

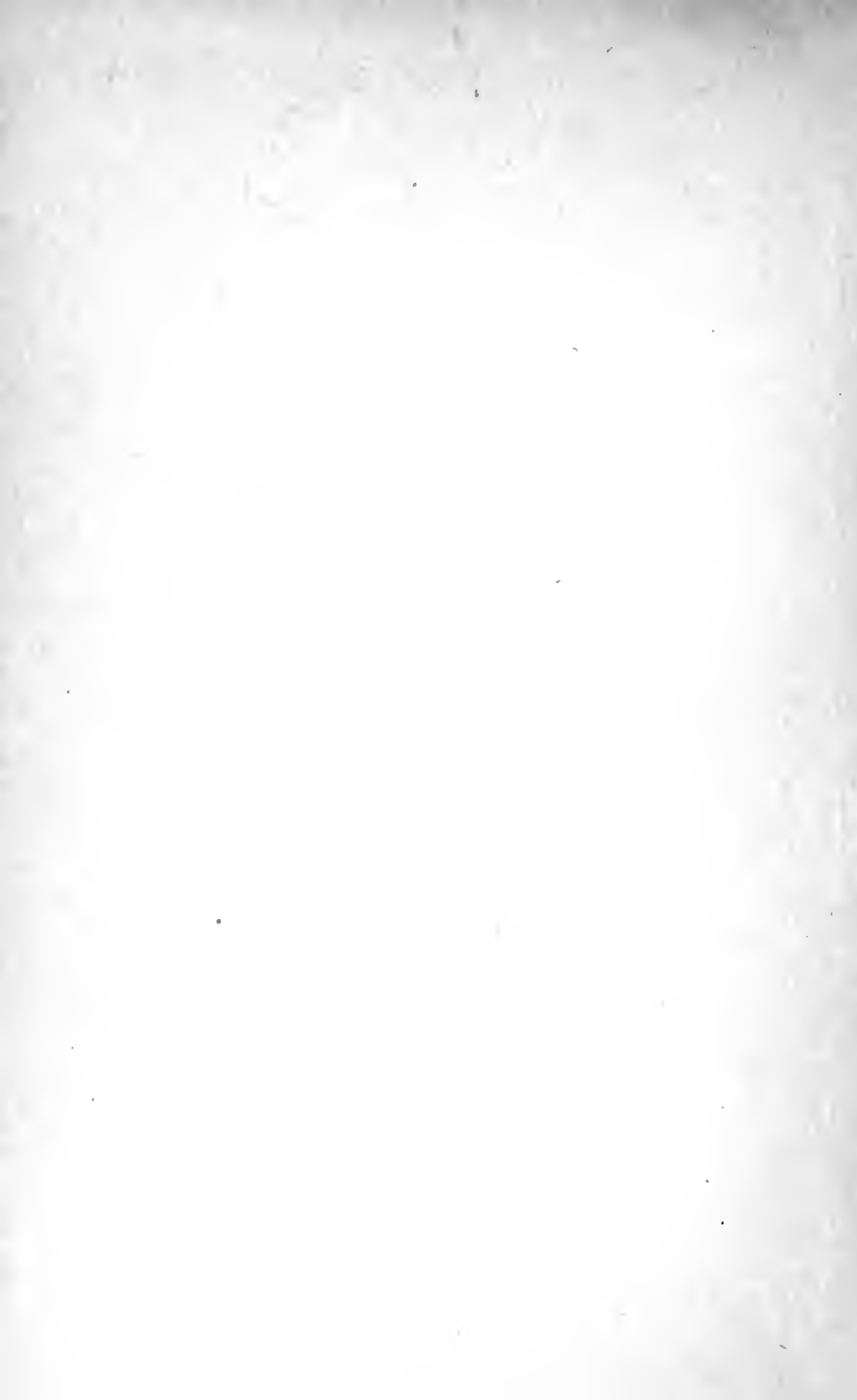
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PIONEER DAYS
IN KANSAS

RICHARD CORDLEY

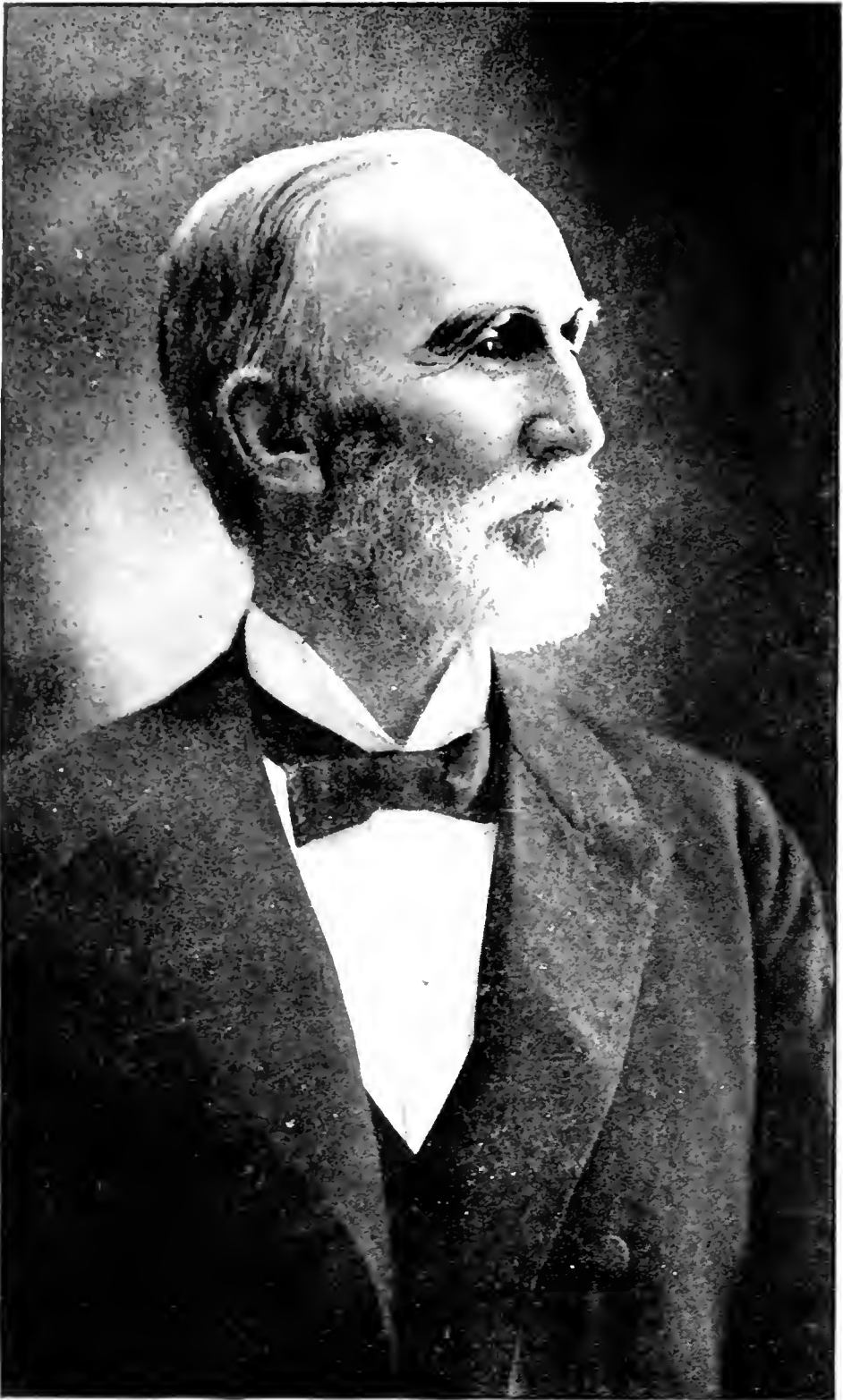


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RICHARD CORDLEY D.D

Pioneer Days in Kansas

By
RICHARD CORDLEY, D. D.

The Pilgrim Press

NEW YORK

BOSTON

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Preface

THIS book is not a continuous story, as the reader will see. It is, rather, a series of sketches, illustrating early times in Kansas. The beginnings of Kansas were unique. It was settled under peculiar circumstances, and passed through peculiar experiences. Something of these unique conditions will appear in these sketches. While no attempt is made to give a continuous story, the sketches for the most part follow the order of time, and the course of events in a general way can be traced out through them. It would be interesting to follow some of the scenes and some of the characters into the later years, but this would involve an entire change of plan. At the close of the war of the Rebellion, in 1865, Kansas entered a new era, and this book belongs to the Old Order.

Several of the chapters were prepared at various times for special occasions. The chapters on the Lawrence Massacre, for instance, were

written, in substance, immediately after the event. They were written while the events were fresh and vivid and from information obtained at first hand.

This book has been written at odd hours, snatched from the rush of a busy pastorate, and therefore lacks the smoothness and finish which only a continuous application could give it.

R. C.

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Pioneer Days in Kansas

CHAPTER I

THE KANSAS ANDOVER BAND

AN effective form of modern missionary work is that of bands of students going together on graduation to some region where they can combine their efforts and cooperate with each other. It was a band of students in Amherst College who gave the first impulse to modern missions. The celebrated haystack, beside which they met to pray and plan, is now the site of an appropriate monument. In 1842 a band of twelve students went out from Andover Theological Seminary to Iowa. They located in different parts of the territory, and by keeping in touch with each other, they exerted a large influence on the moral and religious development of the state.

In the summer of 1856 a Kansas Band was formed in Andover Seminary. It consisted originally of four members of the Middle Class, Sylvester Dana Storrs, Grovesnor C. Morse, Roswell Davenport Parker and Richard Cordley. These four agreed to go to Kansas after graduation and make that territory their field of labor. The band owed its existence to the heart and brain of Sylvester D. Storrs, who first suggested it and worked persistently for its success. Its first inspiration was due to the Kansas troubles which were then at their height, but the chief thought was to help to develop a Christian State in the center of the continent.

The band met weekly in Mr. Storrs' room and held a Kansas prayer-meeting. After the prayer-meeting an hour was spent in studying the Kansas situation, reading letters from friends in the territory, and interchanging views. As the condition in Kansas became more serious the interest in the band widened. The Kansas prayer-meeting was one of the events of the week. Often the room was full. The band grew to a membership of sixteen, and all the classes in the seminary were represented. Sometimes a friend fresh from Kansas would stop off and spend the

evening with us, and we would learn by word of mouth the things we wanted to know. Rev. Louis Bodwell, the pastor at Topeka, visited Andover in the spring of 1857, and spent several days with us. He had taken much interest in the band from the first, and his counsel was of great value to us. He was full of enthusiasm and well informed, and his presence gave a sense of reality to the whole scheme.

At these meetings we talked over our plans and exchanged ideas of work. We did not say much about location. Things were too indefinite even to guess where we each might be. We were simply going to Kansas. That was as far as we cared to look, in fact as far as we could look. But we discussed our work, and talked of the things which ought to be done. Among other things we talked of the Christian college which Congregationalists had been in the habit of planting wherever they went. Of course we should plant a college in Kansas. Later on we were delighted to learn that the brethren on the field were discussing the same thing. We should be glad to cooperate with them. One evening we had with us a missionary from the region of the Euphrates—a Dr. Williams. He gave a

very charming account of the excavations at Nineveh, and of the wonderful slabs of marble which were being taken from the ruins. These slabs were covered with hieroglyphics which were supposed to be of great historic value. Before leaving he promised to send us two of these slabs for the collection in the Kansas college. He returned to his field in about a year, and soon after shipped to us two of the finest slabs ever taken from Nineveh ruins. But when the slabs arrived in Andover, we were on our fields in Kansas, and we did not find it easy to spare the money for a big freight bill on stones from across the sea. We found no interest in the matter among the churches, and were compelled to leave them to be sold for the freight. Andover Seminary paid the charges, and became possessed of two of the finest Nineveh slabs ever brought to this country.

About May, 1857, Dr. Milton Badger, senior secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, visited us to arrange the terms for our going out. He was greatly interested in our project, and assured us that the society would do everything possible to aid us. It was arranged that we should go out under commission of the

society and find our special fields of labor after reaching the territory. We were therefore not assigned to any field, but simply charged "to proclaim the gospel in Kansas." For this they pledged to each of us a salary of \$600. By this time affairs in Kansas had become more quiet, and interest in our band had become more contracted. Only the four original members remained. In July we graduated, and each went his own way. As we parted it was understood that we were to make our way to Kansas in the autumn. In this matter each one sought his own convenience, and we reached our fields one by one as best we could. During the summer there came to be an understanding as to our locations, and we lost no time in finding our work. Storrs went to Quindaro, Morse to Emporia, Cordley to Lawrence, and Parker to Leavenworth. All this came about almost by chance, and yet we could hardly have chosen better locations either for service or cooperation.

Sylvester D. Storrs was the first to go, reaching Kansas in early autumn. Mr. Storrs had commenced his preparations for the ministry after being in business for himself. Having decided upon the ministry, he worked his way

through the academy and through Dartmouth College and Andover Seminary. He was a man of rare business gifts and tireless energy. On entering Andover Seminary he rented a piece of ground and planted it with choice nursery stock. Before he left Andover, three years later, he had thirty thousand young fruit-trees of the finest varieties to sell. He was an expert in grafting, and the farmers for miles around used to engage him to graft their large orchards with his choice fruit. In laying out grounds he was a genius, and any citizen of Andover thought himself fortunate if he could induce Brother Storrs to take the oversight of his garden and grounds. He knew just where the best potatoes grew in that paradise of the potato, Northern New England. If any of the faculty found the "Commontaters" disagreeing with him, he only had to whisper it to Brother Storrs, and in a few days he would fill his cellar with the choicest peachblows. He taught classes in two Sunday-schools, and held mission services in out-of-the-way neighborhoods almost every Sunday. In Andover he found a moribund temperance society which he resuscitated and enlarged. He made it a literary and social club for mill hands

and working people in Andover, and a benevolent society to look after the poor and the sick. He carried on more business out of school hours than one in a thousand could manage with all his time. He had such a remarkable facility for making everything move which he touched, that he was able to do all these divers things without infringing on his hours of recitation or study. All the people for miles around knew him, and years after they would inquire about "Brother Storrs" when the rest of the class had been forgotten.

At this time Quindaro was being advertised in Free State papers as the "Future Great" of the West. It was to be the "port of entry" for Kansas. It was preeminently the "Free State town." We all therefore shipped our books and goods to Quindaro, and in due time followed ourselves. Brother Storrs being the first to arrive in the autumn of 1857, he was captured by the enterprising colony and chosen as its pastor. In a few months he organized a church and completed the house of worship which he found already begun. He also supplied the "neighboring village" of Wyandotte as an "out-station." The following summer he founded a church there

also, which is now the "First Church of Kansas City, Kansas." He reached out to Olathe, "twenty miles away," and the church there began in his labors. After five years at Quindaro he resigned to accept a call to Atchison. At Atchison he found the church worshipping in the basement of an unfinished building. There were neither sidewalks nor steps. They had but few members and a small congregation, and were known in the city, where the flavor of border ruffianism still lingered, as the "nigger church." They were indeed "a feeble folk." Here he labored five years. When he resigned he left the church self-supporting, with a fine building finished and accessible, and furnished with organ and bell. For twelve years he served the American Home Missionary Society as Superintendent of Missions. When he accepted the office, in 1872, there were only seventy-eight Congregational churches in the state. When he left, in 1884, there were one hundred and eighty-nine.

The second man to reach the territory was Grovesnor C. Morse. He was a native of New Hampshire and had graduated at Dartmouth College and Andover Seminary. He had come

to find the frontier, so he kept on westward until he came to the Neosho River. Here he found men staking out a new town. The town was only a few weeks old, and consisted of some tents and shanties. He thought this was sufficiently new, and he cast in his lot with Emporia. He secured a fine claim near by. Soon he organized a church and built a house of worship. He had been a teacher in his youth and was profoundly interested in education. A few years after coming to Kansas he was chosen Superintendent of Schools for what is now Lyon County. He used to lecture in various neighborhoods, stirring the people up in regard to the establishment of schools. To this day there are those all over the county who remember with interest his visits and lectures.

He took great interest in the opening and development of the State Normal School, and probably gave that institution more gratuitous labor than any other man. In December, 1864, he was chosen secretary of the Board of Directors, and commissioned by the Board to secure a competent man for president. The legislature, in locating the school at Emporia, appropriated the sum of \$1,000 for its support. The appro-

priation was so absurdly small that it is doubtful if anything would have been done but for the faith and enthusiasm of Brother Morse. He started at once to find a president. The nearest railway station was Leavenworth, three days' journey, which was made on horseback. At the close of one dreary winter day we were just drawing around "the fire on the hearth" for the evening in our home at Lawrence. A drizzling rain was falling and freezing as it fell. There came a rap at the door. Wondering what errand could bring any one out on such a pitiless night, I opened the door. There stood Brother Morse, cased in ice from head to foot. We got him out of his casement as soon as possible, and seated him by the fire to thaw him out, while I took care of the pony. After he had eaten supper I asked him to explain his mission. He was on his way to Chicago to find a man to take charge of the State Normal School. He had been already two days in the saddle, and must ride one day more. Then he would leave his pony at Leavenworth, and go by rail to Chicago. He was full of his plans for opening the school, and had no more doubt of his success than if he had ten thousand dollars instead of one. The

next morning early he went on his journey. At Chicago he failed to secure the man he had in mind, and posted off at once to Bloomington, where he found a young man who was willing to take his chances and go to Emporia and open the Kansas State Normal School with \$1,000. That young man was Lyman B. Kellogg, first president of the Kansas State Normal School, and more recently Attorney-General of the State of Kansas.

Mr. Morse continued as pastor of the Emporia church for more than ten years. He considered the whole surrounding country his parish, however. He preached for a time at Council Grove, twenty-four miles northwest, and founded the church there. He also preached occasionally at Eureka, fifty miles south. In 1869 he lost his life by an accident. The whole city was in mourning. The citizens of Emporia without distinction erected a monument to his memory. But the most enduring monuments are the Congregational Church of Emporia and the State Normal School. He did not live to see the full result of his work, either in the church or in the school; but like God's worthies in other ages, "he obtained a good report," though he received

not the promise, God having provided some better thing for him.

The third member of the band to reach Kansas was Roswell Davenport Parker. He was a native of New York, though brought up in Michigan. He graduated at the Michigan State University in 1854. On graduating at Andover Seminary in 1857, he came at once to Kansas. After consultation, he concluded to go to Leavenworth. This was the largest town in the territory and was growing very rapidly. Buildings were going up in all directions and people were coming from all quarters. Large warehouses were begun and immense stocks of goods were being brought in. Real estate was high and rising, and real estate speculation wild. The place had the air and promise of a great metropolis. Mr. Parker came into this whirl of business to preach the gospel. He had nothing to guide him except the assurance that among so many people there must surely be some who had come from Congregational churches. He secured a room for his services on the business street and advertised them in the daily papers. Whether he would find his room full or empty the next Sabbath morning was one of the

things that he must wait to know. He did find a considerable congregation of attentive hearers. In a short time he gathered a good number of those who were interested in his movement. They were all strangers to each other, as they were strangers to him, each thinking himself alone. A little later, when brought together in a sociable, they were all surprised that there was so large a number of them, and delighted to find themselves in such good company. Mr. Parker at once set in operation all the services of a church, preaching twice every Sabbath, organizing a Sunday-school, and starting a prayer-meeting. He himself acted in the capacity of pastor, deacon, trustee, sexton and clerk. When the church came to be organized in the March following, there were found to be seven different denominations represented in the membership. It was a goodly fellowship. They were mostly young people just entering upon their life career.

After two years' services at Leavenworth, Mr. Parker accepted a call from the church at Wyandotte, now Kansas City, Kansas. Here he remained eight years, building and equipping a house of worship, bringing the church to self-support and a good degree of strength. He was

there during the most critical period of Kansas history. During the war Wyandotte was in constant peril. Three miles away began the thickets and ravines among which the bushwhackers had their homes. These thickets extended almost without interruption around Kansas City for twenty miles to the hills and ravines of the Sni and the Blue Rivers. It was nature's own hiding-place. The bushwhackers could come within an hour's ride of Wyandotte without being seen or suspected. The whole country was alive with them. Nearly every night the heavens were lighted by some burning house in the region, sometimes ten miles away, sometimes only three or four. The people of Wyandotte had to be continually on guard. Mr. Parker took his place with the rest, shouldering his musket, or standing guard at night, as the order might be. Every few nights some alarm would call him from his bed to the place of rendezvous. His church bell was rung as the signal of danger, and his church was used by the citizens in assemblies for defense. Several times the town was used as a hospital, and wounded soldiers from the battle-fields of Southwest Missouri and Arkansas, and the sick from the

camps, were sent there to be cared for. In these extemporized hospitals Mr. Parker did the work, without the name or pay of a chaplain.

The last member of the band to reach Kansas was the writer of these sketches. I was born in Nottingham, England, September 6, 1829. In 1833, when I was four years old, my parents emigrated to America. They sailed from Hull to Quebec, and thence up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and over Lake Champlain to Troy, then an important center. There they found everybody going west, to Michigan. They took passage therefore on a canal boat on the Erie Canal, and in two weeks were landed in Buffalo. A wheezy old steamboat took them across Lake Erie, and landed them in Detroit. Here they bought an ox-team and an outfit for the new life in the woods. They were three days reaching Ann Arbor, thirty-seven miles, over corduroy roads, and wallowing through swamps that seemed bottomless and endless. My father found a piece of land that suited him some fifteen miles southwest from Ann Arbor. He was a great lover of the beautiful, and chose the place on account of a lovely little lake, which was set like a gem in the woods. We began to build our cabin, and had it

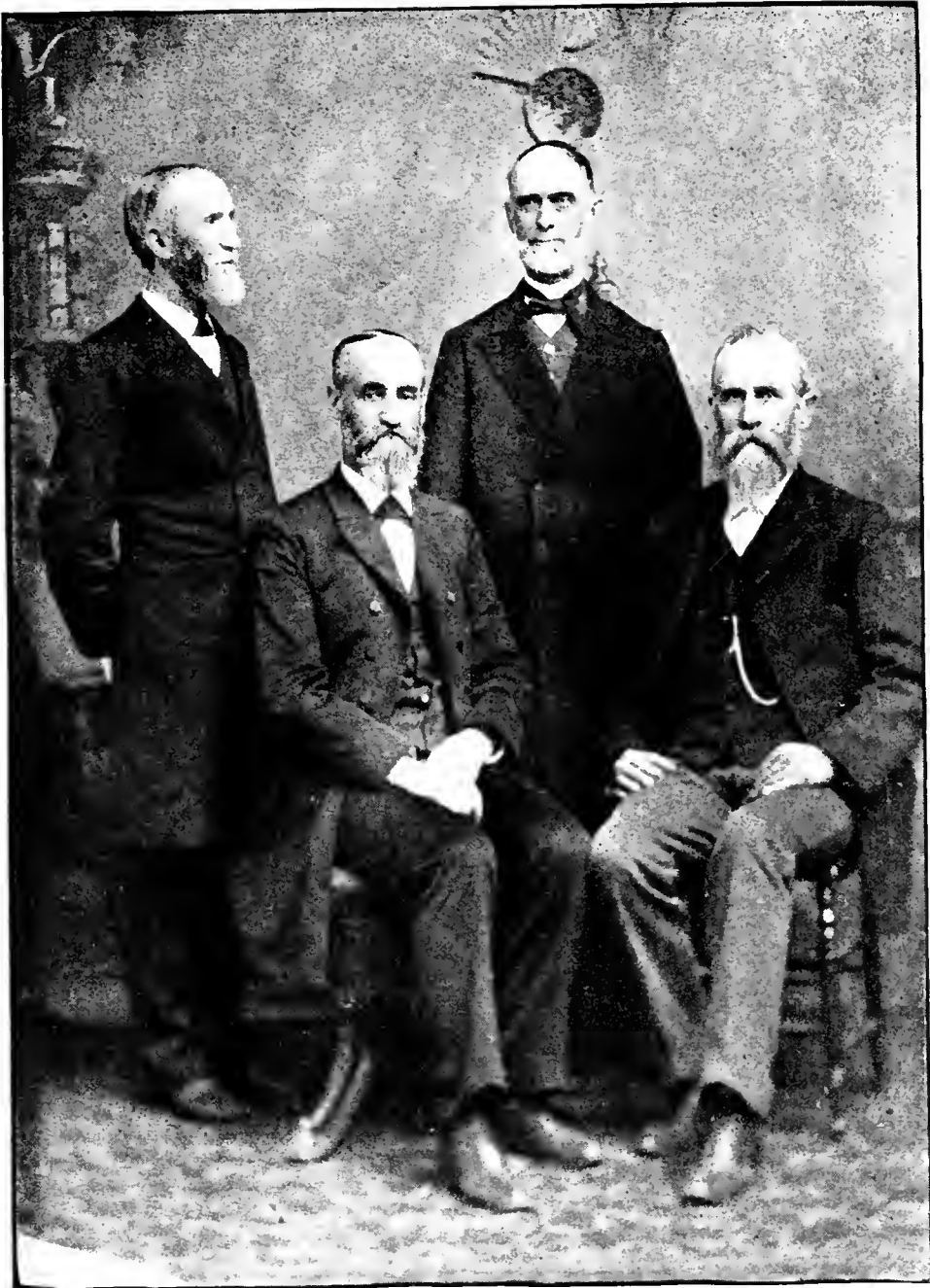
only partially completed when winter overtook us. Our nearest neighbor was three miles away, where they were building a cabin, as we were. We found our way by "blazed" trees. It was a long, hard struggle, clearing away the forest and subduing the soil. For several years it was "nip and tuck," with the wolf at the door. For five years there were no schools, and I was nine years old before I saw the inside of a school-house. I do not think I lost much, however. My mother was a cultivated woman, and taught me herself, and I could read quite well before I knew what a school was. I do not know how she found time to do this. She had been tenderly brought up, and had never known hardship or hard work. But she did all the work for a family of eight, cooking, washing and ironing, making and mending the clothing, and sometimes spinning the wool from which the cloth was woven. Yet somehow she found time to teach her children, read her Bible, scrupulously observe the Sabbath, and attend religious services whenever there were any in the neighborhood. She was never strong, and it has always been a wonder to me how she endured so and never neglected anything that depended on her for

care. In 1838, largely through my father's influence, a school district was organized, and a log schoolhouse was built. It was a very primitive affair, and the winter winds found many an opening between the small tamarack logs, and so found us little fellows as we dangled our feet from the rude benches and shivered. Our teacher,—the first I ever knew,—was named Hand, a farmer in summer and a teacher in winter. He was a schoolmaster of the older type. He doubtless had lots of love in his heart somewhere, but he did not rule by it. For this he had a different sort of a ruler—a round one, made of heavy, hard wood. It was very hard wood, we boys thought. Out of school he was the most genial of men, and we counted it a happy day when he went home with us to board out his portion at our house. After a few years my father arranged for me to attend school at Ann Arbor every winter. In this way I prepared for college, and graduated from Michigan University in 1854, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1857. What occurred after this will sufficiently appear in the sketches which follow.

This synopsis of the Andover Band would

hardly be complete without a notice of another person who was never a member of the band, but was closely associated with them in all their work and in all their history. This was Rev. Louis Bodwell. He was in Kansas a year before they came, and kept them informed of the condition of affairs. He was their most reliable correspondent. When they arrived in Kansas he rendered inestimable service, and in all the years after, he was associated with them as friend and counselor in every movement and effort.

Louis Bodwell was born in New Haven, Connecticut, September, 1827. He was of genuine Puritan stock, one of his ancestors having been chaplain of the parliamentary committee which treated with Charles I of England, who lost his throne and his head in consequence of Cromwell's victory at Naseby. Those who knew Mr. Bodwell will not hesitate to affirm that he retained all the force and firmness of his Puritan ancestry. At the age of twenty he was converted to Christ, and two years later gave himself to the gospel ministry. He undertook to prepare himself for this work by alternately studying and teaching. His health gave way



RICHARD CORDLEY

S. D. STORRS

LEWIS BODWELL

R. D. PARKER

under the double strain, and he was never able to complete the course he had marked out for himself. But he was an incessant student all his life, and in many lines he was a very thorough scholar. In 1855 he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Truxton, New York. A year later, however, the Kansas excitement came to its height, and the question at issue took a profound hold on Mr. Bodwell.

The Kansas conflict had come to its climax. The Missouri River had been blockaded by the Missourians, and all Free State men coming up on steamboats were turned back. The highways through Missouri were also guarded at every point. But where there is a will there is a way, and in this case there was a tremendous will, and a way was found through Iowa and Nebraska. Mr. Bodwell and his brother Sherman overtook a company of emigrants at Iowa City, and proceeded with them. When they reached Tabor, Iowa, they stopped for several days and rested. On Sunday Mr. Bodwell preached on the village green, from the text: "In your patience possess ye your souls." On Monday they moved on, crossing the Missouri River into Nebraska. Then they turned south, and on the 10th day of October

reached the Kansas line. They were met here by the United States marshal and three hundred United States cavalry, and put under arrest. The following day they were marched twenty-seven miles under a strong military guard. The next day, October 12th, was Sunday, and they were marched fifteen miles to Straight Creek, where they encamped. There in the evening by the camp-fire, Mr. Bodwell, a "prisoner of the Lord," like Paul, preached to his fellow prisoners his first sermon in Kansas. His text was "Lo, I am with you alway." The sermon has not been handed down to us, but it would be safe to venture the assertion that it had the Puritanic ring. No painting has been made of that "night scene" on Straight Creek. They were making material for the historian and scenes for the painter; but it has often been noticed that the historian and the painter seldom happen around on such occasions.

On Monday they moved on, still under guard, and on Tuesday they reached the ferry over the Kansas River near Topeka. Here Governor Geary met them, and becoming satisfied in regard to their peaceable intentions, released them from custody, and let them go their several ways.

Mr. Bodwell pushed on to Topeka, and on October 26 he preached his first sermon in his new "parish." He had an audience of about thirty, sitting on boxes and slab benches in "Constitution Hall." November 1 he gave the "Preparatory Lecture" in the same hall to three hearers, increased to six before the close of the service. The next Sunday he administered the communion, the first time it had been administered in the State capital. Of the nine members of his church, two were absent from the territory; one was lying very ill; two were in prison at Lecompton; and three only were present. But there were others who joined with them, strangers and members of other churches. "They had a very precious season," the record says.

Mr. Bodwell was one of those unique characters who leave their mark wherever they go. He was full of vigor and energy, and true as steel to his principles and friends. He was a stalwart of the stalwarts, a radical of the radicals, yet clear in judgment and safe in counsel. He was ready for an emergency, and "brave as any soldier bearded like a pard." Yet he was gentle as a woman, full of tender sympathies

and quick to respond to any call of need or sorrow. He could be in more places in a given time, and push more things along, than almost any man I ever saw. He worked with an energy that never flagged, and with an enthusiasm that never cooled. He never flinched from any responsibility. If there was a bold thing that ought to be said, he said it. If there was a daring thing that ought to be done, he did it. When John Brown led his last company of slaves toward the North Star, Mr. Bodwell was one of the few who volunteered to see him safely over the Nebraska line. Whenever men were needed for defense, he was among the first to mount his pony and hasten to the post of danger.

