

TRANSACTIONS
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STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
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EMBRACING
ADDRESSES AT ANNUAL MEETINGS; THE CENTENNIAL OF ZEB-
ULON MONTGOMERY PIKE'S VISIT, INCLUDING A REVIEW OF
ONE HUNDRED YEARS UNDER THE FLAG; FIFTIETH AN-
NIVERSARY OF THE FIRST FREE-STATE TERRITORIAL
LEGISLATURE, 1857; ALSO THE FIRST STATE LEG-
ISLATURE, AND THE SESSION OF 1868; THE
DISAPPEARING INDIANS; THE SOLDIERS
OF KANSAS; FLOODS IN THE MIS-
SOURI RIVER; AND INTER-
ESTING PERSONAL
NARRATIVE.

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VI.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

THE WAKARUSA WAR.

A paper written by MRS. SARA T. D. ROBINSON and read by Mrs. Hill P. Wilson before the State Federation of Women's Clubs, May 17, 1906.

WE now know that when the Kansas-Nebraska act was passed it was the purpose of its leading supporters to make of Kansas a slave state, and that Missouri, by the methods subsequently adopted, should accomplish it, with the aid and sympathy of the administration, then controlled by the slave power. That provision of the act which gave to the people of the territory the power to decide whether it should be slave or free invited and forced a contest between the friends of freedom and the friends of slavery for the possession of the territory.

Societies and companies to organize emigration and give to it aid, comfort, convenience and cheapness were organized in the North. The New England Emigrant Aid Company, whose leading spirit was Eli Thayer, was chief among these organizations.

Missourians, with characteristic barbarity, offered a reward for the head of Eli Thayer, threatened to welcome his emigrants with the bowie-knife and revolver and to eject all persons coming to Kansas, by the agency of northern aid societies, from the territory. Nevertheless, in August, 1854, a party sent out by Thayer's company settled and named the town of Lawrence. From that time until the freedom of the territory was assured it was the nursery of the free-state cause, the originator of its policy and of means to sustain and defend it. The hostility of the pro-slavery party to it, its threats against it, and the often expressed belief that its destruction would give victory to slavery, testified to the devotion of its people to freedom and of what importance the place was in the struggle.

The territorial legislature elected by the invading hundreds of Missourians on the 30th of March, 1855, met and enacted in bulk the statutes of Missouri as the laws of Kansas, passed a slave code and laws to prolong the rule of Missouri, and, by requiring offensive test oaths, deprived free-state men from holding office, from juries, and from voting. Two of the judges of the territory, appointees of the President, volunteered an extrajudicial opinion that these laws were valid. Wilson Shannon, of Ohio, who had been appointed as governor by the President, in place of Governor Reeder, said, in an address to the people of Kansas City, Mo., soon after his arrival: "Your laws shall be enforced, and I understand your judges have declared them legal."

The course of events in Kansas up to that time shows that the provision of the Kansas-Nebraska act giving to the people of the territory the right to

regulate their institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States, was construed by those in power to mean that Missouri should regulate the institutions of Kansas as it pleased, subject to the consent of the President. Against this lawless invasion of their rights the members of the free-state party protested, as American citizens should, and declared that they owed no allegiance to laws thus forced upon them, and asked Congress to set them aside, or supersede them by the admission of Kansas into the Union as a state, under a constitution already prepared.

The slave power, unwilling to yield the advantage it had gained by the election of March, 1855, and the recognition of the laws as valid by the President, proposed to enforce, and suppress opposition to, them. Lawrence was the place selected for the first effort in that direction.

On the 21st of November, 1855, F. M. Coleman, a pro-slavery man, shot and killed C. W. Dow, a free-state man. Dow was unarmed and passing by Coleman's house on his way to Jacob Branson's, with whom he lived, when Coleman came out and shot him.

On the night of November 26 sheriff Jones and a party burst open the door of Branson's cabin, found Branson in bed, and, with revolvers in hand, arrested him on a peace warrant sworn out by H. H. Buckley, who, with one Hargous, was, according to evidence before the congressional committee, an accomplice in the murder of Dow.

While Jones with his prisoner and posse were on their way to Franklin and approaching Major Abbott's house some free-state men came out and faced them. The posse halted. Branson, being requested to ride over to the free-state men, did so. Jones, after threatening to bring 1500 men within ten days to retake him, rode away to Franklin, where he sent a message to Colonel Boone, of Westport, Mo., for men, and then, at some person's suggestion, a message to the governor, at Shawnee Mission.

The rescuing party, with Branson, went to Lawrence, calling up Doctor Robinson on the way, who advised calling a meeting, as it might be made a pretext for destroying the town.

People to-day cannot imagine or realize how law and the rights of men seemed to be, and were, inverted in those days. There were constitutional rights belonging to the settlers in Kansas, and rights under the organic act; but Missouri had captured the machinery of their government and was striving to use it so as to make them appear traitors while they were loyal to those instruments, and the President was sustaining Missouri in its usurpation.

