A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion

Section 6, Pages 151 - 180

Sara Tappan Doolittle (Lawrence) Robinson, author of "Kansas: Its Interior and Exterior Life" and wife of Governor Charles Robinson, owned this copy of Richard Cordley's "A History of Lawrence Kansas." She heavily annotated the book in pencil, as did George Washington Brown (in ink). Brown was another prominent supporter of the Free State cause and an associate of the Robinsons. On page 269 Brown recommends that the author revise the earliest history, prior to Cordley's arrival in Lawrence, for accuracy. The book includes several maps and photographs, including a portrait of Sara Robinson between pages 168 and 169.

Creator: Cordley, Richard

Date: 1895

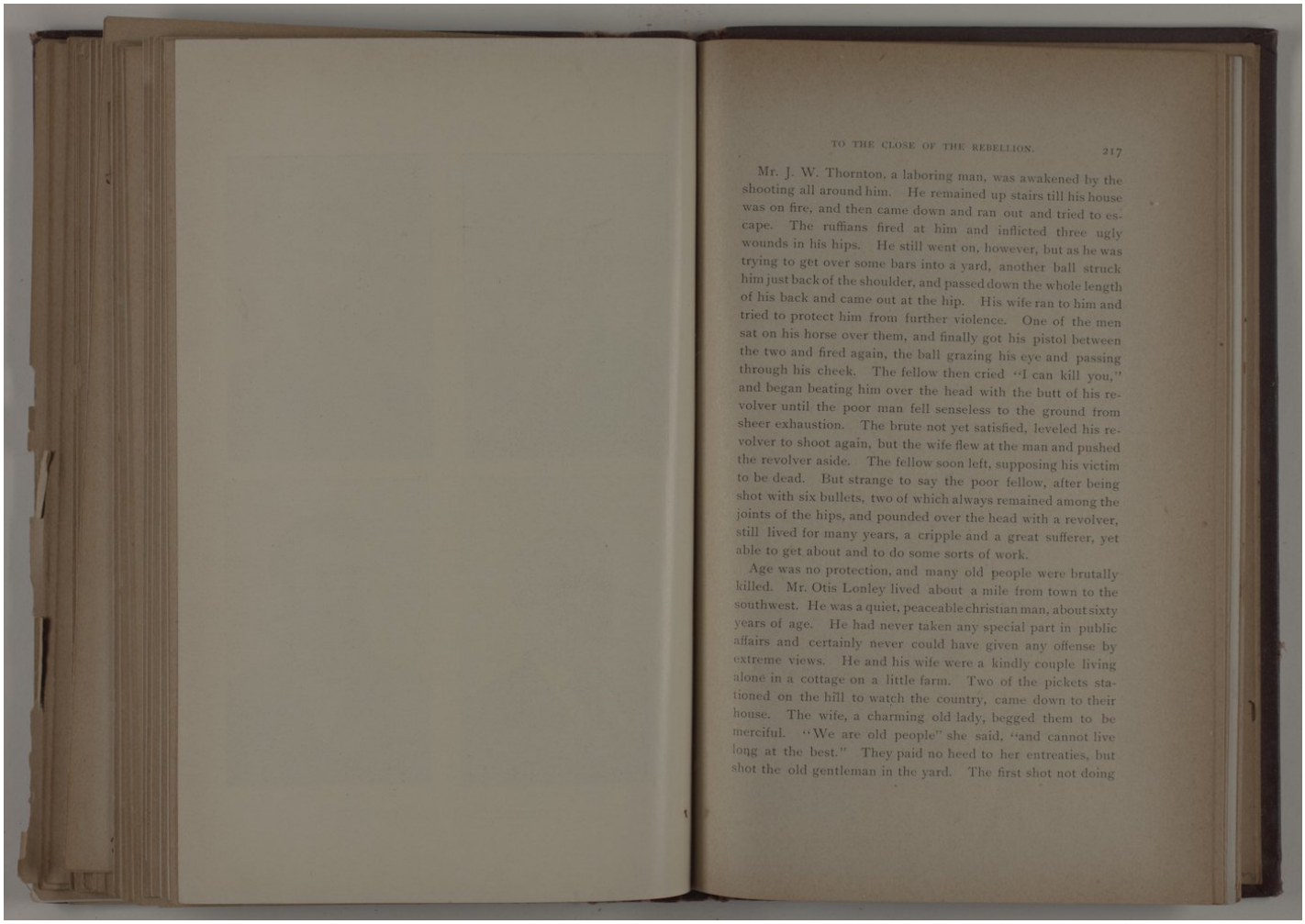
Callnumber: CK 978.1 -D74 L43co c.2

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 439845

Item Identifier: 439845

www.kansasmemory.org/item/439845

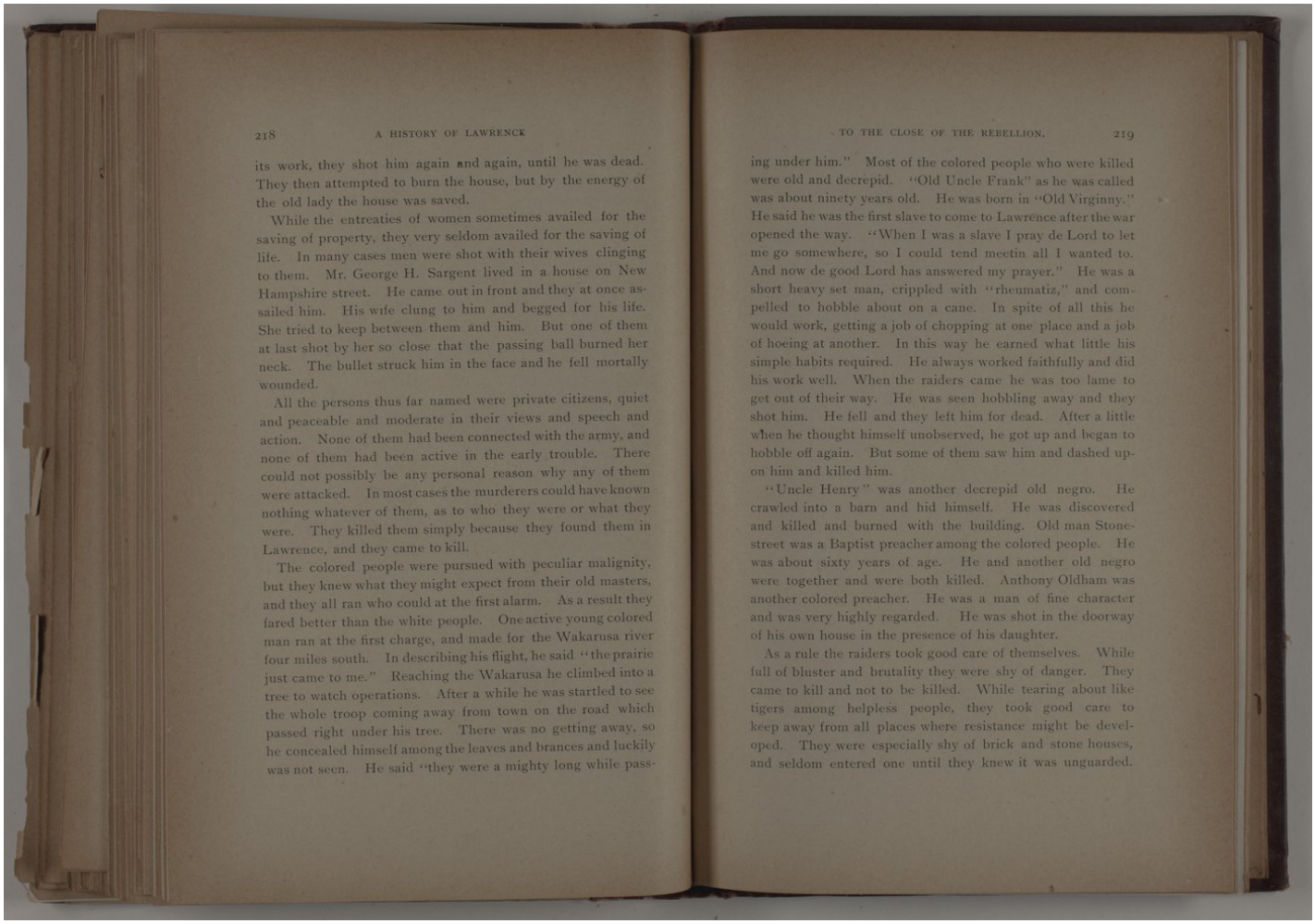
A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



Mr. J. W. Thornton, a laboring man, was awakened by the shooting all around him. He remained up stairs till his house was on fire, and then came down and ran out and tried to escape. The ruffians fired at him and inflicted three ugly wounds in his hips. He still went on, however, but as he was trying to get over some bars into a yard, another ball struck him just back of the shoulder, and passed down the whole length of his back and came out at the hip. His wife ran to him and tried to protect him from further violence. One of the men sat on his horse over them, and finally got his pistol between the two and fired again, the ball grazing his eye and passing through his cheek. The fellow then cried "I can kill you," and began beating him over the head with the butt of his revolver until the poor man fell senseless to the ground from sheer exhaustion. The brute not yet satisfied, leveled his revolver to shoot again, but the wife flew at the man and pushed the revolver aside. The fellow soon left, supposing his victim to be dead. But strange to say the poor fellow, after being shot with six bullets, two of which always remained among the joints of the hips, and pounded over the head with a revolver, still lived for many years, a cripple and a great sufferer, yet able to get about and to do some sorts of work.

Age was no protection, and many old people were brutally killed. Mr. Otis Lonley lived about a mile from town to the southwest. He was a quiet, peaceable christian man, about sixty years of age. He had never taken any special part in public affairs and certainly never could have given any offense by extreme views. He and his wife were a kindly couple living alone in a cottage on a little farm. Two of the pickets stationed on the hill to watch the country, came down to their house. The wife, a charming old lady, begged them to be merciful. "We are old people" she said, "and cannot live long at the best." They paid no heed to her entreaties, but shot the old gentleman in the yard. The first shot not doing

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



its work, they shot him again and again, until he was dead. They then attempted to burn the house, but by the energy of the old lady the house was saved.

While the entreaties of women sometimes availed for the saving of property, they very seldom availed for the saving of life. In many cases men were shot with their wives clinging to them. Mr. George H. Sargent lived in a house on New Hampshire street. He came out in front and they at once assailed him. His wife clung to him and begged for his life. She tried to keep between them and him. But one of them at last shot by her so close that the passing ball burned her neck. The bullet struck him in the face and he fell mortally wounded.

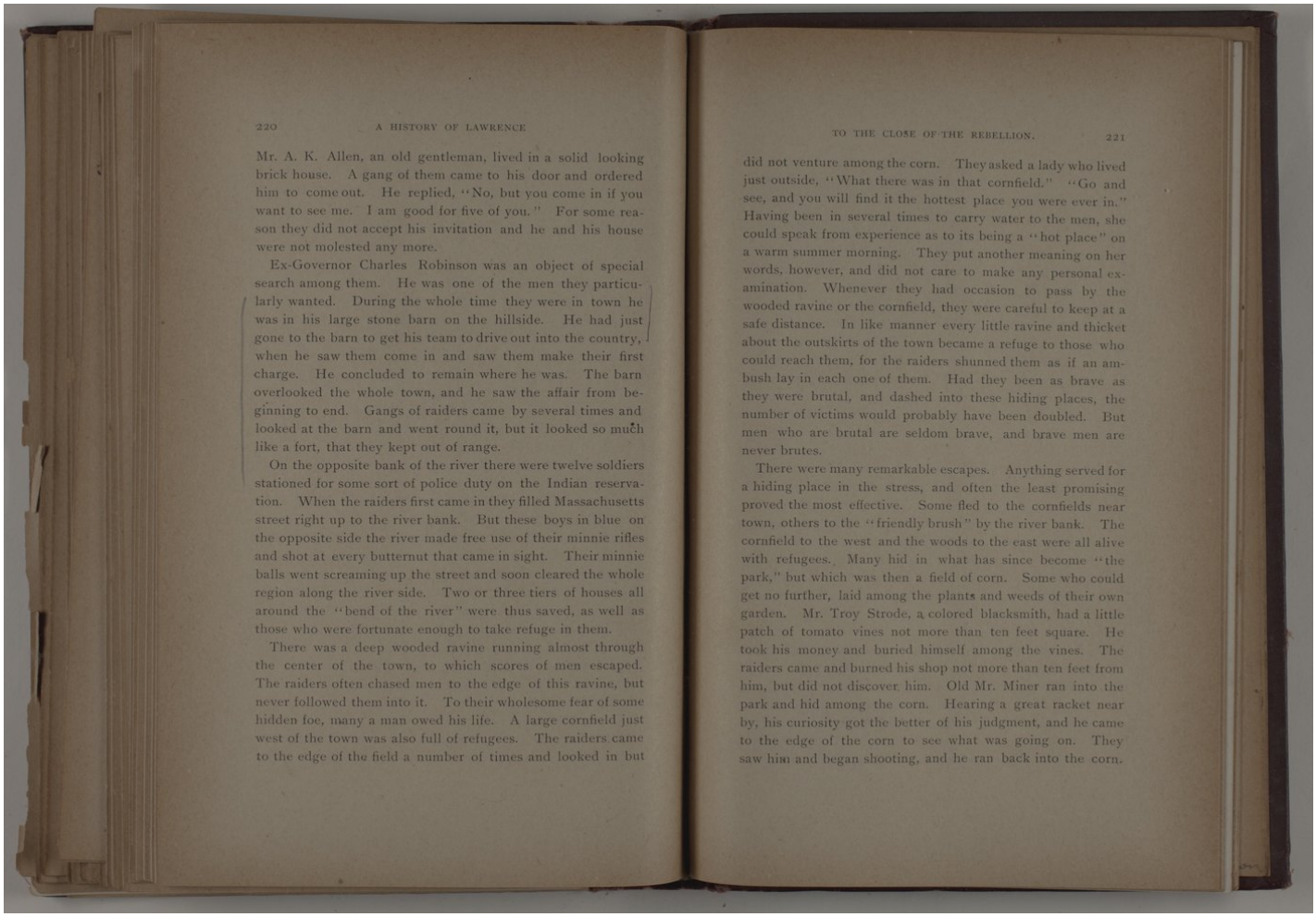
All the persons thus far named were private citizens, quiet and peaceable and moderate in their views and speech and action. None of them had been connected with the army, and none of them had been active in the early trouble. There could not possibly be any personal reason why any of them were attacked. In most cases the murderers could have known nothing whatever of them, as to who they were or what they were. They killed them simply because they found them in Lawrence, and they came to kill.

The colored people were pursued with peculiar malignity, but they knew what they might expect from their old masters, and they all ran who could at the first alarm. As a result they fared better than the white people. One active young colored man ran at the first charge, and made for the Wakarusa river four miles south. In describing his flight, he said "the prairie just came to me." Reaching the Wakarusa he climbed into a tree to watch operations. After a while he was startled to see the whole troop coming away from town on the road which passed right under his tree. There was no getting away, so he concealed himself among the leaves and brances and luckily was not seen. He said "they were a mighty long while passing under him." Most of the colored people who were killed were old and decrepid. "Old Uncle Frank" as he was called was about ninety years old. He was born in "Old Virginny." He said he was the first slave to come to Lawrence after the war opened the way. "When I was a slave I pray de Lord to let me go somewhere, so I could tend meetin all I wanted to. And now de good Lord has answered my prayer." He was a short heavy set man, crippled with "rheumatiz," and compelled to hobble about on a cane. In spite of all this he would work, getting a job of chopping at one place and a job of hoeing at another. In this way he earned what little his simple habits required. He always worked faithfully and did his work well. When the raiders came he was too lame to get out of their way. He was seen hobbling away and they shot him. He fell and they left him for dead. After a little when he thought himself unobserved, he got up and began to hobble off again. But some of them saw him and dashed upon him and killed him.

"Uncle Henry" was another decrepid old negro. He crawled into a barn and hid himself. He was discovered and killed and burned with the building. Old man Stonestreet was a Baptist preacher among the colored people. He was about sixty years of age. He and another old negro were together and were both killed. Anthony Oldham was another colored preacher. He was a man of fine character and was very highly regarded. He was shot in the doorway of his own house in the presence of his daughter.

As a rule the raiders took good care of themselves. While full of bluster and brutality they were shy of danger. They came to kill and not to be killed. While tearing about like tigers among helpless people, they took good care to keep away from all places where resistance might be developed. They were especially shy of brick and stone houses, and seldom entered one until they knew it was unguarded.

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



Mr. A. K. Allen, an old gentleman, lived in a solid looking brick house. A gang of them came to his door and ordered him to come out. He replied, "No, but you come in if you want to see me. I am good for five of you." For some reason they did not accept his invitation and he and his house were not molested any more.

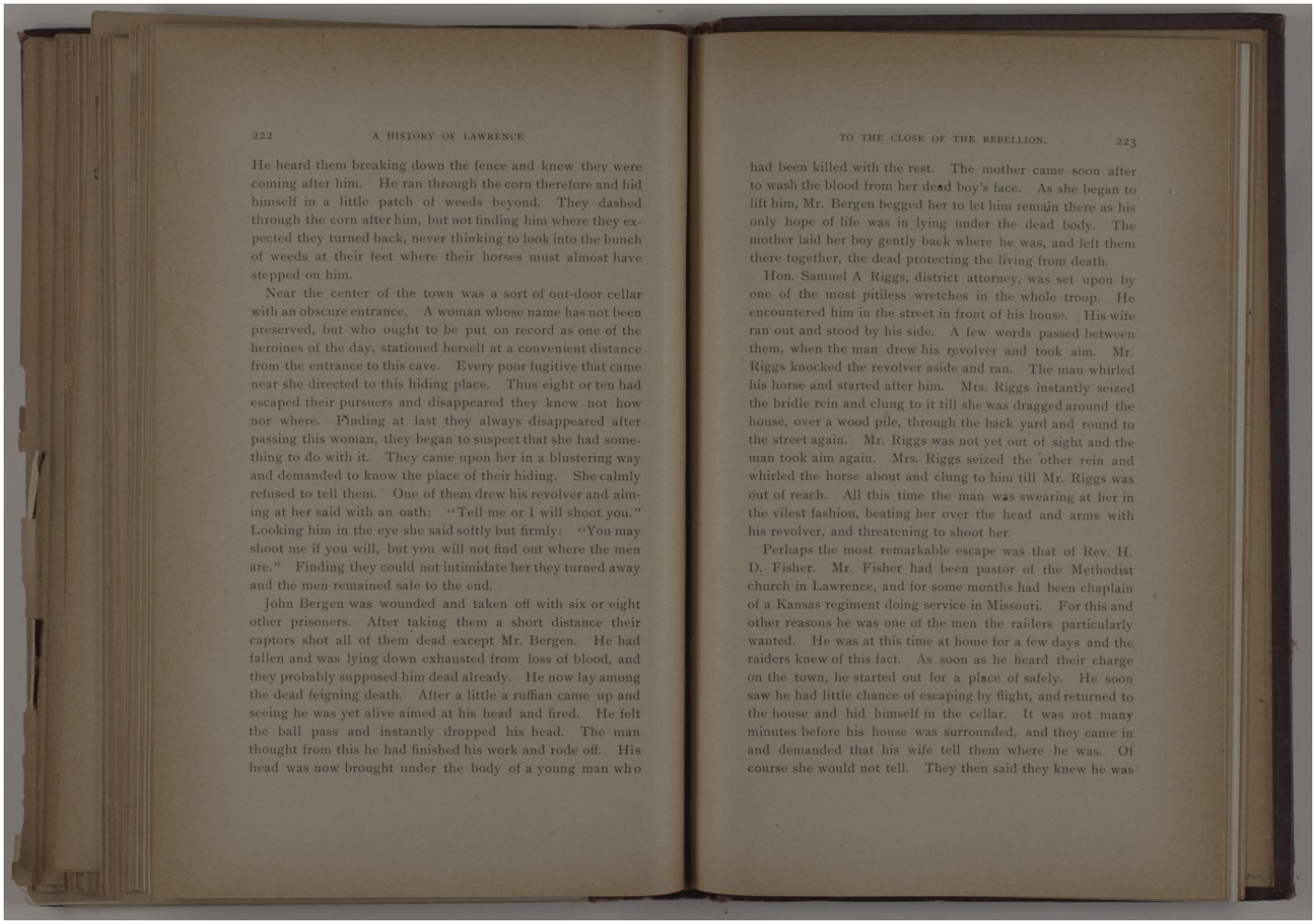
Ex-Governor Charles Robinson was an object of special search among them. He was one of the men they particularly wanted. During the whole time they were in town he was in his large stone barn on the hillside. He had just gone to the barn to get his team to drive out into the country, when he saw them come in and saw them make their first charge. He concluded to remain where he was. The barn overlooked the whole town, and he saw the affair from beginning to end. Gangs of raiders came by several times and looked at the barn and went round it, but it looked so much like a fort, that they kept out of range.

