

Lane's brigade—which forced Lane out of the army and back to the senate—there was no pretention to the common amenities of civilized war, and in fact with the guerillas and bushwhackers there was no quarter given or taken until the surrender of Lee. It was a fight to the death by combatants on both sides all through the war. The bushwhackers, who were the demon-devils of this border war—personally more for plunder and dare-devil notoriety than for patriotic impulses—were led by men holding roving commissions from the confederate government. They paid and supported themselves by robbery; by plundering homes and villages, wrecking and robbing trains, attacking weakly protected supply trains, ambushing and waylaying soldiers. In fights with Union men they were treated as pirates should be, no quarter given; and of course our men expected like treatment. Two of my troopers were scalped by Quantrill's men, and I saw five of his men hung on the present site of the New Coates House, Kansas City. This demoralized inhuman condition of affairs in the "District of the Border" was not confined to one side. The Seventh Kansas cavalry, organized October 28, 1861, commanded by Charles R. Jennison, gained under his control a world-wide reputation as the "Jayhawkers." Returning from their first raid into Missouri, they marched through Kansas City, nearly all dressed in women's clothes, old bonnets and outlandish hats on their heads, spinning wheels and even gravestones lashed to their saddles, their pathway through the country strewn with, to them, worthless household goods, their route lighted by burning homes. This regiment was a little less than an armed mob until Jennison was forced to resign, May 1, 1862. As might be inferred, this man Jennison brought only disgrace to Kansas soldiery. He was a coward and a murderer, and for shooting, while he was colonel commanding the Fifteenth Kansas cavalry, four brave Kansas state militia men, October 23, 1864, was tried in June, 1865, by a court martial, of which Major-General George Sykes of Antietam fame was president and myself the junior member. The sentence, death, was changed by the commander of the department to imprisonment for life, and finally, through the great influence of Senator James H. Lane with President Andrew Johnson, to simply a dishonorable dismissal from the service. Lane was a warm friend of Jennison's and morally nearly as bad, and died a coward's death—suicide.

William Clark Quantrill, the bravest, most successful guerilla of the War of the Rebellion and chief bushwhacker of the Border War, was born in Canal Dover, Ohio, in 1837. His father, Thomas H. Quantrill, was principal of the public school. Both parents were

from Hagerstown, Maryland. The elder Quantrill was a whig, a religious, enthusiastic educator. Young Quantrill enjoyed the best advantages, was under strict religious training; at 16 taught a country school. In 1857, in his 20th year, Quantrill went to Kansas to secure a homestead. Being under age, he was compelled to trust a supposed friend, who proved false; this embittered the young man and from that time it seems he lost control of the moral instincts that should be the guiding star of true manhood. For two or three years he taught school in Kansas; between terms, worked with the immortal John Brown, who was stealing slaves from Missouri, and as slaves were chattels he also took horses, mules and anything else of value to compensate himself and companions for the risk incurred, and to supply the sinews of war, for the freedom of a suppressed and benighted race. John Brown could pray, shoot, steal slaves or horses and really thought he was serving God in his almost single-handed war against slavery, an institution supported by the laws of our country and enforced by the courts, and by the army. Not a dollar's worth of Brown's plunder or captured booty was used by him for selfish purposes. Quantrill became one of Brown's best men; the false friend and an embittered mind caused him to start with his elder brother, in 1860, for California by team. They were attacked by Indians on the Little Cottonwood in Kansas; the brother was killed and scalped. Young Quantrill, badly wounded, escaped to the brush; after the Indians left with the horses and provisions Quantrill crawled to the creek and laid there for nearly three days when a friendly Indian found him and nursed him to stalwart health and strength, and from this date Quantrill became the most cruel, desperate robber and murderer that ever lived. He was a blonde haired, handsome, mild-mannered man, nothing indicating the desperado or robber in appearance.

Edwards, in his book entitled "Noted Guerrillas of the Border War," tells of Quantrill's interview in Richmond, Va., with the confederate secretary of war, in November, 1861, after Quantrill had been for more than seven months murdering his Kansas neighbors and comrades in the name and in behalf of the Southern cause, which he had so suddenly and unexpectedly espoused, after years of work on the opposite side of the question. Like Saul of Tarsus, this fiend had experienced a change of heart; but the devil had engineered the change. I quote the interview as reported to Edwards and written up by him in his laudatory work of showing Quantrill as a hero, a patriot, and as a chivalrous Southern soldier who was willing to lay down his life for the South, as was Cash-

ing, who sunk the Albemarle. Read, and judge as you will.

"His interview at Richmond with the confederate secretary of war was a memorable one. General Louis T. Wigfall, then a senator from Texas, was present, and described it afterwards in his rapid, vivid, picturesque way. Quantrill asked to be commissioned a colonel under the Partisan Ranger Act, and to be so recognized by the department as to have accorded to him whatever protection the confederate government might be in a condition to exercise. Never mind the question of men, he would have the complement required in a month after he had reached western Missouri. The warfare was desperate, he knew; the service desperate; everything connected with it desperate; but the Southern people to succeed had to fight a desperate fight. The secretary suggested that war had its amenities and its refinements, and that in the nineteenth century it was simply barbarism to talk of a black flag.

"Barbarism," and Quantrill's blue eyes blazed, and his whole manner and attitude underwent a transformation; "barbarism, Mr. Secretary, means war and war means barbarism. Since you have touched upon this subject, let us discuss it a little. Times have their crimes as well as men. For twenty years this cloud has been gathering; for twenty years, inch by inch and little by little, those people called the Abolitionists have been on the track of slavery; for twenty years the people of the South have been robbed, here of a negro and there of a negro; for twenty years hates have been engendered and wrathful things laid up against the day of wrath. The cloud has burst. Do not condemn the thunderbolt."

The war secretary bowed his head. Quantrill, leaving his own seat, and standing over him as it were and above him went on.

"Who are these people you call confederates? Rebels, unless they succeed; outcasts, traitors, food for hemp and gunpowder. There were no great statesmen in the South, or this war would have happened ten years ago; no inspired men, or it would have happened fifteen years ago. Today the odds are desperate. The world hates slavery. The world is fighting you. The ocean belongs to the Union navy. There is a recruiting officer in every foreign port. I have captured and killed many who did not know the English tongue. Mile by mile the cordon is being drawn about the granaries of the South; Missouri will go first, next Kentucky, next Tennessee, by and by Mississippi and Arkansas, and then what? That we must put gloves on our hands, and honey in our mouths, and fight this war as Christ fought the wickedness of the world?"

The war secretary did not speak. Quantrill, perhaps did not desire that he