Sheriff Samuel J. Jones was a resident of Westport, Mo. He had made himself conspicuous as a ruffian at the Bloomington precinct, in Douglas county, at the election of March 30, 1855. There he, in border style, had drawn his revolver and his watch, and said to the judges of election he would give them five minutes to resign, and when that time expired and they had not wavered, he extended the time one-half minute more. He had also been engaged with others in burning the cabins of free-state men. He said he had the murderer Coleman in his custody; but he allowed him liberty to go and come as he pleased, accepted his statements as to the murder as true, and never caused investigation to be made in regard to it. His spectacular descent on old Mr. Branson's cabin at night, with his armed posse, was to arrest him on a complaint he knew to be false, and done only to aggravate and persecute.

Governor Reeder, by giving certificates to the persons elected on the 30th of March, had given such judges as the President had appointed in Kansas an excuse for saying that it was in fact the legislature of Kansas; that the laws were valid and the supreme court that announced the Dred Scott decision would no doubt ratify that opinion. *Bona fide* citizens of Kansas could not fight for the rights given them by the constitution without being liable to the charge of treason against it.

All these and other grave questions the people of Lawrence considered at their meeting on the morning of November 27, 1855. They chose a committee of safety, of which Doctor Robinson was made chairman, to represent and guide them in the difficulties that might beset them. General Lane, who was on the committee, was authorized to form the men into companies and command them.

Whatever Jones might be willing to do, it was believed that Governor Shannon, as Doctor Robinson said in an address, would not dare to allow Lawrence to be attacked without some pretext that would justify it, knowing as he did that the world was looking on and would hold him responsible. To harbor the rescuers and invite their attempted arrest there and then, by the posse, might give the pretext; so the rescuers and rescued went elsewhere. This served to make the issue between Lawrence and Governor Shannon depend, to justify an attack by his force, on whether he had the right to shoot its people for what other people had done and of which Lawrence knew nothing until after it was done.

Governor Shannon feared the men were getting beyond his control, and he sent for Colonel Sumner, at Fort Leavenworth. He did not come, even at his second appeal, having no orders to act from the President. Governor Shannon came to Lawrence and made an agreement with her people which resulted in the dismissal of "his posse." He had good reason to fear they would not go home peaceably, and to save us from continued trouble he signed the following paper:

"To Charles Robinson and J. H. Lane:

"You are hereby authorized and directed to take such measures and use the enrolled forces under your command in such manner, for the preservation of the peace and the protection of the persons and property of the people of Lawrence and vicinity, as in your judgment shall best secure that end. (Signed) WILSON SHANNON.

"LAWRENCE, December 9, 1855."

This was the first attempt to enforce the laws, and it was made against Lawrence because it was the parent of opposition to them. The free-state party gained strength and sympathy in the country, while its opponents were weakened. Hostility to the laws and those who sought to enforce them, became more bitter. From the time of their enactment until the free-state men secured the territorial legislature they were a dead letter, and outside the federal offices the territorial government had hardly a loyal subject.

There are some incidents connected with the Wakarusa war which were of interest in the passing, and they may not lack interest now.

NOVEMBER 27, Tuesday morning. It was four o'clock in the morning when the hurried tramp of a swift rider awakened me. A loud knock upon the door soon followed. Recognizing the voice under the window, Doctor Robinson asked, "What's wanted?" S. C. Smith replied, "Sheriff Jones,

with a party of Missourians, has taken from his home a Mr. Branson. He has been rescued by a party of free-state men, and they are now on their way here. Runners have gone to Missouri, and there will be a battle fought this morning." The simple question asked was, "Where?" and the brief reply, "Down here on the plain," was but a trifle startling.

Hardly had Mr. Smith rode away before we heard the sound of the drum and the quick words of the captain of the little band of rescuers as they came upon the brow of the hill south of us. Scarcely had a fire been built before the simple word "Halt!" in a tone of command, was spoken, and a line in front of the house quickly formed. The slight form of the leader stood a little nearer the door, and when his peculiarly dry manner of speech fell upon the ear in his brief inquiry, "Is Doctor Robinson in?" S. N. Wood's identity was known. Doctor Robinson opened the door and invited them in. The fact of the rescue was stated, and Mr. Branson was asked to step forward and tell his story, which he did with true feeling.

I shall never forget the appearance of the men in simple citizen's dress, some armed and some unarmed, standing in unbroken line, just visible in the breaking light of a November morning. This little band of less than twenty men had, through the cold and upon the frozen ground, walked ten miles since nine o'clock of the previous evening.

Mr. Branson, a large man of fine proportions, stood a little forward of the line, with his head slightly bent, which an old straw hat hardly protected from the cold, looking as though in his hurry of departure from home in the charge of the ruffianly men he took whatever came first.

The drum beat again, and the rescuers and the rescued passed down to Lawrence. After saying to Emily she had better take another nap, that she might be prepared for any emergency, I again fell asleep, leaving my husband thinking over the matter as he sat by the parlor stove. I waked when the sun was rising and the coyotes screaming in the valley. The first thought was the Missourians had come. Early on the morning of the 27th the drum-beat calling the citizens together was heard in the little town of Lawrence. Doctor Robinson saw at once that it would not do for Lawrence to take any action in regard to the rescue or harbor and defend the rescuers against the force called out by Governor Shannon. To do so would give pretext for an attack which the President and his party would sustain, and all free-state men engaged in the fight would be liable to arrest for treason. By avoiding that issue Doctor Robinson believed Governor Shannon would not dare permit an attack and the cause would gain a great and bloodless victory. History shows this belief to have been right. Mr. Branson said at the meeting he had been requested to leave Lawrence that no semblance of an excuse could be given to the enemy for an attack upon the town. With tears stealing down his weather-beaten cheeks, he said that he would go home and die there and be buried by the side of his friend. This statement touched the hearts of the men, who felt they too might soon be battling for their own hearthstones, and cries of "No! No!" resounded through the still room.

