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Thus you see that your narrator is among the very fathers of Kansas, and can look down with a feeling of pity upon such neophytes as Col. John A. Martin and others, who came in 1857 and 1858.

One other personal circumstance, while teaching near Oregon, Mo. I attended a debating society in that town, in the winter of 1855-'56. All went pleasantly enough until on the occasion of a discussion of the relative wrongs of the negro and the Indian. Now, the injuries of either were considered platonic and not worth mentioning, but I expounded the side of the negro with sophomorical ardor, and gave them a condensed version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I came very nearly being bounced that night at the hotel, kept by a Virginian of the first-family type. I moved later, and from that time on until I left I was harassed and insulted as an abolitionist. Yet that county contained a great many free-state men, and I was secretly assured that not a hair of my head should be touched.

SETTLEMENT OF THE FRIENDS IN KANSAS.

Written by WILLIAM H. COFFIN,* for the Kansas State Historical Society.

THE repeal of the Missouri compromise line and the passage by Congress of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, thereby throwing open an immense area of choice land to the encroachment of slavery, was the real beginning of the contest which resulted in the civil war.

As the result of whether these rich territories, to be formed into states, were to be slave or free, was to be left to the vote of the settlers when these territories were sufficiently populated, a great stimulus was given to both North and South to form emigration parties, each having their own views. Much the largest emigration went in from the North and West, and these were uniformly for free state or territory.

In the month of October, 1854, Eli Wilson, Benajah W. Hiatt and myself met at Richmond, Ind., at the Friends' yearly meeting, and agreed to go West and examine these new territories, which had been open for settlement for only a few months.

We first expected to go by private conveyance through the state of Iowa, which then was quite new and had much government land open for entry; but the season being late, we found we had no time before winter would set in, and so concluded to take public conveyance for the new territories first, and if they did not suit, to examine Iowa in the early spring, as our object was to find a

*PASADENA, May 2, 1901. *Maj. H. N. Rust: ESTEEMED FRIEND*—I enclose photo to you as requested. I was born in Wayne county, Indiana, September 26, 1825. My parents were Elijah and Naomi Coffin, who came west from North Carolina to get away from slavery, and were descended in a straight line from Tristram Coffin, who, with others, purchased the island of Nantucket and adjacent isles; was governor and judge for many years, and died there in 1681, and from whom all of the name in America are descended. My grandfather was a whaler, but left the sea and removed to North Carolina, as did quite a colony of others from Nantucket, of liberty-loving, energetic persons, of Macys, Swaines, Starbucks, and Folgirs, and many more, and built up a real New England settlement in Guilford county, North Carolina. They were all honored and influential members of the Friends or Quakers, and though surrounded by slavery, were *intense* in their opposition and hatred of it. Levi Coffin was first cousin to my father, and they grew up together.

Probably the first Sabbath-schools in any of the Southern states were those which my father and Levi Coffin organized and successfully carried on Sunday afternoons among the slaves of the neighborhood, until stopped by pretended law and force. Levi Coffin was instrumental in freeing over 3000 slaves, and none were ever captured after once coming into his hands. It was his life-work from early manhood almost to the civil war, and his memory as the president of

good location and make a Friends' settlement on government lands, Benajah and I having young families of mostly boys growing up, and Eli some married sons, and others younger. At that day it was considered a long journey and a great way off from civilization west of the Missouri river.

We took railroad to Terre Haute, and from there to St. Louis by stage across Illinois, taking near three days and nights to reach St. Louis. Neither of us had ever seen the Western prairies; and the immense expanse of the broad, rich, grand prairies of Illinois, mostly yet unsettled, except in spots and along the streams, was a novel, inspiring sight to us. At St. Louis we took passage on a steamboat bound for Fort Leavenworth, a journey then made in from four to eight days, according to the stage of water.

The river steamers were fine, large, well-appointed and furnished boats, doing all the passenger traffic, as there were no railroad lines yet built in the West. We found many passengers from the South, East, and West, going, like ourselves, to see the new territories, among them Secretary Woodson and others, government appointees to the offices.

After a five days' run on the sinuosities of the Missouri river, we arrived, without incident, about two o'clock one morning, at Westport Landing, near the mouth of the Kansas river. We little thought at that time how great a commercial city and railroad point it would so soon be. Leavenworth city, thirty miles farther up the river and contiguous to the fort, had only just been laid out and

the underground railroad is historical. I owe much to his encouragement in the early settlement of Kansas, in which he took a deep interest. In my younger days I loved to be at his house in Newport, Ind., which was considered the grand central depot for escaped slaves on their way to Canada.

My father and mother were influential leaders in religious and philanthropic work, removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, for a time, but finally settling at Richmond, Ind., where he died in 1822, and she four years after. My wife, Sarah Wilson Coffin, and I were married late in 1845, lived near Richmond, Ind., until Kansas territory was first opened, and crossed into it before any survey lines were run. I could write of many interesting incidents of early life, but forbear to lengthen this sketch.

I cannot write of many things of myself without appearing egotistical, and think I will give you some items which you may use if you like, without being over and in my name. My life work, religiously, had been largely in Sunday-school work for more than fifty years, most of that time as superintendent and teacher and organizer in union missions as well as church work. At the close of the civil war, when the young men came home after four years of camp-life, they would congregate on the street corners and spend Sabbath together. We organized union Sunday-schools for afternoon work, and, by the help of their captains and officers, got them into the school, which they much enjoyed and loyally supported; and now we find these men getting old and grizzled, but nearly all who thus took part church members, and I have been rather astonished to find many of them joined the Friends. I was a delegate to the International Sunday-school Convention, at Indianapolis, in 1892, which adopted the uniform-lesson system now universally used.

General Grant, and General Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau, applied to the Friends of Indiana yearly meeting, near the close of the civil war, to take charge of the many hundreds of colored orphans and schools in the freedmen's work, which they did, at the expense of many thousands of dollars in addition to the government aid, and many scores of our best young men and women as teachers, turning over to us for shelter and school service the military barracks at Helena, Vicksburg, Landerdale, Miss., Maryville, Tenn., and other points South. I was one of the managing missionary board in this arduous and truly great work for many years. Southland College, near Helena, built up by this board, is yet sustained at large expense by the Friends, and is one of the most successful institutions in the South, has fine accommodations, and has graduated hundreds of colored teachers for school work among their own people.

I was connected with the Indiana Reform School for some time by commission from Governor Baker, and at Lawrence, Kan., was connected with Doctor Marvin, ex-chancellor of the State University, in the building and organization of the Indian school in its first start in life.

For any further reference, I give Timothy Nicholson, commissioner of the state board of charities, and Prof. Joseph Moore, ex-president of Earlham College, both of Richmond, Ind.; Prof. Edmund Stanley, president of Friends University, Wichita, Kan.; William or Asa Kennedy, Lawrence, Kan. Truly,
WM. H. COFFIN.

the first lots sold. It was a better site in every way and was universally thought to be the point for a large city; nothing prevented it from afterwards becoming so but the disagreement among capitalists and the divergence of one or two leading lines of the railroad to Kansas City, as Westport Landing was afterwards named. Westport was a small, thrifty town, four miles from the Missouri river, on the border of the Indian Territory, in Missouri, and was quite a trading point with the Indian tribes, and also received the trade of New Mexico over the great Santa Fe wagon road, of which the landing was the terminus. A heavy trade for years had been kept up in Indian supplies, furs, and buffalo-robos. A line of warehouses, stores and saloons faced the river for perhaps two squares; all back was exceedingly rough, hilly, and unpromising.

We went to the one hotel, a two-story building, and stayed until morning. We started on foot early, taking the Santa Fe road, and soon arrived at Westport, passing through the state of Missouri in Jackson county, an exceedingly rich country, producing all the cereals in great profusion, and large quantities of hemp. All along these border counties were many slaves.

After leaving Westport, we crossed the line and entered Kansas territory, passing directly a large Methodist mission of several hundred acres of the finest farm land and large buildings, soon coming to the Friends' mission farm and house of 320 acres. Here, Friends for many years* had been engaged in keeping up a school among the Shawnee Indians, who had a large reservation of splendid land for many miles on the border. Davis Thayer and wife, of Indiana, were the superintendents, and Richard Mendenhall and others teachers and helpers, with most of whom we had been well acquainted. We felt very much at home with our friends, and were exceedingly interested in the country.

But few settlers had as yet come in, the strongest colony being at Lawrence, some forty miles up the Kansas river, under the convoy of Dr. Charles Robinson and others. The prairies were generally slightly rolling and very rich, and the timber lay in bands or patches along the streams. This description applied well to the whole territory.

After remaining a few days at the Friends' mission, we hired a pony and returned to Westport Landing, intending to procure some supplies and pack our blankets and camp outfit on the pony for a more extended tour. After getting our outfit about ready, we met on the landing the head chief of the Peoria Indians, Baptiste † by name, who could talk broken English. He was very clever and sociable, and invited us to go home with him, he being up with a wagon for supplies and about ready to start. This gave us a good opportunity to ride, and we were glad to avail ourselves of his invitation. It proved a long day's ride to the southwest of about fifty miles, mostly over Shawnee reserve, until we came to the Peoria lands and village, the home of the chief and the present site of the prosperous and beautiful city of Paola.

We were shown an empty log cabin, picketed out our pony on the abundant prairie-grass, and, rolling up in our blankets, lay on the hard puncheon floor, just as it had been split out of logs, with no dressing down. We were tired with the long, hard day's travel, but I do not think I ever turned over so many times in one night to try to find a change or a softer place.

In the morning, with the chief for pilot, we started on a tour of observation to the west and south, in order to examine a scope of country that had but for a short time been open for settlement. We found everywhere the same rich, rolling country, interspersed with groves of timber and fine valleys along the streams.

*The mission was founded in 1834. See reports of commissioner of Indian affairs for succeeding years.

† A brief sketch of Baptiste Peoria is given in Andrea's History of Kansas, page 376.

In the afternoon, we came to the Marais des Cygnes (pronounced Mary de Zeen), and, crossing it, we followed down for some miles to near the junction of the Pottawatomie, where both streams come together and form the Osage river. Heavy timber lined both streams as they deflected from each other to the west and northwest, and between was rich, rolling prairie land in easy reach, so as to make a paradise for a colony.

Here Baptiste, the chief, left us for home, and we camped on the banks of the Marais des Cygnes, in the heavy timber, no settlers having yet made claims anywhere near. It was a novel experience for us as we sat by our camp-fire at night and cooked fish that we caught with a pin hook; but very comfortable to tired men, as we were, when we lay rolled up in our blankets on a bed of leaves, with our feet to the fire. The large timber wolves howled around, but did not disturb us.

The next day we spent in taking claims along the river and extending far enough into the prairie for good farms. The whole territory was yet unsurveyed, the general surveyors being engaged in establishing a principal meridian line running west from the Missouri river, in order to make the survey of the new territory. In making squatters' claims, you had to run the risk of the survey lines getting the quarter-section on which your cabin was located, so that settlers were careful to not have their cabins nearer than 900 yards of each other. This was law by tacit agreement, and was observed, settlers all combining to get their land.

On the second day a gentleman from Rochester, N. Y., Orville C. Brown* by name, arrived on the same lands, heading a colony of twenty-six men, who had a sawmill back at Westport Landing, and all the necessaries to build a town and form a flourishing settlement, being intelligent Eastern people. They encamped with us, and after looking around for a few days, liked our point of settlement very much, and proposed to us to join them and build up a town, a beautiful site for one being close by on the prairie, between the rivers. We really were not yet ready to make a permanent settlement, being out on a tour of investigation, and Benajah and I having not yet sold our homes in Indiana; and so, after consultation, we thought best to give up our claims to them, much desiring to stimulate the settlement of such colonies of intelligent free-state men, and also wanting to find a location where we could form a Friends' settlement of our own. They were very friendly with us. We went around with O. C. Brown and viewed the location together. They agreed on the town site, and in camp were unanimous in calling the new town Osawatomie, after both streams, the Osage and Pottawatomie, the Marais des Cygnes being called sometimes the Little Osage. O. C. Brown must not be confounded, as he frequently is, with "Old John Brown." "Old John Brown," with his sons, came the next succeeding spring,† and settled

*ORVILLE C. BROWN was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, New York, February 25, 1811. Through his own exertions he acquired a good education, engaging meanwhile in various pursuits, among them codfishing and whaling. In 1836 he entered the merchantile business, in which he continued until coming to Kansas, in October, 1854. He founded the town of Osawatomie, naming it for the two streams in the vicinity — Osage and Pottawatomie. He at once became identified with the free-state men. The town was sacked June 6, 1856. August 30 of the same year the town was not only sacked but the buildings were burned by Reid's proslavery army, and Spencer Kellogg Brown carried a prisoner into Missouri and detained for six weeks. Mr. Brown rebuilt his house, which was immediately crushed by a tornado. With his health broken, he returned to New York state with his family, where he has since remained. His son, Spencer Kellogg Brown, was executed as a spy at Richmond, Va., September 25, 1863, though captured as a prisoner of war while destroying a rebel ferry-boat. He had previously been promoted to fourth master of Commodore Porter's gunboat "Essex" for gallant service.

†John Brown's sons came to Kansas in February, 1855, and John Brown himself the following October.

on claims on the Pottawatomie, a few miles above Osawatomie. He made this whole section of country famous in after-years by his exploits in favor of freedom and a free state.

The season being far advanced and cold weather approaching, we concluded that we had best defer further investigation of the territory until spring, and so broke camp and returned to the Peoria village. Next day we walked near forty miles, occasionally one of us riding the pony; but he was pretty well loaded with our pack, and had to be favored. Starting very early and going until nine o'clock in the evening, it finally became too dark for us to see, and, fearful of losing our way, we encamped in a grove, building a camp-fire against a fallen tree trunk, and went supperless to rest, our supplies being exhausted, as well as ourselves.

Next morning we were awakened by a cock crow near by, and found we were but a short distance from an Indian house. With doubly sharpened appetites, we went there and were met kindly by an old blanket Indian and his squaw, who said, in broken English, they had nothing but "hoggy meat"; so we made a breakfast on "hoggy meat" and coffee, and, paying fifty cents each for the privilege, we went on our journey, soon finding we were but a few miles from the Friends' mission, where we arrived joyfully, and were well received by our friends.

On our return, we stopped at Westport Landing again, over night; and next day, while waiting for the steamer, we walked from the hotel, perhaps half a mile or more, to the mouth of the Kansas river, where it empties into the Missouri. The whole river bottom at the confluence was then covered with heavy timber, mostly cottonwood. We understood that it could be purchased for about fifty dollars per acre, which would certainly have given a profit that any one should have been satisfied with, considering that all the ground we then walked over is now covered densely with large buildings, the union depot, and business houses of a great commercial city. We returned home *via* Chicago, striking a railroad in central Illinois, building south at Mattoon.

In the early spring of 1855, Benajah W. Hiatt and myself, having sold our farms in eastern Indiana, made preparation for removal to the new Western territory, leaving our families behind us until we could make locations to suit us, and proceeded *via* Indianapolis to New Albany, on the Ohio river, where we took passage on a river steamer for St. Louis. Eli Wilson's wife and a portion of his family went with us, he having, with some of his boys, gone some time previous, for the purpose of putting in crops on lands rented of the Shawnee Indians near Friends' mission, expecting to make location with us when we found one that seemed suitable.

At St. Louis we took passage on the steamer "Golden State." She was very heavily laden with freight and passengers, with several hundred Mormons bound for Salt Lake, *via* Fort Leavenworth, on the steerage deck. We were eight days on the river to Westport Landing and the fort, the river being at low stage and much detention by sand-bars. After being out a few days, the cholera broke out in the steerage, and there were several deaths and much sickness among the Mormons. No inland quarantine regulations then existed in the United States, and it looked to us that we were in close quarters, cooped up as we were, with a deadly disease aboard and no opportunity to help ourselves. It was very sad to run to the shore at wood-yards, of nights, and bury the dead away off among strangers. We had on board the Rev. Wm. H. Goode,* a devoted Methodist minister, going as a missionary on behalf of his church to set up and organize

*The "Outposts of Zion," published by Rev. Wm. H. Goode in 1864, in the Society's library, relates largely his missionary experiences in Kansas and the West.

churches of his denomination in the new territories. We used to take our Bibles and retire to the top of the boat and read such promises as we found in the thirty-seventh and ninety-first Psalms, and commend ourselves to the Lord's protection. I think that I never before saw the adaptation of the book of Psalms, in the close places David got into, to such states and conditions as we were then in, and it enabled us to take strong hold upon and trust in divine protection, strengthening our faith for many incidents that came upon us in after-years.

