens of Wyandotte, and tolerable farmers. The tribe is now quartered in the Cherokee country, altho' many of the descendants are here, amalgamated with the whites.

As a town, Wyandotte has not kept pace with her predictions. She is situated in a splendid country, the Missouri river bluffs, where the finest fruits can be raised, and other crops grow in abundance. Before the war she was the rival of Kansas City, just across the Kaw river and over the state line, in Missouri. She was among the early Kansas towns to take on great expectations. But after the war Kansas City took the growth, leaving Wyandotte as a suburban village. She now contains about 2500 inhabitants, 2 banks, 2 newspapers, a fine graded school, several good churches, blocks and residences, but her fate as a great city is sealed, and she can expect thrift only as an incident in the growth of Kansas City. City lots sell occasionally at good figures, and her expectations as a sideshow are of no small degree. She has spent a good deal of money in cutting down streets, filling up ravines, and for other improvements designed to make the city attractive as a place of residence, a sort of Brooklyn to Kansas City, which is now the ultimatum of her ambition.

But Wyandotte's disappointment is not much compared with that of some other places of "great expectations." Quindaro stood on the Missouri river, two miles above here. Quindaro was, but now she is not. Gov. Robinson thought to make it the point west of St. Louis on the river. He interested a Massachusetts colony, who emigrated, laid out the town, and began building. The main avenue of the city ran from the levee back into the bluffs, which were to be cut down to accommodate the grade. A street of blocks were built, including several fine stores, a three-story hotel, &c. A good mill with steam engine was erected and equipped on the levee and the Governor spent some $40,000 in grading his avenue. We visited the city in 1863 and found but one solitary family there. A poor man and a crazy wife had strayed into the hall of the hotel, and there occupied a bunch of rags. One store with granite front and iron posts stood as good as new, and various other buildings were in good preservation, but empty. Governor Robinson Avenue was graded back into the bluff 75 rods, where it stopped, leaving a perpendicular embankment 20 feet high. Small cottonwoods had sprung up in the street, and the owls were making selections of choice localities for places of abode. The colony had
tired of their enterprise and gone back home, leaving numerous town lots and the city of great expectations to take care of themselves. The lots are there, today, and so is the governor’s avenue, but it is covered with a fine growth of cottonwoods. The buildings have tumbled down, and the solitary family even has abandoned the place.\(^3\)

Kansas can boast of other enterprises, where villages were mapped and lots sold at good figures, out upon the prairie and miles from any house. All over Kansas, wherever two roads intersected, villages were laid out and lots sold to those suffering with the town lot fever. The bubble burst prior to the rebellion, since which time expectations and speculations have been based upon more reasonable foundations.

[C. M. C.]

KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 25, 1873

**Dear Reader:**

Did you ever come within one of getting rich? Within the limits of this city is a 40-acre lot of beautiful land. In 1863 this lot was enclosed by a fence, and was a native forest of oak and walnut. In the fall of that year we sported with a double-barrel shot gun, and, on the same lot, took in many a fox squirrel. We were charmed with the land, as it was high and overlooked the city, and in case the city grew it was sure to be in demand for lots. An old gentleman named Judge Smart owned it, and being “right smart” in want of money, desired to sell; $300 per acre was his price. A real estate dealer employed us to purchase the land at $250 per acre. We laboured at various times with the owner to secure the tract for $250, but he was too *smart* to discount a dollar from the $300, and we were not smart enough to persuade the dealer to authorize us to pay over $250. This ended the negotiation. But one day we went over the land with the judge, selected the five acres we liked best, and secured a refusal of the same for ten days at $300 per acre. We went to Leavenworth, and at once sent back word to a friend to take the deed and pay the $1500 for the land. But the judge backed square down. Today that land is in the best locality of city residences, and is compactly built over. Without the buildings it is worth $60,000 to $70,000. But we are still as poor as a printer.

At the foot of the bluff, between Kansas City and Wyandotte, is a plat of level ground containing 3000 or 4000 acres of land. In 1864 this was all wilderness and a resort for hunters. Today it is

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the point where all the railroads center, and is covered with depots, packing houses, cattle yards, second class stores, &c. It is the liveliest piece of ground of its size west of St. Louis. Standing upon the bluff and looking down upon the whole tract you have before you a moving hive of industry. At every hour of the day and night, trains without number are arriving and departing, shifting about, making up, &c. From 20 to 40 engines are constantly in motion, dragging after them trains of various sizes. It is here one gets an idea of the amount of business transacted in Texas cattle. This is a business which would alone build up a city of no small magnitude. We failed to obtain figures of the amount transacted in a month or year. But it employs, in its various branches, an army of men. Every train from the south, southwest, and west delivers at the yards cattle, which are passed through several hands, and either fall into the barrel right here or are shipped ahead to St. Louis or Chicago. A day’s stay about the yards makes one feel that all Texas is raising cattle which are poured into this point. The business is simply enormous. The trade has been hard, this fall. Today “bunches”—as they call herds of cattle—were selling from a cent and a half to four cents a pound, live weight. Texas countenances are quite low and many drovers, who are out $3000 or $4000 on their drive, declare it to be their last season.

These Texas cattle are not what Vermont would call beef. They come in as thin as shads. No Vermont feeder would think of offering them to the butcher without a season of good feeding. But in good order they do not look inviting. They are built like racers, and are a good match on the hoof for the best of ponies. In front they are quite imposing, with horns spanning about six feet, bright mild eyes, and heavy forequarters. But take a rear view and you are looking at the sharp end of a wedge.

Kansas City people claim this to be the largest beef-packing point in the world. They are probably over-sanguine, but we believe it is conceded that, among their four packing houses, one of them, Plankinton & Armour’s, is the largest in existence. At this season of the year this establishment butchers and packs 800 to 1200 beeves a day. You will get an idea of this dispatch by considering that 1200 in ten hours are two beeves a minute, slaughtered, dressed, packed, with the tallow and all waste tried and barreled. We spent this afternoon in this house, witnessing the modus operandi. The building covers several acres of land. Attached to outside above the basement story, is a line of pens each large enough to hold two cattle.
In the yards below the droves are kept, and a half-dozen men are constantly driving up the inclined plain leading to the slaughter-pens cattle by twos. When these pens are filled, a man with a rifle passes over them, dropping cold lead between their eyes. It keeps this man with his rifle very busy all day to dispatch his 1200. These pens are connected with the slaughter-house by heavy doors, which are raised as the cattle are wanted. A chain is hitched to them, and by steam they are drawn into position for the knives. There are a half-dozen different sets of butchers. The first man passes along the line, sticking; and then follows a set skinning and amputating the heads; then comes the next set to skin and amputate the legs, and split the hide down the belly; they are followed by "siders" who skin down the sides of the animals, then come the "backers" who put in the gambrels, order the hoist and skin down the backs. Men with cleavers follow when the ox is partly split down, and he is ready for two men with levers who slide him across the blood gutter to the set who finish by splitting down and rinsing. Other sets are engaged dragging away heads, insides, &c.

Every man has just so much to do with no possibility of shirking his part or going slow. The help is so organized that each gang drives the other, thus giving the proprietors the profit of a full day's work from every hand. Every part of the animal is utilized, except the offal and blood, which the proprietors informed us would be saved next year. The inwards are dressed, and by an elevator, carried, with other waste pieces, into the upper story, where they are thrown into steam tanks and drawn out below in the shape of tallow or other useful material. The process of cutting up and packing is equally interesting to the spectator and is attended with all possible dispatch. The pay of the men varies from $1.25 to $5 per day. The siders are considered the most skillful and get $5, while the backers come in next with $4. The common hand gets $2 to $2.50, while helpers, or those who do the carrying away, &c., get about $1.50. In the season of hog killing this house considers nothing less than 3500 hogs a full day's work. Although this is the largest packing house, there are three other large establishments in the near vicinity which will serve to give the reader an idea of the amount of this kind of business in Kansas City. And it is only reasonable to suppose that it must largely increase during the next few years.

Among the most important institutions organized in the city dur-
ing the past year are the street car companies, of which four are now in existence, and run over thirteen miles of track. They are in their infancy and run at a loss, but they have secured the franchise and are confident in expectation of profitable days to come. This enterprise gives Kansas City a metropolitan appearance, and by its great convenience to the citizen will have much to do with inviting an increase of population.