On the opposite bank of the river there were twelve soldiers stationed for some sort of police duty on the Indian reservation. When the raiders first came in they filled Massachusetts street right up to the river bank. But these boys in blue on the opposite side the river made free use of their minnie rifles and shot at every butternut that came in sight. Their minnie balls went screaming up the street and soon cleared the whole region along the river side. Two or three tiers of houses all around the "bend of the river" were thus saved, as well as those who were fortunate enough to take refuge in them.

There was a deep wooded ravine running almost through the center of the town, to which scores of men escaped. The raiders often chased men to the edge of this ravine, but never followed them into it. To their wholesome fear of some hidden foe, many a man owed his life. A large cornfield just west of the town was also full of refugees. The raiders came to the edge of the field a number of times and looked in but

did not venture among the corn. They asked a lady who lived just outside, "What there was in that cornfield." "Go and see, and you will find it the hottest place you were ever in." Having been in several times to carry water to the men, she could speak from experience as to its being a "hot place" on a warm summer morning. They put another meaning on her words, however, and did not care to make any personal examination. Whenever they had occasion to pass by the wooded ravine or the cornfield, they were careful to keep at a safe distance. In like manner every little ravine and thicket about the outskirts of the town became a refuge to those who could reach them, for the raiders shunned them as if an ambush lay in each one of them. Had they been as brave as they were brutal, and dashed into these hiding places, the number of victims would probably have been doubled. But men who are brutal are seldom brave, and brave men are never brutes.

There were many remarkable escapes. Anything served for a hiding place in the stress, and often the least promising proved the most effective. Some fled to the cornfields near town, others to the "friendly brush" by the river bank. The cornfield to the west and the woods to the east were all alive with refugees. Many hid in what has since become "the park," but which was then a field of corn. Some who could get no further, laid among the plants and weeds of their own garden. Mr. Troy Strode, a colored blacksmith, had a little patch of tomato vines not more than ten feet square. He took his money and buried himself among the vines. The raiders came and burned his shop not more than ten feet from him, but did not discover him. Old Mr. Miner ran into the park and hid among the corn. Hearing a great racket near by, his curiosity got the better of his judgment, and he came to the edge of the corn to see what was going on. They saw him and began shooting, and he ran back into the corn.



He heard them breaking down the fence and knew they were coming after him. He ran through the corn therefore and hid himself in a little patch of weeds beyond. They dashed through the corn after him, but not finding him where they expected they turned back, never thinking to look into the bunch of weeds at their feet where their horses must almost have stepped on him.

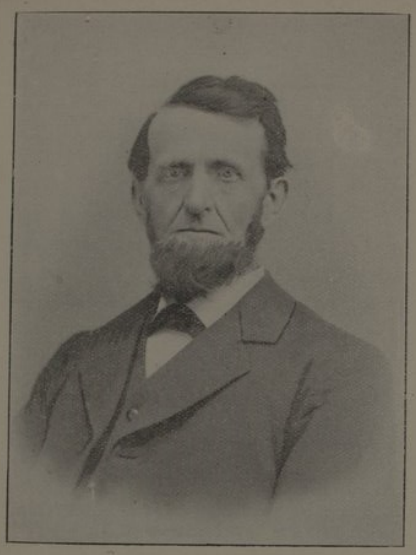
Near the center of the town was a sort of out-door cellar with an obscure entrance. A woman whose name has not been preserved, but who ought to be put on record as one of the heroines of the day, stationed herself at a convenient distance from the entrance to this cave. Every poor fugitive that came near she directed to this hiding place. Thus eight or ten had escaped their pursuers and disappeared they knew not how nor where. Finding at last they always disappeared after passing this woman, they began to suspect that she had something to do with it. They came upon her in a blustering way and demanded to know the place of their hiding. She calmly refused to tell them. One of them drew his revolver and aiming at her said with an oath: "Tell me or I will shoot you." Looking him in the eye she said softly but firmly: "You may shoot me if you will, but you will not find out where the men are." Finding they could not intimidate her they turned away and the men remained safe to the end.

John Bergen was wounded and taken off with six or eight other prisoners. After taking them a short distance their captors shot all of them dead except Mr. Bergen. He had fallen and was lying down exhausted from loss of blood, and they probably supposed him dead already. He now lay among the dead feigning death. After a little a ruffian came up and seeing he was yet alive aimed at his head and fired. He felt the ball pass and instantly dropped his head. The man thought from this he had finished his work and rode off. His head was now brought under the body of a young man who

had been killed with the rest. The mother came soon after to wash the blood from her dead boy's face. As she began to lift him, Mr. Bergen begged her to let him remain there as his only hope of life was in lying under the dead body. The mother laid her boy gently back where he was, and left them there together, the dead protecting the living from death.

Hon. Samuel A Riggs, district attorney, was set upon by one of the most pitiless wretches in the whole troop. He encountered him in the street in front of his house. His wife ran out and stood by his side. A few words passed between them, when the man drew his revolver and took aim. Mr. Riggs knocked the revolver aside and ran. The man whirled his horse and started after him. Mrs. Riggs instantly seized the bridle rein and clung to it till she was dragged around the house, over a wood pile, through the back yard and round to the street again. Mr. Riggs was not yet out of sight and the man took aim again. Mrs. Riggs seized the other rein and whirled the horse about and clung to him till Mr. Riggs was out of reach. All this time the man was swearing at her in the vilest fashion, beating her over the head and arms with his revolver, and threatening to shoot her.

Perhaps the most remarkable escape was that of Rev. H. D. Fisher. Mr. Fisher had been pastor of the Methodist church in Lawrence, and for some months had been chaplain of a Kansas regiment doing service in Missouri. For this and other reasons he was one of the men the raiders particularly wanted. He was at this time at home for a few days and the raiders knew of this fact. As soon as he heard their charge on the town, he started out for a place of safely. He soon saw he had little chance of escaping by flight, and returned to the house and hid himself in the cellar. It was not many minutes before his house was surrounded, and they came in and demanded that his wife tell them where he was. Of course she would not tell. They then said they knew he was

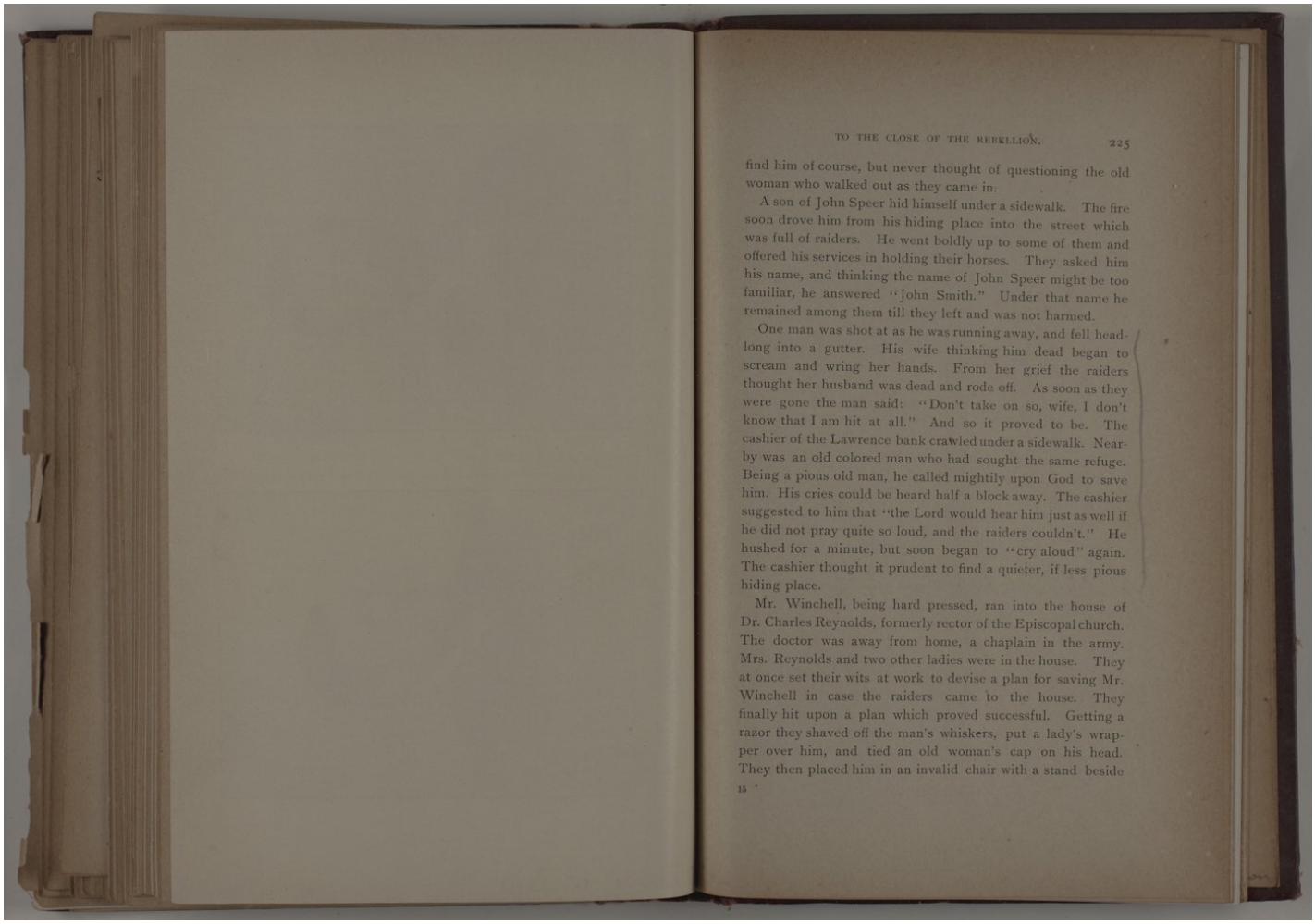


GURDON GROVENOR.

JAMES C. HORTON.

in the house and they would find him. They insisted that he was in the cellar. She lit a lamp for them, and told them to go down and see for themselves. The cellar was unfinished, being only partly excavated. He had climbed upon a bank and was lying in a drain by the farther wall. They searched the cellar, held the lamp up to the bank so that it shone in his face, but it did not reveal him to them. They went up and still insisted that he was certainly in the house, and they would smoke him out. They began to kindle fires about the house, and Mrs. Fisher put them out as they lit them. But the fires grew too many for her, and it was evident the house must be burned. They then went out and stood round the fence waiting for him to come out as they knew he soon must. Mrs. Fisher kept pouring water over the spot where Mr. Fisher was lying to keep the fire from him as long as possible. At last she whispered to him that she could do no more, and he must get out in some way. The cellar had a small window right by the kitchen door, so Mr. Fisher crawled out at this window, his wife threw a carpet over him, and rolled him up in it and dragged the whole bundle into the yard, and threw it under a peach tree. Then she brought out other pieces of furniture and piled around it, and there they were all left. The raiders meanwhile were yelling and screaming all around the place, watching for him to appear. They did not leave till the house was consumed.

Some saved themselves by their ready wit. An officer in the camp of recruits which was fired upon at the first charge, ran for his life. Several horsemen gave chase, firing at him as they followed. Finding escape impossible he dashed into the shanty of a colored family, seizing a dress that was hanging on the wall, he threw it over him and putting on the woman's sunbonnet, he went out at the back door and deliberately walked away. His pursuers burst in at the front door as he went out, and searched the house. They did not

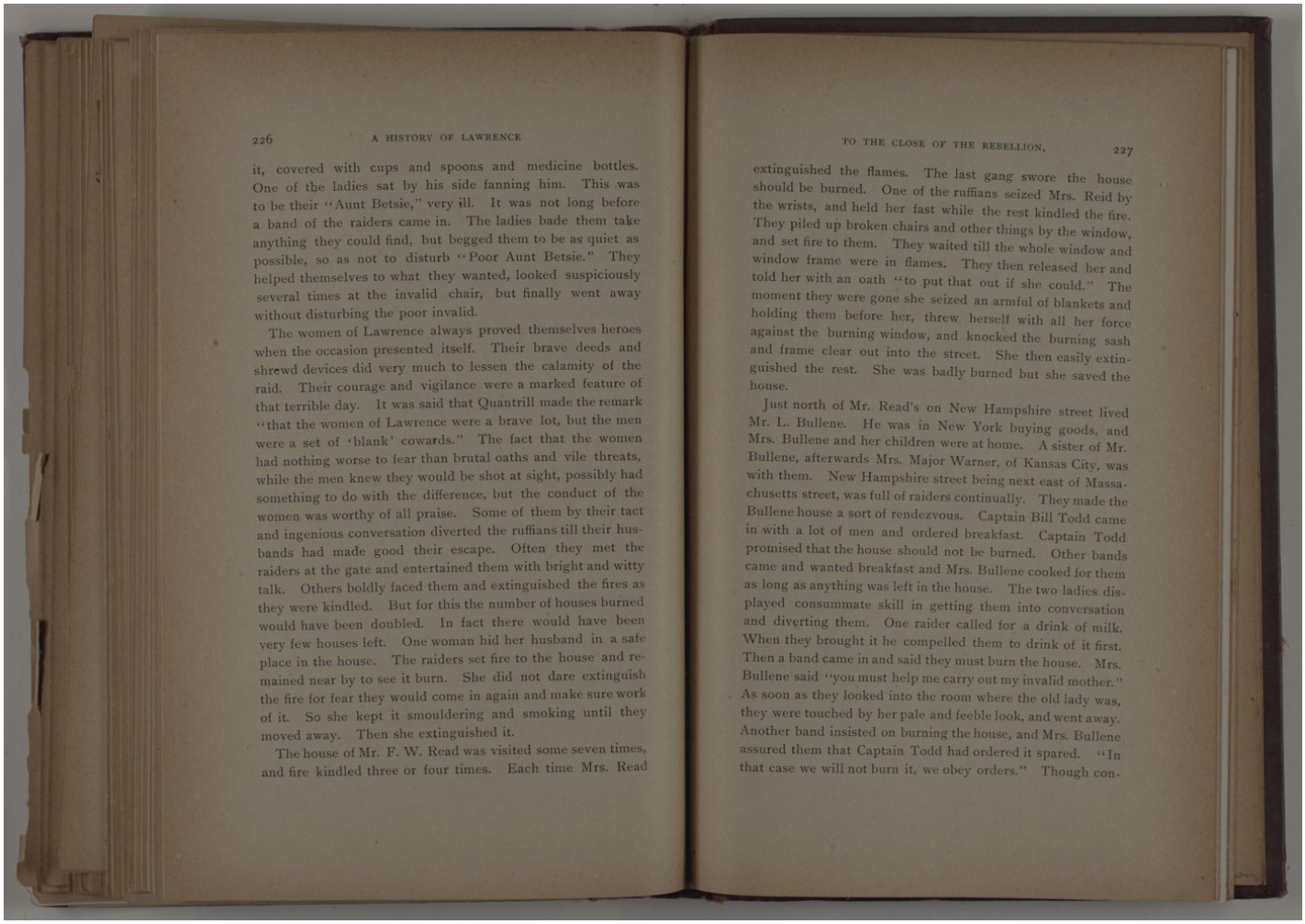


find him of course, but never thought of questioning the old woman who walked out as they came in.

A son of John Speer hid himself under a sidewalk. The fire soon drove him from his hiding place into the street which was full of raiders. He went boldly up to some of them and offered his services in holding their horses. They asked him his name, and thinking the name of John Speer might be too familiar, he answered "John Smith." Under that name he remained among them till they left and was not harmed.

One man was shot at as he was running away, and fell headlong into a gutter. His wife thinking him dead began to scream and wring her hands. From her grief the raiders thought her husband was dead and rode off. As soon as they were gone the man said: "Don't take on so, wife, I don't know that I am hit at all." And so it proved to be. The cashier of the Lawrence bank crawled under a sidewalk. Nearby was an old colored man who had sought the same refuge. Being a pious old man, he called mightily upon God to save him. His cries could be heard half a block away. The cashier suggested to him that "the Lord would hear him just as well if he did not pray quite so loud, and the raiders couldn't." He hushed for a minute, but soon began to "cry aloud" again. The cashier thought it prudent to find a quieter, if less pious hiding place.

Mr. Winchell, being hard pressed, ran into the house of Dr. Charles Reynolds, formerly rector of the Episcopal church. The doctor was away from home, a chaplain in the army. Mrs. Reynolds and two other ladies were in the house. They at once set their wits at work to devise a plan for saving Mr. Winchell in case the raiders came to the house. They finally hit upon a plan which proved successful. Getting a razor they shaved off the man's whiskers, put a lady's wrapper over him, and tied an old woman's cap on his head. They then placed him in an invalid chair with a stand beside



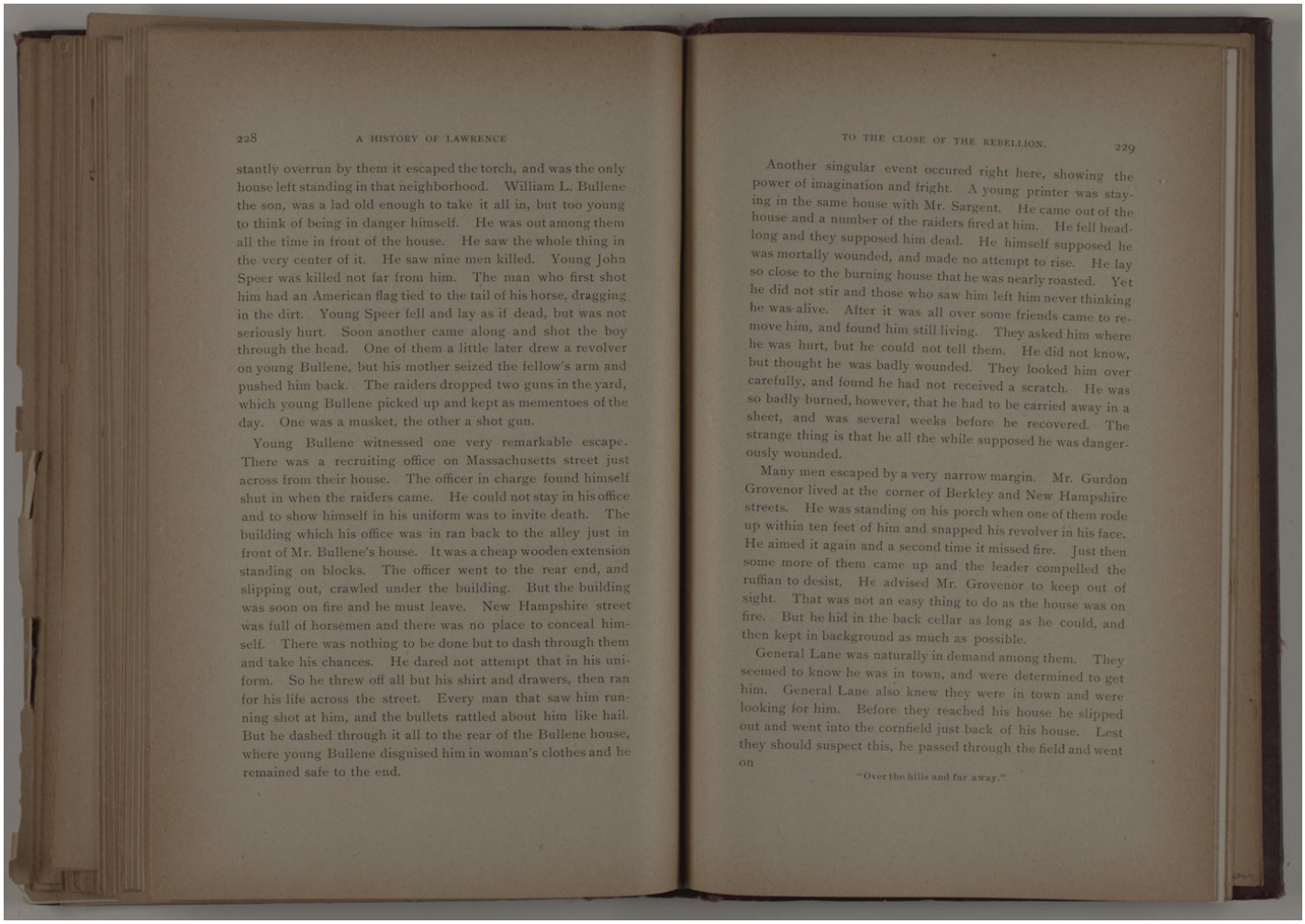
it, covered with cups and spoons and medicine bottles. One of the ladies sat by his side fanning him. This was to be their "Aunt Betsie," very ill. It was not long before a band of the raiders came in. The ladies bade them take anything they could find, but begged them to be as quiet as possible, so as not to disturb "Poor Aunt Betsie." They helped themselves to what they wanted, looked suspiciously several times at the invalid chair, but finally went away without disturbing the poor invalid.

The women of Lawrence always proved themselves heroes when the occasion presented itself. Their brave deeds and shrewd devices did very much to lessen the calamity of the raid. Their courage and vigilance were a marked feature of that terrible day. It was said that Quantrill made the remark "that the women of Lawrence were a brave lot, but the men were a set of 'blank' cowards." The fact that the women had nothing worse to fear than brutal oaths and vile threats, while the men knew they would be shot at sight, possibly had something to do with the difference, but the conduct of the women was worthy of all praise. Some of them by their tact and ingenious conversation diverted the ruffians till their husbands had made good their escape. Often they met the raiders at the gate and entertained them with bright and witty talk. Others boldly faced them and extinguished the fires as they were kindled. But for this the number of houses burned would have been doubled. In fact there would have been very few houses left. One woman hid her husband in a safe place in the house. The raiders set fire to the house and remained near by to see it burn. She did not dare extinguish the fire for fear they would come in again and make sure work of it. So she kept it smouldering and smoking until they moved away. Then she extinguished it.