When we arrived at Westport Landing, Eli met us and his family, who embarked there, intending to make their home for a few months at the Friends' mission, until we could investigate farther and secure locations. Benajah and I went on to Leavenworth city, adjoining the fort. It was then only a few months old, a small scattered town of cottonwood shanties and saloons, of a few hundred inhabitants; but a splendid natural site for a large city, with a good landing, and the prestige of a large, old and important government fort adjoining, with its heavy patronage and supply trade over the great military roads to the interior forts and stations located all through the Western plains and mountains. It was the universal opinion at that time by all men of judgment that the rising little town would make the largest city above St. Louis. We landed at its wharf and proceeded out some two miles to Uncle Joel Hiatt's who came out the previous fall, when the territory was first opened up for settlement, with Nathaniel Henderson and others, old neighbors and relatives of ours from eastern Indiana, and had taken excellent and valuable claims near by the town, the territory being at the time we landed yet unsurveyed. Our Uncle Joel took a lively interest in showing us around, being very desirous for us to settle and form a colony of Friends somewhere in reach of the fort and town. We spent much time in making tours in different directions, pretty thoroughly surveying the country. We found the best lands and locations pretty much all claimed by border Missourians for ten miles out west to Big Stranger creek.

Our object at that early day was to get as near the river and some good commercial point that would likely grow into a large city, as we could; to form a colony and get good land. We finally found a section of good, well-watered country, interspersed with groves of timber, and open, unclaimed prairie land sufficient to form a large settlement, just west of Big Stranger creek, and lying between Fall and Walnut creeks, some four miles apart, and from twelve to eighteen miles to the fort or city. At that day it was impossible to tell even where the lines of the best common roads would be located; and railroads had not yet been thought of only as an improvement in the far-distant future. Benajah and I bought off two Missourians who had taken heavy timber claims near the mouth of Fall creek, and made prairie claims adjoining in the fine bottom and rising land as it receded from the creek on the north side. The broad, rich prairie land, waving with green grass and wild flowers of every kind, seemed to us a paradise for a young, energetic Western farmer.

We were now ready to see our friend Eli Wilson, and so making our way by a straight Indian trail, thirty miles, to the Delaware crossing of the Kansas river, on a rope ferry, we were within a few miles of the Friends' mission, where we soon arrived. Here we were glad to meet, not only with all of our friends of the previous fall, but with several other families, as well as the family of Eli Wilson, who had recently arrived and were stopping until they could get settled homes. I had procured an excellent Indian pony for riding purposes, and Eli and Benajah wanting some, we went among the herds of wild horses that had been raised near Bent's Fort,* New Mexico. These were brought in every spring

* "The Journal of Jacob Fowler," edited by Elliott Cones, contains the following:

"Bent's Fort was a noted place for many years. Fort William was an alternative name of the same establishment—so called after one of the Canadian-French Bent brothers, who were William, George, Robert, and Charles. In 1826 three of them, with Ceran St. Vrain, built a rude

and herded by cowboys trained to throwing the lasso. They rounded up a herd of from 50 to 100 horses and ponies, mostly broncos, branded, but wild and unbroken, and gave us choice. When two fine ponies were pointed out, they rode slowly around until they cut them out of the herd. Then a long run by three or four well-mounted men, until they were lassoed, bridled, and saddled, and were then counted broken. They made very tough, serviceable riding horses, but for weeks they could not be trusted.

We three now made a detour to the southwest, across the Shawnee reserve lands, near fifty miles, coming out on Sabbath afternoon to a grove of timber on the Wakarusa, where we found our friend Rev. Wm. H. Goode holding a meeting. Settlers had gathered from far and near, until there was quite a large company assembled. In the midst of his sermon, the people being seated on logs and benches in the shade, quite a commotion suddenly took place, women jumping up on benches, stopping his discourse, until a rattlesnake could be dispatched; an object-lesson enforcing his sermon on the uncertainties of life. From here we went on northwest, until, late in the evening, we came to the town of Lawrence, founded the summer and fall before on the Kansas river. The best lands were mostly taken up for miles around Lawrence, many settlers having come in during the fall and winter. The town had a good many temporary tenements; some sod houses, and a hotel built of poles set in the ground, weather-boarded and covered with shakes, I think situated a little west of where the Eldridge House afterwards was built. We called to the proprietor and asked if we could stay all night, and the laconic answer came: "Yes, if you can put up with darned hard fare"; so we lariatied our ponies on the abundant prairie-grass near by, and were very thankful for the bread, molasses, and coffee, and the comfortable beds of prairie-grass in bunks of shakes, fastened up against the wall.

The Kansas river was high—nearly bank full—and no ferry as yet of any kind established; but we arranged with a man by the name of Baldwin, who soon after established a rope ferry, to take us over in his skiff, one at a time, swimming our horses by its side, which was rather a dangerous feat; but we safely reached the north bank in the heavy timber of the Kansas river bottoms, and took an Indian trail which we thought would lead us to Leavenworth city. Somehow we missed the right trail, and rode all day, crossing Big Stranger several miles too far south. The creek bottom was festooned with grape-vines, running on the thickets and heavy timber. In one place we had to stoop very low on our horses to get through. My cousin Benajah was always the life of the company, and was in the lead, we riding Indian file. As he stooped to his horse's neck and went under the vines, he called low to me: "Look up, Will., but say nothing. As I went under, I looked up as best I could, and saw an enormous blacksnake just above, with head erect, and tongue licking out within a very few inches of my face. Our friend Eli Wilson ducked under, and then we dismounted and killed it. I think that it measured near seven feet in length.

We were now on the Delaware Indian reserve, which extended along the Kan-

stockade on the north bank of the Arkansas, above Pueblo—perhaps half-way up to Canon City. In 1828 they moved down below Pueblo, and began the erection of the permanent structure called Fort William, which was long better known as Bent's old fort. It existed until 1852, when Col. Wm. Bent destroyed it with fire and gunpowder. He immediately selected a new site lower down the Arkansas, on the same (north) side, in the well-known locality of the Big Timbers, where he erected Bent's new fort in 1853, and used it as a trading post until 1859, when it was leased to the government; Colonel Bent moving to a point just above Purgatory river for the winter of 1859-'60. Next spring Bent's place became Fort Wise, so named for the governor of Virginia; but in 1861 this name was changed to Fort Lyon, in honor of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Wilson Creek, Missouri, August 10, 1861. In the spring of 1866 the river undermined this post, and it was moved to a point twenty miles lower down, though the old post continued to be used as a stage station by Barlow, Sander-son & Co."

sas river for forty miles, and twenty wide, to the north. The Indians still lived in their various settlements on the reserve. Night coming on, we camped, long after dark, in an open space surrounded by trees, rolling up in our blankets, with saddles for pillows, but nothing to eat. As soon as daylight came, we found that we were in an old Indian burying-ground. We arrived at Uncle Joel's in the forenoon. After looking around the town and fort, we went with Eli out to the section of country we had found and looked it over. He was very much pleased with our choice, and at once proceeded to buy out a timber claim joining ours on the west, and to take and secure several fine quarter-sections of prairie land for each of his children. The timber groves almost everywhere had been secured by an advance line of squatters who were professionals in that line, and were ready to sell out and go on.

Before leaving eastern Indiana, Eli and Benajah had arranged to send a lot of their Durham cattle, with a heavy ox team and wagon, across the country, and, soon after, they arrived at our location, under the management of Simon P. Hawkins, Azariah Walker, and a hand or two. We all took possession of the cabin on our timber claim and cooked together for a short time, until we could build other cabins, break prairie, make farms, and arrange to bring out our families. We worked very hard for the next few months, cutting house logs, sawing boards, building cabins on the prairie, breaking prairie sod and chopping in corn with an ax, and finally sowing wheat. Thousands of rails had to be split, which we hired done, but hauled and put up good stake-and-rider fences. For all this work we used heavy ox teams, finding them the cheapest and most serviceable, as the range was fine and they required no provender much of the year. Settlers came in rapidly, mostly from the North—Missouri and Iowa; but all staunch free-state men.

From Leavenworth city we had to pack our provisions on our horses, there being no available wagon crossings over Big Stranger without going a long distance around. The first settlers to the south of us were the two brothers Wright, of Missouri; Otis Marsh, of New Hampshire; H. Dunlap and sons, of New York; on the southeast, Henderson; across the creek, east, Doctor Allen and Doctor Wood, both Southern men, from Missouri, and many others; to the north, J. Renfro; S. P. Hawkins and others on the west. Over on Walnut creek, almost all the land was taken and settled directly.

About this time Uncle Joel came out to see us. We rode all around; and south of us was high prairie that overlooked the whole country, interspersed with fine groves, and almost all quarters well watered with fine springs. Uncle Joel was raised a Friend; many years before had left the church, but was still warm in his regard for it, and a man of excellent judgment. As we sat on our horses, on the high prairie overlooking the country, "Boys," he called, "I can see from here a strong Quaker settlement and meeting. Right over yonder," pointing north to a grove of timber about two miles off and half-way between the streams, "will be the Quaker meeting-house. I can see them now, coming from every direction, on Sunday, to it; and then I can hear some one preaching." And rising in his stirrups, he sang out, in regular old Quaker style, "Keep silence before me, O ye islands, and let the people renew their strength." All his predictions were in time literally fulfilled. A nice church has stood at the exact spot for thirty years or more, and for many years was filled with people.

Our first experience in camp-cabin life, especially in the art of cookery, was rather unique. With no supplies, except such as could be packed for twelve or fourteen miles on our ponies, generally side meat, flour, and molasses—which latter article had to be carried in a gallon jug, which we were sure to be without.

at the very time we were wanting it the most—neither of us used to the business, having experts at home in our good wives; with no utensils but a tea-kettle, a frying-pan or skillet, an oven to bake our bread, with a large open fire-place, and stick and clay chimney, it is not remarkakable that we were awkward, and, coupled with our hard work, grew thin on the kind of diet we had. Among our first meals—I well recollect Benajah officiating as head cook—we undertook to make gravy; the meat had been fried and taken out; a roaring fire and bed of coals on the hearth; but when the skillet, with its hot grease and water, was set back on the coals, the grease suddenly took fire, blazing nearly as high as our heads, so that Benajah seized the skillet and, running to the door, threw grease, skillet and all out on the prairie.

About this time a young lawyer of our acquaintance came visiting us. We were hard at work, and had no time to cook for ourselves, and in no situation for dead-beats. We would have been glad of his visit if he could have helped us; but he would neither cook nor wash dishes, but lay on our bed and lounged. We soon found that he could not eat mush very well, and so, in the morning, Ben. would say, "Will., what shall we have for dinner to-day?" and I would answer, "mush"; and we had mush twice or three times a day, until the poor fellow was in a condition to leave, disgusted, as we afterwards learned, with the territory of Kansas. Benajah, however, soon became quite a good cook. We learned to make light biscuits with baking-powder; caught fish; and one day had a dinner, a notable one, with our friends Wilson, Hawkins, and others; Hawkins, assistant cook; the dinner consisting not only of our common doings, but of turtle soup, from an enormous mud-turtle we had caught; and, also, we had a large blue crane roasted, so that the shanks reached well across the table. All together, after the men arrived with the cattle and our wagons, we had a very genial company, the presiding elder of which was our friend Eli Wilson.

The spring and summer soon passed; and, after planting sod corn, sowing wheat, and building two cabins on the prairie on our quarter-sections, we left our claims in the care of our friends, and returned to eastern Indiana for our families. It took us until late in the fall to get our business settled up, make public sales, and prepare for what was then considered a long journey. Indeed, most of our friends called in question the propriety of taking our families clear beyond all civilization, into an unsettled, and, from appearances, likely to be for some time, much troubled state of society. But in the tenth month, 1855, we started, going by St. Louis, and steamboat to Leavenworth city, where we arrived, and went out to Joel Hiatt's with our families until we could buy household outfit; and so arrived at our cabin homes late in the tenth month. The prairies looked dreary by this time, having been all burned over. For a while our women were homesick; but all went bravely to work, and, for that kind of life, were soon reasonably comfortable.

Our friend Eli Wilson had removed his family during the course of the summer, and was living on his claim adjoining ours. Also his married sons, James and Jehu Wilson, had arrived before us from Indiana and were settled on their land, and we began to have quite a company of Friends about us. The general survey lines were made and the land sectionized, and corners all marked, by the time we arrived in the fall. We banked up our cabins on the outside high with dirt, and burned around our fences and haystacks, and prepared for cold weather. The winters in Kansas territory were generally mild, not setting in usually until the first of the year; but the winter of 1855-'56 was one of marked severity. The thermometer went as low as twenty-five below zero, with very deep snows after New Year's, which lay on until late in the spring. A pretty

good wagon road had been constructed to Leavenworth city while we had been away, so we could get our supplies from the river by team.

It is not the intention to enter into a description of the slavery controversy in connection with these notes, except so far as our individual and personal contact with it is concerned, narrating only such incidents as were coupled with our own settlement, as the whole of early Kansas history, voluminously written by able writers, is very largely on this point. It is well known that the territorial election, in the spring of 1855, for the organization of a territorial legislature, was carried by thousands of Missourians, in the proslavery interest, crossing the border, taking possession of the polls, and electing their own men. Gov. A. H. Reeder, although appointed by the proslavery element at Washington, was an honest Pennsylvania democrat, and too honorable to give certificates of election to persons elected through such wicked fraud. But the members thus elected met just over the line, near Westport, at the Methodist mission, and made a code of the most outrageous laws possible. While Eli, Benajah, and I, the summer before, were at the Friends' mission, this legislature was in session. We went to it one day. Many Kansas men from Lawrence and other points were also near to guard the governor from violence, as they threatened loudly of lynching him, in order to force him to become the creature to assist in carrying out their infamous purposes; but the governor remained firm, and at length President Buchanan, at Washington, removed him, leaving Woodson to act until Governor Shannon, his successor, arrived.

The Kansas actual settlers, even at this date, were almost unanimous for a free state, and they would not recognize this legislature nor obey any of the laws thus enacted, nor pay any taxes to its officers. The new settlers who were all the time coming were of the same description, almost universally. But little slave property could be moved into such a community; and so, by the time we had our families well fixed and settled, the first actual conflict at arms to force the settlers to obedience took place. The proslavery leaders had been molding public opinion in the border counties of Missouri all summer. Their idea was to terrorize the free-state settlers of Kansas into obedience to their domination, and to stop the free-state emigration from the North. The Kansas settlers were, as a rule, a brave, energetic, independent set of men, nearly all of whom, as yet, had gone there to build up homes for themselves and families in that beautiful and desirable country. There was nothing they so much desired as peace, and, for the future prosperity of the country, and for almost every other consideration, a free state.

Through the early spring and summer and that fall, after removal, we were frequently at Leavenworth city; and, through our uncle, Joel Hiatt, who acted with the proslavery party, met and became well acquainted with many of the leaders who were the managers of the party; such men as the Stringfellows,* Mar-

*BENJAMIN F. STRINGFELLOW was born in Fredericksburg, Va., September 3, 1816. After receiving a collegiate education and being admitted to the bar, he removed, about 1838, to the state of Missouri, where he entered upon the practice of the law. He early received the appointment of circuit attorney for eleven of the northeastern counties of the state. In 1844 he was elected a member of the Missouri house of representatives, and served four years as attorney-general of the state, being appointed by the governor in 1845. He then entered into a legal partnership with Col. P. T. Abell, at Chariton, and afterwards at Weston. Upon the opening of Kansas, he became greatly interested, and in the fall of 1854 became secretary of the Platte County Self-defensive Association. That year he issued a pamphlet entitled "Negro Slavery no Evil; or, the North and the South; the effects of negro slavery as exhibited in the census, by a comparison of the condition of the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states, considered in a report made to the Platte County Self-defensive Association, St. Louis, 1854." Although taking an actual part in the slavery controversy in Kansas, he yielded to the will of the majority, and in 1858 took up his residence in Atchison, where he had large property interests. Here he labored diligently for the upbuilding of the town, and was for many years an attorney of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs railroad.