I can give a pen picture of Mr. Bodwell as he appeared about this time. It was my good fortune to be along in December, 1857, when the Free State tribes gathered for the first time at Lecompton. They came to take possession of that stronghold of border ruffianism; they came prepared for emergencies; they came in squads and companies; they came from all quarters. From the west came the Topeka company, and with them Brother Bodwell. He was riding his faithful pony "Major," whom all old Kansas

ministers will remember almost as well as they do Brother Bodwell himself. I did not see his Bible, but if you had searched him, I have no doubt you would have found, in his right-hand coat-pocket, a well thumbed Greek Testament, which he always carried with him, and used in leisure moments. He was wont to lament that he had not been able to complete his college course, but no man in the Kansas ministry was as familiar with the Greek Testament as he was.

Mr. Bodwell was twice pastor of the Topeka Church, his two pastorates being separated by some several years of service as Superintendent of Missions for Kansas. His first pastorate extended from the forming of the church until about 1861, and involved the various and manifold labors which a new enterprise on the frontier always involves, and to which Mr. Bodwell devoted himself with rare fidelity. Besides preaching, holding prayer-meetings, visiting the sick, and burying the dead, he took a vigorous hold of the work of church erection. He was collector and treasurer, architect, "boss carpenter," head mason and laborer; in the woods cutting and hauling timber, in the quarry getting out stone, at the kiln hauling lime, at the

building superintending the work, around the parish collecting subscriptions, at the East raising funds, his labors were as various and apparently conflicting as often falls to the lot of man. Twice he saw the walls of the church blown down, and twice he rallied his people to rebuild them. In 1860 he resigned his pastorate and accepted the agency of the American Home Missionary Society. After several years in this service he was recalled to the pastorate of the church at Topeka, in which he continued until the health of his family compelled him to resign.

CHAPTER II

THE JOURNEY TO KANSAS

WHEN I came to Kansas in the autumn of 1857, there was no railroad nearer than Jefferson City, about two hundred miles from the border. The only regular means of transportation was by steamboats on the Missouri River.

It was a beautiful afternoon when I reached Jefferson City, November 18, 1857. The boat, F. X. Aubrey, was waiting at the levee, and had been waiting for three days. This being the last trip of the season she wanted to make it a good one. She had "taken in," in more senses than one, the passengers of three days' trains. The early arrivals were out of humor from the delay, and the later arrivals were out of humor because the boat was more than full before their coming. But a Missouri River boat is never full as long as there is room to store a man in hold, or cabin, or on deck. The officers were more short and crusty than such officers usually are. "We could take what they had to give, or we

could wait for the next boat." As the next boat would be the next spring, we took what they could give us. We grumbled a good deal, but that only made us more uncomfortable, and did not disturb these lordly officials in the least. Neither did it secure us any better accommodations.

What they had to give was a cot on the cabin floor, where we could prepare ourselves for the discomforts of pioneer life which were awaiting us. At bedtime they put down about one hundred and fifty of these cots, covering the cabin from end to end. They were about as big as door-mats and a trifle thicker. Over them they spread what they called quilts, each quilt about three feet wide and five feet long. We realized what the Scriptures say about the bed too short for a man to stretch himself upon it, and the cover too narrow to wrap himself in it. They also gave each a pillow which we could easily have carried off in our pockets.

The cabin was covered with as motley a crowd as could well be found. In this crowd on the cabin floor there was not a soul I knew or a face I had ever seen. Rev. S. D. Storrs, my classmate, was aboard the boat, but he and his wife

had come the day before and had secured a state-room. So the company in the cabin were all strangers to me and seemingly to each other.

The early part of the night was quite warm and the lack of bedding was not felt. But a little after midnight we were awakened by one of the wildest storms I ever knew, a regular northwester, a blizzard of the bitterest kind, one of the coldest and fiercest I ever experienced. The boat was still lashed to the shore, but she creaked and tossed about as if she would be thrown from the water. The intense cold pierced the thin sides of the cabin, and our little quilts seemed to shrivel up like cabbage leaves under an August sun. We endured it as long as we could, then one by one we rose, "wrapped the drapery of our couch about us," and went to the stove. In an hour after the storm began, the whole one hundred and fifty were trying to crowd around that little stove in the fore part of the cabin. If you have never struggled for a chance at the stove with a crowd of Missouri bushwhackers you do not know what it is to seek warmth under difficulties. Somehow we endured till morning, and then the lighting of other fires relieved the situation somewhat.

About daylight the boat started and made her way slowly up the river. The storm continued all day, growing colder and fiercer all the time. The sky was leaden, the wind wild and beating, ice floated thick and thicker on the stream and an occasional snowflake floated in the air. Every splash of spray froze on the boat, covering rigging and deck and all hands with ice. We made but little headway that day. It was all the engines could do to hold the boat against the storm, and two or three times the wind caught her and hurled her violently against the shore. At night we were less than twenty miles from our starting-point, and the channel was too uncertain to admit of night travel.

The second day the wind had subsided, but the cold continued. The floating ice made our progress very difficult. The water was low and we had to feel our way along with the sounding-line a good portion of the time. The cry of "three feet—three and a half—four feet—no bottom," was constantly in our ears. We were aground almost as much as we were afloat, and I spent many a weary hour watching the crew placing and replacing the spars, and so lifting the boat off the sand. We came to the conclusion that

the old geographies which spoke of the Missouri River as a navigable stream were first-class fiction. We sympathized with that member of Congress who proposed an amendment to the River and Harbor Bill, "to pave the bed of some of the western rivers." As Senator John J. Ingalls says, "The Missouri River may be splendid sporting ground for catfish and wild geese, but it is too dry for navigation and too wet for agriculture."

I can hardly look back to the three days I spent on that boat as blessed days, but they were not a blank. It was a curious and varied crowd that filled that cabin and covered that deck. One will hardly see as much human nature in a year as was condensed into that compact company. The captain was an easy, good-natured soul, who seemed to care for little as long as he was comfortable and got his meals on time. The clerk was a little wiry fellow with black hair and black eyes and an exceedingly vicious look. He stood in his little box of an office with his elbows on the desk, looking out as a spider might look out from his web. There was a tradition afloat on board that he had recently shot a man from his office window for annoying him with

too many questions. We did not trouble him therefore with any unnecessary questions. There were several ladies on board, evidently Southern, and of the same type and temper as those who afterwards gave to the rebellion so much of its bitterness and venom. The usual escort of these ladies, in their promenades about the boat and in their excursions on shore when the boat stopped, was a man about thirty years of age, whose appearance and bearing would mark him anywhere. He was quite tall and slim, and rather dangling in his make-up. He wore a dark military cloak, his long black hair flowing over his shoulders. He had a sort of aquiline nose and small, round, keen black eyes. His lip wore a perpetual sneer, and his eyes flashed perpetual scorn. He was well-informed, easy and polished in his manners, very entertaining in conversation, yet he was undoubtedly one of the desperate characters of the border. He was a good specimen of that remarkable, duplex character which then flourished in that region. These men, mounted and booted and spurred, could lead the cutthroats of the border in the most bloody deeds, and then could put on their broadcloth and beavers, and pass for cultured

gentlemen in the drawing-rooms of Washington, and make themselves heard in the councils of the nation. It was this class of men, capable of playing two characters, the ruffian on the border and the gentleman and scholar at Washington, who did more than all else to blind the eyes of the authorities at the Capital to the real nature of the struggle in Kansas.

Three days of this sort of travel brought us only eighty miles from Jefferson City, about as far as a man could comfortably walk. The weather moderated, but the water continued to fall; the sand-bars continued to enlarge and our progress became more and more labored and slow. We were aground for hours together, and it was more and more difficult to keep the channel. On the third day, about noon, the captain refused to go any farther. He accordingly put us ashore, and turned back toward St. Louis, deliberately cheating us out of our fare, and leaving us to go on as best we could. They beached us in the woods, some two miles from anywhere. During the afternoon another boat took us up to the village of Glasgow two miles above. Here we remained over the Sabbath, it being now Saturday afternoon.

There was no public conveyance from here, and we were still one hundred and twenty-five miles from the Kansas border, through what we Eastern people had been taught to regard as the "enemies' country." We found there were seven of us bound for the same point. Four of us, Mr. and Mrs. Storrs, myself and another gentleman, clubbed together and hired a hack to take us through. It was an old, rickety, clumsy affair, drawn by two very awkward mules. These mules were driven by a man who combined the clumsiness of the hack and the stupidity of the mules. It was bitterly cold when we started Monday morning. The road was slippery with snow and ice. The hack was very heavy, the mules were very small, and their feet were very smooth, and the driver very dull. Our first hill came near being our last. We had just crossed a narrow bridge over a deep ravine, and were going up the hill on the other side. Looking out of the window we noticed that instead of the mules drawing the hack up the hill, the hack was drawing the mules down the hill, their smooth shoes acting like skates on the slippery hillside. We were backing rapidly toward a precipice forty feet deep beside the bridge we had just

crossed. We were all out of the hack in a very short time, and did not stand on the order of our getting out, but just got out at once. From that on our sympathy with those mules was something very touching. We all got out when we came to a hill, and if it were unusually steep we "lent a hand" at the wheels. By walking part of the time, now encouraging the driver, now helping the mules, lending a hand whenever called for, we kept moving and made progress. It was slow but we were getting on. After the first day the cold relaxed, and we had delightful weather until Thursday, when it began to rain. It rained all that day and all day Friday. It was still raining Saturday morning, but ceased about noon. As we had not stopped for cold, we did not stop for wet. Our progress was very slow, but each day brought us "a day's march nearer home." At night we usually put up at some farmhouse, our driver being acquainted all along the road. We found the farmers all very hospitable and kind, and we had no reason to complain either of the fare or the charges. It was the wild goose season, and thousands of these birds were "pasturing" on the river. At several places wild goose was set before us and we found it a

very palatable dish. It is better flavored and far less gross than the tame goose. About noon on Saturday we reached a "point on the Missouri River opposite Quindaro," where our contract said the mules were to leave us. We therefore dismissed our driver and took the ferry for the other side of the flood. Here in Quindaro we found very good accommodations at the hotel and spent a very pleasant Sabbath.

Quindaro was a new town, one of the dozen competitors for the position of "Metropolis of the Missouri Valley." It was the latest born of the whole family, having been begun only in the spring before. Its great distinction was its "rock landing," which the shifting floods of the river could never wash away. It was laid out by a company which comprised many of the most prominent men of the territory. They were men of large resources, infinite energy and wide acquaintance and influence. They had thrown themselves into the enterprise with a vigor and determination and shrewdness which in anything attainable would have insured success. They left no stone unturned to compass their end, and were so confident of the outcome that most of them ventured their all in the undertaking. The

members of the company gave the enterprise their personal attention and their personal influence, taking their own chances with the town to which they invited their friends and for which they solicited capital.

Many and various were the ways which these managers devised to bring the attractions of their city before the public. Correspondents of Eastern papers, who were continually traveling over the territory at that time, were all sure to be taken to Quindaro. While there they were treated like princes, were shown all the fine points of the town, and the brilliant plans concerning it. They naturally filled their letters with Quindaro. Versatile and many-sided were these men of Quindaro. They had a political side and appealed effectively to the rising anti-slavery sentiment of the country. Were not Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison pro-slavery towns, controlled by border ruffian minions? Were not the Free State men entitled to a port of entry of their own, where their friends could land without being insulted, and where they could depend upon fair dealing, and not be at the mercy of proslavery land-sharks and speculators?

Then the members of the town company had a religious side. They were concerned for the welfare of Zion. Like David they wanted to provide a place for the ark. The Independent, The Congregationalist and other great religious papers contained frequent correspondence, and long and well written articles, showing how all the great trade lines from the West converged at this point. What a center of religious influence it would be! How it might be made the very fulcrum on which the moral lever must be set to lift the West; the very "Pou Sto," so to speak, of Western evangelism! The first Minutes of the Congregational Association contained the following statement in its Narrative of the State of Religion; "There is a vigorous colony of Congregationalists at Quindaro, possessed of ample means to put in operation the ordinances of the gospel. They have appropriated \$10,000 to build a church, and offer a liberal support to a minister."

All this and much more we had read before coming. The first feeling on landing was one of disappointment. But the people soon brushed this feeling away. They were all so enthusiastic and so confident that one soon began to feel

ashamed of any such thing as doubt. Everybody knew so well the ground on which the future of the town rested that all your questions were quieted and all your objections dissipated. They would point confidently to what had already been done. "Here are stone warehouses, graded streets, dwelling-houses scattered over the bluffs, and hundreds of people. All this has been done in six months. Now take your pencil and figure up what six years will do. Multiply the present by six, and then multiply that by two. Besides that we are accumulating resources all the while, and to-morrow will not only be as to-day, but more abundant."

At first the stranger was inclined to smile at their enthusiasm, but after a little he caught the contagion and was very likely to be the wildest man in the lot. In a few weeks he would be writing to his friends to ask them to lend him money to invest in Quindaro. So it happened that many a man who was accounted a safe and careful business man at home invested all the money he could raise or borrow in Quindaro real estate and felt himself rich in the purchase. In five years from that time he could not have sold his lots for the taxes assessed against them.

These were not unseasoned "tenderfeet" that were thus deceived, but men of business sagacity and large experience.

There is nothing in human experience like this town building madness. It is more contagious than yellow fever and more fatal than the Asiatic cholera. It attacks all sorts and conditions of men, and is no respecter of persons. Good sense and simplicity are alike before it, business shrewdness and rural innocence are equally exposed to it. In this case of Quindaro, shrewd and cautious men caught the contagious madness, "the delicious delirium," and rushed wildly into what seems now to have been the most patent folly.

It is quite common to blame the town companies for fostering such a spirit for their own profit. But they were as much deluded as their victims, and often suffered as heavily. When we remember, too, that Kansas City is only three miles from Quindaro, it appears that the logic of these men was not far astray after all. They only lived before their time and three miles up the river.

As was said before, Quindaro was not alone in this competition. She was one of many towns

striving for the same prize. All along the banks of the Missouri River deserted towns are scattered like "Castles on the Rhine." The old Latins used to say, "Poeta nascitur non fit"; the poet is born, not made. Of every real city it may be said, as was said of Topsy, "it grewed, sure." Great efforts were made to build a great metropolis at Michigan City, Indiana, but it failed, while Chicago grew up out of the swamp. The whole power of the state of Illinois was directed to building up Alton, while Missouri left St. Louis to look out for herself, and her own citizens did pretty much the same thing. It is very common to hear it said that "enterprise creates cities." It would be much nearer the truth to say that cities create and attract enterprise. The founders of Kansas City were a set of indifferent dolts compared with the men who founded Quindaro. But Kansas City was born to be great, and she has therefore drawn around herself the enterprise and capital which greatness always attracts. The men who have become rich in the growth of successful cities are considered "shrewd financiers," while those who lose money in failing towns are counted simpletons. But some of the shrewdest men

have been caught in collapsing booms, while dull and stupid men have acquired wealth by simply sitting still on real estate in the midst of a growing city. It is not a sign of shrewdness or of stupidity because a man wins or loses in the blind game of town speculations. In many cases the wisest have lost and the simplest have won.

To this rising young city of the West, described in our circulars as "the chief port of entry for Kansas," we had some months before consigned our goods, and then we had consigned ourselves. Now we were there. It had been raining three days when we arrived. The mud surged from one side of the street to the other, and it was not easy to tell where the river ended and the street began. The water in the river and the mud in the street were of about the same color, and not very far from the same depth. The next morning when I arose, I heard a familiar voice. Opening the window and looking out, I saw one of our traveling companions of the day before making his way down the street in high boots. At every step he was crying: "Three feet; three and a half; four feet." Just as he came opposite the hotel he plunged

into a hole and cried out, "No bottom." The town had a bedraggled appearance. There were no sidewalks, of course, and the streets were nearly torn up where they were marked at all. The houses were scattered "helter-skelter" about the place wherever a break in the hill or an opening in the bluffs gave room for one. They were all hastily built wooden structures, standing on stilts, and seeming ready to walk off at a moment's notice. There was quite a large hotel and a few substantial business houses near the river. The rest seemed as if ready to move should the word be given.

I remained in Quindaro over the Sabbath. Mr. Storrs, my classmate, was to make this his home. He had come early in the autumn and looked the ground over, so it was not altogether new ground to him. He had arranged to hold religious services in the church which had just been built on the bluff. But between the hotel and the church there was a great gulf of mud fixed, and "they that would pass from us to them could not, neither could they pass to us." It was finally agreed that I should preach in the hotel parlor while Mr. Storrs should preach at the church. I had the larger congregation, for

my congregation could not go away, and his congregation could not come. The hotel parlor was well filled, and the people on the hill made their way to the church.

The first thing on Monday was to find some way to get over to Lawrence. There had been a stage line during the summer, but at the close of navigation it had been taken off. It was not easy to procure any private means of transportation. At last we found a colored teamster who agreed, for ten dollars, to take me and my goods over. We started Tuesday morning and traveled all day. About noon we came to the Baptist Mission among the Delaware Indians, and the family of good Brother Pratt prepared us an excellent dinner. Mr. Pratt had been a missionary among these Delawares for about twenty years, and many of the tribe had been converted and were members of his church. Leaving the mission we plunged into the Delaware Reservation. We did not see a human habitation or a human face all day. We had hoped to reach Lawrence that night. My teamster was very confident of this when he was employed. But once on the way he took his time, and his horses were of the same mind with himself. It was forty miles

from Quindaro to Lawrence, and the roads were rough with recent rains, and we moved along very slowly. As the day wore on it became evident that we must spend the night among the Indians. My teamster had lived among the Delawares, and was acquainted with many of them, so it was all the same to him. We had not seen even an Indian hut in all the afternoon, and I began to wonder where we should find shelter. It was the first day of December and rather cold to lie out on the prairie with no cover and without supper. As night came on, however, my driver turned out of the main road and drove down toward a little creek, and there was an Indian hut where he was evidently well known. He soon made our situation understood and we were taken in, though the hut seemed more than full already. The old squaw busied herself getting supper for us. She cooked a chicken in an iron kettle on the open hearth. The fireplace consisted of a few stones piled around by a wall, and an opening at the roof through which most of the smoke found its way. At last we sat down to supper and I tried to eat. The chicken was just warmed through and was as raw as when first put over the fireplace. I

tried hard to swallow the first mouthful I had taken but it was out of the question. I watched my opportunity to throw it under the table. It was a mud floor and dirty at that, so the morsel I threw down would never be noticed. I made my supper on a few crackers. "Not any more chicken, thank you," was my reply to the kind offer to serve me with a second portion.

After supper we sat down in front of the fire on a bench. Soon a company of young fellows came in, ornamented with feathers and paint, and evidently bent on a good time. They made themselves entirely at home, and rollicked about, scuffling and wrestling and shouting like wild men. I had an impression that they were drunk. Our host and his family did not join nor did they check them, but looked stolidly on as though it were an every-day affair. In one of their scuffles, a great big fellow was pitched over me and nearly knocked me off the bench. He fell entirely over me and came down in a heap on the other side. The nearest approach to any apology was a rough laugh, and a "ugh" from the victor who had thus pitched his competitor over me. The fun, as I suppose they called it, grew wilder and the shouts louder, and I began

to wish myself out of it. I carefully scanned the face of my driver, who sat in the corner, to see how he took it. He knew the people and knew what it all meant. He seemed entirely unconcerned, so I concluded it was only a little frolic they were having. In about an hour the company went out as they had come, mounted their ponies and galloped away, yelling like "wild Indians" as they went.

Soon after, the father of the family showed me to bed. I paid my bill and told my driver we must start at the first sign of day and reach Lawrence by breakfast time. My bed was a shelf on the side of the cabin supported by pins driven into the logs. There were several such shelves around the walls on which the rest were to sleep. My shelf looked neater and cleaner than the others and was evidently the spare bed of the house. It was about a foot and a half wide and four feet and a half from the floor, and had some sort of a blanket on it. I climbed up to my place and laid me down. But I did not sleep much. It was a novel situation for me. I was one thousand miles from home and twenty miles from a white man. I had never been among Indians before in my life and had never

seen one since my childhood days in the backwoods of Michigan. In those early days we used to sit by the old fireplace winter nights for hours and listen to stories of Pontiac and Tecumseh, and Fort Wayne and Machinac. All the Indian stories I had ever heard or read came up with wonderful vividness as I lay on my shelf. I knew the Delawares were friendly Indians and that I was in no danger. Still the situation had its suggestions and no effort of will could put them aside. The cabin was about fifteen feet square and of very simple construction. There was no chinking between the logs and I could almost roll through the openings into the yard. I could look out and see the ponies and the pigs and the cattle, and could hear the chickens talking in their sleep. Now and then I could hear the bark of a prairie wolf, or the screech of an owl in the woods, or the yell of an Indian who was late getting home. All round the cabin the family lay on their shelves, and were snoring in that peculiar piping key which none but an Indian larynx can produce. This music of the night was made all the more impressive by the deep bass snoring of my negro driver. As to myself I gave "neither sleep to my eyes, nor

slumber to my eyelids." The night dragged its weary length along and seemed as if it never would end. At last, looking out between the logs I fancied I saw a streak of light in the east and thought day was coming. I arose and awakened my driver. He soon had his team ready and we moved on, leaving the family in the midst of their slumbers. The light I fancied was daybreak proved to be a delusion, and we stopped in a sheltered ravine, and waited still a long time for the morning. A little after sunrise we came to the home of Sicoxie, an Indian chief, some six miles east of Lawrence. Sicoxie was a superior Indian, and the family prepared us an excellent breakfast.

We reached Lawrence about eleven o'clock. Lawrence had been the center of my thoughts for many a month. During the summer the Home Missionary Society had written me that Lawrence was to be my field, "if we proved satisfactory to each other." It was the Jerusalem of my hopes, and all along the weary way my heart kept singing,

" When will my journey have an end
In joy and peace in thee ? "

Like the first baby in the house, so is a minister's first parish in his thoughts. I wondered how the town would look, how the people would act, and what the end would be.

CHAPTER III

FIRST EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS

THE day I entered Lawrence I found the town very full of people. They jostled each other on the street, and stood in knots on the corners. At the hotel, where I went for dinner, the corridors were all crowded, and it was an hour before I could get a chance at the table. I began to think Lawrence a pretty lively place. But I soon learned that a great Free State Convention was in session. I had not seen a newspaper since leaving Jefferson City, two weeks before, and events had moved on apace since then. The Free State men had secured the control of the Territorial Legislature in the October election, and thought the contest for freedom to Kansas was settled. But now the administration at Washington proposed to force on them the hated Lecompton Constitution. This would undo all they had done. This convention was called to consult as to what they should do in the new situation which had been forced upon them. It

was the great convention of December 2d, famous in all the annals of the Free State contest. It was one of many such conventions held by the Free State men, to consult as to the wisest course to pursue in the difficult and delicate situations in which they so often found themselves. This was the largest and ablest of them all, and great interest centered in it. There were one hundred and thirty members, and every part of the Territory was represented. All the Free State leaders were there, and it gave me a fine opportunity to see and hear the men whose names had been like household words to me for many months. As I sat and watched them all the afternoon, I listened for each name as if they were calling the roll of the heroes of the Revolution. The spirit of the convention was very earnest, and many of the speeches were very eloquent and high-toned. One could almost fancy he had been carried back to the sessions of the Continental Congress, and was listening to Patrick Henry or Hancock or Adams. There was not much they could do beyond making speeches and passing resolutions. The Lecompton Constitution was before Congress, and beyond their reach. But they had learned that

resolutions which came from the people had their effect even in halls of legislation. They therefore passed some forcible resolutions, protesting against the outrage of having a constitution imposed upon them which had never been submitted to their vote. "Appealing to the God of Justice, and to humanity, we do solemnly enter into league and covenant with each other, that we will never, under any circumstances, permit the said constitution to become the organic law of the State of Kansas; and we do pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, to ceaseless opposition to the same."

The convention was all the more interesting to me because it was held in the unfinished Congregational church. The room was crowded to the door, and it was not easy to find more than standing-room. In the crowd in the church I found my old friend, Bodwell, who was one of the members of the convention, and Mr. Lum, my predecessor in the Lawrence church, who was a deeply interested spectator. After meeting them, the mists began to clear away, and I understood something of the situation into which I had been so suddenly thrown. During the afternoon I met some of our church

people, and Lawrence began to seem like a part of the same world I had lived in all the rest of my life.

After this convention adjourned I had an opportunity to look over the town itself. It seemed to shrivel after the strangers went away, and its importance declined as it returned to its own normal condition. The town seemed smaller than I had expected to find it, and had a more unfinished look. There were not only no sidewalks, but no streets, except in name and on the map. The roads ran here and there, across lots and between houses, as each driver took a fancy. This gave a scattered appearance to the town, and the houses seemed to be straggling around on the prairie as if they had lost their way. There were scarcely any fences or dooryards, and gardens were almost unknown. There had been hardly a tree or bush planted on the town site. There was an exaggeration of that "all out-of-doors" sort of a look which is characteristic of new prairie towns. All this was strange to me and gave a lonesome, desolate impression. That I had no home, and had to wait three weeks before I could have a room of my own, no doubt added to the sense of loneliness.

But this first impression soon wore off as the inner life of the place began to reveal itself. The first thought was that there could not be more than a thousand people in the town, while the reports had said that there were three or four thousand. But I soon found that the Eastern method of computing population by the number of houses would not apply to one of these Western towns. Everything was full beyond all computation. As I said, I was not able to secure a room for three weeks, until one was prepared for me. An officer of the church kindly took me in for these three weeks. He was living in the kitchen of his unfinished house. A cot in the open garret served me for a bed, and some sort of a stand in the unfinished parlor, where three carpenters were at work, had to serve me for a study table. My first sermon was prepared with three carpenters pounding away in the same room. But this was only a specimen of the whole town, except that this house was much better than most. Every tenement and shanty, every sod cabin and tent fairly swarmed with occupants. There would be two or three families in a house, and each family keeping boarders. I do not know what the actual population was, but

there were not far from three thousand people sojourning in the town that winter. Many of them left in the spring, and more left as the season advanced. But strangers were coming and going all the while, so that the activity of the place was sustained.

And these were not the traditional roughs of the frontier. They were people of culture and character who had come to make Kansas a free state. They had come in many cases without any definite idea as to what they were to do or how they were to make a living. That was entirely a secondary consideration. They were ready to do anything that offered, their main purpose being to take part in settling the great question of freedom for Kansas. It was no uncommon thing to find a college graduate driving an ox-team through the street, or chopping wood by the river, or living in some "shake shanty" far out upon the prairie. For it is worth while to note that this class of people was not confined to the town. The people living on claims, all over the prairie, were of the same quality. You might call at the loneliest cabin in the most out-of-the-way place, and find a man who could talk with you intelligently on the latest scientific

theory, or discuss the latest novel. You would find on the table the best Eastern papers, and the brightest magazines. The table might be only a dry-goods box, but the papers would be there just the same. These people had not come as adventurers to see how they would like it. They had come to stay and see the thing done. Whether they made a farm or not, and whether they made a living or not, they proposed to make Kansas free. They came possessed of the idea and intended to make that idea effective.

Beside these solid men of solid purpose, the country was full of the curious who came to see what was going on; of adventurers who came to join in the fray; of speculators who came to profit by the occasion. The eyes of the whole country were upon Kansas, and people from the whole country were here. For three years there had been a condition bordering on civil war. There had been a conflict of authority, and a conflict of law, and each party had marshaled its forces. There had been marchings to and fro of opposing bands; stray shots here and there; murders by the wayside and outrages on lonely farms and public thoroughfares; the sacking of villages and plundering of cabins. In a small

way there had been encounters and skirmishes and battles between the opposing forces. That there had been nothing more disastrous, was due to the skill and patience of the Free State leaders. Lawrence herself had been three times assaulted, and twice had been sacked. In 1855 she had been in a state of siege for more than a week, and had been threatened daily with destruction. May 21, 1856, she was entered by a gang of ruffians under legal orders, and her hotels and printing offices and several other buildings burned.

All this confusion and insecurity were maintained largely to keep away northern men from Kansas, and to drive away those already here. At one time the Missourians went so far as to blockade the Missouri River, and take Free State men off from the steamboats and send them back home. But instead of stopping the stream of northern immigration these things only increased it. They came faster than ever, and each new outrage brought a new instalment of people. When the river route was closed, large bands of men came round by Iowa and Nebraska and entered Kansas from the north. When it was no longer safe for small companies to come, three or four hundred came in a body and defied opposi-

tion. The spirit of the North was aroused and the old-time heroism reappeared. They did not come simply to vote and go back, but they came to build a great state after the New England pattern, and they did not propose to be thwarted by any threats or any peril. Whittier, the poet of liberty, gave voice to their spirit in his well-known poem, "The Kansas Emigrant":

"They crossed the prairie, as of old
The fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East
The homestead of the free.
They came to rear a wall of men
On freedom's northern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged northern pine.
They came to plant the common school
On distant prairie swells
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells."

All this made lively times for Kansas. Some of the time the situation was serious, and a mistake might have plunged the whole country into war. But after Geary became governor in the autumn of 1856, and insisted on fairness to all parties, the danger was over, and the question was practically settled. Give the Free State men protection, and it was simply a question of

time when they would control the territory, in spite of violence or fraud or technical advantage. The centering of all these interests and the coming of all these classes, made a time of "unexampled prosperity." People were coming continually by every available route. The highways were thronged with travel; the hotels were crowded with guests; every available tenement, log cabin, shake shanty, or sod hut was occupied to its utmost capacity. The newcomers all brought money. Some of them came to make money. As a rule they failed in this. But they all had to spend money. Most of them wanted to "invest" as they were pleased to call it. They wanted to own at least a little of the "sacred soil" of Kansas. It made little difference what they bought, so long as they could "invest." And in the final outcome it did not make much difference, as pretty nearly everything fared alike. Prices of land advanced beyond all reason. Bare prairie rated as high as cultivated farms have since. Town lots, which only the surveyor could find, rated as high as lots in cities of ten thousand people. To supply the demand for town lots, "cities" were laid out in all directions. There were beautifully litho-

graphed maps of towns which showed no visible sign on the prairie. A land dealer would often double his money in a month. Everybody ran wild with the craze for land and speculation. Money loaned as high as three, and five, and even ten per cent. a month.