The house of Mr. F. W. Read was visited some seven times, and fire kindled three or four times. Each time Mrs. Read

extinguished the flames. The last gang swore the house should be burned. One of the ruffians seized Mrs. Reid by the wrists, and held her fast while the rest kindled the fire. They piled up broken chairs and other things by the window, and set fire to them. They waited till the whole window and window frame were in flames. They then released her and told her with an oath "to put that out if she could." The moment they were gone she seized an armful of blankets and holding them before her, threw herself with all her force against the burning window, and knocked the burning sash and frame clear out into the street. She then easily extinguished the rest. She was badly burned but she saved the house.

Just north of Mr. Read's on New Hampshire street lived Mr. L. Bullene. He was in New York buying goods, and Mrs. Bullene and her children were at home. A sister of Mr. Bullene, afterwards Mrs. Major Warner, of Kansas City, was with them. New Hampshire street being next east of Massachusetts street, was full of raiders continually. They made the Bullene house a sort of rendezvous. Captain Bill Todd came in with a lot of men and ordered breakfast. Captain Todd promised that the house should not be burned. Other bands came and wanted breakfast and Mrs. Bullene cooked for them as long as anything was left in the house. The two ladies displayed consummate skill in getting them into conversation and diverting them. One raider called for a drink of milk. When they brought it he compelled them to drink of it first. Then a band came in and said they must burn the house. Mrs. Bullene said "you must help me carry out my invalid mother." As soon as they looked into the room where the old lady was, they were touched by her pale and feeble look, and went away. Another band insisted on burning the house, and Mrs. Bullene assured them that Captain Todd had ordered it spared. "In that case we will not burn it, we obey orders." Though con-



stantly overrun by them it escaped the torch, and was the only house left standing in that neighborhood. William L. Bullene the son, was a lad old enough to take it all in, but too young to think of being in danger himself. He was out among them all the time in front of the house. He saw the whole thing in the very center of it. He saw nine men killed. Young John Speer was killed not far from him. The man who first shot him had an American flag tied to the tail of his horse, dragging in the dirt. Young Speer fell and lay as if dead, but was not seriously hurt. Soon another came along and shot the boy through the head. One of them a little later drew a revolver on young Bullene, but his mother seized the fellow's arm and pushed him back. The raiders dropped two guns in the yard, which young Bullene picked up and kept as mementoes of the day. One was a musket, the other a shot gun.

Young Bullene witnessed one very remarkable escape. There was a recruiting office on Massachusetts street just across from their house. The officer in charge found himself shut in when the raiders came. He could not stay in his office and to show himself in his uniform was to invite death. The building which his office was in ran back to the alley just in front of Mr. Bullene's house. It was a cheap wooden extension standing on blocks. The officer went to the rear end, and slipping out, crawled under the building. But the building was soon on fire and he must leave. New Hampshire street was full of horsemen and there was no place to conceal himself. There was nothing to be done but to dash through them and take his chances. He dared not attempt that in his uniform. So he threw off all but his shirt and drawers, then ran for his life across the street. Every man that saw him running shot at him, and the bullets rattled about him like hail. But he dashed through it all to the rear of the Bullene house, where young Bullene disguised him in woman's clothes and he remained safe to the end.

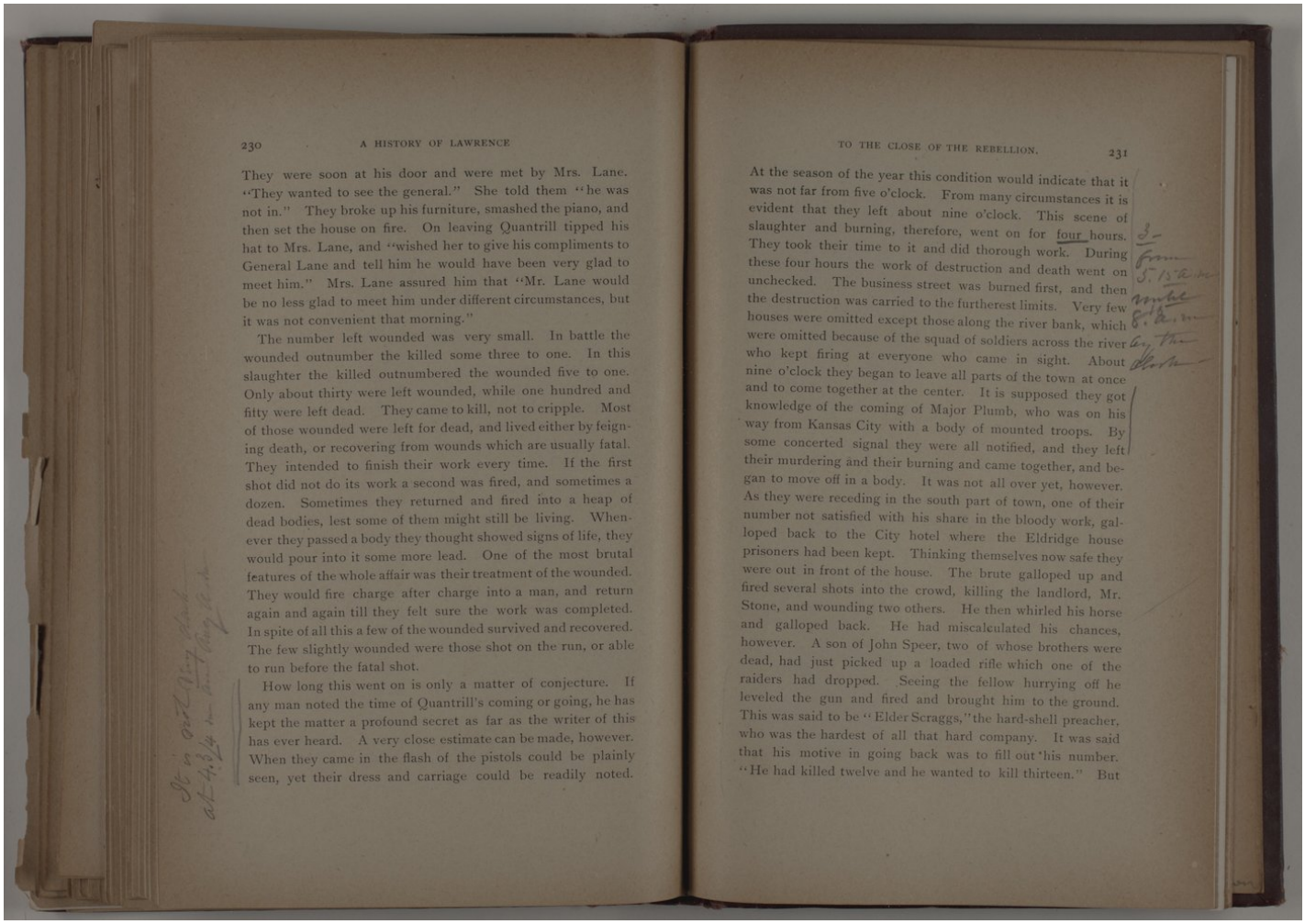
Another singular event occured right here, showing the power of imagination and fright. A young printer was staying in the same house with Mr. Sargent. He came out of the house and a number of the raiders fired at him. He fell headlong and they supposed him dead. He himself supposed he was mortally wounded, and made no attempt to rise. He lay so close to the burning house that he was nearly roasted. Yet he did not stir and those who saw him left him never thinking he was alive. After it was all over some friends came to remove him, and found him still living. They asked him where he was hurt, but he could not tell them. He did not know, but thought he was badly wounded. They looked him over carefully, and found he had not received a scratch. He was so badly burned, however, that he had to be carried away in a sheet, and was several weeks before he recovered. The strange thing is that he all the while supposed he was dangerously wounded.

Many men escaped by a very narrow margin. Mr. Gurdon Grovenor lived at the corner of Berkley and New Hampshire streets. He was standing on his porch when one of them rode up within ten feet of him and snapped his revolver in his face. He aimed it again and a second time it missed fire. Just then some more of them came up and the leader compelled the ruffian to desist. He advised Mr. Grovenor to keep out of sight. That was not an easy thing to do as the house was on fire. But he hid in the back cellar as long as he could, and then kept in background as much as possible.

General Lane was naturally in demand among them. They seemed to know he was in town, and were determined to get him. General Lane also knew they were in town and were looking for him. Before they reached his house he slipped out and went into the cornfield just back of his house. Lest they should suspect this, he passed through the field and went on

"Over the hills and far away."

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



They were soon at his door and were met by Mrs. Lane. "They wanted to see the general." She told them "he was not in." They broke up his furniture, smashed the piano, and then set the house on fire. On leaving Quantrill tipped his hat to Mrs. Lane, and "wished her to give his compliments to General Lane and tell him he would have been very glad to meet him." Mrs. Lane assured him that "Mr. Lane would be no less glad to meet him under different circumstances, but it was not convenient that morning."

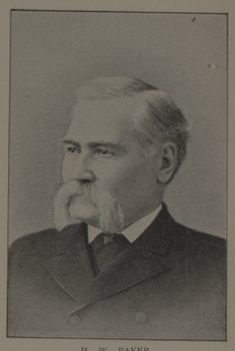
The number left wounded was very small. In battle the wounded outnumber the killed some three to one. In this slaughter the killed outnumbered the wounded five to one. Only about thirty were left wounded, while one hundred and fifty were left dead. They came to kill, not to cripple. Most of those wounded were left for dead, and lived either by feigning death, or recovering from wounds which are usually fatal. They intended to finish their work every time. If the first shot did not do its work a second was fired, and sometimes a dozen. Sometimes they returned and fired into a heap of dead bodies, lest some of them might still be living. Whenever they passed a body they thought showed signs of life, they would pour into it some more lead. One of the most brutal features of the whole affair was their treatment of the wounded. They would fire charge after charge into a man, and return again and again till they felt sure the work was completed. In spite of all this a few of the wounded survived and recovered. The few slightly wounded were those shot on the run, or able to run before the fatal shot.

How long this went on is only a matter of conjecture. If any man noted the time of Quantrill's coming or going, he has kept the matter a profound secret as far as the writer of this has ever heard. A very close estimate can be made, however. When they came in the flash of the pistols could be plainly seen, yet their dress and carriage could be readily noted.

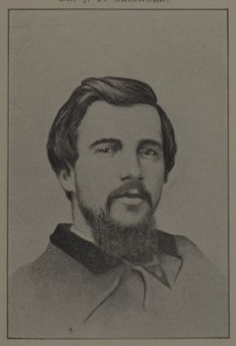
At the season of the year this condition would indicate that it was not far from five o'clock. From many circumstances it is evident that they left about nine o'clock. This scene of slaughter and burning, therefore, went on for four hours. They took their time to it and did thorough work. During these four hours the work of destruction and death went on unchecked. The business street was burned first, and then the destruction was carried to the furtherest limits. Very few houses were omitted except those along the river bank, which were omitted because of the squad of soldiers across the river who kept firing at everyone who came in sight. About nine o'clock they began to leave all parts of the town at once and to come together at the center. It is supposed they got knowledge of the coming of Major Plumb, who was on his way from Kansas City with a body of mounted troops. By some concerted signal they were all notified, and they left their murdering and their burning and came together, and began to move off in a body. It was not all over yet, however. As they were receding in the south part of town, one of their number not satisfied with his share in the bloody work, galloped back to the City hotel where the Eldridge house prisoners had been kept. Thinking themselves now safe they were out in front of the house. The brute galloped up and fired several shots into the crowd, killing the landlord, Mr. Stone, and wounding two others. He then whirled his horse and galloped back. He had miscalculated his chances, however. A son of John Speer, two of whose brothers were dead, had just picked up a loaded rifle which one of the raiders had dropped. Seeing the fellow hurrying off he leveled the gun and fired and brought him to the ground. This was said to be "Elder Scraggs," the hard-shell preacher, who was the hardest of all that hard company. It was said that his motive in going back was to fill out his number. "He had killed twelve and he wanted to kill thirteen." But

so many claimed the thirteen limit that the whole idea was probably an after invention. Another motive assigned is more probable. This was that he was dissatisfied with Quantrill for keeping faith with the Eldridge House prisoners and protecting them.

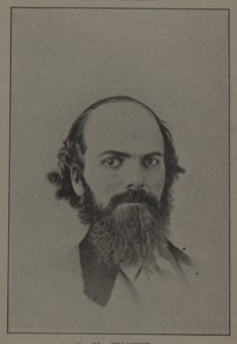
DR. J. F. GRISWOLD.



H. W. BAKER.

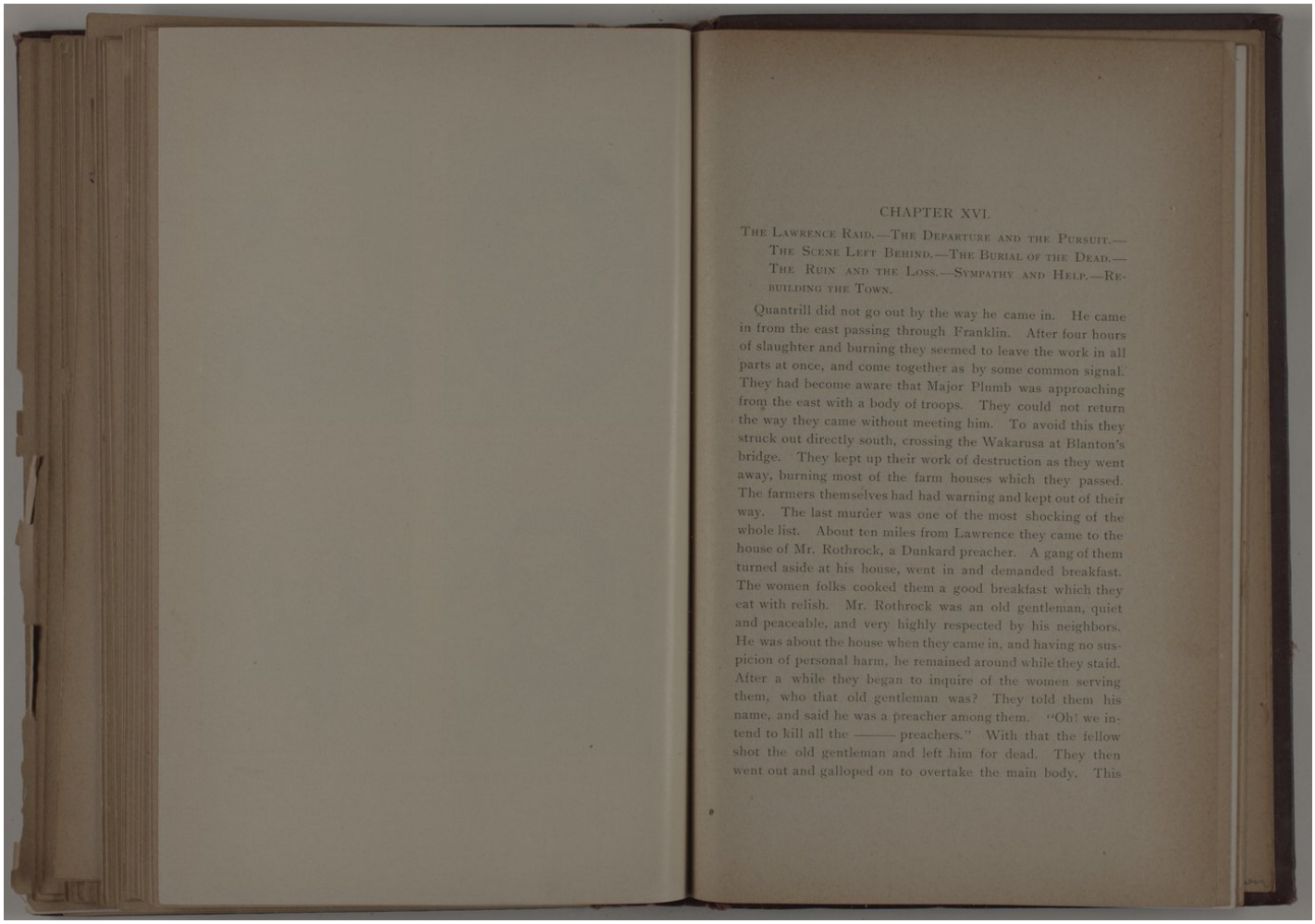


JOSIAH C. TRASK.



S. M. THORPE.

QUANTRILL RAID VICTIMS SHOT DOWN TOGETHER.

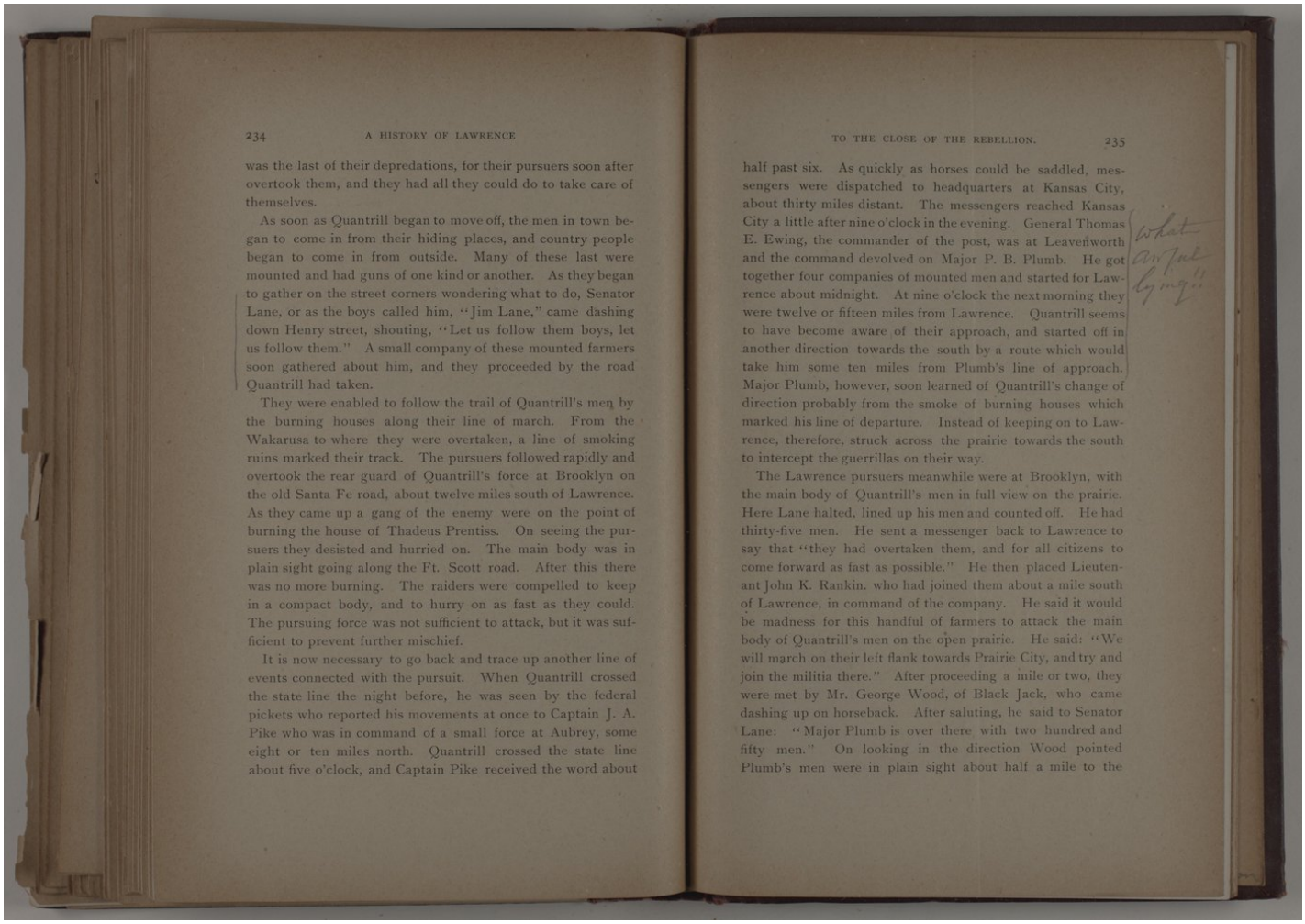


CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAWRENCE RAID.—THE DEPARTURE AND THE PURSUIT.—THE SCENE LEFT BEHIND.—THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—THE RUIN AND THE LOSS.—SYMPATHY AND HELP.—REBUILDING THE TOWN.