*DR. JOHN H. STRINGFELLOW was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, November 14, 1819. He received his education at Caroline Academy, Virginia, Columbian University, Washington,

shal Donalson,* Judge Lecompte,† and many others. We heard much of their talk; and when they found the free-state men would not succumb or pay taxes or recognize their officers, the whole talk for months was invasion, to drive the abolitionists out, as they called every one who was in favor of a free state. We could hear this continually on the border. In a guarded way, their papers all teemed with it. Many of those worst men of the leaders were our friends, on account of our uncle, and they would talk to us privately and warn us of what was coming; but always professed friendship personally, and desire to see our colony protected. Uncle Joel had told them in our presence that we were Quakers, stock men, peaceable, would n't fight, but would be obedient to the laws no matter how things were settled; and, though we did not believe in slavery and would vote for a free state, yet we would never interfere with their "niggers," and would be the best kind of citizens. We did not take much interest in this kind of talk; but it was our best policy at this time to keep still, and act when we had the opportunity to effect anything, which I believe we all bravely did.

D. C., and in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, graduating there in 1845. He soon after visited Missouri, where his brother, Benjamin F. Stringfellow, had preceded him. His marriage with Miss Ophelia J. Simmons, niece of Gov. John C. Edwards, decided him to remain in Missouri. He practiced medicine at Brunswick and Carrollton until his removal, in 1852, to Platte City. Upon the opening of Kansas to settlement, he crossed over into the territory and selected a town site on which he located a claim. Then with his friends he formed a town company and laid out the town of Atchison. Doctor Stringfellow was founder and editor of the *Squatter Sovereign*, and was speaker of the first territorial house of representatives. February 29, 1856, he was commissioned captain of the Atchison company, Third regiment of militia, by Acting Governor Daniel Woodson, and, April 22, colonel of the Third regiment, by Governor Shannon. On the death of his father he returned to Virginia to administer the estate, and was detained in this business until after the opening of the war. He entered the Confederate service as captain of a Virginia company, but was at once detailed to act as surgeon, and served in that capacity only. Doctor Stringfellow returned to Atchison in 1871, and remained there until 1876, when he removed to St. Joseph, Mo., where he and his wife still reside. In the "Annals of Kansas," under date of January 7, 1858, is found this record: "J. H. Stringfellow writes to the Washington *Union* against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution: 'To do so,' he says, 'will break down the democratic party at the North and seriously endanger the peace and interests of Missouri and Kansas, if not of the whole Union. The slavery question in Kansas,' he says, 'is settled against the South by immigration.'"

* ISRAEL B. DONALSON was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, January 12, 1797. He removed with his parents to Ohio when a child, but returned to Kentucky at the age of sixteen. In 1835 he was elected representative to the state legislature by the democrats of his district. In 1839 he removed to Pike county, Illinois, was elected probate judge, and served in the Mormon war. In 1847 he raised a company for service in the Mexican war, was elected major, and placed in command of five companies. He was voted a sword by the Illinois legislature for his services in the war. In 1849 he went to California, and remained two years. In 1854 he was tendered the position of United States marshal for Kansas territory by President Pierce, and served through the administrations of four territorial governors, finally resigning. He was in Washington at the time of the execution of John Brown, December, 1859, engaged in the settlement of his official accounts. He remained at his home in Canton, Mo., during the civil war, and removed to Hays county, Texas, in 1865. His death occurred at San Marcos, Tex., October 27, 1895.

† SAMUEL D. LECOMPTE, one of the most prominent figures in the early days of Kansas, was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, December 13, 1814. His early life was spent in Cambridge, Md., where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He at one time was a member of the Maryland legislature. October 3, 1854, Mr. Lecompte was commissioned chief justice of Kansas territory by President Pierce, and was assigned to the first judicial district, north of the Kansas river and east of Soldier creek. He held this position until March 9, 1859, when he was succeeded by Judge John Pettit. His sympathies were strongly proslavery, fully in touch with the administration at Washington. Under date of October 6, 1856, in reply to an inquiry of Governor Geary, he gave a brief resume of his official acts to that time. This document is published in the fourth volume of the Society's Collections, page 602. After the war Judge Lecompte became a republican, and was four years probate judge of Leavenworth county. He was one session a member of the state legislature. He died in Kansas City April 24, 1888, at the residence of his son.

On the 27th of November, 1855, Governor Shannon called out a posse to assist Jones,* postmaster at Westport, Mo., who claimed to be sheriff of Douglas county, Kansas, in the enforcement of the bogus laws; 2000 men from the border counties of Missouri responded, probably all being organized beforehand. This was what was called the Wakarusa war.† Their object and full expectation, as we well knew from their previous talk and secret arrangement, was to concentrate on Lawrence first; burn and destroy it, and then spread out in detachments, and terrorize and drive off all the free-state settlers who were in any wise obnoxious, which comprised about all, especially Eastern men. The main army took the Westport road to Lawrence; but 500 men, with cannon and all the paraphernalia of war, which they had taken from the United States government arsenal at Liberty, Mo., passed on the high-prairie road leading from Leavenworth city to Le-compton, but a short distance from our location, in plain view. They were composed mostly of the offscouring of Missouri bad men, but marched by and committed no depredation on us. It was an anxious time with us, as well might be expected, for the next three weeks.

The free-state men had organized at Big Springs‡ the September before, and in October, at Topeka; and, while disavowing any intention of conflict with the governor, were fully prepared and concentrated for defense at Lawrence, against such an invasion. Eight hundred men were ready, fortified, composed of settlers who rallied for the war. When the Missouri horde, who camped in the Kaw bottoms, saw there was going to be a desperate fight, which they had not looked for, expecting an easy conquest, the leaders, with Governor Shannon at their head, held a conference, and concluded it best to call off their posse and send them back. An incident to show this came under our notice, and is not down in history.

Uncle Joel was prominent among the proslavery leaders, though he took no part in the invasion; but while in camp at Lawrence, at their conference, they sent him and Colonel Burns,§ a leading lawyer of that day in Missouri, to the free-state camp in Lawrence to consult with General Lane and the committee of safety, and, more probably, to discover the temper of the free-state men, how they were armed, and whether they were likely to fight, it being the settled opinion of all the proslavery men of that day that one Southern man could whip four or five "Yankee abolitionists," as they called the settlers. They passed

*SAMUEL J. JONES, then serving as postmaster of Westport, Mo., was elected sheriff of Douglas county, Kansas, by the first territorial assembly, and received his commission from Acting Governor Daniel Woodson August 27, 1855. This office he continued to hold until some time in 1857, though his resignation, which he tendered December 16, 1856, had been accepted by the board of county commissioners the same day and William T. Sherrard appointed in his place. Governor Geary refused to commission Sherrard because of his bad character, and he was shot in a public meeting in a controversy regarding his appointment. He died from the effects of the wound February 21, 1857. James F. Legate made the acquaintance of Sheriff Jones in Westport shortly after his appointment. He was then about thirty-five years of age, an extremist, full of enthusiasm in the cause of slavery. His official acts are included in the executive minutes of the territorial governors published in the earlier volumes of the Society's Collections. In the summer of 1879, Col. Wm. A. Phillips found him on his ranch at Mesilla, N. M., surrounded with the comforts of life, though suffering from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which sadly hindered his speech. The two old Kansans talked over the early days, Mr. Jones manifesting the kindest interest in his old political enemies. On being accused of having become a republican, he denied it with spirit, but laughed good-humoredly when his wife and son declared that they were republicans.

† See "Kansas; its Interior and Exterior Life," 1856, chapters 8-11, written by Mrs. Sara T. L. Robinson.

‡ For proceedings of this convention, see Andreas' History of Kansas, page 108.

§ For a biography of Col. Jas. N. Burns, see Paxton's "Annals of Platte County," page 185.

the guard and were taken before the committee of safety. They saw the free-state men parade the streets, and all the fortifications and preparations. And then General Lane addressed them, and sent the following message: Tell General Richardson that we shall place flags on a certain building where our sick and some of our invalid women are, and we want him to respect them; but as for the balance, we are ready for them, and tell him to come on as quick as — please." They reported to their leaders, on their return to camp, that the "Yanks" would fight to the death if they undertook to storm the town, and a great many men would be killed; which, no doubt, was true, and it had the effect in the result as designated.

Uncle Joel and Colonel Burns, on their return, stayed all night with us, and related the above. About this time, I think on the 14th of December, it turned fearfully cold, with a driving norther that froze them all out of camp, and they were glad to go home. Several good men, however, of our acquaintance, who lived near Lawrence, were murdered by scouting parties, greatly intensifying and increasing the bitterness of feeling.

Some time early in January, 1856, the weather being bitterly cold and a deep snow on the ground, late one evening, while chopping stove wood at the woodpile in front of my cabin, Stephen Sparks, a prominent free-state man, who lived four miles north of us in a heavy settlement on Walnut creek, came galloping his horse along the trail, and hailed me to get my gun and get ready as soon as possible to join all the other neighbors at the Wright settlement across the creek, where they were all expected to rally and march for Easton, six miles above us; that they had just been informed by a courier sent on purpose that a large body of Missourians, well mounted, with the "Kickapoo Rangers," were coming over, and were on the road to "clean out," as he expressed it, all the abolitionist settlers on Stranger and Fall creeks.* We well knew our Wright neighbors and others near us were strong free-state men and determined fighters, having been at Lawrence at the recent struggle and incurred the displeasure of the proslavery leaders.

My wife was in the house with our four little children and knew nothing about it and I said nothing. We could expect no favor from such a body of men, composed, as they were, of the worst description of border men, of the Jesse James type, and I had little confidence or expectation that a hurried rally of the neighbors would succeed in stopping them, organized as they were. I do not think that I was afraid at that time, being young and excitable; but my education

*The author probably alludes to the disturbances precipitated in Leavenworth county by the coming free-state election for state officers and members of the legislature under the Topeka constitution, set by the Lawrence nominating convention for January 15, 1856. Two of the nominees, Mark W. Delahay, for congressman, and H. Miles Moore, for attorney-general, were residents of Leavenworth. Proslavery sentiment was so strongly opposed that the free-state mayor of Leavenworth resigned his office, together with several members of the council. Dr. J. H. Day, then acting mayor, issued a municipal order forbidding the holding of the election. It was however held, a stocking being passed surreptitiously for the ballots. The election at Easton, Leavenworth county, was delayed until January 17. The polls were attacked by proslavery men and defended vigorously by free-state men, under the command of Stephen Sparks, a proslavery man by the name of Cook being mortally wounded. Mr. Reese P. Brown, of Leavenworth, candidate elect to the free-state legislature, and other free-state citizens of Leavenworth, were at Easton during the election to see that matters were fairly conducted. As he and his friends were returning to Leavenworth the morning of the 18th, they were met by a company of "Kickapoo Rangers" and taken back to Easton and detained until evening, when Brown was brutally murdered, being taken home in a dying condition. His wife afterwards married Dr. A. G. Richardson, of Stonebluffs, Iowa, who gave the Society a blood-stained diary found in Mr. Brown's pocket after his death, and a commission issued by James H. Lane to Mr. Brown as major of the First regiment, first brigade, Kansas volunteers, for the protection of Lawrence, November 27, 1855.

was such I could not, with conscience, kill a man; but when I got to reasoning with myself about my duty in the protection of my family, my faith gave way. I had an excellent double-barreled gun, and I took it outdoors and loaded it heavily with buckshot. It was near bed time; my wife and children soon went to sleep, and I barred the door and set my gun handy, and made up my mind I would shoot any man or set of men that undertook to break in. A cabin, built as they were, of logs at that time, made a pretty good fort; but I could get no sleep, having laid down with my clothes on. Finally, towards midnight I got up, wife and children peacefully sleeping, drew the loads from my gun and put it away; and then, on my knees, I told the Lord all about it and asked His protection; and so, casting all my care upon Him, I felt easy, went to bed, was soon asleep, and slept until sun-up the next morning. The free-state men had rallied in force the night before and had a battle; several men shot, one killed, and others wounded; but it had the effect to divert the route of those wicked men till they had not reached our location, but crossed the Stranger higher up the stream.

These occurrences made our women nervous, and the Wilsons and I concluded to go to Friends' mission, thirty-five miles southeast, and visit them for a few weeks. We had a heavy ox wagon, with a bed sixteen feet long, and wagon-cover; so we put all our women in, took two yoke of heavy oxen—some of the men rode horseback—and started, camping at night on the Delaware Indian reserve, in the timber near an Indian cabin, our women staying in there with one squaw, who was almost famished for something to eat. They fed her bountifully, and then questioned her as to the men. She said, in broken English, "Gone to Missouri; buy things; come home to-night, mebbe drunk." Then our women were yet more nervous; but the squaw barred the door, and they sat by her all night, but were not disturbed by drunken Indians. Next day we went on, and arrived at the mission after dark. They were all glad to see us; several families of Friends, who had recently come in, living in their outhouses and spare rooms. We had a pleasant visit of near two weeks, but by that time my wife and I greatly desired to return home, and so we left the Wilson wives and families for a few weeks longer, and only we men and my wife and children returned.

The first day out we made near fifteen miles; but a very deep snow was on the ground, and that day the wind came from the northwest, and the thermometer went down to twenty-five degrees below zero. We stopped and stayed near the Indian chief's, Johnnycake, in a house.

Next morning we went on, and did not realize how cold it was until we had gotten away from the settlement of Indians, on the high prairie. Late in the afternoon we arrived at a deserted cabin in the timber, on Stranger creek, only six miles from where we started in the morning. We logged off some dead trees and rolled them in on the ground floor, and built a rousing, log-heap fire; so we were pretty comfortable, but it was cold for our oxen chained up to trees. Next morning, cold as ever; but we thought we could reach home by a desperate effort. After getting out on the high prairie away from the timber, with the road obliterated and snow two feet on the level, and many places drifted until our oxen could not go through at all until the horsemen, going on in the lead, tramped a road, with the wind blowing and the air full of fine, freezing snow, thermometer from twenty-five to thirty degrees below zero, it really seemed at times more than any human being could stand a moment longer. My wife and children were in the wagon-bed, covered up with bedding; but there was no alternative for us men—four of us—but to take the storm and cold. One had to walk, wade the drifts and drive the oxen, and it was all one man could possibly

do to keep them going, facing the awful cold and storm. I do not know but it saved my life—the extreme active exertion it took to drive over that high prairie, with our lives in our hands. Eli Wilson and his boys, James and Jehu, were men of iron will and determination. We were all young, in the prime of life and vigor, but it took all the will power we had to live through this experience. The two young men and Wilson rode on, after we had got out some miles where the drifts were not so bad, and built a fire in a ravine where was some timber. After taking a good rest and warm, we went on some three miles farther and came out at Benajah's cabin, in the creek bottom, where we found a huge blazing fire, home comforts, and Benajah's family overjoyed to see us again. I think none of us who passed thought that memorable trip but lifted up his heart to our Heavenly Father for His deliverance and our preservation. This was some time in February of 1856.

The next day was first day, and we held our first Friends' meeting, which was probably the first Friends' meeting held in Kansas territory outside of the Friends' mission.

The winter, as has been stated, was long and very cold. Snow-banks lay on the north hillsides until the last of April. We killed a great many prairie-chickens and wild turkeys, which materially helped out our living, and so passed the winter quite comfortably. Eli's family came home when the weather became warmer, and some other settlers began to arrive as spring opened. Benajah Hiatt moved into his cabin on the prairie; and early in the spring Vierling K. Stanley, a young man of our acquaintance from Indiana coming in, we employed him for a teacher, and our first school, and probably one of the first north of the Kansas river, away from the principal towns, was opened in the cabin in the timber.

We were all busily engaged in fencing, breaking prairie, and enlarging our farms. The slavery question, however, was the all-absorbing matter, as the political proslavery leaders on the border, backed by the whole South, and also by the administration in power, saw the necessity of urgent action, as, if left to a vote of actual settlers in the adoption of a state constitution, it was most surely going to be a free state. We could hear mutterings all along the border among the proslavery men everywhere, that when the grass grew in the spring they would drive the "abolitionists" out. It was plain, long before they commenced action, that a deep-laid conspiracy of some kind had been concocted.