This was the condition of things in 1856, but more especially in the early part of 1857. In the autumn of 1857, when I arrived, there was a lull in affairs. The season's immigration had ceased and the land market was dull. But everybody thought it was only a temporary suspension. The season was over, they said, but everything would start up again in the spring. Spring immigration would set things afloat once more. They reasoned that if there had been such a rush for Kansas when affairs were so unsettled, the rush would be many fold greater now that everything was quiet and peaceful. But in this they were mistaken. When the conflict was over the interest was over. So when spring came there was no immigrant. Land agents sat in their offices with their diagrams and maps, but no one came to inquire the price of lots. The expected immigrant did not come. Property was still high but there were no buyers. Money

was still held at enormous rates, but nobody wanted to borrow. There were people all about who were rich in city lots and country lands, but had not money to pay their board. Business was dull, and money was scarce, and everything moved heavily. The people did not realize the change, as they never do. "It was only a panic that would soon pass over—a temporary loss of confidence that would soon be restored." On the sea beach after a great wave has receded, the little fishes are seen lying on the sand and in the little pools, waiting for the next wave. So when this great wave of speculation had receded there were both gudgeons and land-sharks in all directions, waiting for the next wave to float them off. But the waters did not rise again, and the beach became very dry. The three years that followed were very dull years. All growth had ceased, all business was depressed, and times were quiet enough for a hermit.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY DAYS IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Lawrence, was the first church of any name formed in Kansas, except among Indians. As soon as the settlement commenced the American Home Missionary Society commissioned Rev. Samuel Y. Lum, of Middletown, New York, to labor in Kansas. He arrived in Lawrence the last of September, 1854. He came about the same time as the second party of Boston immigrants. His first service was held the first day of October. There had been religious services before this, but they had been conducted by laymen, and consisted of devotional exercises and the reading of a sermon. Mr. Lum had been pastor of the church in Middletown, New York, where he had a delightful parish, and where he was very highly esteemed. His wife was the daughter of a New York merchant, whose home was in one of the beautiful New Jersey suburbs. She had never known anything of the trials and roughness of

pioneer life. But they were enthusiastic over the idea of Free Kansas. He was the first minister on the ground, preached the first sermon, organized the first church, and built the first dwelling-house in Lawrence. The house was roofed and sided with "shakes," a sort of board split from logs—each board about four inches wide and about two feet and a half long. The house was well ventilated, but was not blizzard-proof. A blanket of snow on the bed, and a carpet of snow on the floor, were no unusual greeting in the morning as they arose. They wore their winter wraps while cooking over a red-hot stove, and water often froze on their clothing while their faces tingled with the heat of the fire. But it was "like priest like people." They all fared alike and there was no murmuring. The discomforts of pioneer life were borne with fortitude. In the troubles of 1855 and 1856, Mr. Lum took his place with the rest in the defense of the town, bearing his portion of the burden and the loss. His horses were stolen by the border ruffians, and once he was threatened with personal violence, but was finally released without harm.

The first services were held in what was called



REV. S. Y. LUM

the "Pioneer Boarding House." This was a sort of hay tent. It was built by setting up two rows of poles about twenty feet apart, the rows inclining toward each other, and coming together at the top. The sides were thatched with prairie hay. The ends were filled up with sod after the manner of a sod house. The door was at the end, through the wall of sod. This gave a room some fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. The ends were all gable and the sides were all roof. This served as the principal hotel of the town. On Sunday it was put in order for religious services. Three trunks set one on the other served as a pulpit, and the congregation seated themselves on the beds and boxes and baggage of the boarders. There was always a good congregation, as everybody attended church.

The forming of a church was one of the things talked of from the first—even before the coming of Mr. Lum. They all wanted a church—some because they loved the church, and some because a church was the proper thing.

October 15th a meeting was held to form a church. It was not large, but it was harmonious. Mr. O. A. Hanscom was a member of the Mount

Vernon Church, Boston, and had with him a copy of the manual of that church. This was used as a guide in drawing up the rules and covenant for the new church. The brethren gathered in a group near the center of the room. Samuel C. Pomeroy, afterward United States Senator, acted as scribe, and wrote on the crown of his beaver hat. Joseph Savage held the candle as Mr. Pomeroy wrote, and O. A. Hanscom held the inkstand. When it came to the question, What shall we call it? "Plymouth Church" was the unanimous response. They said their circumstances and their purposes corresponded with those of the Plymouth pilgrims.

There were ten original members of the church, though probably twice that number participated in the meeting. The others, not yet having their letters, united at a later date. Of these members Mr. Lum says in *The Home Missionary*: "Those who have as yet united in our church movement are, for the most part, prominent members of New England churches. They are men who have been influenced to come here, not by the desire for wealth, but to plant the standard of the cross, and to secure all of its attendant blessings. Our ordinary congregations



FRANKLIN HASKELL,
Who made the first prayer on the site of Lawrence

number about a hundred. It has been over this at times.”

As soon as they had the church, they wanted a Sunday-school. One difficulty confronted them at the outset. There were no children. But this they did not consider material. The people remained after the service for Bible study, and so kept up the old memories. The first Sunday in January, 1855, a Sunday-school was regularly organized by Mr. S. N. Simpson, who was chosen the first superintendent of the first Sunday-school in Kansas. Some families had now arrived and there were a few children. The school met in a little building on Massachusetts Street, twelve by fourteen. It was a frame building, boarded up and down, and intended for battens, but the battens had been omitted, and the cracks supplied their place. Twenty or thirty scholars met here every Sunday. Later on, as the troubles increased, it was not easy to maintain either Sabbath-school or Sabbath worship. During the following year the people were subject to constant alarms, and the school was not held regularly, but called together from Sabbath to Sabbath. If on Sabbath morning the danger was not too close, and military duty not too

pressing, a bright boy would run round and notify the children that "there would be Sunday-school that day." The children were always ready, waiting for the call, and would come from all quarters. When the exercises were over they would disperse and wait for another call. They all became so accustomed to this state of things that any Sunday they could get the school together in an hour. The citizen soldiers would come in, hang up their rifles, and sit down to study the Word of God.

During the years 1855-6 there were turbulent times. The whole country was in a ferment all that summer. Bands of ruffians were passing here and there constantly. Murders were frequent on the highways, and there was a general state of unrest and insecurity. The public services of the church were often interrupted by a call for the men to rally against some threatened attack. At other times, only the women and children met, the men being away on duty. Of this period the pastor writes: "All the public buildings are turned into barracks, the preaching hall with the rest, and nothing is thought of but the best means of defense."

During this time Plymouth Church was liter-

ally a "church militant." The men were in the "army" and the women at home prepared ammunition and supplies. Often the men were out on duty all day Sunday, and at other times they were called out from service to rally for defense.

During this time the church was planning for a building. In the autumn and winter of 1855, Mr. Lum, and after him, Mr. S. N. Simpson, visited Eastern churches to ask aid in erecting a suitable house of worship. They met with a very liberal response, but also had some unique experiences. Nearly \$4,000 were secured from first to last. Amos A. Lawrence, of Boston, an Episcopalian, after whom the town was named, gave \$1,000, and was among the first to give encouragement. The rest was from all over New England, and from New York and Brooklyn.

As usual the committee began to build a church which would cost double the money they had in hand. The result was that the money was gone before the house was anywhere near completion.

In the spring of 1857, Mr. Lum resigned on account of ill health, and the church was vacant for several months. In December of the same

year the writer of this came to Lawrence and became pastor of the church. I arrived Wednesday, December 2, 1857.

Plymouth Church was then three years old, and had about twenty-two resident members. They had begun to build a house of worship. It was of stone, substantial and well built, and of good size. They had enclosed the building and laid the floor, and then had been compelled to stop for want of funds. In fact the funds had been exhausted some time before, and they had borrowed nearly \$2,000. The windows had been put in without casings, the walls and ceilings were without plaster, and the doorway was boarded up with rough boards, one board being left to swing for an entrance. The winter winds used to laugh at these loose boards, and run in through the cracks, and cool the ardor of the congregation. The roof was said to be a good one, but in spite of this the snow would sift through and powder our heads as we worshiped. The seats were rough benches, and along the sides by the wall a row of seats had been made by placing boards on nail kegs and boxes. The pulpit platform was simply a pile of rough lumber, which was forever threatening to

tip over and spill the preacher out. It required careful balancing to keep one's poise on such a foundation. If the speaker had once forgotten the ground he was on, there is no knowing what might have happened. The rough limestone walls without plaster, the uncased windows and the open joists overhead gave abundant ventilation, but not much comfort. The winter winds found all the openings, and it was a dismal place on a cold day. Two large stoves doing their best made little headway against the cold winds of a winter morning. On cold days the congregation would gather around the stove and the pulpit was moved down to them. The expenses of the church were not large. A good portion of my salary was paid by the Home Missionary Society. The fuel was partly donated by persons having woodlands. The sexton's work was done by members of the congregation in rotation—a rotation that did not always rotate.

The church, however, was as good as the houses the people lived in, and nobody complained of it, or absented themselves on account of it. The congregations were good and very inspiring. It was a wide-awake lot of people that found their way to Kansas at that time, and

they were as wide awake in church as anywhere else. In that congregation, at different times, there were young men who have since made their mark on the state and nation. Lawrence was then the political and social center of the territory and everybody who came to Kansas came to Lawrence as a matter of course. There were always many strangers present. One Sunday—my second Sunday, I think—there was a young man in the center of the room who attracted my attention in an unusual degree. There was such a bright glow on his face, and such a peculiar twinkle in his eye, that I noticed him at once. And he seemed to listen with such interest that every time I glanced up I found myself unconsciously looking at him. I inquired about him after service, and found that he was the editor of the Quindaro paper, The Chindowan. His name was Walden, and he had gained some distinction already in the discussion of public questions. I do not think I had ever met him, but his features and expression that Sunday morning fastened themselves in my mind, and to this day they are like a distinct picture in my memory. I followed his history, therefore, with some degree of interest, though I

have never known him personally. He soon after left Kansas and entered the Methodist ministry, and became one of the leading bishops of the Methodist Church, with his home at Cincinnati. But this was only one of many cases which made congregations in that bare, unfinished church of rare interest. A man could feel that he was speaking to the State that was coming.

This rough, unfinished building probably served the times more effectively than a better building would have done. Its unfinished condition made the trustees less particular about its use, and it served many important purposes besides those for which it was specially designed. It was the only large room in town, and was used for nearly all public purposes. Some of the most important political conventions ever held in the territory met in this building. Many other important meetings were held in this church, and many thrilling scenes occurred in it. One of these very vividly comes to my mind. In the spring of 1858, a traveling troupe of singers was giving a concert in the old church. The church was full and the concert very satisfactory. In the midst of the performance a message was sent up

to the platform to the effect that "a gentleman at the door wished to make a statement to the audience." The singers sat down, and the people held their breath, and wondered what was coming. In a few moments a middle-aged gentleman came slowly down the aisle, supported on either side by a friend. He seemed very feeble, and his two friends had almost to lift him on the platform, and then support him while he spoke. He was introduced as Rev. Mr. Read, a Baptist clergyman of Osawatomie. He seemed to be well known and was listened to with intense interest and full confidence. His story ran somewhat as follows: "Yesterday morning about daybreak, a gang of mounted men rode up to my house and ordered me to follow them. They went to other houses in the same way, and ordered the men to follow until they had eleven. I did not know who my captors were, nor why they had taken me, nor what they proposed to do with me. The houses were so scattered that there was no chance for any alarm to be given, or any relief to be obtained. They marched us off to a secluded ravine and ordered us into line. Then they fired upon us, and the whole eleven fell as if dead. The ruffians remained around to

make sure of their work, and one of them dismounted, kicked the bodies about and shot one or two a second time. After a while they rode off and left us. As soon as they were at a safe distance, the living ones in the ravine began to stir. It was found that five were dead, five more wounded and one unharmed. I was wounded badly, and was very weak, but was able to crawl out on the prairie, where our friends soon found us and we were all cared for. Now I have come to Lawrence to ask you to send help to your wounded comrades, and to the families of the dead." He told his story in a calm, simple way which left no question as to its thorough truthfulness. The whole bearing of the man was such as to assure every one that he never could have given occasion for such treatment. His whole air was that of a candid, kindly, Christian man. His voice gave evidence of weakness, and we could all see that he was suffering severe pain. The moment he sat down, the concert troupe sprang to their feet and sang the Marseillaise hymn. The effect was thrilling. When they came to the words, "To arms! to arms!" men all over the house instinctively put their hands on their revolvers. When the audi-

ence broke up it did not take long to organize a company to ride down to the border to chastise the villains who had committed such an outrage. This was our first knowledge of what has since been known as the "Marais des Cygnes Massacre." The affair produced a tremendous excitement, and there was a hot pursuit. But the assassins made good their escape and were never brought to justice.

The period from 1857 to 1860 was a depressing time. The question of a free state was settled and the rush of immigration had ceased. A great many people left the territory, some going back East—and still more going West to the new gold and silver fields of Colorado. They who remained could do little more than hold on and wait till the tide should turn. Plymouth Church held on with the rest. There was but little progress made during these years, and that little was only made by steady work and slow degrees.

We completed our house of worship by piecemeal—a little at a time as we could. Our first movement was to put in the outside doors. This was our worst opening to the weather. About Christmas, 1857, a few energetic ladies undertook the task of raising the money, about thirty dol-

lars. They found it no small task. It required a thorough canvas of the entire congregation, and involved many a cold ride out on the prairie. But they succeeded, and the doors were put in and our worst draught stopped. It still needed some \$2,000 to complete the building. As the summer of 1858 wore away, we felt we must plaster the walls before another winter. We bent all our efforts to this end, and in the autumn the work was done. The church was now comfortable and we could wait for the rest.

The plan was to finish off the interior with walnut, as this was the commonest and cheapest lumber to be had. The forests along the river were largely of walnut, and walnut was used for everything, for boards, siding and shingles in building, for fences on the farm, and fires in the house. But there was no seasoned walnut to be had. The lumber was taken as fast as it could be sawed and used green. How to get some seasoned wood was a puzzle. The only way seemed to be to buy some lumber green and stack it up and let it dry. But how to get money to buy lumber a year in advance of its use was not an easy question. One day in my rounds I came across an immense walnut log lying in a swampy

place. The team hauling it had evidently been stalled and the log had been rolled off. It was the finest walnut log I had ever seen, and I stood looking at it and wondering if I could find the owner and buy it for the church.

Just then a voice behind me cried out: "What do you want of my log?" I turned about and saw a well-known citizen, not a member of my congregation, and I told him I was wishing I could buy that log for our church. "Well, if you want it for the church I will give it to you." I thanked him both for myself and the church, and asked him if he knew where I could get a team to haul it to the mill. "Oh, I will haul it for you." The next day he brought his team and hauled the log to the sawmill. The manager of the mill said he "would saw it for me free since it was for the church." This gave me as fine a lot of walnut lumber as one would care to see. I had it stacked up to season and wait till we were ready to use it. Whenever we were able to do a little work on the church we had that fine seasoned lumber always ready. First we cased the windows; then we finished off the gallery, and finally put in the pews. This work was stretched over a season of five years, and Novem-

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ber 16, 1862, we dedicated the completed church. Rev. R. D. Parker, of Wyandotte, preached the sermon from the text: "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." The building was sixty-five feet long by forty feet wide, with a singers' gallery in the rear. It would comfortably seat three hundred and fifty people and had cost about \$8,000. As soon as the building was finished, the church assumed self-support, and thus relieved the Home Missionary Society of any further responsibility. There were now about seventy members, and all departments of the church were flourishing.

CHAPTER V

OUR FIRST HOME

ON account of the unsettled condition of the country I came alone to Kansas in 1857, but after about a year, I went back and brought my wife. She was English born, and had enjoyed a delightful childhood in her father's house in Nottingham. Her father and mother dying, she came to America at the age of fourteen to live with her aunt. It was a great change from her father's English home, with all its comforts, to a farmhouse in the back woods. But she adapted herself to the new life with the zest of her ardent nature. Gathering flowers and berries in the woods, and boating on the lake, she was happy all day long. She was educated at the seminary at Ypsilanti, one of the best schools in that region. When she came to Kansas, farm life in Michigan had gathered about it all the comforts of civilization, and she entered into the experience of pioneering for the second time.

At first we lived in a hired house in the out-



MRS. MARY MINTA CORDLEY

skirts of the town. Then we secured a home of our own. It was a little cottage on a gentle slope on New York Street. It stood on the open prairie, but we soon had some flowers and shrubs and trees growing, and it became quite an attractive spot. There were only three small rooms below, and two half-story chambers above. Six hundred dollars a year, as prices then were, did not allow a very large margin for costly furniture, but the pastor's wife had a knack for home-making, and a few dainty touches can make simple things show to advantage. A cheap but pretty paper transformed the walls, a simple but bright carpet covered the floor, and everything in the room seemed as if it belonged there. It was as cozy a home as one could find anywhere. After the custom of the time it was painted white, with green blinds, and looked very pretty among the growing trees.

And that little home entertained more people than many a pretentious mansion. Lawrence seemed to be one day's journey from everywhere. No matter where one started from, he would reach Lawrence the first night. Brethren, traveling, always spent a night in our home, usually going and returning. A barn or shed,

built by myself, sheltered their horses as our house sheltered them. Not only ministers, but laymen in the churches, at our request, came to our house as they passed through town. Ministers coming to Kansas always came to our house first to confer about their locations and their fields, and very often to remain until the way was clear for them. In many cases they would leave their families with us, while they went to look up their fields. In some cases this required two or three weeks. It was a rare company of people which gathered in that little home from time to time, and their presence brightened up our life wonderfully. Sometimes it threw a burden on the pastor's wife, but she bore it cheerfully, and I can testify that the most cultured of our visitors seemed to enjoy her dining-room more than they did my study. Once a very handsome team drove up with a couple of gentlemen. They were one of our pastors and a wealthy layman of his church. They were making a tour of the State, and stopped to spend the night with us. They were both charming men, and we enjoyed their visit very much. In the morning they lingered a while after breakfast, and at last we reluctantly bade them good-bye.

After they were gone Mrs. Cordley began to clear the table, and found that the lay brother had left a dollar under his plate. She sat down and had a good cry. She had enjoyed their visit so much, and it spoiled it all to feel that he thought hospitality could be bought with money.

The Superintendent of Missions, Rev. Louis Bodwell, made our house his headquarters when he was in Lawrence. He came at any time and often stayed several days. But he never came too often, and never stayed too long. He was a most interesting man to those who knew him well. He had a mind stored with the choicest bits of literature and poetry, and his words always fitted the occasion. When alone in the house he would go to the melodeon and sing some rare and tender songs in a mood which brought tears to those who chanced to hear. He made no pretense to being a player or a singer, or in any sense a poet. Yet he was all of these. To avoid the hot summer suns, he traveled nights a great deal, and often came to our house after midnight. In such cases he would quietly put his team of gray ponies in the stable, and come in and go to his room, and be ready in the morning for a late breakfast. At other times, my college

chum, Parker, would come up and spend a few days, and the time was never long enough to talk over the old times in college, and the vacation tramps when we had been together. At another time it would be Rev. J. D. Liggett, of Leavenworth, who would come for a long conference. He was a different kind of a man. He was a lawyer, an editor and a politician before he was a minister, and the budget he opened was different from the rest, but none the less stimulating and inspiring. Those were rare days, days which the changed conditions make it impossible to repeat.

The pastor's home was also a sort of a parish house. Officers, committees and members often met there to confer; the ladies met for entertainments and socials and sewing; and young people were especially made to feel at home. Mrs. Cordley had a meeting of young ladies nearly every week at our house to spend an afternoon. Sometimes they sewed, sometimes they had readings, and sometimes they had singing and prayer. Her chief aim was that the meetings should never be tedious, and never degenerate into frivolity. Here they planned for picnics, socials and fairs, and other means of in-

teresting girls and helping the church. There were usually twenty or more present, filling the little parlor to its utmost capacity. A few years since we found a list of some forty girls who were wont to attend these meetings. They were scattered all over the country, east and west, a large number in Colorado. So far as we could trace them, every one of them was an effective Christian wherever she might be. Thus the daughters of Plymouth Church learned early to do their part.

But we had then what we might call Parish Extension. Our church building was so situated that we could not well hold evening service in Lawrence. We had our morning service and Sunday-school, and then I was at liberty for the rest of the day. I took this time to hold services in the country, usually in the afternoon, but sometimes in the evening. The country about Lawrence was settled by the same high grade of people who were found in Lawrence itself. It was quite common to find cultured people and college graduates on the farms and in the cabins all about. I found groups of choice Christian families here and there from different parts of the country. Five miles south of Lawrence

there was a group of families from the First Church in Groton, Massachusetts. We called it the Dickson Neighborhood, from Deacon Charles Dickson, who was a graduate of Yale College, and his wife a niece of Samuel J. Mills, of Missionary Haystack fame. A few miles southwest of this was a group from New Haven, Connecticut. Still further south was a large group from the First Church, Newark, New Jersey, who had been special friends of Charles Beecher, the pastor. The same was true in other directions. I held services in these neighborhoods as I could, sometimes in a schoolhouse, but oftener in a private house. At different times I preached at not less than twenty different points. We thus formed a great many choice friendships which we valued very highly. Whenever we could, my wife and I would drive out into one of these neighborhoods in the morning and spend the day among them, returning in the evening. When these people came to town we insisted that they visit us. Saturday was the usual day for visits from our country parishioners. We enjoyed it very much, except that sometimes an inconvenient number would hit upon the same time. Once my wife had baked up a large batch of

mince pies for the Christmas season. With her, making mince pies was a fine art, and she had had unusual success this time. Just as she was taking the last pie out of the oven, one of our country families, whom we esteemed very highly, came in. Mrs. Cordley could not resist the temptation of having them sample her pies. So one of the pies was cut, and very soon disposed of. Before they had quite finished eating their pie, another family came in, and a second pie was soon disposed of. And so it kept on all the afternoon with no place where she could break the connection. We were spared, therefore, any bad dreams from that batch of pies.

We have often been told that we had no occasion to take such burdens on ourselves. But as I look back, I cannot think of any better way by which we could have kept in touch with our widely scattered parish. Our home was none the less to us because we made it of some use to others, and our own lives were surely enriched by the varied experiences which flowed through them.

CHAPTER VI

FELLOWSHIP ON THE FRONTIER

IN the autumn of 1857 there were but eight Congregational churches in the territory of Kansas. Each of these had grown up by itself to meet a local need. They were scattered over a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Long stretches of Indian reservation lay between many of them. The fellowship of the churches was not an easy thing to establish, and a still more difficult thing to maintain. Yet this scattered condition made fellowship all the more essential. If the churches were to work together with any effectiveness, they must know one another and they must confer together. This necessity was felt by all the churches, and special efforts were made to overcome the difficulties. All the forms of fellowship by means of councils, associations and exchanges were kept up with as much frequency as in more dense communities. The result was that these scattered churches became better known to each

other than churches in the same town in older communities. It cost much toil and sacrifice to maintain these forms of fellowship, but because they cost so much they were prized the more.

The first ecclesiastical council which ever met in Kansas was at Quindaro. It was called for the purpose of recognizing the church at Quindaro, and ordaining their pastor, and also ordaining the pastor-elect of the Lawrence church. The new house of worship was also dedicated at the same time. The council met at Quindaro, January 28th, 1858. There were only three members, two ministers and one lay delegate. Only two churches were represented,—that at Lawrence and that at Topeka. Even this small council involved a good deal of travel. Rev. Louis Bodwell came from Topeka, seventy miles; Rev. S. Y. Lum and Deacon Henry F. Parker came from Lawrence, forty miles. I rode over with the Lawrence party as one of the candidates for ordination. We went on horseback. It was a beautiful day, so warm that we carried our overcoats across our saddles all day. The council dined in a body at Wolfe Creek, under whose sheltering ledges many a cold lunch has been eaten by the Pilgrims of the olden times. Our

road lay across the Delaware Reserve, and this was about halfway. We reached Quindaro in time for supper. The next morning the council was organized. There were just enough for an organization. Rev. Samuel Y. Lum, agent of the American Bible Society, was chosen moderator; Deacon Henry F. Parker of Lawrence, was chosen scribe; while Rev. Louis Bodwell of Topeka was left free to make the motions. It seemed a small council, and there was some question as to the wisdom of proceeding with so small a number, but there was no likelihood of doing any better if we adjourned and tried again. We must make a beginning sometime. Therefore, after due deliberations it was voted to proceed with the business for which the council had been called. The ordination service was held in the afternoon. Mr. Lum preached the ordination sermon from the text, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine." In the evening the Quindaro church was recognized, and Mr. Bodwell preached from the text, "Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." The fitness of each sermon for its occasion will be readily seen from the texts used. The examination of the candidates was not at all severe, and the

vote to approve was unanimous. The council was small, but all the proprieties were observed, and nothing was permitted which might bring into doubt the regularity of this first council held on Kansas soil. The Quindaro church had just finished their house of worship, the first house of worship completed in the territory. They were consequently happy in their new church and with their new minister. The expectations of Quindaro were a little more sober than they were two months before, but were still sufficiently rosy and bright.

The second council met in Leavenworth in March, 1858, to organize the church and ordain the pastor, Mr. R. D. Parker. This was a much larger council, as there was now a larger number of churches to call upon. When the members arrived, about five o'clock in the afternoon, it was in a drenching rain. The absence of pavements, or even sidewalks, made it impossible for them to go to their places of entertainment. The whole council, therefore, spent the night with Brother Parker, who, as a bachelor, occupied the second story of a sort of warehouse on Cherokee Street. The room was eighty feet long, without plaster or partitions, and had in it

only the furniture used by Mr. Parker and his roommate, the proprietor of the store below and of the building. They "divided" the bedclothing with us as long as there was anything to divide, and the brethren "bunked" around the great room on quilts and mattresses and blankets as they could. Their humor was not conducive to sleep; at least they were never all inclined to sleep at the same time. They repeated the experience of the British officers at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo, so far as to proclaim, "No sleep till morn." In the morning the rain had ceased, the sky had cleared, and the council organized and completed its work. The services were held in what was called "The Stone School House," a little building on Seneca Street. The benches were rough and hard, the windows low and dingy, and the walls and ceilings frescoed with cobwebs and smoke. It was the best room they could get in which to hold their services. In such a room the Leavenworth church, which now fills its elegant house with a fashionable congregation, began its corporate life. But in quality, the Leavenworth church has never surpassed that company which met in the old Stone School House, and one would

travel a long distance to find any church which would surpass it. Among those thirty members were David J. Brewer, now one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court; M. S. Adams, several times speaker of the House of Representatives, and a prominent candidate for governor; George A. Eddy, once one of the receivers of the M. K. & T. Railroad; C. B. Brace, a prominent business man; H. W. Watson, one of the early and most liberal patrons of Washburn College, and others that might be named. In that company, gathered in that obscure room, there were men who were bound to make their mark on the city and on the state. They were all in the vigor of manhood, full of energy and full of hope. In their business and in their homes and in their church they were at the beginning of things. But they had qualities which made themselves felt in rapid development and large improvement. In a few years they gathered all the conveniences and even elegancies of civilized life. They had the ability, the character and the manhood, and all the rest came in due time.

The General Association of Congregational Churches of Kansas was organized August, 1855.

This body was unique in one thing at least. It was formed when there was but one church in the territory. The church at Lawrence was the only church in existence. Yet they had thought of prophecy sufficient to call the body "The General Association of Churches." There were several ministers who were preaching at various points. At most of these points there were members ready to be organized into churches as soon as the conditions allowed. While, therefore, only one church had been actually organized, there were several groups of disciples who worked together just as if they had been formally recognized as churches. They had the same varied needs to consider as if they had all experienced the formality of organization.

One of the features of these early gatherings, which all old-timers will vividly recall, was the long journeys they required. There were no railroads in Kansas for more than ten years after the settlement began. Attending an association or a council or a service of dedication often required a journey of three days each way. But all our work had to be done in much the same way, so we were prepared for it, and became accustomed

to it. An exchange of pulpits involved at least a long day's ride each way. Yet I think we exchanged more frequently then than we do now. Fellowship came high, but we had to have it. No minister ever declined to assist in forming a church, or in the dedication of a house of worship, on account of the distance. We thought less then of a trip of a hundred miles by team, than we now think of a delay of three or four hours at a railway junction. Neither distance nor weather had much effect on our meetings. If the distance was greater we simply started a day or two earlier in the week. If the weather was cold we wrapped ourselves up the warmer; if the rain began to fall we spread our umbrellas and kept on. Far or near, rain or shine, we always "got there," and got there on time. When once there we all stayed through to the end, a practice that might well be commended in these luxurious days of rapid and easy travel.

The churches of that time were mostly grouped in two clusters, one in the eastern part of the territory and the other about Manhattan, which we then called the western part. The Pottawatomie Reservation lay between them. The two groups were so nearly equal in importance

that our annual meetings usually alternated between them.

In October, 1858, the meeting was at Manhattan, and the eastern group made the long trip. Those from the Missouri River churches came over to Lawrence the first day, and one of the best meetings was held at our house that night, as we were all old friends who had not met for several months. The second day the Lawrence delegation joined the procession, and we all moved on together to Topeka. Here we took dinner, and then the Topeka brethren and those from north and south of Topeka fell into line. The whole caravan moved westward across the great Pottawatomie Reservation. All old Kansans will remember these Indian reservations, where we might travel all day and not see a human habitation or a human face. There were several of these reservations, and one could hardly go in any direction without crossing one. This Pottawatomie Reservation was thirty miles across. It was quite late when we started from Topeka, and we had to go about twenty miles before we came to a house. Night came on long before we reached our destination. There was quite a company of us, a large covered wagon,

several buggies, and several men on horseback. At first the solitude was inspiring, and we talked and shouted and sang as each felt inclined. But as the hours wore on we grew silent. For the last few miles no sound was heard, except an occasional shout from the leader warning us of some turn in the road, or a shout from some one in the rear uncertain of the way. About eleven o'clock at night we reached our stopping-place, a house on "Mill Creek," about the middle of the reservation. Here Berkaw, a white man who had married a squaw and joined the tribe, lived in a very comfortable way for those times. We first cared for our teams, and then only waited for supper, for which we were much better prepared than the people of the house were. About midnight supper was announced, and a very hungry set of people responded to the call. It was a very plain supper they gave us, and the cooking was not French, but our appetites furnished the sauce and we did ample justice to the meal. Everything was good and wholesome. After supper we were most of us turned loose into the large unfinished half-story chamber of the cabin. Here the kind people had prepared for our comfort by spreading around on the floor

blankets and quilts and buffalo robes, and the many substitutes for beds known only to the elastic hospitality of the frontier. But to our weary bodies an Indian blanket and a cottonwood board were as good as a bed of down.

In the morning we drove out into the solitude again, and for twenty miles more we pursued our lonely way. About noon we came to Wabaunsee, which was known everywhere as the home of the New Haven Colony, or the Beecher Rifle Company. To all Congregationalists it was known still better as the home of Father Lines. Here the people kindly received us and we remained with them for dinner. Then their delegation reinforced us and we moved on, and reached Manhattan in time for a few hours' rest before the evening service. "And the evening and the morning were the third day."