Game abounds in this locality. Prairie chickens, quail, rabbits, gray and fox squirrels are pursued with greed by men and boys. It is fashionable to own a double barrel shot gun, with necessary accoutrements. Within city limits, even, this small game is common. Any man who owns a ten-acre orchard can supply his table occasionally with game.

Labouring men command about $1.50 a day, but this season, money being scarce and help plenty, a day's work can be secured for $1. Mechanics in the city get about the same pay they command in the country towns of Vermont. Corn is worth 40 cents. Poor people get their beef cheap enough. Good Texas sirloin steaks or roasts at the packing houses being 5 cents a pound. Good flour is worth $8 or $9. Dry goods, groceries, clothing, agricultural implements, and in fact, most store goods are higher than in the East.

The one thing needful in the city is manufacturing. The West seems satisfied to produce the material and let the East take the profits of manufacturing. Hides taken off here are sent East to be tanned, made into boots, and returned with the cost to the consumers increased by freight two ways. The same may be said with two-thirds of the manufactured articles used in the West. There is not a carriage factory in Kansas City. There are two or three repair shops, which employ a half-dozen hands, make a few heavy wagons to order, and perhaps a half-dozen buggies without much style. The city gentleman does not think of patronizing them except for repairs, because they are not standard for style or finish. What is known as the Lyndon open buggy would sell here for about $200 to $225, and it would compare favorably with the best open buggies we see here. Such an establishment as that of Trull and Mattocks, or J. D. Miller of St. Johnsbury, set up here and run by the same help, would coin money fast enough to surprise itself. The city would give it a handsome patronage, and the outside world would overrun it with orders, as soon as its existence became known.

[C. M. C.]
Dear Reader:

We will not hesitate to put on record the prediction that Kansas City is to be a second Chicago of the west, and that inside of twenty years she will outstrip St. Louis. Of course that great city would elevate her nasal organ at this presumption; but that is nothing new for her. She paid Chicago the same compliment for years, but is now obliged to acknowledge superiority in point of commercial importance and population.

Kansas City was a small village in 1840, and remained so till 1853, when she began to secure business from Texas, Santa Fe, and the south-western country generally. She grew rapidly for a few years and at the outbreak of the rebellion numbered about 10,000 souls, and was really the most important point west of St. Louis. But during the war she had the misfortune to be a border Missouri town, and of course was an objective point for Kansas plunderers. During the dark days of the rebellion she was repeatedly in the possession of both parties, and never had much to choose as to the treatment received. Her wealth was an object of plunder. Union men would charge the citizens with being rebels, and make free use of their property. Rebels would return the compliment on their side. Between them both the business was ruined and turned towards Leavenworth. In McGee’s addition a whole line of brick blocks were converted into stables and barracks. In the main streets stores were empty, and real estate was for sale for a song, but no buyers. Scores of citizens secured what of their property they could, took their families and left town for a more peaceful locality.

While the city was under the control of Kansas soldiers, as it was during our stay, it was worse off than it would have been if left alone. They brought with them the old bitterness of 1856, and were only too glad to pay off old scores under color of the law. If some reprobate soldier fell into a quarrel with a citizen or outside farmer, he had only to report him to headquarters as disloyal, when he would be sent for and lodged in the guard-house. He might be heard from afterwards, and he might not. We remember one night 13 persons were thus locked up, and but one of them, afterwards found below the city in the river, was ever heard from again. Scarcely a day passed without one or more assassinations in the city. If a soldier was the guilty party he would get his discharge by finding a few companions to swear that the victim
was a rebel or a sympathizer. It was no trouble to procure such testimony from the murderer's own company. Not half the cases of assassination attracted the attention of the authorities.

The lawlessness of those times drove everything out of the city, and gave it to Leavenworth, a Kansas city, and it really looked as if Kansas City could never again revive. People of Leavenworth were jubilant at the prospect of monopolizing metropolitan importance west of St. Louis, and scouted the idea that Kansas City could ever again be a rival. This idea was so prevalent that even Kansas City merchants sold their property for what they could and moved away. But when the war closed, business began to resume its wonted localities. Instead of passing Kansas City, Southern Kansas, Texas, and a part of New Mexico returned to the old point, and Leavenworth began to smile out of the other corner of her mouth. Railroads, projected and chartered prior to the war, began to be built, and by 1870 seven long lines from seven remote quarters of the country were completed, and centered on the bottom lands below Kansas City bluffs. This gave an impetus of growth which no rivalry could check. Capitalists moved in, large stores and manufacturing enterprises were erected, and in seven years after the war the city grew from 6,000 to 35,000—10,000 larger than any other city west of St. Louis. This growth has not been unhealthy, but is a natural result of circumstances demanding the existence of a large city at this point. Few cities in the Union are more favored by railroads, and none drains a larger or more fertile country, yet principally to be developed.

During the past eight years Kansas has led off in emigration. People have flocked into the state from everywhere, bringing small means but good health, muscle, and a disposition to earn an honest living. Along the lines of all the railroads, lands have been taken up, farms started, and villages built. These are all tributary to Kansas City. But while the development of Kansas has scarcely begun, enough has already been done to sustain a prosperous city of 50,000 inhabitants at this point. Millions upon millions of acres are yet to be improved and to empty their products into this city for exchange. We do not see how there can be but one prediction in relation to the future of Kansas City, and that is a prediction of marvellous growth, and a first rank among the cities of the Union. As she is today the geographical center of the country, she may reasonably expect, not a half a century hence, to be the center of population.
Why is it that many of the most important cities of the world have been located on sites requiring so much expense to prepare for building? Chicago was located in a swamp, and it was found necessary to raise the grade of the streets several times, until 10 feet of earth has been deposited on the original bed all over the city. Two-thirds of Boston has been built up out of the sea. But Kansas City is located in the Missouri bluffs, a country as much up and down as an old-fashioned saw mill. No builder finds his lot in a condition to build on, but has either to cut down or fill up. The city, however, has established the grade of streets, and owners of lots find the expense of cutting or filling, to suit the grade, imperative. In many places streets are cut through hard soil and stone from 10 to 50 feet high. In 1863 we saw three-story buildings standing against perpendicular embankments higher than the buildings themselves. Such instances are still to be seen, but the enterprise of the citizens has cut and filled until the general surface of the city is quite comely. The expenses of this earth moving, when this city shall have reached a population of a 100,000, will be enormous. But the city authorities do not shrink from it and the improved conveniences and the general attraction of the city justifies the outlay.

In one thing the city is fortunate. These bluffs are full of the best stone for building purposes, easily worked and handsome. It also serves a good purpose for McAdamizing or paving the streets, building stone walks for streets and residences. The dirt in the bluffs is a sort of clay, a very hard compact substance, which, in perpendicular cuts 50 feet high, retains its form against time and the weather as securely as a stone wall. On many of these city lots, high above the street, we see numerous brick yards, where the owners are gradually working down to grade, and, at the same time, selling their surplus dirt in the shape of bricks for building. A surplus of clay is not so bad as it might be in a city where the demand for building material is unlimited.

We are informed by the superintendent of schools that seven years ago there was not a public school house in the city, and up to that time, since the war, no appropriation for schooling had been made. There were several private enterprises but nothing free to the general public. But the intelligence of the city comprehended the fact that the growth of no community could be healthy and permanent unless based upon education and good morals. A school board was formed and the work of establishing schools begun.
Today the city boasts of twelve large graded school houses, located at convenient points in the city. The architecture of these buildings is tasty and attractive. They are large, roomy and supplied with modern furniture and conveniences throughout. Last year the city paid her teachers $50,000 in salaries ranging from $500 to $2,000. Most of the teachers employed are ladies who command from $500 to $1200 salaries. The superintendent informs us that he gives the ladies preference in all places they are competent to fill.

The schools are now the pride of the city, and are doing much to attract a population of intelligence and refinement.

