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## An Editor Looks at Early-Day Kansas

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES MONROE CHASE

Edited by LELA BARNES

### I. INTRODUCTION

KANSAS had enjoyed more than two years of statehood by the time the first of these letters were written. The turbulence of the territorial days had passed into history, but newspaper men were still attracted to the scene, as they had been from the beginning. Thus it was that Charles Monroe Chase came to eastern Kansas in 1863 and, during his year's stay, served for a time as local editor of the *Leavenworth Times*.

C. M. Chase (1829-1902) was a native of Lyndon, Vt., and spent the greater part of his life in that community. After his graduation from Dartmouth, he located in Cincinnati where from 1854 to 1856 he taught music at Cincinnati College and studied law. He then went to Sycamore, Ill., where he was admitted to the bar and formed a law partnership with Jacob A. Simons. Here, also, he entered the newspaper business which subsequently became his major interest.

Chase went into the Union army in 1861 with a brass band. His intention, he said, was "to kill the cussed rebels, of course, but none of them heard the music, and so not many died on my account."

In August, 1863, he recorded his impressions of the Kansas area for readers of the *True Republican and Sentinel* of Sycamore, Ill. These letters comprise the first installment.

Chase returned to Lyndon in 1865 and established the *Vermont Union* which he edited until his death in 1902. He made other trips to the West, sending back his observations in letters to the *Union*. In 1873 he was again in the Kansas region and letters written on this visit will be published in the Autumn issue of the

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*Quarterly*. Letters written while traveling in New Mexico and Colorado in 1881 were issued in book form under the title, *The Editor's Run*. They offer a lively account of that journey.

Publication of the Kansas letters of 1863 and 1873 was made possible through the co-operation of N. Louise Chase, New London, Conn., daughter of C. M. Chase. Miss Chase kindly lent a scrapbook containing clippings from the *Sycamore* and *Lyndon* papers. Only minor changes have been made, mostly to correct typographical errors.

## II. THE LETTERS OF 1863

ST. JOSEPH, MO., August 7th, 1863.

ED. REPUBLICAN. Twenty-six hours' travel via Burlington & Quincy R. R. will take you to St. Joseph, Mo. Friday evening at 8 o'clock I left Chicago arriving at St. Joseph the next evening at 10.

Missouri is said to be a God-forsaken country; and one who draws conclusions from the general appearance of the genuine "Butternuts,"<sup>1</sup> is apt to believe that Providence has not been over lavish in favors towards the "Pukes."<sup>2</sup>

The northwestern portion of Missouri is unsurpassed in beauty or productiveness. After crossing the river at Quincy you enter upon a wild country, uneven in surface and covered with timber, with here and there, on the line of the railroad, a dilapidated village. But from Livingston county to the Mississippi<sup>3</sup> you pass through a beautiful undulating country, more uneven than the rolling prairie in Illinois, but all tillable and rich. This portion of the state is destined, at no distant day, to be one of the finest farming sections in the Union.

Slavery in Missouri has run its race—nothing but shadows of the institution are observable. People who have designed to settle in Missouri, as soon as slavery should be done away with, will now flock in there and commence the development of the rich resources of the state. Farming land is exceedingly low. As good a farm as can be found in DeKalb county [Illinois] can be bought in northwestern Missouri for \$5 per acre. There are many cases of Secesh vacancies, where property can be purchased for a song. People

1. George Earle Shankle, *State Names, Flags, Seals, Songs, Birds, Flowers and Other Symbols* (New York, H. W. Wilson Co., 1904), pp. 147, 148: "The name *Butternuts* was first given to the soldiers of Tennessee during the Civil War from the tan color of their uniforms, and later it came to be applied to the people of the entire State."

2. *Ibid.*, p. 129: "Lropold Wagner [in his *More About Names*] says that 'the natives of Missouri are universally styled *Pukes*, a corruption of the older name *Pikes*, which still obtains in California as the description of the migratory whites from the South owing to the idea that these originally came from Pike County, Missouri.'"

3. Chase undoubtedly meant the Missouri river and wrote *Mississippi* in error.

with their eyes open will take advantage of the present disturbance in Missouri society and property. Present opportunities will not always exist. "The early bird catches the worm."

Saint Joseph is a point. When the war broke out rebels ruled the town. More than half of her citizens were genuine Secesh, and it was only after the severest military discipline that Unionism triumphed. Hundreds of her citizens left for the South in hot haste and between days. Their property was, of course, left behind, and in many cases has been sold for one-eighth of its real value. This state of things has tended to cripple the city temporarily. Property, in the average, has depreciated two-thirds, rents are down, everything, for the moment, is deranged; but that business will resume its wonted channel, and that St. Joe will increase seems beyond question. From here one of the branches of the Pacific Railroad is surveyed, and the citizens of St. Joe—as an extra inducement to the government—have already graded a road for twenty miles west. Through here passes all the business from the East going into Kansas. Eastern freight for Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, &c., &c., all passes through St. Joe. Sometime Leavenworth will doubtless have direct communication, by rail, with Chicago, but at present St. Joe is the only railroad point for Kansas,<sup>4</sup> and before any other road is built she will have acquired wealth, increase and influence enough to render her future importance secure.

The population of St. Joe is now about 12,000. It has been more, but war and skeddaddles have diminished her population several thousand. She is situated on the flat and bluff. The court house stands conspicuously on the top of a high bluff; and the finest residences are scattered along on the top and sides, while the main business streets are on the flat. The finest hotel in the city, and one of the finest in the west, is the Patee House, built a few years ago at a cost of \$90,000. It was located in a remote part of the city, and designed to draw the business streets towards it and enhance the value of lots in that locality. National calamities have frustrated the owners' designs, and the property is to be sold for what it will bring—probably \$15,000 or \$20,000.

The people hereabouts are not famous for their appetite for Scripture. The "golden rule" is not definitely impressed upon the

4. The first railroad line in Kansas, planned to continue westward from St. Joseph, was chartered by the territorial legislature of Kansas in 1857 under the name Marysville or Palmetto and Europeet road. It was soon known as the Elwood and Marysville road. The Hannibal and St. Joseph reached St. Joseph early in 1859 and in April of the following year an engine and several cars were ferried across the river. A formal opening of the line took place in July, with a train running as far as Wathena, a distance of about five miles.

minds of the people. If a man in St. Joe knocks down a neighbor, that neighbor forgets the other cheek injunction and proceeds to return the compliment. This custom sometimes makes a little disturbance in society, but it helps the law business, furnishes the local reporter with an item, and contributes something to the finances of the city, to say nothing about the pugilistic discipline it affords the parties.

C. M. C.

KANSAS CITY, JACKSON CO., MO.,  
August 8th, 1863

ED. SENTINEL: Yesterday morning, at 7 o'clock, I left Leavenworth and arrived in this city, by boat, a little before noon. The scenery on the Missouri river is but a slight improvement on that of the Mississippi. Its chief attractions are muddy water and forest trees. From eastern points you reach Kansas City by boat; from here west or south the stage is the only public conveyance. The old fashioned eastern staging commences at this point. Some of the old coaches, used in Vermont and New Hampshire, are in use here now. The rattle of the wheels, the crack of the whip, the rush to the stage hotels on the arrival of the coaches from different points, remind one of the old New England towns, long ago, where railroads and steam whistles were subjects for dreams and visionary speculations. Staging is an important feature in Kansas City business. The Santa Fe line of stages starts from this point every Friday morning. Horses are changed every fifteen miles, and the steeds measure off the distance at the rate of 80 miles per day, making the round trip, a distance of 1600 miles, in twenty days.<sup>5</sup> The fare to Santa Fe is \$125. Another line of stages runs from Kansas City to Denver City, a distance of 700 miles. Fare to Denver is only \$75. Why this difference of \$50 in fare, when the difference in the length of the two routes is but 100 miles, I cannot say. Perhaps it is because there is more travel to Denver than to Santa Fe. Emigrant teams may also operate as a competition in the business. The Santa Fe trade adds much to the business-like appearance of Kansas City. Almost daily large trains of five- and six-yoke ox teams are arriving or leaving.

If the Santa Fe merchants do their trading here, it alone is an immense business to the city. If they trade chiefly in New York and simply freight or reship from this point, it fills the city with life and must necessarily leave a large amount of money in the

5. Frank A. Root and William E. Connelley in their *Overland Stage to California* (Topeka, 1901), p. 54, state that until 1866 the fastest time by mail stage between Santa Fe and Kansas City was 11 days for a distance of more than 800 miles. This is cited as a record.



place. By referring to the map it will be noticed that at this point the Missouri River turns from west to north, making Kansas City the stopping point for river freight going west. As river freight is always cheapest the bulk of eastern goods destined for New Mexico, southern and western Kansas, and a portion of southwestern Missouri, will be shipped direct to Kansas City. The trade in these localities is already very heavy and as this immense stretch of territory becomes settled and developed, Kansas City, it would seem, must be its depot, where its products must center and where its commercial wants must be supplied.

At the present time Leavenworth is leading everything west of St. Louis. The fort here, and the consequent transaction of all government business at this point, is giving Leavenworth a great present advantage, and on the strength of it she is rapidly building up. Her people believe, and perhaps they are correct, that this present prosperity will give wealth and influence sufficient to enable her to control the principal business of all western points, even after the war is closed. Much will depend on the establishment of railroad communications east and west. At present she has no railroad. If during her present triumph over Kansas City, she succeeds in building a road east to connect with the Hannibal & St. Joseph road, and another—the Pacific Railroad—west, she may acquire so much strength as never to be overtaken by Kansas City. She expects to have these lines of road completed within a year.

On the other hand Kansas City expects to have completed within a year the railroad projected from St. Louis to Kansas City and already completed to Warrensburg only 50 miles distant, another connecting Kansas City with the Hannibal and St. Joseph road at Cameron, and also a portion of the Kansas City branch of the Pacific railroad, going directly west. These two cities are both sanguine in their expectations, and about equally confident in their ultimate success in the race for importance. They are now balancing, but a few years more will settle the question and do away with all rivalry. The world will soon speak of one of these places as one of the thriving cities of the country—and the other, the world won't speak of at all.

St. Joe has a few claimants for her future importance, grounded on the immense territory northwest of her, which they think must make her the greatest city on the Missouri. These three cities are about equal in size. Leavenworth is a little the largest. A glance at the map shows an immense country northwest of St. Joe and

southwest of Kansas City. If these two cities attract all the business in their respective territories, Leavenworth, which lies just between them, and only forty miles from either, would be left out in the cold. But while Leavenworth and Kansas City both have a charter for a branch of the Pacific road, St. Joe has none, and it is somewhat doubtful whether she ever gets a charter for the third branch. If she does, and that soon, she will enter the race with the other two cities, and with a fair prospect of success.