G. P. Lowry then proposed a committee of ten should be appointed to advise for the common defense. Mr. Lowry's remarks met with a warm response. Mr. Conway said, "We must have a care to take every step properly. We must move with prudence, and, having settled upon the true

course, maintain it fearlessly." S. N. Wood did not hesitate to say he was in the rescue of the night before; he knew the importance of the step. He was unable to express his feelings when the clicking of the gunlocks sounded, telling the hour had come for a deadly conflict. He was equally unable to do so when, without firing one shot, these men who had boasted so much gave up the prisoner, declining to fight a number less than their own and with fewer arms.

NOVEMBER 23. A beautiful morning dawned upon us. Our people, having decided upon their course of action, are again at their places of business; the warlike aspect of yesterday has given place to the busy, enterprising spirit of the past daily routine, which has characterized our people and made the little city of a year give good promise of its future. There are rumors that a large force is gathering at Franklin, also another at Lecompton, fourteen miles above here. There is a rumor at evening that an attack is threatened from Lecompton. The night is dark. Emily and I are alone. About nine o'clock some gentlemen call for a few minutes, who have been looking around on the hill beyond us, but saw nothing. It was almost eleven o'clock, and no one came from town. Emily fell asleep in her chair. I went out upon the hill alone and listened, but I heard nothing. I nearly dropped to sleep upon the lounge when there was a loud knocking at the door and three young men, Earl, Searle, and Mack, with Sharps rifles and a cheerful "Good evening," entered. They came as a guard, to see that no forces should come in from the Lecompton road. What a happy thought it was that our house should be headquarters. I set out a hasty lunch for them on the dining-room table, a custom I never failed to follow as long as the "war" lasted. I carried in extra candles and blankets, and gladly went upstairs for a little sleep.

The next morning the white flag, the sign of invasion, was run up on our house. It was Thanksgiving day in Massachusetts as well as here. They will think of us as enjoying milder skies and not dream of the dire visitations of the ruffianly horde gathering on our borders and thirsting for our lives. The home circle, now sadly broken in upon by life's changes, the revered head having passed onward through the dark portal, will think of her who in young girlhood made one of the number around the bright hearthstone and having entered upon the responsibilities of life's drama finds her post of duty in this far-away land.

A friend came in at evening and reported quite a camp at Franklin, four miles from us. There never has been such excitement in the border towns. A box of provisions, some shotguns and a jug complete the outfit, and, coming with ox-teams, as many of them do, there must also have been embarked for the journey a good supply of patience.

The following extraordinary document, sent by Secretary Woodson to General Easton, of Leavenworth, has just appeared:

"(Private.)

"DEAR GENERAL: The governor has called out the militia and you will hereby organize your division and proceed forthwith to Lecompton. As the governor has no power, you may call out the Platte Rifle Company. They are always ready to help us. Whatever you do, do not implicate the governor.
DANIEL WOODSON, *Secretary.*"

General Easton was appointed by the Shawnee legislature general of the territorial militia. The following was sent from Westport:

“*Hon. E. C. McClaren, Jefferson City:* “WESTPORT, November 27.
 “Governor Shannon has called out the militia against Lawrence. They are now in open rebellion against the laws. Jones is in danger.”

DECEMBER 1. Saturday night has come again. Messengers have been sent to the other settlements at different times notifying them of the threatened attack. Last night a friendly band of armed men came in from Ottawa creek. With flag flying, a company of mounted riflemen have come in from Palmyra. The Delawares and Shawnees have offered their services for our defense.

Several gentlemen from Lawrence have been down in the enemy's camp to-day. They found some of the men very communicative. “A good many are on the way.” “They are coming to help the governor.” One very surprising thing is that the governor has never been into the territory. He was escorted by a company of pro-slavery gentlemen from Kansas City the day he arrived there to Shawnee Mission, four miles from Westport, and there he has been content to remain.

“WESTON, MO., November 30.
 “Four hundred men from Jackson county are now en route for Douglas county, K. T. St. Joseph and Weston are requested to furnish the same number. The people of Kansas are to be subjugated at all hazards.”