In 1862, four years later, the meeting of the General Association was at Wabaunsee, and then the returning journey was of special interest. Our numbers had increased and we made quite a display as we wound along over the prairie on our journey home. At noon we came to Mill Creek, but not at Berkaw's, as we did before. We saw no house all day. We halted at Mill

Creek for lunch at noon. We lariatied our horses that they might enjoy the nice prairie grass which was everywhere abundant. Then we gathered on the beautiful green slope under a few scattering trees which gave us a shade. My wife and the other ladies spread the table-cloths on the grass, and laid out the luncheon which our thoughtful entertainers had provided for us. A fire was built beside some stones, and coffee prepared for those who wished it. After dinner we rested, or roamed up and down the stream as each preferred. Then we all came together again, and one read a few verses of God's Word. We all "sang one of the songs of Zion," and Father Mills of Michigan led us in a prayer that lifted all our hearts upward. If the poet had seen the prairie before he wrote his poem he would have said, "The prairies were God's first temples." We were thoroughly refreshed and proceeded on our way. Now the process of disintegration began. Those living to the southeast of Burlingame, Emporia, etc., took the right hand trail, while the rest of us took the left hand trail. We moved along by almost parallel lines for a time, but gradually our roads diverged and our companions of the morning grew more and

more distant and dim. After an hour and a half or more we saw them for the last time, as they appeared on the ridge some miles south of us. We signaled each other by waving handkerchiefs, and they passed over the ridge and we saw them no more. We reached Topeka in good time and the next day went toward home.

In July, 1859, two years before this, I had made this same journey alone, while Mrs. Cordley made a week's visit to her girlhood friend, Mrs. Parker of Leavenworth. She took the Leavenworth stage as I drove off with my pony. I was to assist in the dedication of the new church at Manhattan. The service was to be on Sunday. I left Topeka Friday morning quite late. I was soon "out on the ocean, sailing," in the midst of the dreaded reservation. At that time I drove a black Indian pony. She was a good pony, with occasional bad streaks. She had a gait of her own, a slow jog-trot, and it was not much use trying to persuade her to take any other. But once in a while she would take a notion to get frightened at something, and dart forward like the "wild gazelle." She was usually very obedient to word or bridle, and seemed always expecting to hear you say "Whoa." But

when she took a notion to run, bit and bridle and voice were of no avail. You could simply guide her and hold on to your seat. After a mile or so she would slacken up and fall back into her old gait, hang her head and lop her ears, and jog along in the old way for three months more. Another of her ways that was peculiar was stopping suddenly, whirling about and dashing along on the back track. On the day I am speaking of, we were jogging down a long incline about the middle of the afternoon. All at once a flock of prairie chickens flew up just before her face. She stopped as if she had been shot, whirled the buggy around as if it had been on a swivel, and started toward home on a gallop. I had become weary with the monotony of the way and was half asleep when the thing happened. I had no time to recover myself. The pony literally jerked the buggy from under me, and left me suspended in the air. I did not remain suspended long. In an instant I landed upon the hard road. Though the sun was still high the stars were visible. I was badly shaken up. But it was no time for doleful reflections. I was in the middle of the great reservation, twenty miles from anywhere, and my horse was making good time for home. The

only thing to be done was to follow her. At first I followed her "afar off." Fortunately she was going up the incline now, and after running for a mile or so, she slackened her pace, and then dropped into a walk. I soon overtook her, climbed up into the buggy from behind, turned her about and made her expend some of her surplus energy on the "forward march."

The day was rapidly declining, and still there was no sign of the end of my journey. Sometimes I could see several miles ahead but there was no sign of a house. At last it grew dark, and I had not the faintest idea how far I must still go. I finally determined to wait till morning and sleep under the buggy. While preparing to do this, I saw a light down the road before me. It was evidently a cabin where I might find shelter. I reharnessed my pony and went on again. The cabin was farther off than I had thought, but I reached it at last. It was a farmhouse on the outskirts of the Wabaunsee colony. They were newcomers and poorly fixed, but they did the best they could.

At Manhattan I found a charming town. This section had suffered little from political disturbance and the people had had time to make im-

provements. Rev. C. E. Blood had come with the starting of the town in 1854. His first sermon was from the text, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." He had labored incessantly, had organized a church, and had now completed a house of worship. The building was small, but so well built that it is still used as a part of their enlarged house. It was to the dedication of this church that I had come. There had been but one dedication among our churches before, so this was an occasion of great interest. The hymn of dedication was written by Mrs. Blood, the pastor's wife. They lived on a farm adjoining the town, and Mrs. Blood took charge of the dairy. She said, "I wrote the hymn while I was churning the butter, holding my pen in one hand and the churn dasher in the other."

But if our early gatherings cost us more time and toil, they more than rewarded us by their closer fellowship. There were not many of us and we all knew each other. We did not often meet, but we kept ourselves in close touch. We were interested in the whole field, and watched the progress of all the churches. When we came together it was

like an annual family reunion. We were not so numerous but we could visit back and forth, and inform ourselves of each other's affairs. An absent member was missed and inquired after, and every new recruit was given a special welcome. A new church was received with as much ardor as a new baby awakens among the brothers and sisters of the household. We took time to freshen old friendship, and make a new friend of every newcomer. We never allowed a new brother to leave the meeting till we had taken him by the hand and bidden him welcome and Godspeed. This close fellowship was due largely to our limited numbers. With a membership of thirty or forty an intimacy is possible which is out of the question with several times that number.

Another feature of our early meetings was the prominence of laymen in them; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that a marked feature in our meetings was the number of prominent laymen who interested themselves in them. I doubt if any association in the West has had more honored names on its roll. As we look back several unique figures rise before us, men who would have honored any body, religious

or secular. Some of these still remain with us; some have gone to various fields, while others still have passed over to the home beyond. I cannot speak of all who deserve a mention, but will only name a few of those who have gone from us.

The most unique figure among these was Charles B. Lines, or Father Lines, as we loved to call him. He was almost always at the meetings, and at the time of his death had attended more sessions of the association than any other person. He was one of the original members of the association in 1857, and for thirty-two years he only missed one meeting, and that by failing to make railway connections. So constantly was he present that we were more sure of meeting him than any minister or member. He was not only present, but always interested in the work of the churches, and would discuss with earnestness every question which that work suggested; taking part in all our discussions with ability and relish, especially those which related to temperance and reform. He was an old temperance war-horse from "away back," and he had fought the battles of reform in the Connecticut legislature before Kansas came into notice. On these themes he was at his best, and he

entered into their discussion with the momentum of lifelong convictions. Having begun with the Washingtonian movement, he had been in the advance ranks in all the stages of the reform. He had few educational advantages in his youth, but under the eaves of Yale College he had caught much of its stimulus, and was a recognized leader in public affairs for years in his own city and state. He came to Kansas as the originator and leader of the "Beecher Sharpe's Rifle Company," and was prominent in Kansas affairs all through his life. He was a man of boundless resources and tremendous force, and his convictions were like "the everlasting mountains that stand fast forever." In debate he was ever on the alert, and spoke with a force and earnestness that were irresistible. He was like a fresh breeze from the ocean, always from the same quarter, and always strong. It was a high wind, and was liable to wreck any craft which lay in his way. In his Christian sympathy he was very tender, and his personal religious experience was very rich. When he entered the realm of Christian experience, his manner changed, and everything betokened the gentle and loving disciple. He used to take

great delight in going into neighborhoods where preaching was rare, and holding forth the word of life from the standpoint of a layman and a business man. He sometimes did more formal work in this line, and supplied pulpits with acceptance. It seemed as if one of the great landmarks had gone when he passed out from among us.

Another unique figure in all our meetings was Judge Jesse Cooper of Wyandotte. He too was always present, unless hindered by some necessity. It made no difference whether the church appointed him a delegate or not, he always came. He and Father Lines were essentially life members, and at one time it was proposed to create life membership in the association in order to cover their case. They were component parts of the body, and it would seem as if something had dropped out if either of them were absent. They were alike in some respects, and very different in others. They were equally positive and uncompromising in their convictions, but Father Lines was radical, while Father Cooper was conservative. Father Cooper was very decided in his defense of regularity and order in all ecclesiastical proceedings, and in all church

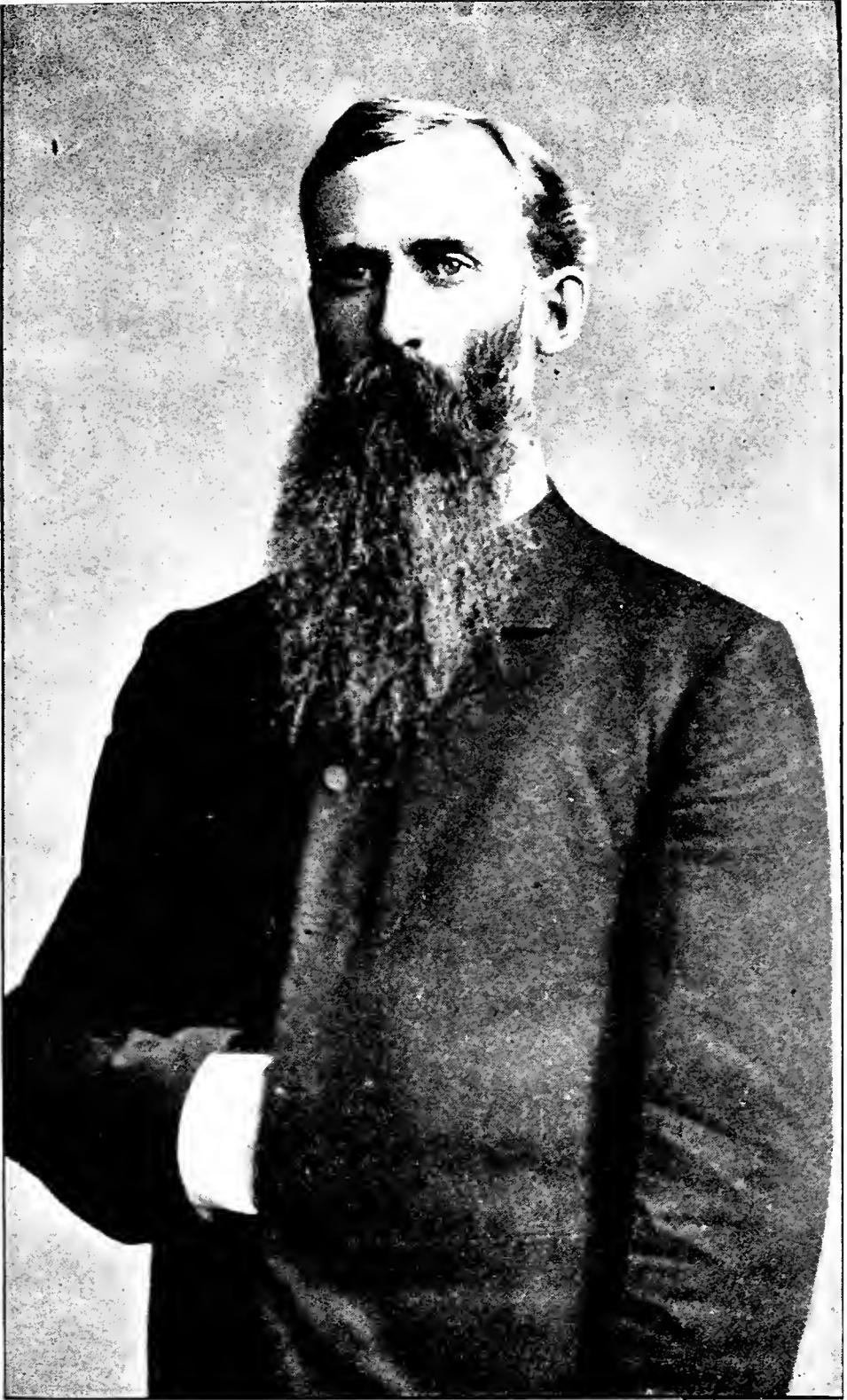
business and work. Like the old English sexton, "He loved established ways of serving God." He could not tolerate anything like looseness, and all newfangled notions were an abomination to him. He used to say: "It is the *stated ministry* of the word which God blesses," laying special emphasis on the word "stated." He was the firm advocate of the strictest Puritan simplicity. If you wanted to stir up the lion in him, it was only necessary to suggest some change from what he called "The pattern shown us in the mount." He was always on the alert, as Father Lines was, and ready to join in any debate with vigor and effect. While thus positive, however, he was always kindly, and when outvoted, he could acquiesce with grace without at all yielding his convictions. He kept up his interest to the last, being present at the meeting in 1872, only a short time before his death. He was a native of Vermont, and practiced law in his native state until he came to Kansas at the beginning of her history. In a sketch of his life one of his law associates said of him: "He was a good lawyer and an enterprising citizen, a faithful friend, a firm foe of whomever or whatever he deemed wrong. His

convictions were very strong, and when he had prejudices, they partook of all the rugged, intense earnestness of the man. He was fearlessly independent of the judgment of men, but humble before God and charitable toward all. He was a strong man, on whom his pastor leaned, and a true Christian with a humble sense of his own imperfections."

Such a man was Judge Cooper in his business and private life and in his intercourse with his brethren. He was a man by himself, with a marked individuality and strong elements of character. His like we shall not soon see again.

Another marked character, entirely different from either of these, but no less original, was Dudley C. Haskell. He was not so often with us but his influence was strongly felt. In 1874 he was moderator and preached the opening sermon at the next annual session, giving a layman's view of the work. He had been speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives, and was soon after elected to Congress. Clear and intense in his thinking, he was strong in his convictions and eloquent in his utterance. He had a voice of wondrous power and compass, which could wake the echoes or soothe an

infant's slumbers. He had a magnificent presence, and would be singled out from a thousand as a man of mark. When aroused he was a moving tornado, making the earth to rock and the trees to bend. Yet he never lost himself in the storm of his own excitement. The storm might rage, but he made it do his bidding. The winds might blow, but he always rode on the wings of the storm, and when the time came he could say, "Peace, be still," and there would be a calm. In Congress he was always master of the situation, and was rapidly coming to the front as a leader in his party, and in the body. A great element of his power was his marvelous voice, which always commanded a hearing. At one time his colleague, Colonel William A. Phillips, was trying to get the attention of the House to a matter of importance. He was a very able man, but had a feeble voice, which was lost in the babel of confused talk. Haskell endured this treatment of his colleague as long as his righteous soul could contain itself. Then he sprang to his feet, and in a voice that shook the very walls, he cried: "I demand that my colleague be heard." After that there was silence in that hall "by the space of half an hour." He was



DUDLEY C. HASKELL

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SOLUTIONS

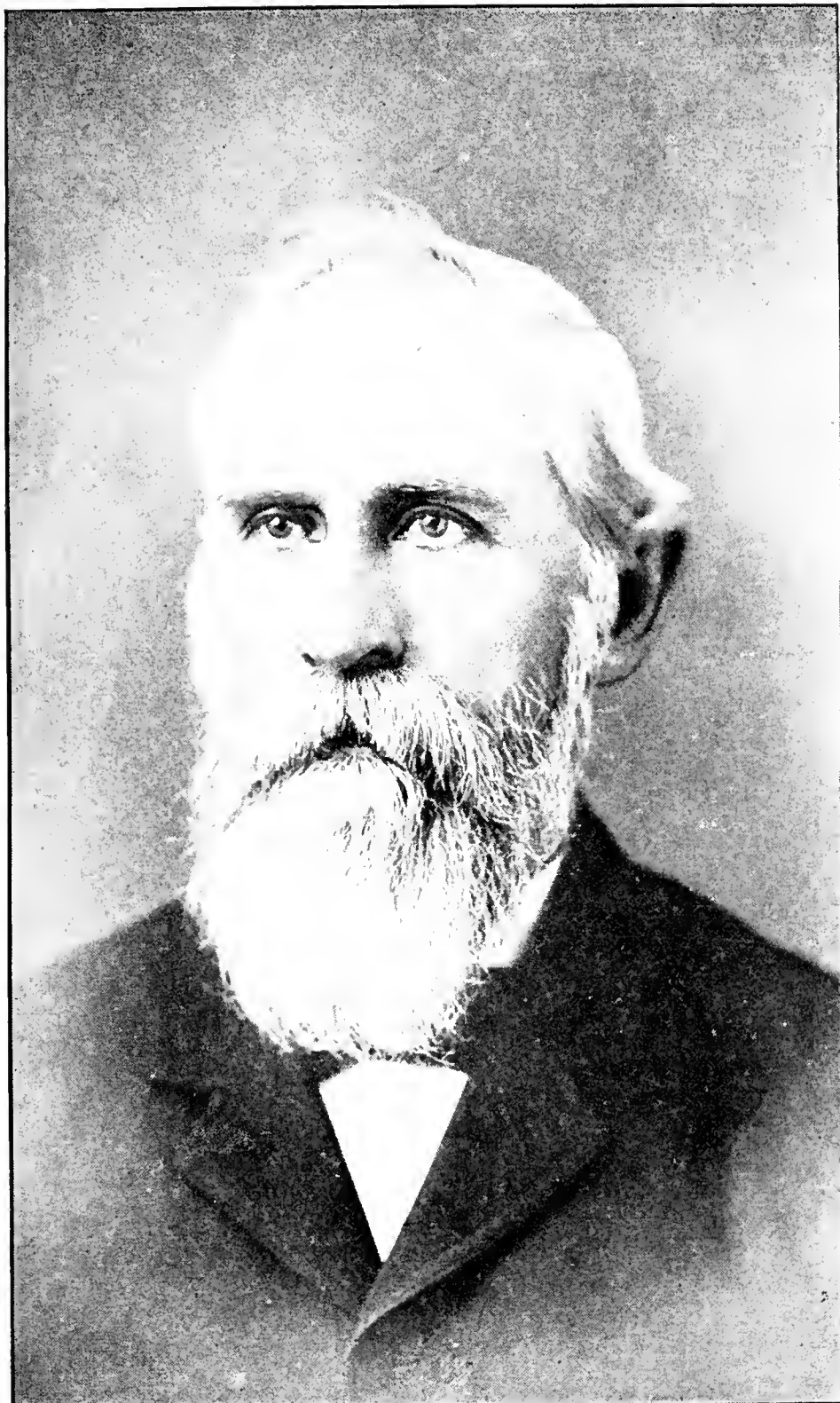
richly and variously endowed, and in ten years from entering Congress, he was next to the leading man in the party on the floor of the House. Whether he spoke from hustings, or in the halls of Congress, or in the prayer-meeting room of his home church, he could always voice the situation, and say just the thing that ought to be said. If some of his spontaneous talks in his home prayer-meeting could have been preserved, they would take their place among the gems of English speech. He rose so rapidly, and so entirely on merit, that one cannot guess what he might have come to if he had lived his three-score years and ten, instead of twoscore years and two. We may easily think of him as the peer of any man in public life, while surpassing many in the purity of his motives and the elevation of his purpose. It was a bitter disappointment, as well as grief to his friends, and a great loss to the state and nation, when such a man was cut down in the midst of his career at the age of forty-two.

Time would fail me to speak of all the distinguished men who have honored our meetings with their presence, and enriched them by their voice and interest. All will remember Honorable

M. S. Adams, the peerless moderator, who was always selected for that office whenever he was present. He was chosen moderator at three separate sessions within five years, and was a model presiding officer. He had been speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives, and one of the best that body ever had. Thoroughly informed on all parliamentary matters, he was quick to catch a point, and lucid in stating it. He was never confused, and the House was never confused under his ruling. At the same time he was the very soul of urbanity and grace.

Honorable David J. Brewer, of Leavenworth, late one of the Judges of the United States Supreme Court, was several times a member of the Association. He was moderator at one of our sessions, and preached the opening sermon at the next. He was a poet as well as a jurist, and was equally at home in literature or law. He was a living example of the possibility of uniting power with gentleness of manner and softness of tone.

I might speak of many others if there were space. There were the two Thachers—Solon O. and T. Dwight, both men of rare gifts and eloquent speech; there was John G. Haskell,



REV. ROSWELL DAVENPORT PARKER

brother of the Congressman, who has been a power with us during all these years. Then there were Hannahs, and Ritchey, Rice and Farnsworth, of Topeka; Hunter and Watson and Chester and many others. This is enough to show the kind of men who helped to make the Association the power it was. They were men who have made their mark on the state as well as on our churches, and have been honored in public life as well as in Christian circles. They were men of native powers as well as Christian consecration, men who would shine in whatever company they might enter. They are the men who have made our churches what they are, and who have made our State what it is.

There was another prominent feature of all these earlier gatherings. We believed in them. We magnified our office, and believed that our meetings meant business, and that our action was important. We may have exaggerated our importance, but we were never guilty of belittling it. Newcomers smiled at our assurance, but they soon caught the infection. It was a pleasant condition, whether the facts warranted it or not. Some of our resolutions seem a bit wild as we read them now, but we never stopped

to think who we were, the youngest and smallest of the Associations. If we wanted to say a thing we said it. We were not afraid of that which was high. We did not hesitate to speak our mind in regard to anything which we thought called for our opinion. The audacity with which we discussed the affairs of the great societies was refreshing, but it is a satisfaction to know that our ideas were in the line of coming events. We were nearly all young men. This was our first effort. We had not learned how tough this tough old world is. We expected to see things yield to our blows, and we struck as if we expected to produce effects. We passed radical and vigorous resolutions on almost everything that pertained to church life and missionary work. There were resolutions on dancing and theatergoing; on Sabbath-breaking, intemperance and tobacco; we arranged for calling conventions on Sabbath observance and on temperance; we resolved that the Boston Tract Society was the only one worthy of our patronage; we asked the American Bible Society to appoint an agent to look after Bible destitution; we asked the American Home Missionary Society to appoint general missionaries to look after destitute

fields, and a superintendent to oversee the work ; we instructed the Church Building Society as to how they should distribute their funds ; and we appointed a committee to aid in securing parsonages. But that which most engaged our attention was the matter of founding a college. It was decided to "found" a college at Topeka in response to a liberal proposition from the citizens of that place. That we had not a dollar in sight toward developing such an institution did not disturb our plans in the least, nor at all dampen our enthusiasm. We adopted a basis of organization which had all the fulness of a legal charter, providing for all emergencies and guarding against all contingencies. The instrument constituted a board of trustees and defined their duties. It directed them how to invest their money not yet secured, and how to dispose of property not yet possessed. The board was to consist of fifteen members, of whom the president of the college was to be ex-officio chairman. They were to secure first-class men for the president and faculty, and pay them good living salaries. At no time since has there been so unquestioning a faith in the success of the institution. There was a feeling that the college was as

sure to come as the years were to revolve. It may not be easy to understand how much this sublime faith had to do with the reality we now see in Washburn College. But many of us cannot help feeling that if it had not been for the faith of those early years these later years would not have seen the reality they now behold. What was airy vision then is stone and mortar now.

A great deal of sport has been made of the high-sounding resolutions passed by some of these early assemblies. But those resolutions were more than an exercise in English composition. They were the shadows of coming events, the prophecy of what faith already saw. The brethren of that day believed that a resolution, with a resolve back of it, had power in it, and had the promise of fulfilment in it. It needs money to build churches and colleges, we are told. But money follows thought, and comes in response to faith. A resolve baptized in prayer is one of the powers that move the world. Ideas are stronger than stone walls. Stone walls rise and crumble at the bidding of ideas. Ideas that take hold on God, and touch human souls, take hold also on the forces of the world. The breth-



PETER McVICAR,
Twenty-five years President of Washburn College

ren of that early day came here for a purpose, to take possession of Kansas for Christ and freedom. They came to help build a state after "the pattern shown them in the mount." There were, therefore, an enthusiasm and a glow in all they did which was contagious and effective.

CHAPTER VII

LIZZIE AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

DURING the summer of 1859 we were living in a stone house just south of the city limits of Lawrence, before we had a home of our own. As the town then was, we were fully half a mile from any other house. There was in my church a family named Monteith. They were from McIndoe's Falls, Vermont, and the gentleman was a descendant of one of the Scotch families who early settled in northern New England. One of these Scotch colonies was near McIndoe's Falls. Mr. Monteith, by his sturdy independence and brusque and energetic ways would be known as a Scotchman anywhere, although American born. He was a man of education, large intelligence and considerable travel. He was quite prominent and influential in the councils of the Free State men. Like most of the early settlers he came to make Kansas a free state, and he proposed to stay and see it done. We soon became fast friends and our families were quite intimate.

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He lived on a farm, or "claim," some two miles southwest of the town, in the Wakarusa bottom.

One day Monteith came to my house and said he wanted to talk over a little matter with me. "There is at my house a runaway slave, who has been here several months. She is a very likely young woman and has a great horror of being taken back to slavery. At the same time we do not like to send her to Canada until arrangements can be made for her. She would be entirely alone. So we have been keeping her here in Lawrence. She has been at my house for several weeks, and it is thought wisest to find another home for her. It is not best for her to be too long in one place. Would you take her into your house for a few weeks until other arrangements can be made?"

In my college days I had discussed the "Fugitive Slave Law" in Lyceum and elsewhere. I had denounced it as the outrage of outrages, as a natural outgrowth of the "sum of all villainies." I had burned with indignation when the law was passed in 1850. I had declared that if a poor wanderer ever came to my house, I should take him in and never ask whether he were a slave or not. It is easy to be brave a thousand miles

away. But now I must face the question at short range. I had been quite familiar with the law, and its penalties came to mind very vividly just then. "For harboring a slave, six months imprisonment and \$1,000 fine." All this passed through my mind in rapid succession. It was the first time I had ever confronted the question except in theory. Theory and practice affect one very differently in a case like this. But I felt there was only one thing to do. So we told our friend to bring his charge to our house, and we would care for her as best we could.

The next day, therefore, "Lizzie" became an inmate of our house. She was about twenty-two years old, slightly built, and graceful in form and motion. She was quite dark, but the form of her features indicated some white blood. She was very quiet and modest and never obtruded herself upon any one. She had been thoroughly trained as a house servant, and we never have had more competent help than Lizzie proved to be. She insisted on doing the larger portion of the housework, and said the work of our little family was like play to her. She was a good cook and often surprised us by some dainty dish of her own. Our means did not allow a very

elaborate table, but she knew how to make the most of everything. A simple but delicious cake which she made was known in our family and among our friends for years as "Lizzie cake." We did not wonder that her master set a high price on her, or that he was anxious to recover his "property." She did not complain of cruel treatment from her owners, but she had a great horror of going back. She would live anywhere or anyhow, and would work at anything, rather than go back to slavery. She fully understood the situation and the danger of being taken back if her whereabouts became known. She kept herself out of sight as much as possible, and never showed herself out-of-doors or in the front part of the house when there was travel going by on the road. We became deeply interested in her and learned more and more to prize her. Our housework was never done more quietly or more efficiently. We came to look forward with dismay to the time when Lizzie must leave us.

In the autumn of the same year, 1859, the Monteiths moved into town, and it was thought best for Lizzie to return to them. We were reluctant to let her go, but we had no claim. Besides, she had been with us as long as it was wise

for her to stay. We were in a lonely place, and it would not be difficult to kidnap her and take her off. By this time her being with us was very generally known. She went home with the Monteiths, therefore, and remained with them until a change was made necessary by "circumstances over which they had no control."

About this time a young man called upon me and reported himself as a graduate of the last class in Andover Theological Seminary. He had come to Kansas in search of a field of labor. He was not particular as to the kind of a field. He only wanted a place where he could preach Christ and do good. His name was William Hayes Ward. His father was a Massachusetts pastor distinguished for his familiarity with the language of Scripture. It was said that in his father's house the Scriptures were read at morning worship in "seven different languages." They read in turn, and each member of the family read in a different tongue. However this may be, this son was one of the best scholars Andover ever sent out. For many years he has been the well-known editor of the *New York Independent*, and one of the best editors in the land. He had devoted himself to the foreign

field, but his wife's health was so delicate that it was not deemed wise for them to go abroad. So he had come to find a home missionary field in Kansas. After some investigation and consultation he had selected Oskaloosa as his field. There was no church yet formed at that place, but a number of people were anxious to have one, and he had consented to help them in the enterprise. He remained there as long as the failing health of his wife would permit. He was a man of infinite energy. On one occasion, needing some delicacies for his sick wife, he walked to Lawrence, twenty-four miles, to procure them. He took dinner with us, and then announced his intention of returning home the same afternoon. About three o'clock he started back and reached home about midnight, having walked forty-eight miles since morning.

It was late in the autumn when he went to his field, and he and Mrs. Ward were making a final visit at our house before leaving town. We were enjoying very much a day or two with them. One very cold afternoon during this time, there came a sharp rap at the door. I opened it and two gentlemen stood there, wrapped in heavy fur overcoats. They were so

bundled up that I did not recognize them, but I bade them enter. When they had come in and thrown back their wraps a little, we saw that one was our old friend Monteith and the other was Lizzie. We knew their coming in this way was not a joke, so we waited in silence for an explanation. Monteith then told us: "Lizzie's master has found out where she is. He is determined to take her back at any cost. He proposes to make a test case of it and show that a slave can be taken out of Lawrence, and returned to slavery. A large sum of money is offered for her recovery, and the United States marshal is here with his posse to take her at all hazards. They found where Lizzie was this morning and have been shadowing my house all day. Not a movement could be made about our house without their knowledge. Lizzie could not get away without being seen. Their plan seems to be to watch the house all day and be sure she does not leave it, and then at night come and take her, and rush her away, before any alarm can be given. We determined to foil them. So Lizzie put on that overcoat of mine and drew the cap down over her head, and we walked out together as two gentlemen. We went to town, and then

we turned south and came down here. When I go back they will think my companion stayed over in town. Now, we want Lizzie to stay here till night. About ten o'clock a team will come for her and take her into the country to a place of safety."

After answering a few questions, Monteith left us. We looked at each other in silence for a moment, and then came the thought, "What shall we do?" I had little hope that her new hiding-place would not be known. The United States marshal was a man of experience and of determined purpose. He knew what he had come for, and every motive prompted him to persevere. He had assistants with him who understood their business. It was not likely that they would be deceived by the ruse we were attempting to practice. As night came on we were confronted by the probability that Lizzie's pursuers would come before her rescuers arrived. If they did, then what should we do? What could we do? To give her up to them was not to be thought of, but how to prevent their taking her was a serious question. It would be folly to resist by force. There were no arms in the house, and if there had been we should not have

used them. These were officers of the law and resistance would be madness. Could we in any way save Lizzie from them if they should come? Of course, they would search the house. The ladies, Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Cordley, hit upon a plan to which we all assented. As has been said, Mrs. Ward was an invalid, very slight of figure and pale of feature. She was to retire immediately after tea. Her room was the front chamber. The bed consisted of a mattress with a light feather bed spread over it. Mrs. Ward was to play the sick lady. She was so pale and slight that this was not a difficult part for her. Mrs. Cordley was to play the part of nurse, and was to be sitting by the bed. A stand at the bedside with bottles and spoons and glasses completed the picture of the sick-room. In case of alarm Lizzie was to crawl in between the mattress and the feather bed and remain quiet there till the danger was passed. Lizzie assented to the plan with great readiness. "I will make myself just as small as ever I can, and I will lie as still as still can be." Then she turned to Mrs. Ward and said: "You need not be afraid of lying right on me with all your might. You are such a little body you could not hurt

any one." If the officers came they were to be told to look for themselves. The house would be thrown open to them. The illusion of the sick-room was so complete and natural that we felt a perfect assurance that they would not disturb a lady as sick as Mrs. Ward would be by that time.