The worst enemy to Kansas City today is the Bushwhacker. There is no county in the state so much infested with these infernal devils as Jackson county. The county is well timbered, and the density of the wood along the streams and in the ravines affords excellent rendezvous for these pestiferous gangs. There is not a road leading into the city which is safe to travel. At any moment and at any place these villains are liable to spring upon the traveler, rob him of his horses and money and perhaps take his life. They are not apt to molest a woman. Last night before dark one Geo. Todd,<sup>6</sup> with thirty of his gang, approached within a half mile of the city limits, took six horses from one man, took the next neighbor prisoner, and moved the furniture out and burned the next house down. Todd is a resident of Kansas City. A year ago his father's family was waited upon and advised to leave the city within a specified time. George was mad, took to bushwhacking, and has since been a terror to the whole country.

Quantrell, the chief of rebel Bushwhackers, also operates in this county and all along the border in Missouri and Kansas. The Jennison jayhawking has ceased.<sup>7</sup> One not acquainted, by practical experience, with the state of this society cannot realize the constant insecurity for life and property felt by the citizens. Every man sleeps with a loaded revolver; the least noise without brings him to his feet; men do not travel the streets without revolvers; revolvers are everywhere ready to go off on short notice. This state of society has temporarily injured the business of Kansas City, and unless Bushwhackers are very soon exterminated it will be ruined. City property has depreciated nearly one half, though at present it seems to be rising. Farms a mile out of town which

6. Todd, an itinerant stonemason and ditchdigger, joined Quantrell in December, 1861, and within a few months was made 2d lieutenant of the guerrilla band. William E. Connelley, in his *Quantrell and the Border Wars* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Torch Press, 1910), p. 317 says: "The venomous blood-rioters of the guerrilla band were Bill Anderson and George Todd; these panted for blood. . . . They lived only to murder." Todd eventually took over leadership from Quantrell. He was killed near Independence, Mo., in October, 1864, while acting as scout for Confederate forces.

7. Charles B. Jennison was colonel of the Seventh Kansas cavalry, known as Jennison's Jayhawkers. He was assigned command of the western border of Missouri.

have been held as high as \$300 per acre, can now be purchased for \$150 or \$200 per acre. A person with capital could doubtless invest here now to great advantage. The surface of the country is very uneven, and the soil is extremely rich. There is no better county for farming in the State. Independence is the county seat, from which point I will write you soon.

C. M. C.

ELWOOD, DONIPHAN CO., KANSAS,  
August 9th, 1863.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: Every one has heard of the village lot speculations in the various towns in Kansas. In 1856 and '57 divers farms in Kansas were platted off into town lots and sold at enormous prices. People convinced that certain points must eventually become important cities, eagerly invested. Elwood, situated on the banks of the Missouri opposite St. Joe, was platted in 1856. Many supposing that, in a short time, it would outstrip St. Joe, went wildly into the village lot speculation, paying for choice lots as high as \$700. People from various eastern points moved into the village, built and settled for life. The town rapidly increased, society improved, and Elwood was really considered one of the prospering and promising points in the state.

But the crash of '57 came, real estate began to depreciate, many were alarmed, sold out and returned to their eastern homes; then came the rebellion, with civil war and lawlessness in all the little border towns, not excepting Elwood; property again depreciated, people were more than ever alarmed, emigration for the East again set in, and Elwood was left with hardly people enough to keep the houses; and, as if this was not enough, the Missouri river last year took about one third of the town lots into her channel, compelling people to tear down their houses in hot haste, and move their valuables to the main land. Some, even, were discomforted by seeing their residences and other property floating away in the middle of the river. Amid these misfortunes Elwood "played out." Village lots are now sold for five dollars, and would be given away if people would build on them. The town contains not more than a hundred people. The buildings are dilapidated. Stores are closed; streets empty; sidewalks broken to pieces. Everything reminds one of past thrift and present destitution.

I met in this town an old school-mate, who insisted on my visiting his place. I found him situated five miles west from Elwood, on the top of the highest bluff in all that region, with St. Joe plainly in view, and a prospect of many miles in every direction. As his history

since leaving college is, in many respects, similar to that of many Kansas men, I am disposed to give your readers a sketch of it.

Mr. R—<sup>8</sup> was born in Gainsville, Ala., and educated in a New England college. After leaving college he travelled for a year or two, visiting all parts of the country. He traversed the western states several times over; visited and studied all the border cities and towns, and finally concluded that the Missouri valley was the destined garden of Eden. He then went home and related his asseverations to his father, who handed him over \$30,000 for western speculation. Returning he invested in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas. After a year or two of buying, selling and exchanging, he concluded that Elwood, Kansas, bid the fairest for a large town, and consequently disposed of most of his property in other places—invested in Elwood farms and village lots; and was reaping handsome profits when the crash commenced. Today an invoice of his property shows him that he has paid the physician just \$25,000 to cut his eye teeth for him.

Reverses, however, do not discourage him. He does not leave the country, but stays and fights the battles of Kansas. In 1860 he married an Elwood girl and moved out on the farm, plants a vineyard, and goes whole soul into grape and general fruit raising and politics, succeeding admirably in both. Today he has a promising little brick farm house, with convenient out buildings, excellent horse, a fine carriage and is situated like a young lord in his castle. In politics he has succeeded in making himself one of the most influential men of the state. He is at present a representative in the legislature, enrolling commissioner for the southern district of Kansas, and Quartermaster General of the state. Notwithstanding his southern birth he is liberal in politics, but very anti-secesh, is generous towards his opponents, and loves his adopted state, which is the secret of his popularity. Like all Kansas men, he is very desirous of displaying the beauties and advantages of his own section. Accordingly, I found it impossible to leave Doniphan county without first taking a trip with the General to Troy, the county seat, situated fifteen miles west.

From the river, ten miles west, you pass through a region of steep bluffs, covered with oak timber, and well watered with little streams. It reminds one much of New England scenery, but unlike that, the bluffs or hills are of uniform height, their tops once forming, apparently, a level surface with valleys dug out by the action of

8. Edward Russell.

water. The road is continually up or down, unrelieved by a rod of plain. The soil is exceedingly rich and productive. All along the road you pass beautiful fruit and stock farms, but of small dimensions—seldom over eighty acres being cultivated by one farmer. From these bluffs you emerge into endless rolling prairies—more rolling and uneven, just as rich, and more beautiful than any prairie I have ever seen.

Troy is situated some six or eight miles from the bluffs, and is tumbled in among the rolls of the prairie. The Court House stands in a square park of four acres around which stand the business houses. I made the acquaintance of all the county officers, and many who expect to fill their places. Every one here thinks Troy will be a great business center ere long, and consequently "happy the man" who drives his stake. The town now numbers about six hundred and is at a "dead stand still"—though when the war is over the railroad from St. Joe, which is already graded to this place, will be completed, and emigration to Troy will commence.

In returning we took the road leading over the bottom land or along the banks of a little creek bordered on either side with a narrow strip of trees and shrubs—the only appearance of trees in all that section. This road led us through Wathena, a town of former pretensions and village lot mania. The village at present numbers about one hundred people and thirty or forty houses scattered over an area of a half a mile square, a little store here, a shanty away over there, a story and a half cottage away down next to the woods, a barn over the creek, &c., &c. "Played out" is the only sign board to be seen in town. Formerly good lots in Wathena sold for \$100, and upwards; now they can not be sold at any price. This may be owing to the national troubles, but more likely to the fact that speculators attempted to plant a town in a place where a town would not grow.

C. M. C.

LEAVENWORTH, August 10th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR. Jayhawkers, Redlegs and Bushwhackers are everyday terms in Kansas and western Missouri. A Jayhawker is a Unionist who professes to rob, burn out and murder only rebels in arms against the government. A Redleg is a Jayhawker originally distinguished by the uniform of red leggings.<sup>9</sup> A Redleg, however,

9. To guard against guerrilla incursions into Kansas and aid the Union cause, a company of border scouts, known as Red Legs, was organized in 1862. The name came from their red or tan leather leggings. Some were attached to the Union army. Writings on the Civil war offer divergent views of the character of this organization. Its members are described on the one hand as outlaws who endangered the peace and security of society; on the other as men above the average in ability, generally honest and patriotic, but drawn by the exigencies of the time into a savage and ruthless warfare.

is regarded as more purely an indiscriminate thief and murderer than the Jayhawker or Bushwhacker. A Bushwhacker is a rebel Jayhawker, or a rebel who bands with others for the purpose of preying upon the lives and property of Union citizens. They are all lawless and indiscriminate in their iniquities. Their occupation, unless crushed out speedily, will lead into a system of highway robbery exceeding anything that has yet existed in any country. It excites the mind, destroys the moral sensibilities, creates a thirst for wild life and adventure which will, on the restoration of peace, find gratification in nothing but highway robbery.

In my last I promised you a history of one of the leading Kansas Jayhawkers. I have time only to give you a very brief sketch of a conversation of many hours:

The name of Captain Tuft—or according to his own spelling "Tough"—carries with it a degree of terror in Kansas of which people in peaceable society can have no conception.<sup>10</sup> It reminds some of the loss of horses, some of the destruction of their homes, and some of the murder of their dearest friends. Captain Tuft was born in Savannah, Ga., and at an early age moved to Baltimore. In 1860, at the age of twenty-one, he moved to Saint Joseph, Mo. His father helped him to a little capital, and he, with a partner, invested in mules and wagons, and commenced freighting from St. Joe to Denver City. They prospered in business until the war broke out, when, for some reason or other, his mules were taken from him by a squad of Jayhawkers. He immediately goes to headquarters, at Leavenworth, for indemnification but gets no satisfaction from Uncle Sam. He then determines to state his cause to the rebels, and crosses the river at Leavenworth in search of rebel headquarters. He had proceeded but a half mile into the woods when he was confronted by five Bushwhackers, who ordered him to halt. Not inclined to obey the orders, he put spurs to his horse, the consequence of

10. The name was actually William Sloan Tough. Chase was in error in giving it as Tuft.

R. McE. Schaffler, in his "Biographical Notes on Capt. William Sloan Tough" (manuscript in the library of the Kansas State Historical Society), states that Tough was born in Maryland in 1840 and that as a very young man he came West to seek adventure on the frontier. His first fancy was to be a "mountain man" and he went to the Rocky Mountains with a company of trappers, but soon lost interest in the project because of the declining fur trade. Schaffler's account of subsequent events in Tough's colorful career coincides to an extent with the account given here by Chase. He states that theft of the mules took place when Tough was field manager or wagon boss for the McDonalds, bankers and merchants of St. Joseph, who had contracted to haul supplies to military posts in northern Kansas and southern Nebraska.