DECEMBER 2, Sunday. Last evening a public meeting was held, at which many spoke. Doctor Robinson having been called for several times, and having been called from the hall several times, at last said in a plain way that it was time for acting rather than speaking; that Governor Shannon had placed himself in a bad situation. At his bidding these Missourians had come to help him to enforce the laws, but when they come to Lawrence they will find nobody has broken any laws, for the people of Lawrence are a law-abiding people. Their real object was to destroy Lawrence, but it was a question whether they would attempt it without some pretext, and before the American people Shannon would be responsible for their conduct. Fearful of some atrocious act upon the part of his drunken rabble, he has been compelled to remove the most of them to the camps on the Wakarusa. They really were in a predicament, etc. “Men of Lawrence and free-state men, we must have courage,” the Doctor said, “but with it we must have prudence. These men have come from Missouri to subjugate the free-state men, to crush the free-state movement—their pretense that outrages have been committed. They are sustained by all the United States authorities here, and, while they do not think it essential that a good cause for fighting be given them, the authorities will wait at least for a plausible excuse before commencing to shed blood. This excuse must not be given them. Each man must be a committee of one to guard the reputation as well as lives of the free-state men. If the Missourians, partly from fear and partly from want of a sufficient pretext, have to go back without striking a blow, it will make them a laughing-stock and redound fearfully against Shannon. This is the last struggle between freedom and slavery, and we must not flatter ourselves that it will be trivial or short. The free-state men must stand shoulder to shoulder with an unbroken front, and stand or fall together in defense of their liberties and homes. These may be dark days, but the

American people and the world will justify us, and the cause of right will eventually triumph." The enthusiasm with which these remarks were received evinced the deep feeling and determined spirit of the meeting.

Emily and I were sitting alone last evening when loud shouts in the distance told of some new arrival. We opened the door and could see nothing but the friendly lights in the humble dwellings on the prairie, but they burned more brightly yet in the hall, and in the hotel, whose upper rooms are used for the committee and council rooms. Though half a mile from town, and a quarter of a mile from neighbors, the lights show that no one will be "caught napping." Even at this late hour we have no fears of danger. We feel sure the shouts are not those of invaders, as *their* yells are most un-earthly. Again in the distance we hear the cheerful sound go up to heaven and reecho among the hills. We know instinctively that it is the spontaneous burst of welcome to some new relief company.

The guard came up ere long. To our query, "What news?" they replied, "The Bloomington boys are in." "We've had a grand meeting." "We are going to protect ourselves." Last night one picket-guard was fired upon. Two of our guards were sitting together, when a party of Missourians approached and fired six shots at them. Our men had strict orders not to fire unless the emergency was desperate, and so bore the insult with remarkable prudence and obeyed orders. Our people are acting strictly on the defensive, and these provocations are continually offered us to provoke a collision. They are endeavoring to draw them from the position which all the world will justify, that they may have a pretext for the destruction of Lawrence, which is really the whole cause of the invasion.

A clergyman, Mr. Burgess, was with us last night. With the few who came with him to Lawrence he was attending a meeting some miles from home, but hearing that Lawrence was in imminent peril, without going to his home or being sure that the word he sent his family would reach them, he put spurs to his horse and came to our relief. He has been a resident of Missouri for twenty-seven years; knows well their cruel and desperate character. Another clergyman, from Vermont, with others, came in this morning to breakfast. So the time has come again when men whose vocation is to preach the word of truth, and to battle heroically in fierce struggles with error, have girded on another sword than that of the spirit; and if the victory is to be won by sharp fighting, while they "pray and watch," they work too; the working evincing the spirit of the prayer.

Another event happened last night, which occasioned uneasiness, viz., the appearance of McCrea, an escaped prisoner, in Lawrence. His presence, were it known to the enemy, would be a new source of difficulty and at once cause an outbreak. Few of the citizens knew he was here, and he is already on his way to a land of safety.

A friend, Col. William A. Phillips, has sat here all day, quietly writing for the eastern press. He has brought back "notes of travel" from the border ruffian camp. As he tells of his adventures, with a slight brogue and a quick, rapid utterance, enlivened by his sense of the ridiculous, we can easily imagine ourselves surrounded by Governor Shannon's half-tipsy militia, or listening to music drawn out of an old violin by some fierce disciple of Paganini, or see the gaping crowds of men armed with bowie-knives and pistols nodding their admiration.

The weather has become much cooler, and I imagine there are some in

the camps who would be glad were they home again by a cheerful fire. They have come with an apparent reluctance, but the offer of a dollar and a half a day and a land warrant is said to be the successful inducement in this infamous invasion.

DECEMBER 3. So many citizens of the near settlements have come in arrangements were made for the companies to go into barracks. The large dining-hall in the new hotel being fitted up with stoves, several of the companies will occupy it; while others have a "soldiers' home" in the hall which has been used for schoolroom, church, etc. The quartermaster and commissary-general have been appointed. Beef and corn have been brought in in large quantities, and preparations are being made for a siege.

The soldiers are drilling out on the prairie, under the command of Colonel Lane. There is young manhood in the ranks, and some who have not counted their score of years; but the mantle of discretion and prudence has fallen upon them. The blood of '76 runs in their veins, and the fires of its unquenched love of liberty sparkle in their eyes.