Quantrill did not go out by the way he came in. He came in from the east passing through Franklin. After four hours of slaughter and burning they seemed to leave the work in all parts at once, and come together as by some common signal. They had become aware that Major Plumb was approaching from the east with a body of troops. They could not return the way they came without meeting him. To avoid this they struck out directly south, crossing the Wakarusa at Blanton's bridge. They kept up their work of destruction as they went away, burning most of the farm houses which they passed. The farmers themselves had had warning and kept out of their way. The last murder was one of the most shocking of the whole list. About ten miles from Lawrence they came to the house of Mr. Rothrock, a Dunkard preacher. A gang of them turned aside at his house, went in and demanded breakfast. The women folks cooked them a good breakfast which they eat with relish. Mr. Rothrock was an old gentleman, quiet and peaceable, and very highly respected by his neighbors. He was about the house when they came in, and having no suspicion of personal harm, he remained around while they staid. After a while they began to inquire of the women serving them, who that old gentleman was? They told them his name, and said he was a preacher among them. "Oh! we intend to kill all the ——— preachers." With that the fellow shot the old gentleman and left him for dead. They then went out and galloped on to overtake the main body. This

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



was the last of their depredations, for their pursuers soon after overtook them, and they had all they could do to take care of themselves.

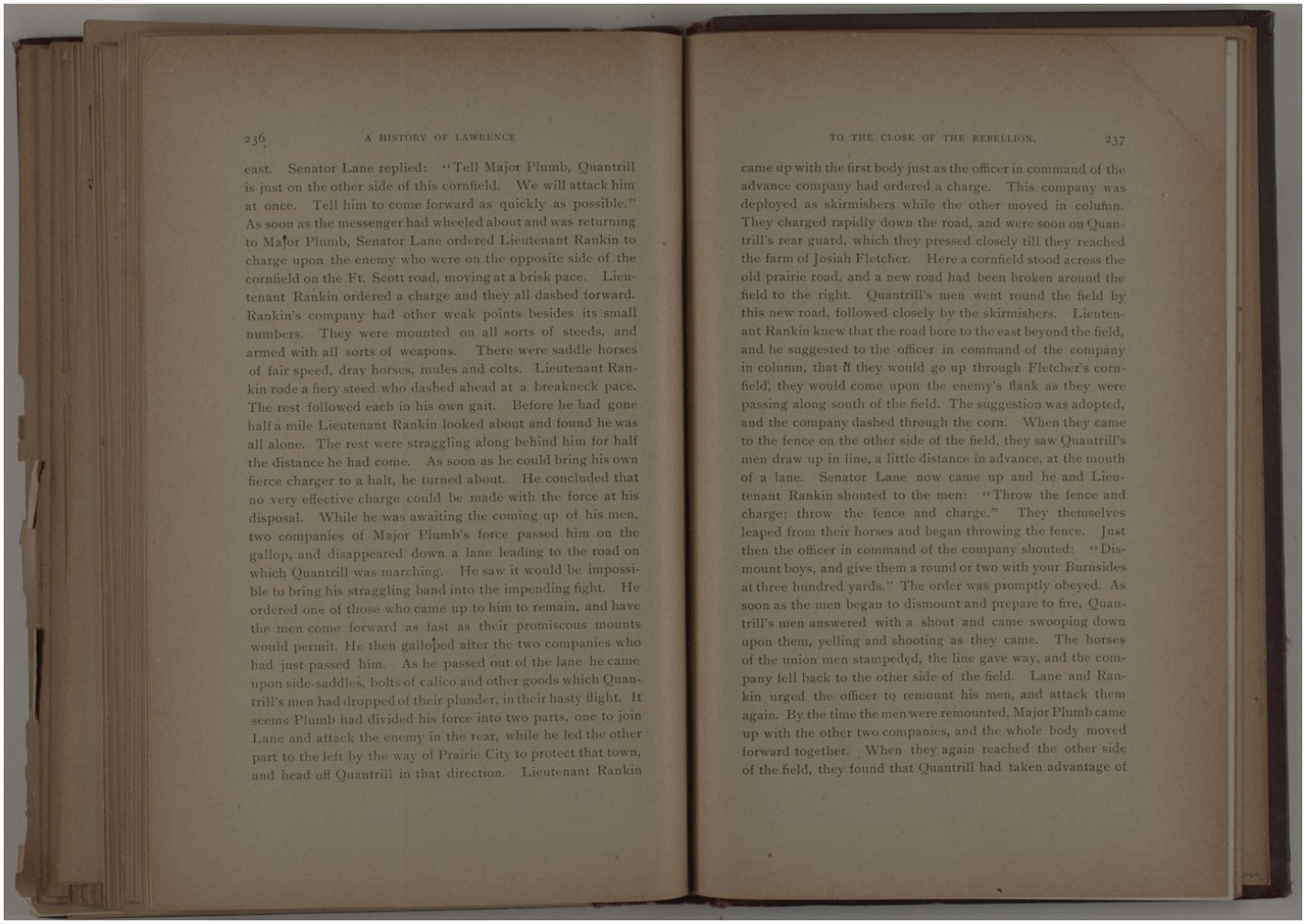
As soon as Quantrill began to move off, the men in town began to come in from their hiding places, and country people began to come in from outside. Many of these last were mounted and had guns of one kind or another. As they began to gather on the street corners wondering what to do, Senator Lane, or as the boys called him, "Jim Lane," came dashing down Henry street, shouting, "Let us follow them boys, let us follow them." A small company of these mounted farmers soon gathered about him, and they proceeded by the road Quantrill had taken.

They were enabled to follow the trail of Quantrill's men by the burning houses along their line of march. From the Wakarusa to where they were overtaken, a line of smoking ruins marked their track. The pursuers followed rapidly and overtook the rear guard of Quantrill's force at Brooklyn on the old Santa Fe road, about twelve miles south of Lawrence. As they came up a gang of the enemy were on the point of burning the house of Thadeus Prentiss. On seeing the pursuers they desisted and hurried on. The main body was in plain sight going along the Ft. Scott road. After this there was no more burning. The raiders were compelled to keep in a compact body, and to hurry on as fast as they could. The pursuing force was not sufficient to attack, but it was sufficient to prevent further mischief.

It is now necessary to go back and trace up another line of events connected with the pursuit. When Quantrill crossed the state line the night before, he was seen by the federal pickets who reported his movements at once to Captain J. A. Pike who was in command of a small force at Aubrey, some eight or ten miles north. Quantrill crossed the state line about five o'clock, and Captain Pike received the word about

half past six. As quickly as horses could be saddled, messengers were dispatched to headquarters at Kansas City, about thirty miles distant. The messengers reached Kansas City a little after nine o'clock in the evening. General Thomas E. Ewing, the commander of the post, was at Leavenworth and the command devolved on Major P. B. Plumb. He got together four companies of mounted men and started for Lawrence about midnight. At nine o'clock the next morning they were twelve or fifteen miles from Lawrence. Quantrill seems to have become aware of their approach, and started off in another direction towards the south by a route which would take him some ten miles from Plumb's line of approach. Major Plumb, however, soon learned of Quantrill's change of direction probably from the smoke of burning houses which marked his line of departure. Instead of keeping on to Lawrence, therefore, struck across the prairie towards the south to intercept the guerrillas on their way.

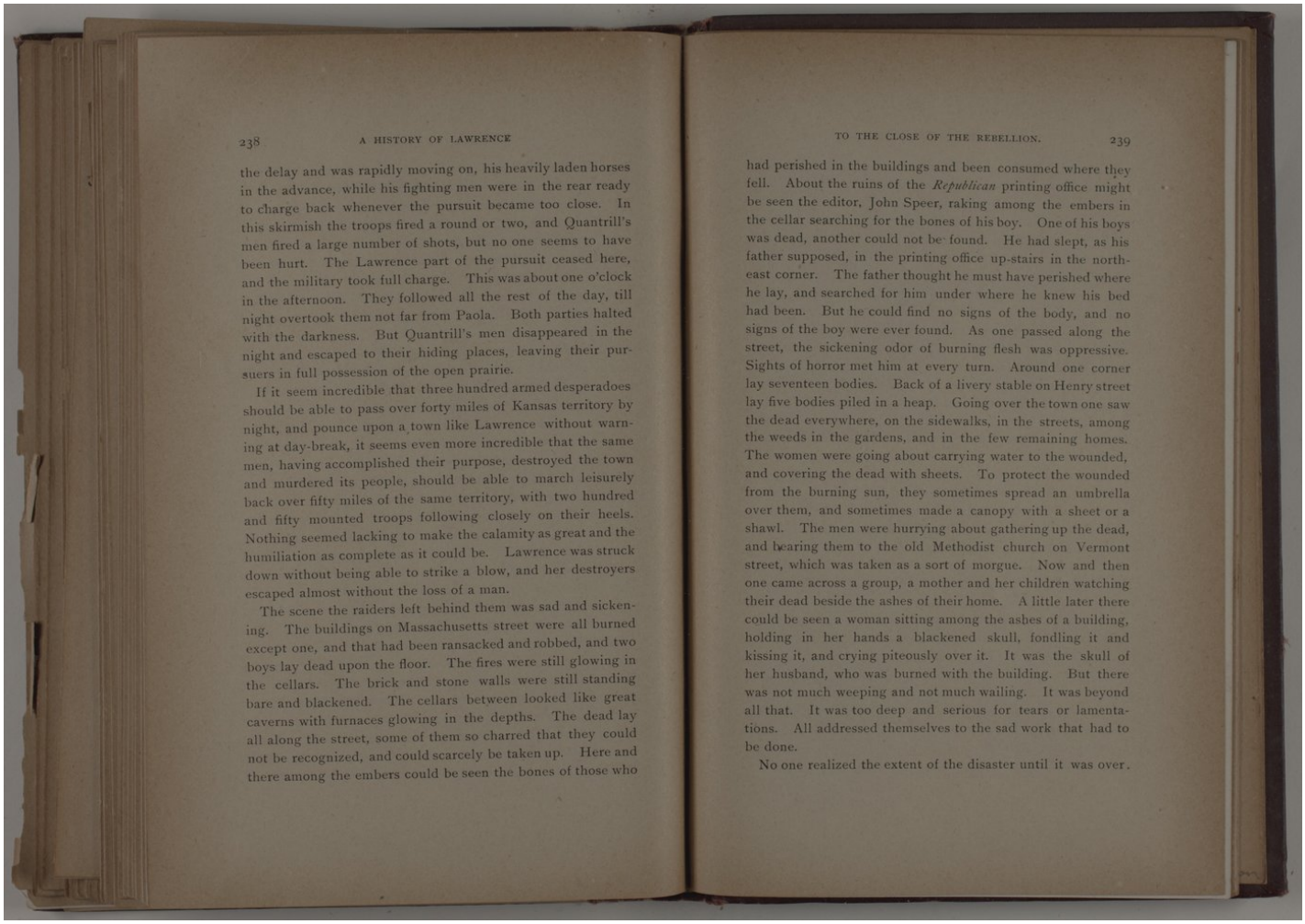
The Lawrence pursuers meanwhile were at Brooklyn, with the main body of Quantrill's men in full view on the prairie. Here Lane halted, lined up his men and counted off. He had thirty-five men. He sent a messenger back to Lawrence to say that "they had overtaken them, and for all citizens to come forward as fast as possible." He then placed Lieutenant John K. Rankin, who had joined them about a mile south of Lawrence, in command of the company. He said it would be madness for this handful of farmers to attack the main body of Quantrill's men on the open prairie. He said: "We will march on their left flank towards Prairie City, and try and join the militia there." After proceeding a mile or two, they were met by Mr. George Wood, of Black Jack, who came dashing up on horseback. After saluting, he said to Senator Lane: "Major Plumb is over there with two hundred and fifty men." On looking in the direction Wood pointed Plumb's men were in plain sight about half a mile to the



east. Senator Lane replied: "Tell Major Plumb, Quantrill is just on the other side of this cornfield. We will attack him at once. Tell him to come forward as quickly as possible." As soon as the messenger had wheeled about and was returning to Major Plumb, Senator Lane ordered Lieutenant Rankin to charge upon the enemy who were on the opposite side of the cornfield on the Ft. Scott road, moving at a brisk pace. Lieutenant Rankin ordered a charge and they all dashed forward. Rankin's company had other weak points besides its small numbers. They were mounted on all sorts of steeds, and armed with all sorts of weapons. There were saddle horses of fair speed, dray horses, mules and colts. Lieutenant Rankin rode a fiery steed who dashed ahead at a breakneck pace. The rest followed each in his own gait. Before he had gone half a mile Lieutenant Rankin looked about and found he was all alone. The rest were straggling along behind him for half the distance he had come. As soon as he could bring his own fierce charger to a halt, he turned about. He concluded that no very effective charge could be made with the force at his disposal. While he was awaiting the coming up of his men, two companies of Major Plumb's force passed him on the gallop, and disappeared down a lane leading to the road on which Quantrill was marching. He saw it would be impossible to bring his straggling band into the impending fight. He ordered one of those who came up to him to remain, and have the men come forward as fast as their promiscous mounts would permit. He then galloped after the two companies who had just passed him. As he passed out of the lane he came upon side-saddles, bolts of calico and other goods which Quantrill's men had dropped of their plunder, in their hasty flight. It seems Plumb had divided his force into two parts, one to join Lane and attack the enemy in the rear, while he led the other part to the left by the way of Prairie City to protect that town, and head off Quantrill in that direction. Lieutenant Rankin

came up with the first body just as the officer in command of the advance company had ordered a charge. This company was deployed as skirmishers while the other moved in column. They charged rapidly down the road, and were soon on Quantrill's rear guard, which they pressed closely till they reached the farm of Josiah Fletcher. Here a cornfield stood across the old prairie road, and a new road had been broken around the field to the right. Quantrill's men went round the field by this new road, followed closely by the skirmishers. Lieutenant Rankin knew that the road bore to the east beyond the field, and he suggested to the officer in command of the company in column, that if they would go up through Fletcher's cornfield, they would come upon the enemy's flank as they were passing along south of the field. The suggestion was adopted, and the company dashed through the corn. When they came to the fence on the other side of the field, they saw Quantrill's men draw up in line, a little distance in advance, at the mouth of a lane. Senator Lane now came up and he and Lieutenant Rankin shouted to the men: "Throw the fence and charge; throw the fence and charge." They themselves leaped from their horses and began throwing the fence. Just then the officer in command of the company shouted: "Dismount boys, and give them a round or two with your Burnsides at three hundred yards." The order was promptly obeyed. As soon as the men began to dismount and prepare to fire, Quantrill's men answered with a shout and came swooping down upon them, yelling and shooting as they came. The horses of the union men stampeded, the line gave way, and the company fell back to the other side of the field. Lane and Rankin urged the officer to remount his men, and attack them again. By the time the men were remounted, Major Plumb came up with the other two companies, and the whole body moved forward together. When they again reached the other side of the field, they found that Quantrill had taken advantage of

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



the delay and was rapidly moving on, his heavily laden horses in the advance, while his fighting men were in the rear ready to charge back whenever the pursuit became too close. In this skirmish the troops fired a round or two, and Quantrill's men fired a large number of shots, but no one seems to have been hurt. The Lawrence part of the pursuit ceased here, and the military took full charge. This was about one o'clock in the afternoon. They followed all the rest of the day, till night overtook them not far from Paola. Both parties halted with the darkness. But Quantrill's men disappeared in the night and escaped to their hiding places, leaving their pursuers in full possession of the open prairie.

If it seem incredible that three hundred armed desperadoes should be able to pass over forty miles of Kansas territory by night, and pounce upon a town like Lawrence without warning at day-break, it seems even more incredible that the same men, having accomplished their purpose, destroyed the town and murdered its people, should be able to march leisurely back over fifty miles of the same territory, with two hundred and fifty mounted troops following closely on their heels. Nothing seemed lacking to make the calamity as great and the humiliation as complete as it could be. Lawrence was struck down without being able to strike a blow, and her destroyers escaped almost without the loss of a man.

The scene the raiders left behind them was sad and sickening. The buildings on Massachusetts street were all burned except one, and that had been ransacked and robbed, and two boys lay dead upon the floor. The fires were still glowing in the cellars. The brick and stone walls were still standing bare and blackened. The cellars between looked like great caverns with furnaces glowing in the depths. The dead lay all along the street, some of them so charred that they could not be recognized, and could scarcely be taken up. Here and there among the embers could be seen the bones of those who

had perished in the buildings and been consumed where they fell. About the ruins of the *Republican* printing office might be seen the editor, John Speer, raking among the embers in the cellar searching for the bones of his boy. One of his boys was dead, another could not be found. He had slept, as his father supposed, in the printing office up-stairs in the north-east corner. The father thought he must have perished where he lay, and searched for him under where he knew his bed had been. But he could find no signs of the body, and no signs of the boy were ever found. As one passed along the street, the sickening odor of burning flesh was oppressive. Sights of horror met him at every turn. Around one corner lay seventeen bodies. Back of a livery stable on Henry street lay five bodies piled in a heap. Going over the town one saw the dead everywhere, on the sidewalks, in the streets, among the weeds in the gardens, and in the few remaining homes. The women were going about carrying water to the wounded, and covering the dead with sheets. To protect the wounded from the burning sun, they sometimes spread an umbrella over them, and sometimes made a canopy with a sheet or a shawl. The men were hurrying about gathering up the dead, and bearing them to the old Methodist church on Vermont street, which was taken as a sort of morgue. Now and then one came across a group, a mother and her children watching their dead beside the ashes of their home. A little later there could be seen a woman sitting among the ashes of a building, holding in her hands a blackened skull, fondling it and kissing it, and crying piteously over it. It was the skull of her husband, who was burned with the building. But there was not much weeping and not much wailing. It was beyond all that. It was too deep and serious for tears or lamentations. All addressed themselves to the sad work that had to be done.

No one realized the extent of the disaster until it was over.

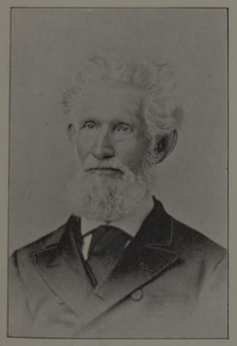
A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion

Every man was so isolated by the presence of the raiders in every part of the town, that each knew only what he saw. The magnitude of the disaster was beyond the wildest thought of even those who were in the midst of it. Almost everyone was startled when the extent of the affair began to reveal itself. Besides the buildings on the business street, about one hundred houses had been burned, and probably as many more had been set on fire and saved by the heroic exertions of the women. Most of the houses not burned were robbed. Every house had its tale of horror or of a marvelous escape. So many were dead that the first salutation on meeting an old friend was, "Why, are you alive?" Every living man seemed to have come up from the dead.

The burial of the dead began at once and continued till all were laid away. There were no coffins to be had. There was lumber in some of the yards, and among the ruins of the hardware stores was found an abundance of burnt nails which were made to serve. Many carpenters had been killed, and most of those who remained had lost their tools. But they managed to get tools enough to cut up the boards that remained in the lumber yards, and they fastened the boards together into boxes with the burnt nails they gathered out of the fires in the cellars. Many had to be buried without the formality of even a box. Fifty-three were laid side by side in one long trench. A record was kept and the bodies could be identified by their numbers, whenever the name was known. Most of the dead were buried in the cemetery on the hill west of town. But many were buried in private yards with the thought of removing them later on. The work of burying occupied several days, and it was at least a week before it was all done. Not much else was done or thought of until this first work was over. It was at least a week before all the dead were found. The remains of Mr. E. P. Fitch, for example, who was consumed with his home, were not found for several

R. C. DIX,
First Blacksmith and Carriage Mfg.

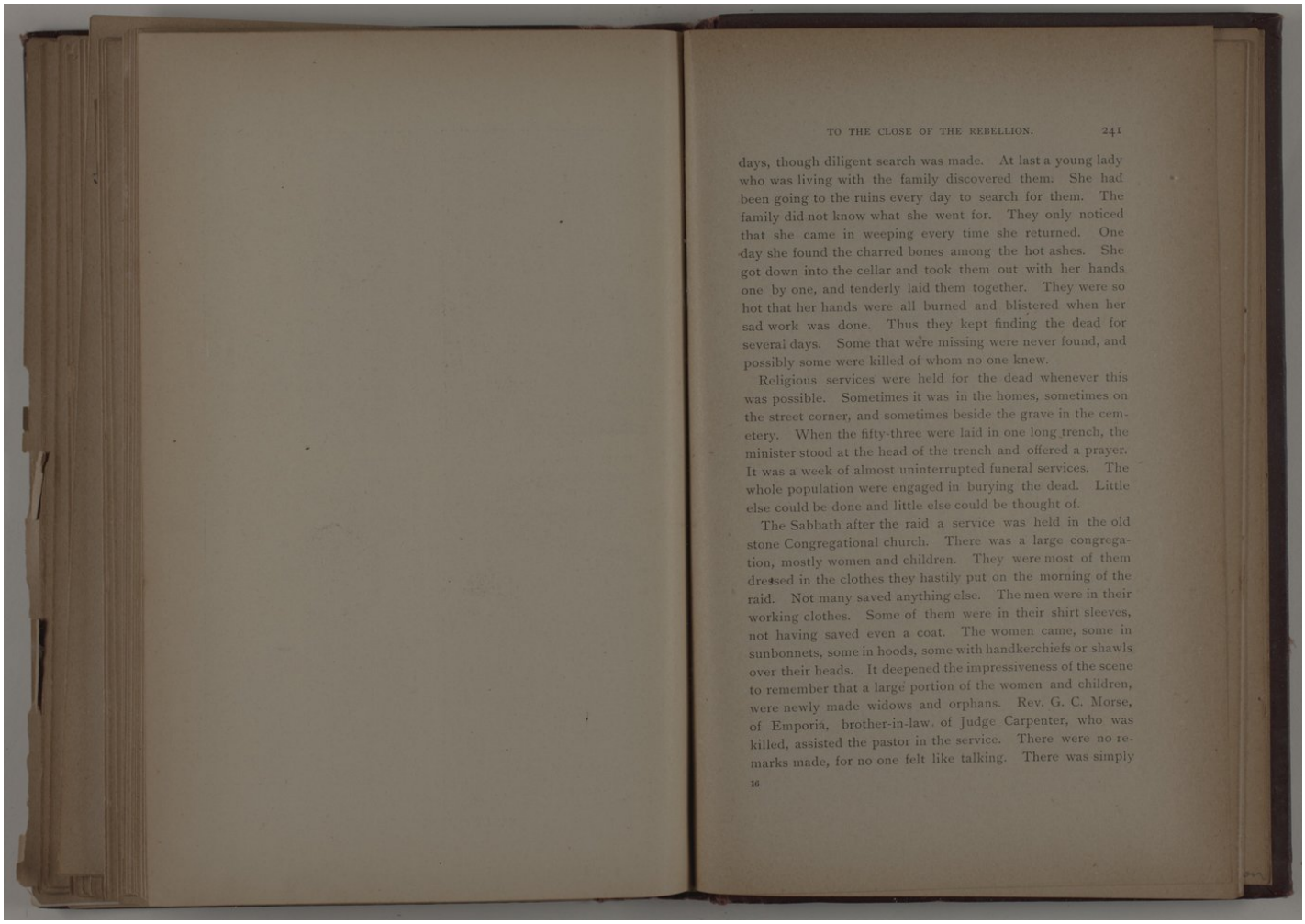
E. A. SMITH,
Cashier First Bank of Issue in State.