Comparatively little has been written about Tough. Schaffler describes him as a man of unflinching courage and great resourcefulness who was protected by the violence of the times into a career not always consonant with his true character.

For many years Tough, with his sons, conducted a large horse and mule market at the Kansas City stock yards. During the Boer war he supplied great numbers of animals to the British army and so impressed the officers with his keen judgment and fair dealing that English purchasing agents sought out his son during World War I and commissioned him to buy for them. Tough died in 1914.

which was he was shot down and left for dead. He recovered, however, and after a few weeks' nursing by some kind woman in the woods he was able to travel. Prior to this occurrence he had no particular interest in the fight, either one way or the other. But now he determined to go into the fight with all the force he possessed, not from any feelings of patriotism, but from pure motives of revenge. He swore eternal vengeance to the squad that shot him down, and to all others of that class.

In Leavenworth and vicinity he raised seventy-five men and took to the woods. They were soon well mounted on rebel horses, and well disciplined for their ferocious work. He adopted a system of scouts, spies and disguises, and was very soon in the secret of the Bushwhackers' operations. In just one month from the time he took his men into the brush he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the five who first assaulted him swinging from the same limb. He seemed to have been transformed into a demon, he said, and to take the wildest delight in seeing the "poor cusses gasping for breath." On another occasion, he, with a half dozen of his men, were passing a house and found a woman crying bitterly over her dead baby. He learned that the Bushwhackers had just been there inquiring of the woman of Captain Tuft's men. While she was answering their questions her child began to cry, and one of the fiends drew his revolver and shot it through the head. Tuft put himself on their track and in a week killed five of the gang including the one who shot the child.

At another time he found one of his scouts beside the road with his head blown open with powder. He immediately took three of his men to track out the enemy. Towards night, after riding thirty miles, they came suddenly on seven horsemen whom they took to be rebels. Feigning himself a Bushwhacker, he galloped into their midst with, "Halloo, boys, whar's Quantrill?" Not knowing Tuft or his companions, they were at first very cautious in their answers. But being a very shrewd man, he "let on right smart" like a Bushwhacker. "Here's a hoss" says he "I shot a d—d Yankee off from not more nor an hour ago." After boasting of several Yankee butcheries, and house burnings he had performed since breakfast, one of the rebels ventured to crow a little over what they had done. They had caught one of Old Tuft's scouts in the morning, made some holes in him, loaded his ears up with powder, touched 'em off, and "blowed his old mug to h—l." Instantly Tuft gave the order, and those seven men were biting the dust before they had time to cock a revolver. These were among the incidents he related.

There were an infinite number of single murders, and lesser crimes he mentioned, but enough has been related to give an idea of the character of the man. He lived in the woods, plundered from armed rebels, burned their houses and killed the fighting population without scruple. His plunder was divided among his men, who would sell it and get pay for their service. They belonged to no military organization but ran an independent concern. By many Tuft is regarded as a pure horse thief and murderer; others of a rabid, lawless nature, incline to wink at his crimes as long as his avowed purpose is to rob and murder rebels. It proves dangerous however, to suspend the law and give such characters as Tuft discretionary license to rob and murder. Where there is a fine horse in the way, or a personal enemy, Tuft's discretion between Union and Secesh is not accurate.

Jayhawking has run its race in Kansas; honest people are all on the side of the law; indiscriminate robbery is the result of the Jayhawker's license, and in many cases its friends have paid heavily towards its support. Tuft himself acknowledges the inevitable tendency of the practice. He says he has few regrets for the past; his victims have not yet appeared in his dreams, still he doesn't like the business and has determined to lead a better life. Gen. Blunt, a few months ago gave him a position on his staff as Chief of Scouts, with a pay of \$250 per month. He is now under arrest for killing a man at Fort Scott, but if his story is true the man ought to have been killed, and his detention will be brief. He says I shall meet him again at Fort Scott. We shall see. C. M. C.

INDEPENDENCE, JACKSON CO., MO.  
August 12th, 1863.

In this country the old notion that men are the protectors of women has exploded, the tables are turned, men are now the weaker vessels, and women the protectors. A man dare not travel alone five miles from Kansas City, but with his wife he feels comparatively secure. Bushwhackers have not yet raised a hand against a woman, they sometimes burn a house over her head, but are careful not to injure her person. Among travelers, they not only respect her, but have some regard for her male companion. This morning I was invited by the enrolling officer for this district, and a friend of his, to ride to Independence. For security one of the men took his wife. The officer said if Todd should catch him, he would unquestionably terminate his participation in terrestrial enjoyments, as he was one of those who formerly waited upon the



Todd family with an invitation to leave the state. George, he said was a "blood thirsty cuss," beside whom Quantrill was a gentleman. This announcement kept our eyes strained for whackers in the brush. The ride was ten miles, over a good road, but a very uneven surface, and through woods. The journey was performed without molestation, though at the Little Blue, the general rendezvous of Bushwhackers, we told no stories, made no jokes; still tongues and sharp eyes seemed especially appropriate to the occasion. Having passed through the ravine through which the Blue runs, a deep, dark, densely wooded place, breathing seemed to be freer, and the tongues began to wag again.

From the Blue to Independence most of the buildings on the road are burned, some smoky brick walls were still standing, mournful relics of domestic happiness. Most of the buildings were destroyed by Jennison a year or more ago, some by bushwhackers of a recent date. The country all the way exhibits the finest farms I have ever seen, most of them cultivated this year by tenants living in barns or little shanties fixed up by the ruins of the old mansions. When within three miles of Independence we pass Rock Creek, memorable in this section as the place where the first blood of the war was shed.

Before the war Independence was one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in Missouri. It was one of the old towns in the state, the center of a large and rich agricultural community, the grand starting point for Santa Fe, the best out-fitting point for emigration to California, Pikes Peak, &c. Among its inhabitants were some of the wealthy men of the state, retired from business, living in affluence, and devoting their attention to beautifying and enjoying their homes. It was one of the few towns in Missouri where society was fixed and permanent, where retired merchant princes would desire to pass their declining years. In the center of the town stood the Court House in a park of five acres, well ornamented with trees and surrounded by a low wall on the top of which was a chain fence with iron posts. The streets of the town run parallel with the sides of the park. Around the park stood compact blocks of three story wood and brick business buildings. All the streets for some distance from the park were business streets. Farther back in the suburbs and outskirts of the town were beautiful and costly residences surrounded by tasty yards, with fruit in abundance and variety. But the war commenced and Independence collapsed. There is not a stock

of goods in town. Every store around the park is closed, except a few used as stables or rooms for soldiers to quarter in.

The large hotel which formerly rented for \$2500 is kept by the owner simply to prevent destruction by soldiers. He would be glad to give the use of it to any man who would keep it from destruction. Half the houses in town are entirely deserted, and the remainder have only tenants enough to keep them in order. I was introduced to General [Samuel D.] Lucas, who has for many years held the office of Major General of Missouri Militia, and has been twice in action since. From him I learned the history of Independence since the rebellion commenced. At the beginning he said the town was full of rebels; the moment a confederate flag was invented it was hoisted in Independence. About the first military move made on Missouri was the sending of Captain [W. E.] Prince, of the U. S. Army, to Kansas City. The people of Independence, not comprehending the necessity of having a U. S. Captain stationed in their state, and so near them, raised a force of 1500 men, under Col. [E. B.] Halloway, and commenced a march towards Kansas City. Captain Prince hearing of the movement sent one Capt. [David S.] Stanley with one hundred men to inquire into the meaning. These forces met at Rock Creek. Capt. Stanley under a flag of truce marched a long distance ahead of his men to meet Colonel Halloway for consultation. While the two officers were conversing, the undisciplined rebels in the rear marched, some to the right and some to the left, designing to flank our men and take them prisoners; but they wheeled into the road before they reached our men, and each wing seeing the other fired, supposing they were shooting Yankees; and some six or eight rebels, including their colonel, were killed, and the rest took to their heels. Thus settled the battle of Rock Creek, the first blood, the general said, of the war.

February 22nd, 1862, the inevitable Quantrill and one Parker, with sixty mounted bushwhackers, entered Independence for plunder and destruction. They supposed the town comparatively defenseless, but found Gen. [Charles] Doubleday with two hundred men ready to receive them. There was a brisk helter skelter fight around the square, lasting over an hour, when the rebels escaped with a loss of five or six killed. There was another fight in town on the 11th of August 1862 between Captain [James T.] Buel with two hundred Federals, and [Col.] John F. Hughes, author of the history of the Mexican War, with 200 rebels. The fight was for the posses-

sion of the town, and was a desperate struggle for two hours, when Buel was compelled to surrender.<sup>11</sup> The rebels lost their Colonel in the engagement and occupied the town only a half day when they retreated before Col. Burroughs of Leavenworth.<sup>12</sup> They succeeded, however, in taking with them large quantities of stores, ammunition, &c. The general said the bullets whistled through the streets "to kill." The citizens were frightened half out of their wits, hid themselves in mills, barrels, &c., &c., but no one was hurt.

To-day Independence is strongly guarded, pickets are kept out on every road and cannon are stationed in the main streets. The General says there are just as good rebels in town as ever, men on good terms with bushwhackers and who furnish them with information, &c. Should the soldiers leave he thinks the loyal citizens would be obliged to follow. It is hard for you, reader, living in a quiet undisturbed community, to realize the state of society, this insecurity felt every moment by those living in towns where unionists and rebels are mixed in together. Extermination of bushwhackers and their aiders and abettors, is perhaps the only way to restore law and order, and this business the citizens themselves will undertake after a little more suffering.

C. M. C.

PAOLA, MIAMI COUNTY, KANSAS

August 15th, 1863.

ED. REPUBLICAN: Last night the General and I had a long and desperate battle with about 100,000 bed-bugs. The conflict raged without decisive tendency till about twelve o'clock when the enemy was reinforced with 400,000 fresh recruits. The General sounded a retreat, and we withdrew leaving the enemy in possession of the sheets and a thousand or more of their own dead. We lost large quantities of hard words and patience, but no life. I never was loyal to the bed-bug supremacy. They can never make peace with me until they exterminate or demoralize me.

We left Olathe this morning at half past seven, arriving at this place, distant 25 miles, at noon. As we enter Miami (formerly Lykins) county the prairie becomes less broken, though still more rolling than DeKalb county, Illinois. As you go south or away from the river, the prairie seems to expand or spread out into longer rolls, and the prospects are more extended. Nine miles from Paola we

11. The battle actually lasted four hours. Robert M. Scott, ed., *The War of the Rebellion: a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, 1885), "Action at and Surrender of Independence, Mo.," Ser. I, v. 13, p. 225.