Last evening the governor's proclamation, issued on the 29th ult., was received. It is one mass of falsehoods and misstatements, and an incendiary appeal to the bad passions of the border men to come to assist him in our destruction. Sheriff Samuel J. Jones goes to him with most malignant untruths of a rescue from his hands of the prisoner by a band of forty men. It is now stated that Coleman was with the posse, and armed himself at Franklin with pistols and bowie-knives to act with them. A Mr. Newell, of Vermont, is just in. He will make our house his home. He brings news of our pleasant Scotch friend who left us this morning on another tour of observation in the enemy's camp. They recognized Colonel Phillips as some one from Lawrence, he having been so frequently in their camp. They disarmed him at first, but on his threatening them with proceedings they returned the pistol, and he is now on his way to report to Governor Shannon the conduct of his militia. As they kept him a good while in camp he learned much of their method of proceeding. Sentries are posted at all the fords on the Wakarusa, with strict orders to search and disarm any one attempting to pass. An old gentleman from Lawrence is a prisoner in their camp. They keep him bound. Colonel Phillips tried to persuade Mr. Newell to go further up the river before attempting to cross, it being utter folly to try to pass the camp at that point, but by a most skilful maneuver he blinded the enemy in gallant style and came through bearing important dispatches.

Mr. Newell has a very military air, and as he reined in his horse for a moment, then dashing in among the rough outposts at the crossing, and, in a stern voice, said, "Why don't you demand the countersign?" they looked astonished, and he passed through. They evidently supposed him to be an officer. Coming as they have from several different counties, the majority of the men and officers are unknown to each other.

In the camp Mr. Newell gave the military salute, and began an easy, off-hand talk with the men. One of the unshaven apologies for manhood asked, "Did you see any of our boys coming?" Mr. Newell replied, "No, I saw more returning," as he in fact met fifty whose faces were set homeward, their patience being worn out with waiting for the gathering together of their sheriff's posse. The questioner, with downcast look, then said, "Then we may as well give it up, for the Lawrence boys will take us like mice."

When some of the men very blandly asked if they should take care of his horse, his reply that he thought he would look around a little first satisfied them, and he pursued his journey. He soon reached Franklin. It seemed at first a matter of doubt whether he would be able to pass the fifty men loitering about the groceries there, but with his military salute and graceful bearing he went on unmolested and reached us in safety.

Another fact of some moment, learned to-day, is that as the invaders pass the Shawnee mission they are all enrolled by the governor. One's indignation would exceed every other feeling were it not for the wonder that any man can be guilty of such consummate folly.

Our fair-weather friends are now obliged to show their true colors. Dr. John P. Wood is in the camp of the enemy. The young man who opened his house for the storage of provisions at the time of the first invasion, now complains of illness; neither comes into town nor goes down to the enemy's camp. A Mr. Cox, who has been strong in his expressions of sympathy with the free-state cause, has posted on his store a sign telling who he is, and asking that his property may not be destroyed. Eighty men have arrived from Topeka. The force now gathered against us is 800 strong. Our guards are now fired upon nightly. I watch the guard upon the hills and stationed at different points in the prairie, foot guard as well as mounted. Some are standing quietly, while the two hours of some others have expired and they are going through a rapid change of position. There are horsemen, also wagons, passing up over the California road to reenforce the border men at Leecompton, and swift riders are going in and out of town. While we were at dinner two men, evidently in authority, rode out on the point of the hill to take a survey of the town. They rode very slowly past the house, examining the whole premises, and looking backward until they reached the summit of the hill beyond. It looked like a silent threat, coming at the hour too when they supposed we should have company to dine, and the leaders of the defense.

Just before noon one of the staff, Grove P. Lowry (just appointed) came up, and, upon my opening the door said, "Good morning, Mrs. Robinson, the doctor sent me for his horse"; and as he vaulted into the saddle, with a ringing laugh he said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Robinson, I meant the general"; so I suppose that the quiet doctor, who has always been remarked for the meekness of his bearing, is metamorphosed into a general. He was appointed last evening. To the never-failing question, "Is there anything new?" he tells me the men are anxious to form companies of riflemen and go down to Franklin; that "with one round the Missourians would fly like frightened hares. The people are getting impatient, and nothing but giving up their position of acting strictly on the defensive keeps them from driving the Missourians out of the border."

DECEMBER 5. I was awakened about four o'clock this morning by a loud knocking at the door. Gen. Samuel C. Pomeroy and Colonel Phillips have had narrow escapes from the enemy and an escape less fearful from a grave in the Kansas. They were dripping-wet and so chilled with the water and the cold air that the stove heat did little good, and they soon tried a warm bed, leaving me to dry their clothes, papers and money, which were all thoroughly soaked.

Colonel Phillips, not finding the governor at Shawnee Mission, had gone on to Westport, hoping to find him, but he was not there. He learned there

that Governor Shannon had received instructions from Washington authorizing his proceedings, and that many more are going to his aid from Westport, large numbers having already congregated there from the border towns. He heard many of the plans thoroughly discussed as he sat by. "There shall be a war, the rescuers shall be given up, the leaders lynched, and the others driven from the country." He heard men high in authority say that "now is the time"; the river was just about to close; no reinforcements could arrive for the free-state men; there were only some 3500 of them in the territory, and if they were not cut off now they never could be; that slavery must and should go into Kansas; that they would have Kansas though they have to wade to their knees in blood to get it; that they should fight and let the Union go to the d—l. Judge Johnson and a young man who recently came with him from Ohio had been arrested, and the threats were not few that they would be lynched in a few days.