About this time an election was held over the territory for local officers. We all went to Leavenworth city to cast our votes. A great many Missourians had come over from Platte county and were congregated in the streets. For some reason, they concluded to let the free-state men cast their votes, and then break up the poll.

In the afternoon, when I had just voted, as James Wilson came next to me he was collared by an armed man and thrown to one side; and then a large body of men, armed with guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, knocked in the window at the voting place, captured and carried off the ballot-box, and beat nearly to death one of the judges, Wetherald by name, a worthy young man and a member of our society, living in the city. The free-state men were utterly overpowered by numbers, and made no resistance, which was the very best thing, under the circumstances, to have done.*

As soon as the river was fairly opened and free from ice, in April, 1856, large companies of men,† armed and equipped for fight, began to arrive from South

*No reference to this election has so far been found in the Historical Society's records, though the author may be correct. The Bogus Statutes, page 727, section 2, provide for township and city elections on the first Monday in April.

†See foot-note, page 37, this volume.

Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Georgia, under command of such leaders as Colonel Titus, Buford, and others. Also, the border counties of Missouri furnished a large contingent of such men as the Jameses, Youngers, and others, who in after-years figured largely as the worst and boldest bank and train robbers the country was ever cursed with. These men north of the Kansas river were placed in camps at Leavenworth city, which was so near Missouri that they could govern it; and on all the main roads, especially leading to Lawrence, at points in the country a few miles out. Those who went south of the Kaw river fortified themselves in different camps in the middle and southern counties, with Lecompton for their headquarters, which was now constituted the proslavery capital of the territory, and was where Governor Shannon and the territorial officers were quartered.

Our policy was to stay quietly at home, open our farms, and mind our own business, as did the free-state men generally until raids upon them began to be made.

Toward the end of May Sheriff Jones, with the aid of United States Marshal Donalson and the governor, went to Lawrence, and a second time surrounded it with camps of South Carolinians and others, whom they had summoned as a posse to assist in arresting some of the leading citizens for "treason." This time they had some show of legal authority, and the free-state men could not resist without coming in conflict with the United States government, to do which was against the policy of all conservative and thinking settlers. So the Lawrence men agreed to let them come in and serve their writs and make arrests, on solemn promise of protection from the mob, which was given; and on the 21st of May they entered the town, which was sacked and robbed, Governor Robinson's house burned down,* the new Free-state hotel (of stone, a fine building, just finished and opened) torn down and destroyed, and the *Herald of Freedom* office, with its valuable new press and material, also destroyed. They were then drawn off, without further damage, to Lecompton.

About this time—I think on the 27th of May—I went over to Leavenworth for a few supplies, on horseback, the easier to elude the camps. I saw on my arrival posters everywhere calling on all law-abiding citizens, which meant these proslavery camps, to meet that day and conclude on some immediate action, as the "abolitionists" had commenced their work of "murder" and had "just killed several men" on Pottawatomie creek, in southern Kansas.

In a short time there was a commotion; drums beat to arms, and a company of South Carolinians paraded the streets, arresting and taking prisoners the leading business men of the city who were free-state men; threw picket guards out on all the roads and streets leading away from the city, with orders to shoot any man who dared to pass. I heard these orders delivered, and was an eye-witness to all I write. I quietly stood among the crowd, not knowing what moment I, also, might be taken, but principally they were after those who had been prominent as political leaders, such as H. Miles Moore † and many others. In a short

* See "Life of Charles Robinson, the first state governor of Kansas," by Frank W. Blackmar, 1902; "The Kansas Conflict," by Charles Robinson, 1892; "Kansas, its Interior and Exterior Life," by Sara T. L. Robinson, 1856, 1899; also sixth volume, Collections of this Society, page 187.

† H. MILES MOORE, one of the original proprietors of Leavenworth, was born September 2, 1826, in Brockport, N. Y. He received an academic education, and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He spent the years 1848-'50 in Louisiana in the practice of law, then removing to Weston, Platte county, Missouri. In 1854 he settled at Leavenworth, being in sympathy with the Southern policy, but the outrages of the proslavery party soon led him to identify himself with the free-state men. He was elected attorney-general under the Topeka constitution. In 1857 he represented Leavenworth county in the territorial legislature, and again in the state legislature of 1863. He has served as city attorney of Leavenworth several terms and has long been identified with the democratic party of the state.

time they came marching these men down the street, taking them out to some vacant lot to shoot them. Only by the urgent solicitation of such men as General Richardson* and other leading proslavery officers were they prevented from doing this; these men well knew reprisals of the bloodiest character would follow on the other side; so they put them in jail under guard, and, some time afterward, took 200 of the best business and influential free-state men of Leavenworth city (among them our old and valued friend Mr. McCracken), marched them aboard a river steamer, and banished them to St. Louis. The guards were kept out till sundown. I found a place I could slip out, and taking my groceries and sack of flour, which was about the last we had for a long time, arrived home after night, glad to escape and thankful for preservation.

Trouble now began in earnest. These marauding camps commenced to raid on the free-state settlers, taking all the horses they could find and living off the country. This action forced the free-state men to organize and go into camp, with Lawrence as headquarters.

The men of Fall and Stranger creeks—our settlement, outside of Friends—organized a military company of eighty men, with John Wright, our neighbor on the south, as captain. I think that Otis Marsh was first lieutenant. He was a young man of fine education, was from the New England states, and had a military training. Simon P. Hawkins had the claim adjoining us on the north, and he and Marsh kept house together. I had bought but a short time before, when spring opened, two excellent horses; one of them, a fine, large bay, I paid \$150 for; this horse was taken by a scouting party from the proslavery camp on Little Stranger, and the other one I turned over to Simon P. Hawkins, as the company were all mounted men. This left Eli Wilson, Benajah and I with our ponies; these we kept hid for awhile out in the thickets. Oxen they could not use, as yet, and so we had our ox teams for service. All these men soon went off in camp to Lawrence, leaving none but the women and children at home; or if any men came back for a time, as they did, they lay out in the thickets and bushes.

No law but the right of the strongest now prevailed. The territory, especially in the border counties, was at the mercy of guerrilla parties from both sides, of robbers and irresponsible men, and there was no security for human life or property, as is always the case in such a state of affairs, and especially on the Missouri border at that time.

The country was on the eve of a presidential election, and the wrongs of "bleeding Kansas" were rung on all the changes through the Northern states. This brought another class of men from the North, who came on purpose to

*The Historical Society has no record whatever of William P. Richardson. The territorial council, February 14, 1857, adopted the following:

"WHEREAS, By the mysterious dispensation of an all-wise and overruling providence there has suddenly been called a way our much esteemed friend and fellow member, Gen. Wm. P. Richardson, in whom was concentrated the various virtues and ennobling qualities which dignified the man and elevated him far above the common level of his race: therefore, be it

"Resolved, That it is with feelings of the most poignant regret and sorrow that we receive this announcement of an event which strikes down in our midst and deprives us of the enlightened counsels and companionship of one so greatly endeared to us by our long associations and the intimate relations which have subsisted between the individual members of this body and our departed friend.

"Resolved, That we tender our sincerest condolence to the family and relatives of the deceased, and assure them that whilst they mourn over the tomb of a departed husband and father, we mingle our tears with theirs and claim to share in their sorrow.

"Resolved, That, in testimony of our respect on this occasion, the seat heretofore occupied by the deceased in this chamber be craped during the remainder of the session, and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"Resolved, That one member of the council be appointed by the president to accompany the remains of the deceased to his family residence.

"Resolved, That the several papers in this territory be requested to publish these resolutions.

"Resolved, That the council do now adjourn until Monday morning, ten o'clock."

fight, many of whom came through Iowa, as the river was blockaded against all Northern emigrants.

Old John Brown now began to be heard from in the southern counties, as being at the head of a company in that region, as was Major Abbott,* Captain Walker,† Colonel Harvey,‡ and others at and around Lawrence. General Lane's name was the figurehead and scarecrow of the border men. Henry J. Shombre, a young lawyer and a most estimable man in many ways, who was an old acquaintance and friend of ours from Richmond, Ind., was killed about this time while heading a charge on Titus's camp, which was taken and routed near Lecompton: One of the company brought a letter to me from his person, and spotted with his blood—a letter from my brother Charles. Joe and Jake Sinex, also men from Richmond, were in the same fight, in Captain Walker's company. They were with him all through the Kansas troubles, and afterward in the Kansas Seventh cavalry, known as Jennison's regiment in the war of the rebellion.

We had not yet been seriously disturbed, except from the danger of being on the public roads and the impossibility of getting any supplies from the river, as

*JAMES B. ABBOTT, born in Hampton, Conn., December 3, 1818, came to Lawrence with the third colony of New England emigrants, in October, 1854. He was a natural mechanic, and made his knowledge of service to his neighbors in the building and various enterprises of the young community. He was appointed judge on the election board of March 30, 1855, by Governor Reeder, but withdrew when the majority of the board decided that the Missourians had a right to vote. He was soon afterwards appointed lieutenant of a militia company, and in August went to Boston, raised money, and procured arms for the company, and secured the brass howitzer, now in the Historical Society's rooms. He led the company which rescued Branson, November 22; led a company in the fight at Franklin in the spring of 1856; participated in the battle of Black Jack, and was prominent in the defense of Lawrence against the 2700 in the spring of 1856. He was first elected a member of the house and then of the senate under the Topeka constitution. He served as member of the first state house of representatives, 1861, and state senator in 1867 and 1868. He led the party who rescued Dr. John Doy from the jail at St. Joseph in 1859. From 1861-'66 he was United States agent for the Shawnee Indians, and led a party of them in the Price raid. Through his efforts the state school for feeble-minded children was established. He removed to De Soto, Johnson county, in the summer of 1861, and thereafter made it his home. He was a director of the Historical Society from 1885 until his death, which occurred at his home, March 2, 1897.

†SAMUEL WALKER was born October 19, 1822, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. In 1848 he removed to Ohio and engaged in cabinet-making, a trade in which he had served an apprenticeship in his youth. He visited Kansas in the spring of 1854, and after examining the country returned to Ohio, removing to Kansas with a large party of emigrants in April, 1855, and settled near Lawrence. About six weeks later he was warned by the sheriff of Douglas county to leave the country. The next day he assembled eighty-six free-state men, who organized a military company called the "Bloomington Guards," Mr. Walker being first sergeant. In 1856 he was promoted colonel of the Fourth cavalry, and participated in all the military campaigns of the free-state men. He was present at the sieges of Lawrence and Fort Saunders, and commanded at the capture of Fort Titus. He was elected a member of the lower house in 1856, under the Topeka constitution. In February, 1858, he found the returns of the election under the Lecompton constitution hidden in a candle box near the office of Surveyor-general Calhoun, in Lecompton. He served from June, 1861, to May 24, 1862, as captain of company F, First Kansas volunteer infantry. He was then promoted to the rank of major of the Fifth Kansas cavalry, serving in this capacity until the regiment was mustered out. October 8, 1864, he was made colonel of the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, and in 1866 was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers for service against the Sioux. He was four times elected sheriff of Douglas county, his first term commencing October, 1857. In 1872 he was elected state senator. He died at Lawrence February 6, 1893. (See Historical Society Collections, vol. VI, p. 249.)

‡JAMES A. HARVEY was commissary of a company of seventy-six emigrants fitted out for Kansas by the citizens of Chicago in June, 1856. On reaching Leavenworth by steamboat, the emigrants were turned back by proslavery men, and finally reached Kansas through Iowa and Nebraska, arriving at Topeka August 13, twenty-six of them having dropped out by the way. At Iowa Point Harvey was elected captain of the company. "We were at once called to assist in the troubles, which had just broken out afresh. We immediately repaired to the scene of ac-

we should have to pass a camp of proslavery men at the crossing of Big Stranger some two miles north, and another camp some five or six miles east of us on Little Stranger, of the worst kind of raiders. These men were committing murders on inoffending men if they happened to be from Lawrence, or otherwise known as free-state men. One man, totally unarmed, was shot out of a buggy and scalped in the Indian style, and the scalp paraded in the Little Stranger camp as an "abolitionist scalp."*

It was now midsummer. One hot day I went out to hunt my oxen. I was dressed *a la* Missouri, with nothing on but hickory shirt and pants, barefoot, and a battered straw hat with a portion of one side of the rim gone. My saddle pony was a pacer, and an excellent riding animal. I had hunted all through the timber on Fall creek to the junction of the Big Stranger, and then followed down the stream more than half way to what we called Jarbalo, some four miles or more to the southeast of our settlement. Not finding them, I concluded to strike off on an Indian trail that led west on the high prairie. I had ridden near a mile from the creek and timber when, looking back, I saw a couple of uniformed men, on fine Missouri horses, coming for me at full speed. They were scouts from the Little Stranger camp, as I knew at sight, and were heavily armed. My first impulse was to put the spurs to my pony; but I was a mile or more from the timber and hazel thickets on the north, and I knew would be overhauled and at once shot down if I ran. So I kept on at a moderate gait, and, as they began to near me, rode slower and never looked back. I lifted my heart to God in earnest prayer. They galloped up each side of me and commanded me to halt, and began to question me. I knew they would not be likely to hurt me until they found out to which side I belonged. They pointed over to Captain Wright's house and farm and asked me who lived there. I told them. "Is he at home?" "I do n't know." "Where is Joe Wright?" "I do n't know?" "Where are the Dunlap men?" "I do n't know." One of them leaned off his horse toward me and, hissing through his teeth with an oath, said in a loud voice: "What *do* you know?" I looked up with a kind of foolish grin and said: "I believe my pony can outpace anything you have." They looked at each other for a moment, and both broke out in a laugh, and we rode on slowly. They soon got tired of asking me questions. I pointed out in the direction of home, and asked them to

tion, and were actively engaged in marching and fighting from the time we arrived until the 18th instant. It was the intention of the company to locate claims immediately upon our arrival in the territory, but we were requested, when we reached Lawrence, to remain in that town and assist in its protection." Harvey was at this time made colonel of the Third free state regiment, and had the confidence of the men who followed him. Governor Geary's first action on his arrival in the territory, in September, was to disband the military parties, both proslavery and free state, and reorganize the militia of the territory. In this reorganization Harvey was commissioned first lieutenant of Samuel Walker's Lawrence company. After the disbandment of this company Harvey and party of ninety free-state men, out of provisions and work, were taken by Thaddeus Hyatt to Anderson county, and that winter erected from native timber a hotel, store and blacksmith shop on the town site of Hyattville, and cut rails and timbers for their own claims in the vicinity, on which they settled in the spring of 1857. In Harvey's written statement, found among the Hyatt manuscripts in the collections of the Society, from which the above quotation is made, Harvey gives his age as twenty-nine, and says he has a wife and child in Chicago, and property worth \$3000. W. A. Johnson, in his "History of Anderson County," page 276, mentions the founding of Hyattville, and says Harvey was a soldier in the Mexican war. He died on his claim, near Hyatt, in 1858. Mrs. Eunice A. Allen, widow of Colonel Harvey, of Barnum, Colo., gave the Society, some years ago, the sword of Col. H. T. Titus, which was received by Colonel Harvey August 16, 1856, at the time of the capture of Fort Titus.

*This was the murder (August 19, 1856) of Mr. Hoppe, brother-in-law of the Rev. Ephraim Nute, by Fugit, a proslavery man, who had made a bet that he could bring in the scalp of an abolitionist in less than two hours. (Andreas, page 427.)

go with me and get dinner. They then used me civilly, and thanked me, and I have no doubt concluded I was probably some of the pro-slavery Missouri settlers, a few of whom lived above us on Fall creek; at least, was not worth robbing, and had not sense enough to be worth killing; and so they let me go on a trail leading off towards home, where I soon found my oxen in the hazel thickets. It was one of the times when it was necessary to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." We never, in such cases, prevaricated, but told the truth; but I am free to say that sometimes we told as little as possible.

One evening we were warned by a messenger from Doctor Wood, who lived east of Stranger, and was, though a proslavery man, a warm friend to us all, that a company was coming to "clean out" Fall creek, as they termed it, and take our horses. We hid our horses as best we could. Benajah's family and mine stayed together, and the Wilsons all congregated in one cabin, and so we concluded to stay quietly at home. It was a long night, but we were not disturbed.