12. Lt. Col. John T. Burris, Tenth Kansas Infantry, left Fort Leavenworth on August 12, 1862, and arrived in Independence the next day. There was no action. The rebels withdrew towards Lexington.—*Ibid.*, pp. 231, 232. The name *Burroughs* is incorrect.

passed Spring Hill, a little town standing on one of the highest rolls of prairie; lonely enough in the distance, and still more lonely when we reached it. A little store, a hotel, two or three small dwellings and a public well, comprise all there is of the village, yet this little isolated "Hill" had the presumption, three years ago, to ask \$100 for town lots, which can now be bought for two bits.<sup>13</sup> Before reaching Paola we passed along beside a branch of the Osage,<sup>14</sup> a stream about three rods wide and from three to eight feet deep. When we came to the crossing place, however, it was a little rivulet about a foot wide and two inches deep. This, the General informed me, was a peculiarity in the Kansas streams. Even in the smallest branches there are every few miles, long channels of deep, still water, abounding in fish and serving as reservoirs in dry times. Miami county is better supplied with water and timber than Johnson. There are numerous little tributaries to the Osage meandering through the prairie ravines, skirted on either side with timber, from one rod to a mile in width. Wherever you see trees on the prairie, there you may find water.

Paola numbers about 400 people, and is really one of the active, thriving Kansas towns. It stands in a basin eight or ten miles in diameter, on land somewhat higher than the country immediately adjoining, and is surrounded by groves of the Osage tributaries giving it a plentiful supply of wood and water. Stone is also in great abundance. A good stratum of limestone—easily obtained and easily worked—underlies the entire surface of eastern Kansas, sometimes appearing many feet below the surface and often on the top. A steep ledge of rock is very common in the roads, more common in southern Kansas where the stone generally lies near the surface.

Paola, like nearly all Kansas towns, is built around a square. There is no Court House, but one soon to be built. Unimproved land within a mile of the town can be bought for two or three dollars per acre. Town lots are still held about as high as ever, showing

13. J. B. H., writing from Spring Hill in January, 1858, to the *Lawrence Herald of Freedom*, described the town in these glowing terms: ". . . [It] is within one mile of a large body of very superior timber, and convenient to three saw mills; has a never failing supply of pure spring water; is distant half a mile from an extensive vein of stone coal of the best quality, easily worked, and has an abundant supply of excellent limestone for building and fencing, as well as pure sand of the best character for mixing mortar. It has been universally healthy during the entire sickly season; has a good church, school house, post-office, and a very commodious and well conducted hotel; two large stocks of goods, and will shortly have a daily line of stages from Wyandott; is fast settling up with an enterprising people. . . . The company are at work in earnest, and having secured a liberal charter, are prepared to offer inducements to mechanics, citizens, and actual settlers, that will insure a rapid increase in the value of its stock and an early settlement of good conservative people of the right stamp."

14. The stream is called *Marais des Cygnes* in Kansas, *Osage* in Missouri.

that confidence is firm in the ultimate increase of the town. As the General went to attend to his troops, he left me with a Mr. Wagstaff, one of the town lawyers. Last year Mr. Wagstaff was candidate for Governor of Kansas.<sup>15</sup> The General said he represented all the soreheads in the state, that is, disappointed republicans, democrats, &c. Of course, representing those elements in Kansas, he was most tremendously "flailed out." We supped with Mr. G. A. Colton, formerly from Sycamore. Mr. Colton is at present Indian agent, has represented his district in the state senate, is well known among Kansas politicians, and is, I believe, regarded as one of the best wire pullers in the state. I asked Mr. Colton if Kansas politicians were generally honest and reliable. Mr. Colton looked up and smiled, whereupon I looked down and blushed. The General, noticing my confusion, remarked that I had not been long in the state, and should be excused for asking so absurd a question. I inferred that the political wires of Kansas were worked by men unacquainted with "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted."<sup>16</sup>

The evening I spent with G. W. Brown, former editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, which was destroyed by the Border Ruffians. In the early Kansas troubles Mr. Brown was one of the most conspicuous Free State men in the state, and by many was regarded as insanely radical and rabid on that subject. He is a man about forty years old, six feet high, with rather long contour of face, light hair and whiskers, grey eyes, somewhat reserved and unapproachable in appearance, and by some regarded as phlegmatic and cold-hearted. In conversation he is rather measured and precise, always using a choice selection of words, stopping when he gets through, and listening with most respectful attention to the one he is conversing with. The natural inclination of his mind is more towards theory than practice; it is speculative and sometimes, perhaps, visionary. He is liberal towards those with whom he differs, but firmly fixed in his own opinions. At present Mr. Brown is out of politics and engaged wholly in law. He has a library worth \$2,000, the second, if not the first library in the state.

It will be many years before Paola will see a railroad.<sup>17</sup> Her situation is about half way between Kansas City and Fort Scott, through which points roads running east and west will probably pass.

15. W. R. Wagstaff was a candidate for governor on the "Anti-Lane" ticket in 1862. He was defeated by Thomas Curney.—*U. S. Biographical Dictionary* (Chicago, S. Lewis & Co., 1879).

16. A work by Richard Baxter, English divine, 1615-1691.

17. The Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf railroad opened its line to Paola in February, 1866.—J. L. Tracy, *Guide to the Great West* (St. Louis, Tracy & Eaton, 1871), p. [171].

Paola may some time get a branch connecting with the road from St. Louis to Kansas City, but it will be only when her section becomes settled and rich. For many years she must depend for growth wholly upon the patronage of the agricultural community of which she is the immediate center.

Paola was once the home of the notorious bushwhacker and outlaw, Quantrill. Here he once lived in harmony with those he would plunder and murder. Our landlord, Col. [Henry] Torrey, brought him here from Ohio, when but a lad. He raised him, but says he never taught him the art of bushwhacking.<sup>18</sup> The Col. told me Quantrill's first experience in the business which led to his present life. At the beginning of the rebellion Quantrill raised a gang of rowdies and arranged a plan to go into the country, take a certain man's horses and plunder his house. He then informed the man that such a plan was formed and when it was to be executed. At the appointed hour Quantrill led his men up to the rear of the house, and then ordered them to go ahead. The consequence was they were all killed. Quantrill escaped, and was of course, handsomely rewarded for his valuable information. C. M. C.

STANTON, MIAMI CO. KANSAS

August 16th, 1863.

ED. REPUBLICAN: This morning Mr. [William P.] Dutton, formerly of Sycamore, now sheriff of this county, invited me to ride to his place, ten miles west of Paola. This is the town in which our Sycamore emigration first settled. It is situated on the brow of a prairie roll looking off into a long sweep of bottom land skirted by timber. It was once the county seat, and is, I believe, the oldest town in the county. When the county seat was moved to Paola, Stanton collapsed,<sup>19</sup> her town lots depreciated from \$75 to zero, leading men moved away, taking, in some cases, their buildings with them, leaving in the town about half a dozen buildings and a few huts. Twenty-five people comprise all the population of the once proud Stanton. Two small stores and a postoffice comprise the business street. The merchants manage to dispose of ten or fifteen thousand dollars worth of goods every year, but where they go to is not apparent, as there are but a few houses in sight.

We took dinner with a Mr. Strong, a hard fisted, hard sensed,

18. For details of Torrey's relationship with Quantrill see William E. Connelley, *op. cit.*

19. Paola has always been the county seat. But one election was held on this question, at which time, in 1858, Oswatimie was the principal competitor.—A. T. Andreas-W. G. Cutler, *History of the State of Kansas* (Chicago, 1883), p. 881.

practical man, and well to do farmer. Mr. Strong believes in the future importance of his section of the country. He knows the richness of the prairie soil, its facility for cultivation, its adaptability for the growth of grain and stock, must eventually insure its settlement and prosperity. Mr. Strong thinks if a man with a loose \$1000 would invest in cattle and "squat" anywhere on the prairie in this section, giving his attention to stock raising only, he would be a rich man in ten years. The only cost in raising stock would be the trouble of cutting grass and feeding in the winter, adding a few dollars each year for salt. To invest in sheep he thinks one would double his money every year. I almost wonder that some of our wealthy DeKalb county farmers, with a large surplus of funds on hand, do not come out here and invest a portion of their means in this business. There is no one here engaged in it as a principal business. Mr. Strong, like all the other farmers, came here to farm as they had learned to do in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, investing all their means in land and farming apparatus. Their money is consequently locked up, and they are compelled to engage in general farming. Mr. Strong said he was working into stock as fast as he could and would be glad, if his money was loose, to engage in it wholly. The prairie here spreads out into immensely wide fields, with here and there isolated mounds and long ranges of prairies rolls. As far as the eye can reach towards the west is rich, unoccupied prairie, some time to become a thickly populated and wealthy country. Lucky he who settles early and secures the rise in lands.

C. M. C.

MOUND CITY, LINN CO., KANSAS

August 17th, 1863.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The distance from Paola to this place is thirty two miles. During the whole ride we were not out of sight of groves, and were frequently passing little streams. Miami and Linn are among the best watered and wooded counties in the state. Stone also appears in greater abundance, and steep pitches—they can hardly be called hills—of lime rock are more numerous in the road.

The first village we passed was Twin Springs. So named from two little springs of water twenty rods apart, gushing out on opposite sides of a prairie roll. The village consisting of a store, three small houses and a barn, stands on the eminence between the springs. The inhabitants are not without hopes of the future importance of their burg, which according to the plat, recorded in the

register's office, already spreads her lots over the area of a half mile square. We next come to Paris and then Moneca, about equal in size, each larger than Twin Springs, but smaller than New York City. Twenty houses would cover the boast of either village.<sup>20</sup>

Mound City is not built around a square; the plat of the town which occupies a half section of land contains a fine park but some thoughtless fellow commenced to build on one side of the plat, others built around him, what there is now of city, leaving the square nearly a half mile out of town. The place contains a present population of three hundred people. But in expectancy there are ten thousand. The famous Jayhawkers, Jennison and Montgomery, formerly honored this place with their residence, the former is now keeping a livery stable in Leavenworth,<sup>21</sup> and the latter doing service in his country, at the head of a North Carolina Colored regiment. Montgomery was, by profession, a Baptist minister,<sup>22</sup> a very modest, unassuming man, kind and generous in his impulses and much esteemed as a citizen. Such is his representation by his neighbors. A Dr. Davis in justifying Montgomery's lawlessness in 1858, on grounds of county defense, told the following incident: In 1858 one Charles Hamilton<sup>23</sup> made threats that he was going to split the Union, and was going to insert the wedge right between Linn and Bates counties (adjoining counties in Kansas and Missouri). With that intent, he had for a long time been plundering and robbing the free state men in Linn county. On one occasion he raised a gang of ruffians, entered the county early one morning, seized twelve farmers as they were going into their fields, marched them onto the bluffs of Bates [Linn] county, arranged them along in a row, shot them down and left them for the buzzards to finish. Six or eight were killed, and the others miraculously lived to tell the tale.<sup>24</sup> The Doctor thought that was a "pesky mean trick," and he didn't blame Montgomery for opposing lawlessness with lawlessness, particularly as long as it secured the safety of Kansas' border. Murder, robbery and arson had been perpetrated by the Missouri border outlaws for

20. Twin Springs, Paris and Moneca are now extinct locations.

21. A Leavenworth city directory, 1863-1864, lists Charles R. Jennison and J. G. Losee as operators of a livery stable on Shawnee between 3d and 4th Streets.

