

should. "You ask an impossible thing, Mr. Secretary. This secession, or revolution, or whatever you call it, cannot conquer without violence, nor can those who hate it and hope to stifle it, resist without vindictiveness. Every struggle has its philosophy, but this is not the hour for philosophers. Your young confederacy wants victory, and champions who are not judges. Men must be killed. To impel the people to passion there must be some slight illusion mingled with the truth; to arouse them to enthusiasm something out of nature must occur. That illusion should be a crusade in the name of conquest, and that something out of nature should be the black flag. Woe be unto all of you if the federals come with an oath of loyalty in one hand and a torch in the other. I have seen Missouri bound hand and foot by this Christless thing called conservatism, and where today she should have two hundred thousand heroes fighting for liberty, beneath her banners there are scarcely twenty thousand."

"What would you do, Captain Quantrill, were your's the power and the opportunity?"

"Do, Mr. Secretary? Why I would wage such a war and have such a war waged by land and sea as to make surrender forever impossible. I would cover the armies of the confederacy all over with blood. I would invade. I would reward audacity. I would exterminate. I would break up foreign enlistments by indiscriminate massacre. I would win the independence of my people or I would find them graves."

"And our prisoners, what of them?"

"Nothing of them; there would be no prisoners. Do they take any prisoners from me? Surrounded, I do not surrender; surprised, I do not give way to panic; outnumbered, I rely upon common sense and stubborn fighting; proscribed, I answer proclamation with proclamation; outlawed, I feel through it my power; hunted, I hunt my hunters in turn; hated and made blacker than a dozen devils, I add to my hoofs the swiftness of a horse, and to my horns the terrors of a savage following. Kansas should be laid waste at once. Meet the torch with the torch, pillage with pillage, slaughter with slaughter, subjugation with extermination. You have my ideas of war, Mr. Secretary, and I am sorry they do not accord with your own, nor with the ideas of the government you have the honor to represent so well." And Quantrill, without his commission as a partisan ranger, or without any authorization to raise a regiment of partisan rangers, bowed himself away from the presence of the secretary and away from Richmond.

Gen. Thomas Ewing while in command of the District of the Border, headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., detailed June 17, 1863, my company. A

Eleventh Kansas cavalry, and fifty picked men from ten companies of cavalry to trail and hunt Quantrill, who had become the terror of the country. His men were mostly toughs and desperadoes from the plains of northern Texas and the Kansas border, were dead shots, best riders in the world; and while he could concentrate in a day or two 500 men, he generally moved in small squads of from ten to forty men, and occupied the timber and brush of every border county south of the Missouri river to the Boston mountains of Arkansas. He was enabled by his daring and dashing, unexpected attacks to keep fully 4,000 Federal cavalry busy for three years and 4,000 or 5,000 infantry guarding towns, trains and supply depots.

The hair-breadth escapes of this guerrilla chief; the wonderful experiences of his men and the daily adventures of his pursuers, our men, who were lost in wonderment if we failed to have a half a dozen fights with bushwhackers each week; the miles of night riding, skulking through wooded ravines, the byroads and cow-paths traveled, hunting for an enemy worse than Indians; houses, villages and cities sacked and burned by guerrillas and retaliatory acts by our commanders resulting in a perfect "hell of a war;" the story of the events from Sterling Price's first march to the south; of his several attempts to wrest Missouri from the Union; of Joe Shelby's raids up to Price's last disastrous raid in September and October, 1864; of Quantrill's Lawrence raid August 21, 1863, when he slaughtered in cold blood 143 unarmed non-combatants and sacked and burned the undefended city; of Quantrill's escape from eighty men of Pomeroy's command, Ninth Kansas, when they had him and five of his men in a house surrounded and the house on fire; of the ambush and cowardly murder June 17, 1863, of Capt. Flesher's men, Co. E of the Ninth Kansas cavalry at Brush Creek within a mile of West Port, Mo., then a military station, by Bill Todd; of Bill Anderson's wrecking and capturing a railroad train on the North Missouri railroad at Centralia in November, 1861, and slaughtering eighty unarmed and wounded soldiers; of the massacre of Blunt's band and teamsters at Baxter Springs, October, 6, 1863; of Captain Cleveland's desertion with part of his company, the Seventh Kansas Black Horse cavalry, turning highwayman; how it took nearly 2,000 cavalry four months to disperse his band and kill him; how Geo. H. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, came to Kansas after defending John Brown at Charlestown, Va., was first captain Co. K, Seventh Kansas cavalry with John Brown, Jr., as first lieutenant, and after resigning raised a band of over 300 Red Legs, an organization sworn to shoot rebels, take no prisoners, free slaves and respect no

property rights of rebels or of sympathizers; of our chase for Quantrill from the Missouri river to Arkansas and back, before and after the Lawrence raid; how the sacking of Lawrence and the massacre of 143 people might have been averted had it not been for a mistake of judgment on the part of one of our best and most loyal officers; of how we finally drove Quantrill and his men beyond the Mississippi and of his tragic death near Louisville, Ky., in February, 1865—all these incidents come before my mind as a panorama, vivid as life, a story that can never be told, the record of which would fill a hundred volumes of intensely interesting matter; a story which can never be forgotten by any one of the men who were active witnesses of the sickening details. I have cited a few instances to show barely a sketch of the "Border war" near the Kansas and Missouri line, a war that forced fully 80 per cent of the male population of that region between the ages of 15 and 50 into the army and made mourners in every household, and left monuments of desolation and war in burned homes, marked by stone and brick chimneys from the north to the south line.

The two incidents cited near the beginning of this story are given as extremely aggravating cases, not as everyday common-place affairs. With the exception of the Seventh and Fifteenth Kansas cavalry there were no better disciplined or better behaved troops in the Union army than the Kansas men. The First Kansas infantry organized in May, 1861, fought like regulars under General Lyon at Wilson Creek and lost in that fight August 10, 1861, 51 per cent of the entire regiment in killed and wounded, stood their ground to the end, and won the fight. The seventeen Kansas regiments, three batteries and three colored regiments, with the exception above noted, gave the enemy no good cause for guerrilla warfare; all left good records for brave and soldierly conduct; and the Seventh fully redeemed herself under Colonel Lee with Sherman's army from '62 to '64. The guerrillas who fought with Quantrill under the black flag, excusing their blood-thirsty acts as deeds of revenge, charged the first cause to acts committed before the war, 1856 to 1861, and to the early campaigning of Lane, Montgomery and Jennison to October, '61. As all the guerrillas were outlawed by that time, there was no possible way of ending their crimes, except in annihilation. While our men had become desperate hunters of desperate criminals, and had for years given and asked no quarter, yet when Gen. Sterling Price and Joe Shelby led their armies into our field they were met and fought with as much chivalry and soldierly courtesy as was accorded to the regular confederate army by our men on the Potomac. When General Mar-