Finally, our provisions being pretty well exhausted, and it being difficult without much risk to get more, as we had not yet had time to raise crops, after consultation, we concluded it would be our best plan to take our stock, wagons, and teams and cross over into the border counties of Missouri, where there was plenty, for a few weeks. We knew we could be in no more danger than where we were. There was but little trouble to pass the camps, the river pickets, and the ferry, with women, children, and stock, as many Missourians who lived on claims were going back all the time to their old neighborhoods and were passed without question. We drove the direct road to Fort Leavenworth, the women riding the ponies, and camped in the Missouri bottoms, and were not disturbed. We met United States Marshal Donalson near the fort, with whom we were all well acquainted. He expressed sorrow at seeing us going out, but frankly told us it was the very best thing we could do, and gave us to understand that arrangements were all made to destroy Lawrence, and drive all obnoxious settlers out; but that he would give orders to the camps to respect our settlement and location and protect it as far as possible, as he considered us peaceable and law-abiding citizens.

We crossed the river at Weston, and went back into Buchanan county some fifteen miles, near Liberty Mills, where we found an empty house, which we obtained leave to go into temporarily, and partly camped. We found plenty of provisions; and the Missouri neighbors were very kind to us, having heard we were Quakers and could take no part in war. There seemed to be no kind of prejudice against us, and I believe yet that the very best service we could have done the free-state cause was to make just the move we did. It opened the eyes of many well disposed but ignorant persons, who had always been surrounded by slavery and were misled by their designing political leaders, and made to believe that the "abolitionists" were a murderous, dreadful set, with hooked nose, hoofs, horns, and tail, metaphorically speaking.

We remained in Missouri about three weeks, passing the time very pleasantly together in camp. After being over there a week or so, Eli Wilson, Benajah and I concluded we would go back to our claims and take a wagon-load of flour and meal, many of our neighbors, with the men gone, being out of provisions, except such living as they could pick up of vegetables. We loaded an ox team at Liberty Mills, and were not questioned at the ferry by the guards, as supplies for the camps and Missourians were being hauled in that way all the time; but on arriving at our Uncle Joel Hiatt's, in Salt Creek valley, near the fort, we began to meet stragglers on horseback, and wagons in great numbers. These were the Missouri recruits retreating home. Some of them stopped us, and all seemed panic-struck, and said that the abolitionists under Lane were

killing and driving everybody out. We soon found that the battle of Hickory Point, ten miles west of our location, had just taken place. Some 200 free-state men from Lawrence, under Colonel Harvey, and all our company on Fall creek, had attacked the camp of fortified proslavery men and routed them, clearing that part of the country. While waiting in the barn-yard with our teams for the crowds to pass, a company of proslavery uniformed rangers, under Captain Burgess, rode up. All knew Uncle Joel, and they dismounted and ate watermelon. Uncle and aunt wanted us to go into their cellar and hide; but we sat still in the house, none recognized us, and they soon passed on. Uncle Joel offered us a proslavery guide, saying we would be killed sure; but we declined, as we were wholly unarmed, and peaceable Christian men, and depended on a higher source; but considering it not prudent to go on, we left our load in Uncle Joel's care and went back to our families. Being in the rear of the battle, we now found the pro-slavery men were thoroughly scared and willing to get out themselves.

One morning we were called on to go over to a neighbor's house, named Thomas Burnham. We found a company gathered there. They had a prisoner, a man who had stopped in the night, having lost his way, and represented himself to be from Kansas, out of Lane's army, saying that he had deserted, and was trying to get home, in some part of the East. He came on horseback. We were requested to question him and see what we thought of him. This we did very closely, and he soon tangled himself up. We told the company he was lying, and knew nothing about Kansas. They were pretty rough men, and they at once appointed a committee of three to hang him. One of them put a rope around his neck, saying to him he had acknowledged himself to be one of Lane's men, and they hanged all of that kind over there. They led him off to a thicket near by, threw the rope over a limb, and made ready. He requested to pray. I never saw a man so weak and pale in my life, and I pitied the poor fellow to the bottom of my heart; but he prayed, and so pathetically that he drew tears from the eyes of these rough men. They let him up, and told him now to tell the truth and make a clean breast of it; and he proved to be a horse thief, who had stolen a horse not ten miles off—his first offense. They concluded to send him off to jail, as he was a native Missourian. We were secretly pleased to see the tables turned in that way.

One day about this time, while at the mills, quite a large company of men were gathered. One man, who had just come back, was descanting to them about the fine farms, with houses and everything, that could be had for the taking, and urging all to go over and help themselves, as the abolitionists were all off at Lawrence and would soon be driven out, which was really the program. They called us up and asked about it. We had now to be very guarded, but told them they could judge better by just turning the case around. We said: "Suppose, gentlemen, the free-state men were to come over here, a colony of them, while you were away, and take your farms and property, how long would they get to stay in peace? What would you do? This thing will not last always." Then we said: "You would waylay and shoot every one of them. It would be a hot place to live, would n't it?" They were respectful and fully agreed with us, and none of them went over after farms. I think we did the free-state cause a real service in this line.

The battle of Osawatomie occurred about the last of August, 1856, in which old John Brown and the settlers met Col. John W. Reid, of Missouri, with 400 men. I refer to these occurrences of history in order to make my narrative of our doings more complete, but shall not enter into their detail more than necessary.

On or about the 1st of September, Daniel Woodson, acting governor, and a bitter proslavery man, in accord with all the arrangements foreshadowed to us by United States Marshal Donalson, issued a proclamation, which was immediately responded to by a large force (2700 men), who rendezvoused at Westport, Mo. The intention, fully laid and concocted, was to march on Lawrence with all their forces concentrated and destroy it, and then drive all free-state settlers out that were left in other parts. They had all the territorial officers. Shannon had been superseded by Governor Geary,* of Pennsylvania, who was on the road, and they desired to get in their work before he arrived. They immediately marched on Lawrence and arrived at Franklin, four miles off, in the evening of the 14th of September. They sent a reconnoitering party of cavalry of 400 men to see what the Lawrence men were doing. Major Abbott, Colonel Walker, old John Brown and the Stubbs company of rifles were thrown out on the prairie as skirmishers, and when they neared them sufficiently fired on the reconnoitering party. The ruffians appeared surprised and retreated to the main body, concluding to not make an attack until early next morning. Meanwhile Governor Geary was too quick for them, having heard, as he came up the river, of their plans and movements, and came direct from Leavenworth city, upon landing, to Lecompton. He had the United States troops at the fort at his command, and immediately ordered General Cooke down that night to Lawrence, with a regiment of men and a battery of artillery, and interposed them between Lawrence and the proslavery army. Governor Geary immediately issued a proclamation to all armed bodies to disperse; held council with the proslavery leaders, and ordered them all out of the territory, stating that he had the United States troops at his command and proposed to put this whole thing down and maintain order without their help.

This ended the third Lawrence invasion, but did not yet rid the territory of the camps; and in order to do that and have them under his control, Governor Geary enlisted them all as United States soldiers for temporary service, and concentrated them at Lecompton under his orders. He also enlisted a large number of free-state men under Colonel Walker and stationed them at Lawrence. This was a master stroke of military policy on the part of the governor, but was not understood for awhile at the North. Governor Geary was a democrat, from Pennsylvania, but a good, true, able man, of great executive ability, and in his feelings strongly free state. Afterwards, all through the war of the rebellion, he was an able general in the Union army. The administration had discovered something must be done immediately or they would lose the election for president of the United States, which election was approaching. The fire-eating element of the South, who were then in Kansas for the purpose of enforcing slavery on an unwilling people, and also for murder and rapine, were very much disgusted at this action. We could hear philippics and cursing everywhere among their leaders, as it completely defeated their plans.

This opened the way for us, for although robber bands and guerrilla parties of irresponsible men infested the country, there seemed more likelihood of a show of law. We loaded our wagons and went back, crossing at Weston, and taking abundant provisions with us. We found our cabins and claims undisturbed, although we could see where men had slept in them; and there were deserted camps near the creek crossing. We were glad to get to our homes again.

The first land sales were to come off in November, and we were naturally anxious to secure our titles from the government. It was a question with us how to

*For biographical sketch and executive minutes of Gov. John W. Geary, see volume IV, Historical Society Collections, and "Geary and Kansas," by John H. Gibon, 1857.

get our money, mine being at Richmond, Ind., and wholly unsafe to have it sent, as the mails had been tampered with, express companies robbed in the territory, and the river blockaded for a long time. I concluded to go immediately after it. Leaving my family, I took passage from Weston, Mo., down the river. Sarah Wilson, with her little daughter Ida, then a babe, went with me to visit her folks at Plainfield, Ind. Many proslavery men were on board, going back South. Doctor Few, of Leavenworth city, a leading free-state man, came on at Leavenworth, and we took a stateroom together, kept quiet, and were not disturbed. It was a great surprise to my father and brother at Richmond when I walked into the bank. My father could not speak, but shed quiet tears for several minutes. Old friends rallied around me in crowds along the streets, to hear direct from my mouth. The papers all over the country had been teeming about "bleeding Kansas," and the sympathy of the whole North was fully aroused. Richmond, Ind., and vicinity had sent out many recruits to Kansas, as it afterwards did to the war of the rebellion.

Colonel Walker, whose name in history is so well known, was really an unassuming, quiet man in private life, and a good citizen; and yet he proved to be a born leader and a man of fearless bravery, iron will, and determination. He and Major Abbott probably did more real fighting with their companies than any other leaders, unless it might be old John Brown in the Southern counties. Colonel Walker went to Kansas about the time we did, with the Barbers and others, from New Paris, Ohio, only six miles from Richmond. Thos. Barber was murdered by a guerrilla party at the first Lawrence raid, in 1855. Joe and Jake Sinex, sons of Captain Sinex, were also from Richmond, and I had known them from boys. They were members of Captain Walker's company, and in all the fights, and were both afterward in the war of the rebellion. Colonel Walker's home was at Medina, Ohio.

I stayed but a few days, and returned again in time for the land sales. At St. Louis, the river being yet unsafe and the blockade not raised on Northern men going up, I paid my passage and labeled my baggage on the boat for Weston, Mo., to avoid suspicion. When about to start, to my chagrin, a military company near 200 men, from the South, came marching on the boat. I kept to myself and talked to no one. I noticed among the passengers two well-dressed young men, intelligent, and of regular Yankee build and speech. They kept much together, and soon attracted the attention of the company. I could hear them talking in groups about the two "Yankee abolitionists" on board. After it became dark, and we had entered and were going up the Missouri river, I saw a commotion on the forward deck and a thick jam of all the ruffian men of the company. One of the young men had his back against a heavy post; the South Carolina captain was shaking his fist in his face and swearing and calling him an "abolitionist." The young man kept perfectly cool, and was talking to him very intelligently about the great benefit it would be to have the negroes educated. I thought him exceedingly imprudent, and looked every moment to see them either murder him right there or throw him overboard, which they were threatening loudly to do.

Presently I saw his comrade come out of a stateroom, and come up to the crowded company, as if he wanted to help his friend. He had a short cloak thrown over his shoulders, which was very common then with well-dressed young men. He would push in among them a little way, then come out and try another place, and so on. I stood off, a quiet spectator, awaiting the result. In a short time the steamer whistled for a wood-yard, and turned up to the bank and threw out her planks. The crowd ran to the windows a moment to see, and the

young men both darted to a side door and were gone. Soon the boat was under way and they were looking for the abolitionists, swearing what they were going to do. All at once one fellow missed his pocketbook, then another, and so on, till they found that a great portion of them who had had anything were robbed. The staterooms belonging to them had been entered, and everything loose in the shape of watches and valuables belonging to the officers was gone, and the pick-pockets, for such they were, had left the boat at the wood-yard.* I was again secretly pleased at the triumph of the river abolitionists, and said nothing. This company got off at Westport Landing, and I suppose they went into the southern counties of the territory, as I never saw more of them.

I went on to Leavenworth city, and found everything in much better shape, and quiet north of the Kansas river as to marauding camps. On the return of Colonel Harvey's command to Lawrence from the battle of Hickory Point, they were met by a company of United States dragoons, and placed under arrest for disregarding the governor's proclamation, the battle being fought just after the proclamation was issued. A large portion of them escaped between guards in the night, who secretly favored them; but over 100 were taken to Lecompton, and quartered in an old building with a company of South Carolinians for guards, and on very short rations, so they claimed. Many of our neighbors, of Captain Wright's company, were among them, including Otis Marsh, S. P. Hawkins, Sinex, Bowers, and others.

The North had become thoroughly stirred up and was now beginning to send aid to the free-state men. On my arrival home, I received several hundred dollars in drafts, without solicitation whatever, from Friends in Philadelphia and other points, to assist worthy free-state families or men who were needy. It was quite a responsibility to dispense such a trust, but a satisfaction to have the means to do it; and the funds relieved many of the families of the free-state men on Fall creek, Walnut, and Stranger, who needed it, mostly by orders for clothing or groceries in the cities. Marsh and Hawkins had left their trunks at our house when they went to the free-state camp. I concluded to risk going to Lecompton to look after them, and, after my wife had fixed up a lot of clothing, V. K. Stanley and I went across on horseback. It was a military camp with guards all around. We had no difficulty in passing the guard at the ferry. On arriving early in the afternoon and feeding our horses, we went to United States Marshal Donalson's office. He received us kindly, but was much surprised to see us there. I told him my business and requested leave to see the prisoners, but was told that the governor alone had authority to permit this. Though kind and respectful, he said it would not do at all for us to attempt such a thing; in fact, advised us by all means to get out of the camp as soon as possible, if we valued our lives; said he would be glad to protect us, but to undertake to visit the free-state prisoners would at once make us an object of notice, and we might be shot from across the street, or from somewhere, and he could not help it. No free-state men from Lawrence or anywhere, as yet, had been allowed any communication with them, as they had been afraid of a rescue by the free-state army. I saw that I could do nothing, and thanked him for his kindness and interest in our safety.

I then went over to Governor Geary's office; found him just arrived from suppressing disturbances in the southern counties. He was surrounded by guards of regular soldiers, and tents of them were all around his house. The office was full of such men as Sheriff Jones and the principal men of the party. While he was gone they had procured a writ † from Judge Lecompte and had released some

* See mention of robbery of Buford's men while coming up the river, in foot-note about emigrant aid companies, page 37, this volume.

† The release on bail of Charles Hays, murderer of David C. Buffum, Gihon, page 171.

notorious murderers of the free-state men of their own clique, whom the governor had been at much trouble to arrest. The governor was pacing the floor, upbraiding them, and very mad. I was introduced to him, and requested a private interview, which he immediately accorded me, and, when I explained what I wanted, said: "Certainly you shall see your friends." Turning to his secretary, he had him make an order admitting me, and sending along a guard, without any request. He was well acquainted with Friends, and took an interest in talking to me, and seemed glad to meet some one just then he could affiliate with. He berated unsparingly the action of those men, and so passed me out.

We found the jail building heavily guarded, a battery of cannon pointing at the door, and men on duty by them, with a fire burning night and day. It must be remembered that these camps now on guard were composed of all those Southerners and raiders who could be gathered in and enlisted as government troops, in order, as the governor had just explained to us, that he could have them under his immediate command and guard them with United States regulars until things were settled and he could send them out of the territory.

Our friends were overjoyed to see us, and we had the pleasure of distributing some clean clothing and giving them orders for much more, besides distributing some money, and making arrangements to secure their land for them at the coming land sales, if they were held imprisoned too late to attend them. Joe Sinex quietly told me, "I'll be down to your house in a few days." We bade them good-by; but we took several letters secreted on our persons to their friends at Colonel Walker's camp, near Lawrence. This was not right and was imprudent, but it was hard to refuse the poor fellows. We got out quietly and were passed through the guards, and then took a turn in the road for Lawrence; but, a few miles off, went direct to Colonel Walker's camp, all of whom were our friends. Here we gave out a few more orders to those who needed them. After dark I pursued my journey home alone, Vierling stopping at Lawrence.