22. Montgomery was mustered into the Union army as colonel of the Third Kansas infantry, but was transferred to the command of the Second South Carolina Colored regiment. He had been a minister of the Christian church.—*Kansas Historical Collections*, v. 7, pp. 395, 396, footnote.

23. Charles Hamilton.

24. Hamilton, who had been driven from the territory by Free-State men, retaliated by invading Linn county with about 30 Missourians. Capturing 11 Free-State men he marched them to a ravine and lined them up before a firing squad. Five were killed, five were wounded and one escaped by feigning death. This incident has become known as the *Marías des Cygne* massacre. A monument bearing lines from Whittier's tribute to the victims stands in Trading Post cemetery.



years, and he was in favor of wiping them out the speediest way.

The General introduced me here to a Judge Lowe, as the prominent man of southern Kansas.<sup>25</sup> He is a man forty years old, formerly practiced law in Cincinnati, was Judge of the city court one or two terms, removed to Kansas in 1858, and opened a law office in this great town. He is now state senator for this district, and is perhaps the ablest man in the Kansas Legislature. He and his friends expect he will be made Chief Justice of the state the ensuing fall. I asked the judge what induced him to exchange a good practice in one of the first cities on the continent, for an uncertain practice in an uncertain country. It was the principle that he would rather be first here than second there. I remarked too that there was an uncontrollable thirst in the human for change, men are never fully satisfied with any condition; they want something new, something beyond their immediate range of vision, as if what is unseen, unexperienced, sparkled with diamonds. Rasselas was discontented while in the enjoyment of every pleasure the world afforded, and men today and everywhere, are wishing to exchange a good position for uncertainties of a new one. Love of locality and family ties fasten many, but do not destroy the insatiate desire to change. Many break away from good anchorage to try their fortune in unfathomed water; while some improve their conditions others capsize. The Judge admitted the truth of these remarks, but thought that most of those who came to Kansas improved their condition. It was a new state, enterprising, and destined to become thickly populated. Men of merit find more opportunities for the exercise of their industry and talent than in older states where occupation is crowded, where the channels of business are already cut, and all kinds of property well secured. Here nothing is fixed, property is floating, people are not permanently settled, vacancies are occurring, &c., &c. Honesty, industry and talent are in demand in new and fast-growing communities, and he who brings with him those elements of success, cannot fail to rise.

While we were conversing a dozen men from Potosi,<sup>26</sup> five miles east on the very border of Kansas, having heard that the General was about to muster out a squad of soldiers who had been protecting them during the past month, entered the office in a great

25. David P. Lowe served as judge of the fourth judicial district from 1864 until 1867 when he was appointed judge of the sixth judicial district. He held this office until his election as Congressman in 1870. He was re-elected in 1872. Following the expiration of his term, he was appointed chief justice of the supreme court of Utah Territory, but subsequently returned to Kansas and served as judge of the sixth district, remaining in that office until his death in 1882.

26. The settlement is now extinct.

state of alarm. They said if the troops were mustered out they would be compelled to leave their neighborhood, and neglect the harvest of their crops. They knew Quantrill was in Bates county opposite, with a large force of bushwhackers, preparing for a raid into the state, and they were to be the first ones to suffer, if left unprotected. They had positive information that within a week Quantrill was going to make a descent somewhere, and they had already suffered enough, having been stripped for two or three successive years of their entire earnings. The General was without authority to continue in service a single squad of the state militia, but, under the circumstances, said he would assume the responsibility of not mustering them out if the soldiers, who had so far been paid out of the Governor's private purse, would look to the Legislature for their subsequent pay.

Here commenced a struggle between the soldiers and the Potosi delegation. The soldiers were not going to "take any Kansas Legislature for their pay, they had seen enough of the Kansas Legislature." With tears in their eyes the old men pleaded for the boys to stay and protect them, but the boys "couldn't see it." Judge Lowe then made a speech of some length, explaining the helplessness of the Potosi people, and assuring the boys that as a senator he would use his best endeavors to put their pay bill through the Legislature, &c. Still the boys were determined not to serve. The General then arose and made a flaming speech, appealing to their patriotism, their strong arms, referring to the helplessness of the old men, &c., closing up by drawing a ten dollar "green back" and sending them down to the saloon. In ten minutes they all returned, the most patriotic squad of militia I have ever seen. They sent up cheer after cheer for the General and the Union, and expressed themselves determined to see the last of the rebellion, pay or no pay.

C. M. C.

FORT SCOTT, BOURBON CO., KANSAS  
August 19th, 1863.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: At 11 o'clock this morning we arrived at Fort Lincoln nine miles south of Mound City. This fort was established by Lane in 1860, and is now abandoned, as a position commanding nothing and easy to be reduced. It consists of an enclosure

with one building about eighty feet long, a large well, &c.<sup>27</sup> The city of Fort Lincoln consists of two families, one outside and one inside the fort. Geo. Walrod, from Sycamore, Illinois, commands the post, holding all the offices from high private to Brigadier. As we entered the Fort, we were very cordially welcomed by the Brigadier, and invited to remain and participate in the enjoyment of the noon rations. At Paola I was informed that Walrod was severely afflicted with "sorghum on the brain." Walrod denies this on the grounds that a disordered brain conceives improbabilities and impossibilities, and he conceives neither in his sorghum speculations.

He said sorghum in Kansas will yield at least 200 gallons per acre, that every gallon was worth, at least, fifty cents, that he expected to manufacture this season 200 acres, getting for his pay half of all he manufactures—or the entire crop from a hundred acres, making his figures of profit as follows: 100 acres of sorghum, at 200 gallons per acre, yields 20,000 gallons—which at 50 cents per gallon gives \$10,000 from which he deducts expenses, \$1,000, leaving a net profit of \$9,000. From this he is willing to deduct \$4,000 more, to cover possible accidents, which will make a "dead sure" profit of \$5,000 for the season.

Walrod thinks it passing strange that so many young men should remain in the East, actually begging the privilege of ten per cent investments when this country affords so many opportunities for more profitable investments. He instanced one case, where he believes 100 per cent, could be realized in a few months. One of his neighbors owned a rich farm of a hundred sixty acres, with house recently built, costing \$500, and rail fence costing \$300. There were seventy acres of standing corn, and a few acres of other crops. Circumstances compelled him to sell, and he offered the whole for \$800 in cash. Every day, he said, there were similar opportunities, but few here with the ready money to take advantage of them.

Fort Scott is one hundred miles south of Kansas City and about ten miles from Missouri State line. It was formerly one of the frontier Indian forts, and until the rebellion broke out, contained nothing but the buildings in the fort. But as the war broke out

27. William Ansel Mitchell, in his *Linn County, Kansas* (1928), quotes on p. 125 from the diary of John Howard Kitts of the 12th Kansas regiment, October 9, 1862: "We at last arrived at Fort Lincoln, where we camped for the night. Fort Lincoln is constructed of logs, heven out and put up, and is a pretty strong structure. It is used for the purpose of confining prisoners."

C. W. Goodlander, *Early Days of Fort Scott* (Fort Scott, Kan., 1900), p. 66: "In the summer of 1861, Jim Lane had built a fort on the north side of the Osage River, and named it Fort Lincoln. It was built on low bottom land that was no more a fit place for a fort than where Knapp's Park is now located. This fort consisted of a stockade and a large blockhouse. In later years this stockade and blockhouse were moved to Fort Scott and located about the junction of Lowman and First Streets."

it was still filled with soldiers and all the southwestern government business was transacted here. Business men began to move in and build adjoining the Fort, until now it is the largest town in southern Kansas, numbering between one and two thousand permanent, and as many more transient residents.<sup>28</sup> Good buildings are going up in every part of town, the streets are constantly crowded with people, and everything presents an air of life, enterprise and progress. The Fort buildings are situated around a large square, while the new town is built on adjoining the Fort.

Like all towns springing up in a day and containing a large temporary population, Fort Scott is a "fast town." It would require no effort to get up a race, a bet, a drunk, a fight, or any other little amusement common among men. The town contains many well stocked stores, a good hotel, a countless number of beer saloons, a couple dozen of billiard tables, two or three ten pin alleys, &c., &c. The theater goers are accommodated with a barn fixed up with temporary conveniences, supplied with two or three changes of scenery, one or two tolerable performers for stars, and a half dozen very scurvy stock performers. Running in a ravine is a small stream of water, bordered as usual, with a thick growth of timber. This timber is, at present, crammed with refugees and contrabands from Missouri and Arkansas. . . .

Contrabands are increasing beyond the most extravagant abolition expectation throughout the entire Kansas border. Some estimates place the daily emigration from Missouri at from fifty to one hundred. They emigrate during the night, in squads or families, accompanied generally by a span of good mules and a lumber wagon with whatever portables they can seize upon. Some are glad to get work and prove their manhood and usefulness; others lounge in idleness, refusing good offers, preferring to live on the hospitality of those who have erected little shanties and are earning a living. Kansas men are pleased with every escape. . . .

I was introduced today to a Mr. Crawford, who came here in 1857, and, under the impression that this must sometime be a point, bought a farm adjoining the Fort.<sup>29</sup> Until '60 he did but very little,

28. The city of Fort Scott grew up around the Western frontier outpost established by U. S. dragoons in 1842 and named for Gen. Winfield Scott. The Fort was on a military road at a point about midway between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Gibson. Troops were withdrawn in 1853 and the buildings sold to settlers two years later. The town was incorporated in 1860. During the Civil War the Fort was re-established and it became Union headquarters and supply depot for southeast Kansas.