Churches go hand in hand with schools. The city has many prosperous societies which are gradually increasing their congregations, and two or three are erecting good buildings for worship. But at the present time the city has a great work in this line to do. There is not yet an elegant church standing, and the standard of morals has not yet been raised to that point which renders the building of fine churches an easy matter. Church-going has not acquired that popularity which might be expected from the enterprise in schools. The society contains a large per cent of the rough and tumble business energy, an element more apt to build up saloons and good liveries than fine churches. There is also a large element of real roughs, whose energy is spent principally in the direction of beer drinking, horse racing, street fights and attendance upon the police courts. But this is not to be wondered at in a western city of rapid growth. The population is heterogeneous, coming from everywhere, bringing all sorts of customs and principles. But the good people are active in their efforts to improve society and are rewarded with abundant indications of better days coming.

The country around Kansas City is as good as lies out of doors. The old farms sell from $100 to $300 per acre, according to quality and improvements. The land is excellent for grain and stock farms. The farmers are usually independent, solid men and pride themselves upon their fine cattle and horses. As a fruit growing region it is also unsurpassed. Every farm has its large orchards of choice apples, peaches and pears. Grapes are also raised in abundance, also raspberries, strawberries, watermelons, &c. This feature of the locality is what would please everyone. For health and luxury of living, give us a fruit growing country. A few snows with perhaps a few weeks of sleighing is all the winter ever known here.
Many winters pass without a single week of sleighing. Not half the people who keep good horses ever bother themselves with sleighs of any description. Isn't this charming? Wouldn't the Vermont reader delight to live in a country where he could hie to the woods in January and sun himself on a log? If you ever come out here at that season of year, it wouldn't be policy to strike for the woods at once, because the log might be covered with snow; but there is scarcely a January passes, that during some part of it, the ground is not bare and the weather mild.

All things considered, I believe the latitude of Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City the most desirable for its climate. It is the medium between the frigid North and the sunny South, affording long and mild summers, and winters not severe. The most desirable vegetation has abundance of time to mature. People are not obliged to spend money and patience over hotbeds, to get a ripe tomato or a watermelon. Sewing and planting can begin in March and the harvest time comes long before Jack Frost puts in his appearance.

[C. M. C.]

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS
Nov. 17, 1873.

DEAR READER:

This is down south; 169 miles south of Kansas City and in the southeastern corner of the state, two miles north of Indian Territory and seven miles west of the Missouri state line. We arrived here Monday evening, Oct. 27, and since have been interviewed by disease, "right smart." We have been confined to the bed for a week, and to the house for a longer period, and are now practicing moderately each day with a shotgun to regain 25 pounds of strength parted with during sickness.

Speaking of shotguns reminds us that we see, by actual count 2,000,000 prairie chickens every day. That means an indefinite number, which, actually, cannot be counted. The prairies are alive with them, but they are grown up and know about as much as a green hunter from Vermont. As a general thing they are too much for us, but a few of them, having blundered against our ammunition, have deceased and been buried with pot pies. The time for hunting them is in August and September, when the hen and her little brood occupy together. At this time the pointer starts them up one by one for the hunter to shoot. But now they congregate in flocks of from 20 to 500 or more, are wild and difficult to approach. We took a stroll about the farm a few days ago, and started up
thousands during a two hours' slow tramp. We bagged a few, but an expert with the same opportunity would have secured at least 20 birds. The day was very hot, at which times they sit very still in the grass during the middle of the day. Quail, ducks and geese also abound here, and we have been twice serenaded by prairie wolves. They do not sing in tune, at all. We were complimented with a duet, only, but it sounded as if somebody was whipping a pen of two dozen small curs. It was difficult to believe that only two wolves were capable of getting up such a variety of quavers. Forty miles below, in the Indian nation, is a favorite resort for hunters who spend a fortnight or so there, between now and the first of January, taking deer and wild turkey in abundance. Lovers of sport, who can afford it, are finely rigged with breech-loading shotguns and rifles, schooled dogs, &c., and expect to devote a few weeks each year exclusively to hunting.

The weather of this locality is what charms me most. For the past fortnight, with the exception of two or three days, it has been like a Vermont June, pleasant, mild, and a few days quite as warm as desirable for outdoor labor. This weather, we are told, often continues till Christmas. A foot of snow would cover the entire fall for a winter, and it is rare that a single fall remains upon the ground three days. Farm stock expect no better shelter than that afforded by the warm side of a haystack. The reader may infer from this that the warm summer months are insufferable, but the inhabitants tell a different story. The thermometer seldom reaches 100° and the nights are invariably cool, so that the inhabitants begin their day's work invigorated by a season of refreshing rest. But we must not omit to mention that hurricanes pass this way. This endless prairie is a favorite place for wind frolics. Nor is it altogether in the way of frolics, for the atmosphere often gets on a rampage which threatens serious business. A man can navigate in a rain or snow storm easier than in a prairie wind, and it would be safe to reckon on six days in every month of furious blowing. This, with the drought which is apt to visit this locality nearly every summer, baking the soil, and, to some extent, retarding vegetation, is the only fault to be found with the climate.

In 1864 we visited Fort Scott, 100 miles south of Kansas City, then the lowest town in southern Kansas. It consisted of a fort, with a few houses built up near it. Olathe and Paola were the only towns of any importance north of it. These towns were all very small. They had been through the fever heat of town lots, but were
crippled by the check of business produced by the war. Real estate holders were blue enough, and in many cases sold out for what they could and moved away. But when the war closed business revived, railroads in different parts of the state were chartered and built, the state adopted the best means to secure emigration, and people and enterprises of all kinds came into the state so fast as to astonish the most sanguine expectations. No state in the Union has secured so large a population of emigration during the past ten years.

Seven years ago that strip of country south of Fort Scott, fifty miles wide, belonged to the Cherokee Indians, and there was but now and then a white settler in it. In 1866 the government, as trustee of the Indians, sold the tract, consisting of about 800,000 acres, for $1 per acre, to the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad. The company consisted of Boston capitalists, with James F. Joy of Michigan as their representative. The railroad was commenced in 1870, and in 1871 was running to the Indian line, 159 miles in length. All along the road little villages sprang up and the older villages grew rapidly. Olathe soon became an enterprising little city of 2000 inhabitants, Paola 3000, and Fort Scott has grown into one of the best towns in the state, numbering some 7000 people. Between Fort Scott and Baxter are several important villages, among them Girard, county seat of Crawford county, 1,200 inhabitants, and Columbus, county seat of Cherokee county, 700 inhabitants. At this point the Memphis & Northwestern R. R., now nearly completed, intersects with the Fort Scott and Gulf road, and will very soon make a flourishing city of Columbus.

Baxter, of all these new villages, has the most peculiar history. While the road was building, certain enterprising people, predicting that the last town on the line would necessarily take a great trade from the Indian Territory and Texas, hurried to Baxter, the terminus of the projected road, laid out a town, began to advertise, sell lots, and build. The town started however in 1866, as a sort of a trading point for Texas cattle, and had grown into a place of about 100 inhabitants when the railroad question was settled. When the engine reached the village in the spring of 1870 it found one of the liveliest little towns in Kansas, containing between 2000

4. The road opened for business to Olathe, 21 miles from Kansas City, December 16, 1868; to Fort Scott, 100 miles, December 6, 1869; and to the south state line, 161 miles, May 2, 1870.—Report of the Directors of the Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad Co. . . . June, 1871 (Boston, 1871), pp. 13, 14, 23.

5. The Memphis, Carthage and Northwestern R. R. Co. was reorganized to form the Missouri and Western railway. Its line extended from Pierce City, Mo., to Oswego, a distance of 73 miles.—H. V. Poor, Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1877-78 (London, 1877), p. 838.
and 3000 people. Town lots were selling rapidly at fabulous prices. The idea of future growth and importance was up to fever heat. In the latter part of '70 and in '71 the increase surprised the most sanguine friends of the young city. Her population had reached 5,000. During this prosperity Baxter was a fast town. Every third door was a gambling house or a beer saloon. The highest qualification the citizen could offer as a candidate for office was a red nose, and science in handling cards. Fast men got control of and ran the city. But, notwithstanding general tendency to dissipation and fast life, school, churches and public institutions received more than liberal support: $17,000 was appropriated for a school house, $10,000 for a town hall, several churches were organized, and money voted liberally for street improvements. The highest point reached by the city was about the close of 1871, from which time she began to decline nearly as fast as she had grown up. The Texas cattle trade was diverted by railroads reaching the Indian line further west. The lead mining interest, which had promised much, failed to meet expectations.