The women remained up-stairs during the evening. Mrs. Ward retired according to program, and the bed was made ready for the "second act." Lizzie kept herself in the shade, so that her form might not be observed through the windows. Ward and I sat in the parlor, talking of everything on earth and elsewhere, but thinking of just one thing, and listening for the sound of wheels. The night was dark and cloudy and biting cold. We never realized before how long the evenings were at this season of the year. The question which puzzled us was: "Which will come first, friend or foe?" Every noise we heard we fancied was one or the other. About ten o'clock, the time set for the rescue, we heard a carriage coming up the road. It might be simply going by. As it came to the gate it turned in and drove up to the door and stopped. We waited in silence, expecting a

knock at the door. We wondered which it was and how many there were. There was dead silence. No one seemed to be coming to the house. What were they doing? What were they going to do? Who were they? After a few moments of absolute silence, the carriage moved on, drove by the house, and turned around. It then passed out of the gate and down the road the way it came. It was a greater mystery than ever. What did they come for and why did they go away? After a while we came to the conclusion that it must have been a part of the marshal's posse and that they had come to take Lizzie. Seeing the house lighted up-stairs and down, they supposed we were prepared for them and did not dare come in. We felt sure they would come again soon with a larger force. Where were Monteith and his friends all this while? It was now nearly eleven o'clock and they were to come at ten. Had the officers intercepted them? We could only wait and see. The moments dragged very slowly, as they always do when you want them to hurry. Eleven o'clock passed and then twelve, and still no relief and no sound. About half past twelve we again heard the sound of wheels coming up the

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road. It was not likely that any travelers would be going by at this time of night. Again the question came, which will it be, friend or foe? It was a wagon this time. This was favorable. The rescuers expected to come with a large immigrant wagon. Still, the pursuers might do the same. The wagon turned in at the gate as the carriage had done before. It came to the door and stopped. There was a moment of silence and painful suspense. Then there was a soft tap at the door. I opened it and a whisper came out of the darkness: "All ready." It was Monteith. The word was passed upstairs, and in a very few minutes Lizzie came down warmly wrapped up for the cold night's journey. It was very dark and we could scarcely see the team and could not at all distinguish the faces of our friends. Monteith's voice was sufficient to assure us of their genuineness. We could see that they had a large covered wagon and that the ride would be made as comfortable as possible. Lizzie was only too glad to escape the terrible doom which had threatened her. There were no parting ceremonies and no long farewells. The wagon was in motion almost before we realized that it had come. All the while we

were listening for the sound of wheels or hoofs. A few minutes' delay might defeat the whole plan. I presume it was not more than ten minutes from the time they stopped till they were all on their way and moving off into the night. We stood at the door and listened until the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, and then we went in with a wonderful sense of relief after the strain and excitement of the day and the night. Sometime in the "small hours" we retired to enjoy "the sleep of the just" for a little while. In the morning we were all glad to see that Mrs. Ward had so far recovered from her sudden illness as to be down to breakfast.

We never knew where Lizzie's rescuers went, and did not inquire. It is often just as well not to know too much. We did not know where they took her that night, only that she was safe. We were told afterwards that the wagon was followed by a number of armed horsemen for several miles; but they made no attack. They were wise enough to practice the "better part of valor." The wagon and its company were not molested and reached their destination in safety.

We learned still later that Lizzie, after being

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cared for in Kansas for a few months, was taken to Canada, where she found friends and a comfortable home. Beyond this we never heard. The war soon after broke out and other stirring events occupied our attention.

This was the first and only time I ever came in personal contact with the Underground Railroad. It is the only time I ever had any personal knowledge of its operations. I have sometimes wondered how it was I did not oftener know something of movements of this kind, but I presume those engaged in them never cared to have any more persons in the secret than was necessary. So far as I know very few Kansas people ever enticed slaves away or incited them to escape. But when one did escape and came to their door, there were not many who would refuse him a meal or a helping hand. A slave escaping across the line was sure to find friends, and was sure not to be betrayed into the hands of his pursuers. It was said that the line of the Underground Railroad ran directly through Lawrence and Topeka, then on through Nebraska and Iowa. This roundabout way was the shortest cut to the north pole. Every slave for a hundred miles knew the way, knew the stations and knew

their friends. I have been told by those who ought to know, that not less than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of slaves passed through Lawrence on their way to liberty during the territorial period. Most of this travel passed over the line so quietly that very few people knew anything about it.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONTRABANDS

LAWRENCE was settled as a Free State town and soon became recognized as the headquarters of the Free State movement. As a result it was the center of proslavery hate, and at the same time the center of hope to the slaves across the border. The colored people of Missouri looked to it as a sort of "city of refuge," and when any of them made a "dash for freedom," they usually made Lawrence their first point. It was on the direct line to the north pole, even if it did lie to the west of them. When the war broke out in 1861, the slaves on the border took advantage of it to make sure of their freedom, whatever might be the result of the conflict. They did not wait for any proclamation, nor did they ask whether their liberation was a war measure or a civil process. The simple question was whether they could reach the Kansas line without being overtaken. They took Paul's advice, "If thou mayst be free, choose it rather." They

“chose it rather.” Those within reach of the border lost no time in crossing it. A large number found their way to Lawrence. They did not know much of geography, but they had three points fixed in their minds—Lawrence, Canada and the north pole. As Lawrence was the nearest of the three, they came there first. They were not so fortunate as the Israelites when they fled from Egypt, and were not able to “borrow” of their masters to any large extent. They were most of them very destitute, and had little idea what they should do beyond escaping from bondage. They came by scores and hundreds, and for a time it seemed as if they would overwhelm us with their numbers and their needs. But they were strong and industrious, and by a little effort work was found for them, and very few, if any of them, became objects of charity. They were willing to work and they were able to live on little, and the whole community of freed slaves was soon able to take care of itself.

But it was soon evident that they needed help in other directions than that of securing a livelihood. They were mostly ignorant, only now and then one being able to read. In slavery no one was permitted to learn, it being a crime to

teach a slave to read. We could not think of having this multitude with us, and not do something to teach and elevate them. They were very anxious to learn. They had got the impression that there was a connection between liberty and learning. Our public schools would soon provide for the children. But the grown people had no time to attend the public schools, and there was no provision for them in these schools if they had been able to attend them. Mr. S. N. Simpson, who started the first Sunday-school in Lawrence in 1855, and was an enthusiast on Sunday-schools, conceived the idea of applying the Sunday-school methods to this problem. He proposed a night school where these people could have free instruction. There was no money to pay teachers, and he proposed that citizens volunteer to teach each evening for a couple of hours. He secured a room and organized a corps of volunteer teachers, mostly ladies, and commenced the school. About a hundred men and women, eager to learn, came to it. They were divided into classes of six or eight, and a teacher placed over each class. The form was that of a Sunday-school, but the alphabet and the primer were the principal things taught. The school

was a great blessing in every way. The teachers were naturally from among the best people of the town. They were men and women of culture and character and consecration. It brought them in contact with these newcomers, and the interest did not cease with the closing of the session. Many of the colored people got a start in this school which enabled them to learn to read. It gave the teachers also a grand opportunity to furnish their scholars with some intelligent notions of the new life of freedom which they had entered. Besides teaching the lessons, lectures were given on their new duties and their new relations to society.

The general conduct of the school, as well as the method of teaching, was on the model of the Sunday-school. There was a short devotional service at the opening, and some general exercises at the close. They sang a good deal, and answered certain Bible questions in concert. They sang the old Sunday-school songs, and did so with great zest and unction. A favorite song with them was that quaint old hymn :

“Where, oh, where, is the good old Moses,
Who led Israel out of Egypt?”

The editor of the Lawrence State Journal visited the school one evening, and published an account of it which was very accurate and appreciative. This was in January, 1862. The article says :

“ Contrabands are becoming one of the institutions of Lawrence. As they break their fetters they very naturally strike out for the center of abolitionism. For some months they have been thickening on our streets, filling and even crowding our few vacant houses and rooms. The question, What shall we do with them? so perplexing in theoretical discussions, has become with us a practical one and must be met at once. General Lane’s ‘Ocean’ is not at hand to be let in between the races, and the ‘mingling’ is inevitable. While many were speculating as to what course to pursue, and insisting that ‘something must be done,’ several benevolent ladies and gentlemen suggested and carried out the idea of a night school, which should educate these refugees from slavery, and fit them for the freedom they have acquired.

“ The school was started on the same principle as our Sabbath-schools—one or more taking the general oversight and preserving order, and then

having the scholars divided into classes large enough to occupy the time of one teacher during the evening. At first the school was held in a small room with only four scholars ; but it rapidly increased until the room was full, and then it was moved into the court-house. Our citizens have been very liberal in fitting up the court-house in proper shape, and volunteer teachers have been sufficient to supply the demand. The school is held every night in the week except Saturday. Last Friday evening we visited the school, and it is not often we have seen a more interesting sight. There were present that evening eighty-three scholars and twenty-seven teachers. The court-house was crowded, but we have seldom seen a more orderly school of any kind. Most of these people came among us entirely ignorant even of their letters. They had to begin, like little children, with the alphabet. But the earnestness with which they learn is exceedingly interesting. They seem to be straining forward with all their might, as if they could not learn fast enough. One young man who had been to the school only five nights, and began with the alphabet, now spells in words of two syllables. Another, in the same time, had progressed so

that he could read, quite rapidly, the simple lessons given in the spelling-book. The scholars were of all ages. Here is a class of little girls, eager and restless; there is a class of grown men, solemn and earnest. A class of maidens in their teens contrasts with another of elderly women. But all alike showed the same intentness of application. We were especially pleased with the courteous frankness with which they all answered any questions in reference to their progress. Some who began when the school opened, can now read with some fluency, and were ready to commence with figures.

“The school commences at seven o’clock. After the lessons are finished a short time is spent in singing. Their wild, untutored voices produced a strange but pleasing impression. One of their songs, altered from a familiar Sunday-school hymn, seemed peculiarly fitted for the occasion, and they sang it as though they meant it:

“ ‘Where, oh, where is the *Captain Moses*,
Who led Israel out of Egypt?
Safe now in the promised land.’

“It is worth an evening to see such a sight. Eighty-three scholars just out of bondage, giving themselves intently to study, after working hard

all day to earn their bread; and twenty-seven teachers, some of them our most cultivated and refined ladies and gentlemen, laboring night after night, voluntarily and without compensation, is a sight not often seen."

This long extract, written at the time, will give a more vivid view than any later recollections could give. The editor of the State Journal was Josiah Trask, son of Dr. Trask, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the well-known anti-tobacco apostle. He took a great interest in the school and in the colored people. A little over a year later he became one of the victims of the Quantrill raid. This editorial was written early in January, 1862. The school had then been in operation several weeks.

Work in religious lines was commenced about the same time. A Sunday-school was carried on among these people every Sunday; and Sunday services were conducted for them whenever it was possible. The evening services soon outgrew the room in which they were held, and they were moved over into the Congregational church. Evening after evening that house was filled with an earnest congregation. They seemed to be all of one mind, and no sectarian

name was mentioned. They had been members of different churches, but all seemed to go together. We began to think that the sectarian divisions which so hinder Christian work among white people did not exist among these colored brethren. We afterward learned our mistake, and found to our sorrow that the millennium was not as near as it seemed. Before the year had passed several of their own ministers appeared, and they divided into various ecclesiastical camps. Most of their preachers were very ignorant, some of them not able to read. But the less they knew the more confident they were, and the more bigoted. We felt that our work was not done, so we kept on with our Sunday-school and Sunday evening services. Quite a number of earnest souls came to us, and after a time desired to be formed into a church. The following account of the forming of the church is found in the Congregational Record, April, 1862:

“ On Sabbath evening, March 16, a church was organized among the ‘Contrabands’ at Lawrence. Only one of those composing the church brought a letter from the church from which he came. His letter was for himself and wife. We

asked him where his wife was. He said they had sold his wife and children down south before he got away, but he got a letter for both, hoping he might find her sometime. All the rest united on profession, although they had been members of churches before. They came away in too much of a hurry to get letters. Their experiences were distinct and very satisfactory. They seemed to understand very clearly the grounds of their hope. One of them said he always thought that if he ever experienced religion he should keep it to himself; he would not go around telling about it. But when he was converted he went right in among the white folks praising God; he could not keep it to himself. They said he was drunk; but he thanked God for such drunkenness as that. His story reminded us of what was said of the apostles on the day of Pentecost: 'These men are full of new wine.'

"This is the only church in Kansas that has a commercial value. The men are fine looking fellows, and in good time would bring fifteen hundred dollars apiece; for piety has a value in the slave market as well as muscle. This Second Congregational Church of Lawrence has a mar-

ket value, therefore, of some twenty thousand dollars.”

Only one of the sixteen members could read. This was Troy Strode, who was chosen deacon. He was consumptive in his youth and not able to work much. To relieve his loneliness his master allowed him to learn to read, and he made the best of the privilege. He was of great service to the little church, being a good reader, and a good singer, and a man of superior ability. Though his skin was dark he had as finely chiseled features as one often sees. His mind was as fine as his features and in the prayer-meeting often he spoke with a poetic touch that was thrilling. He was the main reliance of the church for many years. He was a hard working man, having entirely recovered from the debility of his youth. He was a blacksmith and a good workman, and secured him a home and a good property.

Another marked character was Anthony Oldham. He was the one who brought the letter for himself and wife. His wife and family he never found. One daughter came with him and she kept house for him. He could not read, but was well versed in Scripture and had a large

stock of hard sense. He had been a sort of a preacher among his people and was ready to conduct services for the new church when no other arrangement could be made. Everybody believed in him, and they all listened to him with respect. He was one of the sturdy kind whose convictions were as firm as a rock. He might have been of Puritan stock, judging from his character. It was a great loss to the church when he fell a victim to the Quantrill raid.

One of the newspapers of the time gave an account of the dedication of the house of worship erected for these people:

“The ‘Freedmen’s Church’ of Lawrence was dedicated Sabbath evening, September 28th, 1862. The house was filled with an attentive congregation of ‘freedmen’—all lately from bondage, and all neatly dressed as a result of their short experience of free labor. Rev. J. W. Fox, of Ridgeway, preached from the text, ‘They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat.’ The most eloquent passage of the sermon was where the preacher drew a parallel between that old Dutch ship coming up the James River, two hundred and forty years ago, freighted with twenty

slaves, and the moving of the vast armies of the time up that same river, washing out in blood the crime then inaugurated. That old Dutch ship brought in the first instalment of the accumulating curse that has at last brought our nation to the verge of ruin."

At the conclusion Mr. Fox presented the church with a pulpit Bible which had been sent by a lady in Worcester, Massachusetts, for the "first Freedmen's Church."

The word "contrabands," as used in these extracts, may need a word of explanation, as it has entirely passed out of use in that sense. As soon as the war commenced, slaves began to escape into the free states and into the Union camps. On what ground to hold them was a perplexing question. There had been no declaration of freedom, and the slave laws were still in force. Yet no one could think of sending these slaves back to their masters. General Butler, in whose camp a large number were found, said they were "contraband of war," and set them to work on the Union fortifications. The term at least furnished a convenient name for a class of people whose exact status was not easy to define. For many months they went by the name of "contra-

bands." After the proclamation of freedom they were very properly called "freedmen."

What occurred at Lawrence was only a specimen of what was happening all along the border. In all the border communities and in all the Union camps the freed slaves made their appearance. The question of their education and of their Christian training became at once a grave one, and has been a serious one ever since. All denominations have entered into the work heartily and it has become recognized as a distinct department of missionary operations. The question can hardly be made too prominent—what we do for these people, we do for ourselves. They are a part of the nation, and no wish or will of ours can separate them from us, or separate their destiny from ours. We may restrict immigration as we will, but these people are already here. It is of no use to shut the door. They are already in. Dr. Talmage begins one of his lectures with something like this: "The evolutionist has disposed of the question as to where we came from. The restorationist has disposed of the question as to where we are going. It only remains for us to consider *that we are here.*" The negroes are not coming.

They are here. They will stay here. They are American born. They have been here for more than two hundred and fifty years. They are not going back to Africa. They are not going to South America. They are not going to other parts of our own land. They are going to stay where they are. They are not able to emigrate if they would. We are not able to send them away if we wished. Even if *we* would and *they* would, the thing is not possible. It is not possible for eight millions of people to be transported from the land in which they were born, to some land across the seas, or some continent far away. They are to remain, and they are to increase. They are with us and with us to stay. They are to be our neighbors, whatever we may think about it, whatever we may do about it. It is not for us to say whether they shall be our neighbors or not. That has been settled by the providence that has placed them among us. It is only for us to say what sort of neighbors they shall be, and whether we will fulfil our neighborly obligations.

CHAPTER IX

KANSAS IN THE CIVIL WAR

WHEN the War of the Rebellion broke out in 1861, Kansas was in a very peculiar and critical position. She was a small community, isolated from her sympathizing sister states. The rich and powerful state of Missouri lay on her eastern border. Missouri was a doubtful state. It had a large slave population, and a very strong proslavery sentiment. Her governor was Claiborne F. Jackson, who had led the mob of Missourians which invaded Lawrence at the election on March 30, 1855, took possession of the polls and elected the bogus Legislature. The commander of her militia was Sterling Price, who became one of the ablest and most noted of the Confederate generals. February 28, 1861, a convention met to consider the question whether Missouri should join the Confederacy or remain in the Union. Sterling Price was president of the convention, and he and Governor Jackson used all their influence in

favor of secession. The convention voted to remain with the Union. In spite of this vote, Governor Jackson and General Price did all in their power to carry the state over to the Confederacy, and they would have succeeded but for the prompt action of General Lyon at St. Louis and Jefferson City. The disloyal sentiment was particularly strong on the Kansas border, where the largest slave population was found.

Kansas, therefore, had everything at stake. The success of the rebellion meant the destruction of Kansas. It was exposed to all the perils of a hostile frontier. It responded, therefore, to the nation's call for troops with an alacrity seldom witnessed. Her sons pressed into the service until her prairies were desolate, and her homes almost deserted. Rev. Louis Bodwell, Superintendent of Missions, undertook to ascertain how large a proportion of the able-bodied men in our missionary churches had entered the service of the nation. The proportion would no doubt hold good among all the people. In all the churches reporting he found one-half of those liable to military duty had entered the service. One little missionary church, with only eleven able-bodied men, had sent ten of these into the

army. Another church with twenty men capable of bearing arms had fifteen in the army. Whole neighborhoods were found without a single able-bodied man left. The homes and the herds and the fields were cared for by the women who stayed by the stuff. When ten regiments had responded, we thought it a good proportion. It was one in ten of the entire population. But it did not end here. The enlistments went on until twenty-two regiments had gone forth. They answered to every call and were found on every field.

“ They left the plowshare in the mold,
The flocks and herds without the fold,
The cattle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain.
They mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress ;
To right those wrongs, come weal or woe,
To perish, or o’ercome the foe ! ”

I remember well the first enlistments. Only one regiment from Kansas was called for at first, but enough responded to make two. The first regiment went to the front, and the second waited till it was wanted. A company of this second regiment was encamped just back of my house in Lawrence for several weeks, and many

a meal some of their number took with us in our house. They had not yet been armed or uniformed or furnished. They were waiting to learn if they would be received. So far their request to be permitted to serve their country had been refused. But they were determined to enter, and were going to wait until they could. They were an intelligent body of men, and their bearing was that of gentlemen. They had not yet been mustered in and had received no supplies. They were maintaining themselves at their own charges. They were not under military orders. They had nothing to do and had no idea how long they must wait. But though their camp was just back of our house, we never had better neighbors than those hundred men. We became strongly attached to them, and quite intimate with many of them. Nearly every evening we had some of them come in and take tea with us. Sergeant Sherman Bodwell was a brother of Rev. Louis Bodwell of Topeka. He was a genius in his way, a delightful companion, and a kind-hearted friend. It was like a streak of sunshine whenever he came into the house, which was nearly every day. One morning he came bounding in,

more light and happy than usual, and cried: "The agony is over! We are going! Good-bye!" And off they marched, singing as they went. They were armed and equipped at Leavenworth a few days later, and then they marched south to join General Lyon at Springfield, Missouri. It was only a few days after this that we heard of the battle of Wilson's Creek, one of the most desperately fought battles of the war. Of the thirty-seven hundred men engaged, fourteen hundred were either killed or wounded. The First Kansas lost four hundred of its men, and every commissioned officer but one was either killed or wounded. The Second Kansas, to which our friends belonged, was held in reserve and suffered less; but their losses were quite heavy. That battle of Wilson's Creek saved Missouri to the Union, and probably saved Kansas from devastation. It is true that Lyon was killed and his little army defeated, but the desperateness of their onset checked the rebel advance, and gave time to organize for the defense.

We in Lawrence came into very close touch with the soldiers of the Union. We saw a great deal of them during the four years. Squads and

detachments, regiments and brigades, were constantly passing through the state, often remaining for days and weeks in camp among us. When they did this, our relations with them were intimate and very delightful. Most of the time we were just on the border of military operations, and sometimes we seemed to feel the pulse of the Army of the Southwest. We were so nearly concerned in their success that our interest in all their movements was sometimes strained to almost a painful tension. The pulsations of that army passed through us and we felt every throb. Union soldiers were constantly going back and forth; Union refugees came to us continually by scores and by hundreds; ex-slaves came by thousands; while "the poor white trash" of the South came in colonies. And after some of the battles of the southwest the wounded were sent to us at Lawrence to be cared for, and our city was almost converted into a hospital.

During this first summer two regiments from Wisconsin camped in the woods above Lawrence, and remained several weeks. They were a fine lot of men, and we came to regard them as neighbors. It seemed as if they were all picked men. They were men of education and high character,

men of means and good position. Some of them had occupied positions of honor in their state, and had been trusted with large responsibilities. Yet these men had enlisted as private soldiers to serve their country for three years. Their camp was as orderly as the quietest village, and the soldiers everywhere conducted themselves like gentlemen. They commanded the respect of everybody while the regiments were with us. Hon. E. D. Holton, of Milwaukee, visited them. He was sent by the state to look after the Wisconsin troops and to see that they were well cared for, and to furnish them whatever might be needful for their comfort at the expense of the state. He was a noble Christian gentleman, full of sympathy and good sense. While with them he did all in his power to interest the citizens of the town in the soldiers, and there sprang up quite a friendship between the two communities. The Wisconsin Thirteenth had a very able chaplain, Rev. Dr. Hilton. He had been pastor of leading Methodist churches in the cities of Wisconsin, and had left a large parish to go with the soldiers. He was very much beloved by the men and exerted a powerful influence for good. He usually held services in camp Sunday morning,

and then many of the men came to the churches in town in the evening. One Sunday evening they seemed to have all agreed on our church, and I was surprised to find the church full of soldiers. I had not been expecting anything of the kind, but I had somehow been led to choose for my text the words, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." I remember only two sentences: "Alexander conquered the world, but was himself conquered by his passions. Had he been able to rule his own spirit, he would have saved himself and his empire." A few days after this they were ordered away, and this was the last I saw of any of them. We followed them with interest, however, and as one might expect, they acquitted themselves like men in many a close encounter. Their fate was doubtless like that of many brave regiments, not half of which ever returned.

The next spring another body of soldiers was stationed among us for several weeks, waiting for orders. We were just then holding nine o'clock prayer-meetings each morning, it being a time of special religious interest. A few of the soldiers dropped in, and more and more each day. The officer in charge was present each morning.

After about two weeks we proposed to close the meetings. This officer came to me and begged that we continue the meetings. He said, "I am anxious for my men. Many of them are interested, and I want the impressions fostered. We shall be ordered to the front in a few days, and no man can tell how many of us will come back." At his request we continued the meetings and they filled the room day by day. Many of them expressed the determination to lead a new life, and to go forth thereafter in the name of the Lord. One morning they were missing from the place of prayer. They had been ordered to the front and had gone at daybreak. They met with us no more and prayed with us no more, but it was a long time before we forgot to pray for them.

At one time the military authorities sent us word that they desired to quarter a lot of sick and wounded soldiers with us. Rooms were therefore cleared over some of the stores, and preparations made. The rooms were filled with cots, and soon the cots were filled with sick and wounded soldiers from the battle-fields and hospitals of Arkansas and southwest Missouri. Then we were all planning what we could do to

relieve the poor fellows and soften their lot. One day the officer in charge came to me and said that a sick soldier wanted to see a minister. I hastened over to the hospital, and was taken into a room full of cots, on which the sick and wounded lay. I was shown the cot of the man who had sent for me. He seemed to be about thirty-five years of age. His face was thin and worn, and his frame was wasted. Almost as soon as I had sat down he began to tell me his story. "I have been a bad boy. My father and mother were Christians. Often and often I have knelt by my mother's knee, and she has taught me to pray. But I grew up wild and reckless. I ran away from home and enlisted in the regular army. For years and years we were wandering from place to place. We have been on the Pacific coast, among the Western mountains, and almost everywhere." So he went on bemoaning his life and despairing of hope. After a while I got before him the idea of divine mercy in Jesus Christ. He caught at the idea as if it were a new revelation to him. The despairing look began to pass away, and the doleful tones grew more hopeful. His face brightened and his eye glistened as if he had

seen a new light. Before I left he had offered a prayer, and as I turned to leave I saw the poor fellows all over the room wiping the tears from their eyes. The next day when I came to the foot of the stairs I heard singing, and as I went up I found the whole room singing a familiar hymn in which my friend was leading. I found him calm and peaceful as if the Lord had spoken to him, as I believe he had. Day by day he grew more clear, and spent most of his time in reading the Bible and singing of Him who had saved him. Often the whole room would join with him as he sang. After a few weeks they were all removed and I saw my friend no more. I heard, however, that he died, shortly after, a peaceful death. A few months later I received a letter from a minister in Maine thanking me for my attentions to his poor wandering boy, and wanting me to write them all about his last days. The poor fellow had never told me his father was a minister, nor did I learn enough from him to identify him. I now found his father was an old friend who had spent several years in Kansas.

I have given these touches at random, depicting a very few of the scenes in which I came

myself in contact with the soldier life of the republic. I came in touch with it almost continuously, and in great variety. I think I am able to form a very fair judgment of what that life was. A great deal has been said about the roughness of the army, its demoralizing influences, its coarse and vile elements. But my observation would lead me to judge that the soldier life of the nation was a very high grade of life. The best blood of the land gave itself for the country. The principle that was under the war appealed to the best that was in men. It was an idea taking to itself a body, and marshaling its forces for victory. It was not mainly the restoration of the national authority which stirred men so. It was not mainly the preservation of the Union which so wrought on the popular heart. It was not mainly the grand old flag which appealed so irresistibly to the heroic and the noble all over the land. But under all this and back of all this was a moral idea which lifted the whole conflict into the realm of the sublime. This grand moral idea appealed to principle as well as to patriotism; it appealed to religious enthusiasm as well as to national pride. It appealed to conscience and

sympathy and the love of justice and right. There was in it the lifting of the lowly, the freeing of the oppressed, the breaking of shackles and the righting of wrongs.

This was not the avowed object, but everybody knew that this was what the conflict involved, and everybody had a presentiment that this must be its end. This was the way Destiny pointed. It appealed to the hatred of oppression; it appealed to the awakened conscience of the nation; it took hold of the moral energies of the people.

CHAPTER X

COMING EVENTS CASTING THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

EARLY in the summer of 1863, Rev. Louis Bodwell, Superintendent of Missions for Kansas, was authorized by the American Home Missionary Society to undertake work in Kansas City, Missouri. He had long had this in mind and had been waiting for an opportunity. The movement did not spring mainly from a desire to have a Congregational church in Kansas City, but much more from a desire to have a church in thorough sympathy with the nation and the Union cause. The churches there were non-committal, to say the least, on the great question which then absorbed all others, the question of national existence. I have heard it said by those familiar with the place, that public prayer for the Union cause had never been offered in Kansas City. Soldiers and loyal citizens felt it was time this reproach was removed. It was in re-

sponse to appeals of this kind that Mr. Bodwell undertook the work. He secured a hall and advertised services for every Sunday morning. For several months the pulpit was supplied by himself and by neighboring pastors by his arrangement.

My connection with the movement was through an exchange with Mr. Bodwell, whereby I supplied the pulpit in Kansas City for three weeks and he supplied my pulpit in Lawrence. We agreed upon the first three Sundays of August—2d, 9th and 16th. I was particularly pleased with the plan, as it gave me an opportunity to visit my old-time friend and college classmate, Rev. R. D. Parker, pastor of the first church in Wyandotte.

We went down by the stage line about the last day in July. The journey was without special incident until we reached Shawneetown, a little village some eight miles from Kansas City. Here the stage stopped for dinner. I noticed at once the singular appearance of the village. Doors were wide open, windows out, boxes and goods and rubbish scattered about the streets and sidewalks. The people, in little knots, were talking low, and there were groups of women



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and children sitting here and there under trees or awning, with the most wretched and woebe-gone look. Everything had an air of dreariness and desolation. I inquired the cause, and learned that the village had been sacked the night before by bushwhackers. They had dashed in about midnight, ransacked the town, carried off what they wanted, and destroyed more than they took. They had burned a few houses and killed one or two men. The men of the place were taken prisoners and held during their stay, and then set at liberty. All their arms were taken from them and all the horses that could be found. This was all done in about an hour, when the gang disappeared as they came. Of course the raid was the theme on everybody's tongue. Turn which way we would, we heard nothing else but the terrors of the night just passed. As we sat at dinner we heard the details being narrated by every group at the tables. The terror of the attack, the wild confusion that followed, the horror and the desolation when they were gone, were all pictured out in the vivid speech of those who had seen and felt it all only a few hours before. They all thought that the gang was still in the neighborhood and that they med-

itated more depredations. They said the burning of farmhouses and the stealing of horses were things of almost nightly occurrence.

After dinner the stage drove up again and we resumed our seats. We did so with some trepidation, for we learned that the stage route ran directly through the bushwhackers' country. As we drove into it we could understand something of the difficulty of pursuing these desperate men. For several miles we passed through a dense forest, or, more properly, a dense jungle of underbrush. The road seemed as if it had been hewn through this thicket with a broad axe, the walls of brush standing on either side, a seemingly impenetrable mass. As we looked up the road it seemed like a line of sky ahead of us between the trees. Our only traveling companions were a couple of military men, a captain and a lieutenant, who had been home on a furlough and were returning to their commands in Kansas City. As they took their seats I noticed that they examined their revolvers with great care, and placed them where they would be "handy." Our first thought was that we should have the protection of these two brave men in case of attack. But on second thought we remembered

that two prominent Union officers would be a great prize to these rebels, and that they might attack us on this account. After we had gone about three miles our stage suddenly stopped. I could see, through the little window in front, a horse leap from the jungle. I could see no more. Whether it was a single horse or a company we could not tell. Our military friends seized their revolvers and were instantly on the alert. It could have been but a moment, but it seemed a long time before the mystery was explained. A schoolgirl coming down the road had turned aside and crowded her horse into the jungle to let the stage pass. As the stage drove up her horse became startled and plunged back into the middle of the road in front of us. It was this that had brought our lumbering stage, with its driver and four horses, to a standstill, and set us passengers all in a quiver. We were on our way again before we fully realized how simple a thing it was and that there had been no danger whatever. An innocent schoolgirl and her farm horse had caused the whole disturbance. When we learned how little a thing had alarmed us, "then were our fears turned to laughter." But that such a thing should so startle not only us,

but brave soldiers well armed, may give some idea of the perils of the situation. We all felt, therefore, a wonderful relief when we drove into the open streets of Kansas City an hour later.