REV. JOHN S. BROWN,
Early Pastor Unitarian Church.

C. S. DUNCAN,
General Merchant.

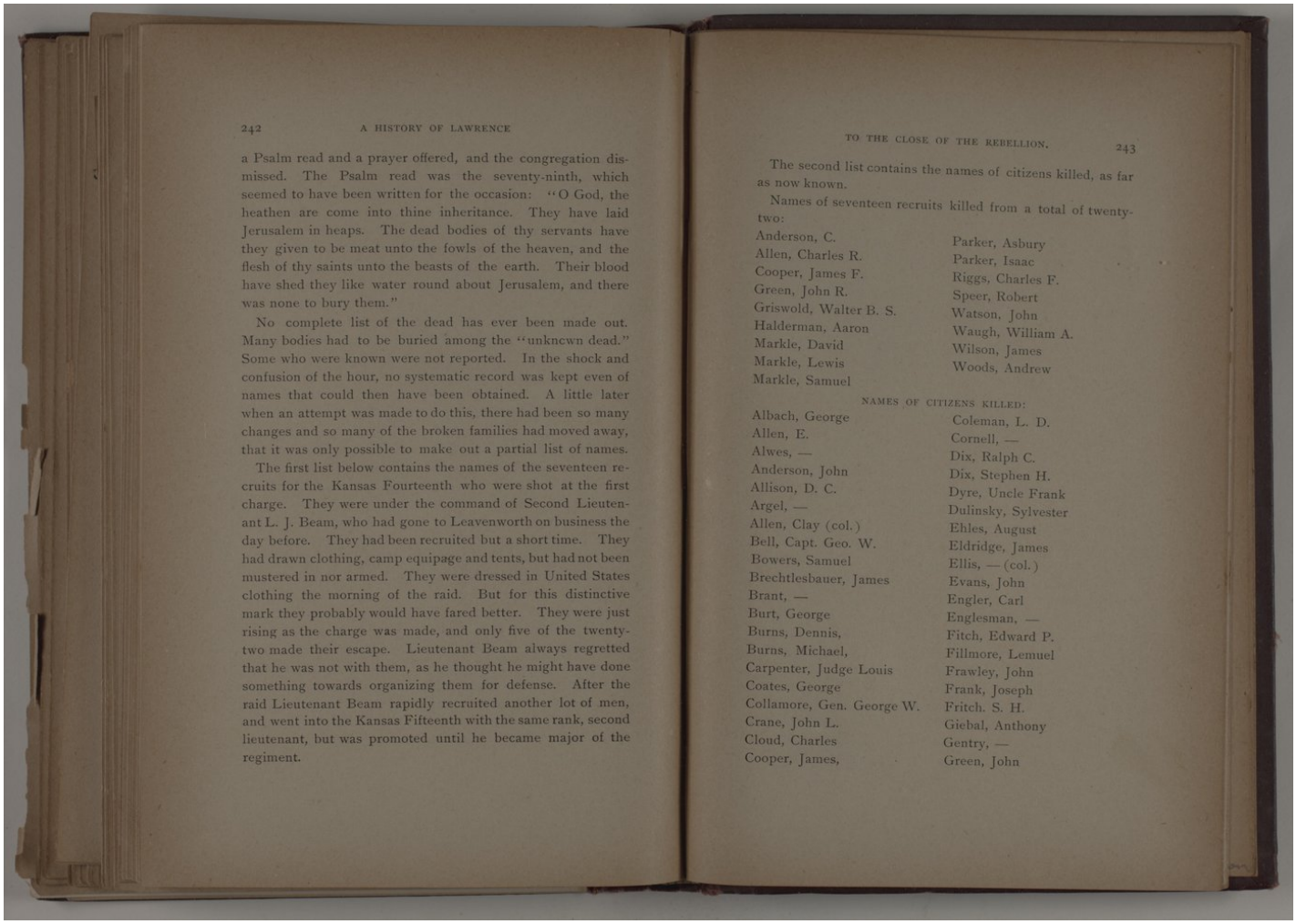
EARLY KANSAS SETTLERS.



days, though diligent search was made. At last a young lady who was living with the family discovered them. She had been going to the ruins every day to search for them. The family did not know what she went for. They only noticed that she came in weeping every time she returned. One day she found the charred bones among the hot ashes. She got down into the cellar and took them out with her hands one by one, and tenderly laid them together. They were so hot that her hands were all burned and blistered when her sad work was done. Thus they kept finding the dead for several days. Some that were missing were never found, and possibly some were killed of whom no one knew.

Religious services were held for the dead whenever this was possible. Sometimes it was in the homes, sometimes on the street corner, and sometimes beside the grave in the cemetery. When the fifty-three were laid in one long trench, the minister stood at the head of the trench and offered a prayer. It was a week of almost uninterrupted funeral services. The whole population were engaged in burying the dead. Little else could be done and little else could be thought of.

The Sabbath after the raid a service was held in the old stone Congregational church. There was a large congregation, mostly women and children. They were most of them dressed in the clothes they hastily put on the morning of the raid. Not many saved anything else. The men were in their working clothes. Some of them were in their shirt sleeves, not having saved even a coat. The women came, some in sunbonnets, some in hoods, some with handkerchiefs or shawls over their heads. It deepened the impressiveness of the scene to remember that a large portion of the women and children, were newly made widows and orphans. Rev. G. C. Morse, of Emporia, brother-in-law of Judge Carpenter, who was killed, assisted the pastor in the service. There were no remarks made, for no one felt like talking. There was simply



a Psalm read and a prayer offered, and the congregation dismissed. The Psalm read was the seventy-ninth, which seemed to have been written for the occasion: "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance. They have laid Jerusalem in heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, and the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have shed they like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them."

No complete list of the dead has ever been made out. Many bodies had to be buried among the "unkncwn dead." Some who were known were not reported. In the shock and confusion of the hour, no systematic record was kept even of names that could then have been obtained. A little later when an attempt was made to do this, there had been so many changes and so many of the broken families had moved away, that it was only possible to make out a partial list of names.

The first list below contains the names of the seventeen recruits for the Kansas Fourteenth who were shot at the first charge. They were under the command of Second Lieutenant L. J. Beam, who had gone to Leavenworth on business the day before. They had been recruited but a short time. They had drawn clothing, camp equipage and tents, but had not been mustered in nor armed. They were dressed in United States clothing the morning of the raid. But for this distinctive mark they probably would have fared better. They were just rising as the charge was made, and only five of the twenty-two made their escape. Lieutenant Beam always regretted that he was not with them, as he thought he might have done something towards organizing them for defense. After the raid Lieutenant Beam rapidly recruited another lot of men, and went into the Kansas Fifteenth with the same rank, second lieutenant, but was promoted until he became major of the regiment.

The second list contains the names of citizens killed, as far as now known.

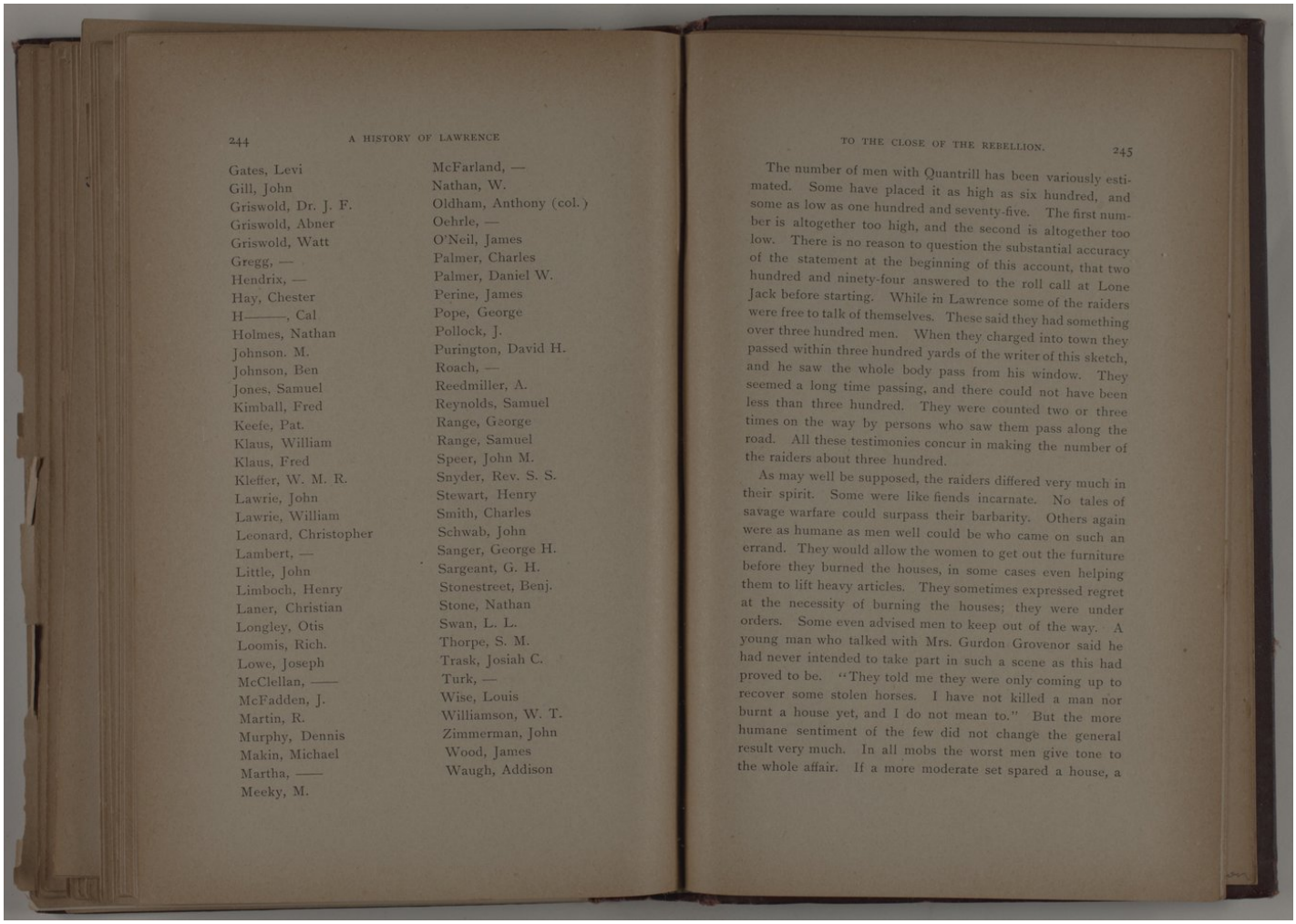
Names of seventeen recruits killed from a total of twenty-two:

Anderson, C.
Allen, Charles R.
Cooper, James F.
Green, John R.
Griswold, Walter B. S.
Halderman, Aaron
Markle, David
Markle, Lewis
Markle, Samuel
Parker, Asbury
Parker, Isaac
Riggs, Charles F.
Speer, Robert
Watson, John
Waugh, William A.
Wilson, James
Woods, Andrew

NAMES OF CITIZENS KILLED:

Albach, George
Allen, E.
Alwes, —
Anderson, John
Allison, D. C.
Argel, —
Allen, Clay (col.)
Bell, Capt. Geo. W.
Bowers, Samuel
Brechtlesbauer, James
Brant, —
Burt, George
Burns, Dennis,
Burns, Michael,
Carpenter, Judge Louis
Coates, George
Collamore, Gen. George W.
Crane, John L.
Cloud, Charles
Cooper, James,
Coleman, L. D.
Cornell, —
Dix, Ralph C.
Dix, Stephen H.
Dyre, Uncle Frank
Dulinsky, Sylvester
Ehles, August
Eldridge, James
Ellis, — (col.)
Evans, John
Engler, Carl
Englesman, —
Fitch, Edward P.
Fillmore, Lemuel
Frawley, John
Frank, Joseph
Fritch. S. H.
Giebal, Anthony
Gentry, —
Green, John

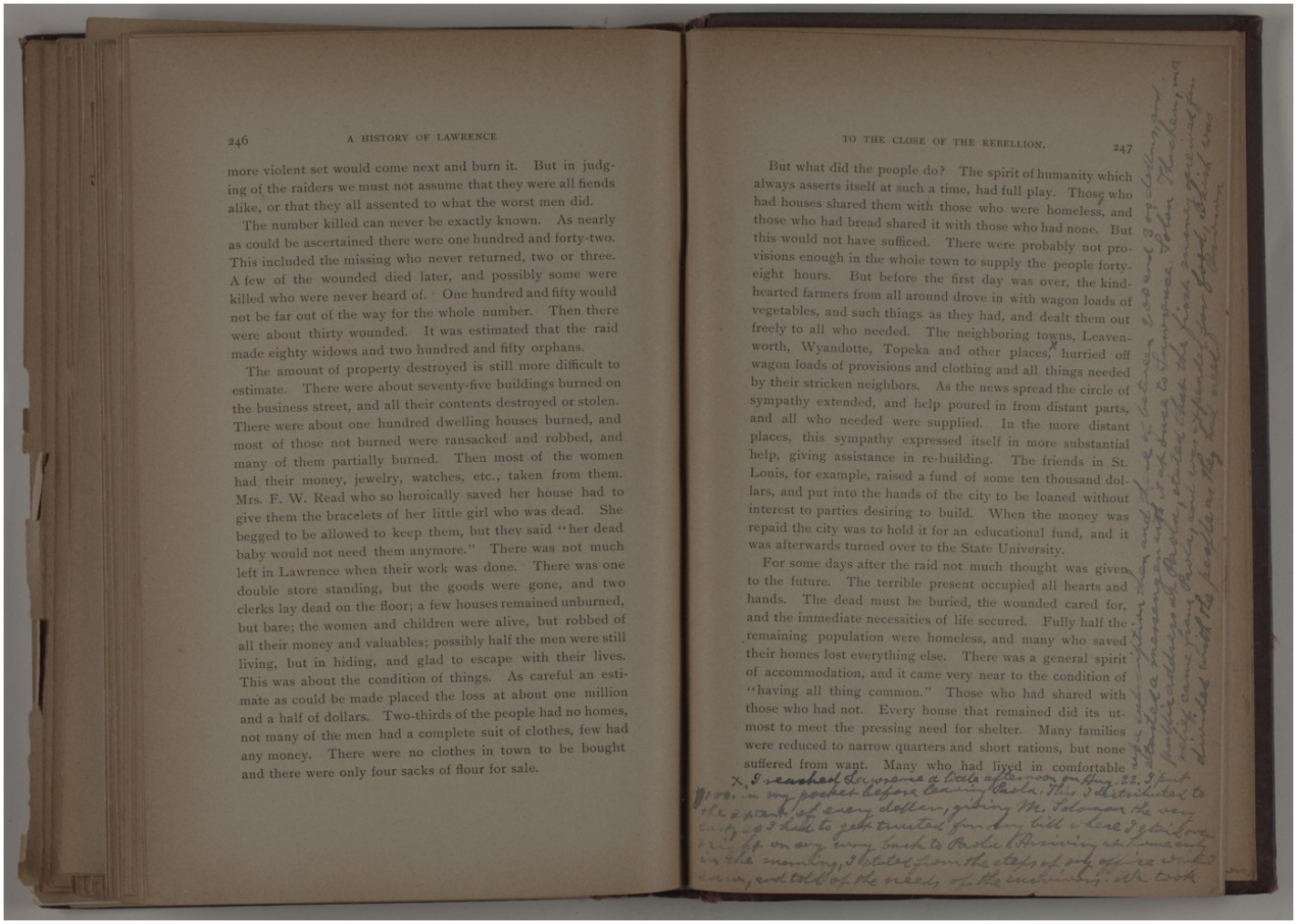
A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



Gates, Levi
Gill, John
Griswold, Dr. J. F.
Griswold, Abner
Griswold, Watt
Gregg, —
Hendrix, —
Hay, Chester
H———, Cal
Holmes, Nathan
Johnson. M.
Johnson, Ben
Jones, Samuel
Kimball, Fred
Keefe, Pat.
Klaus, William
Klaus, Fred
Kleffer, W. M. R.
Lawrie, John
Lawrie, William
Leonard, Christopher
Lambert, —
Little, John
Limboch, Henry
Laner, Christian
Longley, Otis
Loomis, Rich.
Lowe, Joseph
McClellan, ——
McFadden, J.
Martin, R.
Murphy, Dennis
Makin, Michael
Martha, ——
Meeky, M.
McFarland, —
Nathan, W.
Oldham, Anthony (col.)
Oehrle, —
O'Neil, James
Palmer, Charles
Palmer, Daniel W.
Perine, James
Pope, George
Pollock, J.
Purington, David H.
Roach, —
Reedmiller, A.
Reynolds, Samuel
Range, George
Range, Samuel
Speer, John M.
Snyder, Rev. S. S.
Stewart, Henry
Smith, Charles
Schwab, John
Sanger, George H.
Sargeant, G. H.
Stonestreet, Benj.
Stone, Nathan
Swan, L. L.
Thorpe, S. M.
Trask, Josiah C.
Turk, —
Wise, Louis
Williamson, W. T.
Zimmerman, John
Wood, James
Waugh, Addison

The number of men with Quantrill has been variously estimated. Some have placed it as high as six hundred, and some as low as one hundred and seventy-five. The first number is altogether too high, and the second is altogether too low. There is no reason to question the substantial accuracy of the statement at the beginning of this account, that two hundred and ninety-four answered to the roll call at Lone Jack before starting. While in Lawrence some of the raiders were free to talk of themselves. These said they had something over three hundred men. When they charged into town they passed within three hundred yards of the writer of this sketch, and he saw the whole body pass from his window. They seemed a long time passing, and there could not have been less than three hundred. They were counted two or three times on the way by persons who saw them pass along the road. All these testimonies concur in making the number of the raiders about three hundred.

As may well be supposed, the raiders differed very much in their spirit. Some were like fiends incarnate. No tales of savage warfare could surpass their barbarity. Others again were as humane as men well could be who came on such an errand. They would allow the women to get out the furniture before they burned the houses, in some cases even helping them to lift heavy articles. They sometimes expressed regret at the necessity of burning the houses; they were under orders. Some even advised men to keep out of the way. A young man who talked with Mrs. Gurdon Grovenor said he had never intended to take part in such a scene as this had proved to be. "They told me they were only coming up to recover some stolen horses. I have not killed a man nor burnt a house yet, and I do not mean to." But the more humane sentiment of the few did not change the general result very much. In all mobs the worst men give tone to the whole affair. If a more moderate set spared a house, a



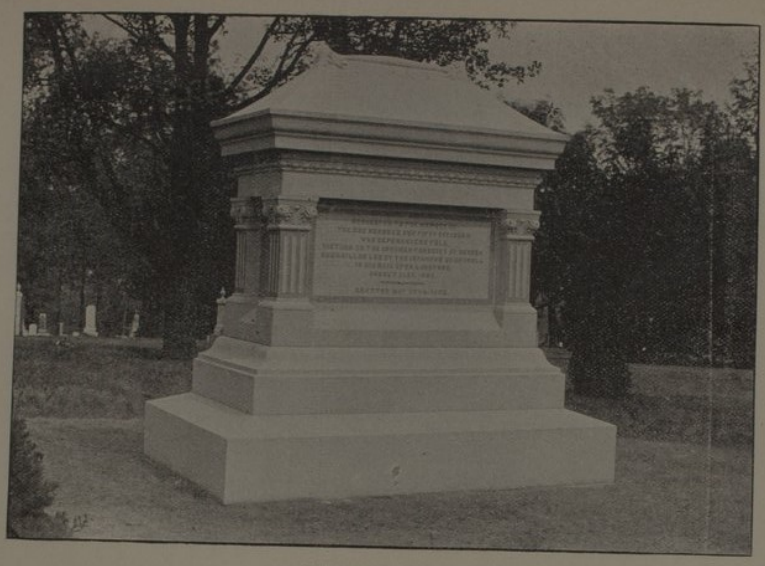
more violent set would come next and burn it. But in judging of the raiders we must not assume that they were all fiends alike, or that they all assented to what the worst men did.