Lead mines of great richness were opened in Missouri, 15 miles east, where in two years and a half has grown up a city named Joplin, which now numbers 7000 inhabitants. The rapid decline created a panic among property holders, some of them sold for what they could get and left the place. Others took down their houses and carted them over to Joplin. The city does not contain today one-half the number of people it had in 1871, and, as for property, there is no sale for it at any price. The Methodist church owns a lot for which they refused $5000 in 1871, but could not sell today for $100. But as a part compensation for this reverse of fortune, Baxter has fallen into better hands, and is now governed by cool-headed business men—men possessing good judgment, principle and enterprise. The mayor, H. R. Crowell, an eastern man, and one of the solid merchants of southern Kansas, believes in the future of Baxter, and is laboring to give it a good foundation for a healthy growth. Although the reckless extravagance of two years ago has left the city largely in debt, the present authorities are determined to honor every dollar and to keep good the credit of the city. M. W. Colton, postmaster, informs us that last year the post office was worth $2,100, but this year the salary has been cut down to $1,800. The salary of the post office is not a bad index to the importance of the town. We visited the public schools the other day, and found an excellent brick school building, with eight school rooms, each
of which has a commodious closet. In the basement are two large coal furnaces, with flues leading to all the rooms and the halls. We could find but one fault with the building, which is in location only. Some scape-grace who owned lots on the street, secured a position on the locating committee, and, to enhance the value of his lots, located this beautiful building on one of the main streets, without a rod of land outside of the street, for a playground. For the good of the city this selfish “cuss” has made his exit.

The schools are under charge of Prof. Filow, formerly from New York, who for a salary of $1,200, directs the young ideas of Baxter how to shoot. The Professor is a thorough instructor, aiming not alone to secure correct recitations, but to develop brain force by requiring from each scholar his own reasoning to sustain answers given. His aim is to make them independent thinkers, which is too apt to be forgotten by most teachers. In this building are five schools, embracing 316 scholars, but the Professor informs us that the city contains 420 children between 5 and 20 years old. The cost of supporting the schools last year was $5,300, $4,800 being paid to the teachers. This amounts to about $3 on the dollar of the grand list, and shows the spirit with which western towns are actuated in behalf of education.

We find a good paper, the Baxter Republican, published here by A. T. Lee. It has a circulation of 600 or 700, and an excellent advertising patronage. Western merchants advertise more liberally than in the East, and seem to more fully comprehend the benefits of printers’ ink. The prices of advertising and job work are higher than in Vermont, but the people consider the prices reasonable. Every little office is liberally patronized. Every village considers the printing office a sort of home institution—one of the main pillars and props of the place—and, as such, gives it a good support. Eastern villages may find this an example worthy of imitation.

Another prominent institution of Baxter is the First National Bank—I. H. Wright, president. Although with a capital of but $50,000, it has in good times a large deposit, loans money for 2 and 3 per cent a month and declares semi-annual dividends of 9 per cent. Mr. Wright informs us that there is no difficulty in keeping all the money he can get, loaned on the best security, for 25 to 36 per cent a year. But as most loans are for 30 days the capital is turned over several times in a year, and the rates received amount to more than the above sums. This seems like extravagant talk to eastern loaners; but the truth is that anywhere west of the Missouri River money
commands about 25 per cent, and sharpers, who hunt up and take advantage of people's distresses, often obtain from 3 to 5 per cent a month. With a money capital of $10,000 a lazy man can come here, sit down his whole heft in an office chair, and clear $3000 a year. And he won't hate himself for doing it as he would in the eastern country, because he will find himself in good company and in pursuit of what is recognized as legitimate business. Money loaning, however, at the present time is at a standstill. Since the panic no money is circulating, and, on all sides, we hear a cry of distress for a very little of the needful. But there is no hand to help. Banking and all other kinds of business are stagnant. People are living in a state of suspense, anxiously watching for signs of better times.

The great business of all the towns on the southern line of the state is the Texas cattle trade. All that vast country between the state line and Texas belongs to various tribes of Indians. White settlements go down to the state line and there stop short off. Right in front of them to the south is one unbroken expanse of raw prairie. Early in the spring Texas herders and drovers begin to move their immense herds to the north, across Indian Territory, letting the cattle graze as they move forward. They arrive all through the summer, but in September, October and November the great herds reach the north part of the territory where they halt and wait for bids. Acres of them, however, are shipped on the different roads for St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago, while large bunches remain herded on the border until sold. We have twice rode along the border for several miles, viewing herds of from 300 to 1,000 cattle, herded a mile or so apart. The herders watch the approach of every stranger with an eye to business, and, especially as the season wears away, they become exceedingly anxious to dispose of their stock and return home. They want money first, and, if that does not come, they will trade for horses, mules, wagons, goods, or anything of which they can make a turn in Texas. This trade is the real support of the southern towns of Kansas. When money is plenty stock goes readily and Texans load up their wagons with store goods and return.

Baxter has in one year sold to Texas $100,000 worth of lumber wagons. All other branches of trade could give perhaps as good figures. The farmers in the southern counties of Kansas and Missouri rely upon this source to stock their farms. They pay but little attention to breeding, but go down on the border and purchase three year old steers, which they drive home, feed till the next fall,
send them to market and stock up again from the border. A few who can afford to hold over buy young stock and get the growth of two or three years. But the greater number purchase three and four year old steers and hold but one year. The hard times of this season have interfered with the trade and many large "bunches" of cattle still remain on the border. The owners are ready to "trade"—a term that means exchange for other goods—and in case they fail to trade, they will remain through the winter and buy feed, or will let out to farmers to feed for a quarter, or, in some cases, a third of the herd. Many of the farmers have plenty of feed but no money this season, and are quite ready to take stock to feed on shares.

Now a word in regard to the farming of this region. Eight years ago the two southern tiers of counties in the state belonged to Indians, and was an uninhabited prairie. A few had squatted a short time before the government, as trustee of the Indians, sold the land, 800,000 acres, to the railroad company. Of course they expected to obtain it at government prices, but the railroad having purchased the whole, allowed the squatters to contract for their claims at $5 per acre. This made a row at once, and the squatters, combining under the name and style of "Leaguers," waged deadly war upon the company, and proposed to tear up their rails. Several demonstrations in the direction of violence were made, and it was found necessary for the state to guard the road two years with soldiers. The storm has passed, the soldiers are removed and many of the settlers have contracted with the company for their farms. But many have not thus contracted, and are now working through the Granges to induce the company to compromise by way of lower rates for their land.

As the reader may know, all the great prairie states are surveyed by government into sections one mile square, and containing 640 acres of land. These sections are subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres each, and the quarters are again divided into four squares of 40 acres each. All farms are purchased according to these lines. Public roads are laid out on every section line, north and south, and east and west. And thus, all the roads, when properly worked, run as straight and as long as the government can draw section lines. A large majority of the farms contain a quarter section, or 160 acres. But not one in twenty of the farms in this new country are yet paid for. The country is settled by men with limited means, who came in to secure land within the reach of small purses to which they could add industry and economy, and build up farms and
comfortable homes. The work has but fairly commenced, although nearly every section of land in this locality is occupied and improvements have been started. We make a prediction that in ten years, if the farmers are enterprising, and accompany their agricultural pursuits with good taste in ornamentation, this southern Kansas will be able to make a tolerable claim as an earthly paradise. But a world of work will first have to be done. Nature has planted nothing here but prairie grass. Not a tree or a shrub is to be seen, but the soil is very rich and fruit and shade trees, transplanted, grow rapidly. Many of the farmers have already set out peach and apple orchards, and the disposition to set shade trees increases fast. The fact that they are an actual necessity as windbreaks, will compel every farmer to transplant liberally.