As I said, one of the motives in making this exchange with Mr. Bodwell was the opportunity it gave me of visiting my old friend and classmate, Rev. R. D. Parker. We had been classmates in college, chums in the theological seminary, and had come out to Kansas together. Our wives, too, had been friends in their girlhood in Michigan. Mr. Parker was now pastor of the church in Wyandotte. A good portion of the time we made our home at his house. Wyandotte was so near the bushwhacker country that it had been in a state of alarm and peril from the first breaking out of the war. The woods and thickets in which the bushwhackers had their hiding-places came up to the Kansas River, only three miles away. When we retired at night it was with the thought that the enemy might be within an hour's ride. There could be no intermission to the vigilance of defense. The men were organized into military companies, and armed, and held themselves ready to rally at a moment's call. The town was patrolled at night

almost as thoroughly as if it had been a military camp.

Mr. Parker was among the foremost in all plans for defense. He was a member of one of the military companies, and held himself subject to call like the rest. His revolver and musket, always loaded and ready for use, were at the head of his bed every night. The first night we were there a call to arms was made about midnight, and as I looked out, I saw the apparition of my friend with a musket on his shoulder and revolver strapped to his side, hurrying to the place of rendezvous. After a while he returned and reported a false alarm. A report had come in that the enemy were crossing the river a few miles away. These false alarms were common, but the peril was so real and so near, that they dared not be thrown off their guard.

Sunday morning, August 2, I sought my new parish. I rode over to Kansas City on Mr. Parker's horse, and he insisted on my carrying his revolver. Kansas City and Wyandotte, which have since become one great city, were then nearly three miles apart. The space from the Kansas River to the bluffs was as lonely a piece of wood as could be found on the continent. It

has been the scene of many a robbery, and in those turbulent war times was not often chosen for evening walks. In the daytime there was not much danger, but it was one of those spots which one is always glad to get by. There was a wagon road through the woods, and also a foot and bridle path skirting the bank of the Missouri River. This footpath ran along about where the great packing-houses now stand and not far from the site of the Union Depot. Ordinarily no living thing was to be seen all this distance. Travel was very scanty and no one crossed over unless he was obliged to do so. There might have been some houses on the bottom, but they were not visible from the path on which we went. After crossing the bottom the road wound along under the bluff until it came to where Main Street strikes the river. Main Street itself at this point was only a deep cut through the bluffs, with clay banks on either side, fifty feet high. In a peaceful time the ride through the wood along the river-bank would have been delightful, but at this time there was just enough of uncertainty about it to make the end of the journey the best part of it.

Our services were held in what was called

“Long’s Hall,” a large room on the second floor, on the east side of Main Street. It was a very plain room, smoked and dingy, and was lighted altogether from the street end. It was used for all sorts of shows and entertainments during the week, as it was the principal hall in the place. It would seat probably eight hundred or a thousand. It must have had almost this number of wooden chairs. On Sunday morning the room was put in shape for us. A faded, dilapidated curtain partially hid the tawdry decorations of the stage, while most of the chairs were stacked up on one side of the room to be out of our way. On the other side of the room about a hundred chairs were set in a kind of semicircle for the use of our congregation. A little stand by the wall, facing these chairs, served for a pulpit. We seemed like a lonely lot, sitting in this little section of the great room, with the vacant spaces swallowing our words like pebbles dropped in the sea. Our congregations were small, varying perhaps from thirty-five to seventy-five. A large proportion were men, and many of them officers and soldiers from the camp. They were largely strangers and changed every Sunday. There were a few who stood by and were present at

every service. Among these was Hon. T. Dwight Thacher, a member of my Lawrence church, who was at that time editor of the Kansas City Journal. We had no organization, but he was a sort of trustee, deacon and chorister, and pretty much everything else in the way of service. It was a wide-awake congregation and very stimulating. The great drawback was the unsettled state of things. Nobody knew what a day would bring forth. Everybody was ready to move at an hour's notice. For this reason all thought of organization was postponed until quieter times.

During these three weeks, what was called "Lincoln's Thanksgiving Day" occurred. After the great national victories at Gettysburg, Vicksburg and other points, all occurring about July 4, Lincoln appointed a special day of thanksgiving. He seemed to realize that the tide of battle had turned and the triumph of the Union cause was forecast. The day set apart was the second Thursday in August, the thirteenth. The churches of Kansas City did not notice the proclamation. There was no opposition, but they received it with a "silence that could be heard." "Our people" in Long's Hall determined to

observe the day and I was asked to conduct the services and preach. I prepared a sermon specially for the occasion. I remember nothing about it except some impressions I had while writing it. I was suffering from a felon on my hand just then, and could not hold a pen. My wife wrote the sermon, therefore, as I lay on the lounge and dictated it between the twinges of pain. Several times my wife hesitated and said, "I would leave that out. It may make you trouble." I replied, "That is just what I should say if at home to-day, and I am going to preach in Kansas City just as I would if I were at home in Lawrence."

On Thursday morning I rode over, carrying my lame hand in a sling. I was not expecting much of a congregation at this special week-day service, but to my surprise I found our corner of the hall fairly filled. It was different from the Sunday congregations. There were more soldiers and officers and strangers. I realized that I might be throwing fire among fireworks, but the audience seemed in sympathy with the service and with the theme of my sermon. It seemed to be a very fitting thing that we should observe the day, and we were all glad we had done so.

The days of our sojourn hastened away. There was nothing in my service of special mark, but the stirring events around us and the thrilling events which followed, have made the occasion ever memorable in my mind. As soon as the days were ended for which I had engaged to supply, we prepared to return to our regular work in Lawrence. On account of the condition of the country through which the stage route passed, we concluded to go by way of Leavenworth. On Tuesday, August 18, we took a steamboat for Leavenworth, and the next day the stage carried us across to Lawrence. We arrived at home Wednesday evening, August 19.

Home never seemed more welcome than it did that Wednesday evening. For three weeks we had been on the border, within an hour's ride of the bushwhackers' home in the jungle. Every night we could see the signs of their work in the glare on the clouds. Alarms were almost nightly. Only constant vigilance would ward off peril. Now we were at home once more,

“And Quantrill forty miles away.”

The effect was wonderfully peaceful and soothing. Our little white cottage had just been repainted, and as we approached it in the moon-

light that evening, it seemed a gem among the trees that were just growing up around it. It was our first home, and like all "first homes" was very dear to us. We took the full enjoyment of it that night, walking about to view it from different points. We had the full comfort of it all the next day.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAWRENCE RAID

WE felt a wonderful relief on getting home, and having forty miles instead of ten between us and the marauders. We had one quiet day at home and thoroughly enjoyed it. Rev. Louis Bodwell, who had been supplying my church during my absence, was with us. We sat up late Thursday night talking over the things that had happened during our absence. I arose quite early Friday morning. It was a beautiful morning; there was not a speck of a cloud in the sky, and the air was so still that it seemed as if the very elements were holding their breath. A few moments afterward I heard a strange noise in the south part of the town. It suggested to me the breaking up of school in the olden time, when at the word, "dismissed," every boy jumped and yelled. I went to the door and saw my neighbors everywhere peeping around their houses. Some one said, "*There's a regiment of them.*" I could hear rapid firing at a little distance. Then

there came in sight the head of a column of horsemen, rushing forward at a furious speed, the reins over the horses' necks, and the men sitting freely in their saddles with revolvers in hand, and firing continuously. On the still air came the command, "*On to the hotel.*" At this they wheeled obliquely to the left toward the main street. They passed about three hundred yards from my door in plain sight and wheeled to the left just in front of my house. They rode five or six abreast, and were splendid horsemen. They were desperate-looking men, clad in the traditional butternut, and belted about with revolvers, some carrying as many as six. Most of them also carried carbines.

Rapidly as they rushed forward the column seemed a long time in passing. At last the rear came in view, and the whole body soon disappeared on the main street. For a time we could neither hear nor see what was going on, and could only await developments. How long we were in suspense I do not know. It was probably half an hour. We then saw a column of black smoke shoot up from the Lawrence Republican printing office. We now knew that they had the town in their possession. Our

thought was that they would do here as they had done elsewhere, carry off what they wanted, burn the business part of the town, kill a few persons who were obnoxious to them, and then depart. This had been the usual course, and this was what we all were expecting in case a raid should occur. As our house was at some distance from the center of the town, we thought the chances were good that we should not be reached. We could not see very much. One column of black smoke after another shot into the air, and we could follow their work all along the business street by the fires they kindled. The air was so still that the smoke of each building shot straight up into the sky, and these columns stood like great black pillars all along the street. Bits of charred paper and burnt cloth hung in the air and floated slowly over us. Now and then an explosion told us that the fire had reached the powder in some cellar. Squads of six or eight horsemen were dashing here and there all over the town. Then a squad came by, right in front of our house, two blocks away, and after a little disappeared to the south. Another squad came, a little nearer, and went off again, and all was quiet. I was watching at

the west window looking toward the town. Mr. Bodwell was watching at the north window looking down our street. He called me to come and look. I went to the north window, and at the house just below us, on the opposite side of the street, there was a squad of six talking with the lady at the door. It was evident that we were not to be overlooked. It was our turn next. Turning to me Mr. Bodwell said, "You are well known here, Cordley, and I am not; you must go at once." There was no time for argument, and no disposition for any. The chance of getting by them safely was not very promising, but it was the only chance there was of escape. If we remained in the house they would surely be upon us in a few minutes. I simply replied that I should "not go and leave any one in the house. We must all go." Taking our little Maggie in my arms, we all passed out by the back door, and the back gate, and straggled along toward the river. The squad we had seen from the window was still at the house across the street. Some of them had dismounted, and some were still in their saddles. They were not more than three hundred feet from us, but they were so busily engaged talking with the

woman who stood in the doorway, that they did not notice us as we passed by them. We knew our only hope of escape lay in not attracting attention, so we sauntered along slowly as if we were out for a morning walk. We were in plain sight of them for an eighth of a mile or more, expecting every moment to be fired upon, or called back. At last we came to the woods on the river-bank not very far from where the gas works now stand. Here Bodwell remained, and climbed a tree to watch operations. We kept on down the river for half a mile or more. There we hailed a friend who lived on the opposite side, and he came over for us in his rowboat. In a few minutes we were "safe beyond the river."

I left my family at my friend's house, and started back on the north side of the river. When I reached the ferry opposite the town, I could still hear firing toward the south, but it was growing fainter, and the raiders were evidently leaving. There were a number of us at the ferry, all eager to cross. After a little while the ferryman pushed out into the stream, but we had hardly gone out fifty feet when we heard several sharp shots on the hill just above us. The ferry-

man pushed his boat back a good deal quicker than he had pushed it out, and none of us felt like objecting. The shots we had heard, as we afterward learned, were those fired into the company of prisoners at the Whitney House, after Quantrill and the main body of rebels had left the town. As soon as the firing ceased, the ferryman pushed out again, and in a few moments we were landed on the Lawrence side. I hurried up the hill, anxious to know how great the disaster was. The first man I met was John Speer, editor of the Lawrence Republican. He was covered with ashes and soot as if he had been through the fire. He grasped my hand eagerly, and said, "I want you to help find my boy. They have killed one, and the other I cannot find. He slept in the printing-office, and I expect he was burned with the building." So we went where he said the bed stood, and raked about among the embers in the cellar with poles, but could find no signs of his boy, and no signs of him were ever found. I next saw Bodwell, from whom I had parted a short time before, scarcely expecting to meet again. He was hurrying about, caring for the wounded. About this time I met Capt. J. G. Lowe, an old citizen.

Twenty minutes later his wife hailed me from a window, and asked if Mr. Lowe was dead. I told her, "No, I had just left him." I had scarcely turned the corner from where she had hailed me, when some one said that Mr. Lowe, in trying to rescue Mayor Collamore from the well he was concealed in, had fallen and perished. I went from one stricken group to another, helping as I could. Every one had a tale of horror or of marvelous escapes, and to tell all I heard and saw that day would fill a volume, and would equal the story of any Indian massacre ever written. About three o'clock I felt strangely faint, and came near falling on the sidewalk. It then occurred to me that I had eaten neither breakfast nor dinner. So I went into the house opposite and asked for something to eat, which they gave me, and I passed on.

Sometime in the afternoon Mrs. Cordley and I found time to visit the ruins of our home. On our way we came across Mr. Bodwell, and we were all together by the ruins, as we had been a few hours before in the house. All that remained was a bed of embers and ashes. Not a book or sermon, not a letter or paper, not a relic of childhood or memento of friend was saved. As

we stood silently looking at the desolate scene, Mrs. Cordley quietly wept. Bodwell turned to her and said in his gentlest tones: "Don't cry, Mary. You have got all you asked for. We are all here." No more tears were shed for the ruined house. So many all about us were carrying heavier sorrows, that we could but be thankful at our own escape. Bodwell's part in all this is told in a sketch he wrote at the time, from which I make a short extract:

"After Cordley and his family had crossed to the north side of the river I turned back to the burning town. As I drew near the firing ceased. Climbing a bank not a soul was in sight, save one horseman galloping at full speed southward. Cordley's house was standing, and seemed unharmed. But a puff of smoke from the south window gave warning. The first door opened showed the house full of smoke. Two steps took me to the library shelves, to grasp an armful of books, and run and throw them on the grass. The smoke and growing heat drove me from my next attempt empty-handed. To take off the outside blinds, to bring out the movables from the lean-to kitchen, was all that could be done ere the fire seemed to cover the whole."

It will be necessary to go back a little to give a connected story of the whole affair. Quantrill assembled his gang about noon the day before the raid, August 20, and started toward Kansas about two o'clock. They crossed the Kansas border between five and six o'clock, and struck directly across the prairie toward Lawrence, passing through Gardner, on the Sante Fé trail, about eleven o'clock at night, and through Hesper, ten miles southeast of Lawrence, between two and three. The moon was now set, and the night was dark and the road doubtful. A little boy was taken from a house on Captain's Creek and compelled to guide them into Lawrence. They entered Franklin, four miles east of Lawrence, at the first glimmer of day, and passed quietly through the village, lying upon their horses, so as to attract as little attention as possible. The command, however, was distinctly heard: "Rush on, boys, it will be daylight before we are there. We ought to have been there an hour ago." From here it began to grow light and they traveled faster. When they first came in sight of the town they stopped. Many were inclined to waver. Quantrill finally declared that *he* was going in, and they might

follow who would. Two horsemen were sent in ahead to see that all was quiet. They rode through the town and back without attracting attention. They were seen going through the main street, but the appearance of horsemen at that hour was nothing unusual.

Their progress was now quite rapid, but cautious. They were seen approaching by several persons in the outskirts, but in the dimness of the morning and the distance, they were supposed to be Union troops. They passed on in a body till they came to the high ground facing the main street, when the command was given: "Rush on to the town." Instantly they rushed forward with a yell. They first came upon a camp of new recruits for the Kansas Fourteenth. These men had not yet been armed, and were waiting for orders. On these the bushwhackers fired as they passed, killing seventeen out of twenty-two. The attack did not check the general advance. A few turned aside to run down and shoot fugitive soldiers, but the main body rushed on with unslackened speed. In all the bloody scenes which followed, nothing surpassed, in wildness and terror, that which now presented itself. The guerillas rode with the ease and

abandon acquired by a life spent in the saddle, and amid desperate scenes. Their horses scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and the riders sat with bodies and arms perfectly free, shooting at every house and man they passed, and yelling at every bound. On each side of this stream of fire, as it poured along, were men falling dead and wounded, and women and children, half dressed, running and screaming—some trying to escape from danger and some rushing to the side of their murdered friends.

The ruffians dashed along the main street, shooting at every straggler on the sidewalk, and into almost every window. They halted in front of the Eldridge House. The firing ceased and all was quiet for a few minutes. They evidently expected resistance there, and sat gazing at the rows of windows above them, apparently in fearful suspense. In a few moments Captain Banks, provost marshal of the state, opened a window and displayed a white flag, and called for Quantrill. Quantrill rode forward, and Banks, as provost marshal, surrendered the house, stipulating for the safety of the inmates. At this moment the big gong of the hotel began to sound through the halls to arouse the sleepers.

The whole column fell back, evidently thinking this the signal for an attack. In a few moments they pressed forward again, and commenced the work of plunder and destruction. They ransacked the hotel, robbing the rooms and their inmates. These inmates they gathered together at the head of the stairs, and when the plundering was done, marched them across the street on to Winthrop Street under a guard. Soon Quantrill rode up and told them to go to the City Hotel, on the river-bank, and they would be protected, because he had boarded there some years ago and had been well treated. He ordered the prisoners to go in and stay in, and they would be safe. The captives were as obedient to orders as any of Quantrill's own men, and lost no time in gaining the house of refuge. This treatment of the prisoners of the Eldridge House shows that they expected resistance from that point, and were relieved by the offer of surrender. They not only promised protection, but were as good as their word. Other hotels received no such favors, and had no such experience of rebel honor.

CHAPTER XII

INCIDENTS OF THE RAID

THE surprise was so complete that no organized resistance was possible. Before people could fully comprehend the real state of the case, every part of the town was full of rebels, and there was no possibility of rallying. Even the recruits in camp were so taken by surprise that they were shot in their places. The attack could scarcely have been made at a worse hour. The soldiers had just taken in their camp guard, and people were just waking from sleep. There was no time or opportunity for consultation or concert of action, and every man had to do the best he could for himself. A large number, however, did actually start with what arms they had toward the street. Most of these saw at once that the street could not be reached, and turned back. Some went forward and perished. Mr. Levi Gates lived about a mile in the country, in the opposite direction from that by which the rebels entered. As soon as he heard the firing in town

he started with his rifle, supposing that a stand would be made by the citizens. When he got to town he saw at once that the rebels had possession. He was an excellent marksman and could not leave without trying his rifle. The first shot made a rebel jump in his saddle, but did not kill him. He loaded again and fired one more shot, when the rebels came on him and killed him.

Mr. G. W. Bell, county clerk, lived on the side of the hill overlooking the town. He saw the rebels before they made their charge. He seized his musket and cartridge box with a hope of reaching the main street before them. But he was too late and was killed as he was trying to return home. Other attempts at resistance were equally futile.

It would be impossible to give all the scenes of horror which were witnessed that morning. Every house had its story and every man and woman had their tale. I can only sketch briefly a few of the scenes, and they must serve as specimens of the scores and scores of thrilling tales which might be told.

General George W. Collamore was mayor of the city. He was a man of ability and experience, and had taken great pains to pre-

pare Lawrence for defense. But his preparations, like all other arrangements in the same line, failed of their purpose. He lived in the western section of the town, yet his house was attacked at once. The raiders evidently knew his house and wished to forestall anything he might do toward resistance. He was awakened by their shots, and looking out, found the house was entirely surrounded. Escape was impossible, and there was but one hiding-place. That was the well in the rear, and close to the house. He and his man at once descended into the well as the rebels entered in front. They searched the house from top to bottom, swearing and threatening all the while. Failing to find him, they set fire to the house, and waited around it till it was consumed. Mrs. Collamore went out while the house was burning, and spoke to her husband in the well, and he answered her. She felt sure that he was safe. After the flames had subsided, and the ground was clear, she went again and spoke, but received no response. As soon as the rebels were gone, Captain J. G. Lowe, an intimate friend of General Collamore, went down into the well to seek him ; but he also lost his life and the three bodies were drawn out together.

At Dr. Griswold's house, a block away from Mayor Collamore's, there were four families. The doctor and his wife had returned the evening before from a visit at the East. Hon. S. M. Thorpe, state senator, Mr. Josiah C. Trask, editor of the State Journal, and Mr. Harlow W. Baker, grocer, with their wives, were boarding in Dr. Griswold's family. The house was attacked about the same time as Mayor Collamore's. They called for the men to come out. As the four men were well armed, and were young and vigorous, they were disposed to remain in the house and defend themselves. But the raiders assured them "they would not be harmed; we have come to burn Lawrence, but we do not want to hurt anybody if we can help it. If the citizens make us no trouble they will receive no harm. We want you to go over to town where we can keep you under guard until we do what we came for, and then you can all go free. It will be all the better for everybody if you quietly go with us." This seemed plausible. Mr. Trask said to his companions, "If it is going to help the town, we had better go with them." So they went down-stairs and out-of-doors. The ruffians ordered them into line, and then marched them toward the town,

they themselves following behind on horseback. They had scarcely marched a dozen yards from the gate before they were shot. All four fell as if dead. The four wives were on the balcony looking out, but were not permitted to come out and minister to their husbands, or even to know whether they were dead or alive. A guard was stationed near by, and if the ladies made a move to come out to their dying friends, they were driven back into the house with oaths and threats. After the bodies had lain some half an hour, a gang rode up to them, rolled them over and shot them again. Mr. Baker received his only dangerous wound at this second shooting. After shooting the men, the ruffians went in and robbed the house. They demanded even the personal jewelry of the ladies. Mrs. Trask begged to be allowed to retain her wedding ring. "You have killed my husband; let me keep his ring." But the ruffians snatched it from her hand with a brutal oath. The wounded men outside lay in the hot sun some four hours. Only after the rebels had gone could the friends know who was dead and who was alive. It was found that Mr. Trask and Dr. Griswold had been killed instantly. Mr. Thorpe was fatally wounded and lingered in great

agony until the next day, when he died. Mr. Baker was shot first through the neck and then through the lungs. He had also one or two other slight wounds. For many days his case was very doubtful, but having a strong constitution, he finally recovered, and is yet a member of the firm of Ridenour & Baker, leading grocers in Kansas City.

One of the most shocking murders was that of Judge Louis Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter was a young lawyer of marked ability, and had won considerable distinction. He had been judge of the probate court of Douglas County, and the year before had been a candidate for attorney-general of the state. He had been married less than a year, and had a delightful home in the eastern part of the town. Several gangs called at his house and robbed him of his valuables, and took from the house whatever they fancied. But his genial manner every time diverted them, and they left him unharmed. Toward the last another gang came who were harder to divert than the others had been. He accosted them in his usual pleasant way, hoping to engage them in conversation as he had the others. One of them asked him where he was

from. He replied, "New York." "Oh, it is you New York fellows who are doing all the mischief," replied one of them. The fellow at once drew his revolver, and Judge Carpenter ran into the house. The man dismounted and followed. Mr. Carpenter ran first up-stairs, then down again through the house. Finally he eluded his pursuer and slipped into the cellar. He was already badly wounded, and his blood lay in pools on the cellar floor where he stood. His hiding-place was at last discovered, and he ran out into the yard, and the man shot him again. He fell mortally wounded. His wife ran to him and threw herself over him to shield him from further violence. The brute deliberately walked around her to find a place to shoot once more. He finally raised her arm, and thrust his revolver under it and fired so that she saw the charge enter her husband's head. They then set fire to the house, but through the energy of Mrs. Carpenter's sister, the fire was extinguished and the house saved. There was nothing in the judge's character or life that gave any reason for the hate with which he was pursued. He was a moderate man in his views, and had no special part in any of the early conflicts.

There is no evidence that they even knew who he was or anything about him but the fact that he lived in Lawrence.

Another case of singular brutality was the murder of Mr. E. P. Fitch, who lived only a couple of blocks from Judge Carpenter's. He was up-stairs when they came to his door. They called him down and as soon as he appeared they shot him, and he fell in his own doorway. Although he was evidently dead, they continued to shoot until they had lodged six or eight bullets in his lifeless body. They then came in and set fire to the house. Mrs. Fitch endeavored to drag her husband out from the house, but they forbade her. She then endeavored to take his picture from the wall, but she was forbidden to do even this. Stupefied by the horrors of the morning and the strange brutality exhibited toward her, she stood in a half dazed condition, looking at what was going on around her. As the fire progressed one of the ruffians came and drove her out of the house; otherwise she might have been consumed with the rest. She then took her three little ones a short distance away and sat down on the grass and watched the flames consume her husband who still lay in the

doorway of his own house. While she sat looking, one of the ruffians went up to the door and drew the boots off of Mr. Fitch's feet, put them on his own, and walked away. Mr. Fitch was a young man of excellent character and was highly esteemed by everybody. He was one of the early settlers and taught the first school started in Lawrence or in Kansas. He was an earnest Christian man and was secretary of the Congregational Sunday-school. He was quiet in his habits, and mild and gentle in his spirit. He was not extreme in any of his views, and was always a friend of order and justice and peace.

Mr. Longley lived about a mile from town. He was a fine old gentleman of sixty. He was a peaceable man, taking no special part in public affairs. He and his wife lived by themselves on a small farm and were both worthy members of the Congregational church. Some of the pickets stationed outside of the town came to the house. Mrs. Longley begged them "to be merciful; they were old people and could not live long at best." But her entreaties had no effect. They hunted the old gentleman around the house and shot him in the yard. The first

shot not doing its work they shot him again and again. They then set fire to the house, but through the energies of the old lady the fire was put out and the house saved.

Mr. D. W. Palmer was a native of Andover, Massachusetts. He had a gun-shop on the main street, just south of the business portion. Being in the heart of the town he had no chance to escape. He and his man were standing in the door of his little wooden shop, as a gang of drunken rebels went by. They fired upon them, wounding them both. They then set fire to the shop, and threw the two wounded men into the burning building, and kept them in the flames till they died.

There were many hairbreadth escapes. Many ran to the corn-fields near the town; others fled to the "friendly brush" by the river-bank. The ravine which runs almost through the center of the town proved a safe refuge to scores. The corn-field west of the town and the woods east were all alive with refugees. Many hid in the "Park" which was planted with corn. Many others who could get no further, hid among the weeds and plants in their gardens. Mr. Strode, a colored blacksmith, had a little patch of toma-

toes, no more than ten feet square. He took his money and buried himself among the vines. The rebels came up and burned his shop, not more than ten feet off, but did not discover him.

Hon. S. A. Riggs, district attorney, was set upon by the vilest ruffian in the lot. His wife rushed to his side at once. After a short parley the man drew his revolver and took aim. Mr. Riggs pushed the revolver aside and ran. The man started after him, but Mrs. Riggs seized the bridle-rein and clung to it till she was dragged round a house, over a wood-pile, and through the yard back to the street again. But she clung to the horse until Mr. Riggs was out of sight and in a place of safety. All this time the man was swearing and striking at her with his revolver and threatening to shoot her.

Old Mr. Miner hid among the corn in the "Park." Hearing the racket around Mr. Fisher's house near by, he ventured to the edge of the corn to gratify his curiosity. He was seen and immediately shot at. He ran back into the corn but had not proceeded far before he heard them breaking down the fence. The corn-field was evidently to be searched. He ran, therefore,

through the corn, and lay down among the weeds beyond. The weeds only partially covered him, but it was the best he could do. He had scarcely lain down when the rebels came dashing through the corn, and stationing a picket at each corner of the field to prevent escape, they searched the field through but found no one. They did not happen to look among the grass almost at their feet.

Near the center of the town was a sort of outdoor cellar with a very obscure entrance. A woman, whose name we have been unable to obtain, but who ought to be put on record as one of the heroines of that day, took her station at a convenient distance from this cellar. Every poor fugitive that came into the region she directed into this hidden cellar. Thus eight or ten escaped from the murderers. Finally, the rebels, noticing that their victims always disappeared when they came into this locality, suspected this woman of aiding in their escape. They demanded of her that she should show their hiding-place. She refused. One of them drew his revolver, and pointing it at her said, "Tell us, or I will shoot you." "You may shoot me," answered the brave woman, "but you will

not find the men." Finding they could not intimidate her they left.

Several saved themselves by their ready wit. An officer in the camp of recruits, when the attack was made, ran away at full speed. He was followed by several horsemen, who were firing at him continually. Finding escape impossible, he dashed into the house of a colored family, and, in the twinkling of an eye, slipped on a dress and shaker bonnet, passed out at the back door, and walked deliberately away. The rebels surrounded the house, and then some of them entered and searched, but found no prey.

A son of John Speer hid for some time under the sidewalk. The fire soon drove him into the street, which was full of rebels. He went boldly up to them and offered his services in holding horses. They asked his name, and thinking that the name Speer would be his death warrant, he answered, "John Smith," and he remained among them unharmed to the last.

One man was shot as he was running away, and fell into a gutter. His wife, thinking him killed, began to wring her hands and scream. The rebel, thinking from this that her husband was dead, left. As soon as he was gone, the

man said, "Do n't take on so, wife, I do n't know as I am hit at all." And so it proved.

Mr. Winchell, being hard pressed, ran into the house of Rev. Charles Reynolds, rector of the Episcopal church. Mrs. Reynolds at once arrayed him in female attire, shaved off his mustache with a knife, and set him in a rocking-chair with a baby in his arms, and christened him "Aunt Betsy." The rebels searched the house, but did not disturb "Aunt Betsy."

Mr. Gurdon Grovenor had a narrow and providential escape. He lived on the corner of Berkley and New Hampshire Streets. While standing on his porch a rebel rode up within ten feet of him, and snapped his pistol at him, but it missed fire. It failed a second time and at that instant another gang rode up and the leader said, "Do n't shoot that man," and told Mr. Grovenor to go to the cellar or somewhere. The house was now in flames, but he secreted himself in the cellar under the back kitchen until the danger had passed. One gang ordered Mrs. Grovenor to draw water for themselves and horses. A young man, more humane than the others, alighted from his horse and told her he would draw the water. This young man said he

had no idea that any such murderous work was contemplated. He was told they were going to recapture some horses which had been stolen. He had not killed any one nor set fire to any houses and was not going to.

General Lane was one of the first men sought for. They seemed to know he was in town, and determined to get him. But he also knew they were in town, and that they would be looking for him. His first act, when he learned of their attack, was to wrench the door-plate from his front door. His next act was to flee out of the back door into the corn-field which lay just back of his house. Passing through this he fled over the hill and concealed himself in a ravine until the raiders had gone. They came to his house immediately after he had left it. Not finding him they burned the house, and Quantrill told Mrs. Lane to "give the general his compliments, and to say he should be glad to meet him." Mrs. Lane replied that "Mr. Lane would be very glad to meet him under more favorable circumstances."