The number killed can never be exactly known. As nearly as could be ascertained there were one hundred and forty-two. This included the missing who never returned, two or three. A few of the wounded died later, and possibly some were killed who were never heard of. One hundred and fifty would not be far out of the way for the whole number. Then there were about thirty wounded. It was estimated that the raid made eighty widows and two hundred and fifty orphans.

The amount of property destroyed is still more difficult to estimate. There were about seventy-five buildings burned on the business street, and all their contents destroyed or stolen. There were about one hundred dwelling houses burned, and most of those not burned were ransacked and robbed, and many of them partially burned. Then most of the women had their money, jewelry, watches, etc., taken from them. Mrs. F. W. Read who so heroically saved her house had to give them the bracelets of her little girl who was dead. She begged to be allowed to keep them, but they said "her dead baby would not need them anymore." There was not much left in Lawrence when their work was done. There was one double store standing, but the goods were gone, and two clerks lay dead on the floor; a few houses remained unburned, but bare; the women and children were alive, but robbed of all their money and valuables; possibly half the men were still living, but in hiding, and glad to escape with their lives. This was about the condition of things. As careful an estimate as could be made placed the loss at about one million and a half of dollars. Two-thirds of the people had no homes, not many of the men had a complete suit of clothes, few had any money. There were no clothes in town to be bought and there were only four sacks of flour for sale.

But what did the people do? The spirit of humanity which always asserts itself at such a time, had full play. Those who had houses shared them with those who were homeless, and those who had bread shared it with those who had none. But this would not have sufficed. There were probably not provisions enough in the whole town to supply the people forty-eight hours. But before the first day was over, the kind-hearted farmers from all around drove in with wagon loads of vegetables, and such things as they had, and dealt them out freely to all who needed. The neighboring towns, Leavenworth, Wyandotte, Topeka and other places, hurried off wagon loads of provisions and clothing and all things needed by their stricken neighbors. As the news spread the circle of sympathy extended, and help poured in from distant parts, and all who needed were supplied. In the more distant places, this sympathy expressed itself in more substantial help, giving assistance in re-building. The friends in St. Louis, for example, raised a fund of some ten thousand dollars, and put into the hands of the city to be loaned without interest to parties desiring to build. When the money was repaid the city was to hold it for an educational fund, and it was afterwards turned over to the State University.

For some days after the raid not much thought was given to the future. The terrible present occupied all hearts and hands. The dead must be buried, the wounded cared for, and the immediate necessities of life secured. Fully half the remaining population were homeless, and many who saved their homes lost everything else. There was a general spirit of accommodation, and it came very near to the condition of "having all thing common." Those who had shared with those who had not. Every house that remained did its utmost to meet the pressing need for shelter. Many families were reduced to narrow quarters and short rations, but none suffered from want. Many who had lived in comfortable

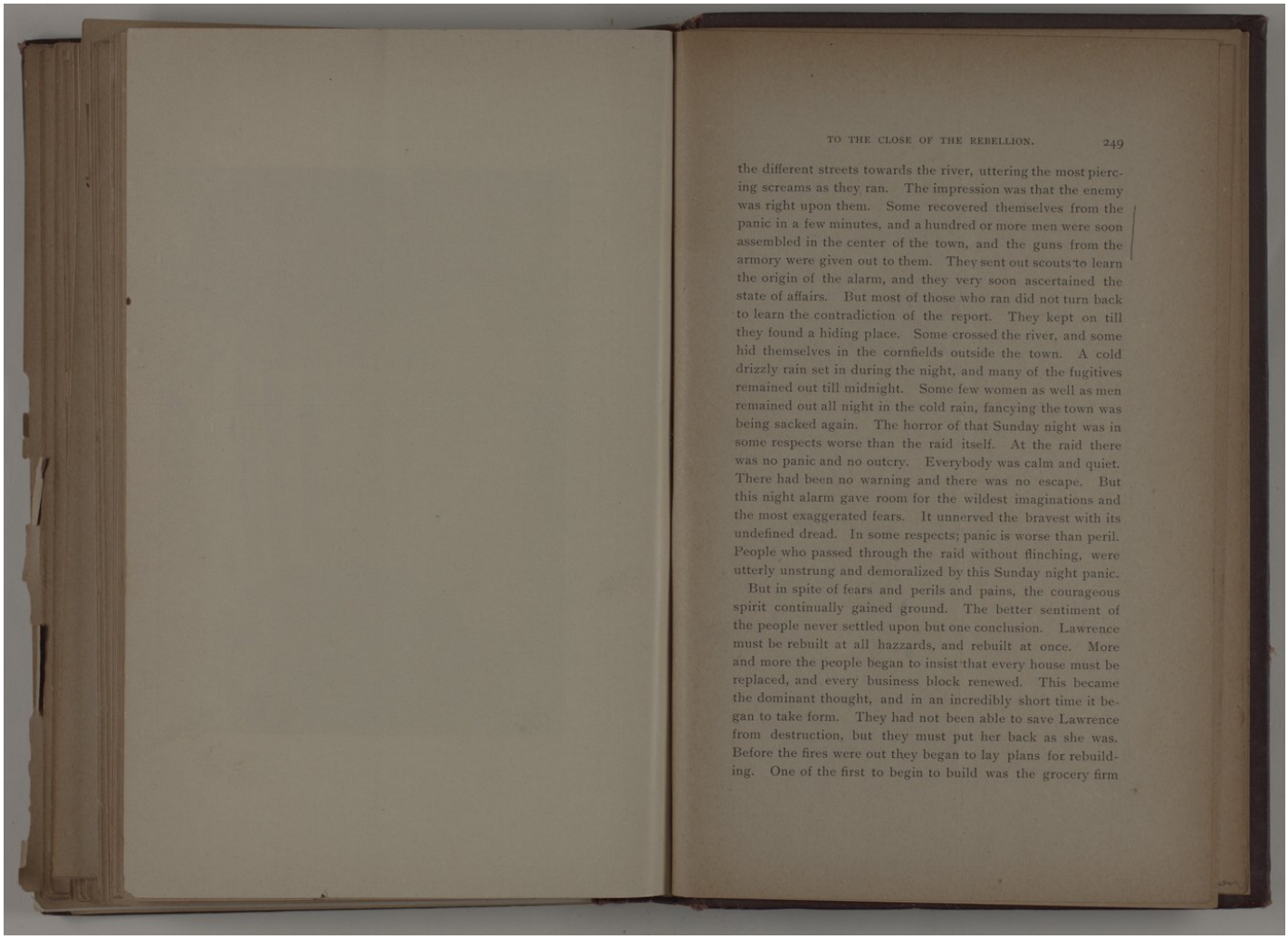


CITIZENS' MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

The monument measures 8 feet by 4 feet at the base, and stands 8 feet and 7 inches high; weight, 45,000 lbs.; cost, $1500. It is carved from Barre, Vt., granite. The front bears the inscription: "Dedicated to the memory of the one hundred and fifty citizens who, defenceless, fell victims to the inhuman ferocity of border guerrillas, led by the infamous Quantrill, in his raid upon Lawrence, August 21st, 1863. Erected May 30th, 1865." On the reverse side is this notice: "The roll of their names can be found in the City Clerk's office, Lawrence, and in the State Historical Society, Topeka."

homes were glad to secure one or two small rooms in which to begin again their home life. Small rooms, however, were usually ample for all the household effects, and small as they were they often seemed bare with their very scanty furniture. If people had to move, as was often the case, it was a small matter. A man with a wheelbarrow could transfer them from one house to another in an hour or so. The houses were sometimes very full, and the supplies sometimes rather scant, but no one was left unsheltered, and no one was allowed to go hungry. Many had lost most of their clothing, and those who had two coats divided with those who had none, and all were comfortably, if not fashionably clad.

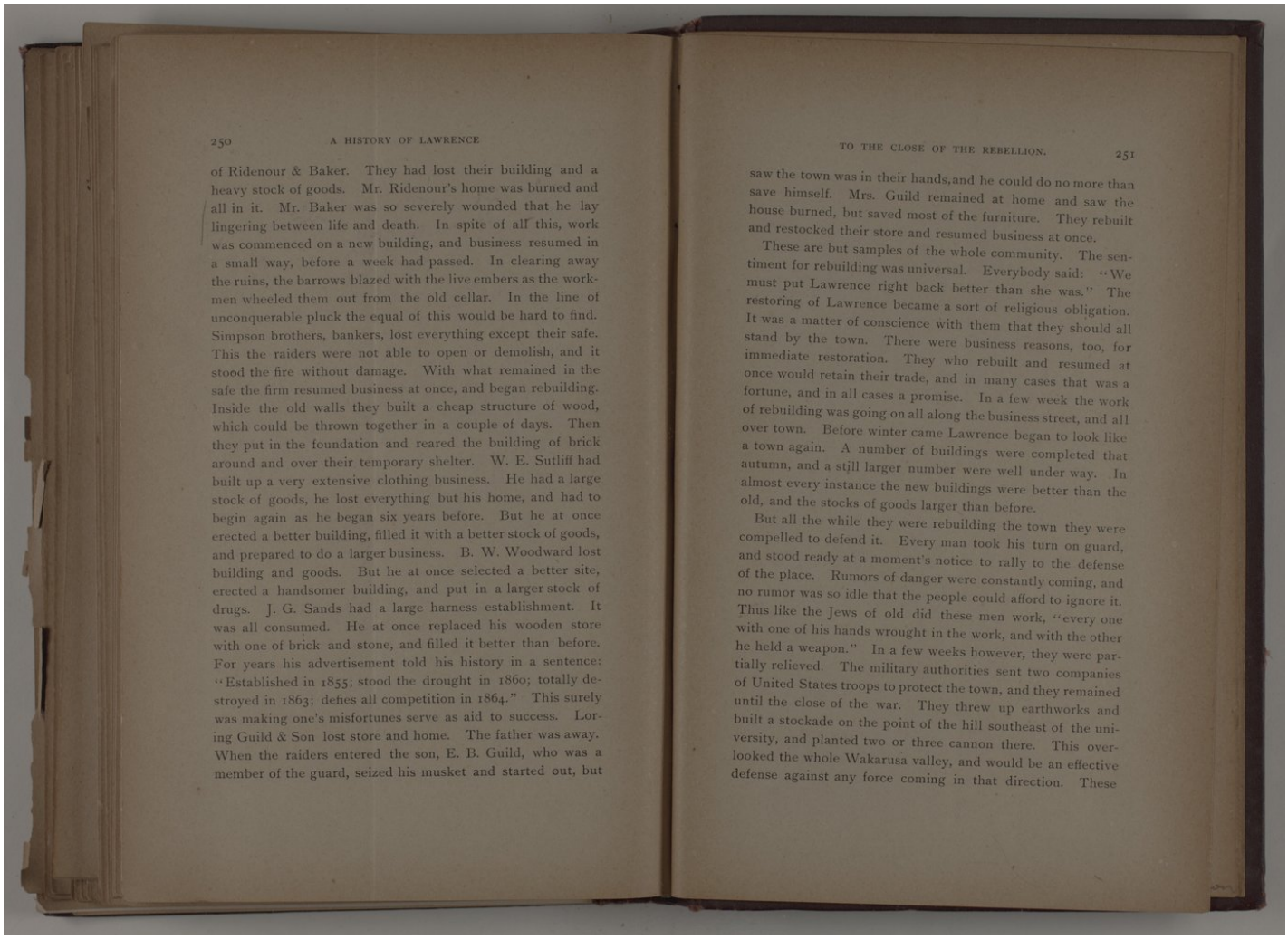
But the future was coming right along, and must be faced. "What shall we do," was a question that must be met. "The birds of ill omen" were in "high feather," and their croaking filled the air. "Lawrence had received its death blow," "the rebels had burned it once and they would do it again." "It was folly to attempt to rebuild the town." In addition to this there was a constant sense of exposure and peril. That three hundred men could come fifty miles in the night, and pounce upon them without a whisper of warning, was a revelation to the people. They had assured themselves so many times that such a thing could not be done. There was no guessing what might come next. Frequent alarm kept them in a quiver. They had had alarms before and had treated them as idle tales. They could not do so any more. The wildest alarm occurred on Sunday evening the second day after the raid. A farmer two or three miles below the town had been burning some straw. Some one on the hills some distance away seeing the flame, mounted his horse and galloped into town, screaming at the top of his voice: "They are coming again, they are coming again; run for your lives, run for your lives." He that heard ran and hollowed. The report spread like wild-fire, and in a few minutes men, women and children were wildly running down



the different streets towards the river, uttering the most piercing screams as they ran. The impression was that the enemy was right upon them. Some recovered themselves from the panic in a few minutes, and a hundred or more men were soon assembled in the center of the town, and the guns from the armory were given out to them. They sent out scouts to learn the origin of the alarm, and they very soon ascertained the state of affairs. But most of those who ran did not turn back to learn the contradiction of the report. They kept on till they found a hiding place. Some crossed the river, and some hid themselves in the cornfields outside the town. A cold drizzly rain set in during the night, and many of the fugitives remained out till midnight. Some few women as well as men remained out all night in the cold rain, fancying the town was being sacked again. The horror of that Sunday night was in some respects worse than the raid itself. At the raid there was no panic and no outcry. Everybody was calm and quiet. There had been no warning and there was no escape. But this night alarm gave room for the wildest imaginations and the most exaggerated fears. It unnerved the bravest with its undefined dread. In some respects; panic is worse than peril. People who passed through the raid without flinching, were utterly unstrung and demoralized by this Sunday night panic.

But in spite of fears and perils and pains, the courageous spirit continually gained ground. The better sentiment of the people never settled upon but one conclusion. Lawrence must be rebuilt at all hazzards, and rebuilt at once. More and more the people began to insist that every house must be replaced, and every business block renewed. This became the dominant thought, and in an incredibly short time it began to take form. They had not been able to save Lawrence from destruction, but they must put her back as she was. Before the fires were out they began to lay plans for rebuilding. One of the first to begin to build was the grocery firm

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion

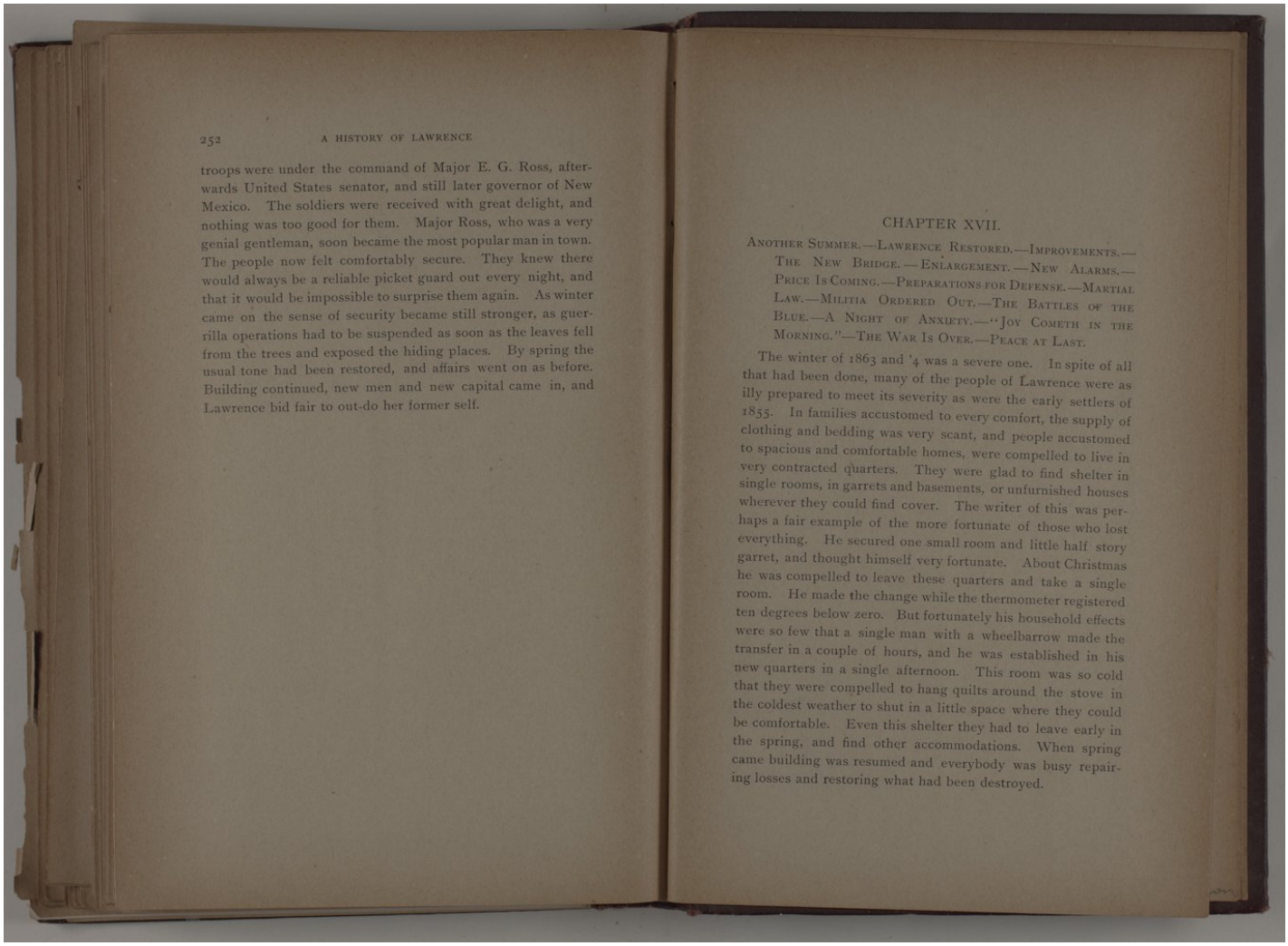


of Ridenour & Baker. They had lost their building and a heavy stock of goods. Mr. Ridenour's home was burned and all in it. Mr. Baker was so severely wounded that he lay lingering between life and death. In spite of all this, work was commenced on a new building, and business resumed in a small way, before a week had passed. In clearing away the ruins, the barrows blazed with the live embers as the workmen wheeled them out from the old cellar. In the line of unconquerable pluck the equal of this would be hard to find. Simpson brothers, bankers, lost everything except their safe. This the raiders were not able to open or demolish, and it stood the fire without damage. With what remained in the safe the firm resumed business at once, and began rebuilding. Inside the old walls they built a cheap structure of wood, which could be thrown together in a couple of days. Then they put in the foundation and reared the building of brick around and over their temporary shelter. W. E. Sutliff had built up a very extensive clothing business. He had a large stock of goods, he lost everything but his home, and had to begin again as he began six years before. But he at once erected a better building, filled it with a better stock of goods, and prepared to do a larger business. B. W. Woodward lost building and goods. But he at once selected a better site, erected a handsomer building, and put in a larger stock of drugs. J. G. Sands had a large harness establishment. It was all consumed. He at once replaced his wooden store with one of brick and stone, and filled it better than before. For years his advertisement told his history in a sentence: "Established in 1855; stood the drought in 1860; totally destroyed in 1863; defies all competition in 1864." This surely was making one's misfortunes serve as aid to success. Loring Guild & Son lost store and home. The father was away. When the raiders entered the son, E. B. Guild, who was a member of the guard, seized his musket and started out, but

saw the town was in their hands, and he could do no more than save himself. Mrs. Guild remained at home and saw the house burned, but saved most of the furniture. They rebuilt and restocked their store and resumed business at once.

These are but samples of the whole community. The sentiment for rebuilding was universal. Everybody said: "We must put Lawrence right back better than she was." The restoring of Lawrence became a sort of religious obligation. It was a matter of conscience with them that they should all stand by the town. There were business reasons, too, for immediate restoration. They who rebuilt and resumed at once would retain their trade, and in many cases that was a fortune, and in all cases a promise. In a few week the work of rebuilding was going on all along the business street, and all over town. Before winter came Lawrence began to look like a town again. A number of buildings were completed that autumn, and a still larger number were well under way. In almost every instance the new buildings were better than the old, and the stocks of goods larger than before.

