

to Gen. Lane, then at Fort Lincoln, and having won Gen. Lane's friendship and commendation for services rendered at Drywood, I persuaded him to let young Rosser go to his home and mother, out of what he thought was the jaws of hell. For this act Rosser seven months later saved my life by preventing my capture by Dick Yeager's band of guerillas.

About October 1, 1861, we captured Osceola, Mo., defeating a large force of rebels, captured about 400 mules and a very large amount of stores, gathered for the confederate army. Among these supplies were several wagon loads of liquor stored in a brick building. Our men were dangerously thirsty. Some officers and men, myself among the number, were detailed to break in the heads of the barrels and spill this stock of "wet goods," to prevent the men from indulging too freely. The "mixed drinks" filled the side-hill cellar and ran out of a rear door down a ravine where the boys filled their canteens and "tanks" with the stuff more deadly for a while than rebel bullets. Nearly 300 of our men had to be hauled from town in wagons and carriages impressed into the service for that purpose. Had the rebels rallied and renewed the fight we would have been captured and shot. The town was fired and was burning as we left. After Osceola we camped at West Point, Mo., on the Kansas line. I was on duty as sergeant of the guard, on picket nearly a mile from the main camp. It had been raining all night and then at 10 a. m. a cold, drizzly October rain. We saw a woman approaching from down the dreary uninhabited roadway. She was on foot and was carrying a babe hugged to her breast, four little children also walking, two boys and two girls, the oldest a girl of seven years. All were in their night clothes and all wet to the skin, the children crying and suffering with cold and hunger. We soldiers quickly shed our coats to shelter them from the storm and gave them our dog tent by the rail campfire. The babe was dead. I sent for a wagon and soon we had them in camp. The mother died from this exposure within thirty-six hours; the four children were sent to four different homes by friendly officers and soldiers. The story told by the woman before her death revealed the fact that her husband had, as a member of the Missouri legislature of '60 and '61, fought bitterly the secession scheme. He was a rich man, owned 500 acres of improved land, fine buildings, house, barn and other out-buildings, and owned several slaves; yet he loved the flag and was for the Union.

In January '61 he freed his slaves and then his neighbors damned him as a "black abolitionist." They finally, in July, '61, drove him from his home. The Union army was the only safe re-

sort, so he joined Montgomery's Kansas regiment and was on this fatal October day 110 miles south of West Point. Bushwhackers had at divers times robbed his home until every head of stock had been driven away save a yoke of old worn-out oxen. His wife, with one old black aunty, had remained at the persecuted home, and during her confinement in August no friends came to see her. Only the old slave woman who would not accept her freedom, was left to help her. On this cold dreary October night the bushwhackers came for their last damnable raid, burst in the doors suddenly and drove her and her children out into the storm and set fire to the house, barn and other out-buildings. The burning home gave generous heat until morning when the old colored woman yoked the oxen to an old wagon, filled the box with straw, loaded in the children and started for Kansas. Within four miles of our camp a band of bushwhacking fiends rode out of the brush and asked "Where are you going?" Answer, "To Kansas." "Go on and give our compliments to your husband." With this reply they shot the oxen and rode away leaving a helpless mother and five children, near no habitation, to walk in the rain and mud to our camp. When the soldier husband and father heard the news only four survivors of his once happy family were left and they in four different homes widely separated. *Did he thirst for revenge?*

In October, 1863, Mr. Lawrence, a Virginian, a rebel sympathizer, nearly 60 years old, feeble and weak, unable to do harm to anybody, was living near the Big Blue in Jackson county, Mo., three miles from my headquarters where I had 130 men specially detailed to fight the famous guerrilla chief, Quantrill. Lawrence owned a fine home, was a slaveholder before the war and reputed quite wealthy. It was a lonesome neighborhood, and he lived quite alone; his wife and two daughters who were between 25 and 30 year old, and two or three old darky servants constituted his family. An unmarried son about 35 years old lived in New Mexico, serving as clerk for Jesus Perea at Cimmaron. He had gone to New Mexico some years before the war and at this time, October, 1863, had not taken side in the struggle. Capt. J. B. Swain commanding Co. K of the Fifteenth Kansas cavalry (which regiment was then commanded by Col. C. R. Jennison, late commander of the Seventh Kansas cavalry "Jayhawkers") with seven of his squadron made a night raid on Mr. Lawrence on the very day of the death by disease of Mrs. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence was ordered to produce his money and silver plate. He answered that his money and silver were in a bank in Canada. Capt Swain's party dragged old man Lawrence into the orchard in front of his home and three times hung him to a tree to force

him to produce the money and valuables wanted. Lawrence had told the truth. His persecutors left him nearer dead than alive and commenced a wild search of the house opening drawers with an axe when locked, emptying trunks upon the floor and ripping open bed ticks. Passing from room to room they had passed the coffin containing the remains of Mrs. Lawrence resting on chairs in the parlor. One fellow, Beardsley, suggested that maybe the money was hid in the coffin. With that he knocked off the lid of the casket and searched for gold; a ring on the finger of the dead woman attracted his attention; whipping out his bowie-knife he cut off the finger to release the ring. Before leaving, this gallant party of Union defenders said to the two terror-stricken daughters: "If you want to plant the old lady drag her out, for we are going to fire the ranch." Unaided they dragged the coffin from the burning home, nursed their father back to life and watched for the dawn of day and reflected perhaps that they were not the only sufferers on account of this cruel civil war, that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." A colored servant came to tell me the story early next morning. I did all I could to relieve their distress, tried to locate the villains, but did not for over a year learn who the night raiders were. My vote as a member of a court martial held in March, 1865, helped to give this same captain a dishonorable dismissal from the service, which he had from the first disgraced. Young Lawrence came home from New Mexico and joined Quantrill for revenge; in fact, "revenge" was the watchword from the north line of Kansas south on the line between Kansas and Missouri into Arkansas. Old scores from the early Kansas troubles had to be settled. The war was not commenced at Fort Sumpter; it started in Kansas in 1856, and the fires had been kept bright until the Fort Sumpter breeze had fanned the entire border counties into a flame.

Thus, as before stated, from early spring of '61 until in October, 1861, Lane's brigade fought under the black flag, the rebels opposed to us. Up Hayes, General Rains, Davidson, Standwatie and his Choctaws and Chickasaw Indians, Coon Thornton (the worst daredevil of them all) Quantrill, Thrailkill, Bill Anderson, Arch Clements, Jesse James (who made Missouri notorious after the war) his brother Frank, Cole Younger, Si Porter, Si Gordon, Bill Todd, Dick Yeager, all officers under Quantrill, commanding guerilla bands, started in under the war cry "No surrender except in death." The Kansans under Lane, Montgomery, Blunt, Jennison, Anthony, Hoyt and others accepted the challenge, and until General Fremont in October, 1861, issued his order against this retaliatory work and forced a reorganization of