As timber is wanting, the New England farmer will inquire what the people do for buildings and fences. It does not require much lumber for the style of house already built on the prairie. Every village has its lumber yard where Michigan and Wisconsin pine is for sale at $30 to $40 a thousand. A two-horse load of boards and scantling will build almost any house we find on the prairie. They usually contain one room, about 14 x 20 feet in size. These answer for the few years of pioneering when, as farmers prosper, a good class of houses will take their places. For fencing every one relies on the Osage Orange hedge which, in four years from the time of transplanting, will be as serviceable as the best board fence. And they are not only indispensable in the way of service, but they are exceedingly ornamental. All farmers have them growing, and in most cases all around their farms. But a few posts and rails are indispensable, and are obtained from forests one to twenty miles distant, according to location of farms. Oak posts are obtained for three cents each, and last in the ground about five years. A span of horses will draw about fifty of them. Rails usually cost $2 a hundred, and 75 of them make a load for two horses. From this the reader will see how much it costs a prairie farmer to fence his land with timber.

Of course barns are out of the question. We have not seen one in southern Kansas. We have seen crotched sticks set in the ground, covered with poles and prairie hay, and horses tied therein, which is the nearest approach to a barn we have seen yet. But barns, though desirable, are not among the indispensables in this warm climate. They will appear by degrees, and as farm luxuries, when the country gets older and richer.

The great drawback to most prairie farms is the lack of water.
Many have nothing but wells, where the water is pumped or drawn by hand for the entire stock. In some cases stock is regularly driven to a neighboring creek, a mile or two distant. Farms which have a piece of creek upon them are regarded with envy. But these creeks are not what the Vermonter understands by running brooks. In the wet season you may detect a slight motion of the water. But usually it stands still, and only in the lowest places in the bed of the creek is there any at all. But, fortunately for the country, these lowest places are real reservoirs and never wholly dry up. Give us Vermont for her beautiful ponds and rivers, her babbling brooks and cold springs, gushing forth from every hillside.

The principal crop here is corn. Every farm of 160 acres will have about 60 acres of corn, 15 to 20 of oats, 10 to 15 of wheat, with a sprinkling of barley, rye, buckwheat, sorghum, &c., according to taste. Corn yields an average of 40 bushels per acre, wheat 10, and oats 30. Every farmer also cuts and stacks in the field all the prairie hay he wants, or has time to secure, the yield being a ton to two tons per acre. These crops are fed out to Texas cattle, purchased in the fall. Occasionally, if one fails to secure stock, he sells his hay for $3 per ton, in the stack, and corn for 30 to 40 cents a bushel. But the aim always is to secure the cattle to feed, which, in addition to the profits of growth and feed, leaves the droppings for the improvement of the farm. The idea of manure is not scouted by prairie farmers as it was 20 years ago. The deepest and best soil can be impoverished.

Sowing time begins here in March, and by the middle of April the crops are all in. Feeding time begins about the middle of November, though it is possible for the stock to graze the year round, and in some cases it is allowed to do so. Grain is harvested the last of June and the first of July, and corn ripens in August. But this crop is not usually harvested. Large fields of corn are still standing. Feeders take their wagons into the field daily, pick a boxful and feed it out. If it is not all thus gathered in season for spring plowing, then it is regularly harvested. A portion of this crop, however, is usually cut up, stocked, and fed to cattle, stalks and all, as circumstances require through the winter.

The absence of winter—I presume this is the cause—has in one respect a bad effect upon farmers hereabouts. In Vermont we notice that tools are properly sheltered, and farmers in that country consider it a great waste if they are exposed long to sun and rain. Not so here. The mower and reaper are dropped in the field
where they cut the last swath, and they are not disturbed again till wanted the next season. Wagons, plows and all small tools are treated in the same way. If long exposure to the weather injures agricultural implements in Vermont it will do it here, and it is a surprise to us that farmers, who are actually struggling to pay for their lands, will allow this steady, constant leak in their finances. A cheap shelter from the sun and rain, suitable for large and small tools, would pay for itself every year, even in this country. They might follow Vermont’s example in other respects, to their great advantage.

A Vermont farmer will do at least a third more work in a day than a man does here. It would surprise a set of farm hands here to start them out at six o’clock in the morning. If a gang of threshers get started here at eight o’clock they are doing well. Men work leisurely here. They want sufficient time for stretching, gaping and making up their minds what to do. This disposition comes partly from climate, and partly from the extreme length of the working season, which gives more than sufficient time to put in and secure the crops. But let men economize and labour here as they do in Vermont and all the farms would be paid for in two years.

Among the greatest blessings of this country is the coal, of which there is an abundant supply under every man’s farm. This is really the salvation of southern Kansas. Without it farmers would be compelled to abandon their claims, or haul their wood 5 to 20 miles, after paying such prices as owners would choose to ask. The coal found here is of the soft kind, and is from one to six feet below the surface. A man with plow, scraper and shovels will dig 100 bushels a day, which is about 4 tons. If a farmer prefers to dig on his neighbor’s land he is allowed to do so for one cent a bushel. This is 25 cents a ton in addition to labour of digging. Coal in the village sells for $3 a ton. The expense of fuel is consequently really nothing, and is hardly reckoned among the expenses of living.

Wages are very low here. Good men can be hired for 75 cents a day and board. Farm hands $12 to $15 a month for the season or the year. House carpenters $2 to $2.50 per day. Masons $3. Servant girls $1.50 per week. Laborers can see by this that the east is the best country for them. A bill of house lumber costs $30 to $35 per thousand. Flour brings $7 a barrel, potatoes $1 a bushel, corn 35 cents. Groceries and hardware about the same
as in Vermont. Horses and cattle are just now very low. Three year old Texas steers, weighing about 900, bring $12 to $13. Horses according to quality. A first-rate animal can be purchased for $100, while Indian ponies for riding are plenty for $15 to $20.

Taxes of course are enormous. Who ever knew of a country where they were not taking the taxpayer’s story for it. In the farming section the whole tax amounts to about $3 on every $100 of the assessed valuation. In the villages and districts where school houses have been built the tax is higher. Baxter City groans under a $7 tax this season, and western profanity, distinct and positive, is employed by way of expressing the taxpayers’ opinion of the situation. But Baxter is a Republican city and does wrong to swear at the legitimate consequences of that kind of legislation.

Kansas has got Granges on the brain, over 800 having already been chartered. No one can predict the upshot of the movement, but there is little doubt, judging from the late election, that it will result in a political affair. In this state the Republicans have gobbled the entire body. Nearly every granger elected to the legislature turns out to be a strong Republican. No organization in this country can exist long without opening bids to the political parties. If the grangers are independent, and paddle their own canoe, they may succeed in dictating terms. If not, they will be swallowed up by one party or the other, or both. In this locality they are taking on the spirit of the leaguers and preparing to fight the railroads, and have already resolved not to contract for their lands till the company reduces the price. [C. M. C.]

QUAPAW MISSION, INDIAN TERRITORY, 6

Nov. 18, 1873.

DEAR READER:

To-day we have devoted to ‘Indian affairs.’ You have heard of the Modocs. That terrible tribe, right from Oregon, arrived at Baxter on Sunday last, under the charge of Capt. M. C. Wilkinson, of Gen. O. O. Howard’s staff, and a Mr. Squires, of the Indian department, at Washington, D. C. The tribe numbers 152 persons—60 children, 63 women and 29 warriors. These are the last of the Modocs, the tribe which defied for weeks the power of the United

6. Crawford Seminary, a Quapaw mission school of the M. E. church, South, was established in the Quapaw Nation, March 27, 1843, and named for T. H. Crawford, commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1832-1843. About April, 1848, it was moved to a new site about five miles north, near and east of present Baxter Springs, close to the north line of the Quapaw lands. This school was closed in February, 1852. In 1872 buildings were erected for a mission school on the Quapaw reservation in the northeast corner of present Oklahoma and Ada C. Tuttle and his wife, Emeline H. Tuttle, were placed in charge. They were members of the Friends church.
States. They are quartered at the Hall House, in Baxter, and are the greatest lions which ever visited that city. We sought an interview this morning, and were ushered into the front door, with a crowd, and hurried through the house, out of the back door, in a most unsatisfactory manner. We afterward appealed to the captain on the ground that we were newspaper men from a distant country, and desired to interview the whole tribe, men and squaws. After hesitating about the squaws, who were in mourning, he finally consented and we entered again on business.