Learning that the governor was not in Westport, Colonel Phillips pursued his journey to Kansas City, and when about half way there was arrested by a band of armed men. To one of the men who wore the emblem of an Odd Fellows' lodge he made the sign of distress, and he was bound to protect him. He said the life of Colonel Phillips had been saved at his own peril. The next morning he took his hand at parting and asked pardon.

Word came this morning from Franklin that wagons loaded with freight for our merchants had been overhauled at the camp on the Wakarusa. All powder and ammunition were taken from them, while the wagons loaded with apples, potatoes and flour were not allowed to proceed. So they mean to starve us out or make us surrender. A dispatch must be sent to Washington, and General Pomeroy accepts the mission. He is to go through Iowa, but says he must go to Kansas City first. We try to dissuade him, telling him of the dangers of the route. He is arrested in the Delaware reserve and taken into the camp at Franklin.

As we looked out into the chilly night we saw the great fires blazing around the forts and the men busily plying their shovels. Night and day, taking turns by fifties, with unabated ardor the work goes on. There will be five strong forts commanding the river and all the entrances to the town.

As the faithful timepiece says the night is fast waning towards its mid-hour there is a welcome knock at the door, and, opening it, I find our Scotch friend (Colonel Phillips) is standing close to the door, with long rifle by his side. I had tried to persuade him not to go down-town after so much excitement and weariness of the last two days and nights, but his enthusiasm in the cause will not let him rest—besides, he is one of General Robinson's aides, and has been attending the council of war held this evening. He says, "It is decided to send messengers to Governor Shannon to ask him what is the meaning of this armed body of men quartered near our town; why he allows them to commit robberies upon our people and harass travelers, disarming them and taking them prisoners; requesting him also to order their removal."

There is danger in the undertaking, but Lowry and Babcock are going. They are acquainted with the governor, and they know the pass-word.

DECEMBER 6. We were awakened again long before daylight. S. N. Wood, S. C. Smith and S. F. Tappan have had a long journey from the country four miles above Topeka. They had heard that Doctor Robinson and fifteen others had been killed; and thinking that the war had fairly

opened they had walked thirty miles in the last few hours, that they might, with their friends, "strike and die for liberty." Doctor's greeting could not have sounded very pleasantly to them as they stood under our west windows. "What are you here for?" "You must go directly out of town." There were strangers sleeping in the front of the house, and they must not know that Wood, Smith and Tappan were in Lawrence. They stayed one day in E. D. Ladd's cabin, then Smith and Tappan went across the Wakarusa, and Wood went to Ohio.

The guard are again fired upon, and more of our messengers to different parts of the territory and to the states are taken prisoners. Horsemen in companies of five and six are continually riding over the hills. They are the leading men in the ranks of the enemy; and we hear their design is to plant their artillery on Mount Oread and to take this house for barracks. They have a new camp on the Wakarusa south of us, only about four miles from town. Our supplies are cut off. People are turned from their homes at midnight, and their corn-cribs and hay-stacks burned.

A gang of men have been prowling around S. N. Wood's house on the claim all the morning, but not in one body. Finally this scouting band of the governor's militia all at once started in the direction of their headquarters, and our friends immediately came over the hills, seeking a safer place. Our messengers fly back and forth to town, and upon serious consultation it was decided that S. N. Wood shall go to Ohio for a while.

The men were at work on a part of the forts, while some were complete; intrenchments were being thrown up on each side of Massachusetts street, and the soldiers were drilling through the center of the broad street. D. R. Atchison, with twenty-five men, was said to be crossing the reserve toward the camp on the Wakarusa. The men were anxious to go out and bring him in a prisoner; but General Robinson was firm: "We are acting only on the defensive." The howitzer has just arrived and several men are guarding it in one of the rooms of the hotel. I go in with others to look at the grape and bombshells.

The twelve-pound brass howitzer¹ was brought in by a ruse evincing tact and skill as well as bravery. The council, having heard of its arrival at Kansas City, decided, if possible, it must be brought up. Mr. Buffum and Mr. Bickerton, from Massachusetts, offered their services. Young Sumner, cousin of Charles Sumner, wished to go with them. They found the boxes in which it was packed consigned to one of our merchants. The proprietor of the warehouse suggested there might be rifles in them, and to quiet all suspicions Mr. Buffum, with an axe, raised a board from the largest box, saying, "Let's see what there is." As they looked in and saw only wheels, he said, "It's only another of Hutchinson's carriages." Everything was satisfactory. The board was replaced. The boxes were loaded on the wagons, with mattresses and furniture on the top, and they left Kansas City by the ferry route across the Kansas river. The wagons getting set as they went up the steep bank on the opposite side of the river, Mr. Buffum called upon a band of Missourians standing by "to give him a lift at the wheels," which they did, and without difficulty they reached Lawrence, where they were received with loud acclamations by the citizens. The little

NOTE 1.—Frederick Law Olmstead some years ago gave the Historical Society the subscription paper circulated by Maj. James B. Abbott in the East in the fall of 1855, for the purchase of this howitzer.

besieged town received it with cheer, hope and courage. Mrs. S. N. Wood has offered her little "shake" cabin next the hotel for the general use. Daily and nightly the ladies meet there in the one room, with its loose, open floor, through which the wind creeps, to make cartridges; their nimble fingers keeping time with each heart-beat for freedom, so enthusiastic are they in aiding the defense.