29. George Addison Crawford was a native of Pennsylvania. On his arrival in Kansas in 1857, he organized the Fort Scott Town Company and, with his associates, purchased 520 acres of land on which the city now stands. He built a sawmill, flour mill, woolen factory, foundry, machine shop, and in 1869 re-established the Fort Scott Daily Monitor. In 1881 he was given about two-thirds of the vote for governor, but his election was declared illegal, and he was subsequently twice defeated as candidate for the Republican nomination for that office. He was a founder of the towns of Osage Mission, now St. Paul, and Grand Junction, Colo.

he said, except watch the prospects. In 1858 and 59 he was "blue enough"—his money all locked up in a large prairie farm with no prospect of realizing anything or of seeing any more society. But the rebellion came, and with it the soldiers and the business men. He immediately laid off his farm into lots, and sold them as fast as he could make out his deeds. I remarked to him that good fortune had followed his three years of blues. "Yes," said he, "I'm in town now." Today he is selling his lots at from \$50 to \$500 each. His farm is yielding untold profit, and he is in the very midst of the fastest society. . . .

Wood is worth here from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a cord, delivered, coal \$3.00 per ton. There is an excellent coal mine nine miles south of town. Farming land, unimproved, can be bought for \$1.50 per acre, a mile or two from town. A good residence lot in town can be bought for \$50. Bourbon county is more level than any county I have seen in the state. It is subject to drouth, and, although this has been a remarkably good year, the crops and grass are decidedly inferior to those of northern Kansas.

I met my old friend Capt. Tuft here, and Capt. J. Finn Hill, both somewhat notorious in Kansas warfare. Finn Hill carries a very important and brave look, but I am told, is of little account in the service. Tuft is affable, good natured, very polite, and knows no fear. He still adheres to his determination to "jayhawk no more," but desires to render himself useful in the service. He is enroute for the army of Gen. Blunt.<sup>30</sup>

C. M. C.

HUMBOLDT, ALLEN CO., KANSAS,

August 19th, 1863.

EDITOR SENTINEL: Fort Scott is the last southern settlement in Kansas. A few miles further south and you enter the Indian country, and see no more of the pale faces, except an occasional man, well known and trusted by the red faces, who has located in a little hut and engaged in stock raising. Then you are in the "Sunny South," where winter is a stranger, and seldom visits, where cattle graze the year around, requiring no harvest for their support, where the only cost of raising stock is the herding and marking.

From Fort Scott we turn west. Eight miles traveled, and we are at Marmaton, formerly county seat of Bourbon county, a little village containing a dozen houses, half of which are tenantless. Here we stopped an hour and conversed with Mr. Representative

<sup>30</sup>. Tough served as chief of scouts with Brig. Gen. James Blunt of the Army of the Frontier.

Jones, the man of this section.<sup>31</sup> Jones is more sensible than some men. He is satisfied that his own town never will make a large city. He would have been a rich man, though, if Fort Scott had not "played a nasty trick on Marmaton, and stole the county seat."<sup>32</sup> His farm was all laid off into lots, and the lots were selling well, when this "nasty trick" killed his expectations. His farm is now worth about \$3.00 per acre. . . . Jones had soliloquized after this manner: "I own 160 acres of land. This land is all laid out in village lots, each acre making four lots. I own 640 village lots. This town is the county seat—bound to grow—can't help it—splendid country—rich land—no town near here—everything is all right. These lots will bring me from \$25 to \$500 each—they will average at least \$100. I'm a rich man—right in town—\$64,000 on a two hundred dollar investment; that will do me." But—that "nasty trick."

From Marmaton we drove seventeen miles through uncultivated prairie, passing but five or six small farms, to Chaffin's—a little log house which sometimes accommodates the hungry traveler.<sup>33</sup> Here we took dinner and asked questions. Chaffin moved in here, from Indiana, in 1855, entered his land and has been traveling up hill ever since. Certain crops, he said, could not be raised in southern Kansas. He had tried five successive years to raise oats, and each year something had spoiled his crop. The drouth was common every year, and in 1860 destroyed everything. Stock, he thought the most profitable business for this section. I observed that prairie grass was much thinner here than in the northern counties, which he admitted, but said that stock never failed to do well in all seasons on the prairie. "Here," said he, alluding to a pair of twins on his knee, is the best strike I have made since I left "Injianny." If he was to select another point, it would be on the Missouri or Kansas river, where there was plenty of water, richer land, more hills and less drouth.

Between Chaffin's and Humboldt we passed over an open, slightly undulating prairie, a distance of eighteen miles without seeing a house—a charming ride for meditative men, who dislike to have their thoughts diverted by surrounding objects. Humboldt, a little burg of 200 inhabitants, and county seat of Allen county,

31. Probably William T. Jones, representative from Bourbon county in 1862.

32. Because of border troubles, the county seat of Bourbon county was moved temporarily from Fort Scott to Marmaton by a legislative act of 1859. An election for the purpose of relocating the county seat was held in May, 1860, and Fort Scott received a majority of the votes cast.

33. Anthony and Elijah Chaffin are both shown in the 1860 census as settlers at Turkey Creek, Bourbon county. This location, now Uniontown, was between Marmaton and Humboldt.

was laid out in 1858.<sup>34</sup> It is called the key to the Neosho valley—one of the finest valleys in the state. If the rebels should incline to devastate this valley they would have to pass through Humboldt. In 1861 the rebel Cols. Williams and Mathews visited the town with a small force and sacked nearly every house and store. The next year immediately after Lane burned Osceola, Gen. Price sent Col. Talbot to retaliate on Humboldt, which he did effectually, leaving but one or two houses standing around the square. The citizens of Humboldt have had their share of the evils of rebellion. Col. Talbot not only sacked and burned, but killed some four or five of the citizens who attempted to defend their property.<sup>35</sup>

We spent the evening at Humboldt with a Mr. Thurston and family. Mr. Thurston is a lawyer by profession—owns a thriving saw mill, and is state senator.<sup>36</sup> His house stands a half mile from the stores on the bank of a stream, in the edge of the woods. His law office is in his house, and his mill but a few rods off. He has fine buildings, with all necessary appendages, including an agreeable and accomplished wife. Mr. Thurston is a man of most excellent moral principles—an anomaly among Kansas politicians—a pure minded Douglas democrat, whose "higher law" is the Constitution of the United States. He is in favor of fighting rebels until the seed of that kind of evil is entirely rooted out of the soil. His hate of rebels is intense. Of the enemies or traitors to the government, he calls rebels rebels—Vallandigham<sup>37</sup> democrats, eunuchs—Abolitionists, revolutionists. Either class, he thinks, would destroy the government if it could, and bullets, he thinks, they all deserve. Mrs. Thurston gave her experiences among rebels. The first time they visited the town they ransacked her house from cellar to garret, taking everything in the shape of clothing they could carry. Mr. Thurston was absent and she determined to defend his property as best she could. When they got through searching they set the bed on fire; this she extinguished. Then they set the curtains afire—and various other places in the house were on fire at the

34. The townsite of Humboldt was located in March, 1857, by J. A. Coffey.

35. On September 8, 1861, Humboldt was raided by a band of Missouri guerrillas, Cherokee and Osage half-breed Indians under the command of Captains Matthews and Livingstone. Stores and dwellings were sacked. On October 14 of the same year, rebel forces under Colonel Talbot invaded the town setting fire to buildings and homes. One man was killed.

36. Otis Thurston came from Ohio about 1857. He served as colonel of a regiment of state militia during the Civil War.

37. Clement L. Vallandigham, lawyer and politician of Dayton, Ohio, opposed the Civil War as unnecessary and unconstitutional and his bitter denunciation of the government and the war policy led to his arrest in May, 1863. A military commission found him guilty of disloyal utterances and conduct and he was sentenced to confinement during the war, but Lincoln commuted the sentence to banishment beyond the Union lines. He fled to Canada but returned to his home in 1864 without interference and again became active in the Democratic party.

same time. All, however, were put out by the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Thurston, who was alone in the house. The rebels, admiring her activity and bravery, gave up the job. The second time she played "possum" by feigning sickness. She heard the command given, to fire the house, but when the captain entered her room, he had compassion on her, and countermanded the order. He would search for arms, he said, and withdraw his men, hoping his intrusion would not distress her.

C. M. C.

SAC & FOX AGENCY, FRANKLIN [OSAGE?] CO., KANSAS  
August 21st, 1863.

EDITOR SENTINEL: We left Humboldt yesterday morning, turning northwest up the Neosho Valley, passing through the northeast corner of Woodson, into Coffey, and stopped for the night in Franklin county, at Irishman Drum's,—said Drum being a farmer located beside a pretty grove, and miles from any other living man. Drum did not set himself up as a hotel keeper, but was willing to give us the best he had, which, as we had traveled fifty miles since breakfast, and there being no other house for fifteen miles beyond, we concluded to accept. Drum's log house contained but one room, and was hardly sufficient to accommodate his own family, consisting of a wife and six tenor Drums—little drums, I mean young ones. There were two travellers besides the General and myself, making twelve in all to sleep in Drum's kitchen. The General and I took the floor with the little Drums scattered all around us in promiscuous confusion. The other two travellers took the spare bed. We all determined to make the best of it, and get all the sleep we could; but the room was too densely populated to admit the possibility of realizing any great expectation in that direction.

The lights had scarcely been extinguished, when the whooping cough, or something else, set one of the little Drums to drumming. He rattled away for an hour incessantly, except when spelled by some other little Drum on a different key. Once or twice all the little Drums were going together, making the most awful calli-thumpian band I ever heard. The Drums had but fairly ceased when one of the travellers, in the spare bed, suddenly bounded into the middle of the floor, and swore several large mouthfuls, without stopping. Unfortunately he and his companion had gotten into a bed-bug highway, where there was too much travel for sleep. During the whole night one or the other of them was constantly in the middle of the floor scratching and "harking for bugs." Sweet sleep ne'er came to our eyelids; all night long we were constantly



scratching, turning and yawning, and yawning, turning and scratching. Morning came and we were out early, if not bright. Bed-bugs are the curse of new countries.

The Valley of Neosho is said to be one of the finest and most beautiful portions of Kansas. The Neosho is a small, but pretty stream, supplied with numerous little tributaries, all of which are well timbered.

The first village we passed was Neosho Falls. Here we stopped for dinner, and I made the acquaintance of one Mr. Phillips, the first settler in these parts.<sup>38</sup> He came from Iowa in 1857, hunted the state all over, and finally concluding that the Neosho Falls must sometime make a point, he entered his land and blocked out his town. The county grew fast until it numbered about a thousand inhabitants, when the troubles came on and progress of all kind stopped. Mr. Phillips' farm which promised so much, is worth now not to exceed five dollars per acre. The village will always be a little inland center, but can never aspire to anything more. It now contains a hotel, a store, a Doctor's office, a mill and about twenty dwellings.

Mr. Phillips conducted me down to the mill dam, and said if I liked fishing, and would stay over a day, he would show me some sport. Mr. Phillips, with five other men, had on several occasions "caught, in three hours, 400 pounds of fish out of that very dam"—a good fish story, I thought. He said they caught catfish there every season weighing over a hundred pounds. These statements were more than corroborated by the people in town.