Our first introduction was to Bogus Charlie, who gave us a hearty shake of the hand, and introduced us to the present chief, Scarfaced Charlie. The chief is about 35 years old, scarfaced, but a good looking man, sprightly, nervous and earnest. The hand shake he gave us penetrated to the boots. Next came Shack-Nasty Jim, a short, thick-set boy about 25 years old, rather of the independent, saucy kind, and tolerably familiar with the profane part of the English language, which, he said, he learned from the soldiers. We saw also, Hooker Jim, Steamboat Frank, and all the other notables of the tribe. Bogus Charlie, the 2nd chief, is the tallest man, about 30 years old, speaks English, is of pleasing features, of positive points, and, in any crowd, would be recognized as a man above the average in natural mental force. He is quick in motion, observing, penetrating, and a character of marked identity. He received us cordially, introduced us to his squaw and papoose, of whom he seemed reasonably proud. We met Lucy and Amelia, both smart-looking squaws. We were also introduced into the mourners’ room, among the squaws, who were feeling badly on account of the irregular departure of Capt. Jack and others. Their heads had been dipped in tar, and they intend to seclude themselves from general observation till that evaporates. If you ever sat down in a pot of tar, you will perhaps remember that the material is obstinate about evaporating.

We shook hands with Capt. Jack’s two wives and his little boy. We fell into conversation with his sister, Mary, who was a little offish at first. But as we suggested that there were good look-

7. The home of the Modoc had at one time been in northern California. In 1864 they joined the Klamath in ceding territory to the United States and removed to the Klamath reservation in Oregon. They were not contented, however, and the more restless among them were led to the California border by their chief, Kintpuash, commonly known as Captain Jack. An attempt to return them to the reservation brought on the Modoc war of 1872-1873. Captain Jack and his band retreated to near-by lava beds and resisted attempts to dislodge them. Two peace commissioners sent to treat with them were killed. The Modoc were finally dispersed and captured; Captain Jack and five other leaders were hanged in October, 1873. Some members of the tribe were permitted to remain in California; the others were removed to Indian territory and placed on the Quapaw reservation.
ing boys among the Quapaws, where they were going, she began to twist the corners of her apron, and said “she didn’t care, for she wouldn’t have them.” We suggested there were good looking white boys in that vicinity, who were single and matrimonially inclined; whereupon she gave another twist at the apron, smiled a string of “yeses” and informed us that she “wouldn’t have them, anyhow.” Mary is a good looking squaw, and if we were single—but to return to our subject. It is proper to remark that the Modoc physiognomy indicates more than the average intelligence, shrewdness and zip. They know what they are about. They express themselves as willing to work, like this country and seem to be enjoying themselves. The Quapaws who own the country just south of Baxter, are in council to-day for the purpose of deeding to the government a few thousand acres of their land for the Modocs. The tribe is all well clothed by the government and look as civilized as anybody. They will be supplied with rations and other necessaries by the government until they learn to grub the soil and earn money for themselves.

After leaving the Modocs we drove to this mission, where we arrived in season to dine with A. C. Tuttle and his excellent lady, who have charge of the missionary work. In that country, marked on the map “Indian Territory,” are over 50 tribes, great and small, each tribe having defined territory which they own on fee simple. Each tribe also speaks a language of its own entirely different from that of every other tribe. The Cherokees, number[ing] 17,000 people, is the largest and most highly educated tribe. They have their chiefs, legislature, courts, councils, schools, and conduct affairs with as much intelligence as white people. All of these tribes do something in the way of farming, and many of them, having considerable annuities from the government, are quite wealthy.

The whole are also embraced under the head of ten agencies, H. W. Jones having the agency in this section which includes the following tribes, numbering in all about 1300 persons: Senecas, Wyandottes, Eastern Shawnees, Ottawas, Quapaws, Confederated Peorias, Miamies, and Kas-Kas-Kias. Of these the Quapaws, numbering about 260, are the largest tribe. The Shawnees are not over 75. Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, formerly of Dover, N. H., have been engaged in this missionary work three years. Having recently built up a good institution among the Senecas, they came to this point a year ago, built a good boarding house, a school house, and fenced in a farm of 160 acres, which, with the help of Indians, they are now tilling.
Mrs. Tuttle’s school, which we have visited to-day, numbers about 30 scholars of various ages, none of whom knew a letter one year ago. To-day some of them are as far advanced as the third reader. Mrs. Tuttle understands the Indian character to perfection, and during every hour of her instruction makes the dispositions of her scholars her study. Her aim is to make them love the school and the mission better than they do their own homes. And this is the only way she holds them, for the Indian parents are quite indifferent to her work, allowing their children to remain with her, only as it pleases the children. They have, consequently, to be handled tenderly, or they come up missing. By her tact in management, if she secures a child a week, she usually interests him enough to hold him. While in the school we were interested in the steady industry of the scholars. Each had a task before him to which he gave his steady attention. We seldom see white children, of similar ages, more industrious. They have an ambition to learn, and are mortified at failures. In the matter of obedience they would be models for white children to follow. A respect for authority seems to be rooted in the Indian character, but they are not inclined to recognize authority too readily. They seldom disobey their chiefs, and as fast as they yield to the authority of a teacher, they regard it as something to be respected. The exercises in singing interested us very much. They use the Sabbath school book, “Fresh Laurels,” and the pieces sung had been committed, without really understanding the words, and the pronunciation was about as accurate as might be expected from a Yankee boy’s rendering of Indian language. But they sang with spirit if not understanding. We have heard better voices, but rarely more earnestness.

The law of confidence, love and kindness prevails in this mission, and Mr. Tuttle and wife claim that this is the only key to the Indian heart, that it is a policy which the government should not only adopt but compel its agents to carry out to the letter. With this policy faithfully enforced among all the tribes, they are sure we should never again hear of an Indian war.

[C. M. C.]

8. A copy of this small book has been preserved in the library of the Kansas State Historical Society. The full title is Bradford’s Fresh Laurels for the Sabbath School. A New and Extensive Collection of Music and Hymns (New York, c1867). The first hymn in the book, “Fresh Laurels for the Sunday School,” has provided the title.
Dear Reader:

Lawrence is the head center of the "bleeding" part of Kansas. "Bleeding Kansas" was a political by-word from '54 to the close of the rebellion. The last time we were in Lawrence—in the fall of 1863—180 of the citizens lay dead in the streets and the greater part of the town was in ashes. Quantrill and his three hundred devils were leaving just as we entered the place. We should be pleased to announce that the occasion of our entry is what frightened the demons out of Lawrence, but as these letters are devoted to truth-telling, we are compelled to admit that the scare was on the other side, and had not Quantrill been evacuating at the east end of town, we should have been hastily engaged in an undertaking of that nature at the west end. It is a proud thing for one to relate his courageous deeds, but on this occasion it would be improper for us to enlarge upon that subject. For particulars Mr. Quantrill is the man to apply to.

Notwithstanding this terrible blow Lawrence is to-day the second city in Kansas. Like the Chicago fire, so far as the city itself is concerned, it contributed to its growth and has made it larger and richer than it would have been had Quantrill never visited it. The city dates back to about 1855 and was settled principally by Massachusetts men, but has now a good sprinkling, greater probably than any other Kansas city, from all the New England states. No city of its size in the country can boast of more intelligence, more business enterprise and acumen, and more liberality in support of education, religion and public charities. It is situated on the Kaw river 35 miles west of Kansas City and 160 miles north of the state line. The Union Pacific railroad, running from Kansas City to Denver, passes through the city. The Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston road, running north and south, also passes here. Another road running southwest to Burlingame is completed and the Midland road from Olathe to Topeka is nearly completed. As a railroad center it is among the best inland towns in the state.

The population is about 10,000. During the hard times of the past two years it has made slow progress, but a company of men at the cost of $60,000 are about completing an immense dam across the Kansas river, which, with a never failing supply of water gives a fall of 7½ feet. It is so constructed as to furnish power to any amount of machinery. If this enterprise proves a success, as it doubtless will,

9. Lawrence was established in 1854.
the same energy which can secure the erection of such a dam will not fail to induce manufacturing enterprises to locate here. This is now a promising hope of the future increase and prosperity of the city.