But all the while they were rebuilding the town they were compelled to defend it. Every man took his turn on guard, and stood ready at a moment's notice to rally to the defense of the place. Rumors of danger were constantly coming, and no rumor was so idle that the people could afford to ignore it. Thus like the Jews of old did these men work, "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other he held a weapon." In a few weeks however, they were partially relieved. The military authorities sent two companies of United States troops to protect the town, and they remained until the close of the war. They threw up earthworks and built a stockade on the point of the hill southeast of the university, and planted two or three cannon there. This overlooked the whole Wakarusa valley, and would be an effective defense against any force coming in that direction. These



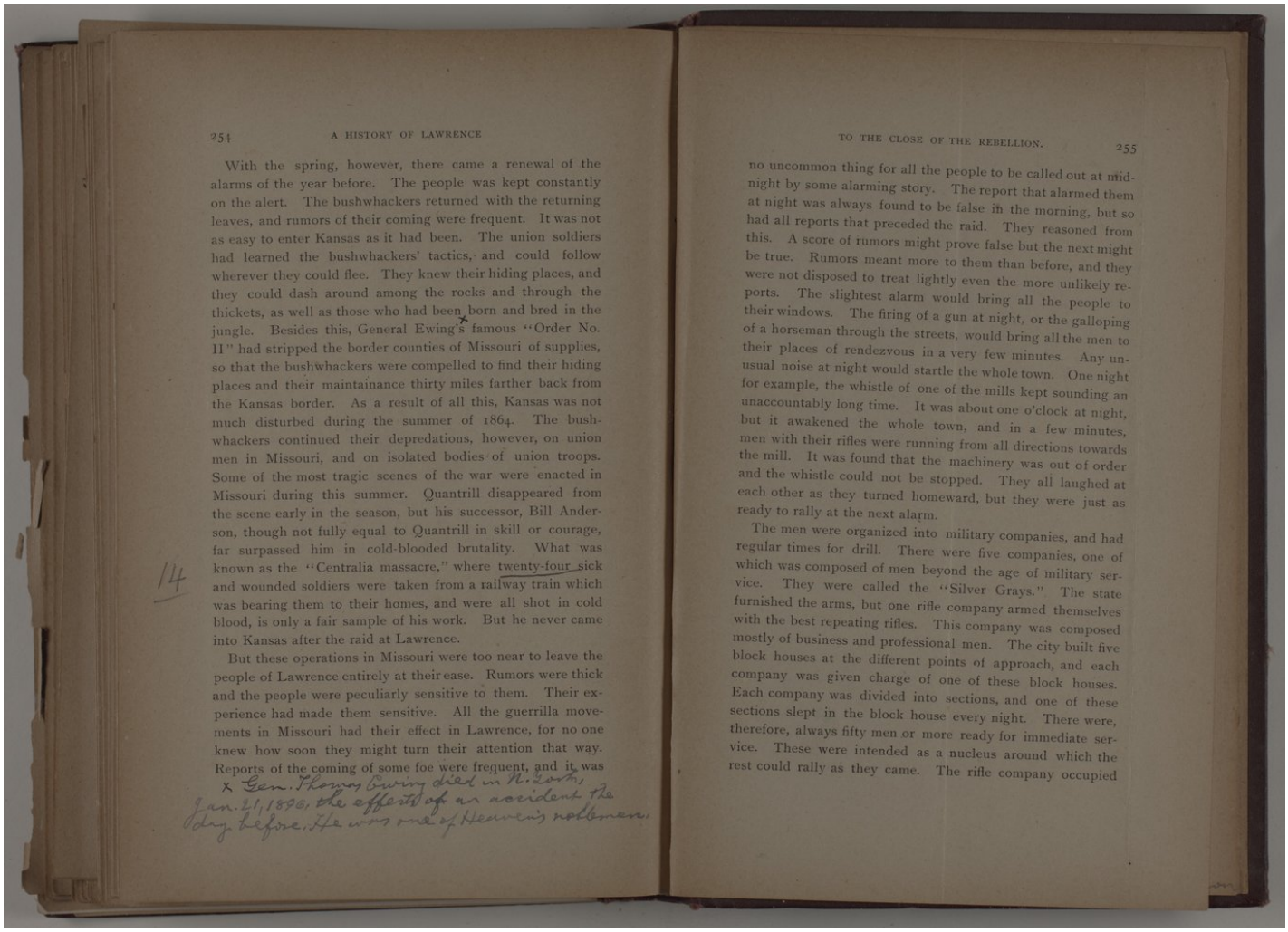
troops were under the command of Major E. G. Ross, afterwards United States senator, and still later governor of New Mexico. The soldiers were received with great delight, and nothing was too good for them. Major Ross, who was a very genial gentleman, soon became the most popular man in town. The people now felt comfortably secure. They knew there would always be a reliable picket guard out every night, and that it would be impossible to surprise them again. As winter came on the sense of security became still stronger, as guerrilla operations had to be suspended as soon as the leaves fell from the trees and exposed the hiding places. By spring the usual tone had been restored, and affairs went on as before. Building continued, new men and new capital came in, and Lawrence bid fair to out-do her former self.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER SUMMER.—LAWRENCE RESTORED.—IMPROVEMENTS.—THE NEW BRIDGE.—ENLARGEMENT.—NEW ALARMS.—PRICE IS COMING.—PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE.—MARTIAL LAW.—MILITIA ORDERED OUT.—THE BATTLES OF THE BLUE.—A NIGHT OF ANXIETY.—"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."—THE WAR IS OVER.—PEACE AT LAST.

The winter of 1863 and '4 was a severe one. In spite of all that had been done, many of the people of Lawrence were as illy prepared to meet its severity as were the early settlers of 1855. In families accustomed to every comfort, the supply of clothing and bedding was very scant, and people accustomed to spacious and comfortable homes, were compelled to live in very contracted quarters. They were glad to find shelter in single rooms, in garrets and basements, or unfurnished houses wherever they could find cover. The writer of this was perhaps a fair example of the more fortunate of those who lost everything. He secured one small room and little half story garret, and thought himself very fortunate. About Christmas he was compelled to leave these quarters and take a single room. He made the change while the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero. But fortunately his household effects were so few that a single man with a wheelbarrow made the transfer in a couple of hours, and he was established in his new quarters in a single afternoon. This room was so cold that they were compelled to hang quilts around the stove in the coldest weather to shut in a little space where they could be comfortable. Even this shelter they had to leave early in the spring, and find other accommodations. When spring came building was resumed and everybody was busy repairing losses and restoring what had been destroyed.

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



With the spring, however, there came a renewal of the alarms of the year before. The people was kept constantly on the alert. The bushwhackers returned with the returning leaves, and rumors of their coming were frequent. It was not as easy to enter Kansas as it had been. The union soldiers had learned the bushwhackers' tactics, and could follow wherever they could flee. They knew their hiding places, and they could dash around among the rocks and through the thickets, as well as those who had been born and bred in the jungle. Besides this, General Ewing's* famous "Order No. 11" had stripped the border counties of Missouri of supplies, so that the bushwhackers were compelled to find their hiding places and their maintainance thirty miles farther back from the Kansas border. As a result of all this, Kansas was not much disturbed during the summer of 1864. The bushwhackers continued their depredations, however, on union men in Missouri, and on isolated bodies of union troops. Some of the most tragic scenes of the war were enacted in Missouri during this summer. Quantrill disappeared from the scene early in the season, but his successor, Bill Anderson, though not fully equal to Quantrill in skill or courage, far surpassed him in cold-blooded brutality. What was known as the "Centralia massacre," where twenty-four sick and wounded soldiers were taken from a railway train which was bearing them to their homes, and were all shot in cold blood, is only a fair sample of his work. But he never came into Kansas after the raid at Lawrence.

14

But these operations in Missouri were too near to leave the people of Lawrence entirely at their ease. Rumors were thick and the people were peculiarly sensitive to them. Their experience had made them sensitive. All the guerrilla movements in Missouri had their effect in Lawrence, for no one knew how soon they might turn their attention that way. Reports of the coming of some foe were frequent, and it was

* Gen. Thomas Ewing died in N. York, Jan. 21, 1896, the effects of an accident the day before. He was one of Heaven's noblemen.

no uncommon thing for all the people to be called out at midnight by some alarming story. The report that alarmed them at night was always found to be false in the morning, but so had all reports that preceded the raid. They reasoned from this. A score of rumors might prove false but the next might be true. Rumors meant more to them than before, and they were not disposed to treat lightly even the more unlikely reports. The slightest alarm would bring all the people to their windows. The firing of a gun at night, or the galloping of a horseman through the streets, would bring all the men to their places of rendezvous in a very few minutes. Any unusual noise at night would startle the whole town. One night for example, the whistle of one of the mills kept sounding an unaccountably long time. It was about one o'clock at night, but it awakened the whole town, and in a few minutes, men with their rifles were running from all directions towards the mill. It was found that the machinery was out of order and the whistle could not be stopped. They all laughed at each other as they turned homeward, but they were just as ready to rally at the next alarm.

The men were organized into military companies, and had regular times for drill. There were five companies, one of which was composed of men beyond the age of military service. They were called the "Silver Grays." The state furnished the arms, but one rifle company armed themselves with the best repeating rifles. This company was composed mostly of business and professional men. The city built five block houses at the different points of approach, and each company was given charge of one of these block houses. Each company was divided into sections, and one of these sections slept in the block house every night. There were, therefore, always fifty men or more ready for immediate service. These were intended as a nucleus around which the rest could rally as they came. The rifle company occupied

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion

the block house at the crossing of Massachusetts and Berkley streets, and was on the line of Quantrill's approach.

In the midst of all these alarms and all this military demonstrations, building went steadily on. The business street was built up again almost solid, and many of the houses were restored, and new houses were erected. Many improvements were made. The Lawrence Bridge company had been incorporated in 1859. It was organized with Carmi W. Babcock as president; Josiah Miller, treasurer; and E. D. Thompson, as secretary. They began to build the bridge in 1863, and had the work well under way when Quantrill came. In the raid one sub-contractor, and seven workmen were killed, and a large amount of material destroyed. The company, however, resumed work very soon, and the bridge was opened for travel at the beginning of 1864. The structure cost about $40,000. For many years it was the only bridge across the Kansas river except at its mouth, and it drew to itself an immense amount of travel. It proved to be a very profitable investment for the company.

The first railroad, too, was built to Lawrence this year. The Union Pacific railroad began work on its Kansas line at Kansas City in 1864, and by September of that year the rails were laid as far as Lawrence, though regular trains did not run till several months later.

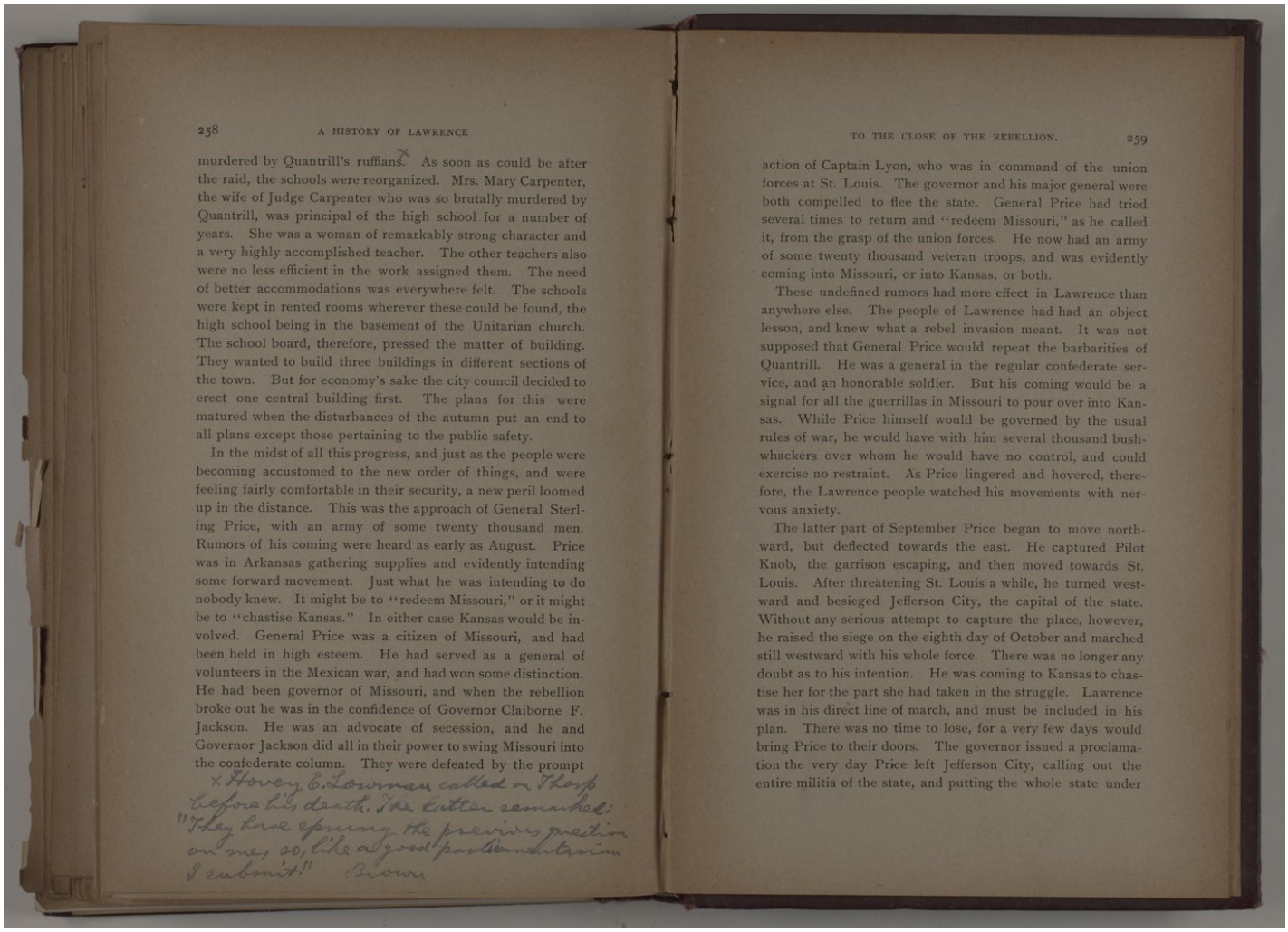
The school board also had plans to build a school house. The site was selected, money arranged for, and plans agreed upon. On account of the troubles in the autumn the matter lay over another year. It seems a little singular that a people as much interested in education as those of Lawrence should be ten years without a school house. The delay is easily understood by those familiar with the disturbed condition of affairs. This delay in building did not indicate any lack of interest in schools. Whittier knew his men when he sang:

> "We go to plant the common school
> On distant prairie swells."

The first settlers of Lawrence opened a free school before many of them had a roof over their heads. At first the school was supported by private subscriptions, x and made free to all who would come. As the place grew, citizens met and appointed a committee on schools. Dr. S. B. Prentiss was chairman of this committee. He was a "southern man with northern principles." He came from Georgia but was an ardent free-state man. He held several positions and did valuable service for the free-state cause. He was a very calm, soft-spoken man, but full of purpose and persistence. In the matter of schools he was simply chairman of a voluntary committee, but he went to work as zealously as if he had been a public officer with a good salary. In 1857 the Quincy high school was opened in the basement rooms of the Unitarian church, which had been arranged with that in view. Mr. Charles L. Edwards was principal. He was assisted by Miss Lucy M. Wilder, Miss Sarah A. Brown, Miss Lizzie P. Haskell and Miss Isabella G. Oakley. This school acquired quite a reputation, and there went out from it many students who have made their mark in Kansas history. The next year the city government was organized and the schools came under the control of a board of school trustees of which Dr. Albert Newman was secretary. The next year Mr. Edwards became county superintendent and Mr. C. W. Adams succeeded as principal of the high school. A year later Mr. Adams entered the army and served as a colonel to the close of the war. Then came S. M. Thorpe, a graduate of Union college, New York, a fine scholar, a poet and a wit. He was a man of chivalrous spirit, with a large intellect and a large heart. He was cultured, bright and breezy, and filled all his scholars with his own enthusiastic spirit. After two years of teaching he was chosen to the state senate, and was a candidate for state superintendent of instructions at the time of his death. Right at the beginning of his career he was treacherously

17 x These "private subscriptions" came almost or quite wholly from the pocket of Gov. Robinson. I never heard of a subscription paper being circulated for school purposes, though I am sure I would have heard of it had one been in circulation. Brown

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



murdered by Quantrill's ruffians.× As soon as could be after the raid, the schools were reorganized. Mrs. Mary Carpenter, the wife of Judge Carpenter who was so brutally murdered by Quantrill, was principal of the high school for a number of years. She was a woman of remarkably strong character and a very highly accomplished teacher. The other teachers also were no less efficient in the work assigned them. The need of better accommodations was everywhere felt. The schools were kept in rented rooms wherever these could be found, the high school being in the basement of the Unitarian church. The school board, therefore, pressed the matter of building. They wanted to build three buildings in different sections of the town. But for economy's sake the city council decided to erect one central building first. The plans for this were matured when the disturbances of the autumn put an end to all plans except those pertaining to the public safety.

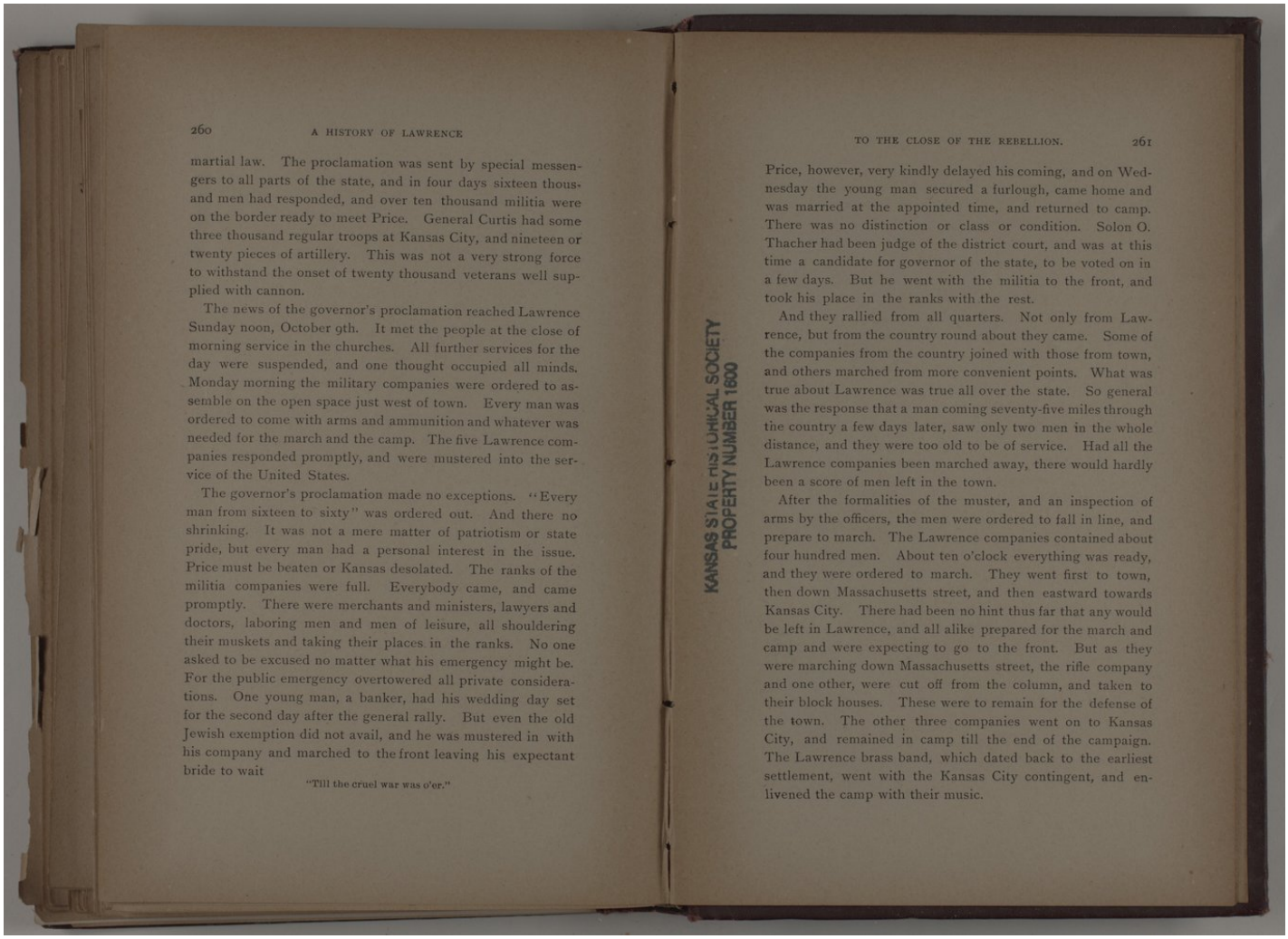
In the midst of all this progress, and just as the people were becoming accustomed to the new order of things, and were feeling fairly comfortable in their security, a new peril loomed up in the distance. This was the approach of General Sterling Price, with an army of some twenty thousand men. Rumors of his coming were heard as early as August. Price was in Arkansas gathering supplies and evidently intending some forward movement. Just what he was intending to do nobody knew. It might be to "redeem Missouri," or it might be to "chastise Kansas." In either case Kansas would be involved. General Price was a citizen of Missouri, and had been held in high esteem. He had served as a general of volunteers in the Mexican war, and had won some distinction. He had been governor of Missouri, and when the rebellion broke out he was in the confidence of Governor Claiborne F. Jackson. He was an advocate of secession, and he and Governor Jackson did all in their power to swing Missouri into the confederate column. They were defeated by the prompt

× Hovey C. Lowman called on Thorp before his death. The latter remarked: "They have sprung the previous question on me, so, like a good parliamentarian I submit." Brown

action of Captain Lyon, who was in command of the union forces at St. Louis. The governor and his major general were both compelled to flee the state. General Price had tried several times to return and "redeem Missouri," as he called it, from the grasp of the union forces. He now had an army of some twenty thousand veteran troops, and was evidently coming into Missouri, or into Kansas, or both.