On the rocks below the dam, we crossed the river and visited the camps of the Seminole Indians. All there is left of that once powerful tribe, which gave Uncle Sam so long a struggle in Florida, and put him to so many million dollars cost, is now encamped at Neosho Falls. They number only about 3,000. Their warriors are all in the Union army. By treaty the Government provides their necessary wants. All they do is to draw their rations and cook them, occasionally catching fish or picking a few berries, which they sell in the village for rum money. Their time is spent lounging in the shade or tents supplied by the Government. I visited nearly all the tents, and spoke a few words to the inmates; but the Indian "umph" was the only notice I could command. The little "injuns" at our ap-

38. N. S. Goss and I. W. Dow are generally credited with the founding of Neosho Falls in 1857. After selecting the site and calculating the potential water power, they built a mill which subsequently produced lumber for the homes of settlers. The names of John Phillips, farmer, and William Phillips, wheelwright, appear in the census of 1860 as residents of Neosho Falls.

proach would disappear in the brush and peep out from behind the leaves. The Seminoles have always been slave holders. They have several families of their slaves with them in this *tremendously* free state of Kansas. We visited the slaves' camp a few rods away from the camp of the Indians. . . .

From Neosho Falls to Leroy, six or eight miles, we passed no settlements, but one continued stretch of uncultivated, slightly rolling prairie. The prairie all through this section is covered with a large yellow flower; it resembles the sunflower, but is much smaller. In some places near the towns they were ten feet high, and so thick as to be almost impenetrable. Further out on the prairie they dwindle down to one foot or less. Some say the presence of these flowers indicates a poor quality of prairie soil, others that they usually grow where the prairie is stocked. The former is the more probable reason. In northern Kansas I noticed on the prairies—which were well stocked—nothing but pure prairie grass, while in southern Kansas, in places where stock has never been over, I noticed a large mixture of flowers and weeds. The truth is northern Kansas is the best farming country.

Leroy is the largest place I have seen since leaving Fort Scott. It really seemed quite lively there. Everything, however, seemed dirty and neglected. There are several stores, a mill, a tavern, two or three law offices, &c., and about 500 people in the village.

From Leroy to this place a distance of 35 miles there are no white settlements except Drum's. As we approach the Agency we enter the settlements of the Sacs and Foxes. The government by treaty built a large number of good and strong buildings on their lands, most of which are now occupied by the Indians who partially cultivate the land and behave themselves very much like white folks. Among them is occasionally a good farmer but most of them are lazy and their lands are neglected. This tribe all dress as we do and some of them speak the English language. At the Agency is a store, a hotel, a large mission school and twenty or thirty houses.<sup>39</sup> There are but few whites in town. The store, I am told, clears nearly \$50,000 per year. Only this one merchant is allowed to trade with this tribe.

The mission school generally contains about sixty scholars. Today Commissioner [W. P.] Dole is expected from Washington to treat

39. Original agency buildings were in Franklin county but under the terms of the treaty of 1860, the tribes ceded all Franklin county lands to the government and the agency was moved to the site of present Quenemo, Chase county. The missionaries at the time of Chase's visit were the Rev. R. P. Duvall and his wife, sent to the tribes in 1860 by the Kansas Methodist Conference.

with the Osages for a portion of their land lying south of Kansas. It is consequently a great day at the Agency. Long files of the wildest looking Indians are coming in on their ponies. The Osages are the fiercest looking fellows I have ever seen. The blanket and breech cloth is their only dress. Their noses and ears are loaded with tinkling trinkets, their heads are shaved, leaving a narrow strip of stiff hair a half-inch long from the forehead to the crown. Their faces are painted with bright red and yellow. I visited their camp and was introduced to their Chief Little Bear, who shook hands with me and said "how"—and then the conversation ended. Little Bear is said to be the most sensible Chief among the Western tribes, but in my conversation with him I got no new ideas. In camp all the men were over six feet high, probably picked men to represent the tribe at the treaty meeting.

I was introduced here to Father Shoemaker who has for sixteen years been at the head of a Mission School in the Osage tribe.<sup>40</sup> This school, he says, before the war, numbered constantly one hundred and sixty scholars, and some of them he says, are very bright, but generally they are hard scholars.

C. M. C.

LAWRENCE, DOUGLAS CO., KANSAS

August 22nd, 1863.

EDITOR SENTINEL: The country from Sac and Fox Agency improves as you go north, the prairie grows thicker, weeds and flowers dwindle away, crops of all kinds are more flourishing, and land becomes more inviting to the industry of the farmer. Franklin county is much better than Coffey, while Douglas adjoining the Kansas river on the south, is equal in beauty and fertility to any in the state. The emigrant to this western country should remember that the river land, consisting of timbered bluffs and meadows, is the best. On the Missouri this strip of land is from ten to twenty-five miles wide; on the Kansas, from two to ten miles wide. In the eastern part of Kansas you emerge from this river land into rich, rolling prairie; in the western part the prairie is poorer, and in many places too poor for profitable cultivation.

Yesterday we passed two little villages, Centropolis and Minneola,<sup>41</sup> on opposite sides of the same grove and about a mile apart.

40. Father John Schoenmakers came to Osage Mission (now St. Paul) in April, 1847, and worked among the Indians until his death in 1853.

41. The town of Minneola was projected by Free-State settlers who hoped to make it the territorial capital. In February, 1858, the legislature sitting at Lawrence passed a bill so designating it. The bill was vetoed by Acting Governor Denver but was passed over the veto. The attorney general of the U. S., to whom an appeal was taken, declared that the bill was in violation of the organic act and therefore void. Before the decision of the attorney general, many buildings including a hotel and town hall were erected, and the town had a population of several hundred. A constitutional convention met there in March, 1858, but quickly adjourned to Leavenworth. The town declined and is now an extinct location.

As we reached the place we found people in arms, and excited over a report that Lawrence had been burned by Quantrill, and that all the Negroes in the place had been killed. Everyone was disposed to prepare for defense, while but few inclined to credit the report. As we entered Minneola we found more excitement. All who could shoulder a musket had gone towards Lawrence, leaving the aged, with women and children, in a terrible fright. We had not believed the report, but now it did begin to look serious. A messenger from the scene of terror had just rushed through the place alarming the country, and informing the people that "the last house in Lawrence was burned," that the bushwhackers numbering from three to ten hundred were returning on this very road, destroying everything in their way; that they had just destroyed Brooklyn,<sup>42</sup> and were now burning Baldwin City and murdering the people. Baldwin City was only five miles ahead, and was the place we were designing to stop at during the night. We were not positive which road Quantrill would prefer, and consequently were not positive which road to take ourselves. The General was in a "phix." He had important papers in his possession which would make him a dead man if he was taken. No time was to be lost. After a moment's reflection, he put the horses into a quick gait, and turned to the left into a less traveled road, passing Willow Springs<sup>43</sup> on the Santa Fe road.

Everywhere we found people in the greatest state of alarm; men were arming themselves and rushing to and fro, some hastening towards Lawrence, and others in doubt what to do. Women, terrified, were moving children and household goods to the cornfields, and running about in the wildest confusion. Commotion, confusion, terror, and vengeance, all blended into one indescribable feeling, were driving the people into hurried and indiscriminate activity. As no one knew positively Quantrill's destination, everyone was momentarily expecting his habitation to be turned into a scene of fire and bloodshed. Through these scenes we passed until nine o'clock in the evening, when we reached a Dutch farm house, seven miles from Lawrence, and were gladly welcomed as lodgers for the night. From here we could distinguish the line of Quantrill's retreat for many miles, by the light of burning houses. The nearest light was that of buildings a mile distant, belonging to a forehanded

42. A settlement in Douglas county, now extinct, about 11 miles south of Lawrence on the Santa Fe trail.

43. A point about seven miles northwest of Baldwin.

farmer who had just completed a large harvest. He had a fine two-story brick house, and the finest barn buildings in the county, packed to overflowing, with large stacks of grain and hay adjoining. All was now in ashes.

During the evening at the Dutch farm, several interesting law questions arose. The Dutchman's boy had brought home from the pursuit a fine black horse, taken from a bushwhacker. Another man came in and claimed it. He was the nearest man in the pursuit when the bushwhacker jumped from the horse and ran into the woods; but being more patriotic than avaricious, he rushed into the woods after him, while the boy seized the horse and brought him home. Who owned the horse, was the question at issue. Both admitted the spoils of war belong to the victor; that, as Uncle Sam's men were not in the engagement, Uncle Sam had no direct interest in the spoils, and that capture was the ground of title. All this admitted, the boy on his side kept putting the question "who caught the horse," which seemed to muzzle the claimant, and in the end defeated the claim. Another Dutchman who had been burned out came in to claim a gun the Dutch boy had brought home. A rebel in his haste dropped the gun in the public road before the Dutchman's burning house, and the Dutchman claimed it on the ground of its being dropped near his house. Both questions were argued with great zeal; but the boy "couldn't see it" plain enough to give up the horse or gun.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, we drove over on to the road leading to this once beautiful town. Every house save two or three was a smouldering ruin. All along the road was a continuous line of beautiful farms, well cultivated and ready for the harvester. Occasionally a man would be seen sitting among the ruins of his once happy home, seemingly striving to realize the awful and sudden change, but few people, however, were anywhere to be seen. So we rode into the town, the first sight attracting my attention was a Negro rushing through the streets on horse back, dragging the naked body of a dead rebel, with a rope around his neck hitched to his saddle.<sup>44</sup> A crowd was following, pelting the rebel with stones. The heart sickens at the thought of the terrible scene Lawrence presents. Three hundred rebels under Quantrill entered the town yesterday morning at daylight, scattering in dif-

44. The body was that of the guerrilla, Larkin M. Skaggs, one time Baptist minister of Cass county, Mo. Earlier in the day he had shot John Speer, Jr., son of John Speer, publisher of the *Kansas Weekly Tribune*. The boy died later after being shot by another member of the band. William Speer, brother of John Speer, Jr., shot Skaggs from his horse and a Delaware Indian, White Turkey, killed him.—Wm. E. Connelley, *op. cit.*, pp. 356, 381.

ferent directions, and murdering and burning as they went.<sup>45</sup> Perfect security was felt up to the very moment of their entrance. People alarmed at the outdoor confusion, jumped from their beds, rushed into the streets and were shot down before they hardly had time to discover the awful situation of affairs. Houses were fired and their male inmates shot whenever they attempted to make their escape. All over the town flames were roaring, pistols cracking, women and children screaming, and defenseless men piteously begging for their lives.