No city can these days make pretention to metropolitan importance without horse railroads. Lawrence is not behind in this respect. A good line is in operation from the depots in North Lawrence, across the river into the main town, and nearly the whole length of Massachusetts street. They prove to be a convenience which a city of 10,000 inhabitants cannot dispense with.

We met here Ed Reddington, Esq., formerly of St. Johnsbury, who, by the by, is one of the most popular young men of the city. He came here some years since and served a long time acceptably as cashier of the Union Pacific railroad company, making his regular monthly trips to Denver, and paying off the employees on a line of road nearly 600 miles in length. A year or so ago the office was abolished and, although Mr. Reddington was offered another situation on the road, he preferred business which kept him more at home, and finding a good partner in a former mayor of the city, embarked in the lumber business. Mr. Reddington is a member of the school board and gave us interesting statistics relating to the schools of the city, from which it appears that Lawrence is fully up to the Kansas standards in the support of the best schools which money can secure. The cost of schools in Kansas is never so much debated as their quality. Every town insists upon good schools at whatever cost. The young and energetic men who have thus far peopled the state understand their value, not only as educators but as agencies and instruments of progress in a business point of view. There seems to be a strife between towns all over the state to see which shall have the best schools, and there is noticeable absence of the dead wood in society which is usually found trudging the wheels of such enterprise.

In company with Mr. Reddington we visited the State University, on which already has been expended $140,000. Lawrence donated $100,000 to secure its location at this place. The state has already voted $40,000 and annually votes a sufficient sum to pay running expenses, thus affording to the scholars free tuition as good a college as the state can establish. The building is a noble structure very large, containing high rooms, with modern finish and convenience, and a capacity to accommodate over 500 students. Its locality is in the southeastern part of the city on high ground overlooking miles around. From the cupola the view is one of the most
enchanted to be found in the state. Prof. [F. E.] Stimpson, formerly of Massachusetts, professor of philosophy, chemistry and the scientific departments, conducted us through his various rooms, giving us a view of his apparatus and a slight insight into his method of instruction. He has already secured many and is steadily increasing his collection of instruments for the perfect illustration of every subject taught. Wires from his battery are conducted into all principal rooms of the University. They tick and strike every clock and give the several classes, all of which have forty-five minutes recitation, the orders to go and come. The professor is a thorough student in his department and a competent professor. If all study the interests of the University as faithfully and effectively as he does, it will eventually take a high rank among the institutions of learning in the land. The building is not yet completed and cannot be till the state appropriates for construction about $50,000 more. The character of the Kansas people is a sufficient guarantee that this will soon be done.

Probably no locality in the state has given a more liberal support to churches than Lawrence. She has some church buildings which cost $40,000. Congregations are large for the Massachusetts element is given to church going. They are pious Sunday, at all events, and this is a good deal better than none at all. If a Kansas town will be really and downright pious one day in seven, the old acquaintances of Jim Lane, Pomeroy, Sid Clarke, Caldwell, and other representative men of the state, will find no fault. [C. M. C.]

TOPEKA, KAN., NOV. 21, 1873.

DEAR READER:

Topeka, the capital of Kansas, is twenty-seven miles west of Lawrence, on the Kaw river and Union Pacific railroad. Like Lawrence, it stands upon rolling prairie and has occasionally to battle against the prairie wind for its very existence. It has a population of 8,000, and entertains, not without reason, sanguine hopes of great increase and prosperity. We should not be surprised if in ten years it was the largest town in the state.

But the curse of Kansas politics rests upon Topeka. Here is where the state rottenness focuses every January to be stirred up and to stink in the nostrils of the nation. During this annual gathering of political “varmints,” corruption walks the streets of Topeka at noon.

10. Article 2, section 25, of the constitution of Kansas provided for annual sessions of the legislature to be held in January. A revision of section 25 was adopted at the election of November, 1875, and beginning with 1877, regular sessions were held every two years until the section was amended again in 1954 to provide for budget sessions in the even-numbered years.
day, and bribery, brazen and bold, looks political integrity and patriotism out of countenance. York's exposure of Pomeroy's $7,000 bribery produced a temporary panic in the political commerce of the state, but the traders and gamblers will continue to ply their nefarious business, nevertheless, only in a more guarded way. They will examine more carefully their securities. York's explosion, intended to blow villains out of political existence, will effect principle less than action. They will continue just as infernal but more sly. It will require more than one such explosion to roll the rotten carcass of Kansas politics over and bring the best side up. The annual assembly of the legislature is the only blot we know of on Topeka's morals. When that body goes home Topeka society averages with other Kansas cities.

We meet here C. C. Kellam, Esq., who came from Irasburg, Vt., when Topeka was in infancy. Mr. Kellam has seen the town grow up and is proud of his adopted home. He has a flourishing store on Kansas Avenue, is prosperous in business and one of the highly respected citizens of the city. In company with him we rode horseback through the city visiting the different places of public interest. The state house, modeled after the old capitol at Washington, when completed will be, of course, the finest building in Kansas. It is built of grey stone procured at Junction City, some 50 miles west, and the one wing already finished gives the beholder an idea of the splendid temple it will be when completed. No expense is spared in carrying out the architect's plans, but everything is built substantially and for all time. $2,500,000 is the estimated cost of the building completed. We visited several of the beautiful public school houses, of which Lincoln high school is the largest, accommodating about 500 scholars. There are over 1,500 school children in the city. Washburn college cost $150,000 and has an endowment. There is also a female seminary, styled "Sisters of Bethany," built at the cost of about $100,000 and supported by charities procured through the instrumentality of the ladies. Both


13. Lincoln school was opened in 1871 with a high school department to which one room was assigned.

14. An act to incorporate the Episcopal Female Seminary of Tecumseh was passed by the territorial legislature of 1859. Work was begun on the sub-structure of the building, but in the spring of 1863, proposals more attractive than those made by Tecumseh were advanced by the Topeka Town Association and the school was moved to Topeka. The Episcopal Seminary of Topeka was then organized under a charter granted by the territorial legislature on February 2, 1861. The name was changed to College of the Sisters of Bethany in 1872. The school closed its doors in 1928.
of these colleges are in prosperous condition, and certain to improve year by year.

North Topeka is really the "railroad street" of Topeka. It is separated from the main town only by the river; but at the foot of Kansas Avenue is a large iron bridge which really makes the two places one, and if we mistake not the whole is within the city proper. North Topeka has sprung up wholly since the Union Pacific was built. It is perfectly flat, and cut up into numerous streets, some of which are growing rapidly. Eventually in heavy business it will lead the original part of the city.

The streets of Topeka are very broad and beautiful. This is an advantage the prairie cities have over our New England cities. Take all the room they please and there is no danger of using up the territory. We failed to notice the horse cars in Topeka, but they will appear soon.

We said that Topeka would some day take the lead of Kansas towns. We make this prediction because of its being the capital of the state; because of the enterprise and liberality of its inhabitants, and because of the railroad and business enterprises already centered and projected here. She has for railroads the Union Pacific, the Midland, about completed, and on the south side of the river, and running from here southeast, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. The latter, among the most prosperous and promising roads in Kansas, makes its headquarters here, and will next season erect the largest shops in the state and employ several hundred hands to be constantly located here. This company has about 600 miles of road running southwest to Newton, in the southern part of Kansas, and thence directly west to the west line of the state. It passes through a vast fertile country, yet principally undeveloped, but still giving to the road a good business.

A bridge company with capital of $175,000 has built shops here and employs some 200 men in the constructions of iron bridges, which are shipped to points ordered. A rolling mill company with a like capital has built buildings and is about to begin operations with another set of 200 hands. These three enterprises would make a respectable city of themselves. As enterprise is contagious it is reasonable to presume that other companies will soon organize and contribute to the growth of the capital. The farming country

15. The town of Eugene (North Topeka) was annexed to Topeka by ordinance April 9, 1867.
17. The King Wrought Iron Bridge Manufactory and Iron Works of Topeka.
18. Topeka Rolling Mills, North Topeka.
in the vicinity of the city is excellent, but no better than that around most Kansas towns. Every Kansas city and village must necessarily have a good local support from farmers.