At evening Colonel Phillips, with the long rifle, came in. He looked sedate, as, seating himself upon the lounge, he said, "The war has begun. They have shot a man about five miles from Lawrence—a Mr. Barber, who came to our assistance from Bloomington." He said, besides, "It is almost impossible to restrain the men to-night. Their imprecations of vengeance are loud and deep, and General Robinson has something to do to restrain his own feelings. A guard has gone out to bring in the body."

The messengers sent to the governor have returned, and they come with a promise that he will be here to-morrow.

Colonel Lane has received a small limb of a tree with a bullet in it, and hemp bound around it, with the compliments of Col. James N. Burnes (since member of Congress from Platte county).

DECEMBER 7. The murdered man was brought into town last night, and in his usual dress was laid upon a table in the hotel. His look was one of perfect repose, with the pallor of the death-sleep. The circumstances of his death show more clearly than anything which has previously transpired the malignity, the utter heartlessness of the foe with whom we have to deal. No mercy will be shown any who fall into their hands.

Mr. Barber, hearing that the lives of the people of Lawrence were in peril, had come, with others in his neighborhood, to lend his aid in making good our defense. Yesterday he mounted his horse, and, bidding his comrades "good-by" saying he would be back in the morning, wholly unarmed started for his home. Doubtless as he sped over the prairies he thought of the glad surprise his coming would give his wife, with whom, on leaving for Lawrence, the bitterness of the parting, her sorrow at his going, seemed but a foreshadowing of his sad fate. A little after he had left the main road, with his two friends who had accompanied him, two horsemen rode out from a company of twelve on the California road, Doctor Wood being one of the twelve. In reply to their questions, he said he had been to Lawrence, was unarmed, was going to his home, and putting spurs to his horse rode on; but the deadly bullet of the foul creature, the tool of the administration, entered his back, and saying, "O God! I am a murdered man!" he never spoke again. Gen. George W. Clarke, the Indian agent, went on his way to meet Governor Shannon at the Wakarusa headquarters, and there declared, with horrid oaths, "I have sent another of these d—d abolitionists to his winter quarters."

Mrs. S. N. Wood and Mrs. G. W. Brown went out six miles beyond the Wakarusa and brought in a keg of powder and some lead.²

The hour approaches for the arrival of the governor, who is coming to treat of peace. Can these men, whose murdered companion now lies within these walls, make peace and he be unavenged? Their feelings revolt at such a proposal, but the magnanimity of their leaders calms the troubled

NOTE 2.—The story of this expedition which was made to the home of Mrs. James B. Abbott, is given in the fifth volume of the Society's Collections, page 74.

waters, and they realize that peace is better than war, though the hot blood, crying "revenge," still chafes.

The carriage passed in through the soldiery to the door, and General Robinson and the governor went through the halls and up the unfinished stairway to the council chamber.

As the eyes of the governor fell on the rigid limbs and the death-pallor of the young man, who yesterday was so full of hope and strength, he gave a perceptible shrug of the shoulders. The governor's suite also entered, and as they passed the silent dead Colonel Boone, of Westport, said: "I did not expect such a thing as this."

They were introduced to the committee of safety. Then the governor and Colonel Boone, and General Robinson and General Lane, talked over the whole matter. The governor asked that the arms be delivered up. He was soon satisfied, however, that such conditions of peace would never be complied with, and he said at last that "such a demand was unreasonable."

The enemy have now nearly surrounded us. The camp on the Wakarusa just south of Lawrence cuts off communication with the southern settlements. There are strolling bands of men all through the Delaware reserve, while quite a body of them are camped in the woods just opposite Lawrence, preventing people passing to and from Leavenworth and other colonies north. They still have camps at Lecompton and below Franklin. Several days ago Mr. Edward Clark went to Osawatomie to notify the people Lawrence was in need of their help. His delay in returning causes us much anxiety. About three o'clock on the 7th the governor and suite, Colonel Boone, of Westport, Colonel Kearney, of Independence, and Colonel Strickland, also of Missouri, and General Lane dined with us. Knowing she could find General Robinson at home near the hour set for dining, Mrs. Clark came up to see what he could think of Mr. Clark's long absence. The death of Barber had added to her fears. My husband felt very little hope of his return, but he suggested his horse might have given out, and so it proved. Mr. Clark came in that evening, having walked a good share of the way home. He was fortunate in crossing the Wakarusa where there was no guard of the enemy. Many of our messengers were taken prisoners.

DECEMBER 8. Governor Shannon was in town again to-day. He made a speech to the soldiers, telling them he had been laboring under a mistake; that if there were Missourians here they came of their own accord; that he had called upon none but the people of the territory. They would now disperse. He believed the people of Lawrence were a law-abiding people; indeed, he had learned that he had misunderstood them, and that they were an estimable and orderly people. He was glad to find that no laws had been violated, and no occasion for an attack upon the town. Cheers were attempted, but the muffled sound was little like the spontaneous out-gushing gladness of a satisfied people. The officers in command also made addresses, which more heartily called forth the expression of the people, and, with the governor, Generals Robinson and Lane went down to Franklin to meet the officers of the invading army. The governor had desired them to do so, for many of the leaders in his army were determined upon the guns being delivered up, and he wished some other convincing arguments than his own to be used with them.