In two hours a quiet, peaceful town suffered a loss of a hundred and fifty murdered citizens and \$2,000,000 worth of property. Nothing in our early history exceeds, or even equals it in barbarity. People were used as guides, promised protection, and afterwards shot down like dogs. At one Dr. [J. F.] Griswold's, three of the prominent men of the state were boarding. The rebels took them out, cautioning their wives not to follow. They marched them away from the house, told them they were safe, inquired their names, shot them all down, and left them.<sup>46</sup> Dr. Griswold was not quite killed. He attempted to crawl towards his house, but a rebel saw him and returned giving him two more shots in the presence of his screaming wife. One woman attempted to save her wounded husband by throwing herself upon his bleeding body, but a rebel forced his pistol between their bodies and killed her husband. One woman saved her husband by repeatedly jerking the horse's bridle of the rebel, who was chasing her husband around the house and shooting at him. In another case a house was burning and the rebels watching outside for the owner. The wife got permission to remove a carpet and succeeded in bringing the husband out under it.<sup>47</sup>

The Eldridge Hotel, the largest in the state, surrendered formally to Quantrill. A boarder<sup>48</sup> waved a white flag from the balcony and inquired for Quantrill, who soon appeared. (From the balcony) "What is your object in coming to Lawrence?" (Quantrill) "Plunder." (Balcony) "We are defenseless and at your mercy, the house is surrendered, but we demand protection for the inmates." Quantrill promised them protection, marshalled them in the street, led them himself down to the Whitney House, and remained with them for protection. Quantrill used to live in Lawrence and boarded at

45. Quantrill's command numbered about 450 men. The guerrillas, numbering 294, were joined by Col. John D. Holt with 104 men, and about 50 others, designated the Grand river reinforcement.—William E. Connelley, *op. cit.*, p. 315.

46. These men were H. W. Baker, J. C. Trask, and S. M. Thorpe. Only Baker survived.

47. Wife of the Rev. H. D. Fisher.

48. Capt. Alexander R. Banks, provost marshal of Kansas.

the Whitney House. Miss Stone, the landlord's daughter, was, during those days, a great favorite of his. She told Quantrill that one of his men had robbed her of a finger ring. The man was sent for and made to return it. He was mad, and as he left the room said "she would be sorry for that." Afterwards, when Quantrill had left, he came back and shot her father. Quantrill took breakfast at the Whitney House and conversed with many old acquaintances. He was surprised that his men were murdering people, but said they had got into the saloons, got drunk and beyond his control. He came to destroy the town and plunder its wealth, in retaliation for Lane burning Osceola.<sup>49</sup> When he left he bid his former friends good-bye, and hoped when they met again it would be under more happy circumstances.

Massachusetts street, one of the finest business streets in the state, is entirely destroyed. In the smoking ruins I saw the charred remains of several human bodies. Everyone is at work burying the dead, which are now, twenty-four hours from the time of the massacre, scattered about the city, in collections from two to twenty. Many awful incidents of this awful tragedy crowd upon my mind as I write, but you will have read many accounts of them before this reaches you. Dr. Kellogg told me he was led around for an hour, by two rebels who kept cocked revolvers at his head continually. He had made up his mind to die, but thought he would do his best to please them. At their direction he led them into the best liquor stores, found some money for them, set several of his neighbors' houses on fire, and was finally, against his expectation, released. The doctor said the first few breaths after his release, were worth \$1,000 apiece. One man saved his house and life for \$1,000. Another paid \$1,000 to one man, and was shot by another. One woman saved her house by marking "Southern" over the door.

Jim Lane's house was burned, while Lane saved himself in a corn field. One man saved himself and house by genuine grit—by making a good show of pistols and swearing he would blow the first man's brains out that came near him. A young man named Callamore and his wife, from northern Illinois, were traveling through the state looking for a place to settle. They were in one of the hotels which was on fire, and the man knew he could not go down stairs without being killed. He jumped from the second story window and was immediately seized by two rebels, who led him out of sight with revolvers at his head. This is the last the young wife has

49. Gen. James H. Lane, commanding a brigade composed of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Kansas regiments, burned Osceola on September 29, 1861.

heard from him. She is here with a little child and no money, and cannot be consoled. We are stopping at the Whitney House, the only hotel left. The town is filling with strangers from every part of the state. Vengeance against the bushwhackers is the overruling principle everywhere. This is one of the cases where there is no punishment severe enough. Hanging, disemboweling and quartering are not half severe enough to satisfy the righteous vengeance of the people.

C. M. C.

LEAVENWORTH, Aug. 29, 1863.

ED. REPUBLICAN: One week ago today (Saturday), I arrived at this growing city. From Lawrence to Leavenworth is forty miles. The road leads over the Delaware Reserve, as rich and beautiful farming land as can be found. The Delawares cultivate a little of their land, enough to provide for their necessary wants, beyond which their knowledge extends not.

After leaving the Reserve you enter Leavenworth county and are among fine farms all the way to the city.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which has prevailed in this city since the sacking of Lawrence. The feeling was for the relief of the sufferers. Within two hours after the news reached the city, a contribution was taken up and supplies forwarded. Gov. Carney headed the subscription with \$1,000, others followed with sums between \$5, and \$500, until \$15,000 was raised with less talk than would ordinarily be required to raise \$100. This generosity on the part of Leavenworth is greatly to her credit. Lawrence and Leavenworth were not on the best of terms. Lawrence was playing into the hands of Kansas City. Her interests and intimacies were all with Kansas City and against Leavenworth. It would be natural for Leavenworth to have expected Kansas City to be most liberal toward her suffering allies, but she did not wait to see what others would do, nor to consider former differences, but was the first and most liberal in her contributions. After the sufferers were provided for, the feeling of vengeance took possession of every mind. People were hardly willing to wait for the authorities to act, but were disposed to take the sword of vengeance in their own hands.

From the balcony of one of the hotels Lane made a wild speech, inciting the people of Kansas to an indiscriminate murder of all border Missourians, taking the motto of "devastation for safety, blood for vengeance, and plunder for profit." He told the people of Kansas if they wanted a man in the U. S. Senate who would vote for peace before the last slave was free, not to send Jim Lane there,



for he would fight—that is, he would vote for others to fight—twenty years before he would have peace on any other terms. Before closing his speech he presented a resolution to the effect that the people of Kansas meet at Paola on the 8th of September, each man supplied with musket, ammunition, a blanket, and fifteen days' rations. The object being to devastate Jackson, Bates, and Cass counties, Mo., or "burn them over" as he said and "kill every living thing." The resolution was unanimously passed. At Lawrence I heard many republicans charge the destruction of that town to the destruction of Osceola, Mo., by Lane two years ago. Quantrell, while there, said he was ordered to destroy Lawrence in retaliation for Osceola.

But notwithstanding Lane's unpopularity with many, all were listening to his speech with open mouths, and ready to commit any outrage on the border men he might suggest. Every one was boiling over with concentrated rage, and had the expedition to Paola started at once, it would have taken every able-bodied man in Leavenworth. But before the time arrives better councils will prevail. Whenever one of those Lawrence murderers is caught let him hang until the buzzards fat on his carcass. But let us not imitate his barbarous example by an indiscriminate butchery of innocent persons.

After Lane, Jennison was called on. He came forward and spoke an hour much after Lane's style. He principally, however, devoted himself to electioneering for the 15th Kansas Infantry, of which regiment he is to be Colonel. Jennison was formerly Colonel of one of the Kansas regiments, but was removed for outrages committed upon innocent persons and for plundering the people to enrich himself.<sup>50</sup> Since then people have been satisfied to let him rest in privacy. But the Lawrence massacre seemed to call for some lawless leader, to inflict a punishment on those counties from which these fiends were supposed to have come, and Jennison was appointed Colonel of the 15th Kansas infantry. People even went so far as to plan a raid into Platte county, over the river. No one dreamed that that county was implicated in the Lawrence massacre, but the almost uncontrollable feeling was to devastate some part of

50. In his "Early History of the Seventh Kansas Cavalry," Simeon M. Fox, adjutant of the regiment, makes the following statement about Jennison's resignation which has been described by some writers as forced: "This resignation was not forced . . . but was a voluntary act induced by the appointment of James G. Blunt to the rank of brigadier general, a position that he [Jennison] personally coveted and had hoped would be his. He made an intemperate speech to the men—the regiment was at Lawrence at the time—and during its course practically advised them to desert; and before his wrath cooled his resignation was out of his hands and beyond recall."—*Kansas Historical Collections*, v. 11, pp. 240, 241.

Missouri. A lot of men, among whom were a part of the Lawrence police, planned a raid into that county a few nights since, and went down to the ferry to cross over but the ferry happened to be on the Missouri side, and the raiders were obliged to return home.

This has also been an exciting week in the police, or Mayor's court. Mayor Anthony fined a Lieutenant \$20 for saying that there were as loyal people in Missouri as in Kansas, and that Kansas was filled with horse and nigger thieves. And another man was fined \$100 for saying that "Lawrence was served just right." There have been several other \$100 fines for similar expressions. The Lieutenant, as the witness testified, was jesting with a radical comrade in a beer saloon and did not really mean all he said, but the Mayor said "jest or earnest no such talk would be allowed in Leavenworth." No one had any sympathy for the others as their remarks indicated a heart suited for the infernal regions.

During the week every able-bodied man has been compelled to drill every afternoon at four o'clock. Leavenworth turns out at these drills 2,000 good militia men. They actually fear a raid into their city, but if bushwhackers once get in here they never will get out.

The prosperity of Leavenworth exceeds all expectations; every disaster in this section seems to contribute to her growth. The Lawrence raid has frightened trade from Kansas City to this point. The long Santa Fe trains which ordinarily go into Kansas City, have since the raid come in here, fearing to travel in Jackson county. The people here are confident of being able to keep that business after it has once come here. A glance at the map, however, will show that Kansas City is the natural point for Santa Fe trade, and without doubt when Jackson county is out of danger, it will return there. Leavenworth was never more hopeful than now. She expects that the Pacific railroad will start from Kansas City, and instead of going straight up the Kansas river valley, will turn north from Kansas City and go to Lawrence around by Leavenworth, in which case Leavenworth would be reached from the West before Kansas City. This would throw Kansas City on to a side track, and Leavenworth on the main line to the East. Should that course be made Kansas City is blasted and Leavenworth is to be the town of the West. But should the road go straight up the valley, Leavenworth would be on the side track, and Kansas City would be the town.

I gave you a description of Leavenworth when here three weeks ago. It has not appeared in your paper yet. Possibly it has miscarried, but as it may reach you some time I will not send you another. . . .

C. M. C.

*(The Concluding Installment, Containing the Chase Letters of 1873,  
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