Mr. Joseph Savage lived just outside the limits of the town, on one of the roads to the southeast. He had just risen and was making

his morning toilet in the back part of the house, when the troop passed as they were coming in. He heard the tramp of horses' feet, but did not see them. In a little while there came a loud knock at the front door. When he opened the door a horseman was just going out of the gate, and joining his companions, who were on their way to the town. The single horseman had left the ranks to come to his door and murder him, but could not wait for him to finish his toilet. But his perils did not end with this. He knew they were liable to call again on the way back. His own farm was two miles to the southwest. He thought they would be safe there, so he harnessed up his team as quickly as possible, and with his wife and hired man, drove out toward the farm. When almost there they came upon the gang that were shooting old Mr. Longley. It was too late to turn back, as they were right upon them. Mr. Savage leaped from the wagon, jumped the fence, and lay down in the corn, so near to the ruffians that he could hear them talking. His wife drove on as though nothing had happened and in a moment was stopped by one of the brutes. He questioned her closely, but never suspected that her husband

was so near. He was about to shoot the hired man, but as he found he was a German, he let him go with a kick or two. Mr. Savage was a musician and played the bass horn in the band. Among the few precious things he had thrown into the wagon was his horn. This caught the attention of the ruffians at once. They thought it had some military significance, and took it out and beat it over the wagon tire, and doubled it up, and threw it into the corn-field. They then allowed Mrs. Savage to proceed. Soon after the ruffians left, Mr. Savage crept from his hiding-place, and made his way to the house, where his wife had preceded him. He afterward picked up the "crumpled horn" from the field and sent it to the manufacturers, who repaired it and sent it back to him. He ever after kept this old horn as one of his choice relics. He would not have exchanged it for a horn of solid silver.

The courage and persistence of the women saved a great many houses and a great many lives. Quantrill said, "The ladies of Lawrence were brave and plucky, but the men of Lawrence were a pack of cowards." While his compliments to the ladies were fully deserved, his judgment of the men would hardly be borne out. I have

noticed that it makes a great difference in any man's courage whether he expects to be shot or not. But the ladies were wonderfully brave and efficient that morning. Some of them, by their shrewdness and suavity, turned the raiders from their purpose when they came to their houses. Sometimes they outwitted them, and at other times they boldly confronted and resisted them. In scores of cases they put the fires out as soon as those who kindled them left the house. In some cases they defiantly followed the raiders around, and extinguished the flames as they were kindled.

The number left wounded was very small. In battle the wounded usually outnumbered the killed three to one. In the Lawrence massacre the killed outnumbered the wounded five to one. There were only about thirty left wounded, while there were about one hundred and fifty left dead. Those who were wounded were in most cases desperately hurt. The raiders intended to kill every one they shot. In many cases they would shoot a man repeatedly, even after he was dead, as if to make doubly sure. Wherever they suspected a man was still living, they would shoot him again. Harlow W. Baker

fell at the first shot, with his three companions. He was not severely wounded, but thought his only chance was to feign death. After a while some of them thought he showed signs of life, and shot him again, the ball passing through his lungs. It was the last shot which came so near proving fatal.

It was said that Quantrill's orders to his men were "to kill every man and burn every house." Whether these were his orders or not, the slaughter was so entirely indiscriminate that it is evident they came to kill. The men killed were, almost without exception, quiet, inoffensive citizens. They were loyal men, but not partisans. Very few had been in the army or had taken any part in the conflict. Most of them were entirely unknown to their murderers. There was no provocation in any case. There was no reason for this wholesale massacre except that the raiders came to kill, and it was a matter of little moment whom they slew.

The guerillas differed very much in their spirit and conduct. Some of them were as humane as they well could be in the work they were ordered to do. In some instances they advised men to get out of the way. They burned

houses, but were not unnecessarily harsh. They said they were obeying orders and doing a work that they hated, and sometimes helped to save some of the furniture and things especially prized in houses they burned. In one or two instances they helped women take up the carpets and throw them out. But this was not the common experience, or the common spirit. Most of the men seemed to be in their natural element. They sought to destroy everything they came to, and had no mercy and no compunction, adding needless cruelty to destruction. In one case, as already stated, they refused to allow a wife to take the picture of her husband who lay dead on the doorstep, and who was consumed in his own house as his wife and children looked on. Mrs. F. W. Read begged them to leave her a little bracelet which had belonged to her baby who had died a short time before. Their only reply was: "Your dead baby will not need it."

These are only a few of the tales that might be told. I knew all the people personally, and the stories were told me by friends at the time. Many of the persons referred to were members of my church and congregation. Other examples could be given by the score no less thrilling.

There were one hundred and eighty killed and wounded, and every one involved an experience of savage brutality equal to those I have been describing. Many of those who escaped could tell as thrilling stories as could be told of the dead. One will hardly read such accounts outside the history of savage warfare.

The Lawrence massacre was unique. It will always stand among the marked massacres of the world. It had features of its own which distinguished it from any other that ever occurred. There were other raids during the War of the Rebellion which have passed into history. Morgan's raid into Ohio is a notable example. The sacking of towns is no uncommon thing among the horrors of war. War itself is a terrible condition and it lets loose all the worst passions and all the worst men. Over and above the slaughter and suffering of what is called "legitimate warfare," there are always outrages committed under the cover of war which could not be tolerated even by the cruel code of war itself. Private wrongs are avenged and private enmities gratified, in the name of the public defense. In the War of the Rebellion there were doubtless many cruel wrongs committed by individuals, and by com-

panies of men on both sides, which had no justification even in the condition of the times. Thus at Olathe, Shawneetown, Aubrey, and other points, farmhouses were burned, crops destroyed, and horses and cattle were stolen all along the line from Kansas City to Fort Scott. During the summer of 1863 most of the farmers along the border hid their horses in the corn-fields or in the woods every night, and slept themselves in the fields. These raids were mostly for pillage and plunder, and for the sake of keeping the country disturbed. The marauders would dash into a town at night—usually about midnight—and create a tremendous panic by their yells; then they would burn a few houses, carry off what they wished, and dash away again before morning. Usually some persons were killed, sometimes quite a number; but generally they were persons who were obnoxious to the raiders or who resisted them. This was the usual way in which these raids were conducted and the guerilla warfare of the border carried on.

The Lawrence raid was altogether of another kind, and showed that there was back of it altogether a different animus. It was a general and indiscriminate slaughter. The murdering and

burning began with the first charge, and continued to the end. It was not the shooting of a few obnoxious persons. There were several of these in town who were intended for destruction. We might name Jim Lane, General Deitzler, Rev. H. D. Fisher, and others; but none of these were found. The killing was indiscriminate and mostly in cold blood, the victims being quiet, peaceable citizens. None of them, as far as I know, had taken any part in the early disturbances, and none of them were connected with the border troubles during the war. I do not now recall a single military man among the killed, except the seventeen unarmed recruits who were shot in their camp, almost in their beds, at the first onset. The guerillas shot the men they found, without knowing who they were or caring what they were. In other raids plunder had been the prominent thing; in the Lawrence raid it was destruction and slaughter. The amount of property they carried off was small compared with what they destroyed.

That Lawrence was not warned of Quantrill's coming is one of the strangest fatalities connected with this fearful event. Quantrill passed into Kansas five miles from Aubrey, where a

small cavalry force was stationed under Captain Pike. Instead of following them or sending word to Lawrence, Captain Pike sent word to Kansas City, which delayed all pursuit until too late to avail. People along the line of march who saw them either did not know who they were or did not know where they were going. Two or three efforts were made to get some word to Lawrence people, but they all miscarried. Not a whisper of their coming reached the doomed town. The surprise was as complete as it could be. When they came, the people were either asleep or just rising from their beds.

CHAPTER XIII

RECOVERY AND RESTORATION

How long the raiders were in town can only be a matter of conjecture. Of the scores I have talked with on the subject, I have never found one who noted either the time of their coming or the time of their going. They came in just before sunrise, in the gray of the dawn. As they rode past my house, not more than three hundred yards away, I could see the flash of their pistols and could also distinguish their forms and their clothing. It was therefore at that hour of the morning when it is "not day, and not night"—a little before five o'clock. They probably left about nine, being in town about four hours. They left suddenly in the midst of their work of destruction. Their pickets on the hill saw Major Plumb's force coming over the prairie, some ten miles to the eastward. Some signal was given, and the men came galloping in from all quarters, and in a few minutes the band was together, and on the homeward march.

As Major Plumb was coming from the east, they struck off to the south so as to avoid him. It was fortunate they left as they did. The town was at their mercy, and they were burning as fast as they could kindle the fires. They left a number of fires burning, which the women at once extinguished. In half an hour more there would hardly have been a house standing in town.

As they moved leisurely southward, they kept up their burning along the line of their march, but did not kill many, as the men had warning and had time to get out of their way. The last man killed was old Mr. Rothrock, a Dunkard preacher, living some ten miles south of Lawrence. As they passed his house a gang of them went in and ordered Mrs. Rothrock to get them some breakfast. She cooked them a good breakfast, which they ate with evident relish. After rising from the table they inquired about the old gentleman, who was in the room. Some one told them he was a preacher. "We intend to kill all preachers," they said, and at once shot him, and left him for dead. He was quite an old gentleman and very highly esteemed by those who knew him.

As soon as the raiders were out of the town the men of Lawrence came from their hiding-places, and all who could get guns and horses started in pursuit. It was the first time it had been possible for half a dozen of them to get together. There were probably a hundred or more, mounted and armed in all sorts of ways. They overtook the rebels about twelve miles from town. Lieutenant John K. Rankin was in command, by request of General Lane, who was with the pursuers. Rankin ordered a charge, and the company dashed forward. But the brave lieutenant soon found himself alone, as every horse had a gait of his own, and the company were scattered along the line of advance in a very unwarlike fashion.

The appearance of Major Plumb with a troop of mounted men just at this time, reveals another side of this story. When Quantrill crossed the state line at Aubrey the night before, word was sent to the military authorities at Kansas City. General Ewing, who was in command of the post, was at Leavenworth, but the telegraph operator could not be found, and no communication could be had with him. This consumed a good part of the evening. At last Major Plumb,

the next in command, got together what horsemen he could, and started in pursuit. It was now about eleven o'clock, and Quantrill was six hours in advance. About nine o'clock the next morning Plumb's force was some eight miles from Lawrence, and their appearance was the signal for the raiders' leaving. They took the road south so as to avoid him coming from the east. Major Plumb soon learned of this movement, and struck across the prairie westward to intercept them. A short time after having been joined by some men from Lawrence, he came in sight of them. As soon as the rebels saw them they ceased their depredations and moved on rapidly. They rode in more compact order, prepared to repel an attack, but they committed no more offences. When night came on they reached the Missouri border, and all scattered to their hiding-places. Plumb's men were newly mounted and no match for the desperate men they encountered. Had he attacked them there might have been another tragedy more startling than any that had occurred.

No description can give an idea of the scene in Lawrence after the raiders had left. The business section of the town was entirely destroyed, and

a large portion of the dwelling-houses. Those homes which were not burned had most of them been ransacked and robbed, and their condition increased the sense of desolation rather than relieved it. The dead were lying everywhere, and the varied horrors of the massacre were on everybody's tongue. Massachusetts Street was one long line of blackened walls and cellars filled with ashes and embers. The dead lay along the sidewalks, many of them so burned that they could not be recognized. Here and there among the embers could be seen the bones of those who had been consumed in the fire. Around one corner lay seventeen bodies. In another spot five bodies were piled in a heap. The undermost man of these was alive, and had lain under the dead for four hours, and so saved himself from a fatal shot. He was severely wounded, but recovered. Groups of women were seen here and there, going back and forth, bearing water to the wounded, or covering up the dead with sheets. Now and then you would see a woman wailing over her dead husband. But as a rule there was little wailing and few tears. It was beyond all that. So many had been killed that every man we met on the street seemed to



MAJOR PRESTON B. PLUMB,
Who led the pursuit of Quantrill; afterwards United States Senator

come from the dead. The first salutation was: "Why, are you alive?" The embers were still red, the fires were still burning, as we began to gather the dead and wounded from among the ruins.

The work of gathering up and burying the dead soon began. From every quarter they were brought in, until the floor of the Methodist church, which was taken as a sort of morgue, was covered with the bodies. In almost every house could be heard the wail of the widow and orphan. The work of burial was long and wearying. Coffins could not be procured. Many carpenters were killed, and most of the living had lost their tools. But they rallied nobly, and worked night and day, making pine and walnut boxes, fastening them together with the burnt nails gathered from the ruins of the stores. It sounded harsh to the ears of friends to have the lid nailed over the bodies of their loved ones; but it was the best that could be done. Thus the work went on for three days, till one hundred and twenty-two were deposited in the cemetery, and many others in their own yards. Brief services were held whenever possible—sometimes in a home, sometimes beside the

grave, sometimes on the street. Sometimes a number of bodies were brought together, and a brief service held for all. In one case a trench was dug and fifty-two bodies laid side by side, and Rev. Louis Bodwell offered a prayer at the head of the trench. It was over a week before all the dead were buried—a week of almost uninterrupted funeral services.

So we laid our dead away, and turned our attention to the living. The Sabbath following, we held a service in the old stone Congregational church. There was a large congregation, consisting mostly of women and children. Most of them had only the clothes they had escaped with on the morning of the raid. The men were in their working clothes—some of them in their shirt-sleeves, not having saved 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 know that a large portion of the women and children were newly made widows and orphans. Rev. Grovesnor C. Morse, of Emporia, was with us that morning, and assisted in the service. We had no sermon, in fact no remarks were made by either of us. Neither of



GROVESNOR C. MORSE

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us felt that we could say anything, or that anything ought to be said. We had a brief devotional service, and dismissed the congregation, and they went away in silence. Of the service itself, I remember little beyond its profound solemnity. I remember, however, Mr. Morse's Scripture lesson. It was the Seventy-ninth Psalm, which seemed to have been written for the occasion. Everybody was startled at its fitness. It seemed as if Brother Morse was as really inspired in selecting it, as the author had been in writing it. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them." No one in the audience found any fault that morning with the imprecatory psalms.

In the midst of all this sorrow and desolation there was added the constant sense of exposure and peril. That three hundred men could pounce upon us without a whisper of warning was a revelation. We could not guess what might come next. Nightly alarms kept us continually

on the quiver. The Sunday night after the raid occurred the wildest scene I ever witnessed. I was standing at the gate of a friend, not far from the river-bank. All at once a piercing shriek rose on the night air. A stream of men, women and children came flying past, without hats and with hair streaming, and crying, "Run for your life! Run for your life! They are on us again!" It was so sudden and so wild that the panic seized me, and I ran with the crowd toward the river-bank, about two hundred yards away. My senses soon began to return, and the ludicrousness of the situation came over me. I was running away without knowing where I was going or what the danger was. I might be in its very track. I went back and walked over to the town. There a number of men had come together and they gave me a musket, and we remained a couple of hours, while some horsemen went to learn the occasion of the alarm. They found that a farmer two or three miles below the town had been burning some straw. Some one, seeing the flames, mounted his horse and galloped into town, screaming, "They are coming! They are coming again! Run for your lives! Run for your

lives!" And he that heard ran, and halloed. Most of those who ran did not come back to learn the contradiction of the report. Some crossed the river, others hid themselves in the bushes by the river-bank, or in the corn-fields outside the town. A cold, drizzly rain set in during the night, and many of the fugitives stayed out till midnight, and some, women as well as men, remained out till morning, in the cold rain, fancying all the while that the town was being sacked again. The horror of that Sunday night was in some respects worse than the raid itself. During that there was no panic and no outcry. It was upon us without warning, and there was no escape. We could simply wait and accept whatever might come. Everybody was calm and quiet. But these alarms gave room for the imagination to play, and for fear and panic to do their perfect work. In many respects panic is worse than peril.

A few days after the raid, about ten o'clock one night, Mrs. Cordley and I were summoned in haste to go and see one of the wounded, a member of my church, who was dying. We hastened over and found him in great agony and remained quite a while to sustain his faith

and lighten the dark passage. About midnight we started home. It was nearly a mile we had to go. Not a soul was stirring on the streets, and not a light was to be seen in lantern or window. All was still and dark. We had to go the whole length of Massachusetts Street, the main street, which had been all destroyed. The sidewalks were burned or blocked up with débris, and we took the middle of the road. The walls of the brick and stone buildings were still standing, black, gloomy and threatening. The smoke was rising from the ruins, and in the cavernous openings between the walls, and in the deep cellars, the fires were still glowing. The odor of burning flesh, with all its sickening suggestiveness, was heavy on the air. We passed the corner where the seventeen dead bodies lay a few days before, and other spots where I had seen the dead half consumed or piled one upon another. All the tragedies of that street came freshly to mind. I am not at all superstitious, and I have no fear of the night, but the oppressiveness of that midnight walk is as fresh in my mind to-day as it ever was. It seemed as if another mile would have been more than could be borne. I was glad to get home, and I

did not care to take any more midnight walks among the ruins.

Some have asked what the people could do, stripped of homes and business and everything, as they were? Each did as he could, and all helped each other, and neighboring towns were very prompt in their kindness. Those who had homes shared them with friends who had none, and every house that remained did its utmost to meet the pressing want. I suppose our own experience would fairly represent that of others, except possibly that we fared better than many. We were fortunate in being able to secure two of the four rooms in a small stone house, another family occupying the corresponding rooms. One room was down-stairs and was about twelve feet square; the other room was a very low, half-story chamber with one very small window looking to the north. These two rooms easily held what little furniture we were able to get. I cannot say that the associations were cheerful. I had conducted three funerals in this same house but a few days before. Just back of us were the ashes of Mr. Fitch's house, where he had been shot and burned in his own doorway. Nine persons had been killed along

the same block with varying degrees of brutality and horror. It was around this same house that Mrs. Riggs had been dragged as she hung to the bridle of the murderer's horse as he was seeking to kill her husband. A superstitious person might have repeated Tam O'Shanter's sensations as he rode toward old Alloway's kirk. But the house gave shelter, and we slept "the sleep of the just."

We managed to make a comfortable home in those two rooms. The second day after the raid, friends in Leavenworth sent us over a cook stove, three hickory bottomed chairs, and half a dozen iron knives and forks. These, with a few odd dishes saved from the fire, served for furniture. The day after we were settled in our rooms, we were surprised by a visit from my classmate, Parker, whose house we had left but a few days before. He had a big satchel full of things the Wyandotte friends had sent for our comfort. As soon as he had heard of our disaster, he took the stage and hastened over to see how we were faring. He spent a day or two with us and cheered us very much. September 4 Mr. Bodwell made us another visit, and some time after wrote an account of the situation. I

take the liberty to insert a paragraph from his article :

“September 4th I rode over to Lawrence. I found Brother Cordley and his family in a small house, to which a kind neighbor had invited them for shelter. He was in his *study*, a little half-story, or attic room, with one small window. From this window could be seen the still smoking site of his ruined home, where lay all that remained of his library, sermons, clothing, mementoes of dead friends—in short, all his perishable goods. He was preparing his first sermon for his stricken and mourning church. His study table was a dry-goods box from which ‘relief stores’ had recently been taken, and his study chair was a shoe box which in size and height matched the table very well. His library was small, select, and borrowed, and consisted of a pocket Bible, and a small Bible concordance, both worth, I should think, one dollar and sixty cents. But if all else—home, furniture, and books—were borrowed, his text was given him. ‘The Morning Cometh’ was his watchword, written on the first page. In its light he saw the ruins ; across its sunshine drifted the smoke ; on its breeze whirled the ashes ; but God, who

had been there in the darkness, had not left at the dawn. This was God's promise to every heart, the sure coming of that day of the Lord, the morning light of God's unchangeable promise."

This sketch would not be complete without a mention of the universal sympathy which was everywhere awakened and which did so much to lighten the blow. All the provision stores in Lawrence were destroyed, and probably not two days' supplies remained in the whole town. Large numbers had nothing left whatever. Those who had a little for themselves, had none to spare for neighbors. But as soon as the raiders were out of town, the kind-hearted farmers round about hastened in with wagon-loads of vegetables, and such things as they had, and dealt them out to all who came and called for them. The second day after, great loads of provisions and clothing came over from Leavenworth, and as soon as it was possible, other towns sent in their aid. The city of St. Louis contributed some ten thousand dollars to aid those who were trying to rebuild. The merchants found ready and abundant credit to any extent they desired in restocking their stores. From all over the land there were words of sym-

pathy and encouragement, and with the words came abundant and substantial help. But for this aid it would not have been possible to rebuild the town, and a large portion of the people would have been compelled to leave.

The number killed was never exactly known. About one hundred and forty-three were found and buried. A few of the wounded afterward died. Several were missing, and as they never returned, it was supposed that they had perished and had been consumed in the burning buildings where they fell. There may have been others killed and consumed who were strangers. The whole number could not vary much from one hundred and fifty. More likely it was over than under that number. The population of Lawrence was less than two thousand. A large number of the men were in the army. It is evident that the proportion of the men killed was greater than in the bloodiest battles of the war. It was estimated that there were left at least eighty widows, and two hundred and fifty orphans.

The destruction of property was very great. All of the buildings, about seventy-five, and their contents, in the business section of the

town, were entirely destroyed with but one exception. Nearly one-half of the residences were also burned—almost all those in the central portion of the town. Along the banks of the river, and around the outskirts, most of the houses were left. A good portion of those which remained were robbed of everything valuable and many of them partially burned. Besides this the women, as well as the men who survived, were nearly all robbed of their money, watches and jewelry. A very conservative estimate placed the entire loss at \$1,500,000.

The first feeling after it was all over was one of despondency. A great many felt that there could be no security for life or property after this, and it was madness to attempt to rebuild. The prophets of evil were present, as usual, and predicted that Lawrence had received her death-blow and would never recover. But more courageous counsels prevailed, and when the first stunning effect of the blow was over, the common feeling was that Lawrence must be rebuilt at all hazards, and rebuilt at once. They insisted that every house must be replaced, and every business block restored. In an incredibly brief time this purpose began to materialize. The

most marked instance of faith and pluck was that displayed by the firm of Ridenour & Baker. They had just received a stock of groceries, the largest they had ever brought on. The building and goods were all destroyed. Mr. Ridenour's house was burned, and Mr. Baker was so seriously shot that his life was despaired of for several days. Yet, before a week passed work was commenced toward a new building, and business had been resumed, in a small way, in a little shanty back of the store, which had escaped the fire. Many times as I passed the place I stood and looked at the workmen clearing away the ruins. The fire was not yet out, and as they came up the incline of the cellar their barrows would be blazing from the live coals they were wheeling. In the line of unconquerable pluck, it surpassed anything I ever saw. It is not a strange thing that this firm prospered largely, and is now one of the leading grocery firms in the whole West. Simpson Brothers were bankers. Their building and all in it were destroyed, and also their home. The safe, however, could not be opened, and its contents were unharmed. They at once put up a cheap temporary wooden building inside the foundation

walls. In a very few days the building was ready for use, and they resumed business. Then they began at once to erect a large brick building around their temporary shelter, and when the brick building was completed they took out the wooden frame. In a month work was going on all along the business street, and several residences had been commenced. Before winter came, Lawrence had assumed the appearance of a live town again. Many buildings were completed, and a number more were well under way. With rare exceptions the people stood by the town. A few broken families were compelled to leave, but the rest made it a matter of conscience to "stay by the stuff" till the town was restored. All the while they were working to rebuild the town, they were compelled to defend it. Every man took his turn in guarding, and those not on guard stood ready to rally at a moment's notice. As did the Jews under Nehemiah, so did these men. "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon. And so builded." The men were organized into five military companies, and the city built five block-houses in different parts. Each company had its block-house, and a portion

of each company slept in it every night. This was kept up till winter removed the danger, and it was resumed in the spring. The heaviest part of the strain, however, was relieved after a few weeks. About October, 1863, the military authorities sent two companies of regulars for the protection of Lawrence, and they remained until the close of the war. They threw up earth-works on the hill overlooking the town, and placed there several pieces of artillery. These troops were under command of Major E. G. Ross, afterward United States senator, and later governor of New Mexico. No child was ever more delighted to "see the soldiers" than were the people of Lawrence when these troops came in. Major Ross, who was a very genial gentleman, was soon the most popular man in the place.

The second Sabbath after the raid, August 30, we resumed our regular church services, and I tried to preach. As usual, the text was the best part of the sermon. It was a portion of God's comforting message to his afflicted people, sent through the prophet Isaiah: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid

my face from thee for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee." It is found in the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah.

In writing this account of the raid I looked up the old manuscript of that first sermon. I had not looked it over since I preached it more than forty years ago. When I prepared it the fires were still burning in many of the buildings ; the dead were not yet all buried ; not a blow had yet been struck toward rebuilding the town. I wrote the sermon on a dry-goods box, for I had no table ; I sat on a shoe box, for I had no chair. I read my text from a borrowed Bible, for I had no Bible of my own. I was in a little half-story hired chamber, for I had no home of my own. The one little window of my room looked directly out upon the ashes of what had been my home a few days before. Most of my people were in the same condition as myself. As I looked over the sermon, after the lapse of forty years, it brought back to my mind not only the condition of things, but the state of mind in which we were. The conclusion of the sermon expressed the faith and purpose which were in the hearts of all. The final paragraph of the sermon shall conclude this sketch :

“Having stood for nine years as the outpost of freedom, shall Lawrence be deserted now? Shall we leave these broken walls to the owls and the bats, and leave the new-made graves of these martyrs to be torn up by the wild beasts of the field? Shall history say that freedom here sought a home, and was driven out by the minions of slavery? No! my friends. Lawrence may seem dead, but she will rise again in a more glorious resurrection. Her ranks have been thinned by death, but let us ‘close up,’ and hold the ground. The light of liberty which shall shine from her rising walls will yet penetrate the mists of our neighboring state, and we shall ‘see eye to eye.’ The day is coming, when they who needlessly desert us now, will be ashamed to tell the date of their departure.

“The conflict may not be ended, but the victory must be ours. We may perish, but the principles for which we contend will live.

“For freedom’s battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

CHAPTER XIV

PRICE'S INVASION

PRICE'S invasion gained its significance to Lawrence people from Quantrill's invasion a year before. They did not suppose that Price would do as Quantrill did. He was a general in the regular Confederate service, and his troops were a part of the regular Confederate army. They would observe the usual rules of war, and would not be guilty of the barbarities which characterized Quantrill's raid. But after Price and his army, there would follow the entire guerilla force of Missouri. After Price and his army had rendered the country helpless, these guerillas would follow and finish the work. The people of Lawrence felt that the coming of Price would involve a repetition of the terrible scenes of 1863. The rumor of his coming, therefore, was received with serious alarm. The experiences of the past year had made them peculiarly sensitive to alarming reports.

The winter of 1863-4 was a very severe one.

The people of Lawrence were as ill prepared to meet its severity as were the first settlers in 1855. The work of rebuilding had been pushed with all possible energy, but the people were very far from being prepared for a hard winter. 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 unfinished houses—wherever they could find cover. It had been a trying year, such as very few people ever pass through. We then regarded ourselves as fortunate to secure two small rooms, one of them a low, half-story chamber, with a little window in the gable. Even these we could not retain. About New Year the owner needed them, and we had to move. The best we could do was to secure one room, in the north wing of a house, exposed to all the storms of that severe winter. The day we moved the thermometer stood at eight degrees below zero. Fortunately we had not much to move, and the job was soon done. A man with a wheelbarrow moved all our effects in about two hours. This single room had to serve

us for parlor, kitchen, bedroom and study. It was exposed on three sides to the storm, and we could keep comfortable only by making a little enclosure round the stove with quilts. It was a long, dreary winter, and the circumstances did not promote any large degree of cheerfulness among the people. It might be called "the winter of our discontent." But all the people stayed by because they had pledged themselves to restore Lawrence to its old place.

But spring came at last, and things began to assume a more cheerful aspect. Building was resumed in all parts of the town, and Lawrence began to look somewhat like her former self. But with the return of spring came also a renewal of the perils and alarms of the former season. With the coming back of the leaves the bushwhackers returned to Missouri, and resumed their work of terrorizing the country. Rumors of threatened raids were frequent, and it was no uncommon thing for the men to be called out at midnight by some alarming report. All these reports proved false, but so had those of former years, except one. We had learned that the thing could be done. We had found out that it was possible for a body of horsemen

from Missouri to reach Lawrence without obstruction, and pounce upon the people without warning. Rumors therefore meant more than they formerly did, and we were not disposed to treat lightly even the most unlikely reports. The slightest alarm would bring all the people to their feet. The firing of a gun at night, or the galloping of a horseman through the streets, would bring all the men from their houses to their places of defense. Any unusual noise at night would startle the town. For example, one night about one o'clock the whistle in one of the mills began to blow, and it continued blowing for an unaccountably long time. After it had blown beyond the usual time, I felt sure that something was wrong. Hastily dressing, I seized my Spencer rifle and ran toward the sound. I could hear men running down different streets from all directions. The whistle proved to be in the mill across the river, and when we came together near the bank, we learned the cause of the trouble. The machinery had become deranged, and the whistle could not be stopped. We parted with a good laugh, and were laughed at next day by the sleepy-heads who had not been awakened. But we

were just as ready to rally the next time at the slightest call. The company to which I belonged was a rifle company, and comprised a large portion of the business and professional men of the place. Instead of accepting the muskets furnished by the state, we had armed ourselves with the most improved repeating rifles, mostly Spencer rifles. Our block-house was the most exposed of the five, being on the track of Quantrill's former entrance. Any force coming from Missouri would naturally pass us.

It was in this state of mind, and in this condition of things that the rumors of Price's threatened coming began to reach us. They meant more to us than they would to people in ordinary circumstances. We had had an object lesson as to what a rebel invasion involved. There was no thought of abandoning the ground, but we all felt that the situation was very serious. If Price should sweep over Kansas, Lawrence, just being rebuilt by such desperate efforts, would be laid waste again. It was these reasons which gave Price's invasion such significance to us. We read the future in the light of the past.

The invasion of Missouri by Price was no sudden freak of the Confederate general. It was a long contemplated movement on his part. All summer long rumors were afloat pointing in this direction. Intercepted letters, reports from refugees from rebel lines, all told the same story. General Price was coming to Missouri, to recover the state and hold it for the Confederacy.

The latter part of September, Price began to move northward, but deflected toward the east. He captured Pilot Knob, and then moved up near St. Louis. After threatening St. Louis for a while, he turned westward and invested 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 westward with his whole force. Whatever his intentions had been thus far, it was very plain what he was aiming at now. 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. It was said that Price had fifteen thousand trained troops, and nineteen cannon. Besides these there were some five thousand guerillas. To oppose this strong force

General Curtis had about three thousand men, and eighteen cannon, at Kansas City. This was a small force to withstand an army of fifteen thousand disciplined troops. The only hope was that he could hold them in check until other forces from below could come up to their assistance.