These undefined rumors had more effect in Lawrence than anywhere else. The people of Lawrence had had an object lesson, and knew what a rebel invasion meant. It was not supposed that General Price would repeat the barbarities of Quantrill. He was a general in the regular confederate service, and an honorable soldier. But his coming would be a signal for all the guerrillas in Missouri to pour over into Kansas. While Price himself would be governed by the usual rules of war, he would have with him several thousand bushwhackers over whom he would have no control, and could exercise no restraint. As Price lingered and hovered, therefore, the Lawrence people watched his movements with nervous anxiety.

The latter part of September Price began to move northward, but deflected towards the east. He captured Pilot Knob, the garrison escaping, and then moved towards St. Louis. After threatening St. Louis a while, he turned westward and besieged Jefferson City, the capital of the state. Without any serious attempt to capture the place, however, he raised the siege on the eighth day of October and marched still westward with his whole force. There was no longer any doubt as to his intention. He was coming to Kansas to chastise her for the part she had taken in the struggle. Lawrence was in his direct line of march, and must be included in his plan. There was no time to lose, for a very few days would bring Price to their doors. The governor issued a proclamation the very day Price left Jefferson City, calling out the entire militia of the state, and putting the whole state under



martial law. The proclamation was sent by special messengers to all parts of the state, and in four days sixteen thousand men had responded, and over ten thousand militia were on the border ready to meet Price. General Curtis had some three thousand regular troops at Kansas City, and nineteen or twenty pieces of artillery. This was not a very strong force to withstand the onset of twenty thousand veterans well supplied with cannon.

The news of the governor's proclamation reached Lawrence Sunday noon, October 9th. It met the people at the close of morning service in the churches. All further services for the day were suspended, and one thought occupied all minds. Monday morning the military companies were ordered to assemble on the open space just west of town. Every man was ordered to come with arms and ammunition and whatever was needed for the march and the camp. The five Lawrence companies responded promptly, and were mustered into the service of the United States.

The governor's proclamation made no exceptions. "Every man from sixteen to sixty" was ordered out. And there no shrinking. It was not a mere matter of patriotism or state pride, but every man had a personal interest in the issue. Price must be beaten or Kansas desolated. The ranks of the militia companies were full. Everybody came, and came promptly. There were merchants and ministers, lawyers and doctors, laboring men and men of leisure, all shouldering their muskets and taking their places in the ranks. No one asked to be excused no matter what his emergency might be. For the public emergency overtowered all private considerations. One young man, a banker, had his wedding day set for the second day after the general rally. But even the old Jewish exemption did not avail, and he was mustered in with his company and marched to the front leaving his expectant bride to wait

"Till the cruel war was o'er."

Price, however, very kindly delayed his coming, and on Wednesday the young man secured a furlough, came home and was married at the appointed time, and returned to camp. There was no distinction or class or condition. Solon O. Thacher had been judge of the district court, and was at this time a candidate for governor of the state, to be voted on in a few days. But he went with the militia to the front, and took his place in the ranks with the rest.

And they rallied from all quarters. Not only from Lawrence, but from the country round about they came. Some of the companies from the country joined with those from town, and others marched from more convenient points. What was true about Lawrence was true all over the state. So general was the response that a man coming seventy-five miles through the country a few days later, saw only two men in the whole distance, and they were too old to be of service. Had all the Lawrence companies been marched away, there would hardly been a score of men left in the town.

After the formalities of the muster, and an inspection of arms by the officers, the men were ordered to fall in line, and prepare to march. The Lawrence companies contained about four hundred men. About ten o'clock everything was ready, and they were ordered to march. They went first to town, then down Massachusetts street, and then eastward towards Kansas City. There had been no hint thus far that any would be left in Lawrence, and all alike prepared for the march and camp and were expecting to go to the front. But as they were marching down Massachusetts street, the rifle company and one other, were cut off from the column, and taken to their block houses. These were to remain for the defense of the town. The other three companies went on to Kansas City, and remained in camp till the end of the campaign. The Lawrence brass band, which dated back to the earliest settlement, went with the Kansas City contingent, and enlivened the camp with their music.

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion

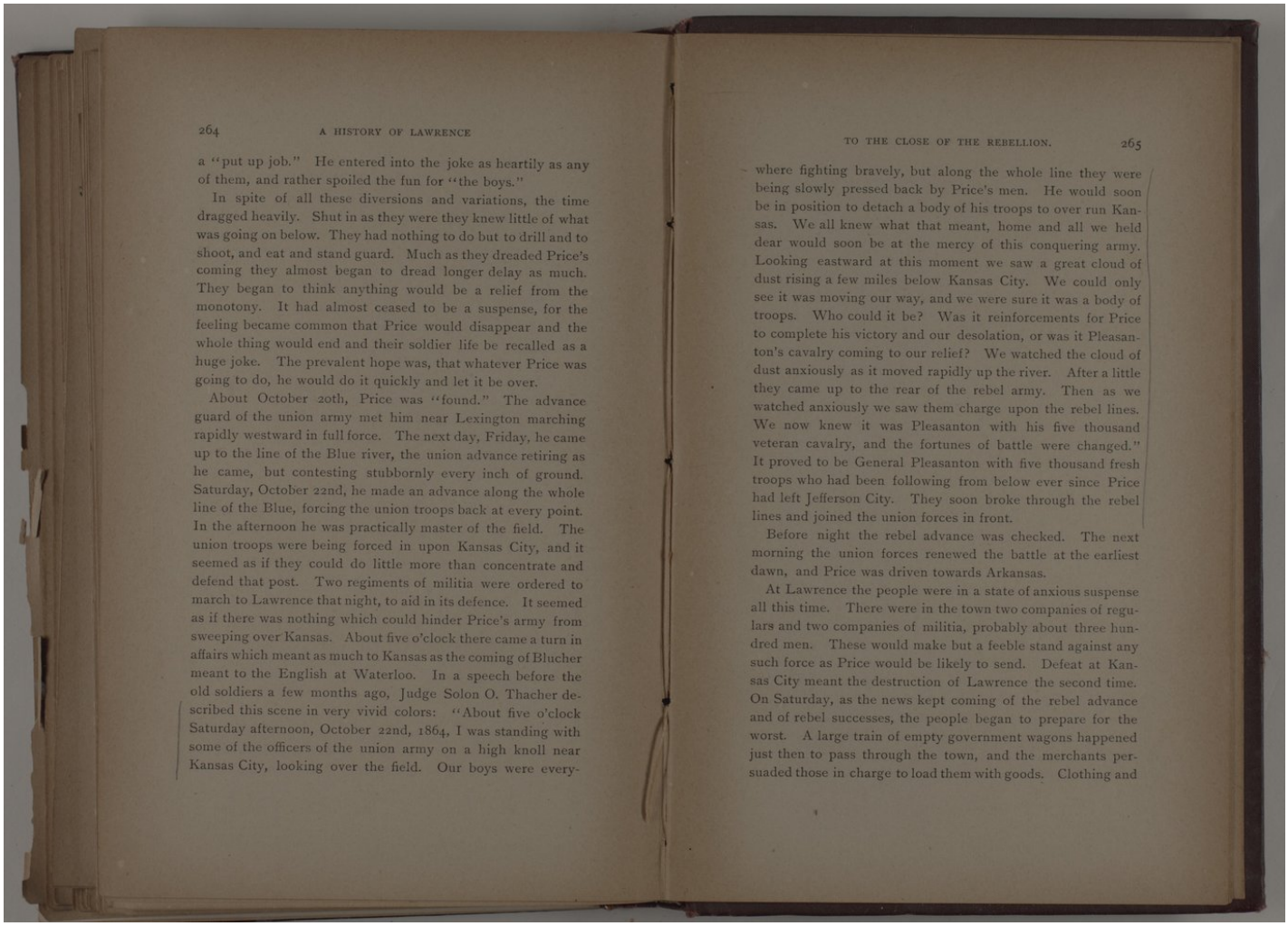
In the meantime nothing could be heard of Price or his army. He had left Jefferson City on the eighth, and moved westward. Since then he had given no sound or sign. His army lay somewhere in the great bend of the Missouri river near Boonville, but just where he was, or what he was doing, or what he intended to do, were mysteries nobody could solve. For nearly two weeks his movements were involved thus in mystery, and all inquiry seemed to be baffled. Some few began to look upon the whole thing as a gigantic hoax, practiced on them for some political purpose. But a more common feeling was that Price and his army were quietly slipping away, and that nothing would come of the Price invasion. It was a common remark that we should hear no more about Price. The militia at Kansas City became restless, wanted "to go home and attend to their fall plowing." Some even went so far as to complain that the governor had been hasty in calling out the militia, that there really had never been any danger of Price coming into Kansas. Most of them, however, took it all good-naturedly, and got what they could out of the experience. It gave them a little taste of real military life, and some little experience in military drill. They were sworn into the United States service and subject to all the rules of military discipline, and a good many of the discomforts of camp life.×

Lawrence was forty miles from what was called the "seat of war," but felt as intensely as if she had been in the focus of it. All business was suspended, and all work laid aside, and just one thing occupied everyone's thought. The companies remaining at Lawrence were required to be "in camp" just as much as if they had been at the front, only their block houses served for camps. They drew rations like regular soldiers, and became familiar with government bacon and split peas. Old government Java was kept boiling in the camp kettle, and if it was not always clear, it was always strong and hot.

× I don't know how it was with the Lawrence companies, but those at Paola were in the State service only, and I never heard before that any of the Kansas militia were mustered into the U. States service. B.

Guard duty was exacted as regularly as of veterans, and every belated traveler coming into town was compelled to "dismount, advance three paces and give the countersign," or in default, to be presented to the "officer of the guard." They had frequent drills, and were put through all the ordinary military evolutions, and were acquiring something of a soldierly step. Frequent target shootings developed their proficiency as marksmen. To most of them the handling of arms was no new experience. They were somewhat of an awkward squad in the manual, but when it came to shooting they were at home. "An October freeze" added to the variety of their life, if not to its comfort. One night two or three inches of snow fell, and these soldiers "pro tem," found themselves covered with an extra blanket in the morning, not provided for in the regulations. The block houses were built to keep out bullets. They were not proof against snow flakes. "The cold snap" continued two or three days, and part of the time it was quite severe. But this only added the spice of variety to their monotonous life as they were "waiting for Price."

The "boys" as usual managed to get some fun out of the affair, grim and wearisome as it was. The most important practical joke was the "trial of Dr. Leiby." Dr. Leiby was an eccentric old gentlemen quite independent in his ways. He was placed on guard one day, and was to be releived at five o'clock. It was arranged that the relief should be a trifle late. When the hour came the doctor considered his time up, and went home. "The relief" coming up a moment later found the post deserted. The matter was reported and a detail sent to Dr. Leiby's house to arrest him for deserting his post. Under martial law this was a serious charge, and the doctor at first was very much alarmed. A court martial was organized and he was put on trial. But the doctor was shrewd and soon saw by the way things went on, that it was



a "put up job." He entered into the joke as heartily as any of them, and rather spoiled the fun for "the boys."

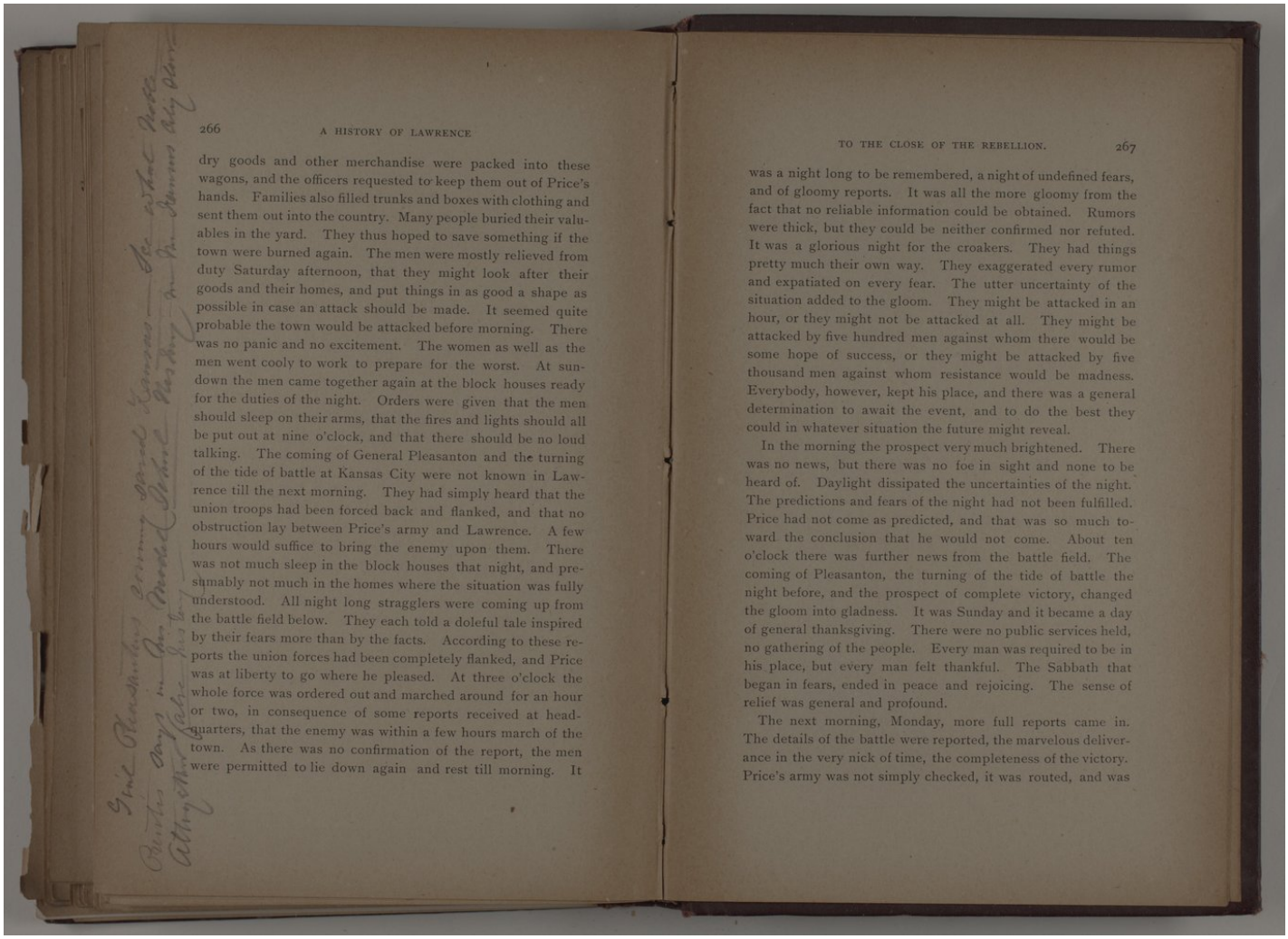
In spite of all these diversions and variations, the time dragged heavily. Shut in as they were they knew little of what was going on below. They had nothing to do but to drill and to shoot, and eat and stand guard. Much as they dreaded Price's coming they almost began to dread longer delay as much. They began to think anything would be a relief from the monotony. It had almost ceased to be a suspense, for the feeling became common that Price would disappear and the whole thing would end and their soldier life be recalled as a huge joke. The prevalent hope was, that whatever Price was going to do, he would do it quickly and let it be over.

About October 20th, Price was "found." The advance guard of the union army met him near Lexington marching rapidly westward in full force. The next day, Friday, he came up to the line of the Blue river, the union advance retiring as he came, but contesting stubbornly every inch of ground. Saturday, October 22nd, he made an advance along the whole line of the Blue, forcing the union troops back at every point. In the afternoon he was practically master of the field. The union troops were being forced in upon Kansas City, and it seemed as if they could do little more than concentrate and defend that post. Two regiments of militia were ordered to march to Lawrence that night, to aid in its defence. It seemed as if there was nothing which could hinder Price's army from sweeping over Kansas. About five o'clock there came a turn in affairs which meant as much to Kansas as the coming of Blucher meant to the English at Waterloo. In a speech before the old soldiers a few months ago, Judge Solon O. Thacher described this scene in very vivid colors: "About five o'clock Saturday afternoon, October 22nd, 1864, I was standing with some of the officers of the union army on a high knoll near Kansas City, looking over the field. Our boys were everywhere fighting bravely, but along the whole line they were being slowly pressed back by Price's men. He would soon be in position to detach a body of his troops to over run Kansas. We all knew what that meant, home and all we held dear would soon be at the mercy of this conquering army. Looking eastward at this moment we saw a great cloud of dust rising a few miles below Kansas City. We could only see it was moving our way, and we were sure it was a body of troops. Who could it be? Was it reinforcements for Price to complete his victory and our desolation, or was it Pleasanton's cavalry coming to our relief? We watched the cloud of dust anxiously as it moved rapidly up the river. After a little they came up to the rear of the rebel army. Then as we watched anxiously we saw them charge upon the rebel lines. We now knew it was Pleasanton with his five thousand veteran cavalry, and the fortunes of battle were changed." It proved to be General Pleasanton with five thousand fresh troops who had been following from below ever since Price had left Jefferson City. They soon broke through the rebel lines and joined the union forces in front.

Before night the rebel advance was checked. The next morning the union forces renewed the battle at the earliest dawn, and Price was driven towards Arkansas.

At Lawrence the people were in a state of anxious suspense all this time. There were in the town two companies of regulars and two companies of militia, probably about three hundred men. These would make but a feeble stand against any such force as Price would be likely to send. Defeat at Kansas City meant the destruction of Lawrence the second time. On Saturday, as the news kept coming of the rebel advance and of rebel successes, the people began to prepare for the worst. A large train of empty government wagons happened just then to pass through the town, and the merchants persuaded those in charge to load them with goods. Clothing and

A history of Lawrence, Kansas: from the first settlement to the close of the rebellion



dry goods and other merchandise were packed into these wagons, and the officers requested to keep them out of Price's hands. Families also filled trunks and boxes with clothing and sent them out into the country. Many people buried their valuables in the yard. They thus hoped to save something if the town were burned again. The men were mostly relieved from duty Saturday afternoon, that they might look after their goods and their homes, and put things in as good a shape as possible in case an attack should be made. It seemed quite probable the town would be attacked before morning. There was no panic and no excitement. The women as well as the men went cooly to work to prepare for the worst. At sundown the men came together again at the block houses ready for the duties of the night. Orders were given that the men should sleep on their arms, that the fires and lights should all be put out at nine o'clock, and that there should be no loud talking. The coming of General Pleasanton and the turning of the tide of battle at Kansas City were not known in Lawrence till the next morning. They had simply heard that the union troops had been forced back and flanked, and that no obstruction lay between Price's army and Lawrence. A few hours would suffice to bring the enemy upon them. There was not much sleep in the block houses that night, and presumably not much in the homes where the situation was fully understood. All night long stragglers were coming up from the battle field below. They each told a doleful tale inspired by their fears more than by the facts. According to these reports the union forces had been completely flanked, and Price was at liberty to go where he pleased. At three o'clock the whole force was ordered out and marched around for an hour or two, in consequence of some reports received at headquarters, that the enemy was within a few hours march of the town. As there was no confirmation of the report, the men were permitted to lie down again and rest till morning. It

was a night long to be remembered, a night of undefined fears, and of gloomy reports. It was all the more gloomy from the fact that no reliable information could be obtained. Rumors were thick, but they could be neither confirmed nor refuted. It was a glorious night for the croakers. They had things pretty much their own way. They exaggerated every rumor and expatiated on every fear. The utter uncertainty of the situation added to the gloom. They might be attacked in an hour, or they might not be attacked at all. They might be attacked by five hundred men against whom there would be some hope of success, or they might be attacked by five thousand men against whom resistance would be madness. Everybody, however, kept his place, and there was a general determination to await the event, and to do the best they could in whatever situation the future might reveal.

In the morning the prospect very much brightened. There was no news, but there was no foe in sight and none to be heard of. Daylight dissipated the uncertainties of the night. The predictions and fears of the night had not been fulfilled. Price had not come as predicted, and that was so much toward the conclusion that he would not come. About ten o'clock there was further news from the battle field. The coming of Pleasanton, the turning of the tide of battle the night before, and the prospect of complete victory, changed the gloom into gladness. It was Sunday and it became a day of general thanksgiving. There were no public services held, no gathering of the people. Every man was required to be in his place, but every man felt thankful. The Sabbath that began in fears, ended in peace and rejoicing. The sense of relief was general and profound.

The next morning, Monday, more full reports came in. The details of the battle were reported, the marvelous deliverance in the very nick of time, the completeness of the victory. Price's army was not simply checked, it was routed, and was