We meet here also Bill Ruggles, the "Old Drover," who emigrated from Lyndon a year ago. When he saw us Bill "te he'd" aloud and attempted to execute a part of a clog dance, but as his boots reminded him that he had undertaken too heavy a job, he settled down to inquiries about his old friends at home. He inquired repeatedly about Lambert, Bela, Nahum, Tyler, Jim, and other brother drovers, and then took up the farmers who raised the stock, beginning with Chas. Sylvester, whom he called a "thundering good fellow," and then other business acquaintances would be raked up. Nobody was forgotten. After exhausting his recollection of names he would scratch his head and begin at Lambert again and go through the list, adding a new name when he could think of it. Bill has rented a farm of 100 acres west of town, has two or three horses and twenty cows, and runs a milk cart. We saw a good well on the place and suggested to him that it was doubtless a matter of convenience in the business. "Yes," said he, "the cows drink a good deal of water. Te-he-he. Anybody'd know you's a Yankee or you never'd thought of that well." Ruggles is charmed with the country and climate.

We took a short horseback ride over the country this morning. The roads were very dry and dusty in places. The sun was shining brightly and the temperature comfortable to one in summer clothing. "Think of this beautiful day," said Bill, "and then think of Vermont. I've known sleighing there at this time of the year." We told him we saw in the papers accounts of good sleighing ten days ago. He dropped his chin, reflected a moment and then responded seriously, "I—swow."

[Leonard M. C.]

Leavenworth, Kan., Nov. 24, '73.

Dear Reader:

In a former letter we alluded to the growth and prosperity of this city during the war, and of her leading importance among the cities of the far west as late as 1864. But Leavenworth has not fulfilled her predictions of that date, but is surpassed by Kansas City and St. Joe, with Atchison, 20 miles north, fast gaining on her. But Leavenworth numbers about 25,000 people, which is a gain in nine years of some 8,000. Her vacant lots, and buildings, however, brought as high a price nine years ago as now.

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The question among the river cities from Omaha down to Kansas City is, which is the best railroad center? All are good and each claims to be the best, but outsiders are not long in concluding that Kansas City has the lead, by far, and that she is the center of a country which is bound ultimately to place her far in advance of all rivals.

As a manufacturing point, Leavenworth certainly has the lead at present. Her two carpet factories are the only ones west of St. Louis. She has the largest iron foundry and machine shop in the state, two large furniture manufactories, two establishments for the manufacture of fine carriages and heavy wagons, several sash and door establishments, and a number of other factories of minor importance. But what we have enumerated is enough to give her the lead, as her rivals have little manufacturing enterprise to boast of. She has one iron railroad bridge spanning the Missouri river at a cost of $1,500,000. But Omaha and Kansas City have the same.

Leavenworth has 6,000 school children, 8 fine public school buildings, and 40 teachers, which she pays liberally. The superintendent gets $3,600 a year, principals $1500 to $2000, while women teachers get $700 to a $1000. The whole expense of the schools is about $40,000 a year. It makes a good tax for the purpose, but when discussing retrenchment, the liberal support of the schools is never attacked, and this same liberality in behalf of schools prevails all over the state.

But churches are not so well sustained. There is not a creditable church edifice in Leavenworth. By that, we mean not such as could be reasonably expected from a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and a growth of 20 years. We discovered one good building in process of erection, costing at a guess $35,000. The Methodist congregation is probably the largest in town, and it is rare that 300 are seen there at one time. The Catholics, however, have done nobly and erected the largest Cathedral west of St. Louis at the cost of $150,000. Their good example does not seem to affect the Protestant element.

In the line of residences we find many costing as high as $30,000. Ex-senator Caldwell and Tom Stevens, a former partner of Gov. Carney, occupy the two most expensive and showy residences in the city, costing some $60,000. A Mr. Higginbottom has one nearly completed which will cost about $40,000. A large class of residences of the business men could be built for sums ranging from $3,000 to $8,000.

The only hotel of importance is the Planters, which would rank fair as first class with anything west of St. Louis. Provided Leaven-
worth is to continue prosperous, an enterprising landlord, "who can keep a hotel," would find it a good point to exert himself.

The largest grocery house is that of Cochran, Bittman & Taylor, who will this year do a business of $1,000,000, but the house has done more. The largest dry goods jobbers are Fairchild & Pierce, who do this year about $500,000. Former proprietors of this house, during the war, sold as high as $1,500,000, but that was in the times of high prices, when prints sold for 40 cents, and also when Leavenworth took the lion's share of the western trade. C. B. Pierce, the junior partner, is a Vermonter from Windsor county, and a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1854. We officed with him in 1863 while he was city attorney, and just as he was emerging from the crust, below which poverty dwells. By energy and prudence he came up and was next year made state senator, but was too honest a man to gather much enjoyment from the company he was thrown into. At the close of his term, disgusted with Kansas politics and law, he retired from his profession and formed a commercial partnership with his father-in-law, which has continued and prospered to the present time. Notwithstanding his large and lucrative business, we found the head center of his interest and pride in his domestic circle. During business hours at the store his maximum avoirdupois is 120 pounds, but at home, located between two cradles and warbling in basso profundo, the melodies of Mother Goose to a pair of five months boy twins, he is plump 298.

We met here, among other old friends, Ed Russell, Esq., of whom we spoke in a former letter. There is no man in Kansas who better understands its history and its interests than Mr. Russell. He came to Kansas from Gainsville, Alabama, nearly twenty years ago. After investing his all, some $30,000, in Kansas and Nebraska land, he settled in Elwood opposite St. Joe. In due time the place gave promise of rapid growth, when he sold out his lands at a profit and reinvested in the lots of the forthcoming city. About this time Tom Osborn, the present governor, was his partner. Elwood began to grow and Ed's fortune was fast magnifying. But one night while he was deliberating what use to make of the vast wealth about to come into his possession, the Missouri river got on a rampage and 5% of the Elwood lots, houses and all, took French leave in the direction of New Orleans. Ed holds the title deeds, but the big muddy Missouri river still holds possession of the Elwood site. From the fragments of fortune Ed scraped together enough to purchase a

small farm west of town where he resided until about 1865, when he came to Leavenworth. Mr. Russell has always figured conspicuously in Kansas politics, but has usually acted outside of and against the corrupt rings which have disgraced the state. He has been several times a member of the legislature and is at the present time state commissioner of insurance and also county auditor of Leavenworth county, both of which are important and lucrative positions. He loves his adopted state and is confident that in a few years it will take a foremost rank in the sisterhood of states.

Leavenworth has one German and four English daily and weekly papers, two exclusively weekly and the Kansas Farmer which is a monthly. . . .

[C. M. C.]


Dear Reader:

A few words from St. Joseph will put an end to this tedious Western correspondence. This town is in Missouri and opposite the northern line of Kansas. It is among the old points on the river and at the present time claims 30,000 people. She is also claimed as the solidest town among the rival cities and this claim is doubtless correct. She has many men of wealth, many fine residences and public buildings and prides herself on moderate and healthy growth.

Let us enumerate a few of the important things she possesses: 5 fire companies, 6 banks, 3 daily papers, 19 churches, 12 public school houses, and 4 Catholic schools, 20 hotels, 10 of which are good, and one the largest west of St. Louis, 15 law offices, 39 doctors, 3 brass bands, 95 saloons, 29 meat markets, 10 livery stables, 96 grocery and provision stores, 8 wholesale and 26 retail dry goods stores, 3 wholesale and 15 retail drug stores, 13 cigar manufactories, 16 banks, &c. The city is principally noted for her hotels, affording the best accommodations in this part of the world. She is nearly destitute of manufacturing enterprises but has a great trade from northern Kansas and southern Nebraska and northwestern Missouri. She is next in importance to Kansas City and is a good way from yielding in the race for a first position. You can start from St. Joe in any direction by rail, and her pretentions as a railroad center are not without some force.

The city is about as far south as Philadelphia. The weather is much milder than in Wisconsin, Minnesota and other northern states, but snow is no rarity. It comes and occasionally gives a
few weeks of sleighing. Located in the Missouri bluffs it is partially protected from the prairie winds. Apples, pears, peaches, grapes &c., grow in abundance. St. Joe is not a bad place to live, but with all due deference to her population we announce that when we emigrate into this country we shall locate farther down the river, where every advantage is obtained which St. Joe offers, with the addition of a little milder climate. [C. M. C.]