It was exceedingly dangerous to travel, especially the public roads, on account of robbers and guerrillas. I had taken an Indian trail that I well knew, after crossing the Kansas river. It ran straight to our settlement, across the Delaware Indian reserve twenty-five miles, still unsettled and held by the Indians, intending to ride home in the night. After going some three miles or more, and congratulating myself that I had got well away, I heard a footfall coming behind me. A man in the darkness rode up by my side, heavily armed and in uniform. He accosted me civilly, and we rode on. When I came to see his features, I knew him for a Missourian who had killed one or two men some time before. I tried to entertain him as best I could. I knew that he had seen me in the camps and very likely thought I had money about me. My first object was to undeceive him, as adroitly as I could, so that he should know that I had nothing. We rode on and talked for miles. About half way was a deep, wooded ravine, through which the trail meandered. Then he fell in behind me. I prayed silently and earnestly to God for divine protection. I had no arms whatever and depended on His help alone. Then I talked earnestly on religious matters, and brought the subject home to him as best I could. He was taciturn for awhile, and he could have shot me at any moment, but we went on and on, until we came out on the high prairie again. Then I saw in a moment, by the tone of the man's voice, a change had come over him. He talked sociably and tenderly like, and we kept it up until reaching my place to turn off, when he bade me good-by, kindly acknowledging that the night's ride had been good for him, and went on. This same man some time afterward was shot through the head while camping out in his tent. I arrived at home about two o'clock in

the morning, thankful for divine interposition and preservation through the whole trip.

In a few days Joe Senix came walking up to our house, reported that two of them had been sent to the river with two buckets apiece for water, accompanied by one guard, with his gun behind; but while the other man got the guard's attention at the river, he had himself picked up a stone and knocked him down and had taken his gun, and both of them had crossed the river and got away in the bushes. Senix brought a rifle with him, and he was thin and poor from hard living and sickness. He worked for me many months afterward.

The first land sales were now approaching, at Fort Leavenworth, of the Delaware trust lands that we were on. These lands were held in trust by the government, to be sold for the benefit of the Indians, being considered very valuable. They had been appraised, much of them at \$2.50 per acre, in order to protect them from going below by combinations. More than 1200 settlers were on the lands and had, in many instances, large farms. It had been part of the proslavery program to rally at the sales in force, and bid in the free-state men's lands; but Kansas had been so glowingly advertised all through the Northern states as a paradise and garden spot, that a large number of capitalists and speculators found their way to the fort. It was said that there was more than three million dollars on deposit to buy land when put up. This scared the proslavery men who were actual settlers, and there were a good many on the eastern border next to the Missouri river; so they made overtures to all settlers to combine, without regard to party or the past, and to stand by each other at the sales, until every man got his title. This the free-state men were glad to do; and when the public sale came off, about the middle of November, 1200 men stood there day after day, crowded back all speculators, and bid in their land at the appraisal, the government commissioner recognizing it quietly. In fact, it was nothing but right, after the years of privation and suffering these men had gone through, to get their homes.

We stayed at our old friend Nathaniel Henderson's at night through the sale; he and Uncle Joel coming early enough from Indiana to get valuable claims almost adjoining Leavenworth city, selling them pretty soon after titles were secured for a nice sum of money. Judge Lecompte bought out Uncle Joel, and Uncle Joel and Henderson went over to Salt creek valley, joining the fort on the north, and settled again on very rich land. Henderson was a staunch free-state man all through, but quiet and reserved. Every one felt an uplift on getting his land title, and it at once gave a great stimulus to improvement; but it was late in the fall when the sales came off, and the following winter of 1856-'57 set in about Christmas and was exceedingly cold, with deep snow, quite as much as the winter before, so that not much could be done till spring.

The free-state prisoners at Lecompton were released just before the land sales, and, as winter set in cold, most of the Southern men at Lecompton were discharged from service on condition of leaving the territory. Many of the men went to Nicaragua on a filibustering expedition, were taken prisoners, and most of them were shot, or otherwise lost their lives. Into the next season the country was cursed with robber bands, until all parties joined and formed vigilance committees and cleared them out, shooting and hanging many of them. It was a heroic remedy, but effectual in the chaotic condition of society.

In January, 1857, Benajah Hiatt, Eli Johnson and myself went up to Atchison county, some forty miles or more, on business. It was exceedingly cold weather and a deep snow.* We rode all day and missed the road, as all roads

* A cold-weather note, a little late in this narrative, but it loses none of its interest. See pages 334, 335. The Cleveland *Daily Herald*, January 21, 1856, said:

"Many of our readers know Mr. E. C. K. Garvey, formerly of this city, and now editor of the *Kansas Register*, published at Topeka. Garvey, with others, was taken prisoner of war by

and trails were obliterated, and too cold for travel to open them, the country being unsettled and no habitations. We traveled until late at night, and came, after dark, to a hog track in the deep snow, and concluded to follow it. It led us off the high prairie directly into a wooded ravine and up it for a mile or so to a settler's cabin, with a haystack near it. We were on horseback, but almost frozen, and called, inquiring if we could stay all night. A rough man with a great shock of hair came to the door and told us to "light and tie our horses to the stack." We unsaddled and went in. They had a large fire on the hearth, two or three big dogs lying around it. The woman was tall, lank, and yellow, smoking a cob pipe with a very short stem. She went right to work to get us a meal, as we had ridden through the storm and cold the whole day with nothing to eat. She kicked the dogs out of the corner near the fire, cut some pieces of fat side-meat for the skillet, made corn-dodgers with meal and water, put them in her little bake-oven with coals on top, and provided strong coffee, with no sugar or cream, which Ben. called "cherry pectoral"; but we were wolfish enough to relish what she had. She smoked and talked all the time she was preparing the meal, made apologies, said she had no "sass to give us but tongue sass, as they had no sass hole." Missourians call all vegetables "sass" or sauce, and dug a hole under their cabin floors to keep them in, in winter. All was quiet with us and the man on the slavery question, as we had no idea what he was, or he us, and both afraid to say anything; all through that part of the country had been located the meanest proslavery men in Kansas, close to the border of Missouri. After we had eaten and got warm, our host, with his great rough exterior, said: "Now, gentlemen, you 'ns are tired, but mebby you 'ns would like to jine our family worship; we 'ns allers has family worship." It removed a load from off our hearts, for we knew at once he was a free-state man; and it was so unlooked for. He took down a well-worn Bible from the shelf, read, and we all kneeled and joined most heartily in his prayer. Next morning we had breakfast, and, after talking freely on matters, he would take nothing for pay; we went on our journey to Atchison.

Atchison was founded by old Dave Atchison and Stringfellow, and was so ultra proslavery that it killed the place. It was naturally a good point and had recently fallen into other hands, who were offering strong inducements to free-state men. General Pomeroy, of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, about this time bought up an interest, and it has now become a railroad point and a large city. Majors & Russell, the great road freighters for the government, had also bought here and located their headquarters.

We returned home without further incident. Uncle Chas. Dickinson, George

the border ruffians while on his way to Lawrence, disarmed, and ordered to the camp of the enemy. In his paper, after the war was over, he mentions the following incident connected with the imprisonment. Sabbath morning, 9th inst. [1856], was very cold and windy. Suffering ourselves severely from the severity of the weather, we approached our venerable friend, Ozias Judd, Esq., late of Lockport, N. Y., that we might sympathize with him as a fellow sufferer. We were struck with the fortitude of the old gentlemen and the degree of patience manifested by him. Upon our approach, the first words we heard from him were, 'Thank the Lord for this cold night! O Lord, send it a little colder.' We inquired why the shivering old friend was desirous of greater suffering. His reply was, 'One more cold night would send the Missourians home to care for their slaves.' The reply was followed by an earnest petition to the throne of grace for the conversion of the ruffians. As for ourself, we honestly prayed that those who detained us might have a warmer place in the other, if not in this, world. We are willing to accord to those who tendered to us all the comforts of a hostile camp such need of praise as we can; and in this connection we desire to say that Doctor Royal, of Fort Leavenworth, has our thanks for his kindness to us while a prisoner of war.'

E. C. K. Garvey came to Kansas and located at Topeka in the spring of 1855. He was an ardent free-state man, and editor of a free-state paper, the *Kansas Freeman*, July 4, 1855. He was born in Longford, Ireland, came to this country when he was twelve years old, settling at Milwaukee, Wis. He died in Topeka November 12, 1884, in his seventy-first year. He was father to W. C. and H. O. Garvey, of Topeka.

Dickinson, and Thomas Newby, with their families, removed from Richmond, Ind., and made locations in the spring with us. This was a great addition to our Friends' settlement. Charles and Hannah Dickinson bought out J. Renfro, near where we subsequently built the meeting-house, but afterward sold it to Jones Jeffries and removed to near the head of Fall creek. George and Sarah Dickinson settled over on Walnut creek. Thomas Newby and wife Alice first lived for a while in a cabin we had built on the prairie near the timber on my land. Alice taught school for us in the spring and summer of 1857. One day Alice killed a large timber rattlesnake that had come in at the door unperceived and was crawling slowly toward her baby on the floor. We frequently killed very large and dangerous specimens. I shot one coiled ready to strike one day, thick as my arm at the wrist, with seventeen rattles. In after-years I lost a good many sheep by them, but they were gradually thinned out. Thomas and Alice finally bought at the head of Fall creek, as did many other Friends who came in afterward.

The first Friends' meeting held in Kansas territory, outside of the Friends' mission, as has been stated before, was held in Benajah Hiatt's cabin, in the timber on Fall creek, about one mile above its confluence with Stranger creek, in the second month, 1856. After that, we held them in each others' cabins regularly on first days until we went over to Missouri. They were resumed on our return, and continued so to be held until seventh month, 1857, when we commenced on both fourth and first days, in a cabin on Jehu Wilson's land, which we seated for the purpose, he being gone for a year's visit to Indiana. About that time, or soon after, we organized a first-day school, which all attended, young and old. Alice Newby taught the infant class, which was large; and after they were settled I have known her repeatedly to ride some miles, from where they lived, on horseback, and carry her babe, and a boy behind her. James Wilson's wife and Jehu Wilson's wife, Maria and Sarah Wilson, also Alice Newby, were all superior women, educated and intelligent, with an aptness for teaching and a love and concern for the work. They could always be depended upon, and did all they could to sustain and make interesting both school and meeting. Maria Wilson taught a day-school for us sometimes. She has been dead for many years, and the above notice is only a slight tribute to her memory on account of her work and service for the church. The others are still active and alive to duty at this date of writing. I suppose the Sabbath-school alluded to above was the first organized among Friends in Kansas, outside the Friends' mission. I have mentioned none of the men in this connection, as they all gave their service and influence to the best of their ability. This Sabbath-school was a permanent institution as long as we continued to live in that country, and I suppose may be kept up yet.

Improvement was now the order; breaking prairie, fencing lands, and building more comfortable cabins. I built on the high prairie about this time a hewed log house with stone chimney, and dug, and found an excellent well of water.

Governor Geary resigned early in the spring, and Governor Walker,* of Mississippi, came. He was an able man, and, though a thorough administration and Southern man, was too honorable, like Governor Geary, to lend himself to wholesale fraud to force the Lecompton slave constitution on an unwilling people. The free-state men had not voted since the first election of territorial delegates, in 1855, as they had been overpowered by fraudulent Missouri voters. Governor

* A biographical sketch and the executive minutes of Gov. Robert J. Walker will be found in the fifth volume of Collections of the Historical Society.

Walker had perception enough to see that it would be impossible to make it a slave state, no matter what Congress did; and he was anxious to get a fair vote of the settlers at the coming election for territorial delegates to the legislature and for member of Congress. The free-state men, on account of his assurances of fair play, concluded to all turn out and vote, which they did in October of this year, and carried by a large majority the election. This at once did away with the bogus laws. Then, in a few weeks, the Lecompton constitution with slavery was submitted, and almost unanimously defeated. Some stirring scenes of the order of the summer before happened at these elections. The free-state men generally armed, and United States soldiers were placed to guard all exposed polls near the border. Eli Wilson, Benajah Hiatt and I were detailed by the authorities at Leavenworth to go to Kickapoo* and watch the polls and report. A great crowd of outrageous men came over to that point in the morning, from Missouri; appointed their own judges of election, and cast 900 votes in a precinct where there were but 160 voters of all parties.† They had a loaded cannon and were all armed. We kept quiet, and they did not notice us; but when we were thoroughly satisfied how it was going, we went to Leavenworth city and reported to the mayor and committee of safety, who immediately sent Gen. Thomas Ewing and other influential men up there to take testimony to place before the governor. Toward evening, however, the free-state men at Leavenworth city, who were thoroughly organized and had a regiment of drilled Germans mustered under arms, went up to Kickapoo, took the cannon, drove off the rabble, and brought the returns down to the city.‡ They also seized a boat-load of Missourians who had crossed over in the forenoon, and marched them down into a cellar until evening.

For a while after the election it was an anxious time to know how the governor was going to act about the fraudulent returns. All the power and influence of the administration and of the slavery propagandists of the South were brought to bear upon him. A "grapevine" telegraph was kept up between Lecompton and Weston, Mo. One night I heard a "Hello!" went to the door and found a man on a mule, who said he was lost—had missed his road in the

* See correspondence of Governor Walker and Colonel Harvey in relation to placing troops to protect the polls. (Hist. Soc. Coll., vol. 5, pp. 310-312.)

† Scott J. Anthony, in his testimony before the territorial investigating committee, says that out of the 995 votes cast at Kickapoo at this election only 153 appear on the election lists of December 21 preceding. (Report Board of Commissioners for the Investigation of Election Frauds, 1858, page 135.)

‡ "LEAVENWORTH, August 22, 1854. *F. G. Adams, Secretary Historical Society, Topeka:* DEAR SIR—I am glad to know that you have secured the 'Old Kickapoo' cannon as a relic of the early history of Kansas for the State Historical Society, and in accordance with your request I submit a statement of my recollections of the early history of what is known as the 'Old Kickapoo' cannon, and the reason for taking it. In the first place, I would state that it is my impression that said cannon was captured in the Mexican war by General Doniphan, of Missouri, and was placed by him in the arsenal at Liberty, Mo., as a trophy of war, and when the trouble began in Kansas it was captured by the proslavery men of Missouri to use in Kansas, and was taken to Weston, Mo., and thence to Kickapoo, from which it derived its name.

"At the election on the Lecompton constitution, held December 21, 1857, there were polled over 1000 votes at Kickapoo. The election for state officers under the Lecompton constitution was to be held January 4, 1858, but the free-state men had concluded not to vote, knowing that they could not have a fair election. Col. Thomas Ewing had no confidence in Acting Governor F. P. Stanton, and he went to see him, told him the condition of things at Kickapoo, and said he wanted ten good men, he himself to be one of the number, to go to Kickapoo January 1, 1858, and see that there was a fair election; and he wanted an order for two companies of United States soldiers, to be placed in charge of Deputy U. S. Marshal Joseph Cowell, of Leavenworth. The governor made the order and General Ewing came home highly elated over his success. We had confidence in General Ewing, and concluded to take part in said election. General Ewing selected the nine men beside himself, General Losee and myself being of the number. General Losee was selected to challenge voters, and I was selected to take the names of those who voted.

"We started on the morning of the election bright and early, and got there some time before the polls were opened. They were there in force from Missouri. Their guns were stacked in an old house near the polls, and the 'Kickapoo' cannon was in the street, about fifty yards away,

dark, and wanted me to put him right. I suspected him in a moment, as I well remembered his voice and could see he was the same South Carolinian from the Clarkson camp on the Little Stranger that a year before had halted me on the high prairie south of us while hunting my oxen. I called Joe Sinex, who was working for me, and we made him get off and come in the house, and put up his mule, which he did with reluctance; said he "was in a hurry," etc.; but he was well armed and I almost knew carrying dispatches to proslavery men. By daylight he was up and wanted to go badly; but we would not let him until my wife could get him some breakfast. I got enough out of him to know he was a secret courier between the proslavery posts, and would have arrested him and sent him to the committee of safety at Leavenworth, but was afraid Sinex would kill him on the road, as he begged to take him. I thought it much better to return good for evil. As he mounted his fine Missouri mule I told him where we had met before, and he went off at full speed. Joe, soon after, unbeknown to me, followed him on horseback with his rifle, intending to make a cut-off and intercept him, but failed, for which I was very thankful, as I did not want a hair of his head touched.