The night was exceedingly tempestuous. The wind raged with unequalled

fury and was full of driving snow and sleet. The whole of the afternoon it had been so strong and furious that boards ten or twelve feet long lying in a pile back of the little barn had been blown end over end in every direction. The night had added violence to the storm. Colonel Phillips had just come in with ears almost frozen. We pity the guard who faithfully watch for our safety in such a wild night as this. The pass-word for the night, "Pitch in," given by our gallant adjutant-general, George W. Deitzler, who has command in the temporary absence of General Robinson, was in strange consonance with the wildness of the storm. A double guard was put on that each man might be oftener relieved from the watch. The anxiety felt for the safe return of the officers from Franklin is intense, so little faith have our people in the honor of the plighted word of the invaders.

At Franklin Generals Robinson and Lane met thirteen captains of the invaders in a little room. Governor Shannon made a long statement of the existing state of things. He told them that a misunderstanding had occurred; that the people of Lawrence had violated no law; that they would not resist any properly appointed officer in the execution of the laws; that the guns would not be given up; and concluded by advising them to go home to Missouri. Generals Lane and Robinson followed briefly. The captains asked Jones if what was said was true, and he said "Yes!" Then they said, "We have been damnably deceived."

My husband had not been at home for several days, save to dine on Friday with Governor Shannon and his suite. Towards evening of Sunday he sent a carriage and a request that I should come down-town. I sat in the carriage while a messenger notified him of my arrival. He returned, bringing the word, "The general says, 'Come up to the council chamber.'" I passed through a file of soldiers guarding the door, through halls similarly guarded, and up the rough staircases, until I reached the further end of the third story, when upon a slight knock the door was opened, and with ceremony I was ushered into the presence of, and introduced to, General Robinson. When this was through with I noticed several ladies, friends and acquaintances, sitting by, and when a few more gathered together we were informed by General Robinson that "The war is over. The hatchet is buried." That the late enemy had expressed a desire to cultivate a conciliatory and friendly spirit with their neighbors in Lawrence; that it is better to bridge over past difficulties by the kindly, pleasant offices of good will and friendship. As a token of our willingness to accept and give any pledges of our good offices in the future, we will to-morrow invite Governor Shannon, and any of his friends from Missouri who will remain, to a social gathering; the ladies were also informed that to them they would look for the necessary refreshments for the evening.

Another reason for the meeting on the morrow's evening is that Governor Shannon might see that the people have neither the look of "paupers nor rebels." The ladies found time amid the arrangements to speak to the governor an occasional word, and to one and all he was free to say, "This is the happiest day of my life." He stated also that he liked the people of Lawrence so well he should come to live among them. Governor Shannon did come to Lawrence to live. He was a most worthy man, a fine lawyer, and our firm friend. He died August 30, 1877, respected by every one.

DECEMBER 10. The making of seven loaves of bread and five loaves of

cake, with other necessary work, left only a few stray minutes in which to finish a letter, which is to be a messenger of good tidings to friends far away under the home roof. It is already three and a half o'clock, and the ladies were to meet at four o'clock, so, pressing into the service as bearers of burdens two young men who called opportunely, I went down town and was soon astonished by the huge baskets of provisions that were provided. Had the Missourians looked in upon the well-filled tables, prepared on such brief notice, they would have given up the idea of starving us to terms; and had New England added her presence among the welcome guests, with her well-filled pockets and stocks in trade, she would have realized that, in the open-heartedness and freedom from conventionalities of her frontier children there is much of the real, true enjoyment of life.

At this peace meeting many of the incidents of the last four weeks were recalled and those of the war recited. A "compromise measure" afforded a good deal of merriment. Doctor Davis, of Leavenworth, had asked General Robinson what would be his reply to Governor Shannon to his demand that the arms of the people of Lawrence should be given up? His reply was brief: "I would propose a compromise measure; keep the rifles and give them the contents." Doctor Cutler, a young Kentuckian, one of the released prisoners, was here last night. He had suffered everything but death at the hands of sheriff Jones. One of the guards reasoned with Jones upon his treatment of the prisoners until he desisted. The rope with which they threatened to hang an old man was repeatedly shown him, but heedless of their threats, and above the raging of the storm on the night of the 8th of December, his voice was heard, "Send it a little colder, O Lord!" And amid the fearful oaths and increasing threats of evil there was the same earnest plea, "O Lord, send it a little colder!"

DECEMBER 12. The different companies were drawn out in lines yesterday, and farewell addresses were made them by their officers. The Lawrence companies then escorted those from the other settlements a little way out of town.

At Douglas, Stringfellow informed his motley gang that "the thing is settled;" that they were sold; that "Shannon has turned traitor;" "he has disgraced himself, and the whole pro-slavery party."

The war is over; for a little time, at least, it was a time of sore trial. The forbearance of the people during the siege has been beyond all praise, owing to the persistent commands of their loved and trusted commander-in-chief, that they "act only upon the defensive."