The situation in Kansas, therefore, was very serious, and the alarm very general. For Price to march through the state meant desolation and destruction. The day Price left Jefferson City, the governor issued a proclamation calling out the militia of the state, and putting the state under martial law. The proclamation was sent everywhere by special messengers, and in four days sixteen thousand men had responded, and ten thousand militia were on the border, ready to meet Price. The proclamation made no exceptions. "Every man from sixteen to sixty" was the order, and it was very generally obeyed. It was not a matter of state pride, or of patriotism merely; every man had a personal interest in the issue. Price must be beaten or Kansas would be desolated. The ranks of the militia companies were full, and everybody rallied, and rallied 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. The public emergency towered above all private considerations. One gentleman, a banker, had his wedding day set for the second day after the general rally. But not even the old Jewish exemption availed, and he marched away with his company, leaving his expectant bride to wait

“Till this cruel war was o'er.”

Price, however, kindly delayed his coming, and on Wednesday this gentleman secured a furlough and came home, and was married at the appointed time. He then returned to the camp, and took his place with his comrades. There was no distinction of class or condition. Solon O. Thacher of Lawrence 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 his company to the front, and took his place in the ranks. So general was the response, that a gentleman traveling through the country a few days later and coming a distance of seventy-five miles, saw only two men in the

whole distance, and they were too old for service. A few detachments were left at exposed points for home defense, but at other places the old men and boys organized for a home guard, and were kept on duty every day.

The news of the governor's proclamation was received at Lawrence Sunday noon, October 9. It met the people at the close of the morning service in the churches. All further services for that day were suspended, and little was thought of but the common danger, and the common defense. The military companies were ordered to assemble Monday morning on the plateau west of the town with their arms and ammunition, and whatever else might be necessary for the march and the camp. The men responded promptly, and were sworn into the service of the United States. They were then ordered to march, and all supposed they were going to Kansas City, and had bidden their families good-bye. But as they were marching down Massachusetts Street, our rifle company and one other company were cut off from the column, and marched to their block-houses. We then learned that these two companies were to remain for the defense of the town. The other three companies went on to

Kansas City where they 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. The companies which stayed in Lawrence were under strict military discipline, remained under arms continually, and were supplied with government rations. We left our homes and camped in our block-houses, and did guard duty like any other soldiers. We were ordered to sleep on our arms every night, ready for emergencies and surprises. This continued for two weeks or more while we were waiting for Price to appear.

Meanwhile nothing could be learned of Price or his army. He left Jefferson City October 8, and since then he had given no sound or sign. His army lay somewhere in the great bend of the Missouri River, near Booneville, but just where he was, or what he was doing, no one seemed to know. For nearly two weeks his movements were involved in mystery, and all enquiry was baffled. Some few began to think the whole thing was a gigantic hoax practised on them for some political purpose. But a more common feeling was that Price and his army were quietly slip-

ping away, and that nothing would come of the Price invasion. It was a common remark that we should hear no more of Price. The militia at Kansas City became restless, and "wanted to go home and attend to their fall plowing." Most of them, however, took it all good-naturedly, and got what they could out of their experience. It was giving them a taste of real military life, and some little experience in military drill.

Lawrence was forty miles from what we called the seat of war, but felt just as intensely as if she were in the focus of it. All business was suspended, and all work was laid aside, and just one thing occupied every one's thought. The companies remaining in Lawrence were required to be in camp just as much as if they were at the front, only their block-houses served them 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. 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." In de-

fault of this he was 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 shooting developed their proficiency as marksmen. To most of them the handling of guns was no new experience. They were somewhat of an awkward squad, but when it came to shooting they were at home. "An October freeze" added to the variety of their life, if not to the comfort of it. One night two or three inches of snow fell, and these "*pro tem*" soldiers found themselves covered with an extra blanket of snow in the morning, not provided for in the regulations. The block-houses were built to keep out bullets, but were not proof against snowflakes. The "cold snap" continued two or three days, and part of the time was quite severe. But this only added spice to their monotonous life while they were "waiting for Price."

October 20 Price was found. He was only two days from Kansas City, coming rapidly westward with his whole force. The next day he attacked the outposts of the Union army below Kansas City, and the third day, Saturday,

engaged the whole line. He forced the Union troops back at every point, and in the afternoon was practically master of the field. The Union forces were driven in upon Kansas City, and it seemed as if they could do little more than defend that post. It seemed as if nothing could hinder Price's army from sweeping over Kansas. About five o'clock, however, there came a turn in affairs which meant as much to Kansas as the coming of Blucher meant to the English at Waterloo. That was the coming of General Pleasanton with five thousand fresh troops from below, and their attacking Price's army in the rear. This turned the rebel victory into a defeat, and changed the entire situation in an hour. Judge Solon O. Thacher, who was with the Kansas troops at Kansas City, once described this scene with great vividness. "About five o'clock Saturday afternoon, October 22d, 1864, I was standing with some 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 overrun 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, 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 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." He had been following Price ever since he left Jefferson City. His men 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 and his army were driven toward Arkansas.

At Lawrence of course we were in a state of suspense all this time. We had our two companies of home guards holding the block-

houses, and besides these there were two companies of regulars with two or three pieces of artillery, entrenched on the hill overlooking the road the enemy would come. This was enough to repel any guerilla attack, but would not count for much against such a force as Price would send.

There was no serious alarm until Saturday, when we learned that the rebels had turned the right of the Union army, and were pressing them back upon Kansas City. We knew there was nothing to prevent their coming to us. In a few hours the enemy might be upon us. There was no telegraph line, and we depended for information on messengers and stragglers. We knew nothing of Pleasanton's coming until the next day. People who had just rebuilt their homes had to face the probability of losing them again. In order not to be stripped of everything, as they were before, the people sent boxes of goods into the country to be out of reach. The farmers about who were in town kindly took charge of these goods, and carried them out where they would be safe. Many buried their valuables in their gardens. About three o'clock in the afternoon a train of empty government wagons passed through the town. The mer-



SOLON O. THACHER

W. T. M. LENCE AND
SIBDEN FOUNDATIONS

chants obtained permission of the authorities to load these wagons with goods from their stores, that they might be taken out of the reach of danger. Nearly all the dry goods and clothing in town were loaded in these wagons, and were sent across the river toward the northwest, with the simple order, "Keep out of the way of Price's army." The men were mostly released from military duty during the afternoon, that they might secure what they could in their homes, and in their places of business. The women were busy all day packing goods, and hiding things where they might be found if the town should be burned, as it had been a year before. Mrs. Cordley, I remember, sent out two boxes of household goods and clothing into the country, besides hiding what she could in the yard. As night drew near all the men came together and took their places. It was ordered that the lights and fires be all put out, and that every man should lie on his arms. We had heard nothing of the change in the aspect of things at Kansas City through the coming of Pleasanton. The chances seemed that the rebels would be upon us before morning. All through the night stragglers kept coming up from the

battle-field, and very naturally they all gave a gloomy account, as stragglers always do. At three o'clock in the morning we were all ordered out. A report had come that the rebels were within three hours' march of us. As no confirmation came, after an hour or two we were permitted to lie down again. It was a night to be remembered, a night of fears and gloomy reports. It was the more gloomy for the fact that no definite information whatever could be obtained. Rumors were thick, but they could neither be confirmed nor denied. The croakers found abundant employment in exaggerating every rumor, and expatiating on every fear. The utter uncertainty of the situation added to the gloom. If we were to be attacked, we could form no idea whether it was to be by five hundred men or five thousand. Everybody, however, kept his place, and there was a general determination to stand by and do the best we could.

In the morning the prospect brightened. We had learned nothing more, but it was daylight, and the gloomy predictions of the night had not been fulfilled. Price had not appeared, and we began to think he would not come. Soon after we learned of Pleasanton's arrival, and the

change in affairs at Kansas City. The reports were very meager, but they were enough to relieve the tension of the last twenty-four hours. As the day went on, fuller reports came. We knew that Price was defeated and we were safe. The Sabbath that began in fears ended in peace and rejoicing. The next morning we learned that the victory was complete, and that our comrades were coming home from Kansas City. We went to the river-bank to meet them. Returning heroes never were welcomed with more genuine rejoicing than were these our comrades as they marched up the street. The old Lawrence band was at the head of the column, playing:

“When Johnny comes marching home.”

They were dusty and bronzed, and had evidently had a rougher time than those that had been left behind. As they came up Massachusetts Street, all the people shouted, and the whole town was one scene of gladness. The returning companies soon broke ranks, and hastened to their homes. In a few days the order came, and the militia were mustered out, and resumed their voluntary service as before.

CHAPTER XV

THE BENIGN INFLUENCES OF PEACE

THE collapse of Price's invasion practically ended the war in Kansas. It was too late in the season for guerilla operations, and there were no important military movements in that section of the West. The next spring came Lee's surrender, and the end of the rebellion. After ten years of disturbance in one form or another, we were to enjoy what Governor Geary was fond of calling, "The benign influences of peace." It was so comfortable to feel that we could retire at night without fear of alarm, and work by day without fear of attack. We need no longer start at every unusual sound, nor scan with care every unusual sight. This was a luxury we had not enjoyed since the beginning of the settlement ten years before. One hardly needs to say that we enjoyed it as few people enjoy peace and quiet.

But we were to have one more dark day, the darkest we had ever seen. That was the day of Lincoln's assassination, Friday, April 14, 1865.

It occurred a little after eight o'clock in the evening, at Ford's Theater, in Washington. We had no telegraph, and so did not hear of it till the next day, which was Saturday. Even then we only received the most meager reports, and were in an agony of suspense, not knowing how great the disaster was, nor what the thing might mean. We could only guess what might lie behind it all. It might mean the renewal of the conflict, and plunge us back into the horrors of war. The next day was Sunday, and the church was draped in black, and the entire service took on the color of mourning. Not till Monday did we learn the particulars, and then things returned to their normal state. After a few days we began to realize that peace had really come, and that we might sit every man under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make us afraid.

No state appreciated the return of peace more thoroughly than Kansas. She had had a longer experience of war than the rest of them. The war began with her when she began her existence. Like Minerva, she sprang into being fully armed for war—or to translate the figure into modern speech, she was born with a musket

in her hand, though the musket in this case was a Sharpe's rifle. The rest of the nation had four years of war, and they were thoroughly tired of it. Kansas had eleven years of war, and was more than weary.

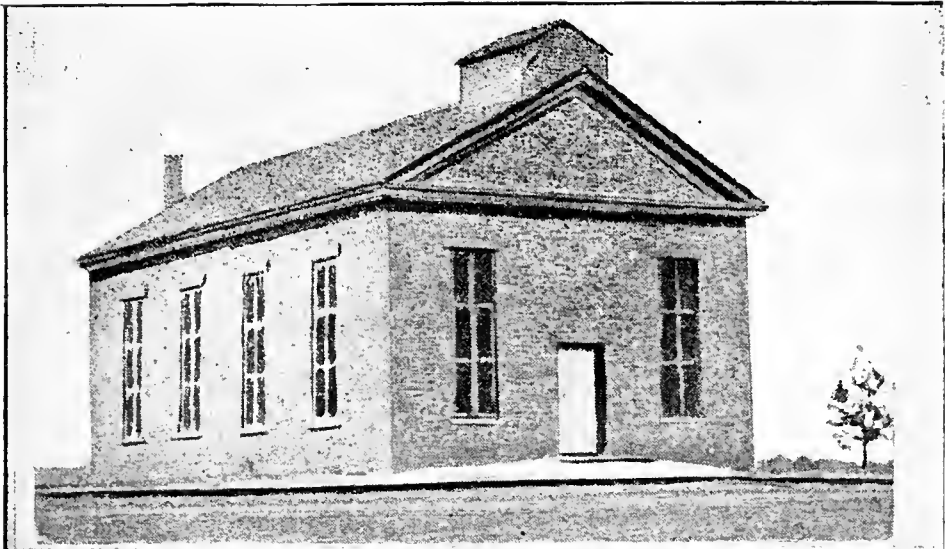
The war meant more to her than to any other state. She had been the object of dispute between the North and South in all the earlier struggle, and the wider conflict was only an extension of the struggle with which she began her life. Her foes were on her very borders, and they cut her off from all her sympathizing sister states. As she was the bone of contention in the controversy, she would undoubtedly be compelled to go with the victorious side. I heard an eminent preacher once say: "When a man and a bear enter upon a fight, it is not a mere question as to which shall whip. It is a question whether the man shall become bear, or the bear becomes man. If the bear wins he will eat the man, and if the man wins he will eat the bear." The conflict in Kansas had something of the same features. The war involved her very existence as she then was organized. The people who had given her the shape and character she possessed could not remain if the South were

victorious. Kansas would then become a slave state, and these people had staked their all on making her a free state. It was more than a bit of poetry when they said: "We pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." The war meant everything to Kansas, and everything was in suspense till the final issue could be known. Nothing permanent could be done while the very existence of the commonwealth was in doubt. As a result of this, a larger proportion of her able-bodied men enlisted in the army than in any other state. From a population of one hundred thousand, over twenty thousand enlisted in the volunteer service of the Union. One in five of her population was in the field. The quota required of her was sixteen thousand, and she sent twenty thousand men, and was always ahead of her quota. Her troops were in the thickest of the fight, and everywhere they fought valiantly and well.

The war, too, raged along her border and often crossed it. For four years she was in constant peril. Her fields had been desolated, her homes laid waste and her towns burned. She knew what was meant by "the horrors of war," as no other part of the country did.

She hailed the dawn of peace, therefore, with a satisfaction which could not be exceeded anywhere. And of all places in Kansas, Lawrence appreciated the blessedness of peace the most heartily. From her first settlement she had never known quiet. The town had been besieged, and sacked again and again. When one trouble ended another began, and when one difficulty was settled another appeared. And the people of Lawrence were not lovers of strife; they were lovers of order and of peace. They stood in the gap for conscience' sake, and not from preference. Now peace had come after all these years of strife. And it was a peace that would stay. The serpent's fangs had been drawn. Not only was Kansas a free state, but slavery itself was abolished. Kansas had won her case, not for herself alone, but for the nation. She had not stood in the focus of the fight for naught. When Lawrence realized that peace was really assured, it seemed as if a new sun had arisen in the heavens, and a new atmosphere was giving vigor to her life. Under "the benign influences of peace" she could look forward to years of progress and prosperity.

Of course not much could be done toward the



THE OLD STONE CHURCH, 1857

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

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permanent development of the country while a war like this was raging. Affairs had been too unsettled and too uncertain to warrant much in the way of permanent improvement. People built their houses and plowed their fields, but they had little encouragement to do more. During all the preceding eleven years there had been an unsettled state of things which made everybody cautious both in public and private matters. During all that time the country was essentially without bridges. The streams were crossed in the primitive way, by ford and ferry. The roads were left as nature made them. The people had neither the time nor the heart to make roads or build bridges. Schools were maintained whenever it was possible, but only here and there was a schoolhouse built. Even in so large a town as Lawrence there was none until 1865. They had their plans matured for building a year earlier, but the near approach of Price's army in the autumn of 1864, compelled them to put their plans aside and wait another year. The state, too, was practically without railroads. A few miles of railroad had been built during the closing months of the war, but there was not enough done to be of any service to the country.

The development of Kansas, therefore, really began with the close of the war. When peace came it found her without any general public improvement, and without very much private thrift. Her roads had to be made, her bridges had to be built, her schoolhouses erected, and her institutions established. In a very large degree her farms had to be stocked and cultivated, her improvements made, her towns built and her lines of traffic opened.

In extent Kansas is an empire. She has over eighty thousand square miles of surface, over fifty-two million acres of land. She could give nearly an acre apiece to every man, woman and child in the United States. She is larger than all New England, and if her population were as dense she would have over six millions of people. If she were as densely populated as New York, she would have twelve millions; if she were as densely populated as Massachusetts, she would have twenty-four; if she were as densely populated as England, she would have over thirty-six. With all her attractions of soil and climate, of mineral wealth and central position, there can be little doubt but the first century of her settlement will give her ten millions of people.

Her resources have only been touched thus far. Even the great body of her land is as yet unbroken prairie. Her day is yet before her, and it is surely coming.

The first settlers found a beautiful country of ample extent and of marvelous richness. But they only saw what lay on the surface, and this proved to be but a very small portion of the resources of the state. Some one has said that "Kansas is four hundred miles long, two hundred miles wide, eight thousand miles deep, and reaches upward to the stars." This description is not a mere figure of speech. To estimate the resources of Kansas one must consider all the four dimensions; he must measure the height and the depth as well as the length and breadth. The minerals below and the air and climate above constitute a large portion of the wealth of Kansas, and they have hardly begun to be developed. Even the surface has a various capacity which was not dreamed of at first. If any one comes to Kansas with the traditional idea of "flat prairies," he will be surprised at least when he looks at her surface. Here are hills and valleys, bluffs and streams, woodlands and plains, and all these intermingle in a way

which suggests art and long cultivation. There is hardly an acre of waste land throughout her whole extent. Without the touch of a plow, here was hay enough growing every year to feed the flocks and herds of the whole nation. There are very few acres, in the eastern half of the state at least, where two tons of good hay could not have been cut before man had touched the soil with a plow. The soil is everywhere fertile, while in some of the valleys the depth and quality of the soil are almost incredible. Beside some of the watercourses the soil is sometimes found to be more than fifteen feet deep. These river bottoms have sometimes been planted continually year after year and still show no sign of exhaustion. Fields have been planted to corn forty consecutive years, and the annual crop is larger now than at first. This may not speak well for the farming, but it speaks volumes for the farm. The soil on what is called the "high prairie" is not so deep, but it is very rich, and with deep and thorough cultivation it will doubtless produce equally as well as the deeper soil by the streams. At all events, what the high prairies lack in richness they more than make up in greater salubrity of climate.

This was Kansas as she was at the beginning. These were the attractions which she held out to people seeking homes. This was the capital with which she began. These were what she offered to people who would come and occupy her fertile plains, and develop her boundless resources. The old maps set her down as "The Great American Desert." But when men looked on her they saw that the "desert had bloomed and blossomed as the rose."

But the years have revealed resources of which the early settlers hardly dreamed, and which they certainly did not see. From certain surface indications they were wont to predict the finding of coal, but no veins of any value were discovered. Thicker veins were found from time to time, but no one could guess the extent of the coal fields of the state. The state geological survey, made a few years later by Professor B. F. Mudge, state geologist, showed that almost the whole eastern portion of the state was underlaid with coal. It is now known that there are thousands of acres of land under which there is coal of a good quality and fair thickness. It is a common opinion that a few hundred feet lower down are thicker and better veins still. It is not at all

unlikely that coal may yet be discovered in the more western parts. But the supply already known is practically exhaustless.

There has been no iron of any consequence yet found, but in the southeastern portion there are mines of lead and zinc which have already yielded large profits, though their development has hardly begun. In the western part of the state there are exhaustless beds of the finest gypsum. Building stone is found everywhere, some of it of the finest quality. It lies in layers of from eight inches to a foot in thickness, as if packed away in the hills on purpose for building. The Florence, the Cottonwood and the Manhattan stones are very handsome and easily worked, and large quantities are being shipped to distant parts. Some varieties can be sawed into any form or size desired. Some will take on the highest polish.

Symptoms of salt were discovered very early in streams and springs here and there. In boring for coal on the bank of the Kansas River about 1868, a stream of salt water was found at the depth of some five hundred feet. Saline County and the city of Salina received their names from the signs of salt which appeared.

All along the Kansas River these signs were met with every now and then. Everybody felt sure that salt in paying quantities would some time be found. But no one dreamed of the enormous masses of this article which were really lying beneath the surface. In the southwest the whole country seems to be underlaid with it. Borings have been made and shafts sunk at a number of points quite distant from each other, and the same condition is found to exist. There is found to be a solid mass of salt from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet thick. This mass is almost pure, and can be put on the market just as it is brought out of the mine. The common method of manufacture, however, is to pour water into the mine, then pump it out, and evaporate it. This source of wealth has hardly yet been touched. No one pretends to guess the extent of these deposits. They have been traced forty or fifty miles each way and no sign appears of diminution. They very likely extend for a hundred miles or more. Kansas can furnish the world with salt as long as the world will want salting.

Very little systematic effort has been made to develop the mineral resources of the state. When this shall be done, no doubt other sources

of wealth will be found lying beneath the surface.

There is a very common opinion that Kansas is all alike. Henry Ward Beecher once told an audience that they might interrupt him at any point with questions; his speech was like a sausage, they might cut it anywhere. So people used to say, "It is all Kansas—all prairie—all alike. Go to any part you please." They used to think of it as one great corn-field. "Hog and hominy" were the predestined food of its people. Some humorist speaks of Kansas girls as "home bred and corn fed." In all this there is a suggestion of dreary monotony of appearance and production. Now, there is no discount on the Kansas corn crop. It is the great crop, reaching some years to two and three hundred million bushels and more. And Kansas has not yet begun to raise corn. But corn is not the only crop, nor is it the only or main dependence. There is a great variety of soil and climate and products in Kansas, although the surface seems so uniform. A glance over the reports of the Board of Agriculture will amaze one as showing how different crops prosper in different sections. There are thousands of bushels of peaches grown

in the state, but nearly all of them are grown along the southern border. The sorghum crop is annually worth some two millions of dollars; but the greater part of it is found in the western section. Over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of castor beans are grown each year; but the larger portion of them is found in a few counties in the southeast. There are over one million dollars' worth of broom corn raised every year; but most of it is cultivated in a few counties near the center. It was formerly thought that this was accidental. It was supposed that broom corn growers had happened to settle in that section, and this had turned the thought of the people in that direction. But it is now known that it is a matter of soil and climate; they say Central Kansas is one of the few localities where the best quality of broom corn can be properly matured. The quality they grow is in great demand and readily sells at good prices. Two acres of land well cared for will produce a ton of broom corn, which is worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, according to the quality and the market. Thousands of acres of land are planted to broom corn every year, and over fifteen thousand tons are annually shipped

away. The industry is growing to large proportions, and Central Kansas is everywhere known among broom makers as one of the best sources of supply for the raw material they need. This crop will doubtless become more important still as the country becomes more thoroughly developed and the best methods of growing and caring for it shall become generally known and practiced.

Kansas was never reckoned among the wheat growing states until the discovery and development of what is called "The Wheat Belt." This is a belt of land running through the center of the state from north to south and is about one hundred miles wide. It is said to contain over ten million acres in which the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to wheat. You may ride for miles and easily fancy you are passing through one continued wheat-field. They tell of a wheat farm of eight thousand acres. When the harvesters enter to cut the grain it is like the moving of an army. The yield is very heavy, some fields averaging over fifty bushels to the acre. The opening of this "Golden Belt" produced a revolution in the wheat interests of Kansas. Before this the wheat crop had been a

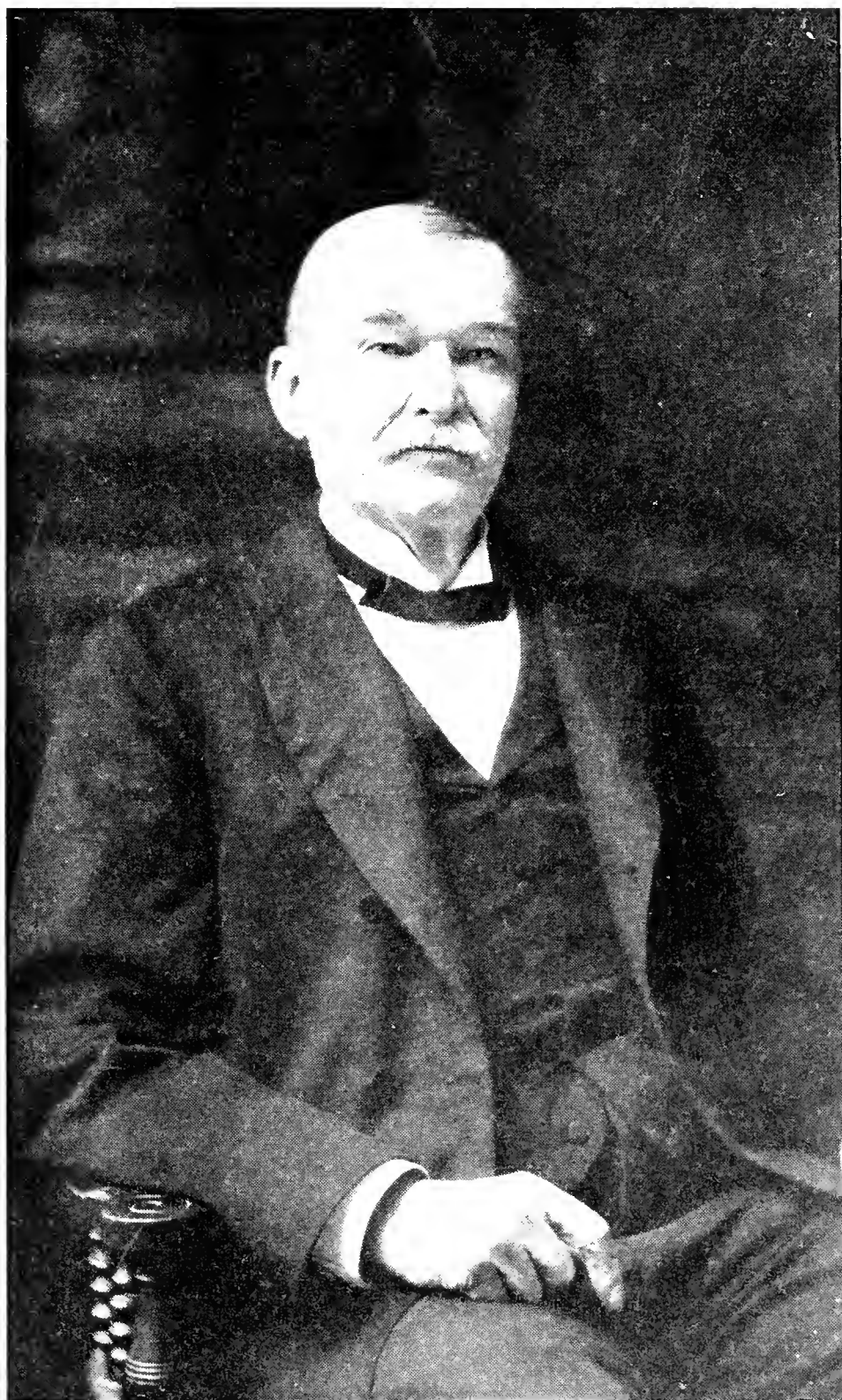
mere incidental affair, hardly being counted among the resources of the state. In a few years after the opening of this region wheat became one of the leading products. It became a large element in the commercial and railroad situation. Cities competed for the trade, and railroads were built for its accommodation.

But a nation's wealth is not in her soil, or her mines, but in her people. An enterprising people will thrive on a desert island, while an indolent people would starve in Paradise. A rugged climate and a niggardly soil have produced the most thrifty nations, while the lands which fed their people without effort have been the home of shiftless tribes. Even wealth does not make strong nations or prosperous people. It is as true now as in the days of Goldsmith :

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

Kansas has been fortunate both in her soil and her people. Some one has said that “ When God would plant a new nation in America, he sifted the old world to find seed for the new.” When God would build a commonwealth in Kansas, he sifted the older states to find the seed. It was a

different method of sifting, and a different sort of seed was secured. But the sifting was just as effective, and the seed just as vital. The Pilgrims of old were driven from their homes and sought a refuge in America. The Kansas immigrants were attracted to Kansas by the situation. It was neither the soil nor the climate which attracted them, for they knew little of either, and cared less. But they were attracted by the principle at stake in the settlement of the new state. The question of freedom or slavery turned on the result in Kansas. As the event showed they builded better than they knew. Free Kansas meant a free nation. She appealed to men of strong convictions, and men of strong convictions were drawn to her from all quarters, and of all sorts and all conditions. They were as diverse as men could well be, but they were all intense, and they all hated slavery. Many of them were eccentric, but they were all strong. There might be danger of excessive ferment, but there never could be any danger of stagnation. Not all would approach the subject from the same quarter, but they would all move in the same direction and all conspire to one result. From this ferment of diverse elements there has



REV JAMES D. LEGGETT
Pastor First Church, Leavenworth, 1859-1871

come a strong commonwealth, in which numerous experiments have been tried, and numerous theories have been exploited, but free discussion and an open field have given truth her opportunity. There have been some violent upheavals now and then, but the steady good sense of the people has always found its level.

It is too soon to know what sort of a race Kansas will produce. That the coming race will bear the marks of the original stock hardly needs saying. That they will be modified by the new conditions is no less inevitable. An eloquent speaker some years ago, in a public speech in Lawrence, said that it took a niggardly soil and a rugged climate to produce a strong people. He said he was sorry to add that this might not be very flattering, or very promising to the inhabitants of a balmy clime and a fruitful soil like those of Kansas. Had the speaker known Kansas better he would have modified his tone. The surface is not all even, and the climate is not all balmy. From the Missouri River to the Colorado line the surface rises over three thousand feet, giving an elevation of about four thousand feet above sea level, as high as most of the mountains of New England. In going the length

of our state there is all the effect of climbing a mountain four thousand feet high. There is a very perceptible change in the soil, the air and the flora every fifty miles. In a few hours of comfortable railway travel, a man will be transported from almost sea level to the mountain elevation. Then what we sometimes call our Italian skies are occasionally invaded by Dakota blizzards, or by hot winds from Mexico. Our enormous crops are shriveled by drought, eaten by locusts, or washed away by floods. The Kansas farmer can sing with his more northern brother :

“Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Sure, I must fight if I would win.”

The Kansas child will not lack for difficulties to develop his strength. If he would get anywhere he must stem the flood. He will not “be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.” If he would reach the skies he will have to climb. Every bushel of grain he grows has a foe at each turn of the season waiting to snatch it from him. He will find eternal vigilance is the price of a corn crop. Nowhere on earth are skill and vigilance in more constant demand, and nowhere

on earth are they more liberally rewarded. If one succeed he may cry with Paul: "We glory in tribulations also." In her climate and history she never repeats herself. There have never been two seasons alike, and there have never been two social or political phases alike. But in all her endless variations she has never had a dull phase. Whether it be prosperity or adversity, she always keeps people awake. For this reason all her people love her. Even those who have lived in Kansas but a short time, will remember that brief sojourn as one of the marked experiences of their lives. They may have failed in what they came for, but they will not forget her. She may not have met their expectations, but she surely stirred them up.

When I came to Kansas in 1857, she was little more than an extended camp. There was but little law and little authority. There were a great many claims, but not many farms. There were a great many farmers, but not much farming. There had been a great deal of money spent but not much money made. Yet there were the elements of a great state—a fertile soil, a genial climate and an energetic people. These elements have now grown into a strong and

compact commonwealth. She has come up through much tribulation. She has had more to contend with than any other new state. But tribulation has had its predestined and predicted effect. She has cost her people a hard struggle, but she is proving herself worth all she has cost. Through difficulties such as no other state ever encountered, and calamities such as no other state ever suffered, she has attained results such as no other state ever attained in the same time. The struggle she has cost has made her all the more dear to her people, and nowhere will you find citizens more loyal to their state than the citizens of Kansas. In her career and in her history she has well illustrated the beautiful and appropriate motto of her State seal: *Ad Astra per Aspera*—"through storms to the stars." She was for many years passing through the storms; may we not hope that she has taken her place securely among the stars?