We all knew by that time, even if the Lecompton constitution with slavery had been forced through Congress on the fraudulent returns, and Kansas admitted as a sovereign state, that we free-state men could have immediately elected all the officers under it, from the governor down, and then have knocked out the slavery clause of the constitution. The governor, however, stood by his pledges given, and threw out the returns from Kickapoo and Delaware Crossing; but soon had to resign his office.

Few have comprehended the awful character and extent of the desperate conflict in Kansas. But this ended any further Missouri interference, and also settled completely the slavery question so far as Kansas was concerned.

The Wyandotte free-state constitution was afterward formed and submitted to Congress, but was kept out all through Buchanan's administration by the Southern slavery propagandists. Kansas was finally admitted as a free state in January, 1861, when these men resigned their seats in Congress to strike at the life of the nation.

In December, 1857, we sent a request to White Water and Milford monthly meeting, Indiana, to which most of us belonged, for a "preparative meeting" of Friends, signed by all of our members, then numbering about fifty. This was granted, and a committee to attend the opening came to visit us May 10, 1858, composed of honored, worthy old Friends of that quarterly meeting, as follows: Absalom Dennis, John Newby, my uncle Mordecai Hiatt (a minister, and father to Benajah W. Hiatt), and John Pool.

manned, and bearing on the polls; and instead of the United States soldiers being placed in charge of Joseph Cowell, deputy United States marshal, they were placed in charge of Wm. Elliott, sheriff of the county, a strong proslavery man, and were stationed a mile or two away from the polls. We saw that we were sold, but we stayed, notwithstanding their threats. They polled over 1000 votes at this election. And the most remarkable thing about said election was, that there were only about 200 or 300 names on the poll-books of the January election that were on the poll-books of the December election.

"This action so aroused the free-state men of Leavenworth, that they resolved to take the 'Kickapoo' cannon at all hazards. The companies of Capts. Geo. P. Buell, James Dickson, and H. C. Haas, with other leading free-state men, some 300 or 400 strong, marched to Kickapoo on Wednesday morning after said election, got there about daylight, and captured the 'Kickapoo' cannon. On our return we were met at the outskirts of the city by a large concourse of people, and when we marched down Delaware street, there were more than 1000 people in the procession. The cannon was deposited on Dr. James Davis's place, in South Leavenworth, and that night we loaded it into a wagon, took it to Lawrence, and deposited it alongside of the 'free-state' cannon, in the Eldridge House repository.

"Our party consisted of Gen. I. G. Losee, Scott J. Anthony, J. A. Fitch, and myself. Not long after we needed the cannon here, and I think John Kendall, city marshal, was deputized to go to Lawrence and get it, which he did. It was turned over to our company, the 'Leavenworth light infantry,' of which Geo. P. Buell was captain, and some time after we turned it over to Col. H. C. Haas, captain of the Turnverein company, and it has remained in their charge ever since, until sold, and then purchased by you. Yours very truly, H. C. FIELDS."

With the spring of this year came many more of our friends: Henry Worthington and wife, who afterward taught school for us; Jesse D. Hiatt and wife, young married folks; Moses Harvey and family; Willis Robards, who married Rachel Bales, now Rachel Woodard, Willis having died some years after their marriage. Rachel Woodard is now, and has been for years, an honored minister in our church. These all settled pretty close together, near the head of Fall creek. About this time, Naomi Hosford, daughter of Doctor Hosford, through the kindness of her father and mother, came to live with us. She remained in our family for six years and then married, but died soon after. She was attractive, gentle, modest, and unassuming, a great favorite in the community, and we were greatly attached to her. Her older sister, Maria, was her counterpart in all respects, and married Thomas Jefferson Wilson. This notice is only a slight testimonial to the moral worth of Naomi Hosford and to her beneficent influence in our family and in the community, and is made to rescue her memory from oblivion.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

My father and mother came to visit us from their home in Indiana the summer of 1858 and stayed nearly a month in July and August, visiting among our friends generally.

The summer and fall of this year were marked with much sickness, much malaria having been caused by the excessive rains, immense growth of grass, and newly turned prairie sod. I have never seen such rains, in quantity, in so short a time, and with such heavy thunder and lightning. The middle of the seventh month a rain fell in one night that raised Stranger creek over forty feet in depth, spreading over the bottoms. Our neighbor John Henderson lived in the edge of the timber at the confluence of Stranger and Fall creeks. The water was two feet deep in their cabin, so that the Wilsons, Benajah, myself and others had to rescue them and take the family temporarily to our homes. Their son-in-law had been low with consumption for some time and died in the midst of the storm. We were forced to make a coffin and construct a raft to carry it. Several of us swam the stream and conveyed the body to a private graveyard for burial, on the south bank of Fall creek. It was a novel funeral.

John and Asenath Kenyon, with their family, also came this year. We also received a religious visit this summer from Daniel Barker, of North Carolina, accompanied by his brother John, of Indiana. Benajah Hiatt took them around to the other neighborhoods and distant families of Friends. Daniel was an old minister of our church, and seemed very much impressed with the country, as one familiar to him, having, as he expressed it, seen it in a vision in North Carolina many years before. The vision, as he related it to me, was remarkable: He was called of the Lord to go North and West in His service; and, after traveling away to the Northwest, on the border of civilization, he came to a fine, open, rich prairie country, most beautiful and lovely; but the people who were there were in trouble, having much sickness, and in traveling over it he would come to spots of blood, and occasional dead bodies; the farther south he went, the the more blood; and, after getting away south, in sight of the seacoast, dead bodies were everywhere. Oppressed and overcome, he called to a ship coming near the coast: “What does all this mean?” and received the answer from a man in authority on deck: “It means that war and bloodshed shall not depart from the land until human slavery and oppression shall cease.” It was literally fulfilled in what he saw in Kansas at the time, 1858, and three years after was fulfilled to the letter in the terrible war of the rebellion, ending in the complete destruction of slavery.

The year 1859 was seasonable for corn crops, and we began to raise something to spare. More Friends came, among them Anthony Way and family. His wife and daughter died soon after coming. Ansel Rogers, an old and able minister of the gospel, with his family and married sons, also settled with us. It was a great acquisition to our meeting. His history was remarkable and almost like a romance. He was left an orphan when a small boy in Ohio; went as a cabin-boy on the lake steamers for a while; finally drifted into western New York, then a new country; was hired on a farm by a Presbyterian minister; he became anxious about his spiritual condition, and was converted at fourteen years of age. His interest and religious concern for others were such that he invited the boys of his age to meet with him, and they held a prayer-meeting for a year in the barn. Then, he told me, the burden for others became so strong he asked leave of his employer, the minister, to appoint a public meeting for his associates, to be held in the barn the next Sabbath afternoon. The minister, unknown to him, gave out and published a public invitation, for everybody, which excited great curiosity; and on Sabbath the barn and barn-yard were full of people from miles around. Ansel said he was stunned and did not know what to do, but the minister told him he would open the service and help him; instead of doing this he merely introduced him to the company. Ansel said he then had no help but the Lord, and stood up in a wagon, with the Bible in his hand, and read the chapter in Matthew ending with "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then, in a tearful, broken manner, he took that for his text; and, he remarked, "I expect I preached, for at the close there was great tenderness, and they all pressed upon me to appoint another meeting."

That meeting was kept up for two years, and a great revival of religion ensued. This was in his sixteenth year. He never heard of Friends until in his nineteenth year. He accidentally met with them, was fully convinced of their principles, joined the church and was immediately received as a minister. He lived on the outposts of the church, and was active in getting up all the early meetings in Michigan, then in northern Iowa and Minnesota, and finally came to us. He was naturally eloquent, gifted, and spiritual. He removed in a few years to Ohio, where he lost his wife, and married Priscilla Grizelle, who became a gifted minister also. They went to Adrian, Mich., again for awhile, and then moved to Wayne county, Indiana, on Green's fork, joining my farm where I was living at that time, having removed also from Kansas. He died, after a short illness, in January of 1873. I have thought him worthy of the foregoing notice.

In the summer of 1859 we built a meeting-house on the grounds we had previously purchased, and located a burying-ground. Our Philadelphia Friends, who from the first had taken a great interest in the freedom of Kansas, contributed \$800 to help us, through the Worthingtons. Jesse Hiatt suddenly died about this time at Uncle Joel's, in Salt creek valley, being over there on business. His brother Benajah having gone East, I was notified in the night, and it became my most painful duty to go and inform his young and intelligent wife, who was at home and perfectly unconscious of it, as he had left the day before in perfect health. Eli Wilson and I went early next morning after him and brought his corpse home in the evening. The funeral took place the following day. It was a great shock to our community.

We also were granted a "monthly meeting," a committee of White Water "quarterly meeting" visiting us on our request, of whom my brother Charles and sister Miriam were members. We greatly enjoyed their visit.

A committee of Western "yearly meeting" arrived at our house in the fifth

month for the purpose of visiting some of the Indian tribes for mission purposes. They were old friends of ours—Robert W. Hodgson, Eleazer Bales, and Dr. Edmond Albertson. I took a conveyance and had an interesting trip of several weeks with them to the reservations, arriving at home in July. Then I went to Indiana for my wife and three children, who had gone there on a visit; returning with her father, John and Eliza Wilson, who had been visiting us in Kansas. We came home in September.

Robert and Sarah Lindsey came to Kansas, probably in the fall of 1857 or spring of 1858, on a religious visit, and visited all the families of our settlement. Benajah Hiatt took them to Cottonwood, where many Friends were settling, near 100 miles from our location. They were able, devoted ministers from England, but knew little of such pioneer life as we were passing through. I have heard Benajah relate that after one long day's ride they came to a Friend's house late one evening, and no other settlers near. They had moved into their cabin but a short time before, and there was but one visible bed. Robert and Sarah had never been used to seeing whole families eat, sleep, cook and live in one room. Robert got very uneasy; and, taking Benajah outside, said, very earnestly: "We can't stay here." "Why?" "There is but one bed." "Well, be perfectly easy; they will put you in that." "And what will the family do?" "They will make beds on the floor." And what will thee do?" "O, I will *lean up against the house outside.*" He did not laugh; it was too serious a matter. The woman of the house went about lively, in a good humor, got a good supper, and when bedtime came, sure enough, put Robert and Sarah in the bed, made a bed on the floor for Benajah, and backed their covered wagon up to the door and made beds for the family in that. Bless the pioneer women of the West! They were full of resources, and knew how to meet all manner of privations in a noble, self-sacrificing way.

Quite a large settlement of Friends had been formed on the Cottonwood, near Emporia, and had been holding meetings for some time in John Moon's house. Another settlement and meeting south of Osawatomie had also been formed by Richard Mendenhall, Daniel, his brother, and others, beginning their meetings soon after the battle of Osawatomie, in September, 1856, in each others' houses.

In the great drought in Kansas, from June 19, 1859, to November, 1860, not a shower of rain fell at any one time to wet more than two inches deep, and but two slight snows in the winter. Roads never got muddy, and the ground broke open in great cracks. There were no vegetables whatever, and a burning hot wind in July and August withered everything before it. Fall wheat came up in the spring, but withered and died. Most counties did not harvest a bushel. Low bottom lands, where well tilled, gave some corn, but most other lands dry fodder. Prairie-grass grew until July, then all withered and died—enough was mostly secured from the low bottom lands. Wells, springs and streams dried up. The people generally, where they had any surplus the year before, sold it off to get money, and were too poor and scanty of means to buy more. They had spent their money in improving their homes, after securing land titles, so that it was computed that 30,000 people left the territory temporarily to get subsistence; but at least 40,000 settlers stayed. The Northern states nobly responded, and sent over \$100,000, in money and provisions, for aid. Our settlement of Friends pretty much all stayed. We received near \$2500 in money and provisions from our friends in Philadelphia, New York, Indiana, and Ohio, to distribute, which we did through a committee appointed by our meeting, who also dispensed much of it to other neighborhoods of poor Friends. Ansel Rogers and I traveled for near a month to investigate for that purpose at our own expense. "Bleeding Kansas" now received the cognomen of "droughty Kansas."

In September of the year 1860, I went to Indiana yearly meeting. I took passage on one of the finest steamers* going down. There was a large company on board, of several hundred, going to the St. Louis fair and Eastern points. The third night out was cool, clear, and frosty, with a full moon, the river at a fine boating stage, and the steamer running at full head. A dance was in progress. It was near midnight. I had lain down with clothes on, except boots and coat. Suddenly we experienced a great shock, the steamer striking a sunken snag pointing up stream, knocking an immense hole in her hold. She was heavily laden with bales of hemp, besides fifty mules and some 300 or 400 live hogs, and over 200 passengers. Immediately there was a rush of the deck-hands and of the passengers for the top of the boat. I caught up a life-preserver, such as was placed in all staterooms, my coat and boots, and ran with the rest, the water coming into my stateroom before I could get out. I saw but one other person with a life-preserver. The boat settled to the bottom, across the current of the river, in about twenty feet of water, before the pilot could run ashore, which he had immediately attempted to do, leaving bare standing room on top, and threatening every moment to topple over. I stood aloof, as far as possible, from every one, with life-preserver on, boots and coat in hand to throw away, expecting every moment to be in the river and to have to swim. I was a good swimmer, but the water was cold and the shore looked a long way off, and I determined to stay on while any chance for life remained. Most of the mules were drowned, but a few had broken loose, and they and the hogs were swimming around, trying to climb on top of the boat, loath to leave it, greatly adding to the danger, and hard to keep off. Some men were cool and collected, and

*During the '50's a great business was transacted on the Missouri river, there being no railroad competition. The steamboats were most elegantly equipped, ably manned, and were perfect floating palaces. To give an idea of their number a few may be mentioned. These were the Morning Star, Ben N. Lewis, Edinburgh, F. X. Aubrey, Meteor, Cataract, Sacramento, Australia, Silver Heels, Peerless, Delaware, Iuba, John Warner, White Cloud, Hesperian, Polar Star, Twilight, Columbia, Stonewall, James H. Lucas, Saranac, Cornelia, Peoria City, Elvira, Sonora, Timour No. 2, Glasgow, Fannie Ogden, Eb. Ogden, Joseph Kinney, W. J. Lewis, Honduras, Martha Jewett, Omaha, Ben. Johnson, Waverly, Jered B. Allen, E. H. Durfee, Marcella, Mollie Dozier, H. S. Turner, A. B. Chambers, Rowena, Belle of St. Louis, Minnehaha, St. Luke, Clara, Anna, and Cora. These boats made twenty-two miles an hour up stream and thirty miles down stream. While many a passenger was carried across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel (sixty days from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres), the Missouri river was the home of floating palaces, equipped with a magnificence which the ocean liner did not acquire until years afterward. Bands, balls, banquets and gambling served to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. The boats were very profitable, pilots sometimes commanding \$1500 and \$2000 per month. During the '50's, '60's, and early '70's, as many as ninety boats would tie up at the wharf in Kansas City during a summer. In the early '80's the navigation of the river began to cease. Old river men said the railroad bridges destroyed the river, but railroad competition, principally in speed, probably killed the business. The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, under date of March 14, 1902, notes the end of the effort to save and restore:

"After having spent something like eleven million dollars in an effort to preserve and improve the Missouri river as a navigable stream, the government, so far at least as the house committee on rivers and harbors is concerned, has decided to give it up as a bad job. For fourteen years the government has contributed something like \$785,000 a year in carrying out plans of the war department, and the net result has been so wholly unsatisfactory that the rivers and harbors committee has declared its unwillingness to recommend continuance of these large appropriations. . . . With the first appropriation came the fight against the treachery of the river, which has been, since the days of Lewis and Clark, marking out its own course through seven states, changing its channel in a night, wiping out farms and boundary lines, destroying property on its shores, and menacing burdens placed upon it by transportation companies. . . . The rivers and harbors appropriation bill was killed in the last Congress, and the commission ceased work when the pay was stopped. Since that time the river has taken care of itself, and the results have not been any different from what they were when thousands were being spent annually to curb the troubled stream. There is not water enough in the stream now to lend a hope of future development of navigation interests, and the committee, in the bill now pending, recommends that the Missouri river commission be abolished. . . . The report of the committee shows that the present traffic on the Missouri is very small. The freight carried on the river below Sioux City in 1899 amounted to only 283,114 tons, and above Sioux City, in the 1600 miles to Fort Benton, to 23,041 tons."

ready to act under the order of the captain. Most were demoralized. Many tried to pray, but did not know how. Some of the dancers—ladies—promised the Lord on their knees, if He would only save their lives this time and forgive them, they would never dance any more. The deck-hands, as they ran by the bar, had gathered bottles of whisky, and were too drunk to be of any use. As soon as possible, the yawl and life-boat were launched, by help of the passengers, and took many loads to shore. Some determined men had to stand with handspikes to guard the boats and keep a rush of passengers or deck-hands from overloading and sinking them. By common consent and the order of the captain, the women were all taken off first, and finally all got safely to shore, except one or more caught in the steerage. A large fire was built in the woods. The captain sent the yawl to some point down the river and chartered a steam tug and some coal boats, which arrived near noon next day, took us off, and on to St. Louis. We were but a short distance from the mouth of the Missouri. Our steamer was a total wreck.

Indiana yearly meeting of 1860 was a marked period in the history of the society of Friends, being the beginning of the forward, evangelistic movement of the church. One first day evening, at the request of the young people, a most remarkable meeting for that day was held; probably 2000 or more were present; prayer and testimony until midnight. It was the first time I had ever met J. H. Douglass, then a young man, who has been such an instrument in the hands of the Lord in the conversion of souls. Lydia Butler, now Hinshaw, came back with me on my return to take a position as teacher at Friends' Shawnee mission. She was full of missionary spirit, a model teacher, and the life of the institution. She is still active in every good word and work.

The latter part of this winter was marked by a terrible accident. Our neighbor Wright had a steam sawmill on Stranger creek, and also ground meal. One cold, frosty morning it blew up and killed eight men of our neighbors, who lived on the creek, and were warming at the boiler, waiting for their grists.

Benajah Hiatt and I, in the winter and spring of this year, made new locations for stock farms five miles further west on the Lecompton road, and built good houses and barns. Eli Wilson and his son James had both built comfortable houses before. Jonathan Baldwin and my father came out in the spring of 1861, by appointment of Indiana yearly meeting, to examine into the Friends' Shawnee mission. Benajah Hiatt and I were also on the committee and Benajah drove us down in his ambulance. We went by way of Lawrence, and stayed at night with Jonathan and Phebe Mendenhall, ten miles east of Lawrence. They had settled there some years before, with George Rogers, Levi Woodard and Sarah; and, the neighborhood increasing, soon began to hold meetings in each others' houses. In the next year William Gardiner and wife, and Winslow Davis and Margaret, came from North Carolina and settled there. They were members of our monthly meeting; and when we had a quarterly meeting established at Springdale they applied and were set up as a monthly meeting. Alice Newby, myself, and others were at the opening of it, now Hesper. We went on to the Shawnee Mission the next day and gave it a thorough examination; also, the Methodist mission near by, and returned home by Pratt's Baptist mission among the Delawares, where we stayed at night. We were much interested in the methods employed in this effective and successful mission. Upon our report to the yearly meeting, it appointed an acting committee in Kansas to take charge, of which I was a member. It threw quite a responsibility on us, but we worked together for several years harmoniously.

The great war of the rebellion had now broken out, and the whole country

was full of excitement. Father and Jonathan hurried home, for fear the Hannibal & St. Joseph railway would fall into the hands of the rebels, as they had taken possession of the other lines of communication in Missouri. We had bountiful crops in 1861. Many of our Tennessee friends came, to get away from war and slavery; among them were Jacob and Ruth Bales, who are yet living, bright and useful Christians, near Lawrence. They lived many months in a cabin on our land, and were a blessing to us, like the ark in olden time at Obededom. When life ends with them here, the gates above will stand wide open for their admittance.

My father had been going down in health for several months, in the latter part of this year, with cancer of the stomach; and in December I received a telegram to come to him.

Traveling east from Kansas was very precarious, as Missouri was all in the hands of the rebels, except the Hannibal & St. Joseph road, which was guarded by posts of Union troops. I got a pass at Leavenworth city and went on to St. Joseph, but when I started for the station there was arrested by the guard and taken before the provost marshal. He was a very stern officer, and the room full of rebel prisoners. My turn for examination came. They questioned me closely, took my description minutely, and then ordered me to swear allegiance to the United States and to the state of Missouri. I told the marshal, quietly as I could, that, while I was loyal and true to the government, I could not swear. He would hear nothing more, but told the guard to take me away to another room. I felt very much downcast, as I was afraid that I would never see my father, and the train time about up; but in a few minutes the marshal came into the room and took me to one side, his manner altogether changed, and asked me quietly, "Are you a Quaker?" I told him I was. He whispered in my ear, "I am, too." Adding: "I was a member of Bloomington 'monthly meeting,' Illinois. Volunteered in the Twenty-fifth Illinois. Now I am a soldier, and these rebels have to be put down. I had to be rough to you before them." Nothing could exceed his kindness. He had held the train; gave me a pass and guard, and sent me away rejoicing.

After getting half-way across Missouri, we came to where there had just been a battle between a detachment of Union soldiers and rebels, and a long railroad bridge burned. I was fortunate enough to fall in with a Union general and colonel from Kansas City, on their way to St. Louis, who procured a government ambulance, and we drove twenty miles around, over back-country roads, striking the railroad again. I arrived at Richmond, Ind., without further incident, and my father was overjoyed to meet me again. I stayed with him until his death, which occurred about three weeks after, all the brothers and sisters being present. He served the church all his life faithfully, and his record is historical.

On my return, in February, I found the Mississippi river frozen over, so that passengers had to walk across on the ice, no bridges then being built. I carried a girl near ten years old who was not able to walk, and her mother very poor. It was more than a mile over, and I was about used up, though in the prime of life. It was bitter cold. At a place where the cars rounded a short curve, a rail broke and threw us off the track. We ran bumping on the crossing for a short distance, when the locomotive, tender and baggage-cars went over a steep bank, rolling and smashing for 100 feet or more, almost to the river. They jerked the passenger-car I was in almost half its length over the chasm, when the coupling broke and left it thus suspended. The engineer was buried under the debris, but the fireman jumped and saved his life. I arrived safely at home.

The war to preserve the Union was now on. Call after call came, until nearly

all the young and middle-aged men in Kansas had enlisted. I think that there was never any necessity for a draft. I had a young man working for me who had been with me for six years; an excellent hand, and a good, moral, faithful fellow. He finally enlisted and started south from Leavenworth, but took pneumonia from exposure and died before many weeks, calling, as I afterward heard, in his delirium, for his friend, the Quaker. This was the last of earth for poor Sam. Armstrong.

These stirring times some amusing things would occur, owing to imaginary fears. One exceedingly windy day, such as came occasionally in the spring in early Kansas history, I went over to my Uncle Charles Dickinson's. None of the men were at home, but my aunt and Elizabeth Worthington sat in the house, very sober. They asked me, the first thing, how the battle was going. I asked, "What battle?" "Why," they said, "the fort had been attacked, and the cannon have been firing all day"; adding, "There, now, listen; there it is again." I did hear plainly the boom of a distant cannon, and, in a moment or so, another. When firing at the fort, we could plainly hear them fifteen miles off. I went out, and at the corner of the house was a large water barrel, nearly empty, on a sled, with the bung-hole toward the wind, as it came in hard gusts around the house at intervals. I soon reassured the women, and we laughed it off; but it was no wonder, as every one then was looking for the rebels to attack and try to take Fort Leavenworth; Missouri was completely in their possession at that time, except at a few points.

I had arranged when at Richmond for a box of 25,000 tracts to be sent to me for distribution. I then expected to visit the border counties of Missouri for the purpose, but it became so dangerous for a Kansas man over there that I did not think it prudent to go. I did, however, visit Salt creek valley and around Leavenworth city, pretty well canvassing the country, winding up at the fort, where was a large garrison of regulars. Many rebel prisoners were also there, under a strict guard. I had leave from the commanding officer, but at the house where the prisoners were kept the corporal had stepped to one side, and I commenced giving out tracts to the prisoners, who were eager to get them. Some were sick, and I stepped in the house and was giving them out, with my back to the door. Suddenly I heard a sharp command, in Irish brogue, "Come out of that." I looked around to find a bayonet at me, and—I was *real good to mind*, and *stood not on the order of my going*. I soon explained matters to the captain, and was glad to have them take my tracts through a strict examination, but nothing treasonable was found, and the captain and soldiers all received some.

The border counties of Missouri were an exceedingly dark place, and, somehow, I felt a great desire to do something for their uplifting, but no way seemed to open. One evening, late in the fall, Abel Bond came walking up to my house from his home at Cottonwood, near 100 miles away. He told me he had had a religious concern to go into the border counties of Missouri and do what he could, and wanted to know my opinion, and whether I had any suitable religious tracts for him. I said but little that night, except it was very dangerous for loyal Kansas men over there just now.

That night I had a significant dream. I thought that I was standing on the brink of an amazing deep well. The horror of the depth and darkness of that well yet is oppressive to me. As I looked into it I thought that it seemed necessary for some one to go down into it to do something, but I could not see how, although there were a windlass and bucket all ready. While I was pondering over it, Abel Bond came energetically walking up, and desired me to let him down;

at the same time pulling off his coat and stepping into the bucket. He was to give a signal when he wanted to come out. I commenced to unwind. He was soon out of sight and hearing, and it seemed to me a long, long time before the bucket touched bottom in the horrible darkness and depth. After a while I received the signal, and commenced winding up; and, after a long time, the bucket came up, empty. Then I was in great trouble; but as I stood thinking what to do next, Abel Bond came climbing out himself. Next morning I told my dream to Abel, and that I was ready for him with the tracts. He had but a dollar and a half in money, and his clothes were threadbare, and no overcoat. I fitted him out, put my overcoat on him, and arranged to supply him with tracts. He was to let me know when he wanted to get home. For weeks I heard nothing, but at last received a letter from St. Louis stating what he had done; but he was now out of money and ready to go home. He gave no address, and I did not know how to reach him; but in a few days he came walking up, dressed better than he was, and with as much money as he started with. He had been well received everywhere, and distributed many thousand tracts in the camps of both parties, and his wants were supplied. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." Such a man of faith was Abel Bond.

Our meetings now were very large, the house being well filled, under the able spiritual ministry of Ansel Rogers. The Sabbath-school was well sustained and largely attended by all. There were now organized meetings of Friends at Cottonwood, Spring Grove, and Hesper; and we had a quarterly meeting granted us in 1862, and at Cottonwood the year after. Isaac and Phebe Gifford, Dr. Samuel D. Coffin, and many of us from our meeting, were at the opening of the Cottonwood quarterly meeting.

I now had frequently to go to the Friends' Shawnee mission to meet with the committee having it in charge. In one of these trips, about this time, my wife being with me, we were hindered at the crossing, and it was after dark and through the woods and thickets, so I had to walk and lead the horse to keep the road. We arrived near nine o'clock at Charles Bluejacket's, close to Shawneetown. He was the chief. I was well acquainted with him, and hailed to get to stay all night, it was so late and dark. He had a good house and was well situated. I noticed no lights. He met me, but was quiet and reticent, and informed me that Quantrill's band of murderers from Missouri had just been there that day, and had murdered all they could find, sacked the place, and burned pretty much all the houses. He did not know whether all had left yet or not; but if I was willing to risk staying, all right. They had carried out most of their beds and valuables and hidden them in the thickets, but they lighted up, made good fires, carried in their beds, and made us welcome. He had several orphan Indian children in his family, and before going to bed called them all in for family worship, and got down his big Bible and laid it on my lap in silence. I opened to the 37th Psalm, which is so remarkable in its promises, and read. He seemed affected, for an Indian, and said that while all the riot, bloodshed and rapine were going on that day, he had assembled his family quietly in the house and read the very same Psalm, and that they had committed themselves to the protection of the Lord, trusting alone to Him, and that not one of the bloody men had disturbed them. We saw nothing of the band of marauders next day, and went on through the ruins to the mission, and home, when through our business.

About this time Hannah B. Tatum and Jane Trueblood, from Indiana, came out on a religious visit. Hannah greatly desired to have a meeting at Lawrence and, as I was well acquainted there, I took them over. The day was unfavorable, being rainy, and a rainy night, but I had handbills struck off and distributed, and

obtained the Methodist church, at that time a small frame building on Vermont street, just back and west of the Eldridge House. The congregation was small, but we had a good meeting, Hannah's communication being in warning words, and I was relieved when Jane smoothed it over somewhat with her loving gospel message. This was the first Friends' meeting held in Lawrence. In less than a month after Quantrill* swooped down by daylight one morning, with 400 men, robbed and sacked the place, burned all the business and principal houses, and murdered over 200 men. We saw the smoke at our settlement.

On account of these murderous raids from Missouri, General Ewing, then in command, ordered the abandonment and vacation of the two or three border counties south of the Missouri river, and made reprisals by destroying and raiding all property of disloyal men. Such is war! The Seventh Kansas cavalry, Colonel Jennison's regiment, was made up about this time, 1200 men. They obtained orders and crossed into Platte county, and, with a besom of destruction, swept the border river counties, freeing all the slaves, of whom long cavalcades, with wagons, carriages, mules, and stock, were crossing into Kansas continually.

Friends from our neighborhood had for a year or so been moving, and making locations on the Delaware reserve lands, south, and between our settlement and the Kansas river. This year, 1863, a railroad company having bought the land of the Indians, by ratified treaty of Congress in 1861, so that titles could be procured, a strong settlement, with a Friends' meeting, was formed at Tonganoxie, about half-way. Eli Wilson, Benajah and I would have chosen this location at the first, but it was impossible then to locate on it; we often looked at it in passing to Friends' mission or Lawrence.

As has been noted before, we saw the rise of the Friends' church in Kansas from the first unorganized meeting. Now, at this date, 1893, there are 8000 members and thirteen quarterly meetings in the yearly meeting of Kansas. Greater still has been the growth of population in the state. From nothing but a few traders in 1854, it has now a population of nearly one and a half millions.

We now close these notes. Owing to the poor health of my wife, we removed to Indiana in November, 1864. Many years after Uncle Joel Hiatt came to visit us and his other relatives. He was then an old man, but was soundly converted in a revival meeting at Richmond, under the ministry of Elwood Scott, joined the Friends' church there, and, returning to his home, died in a few months, a happy, trustful Christian.

Benajah W. Hiatt, whose name is so frequently mentioned in the foregoing reminiscences, writes as follows:

"COSTELLO, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, KANSAS, October 23, 1894.

"I herewith return the manuscript of 'Reminiscences of the Early Settlement of Kansas,' in which we were close companions, and find it a correct document, and of great interest. While you were gone to the Friends' mission that terribly cold weather, Colonel Emory came from Leavenworth city with thirty-one rebels for the purpose of hanging me. But they arrived after night, the thermometer twenty-eight degrees below zero, with deep snow, and were all so near frozen that they were glad to get into our cabin, with a huge, blazing fire. My wife got supper and breakfast for them, and the next morning the colonel told the company we had saved their lives, and should not be hurt. He was always my friend afterwards, and did me many kind favors, and I think is still living and remembers well the circumstance. We shall never forget that cold and lonely time, and how glad we were to see you return in the awful cold and exposure.

Thy sincere cousin,

B. W. HIATT."

Thomas Jefferson Wilson, a son of Eli Wilson, who was grown up at the time of the foregoing reminiscences and was participant in much of it, writes:

"LAWRENCE, KAN., August 20, 1893.

"I have read with very great interest the reminiscences in manuscript sent me. It brings vividly to memory many things which I had almost forgotten, and I find it correct so far as I know anything about and was cognizant of the circumstances, of which I was for the most part.

Truly thy friend,

T. J. WILSON."

* See "The Gun and the Gospel," by Rev. Hugh D. Fisher, and Dr. Richard Cordley's "History of Lawrence."

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Lizzie Wilson-Walton was connected with most of the circumstances related, was a grown daughter of Eli Wilson, and now resides at Long Beach, Cal.

“LONG BEACH, September, 1896.

“I read the history with a great deal of interest. I did not notice anything incorrect, as I could remember, except the time we were coming to Kansas. I thought we were eleven days on the road. I may be mistaken. I think I could read it over many times and it would not seem stale.

(MRS.) L. C. WILSON-WALTON.”