

maduke, General Cabbell and seven confederate colonels surrendered with over 1,000 men at Mine Creek, Kan., in October, 1864, some of their captors were Kansas men of my company and regiment, who were prompt in according them fair treatment, and no spirit of revenge was manifested; our men divided the contents of their haversacks with the hungry rebels. So at Prairie Grove, Van Buren, Newtonia, at West Port, and wherever and whenever we met the regular confederate army (an organization that wore the gray, supported and carried a flag) no regular confederate soldier had cause to complain of ungenerous or unkind treatment from Kansas soldiers.

I might tell of deeds of individual heroism and bravery, of devoted loyalty to our country and our flag, loyalty to a wrong and losing cause; sufferings in camp and on the march, short rations, no medicine and poor surgeons (fully 80 per cent of the amputations at and immediately after the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., December 7, 1862, were fatal); of the 1100 miles tramped on foot by my company and regiment in ten months before we were mounted; of five days' and nights' scout of myself and twenty men on the front and flank of Joe Shelby's command in October, 1864, with no sleep except in the saddle and yet we were not at Vicksburg, Donnellson, Nashville, Gettysburg or in any of the great battles of the war save at Wilson Creek, Pea Ridge, Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Van Buren and two Lexington fights, Little Blue, Big Blue, West Port, Mound City and Newtonia.

We were regularly mustered and drew our pay, wore the blue and fought the grey, obeyed orders and after Lee's surrender fought Indians from the Missouri river to the crest of the Rockies and north to the Yellowstone. The soldiers constituting the large armies east of the Mississippi were indeed fortunate in comparison with troops in the Army of the Frontier and District of the Border and others detailed on the fearful and thankless duty of fighting bushwhackers. Were the former killed in battle and left in the hands of the enemy, an honorable burial and un mutilated body were awarded them. If they were wounded medical aid and some care were bestowed upon them. If captured the prospect of an exchange of prisoners was ever before them. Contrast this treatment with the unfortunate fate of the Union soldier on the border, in the hands of the guerillas! If killed their poor inanimate bodies were outraged and mutilated; if wounded they were often forced to suicide or torture and death in the end. There was practically no captures, surrender meant death. No battle stained flags, no heroic pages in history, no honor or special credit. "Murdered by bushwhackers, killed by Indians" is the brief record to

be found in the adjutant general's office. Don't forget that our enemy was as often clad in the Union blue, as in the butternut or rebel grey. We met, sometimes face to face with hands on our weapons, both parties in doubt, some short questioning, a faltering answer, a sign, a move, draw, fire and let the dead bite the dust.

I quote from Quantrill's historian, Edwards:

"From Jackson county to the Arkansas line the whole country was swarming with militia, and but for the fact that every guerrilla was clad in federal clothing, the march would have been an incessant battle. As it was it will never be known how many isolated federals, mistaking Quantrill's men for comrades of other regiments not on duty with them, fell into traps that never gave up their victims alive. Near Cassville, in Barry county, twenty-two were killed thus. They were coming up from Cassville, and were meeting the guerillas, who were going south. The order given by Quantrill was a most simple but a most murderous one. By the side of each federal in the approaching column a guerrilla was to range himself, engage him in conversation, and then, at a given signal, blow his brains out. Quantrill gave the signal promptly, shooting the militiaman assigned to him through the middle of the forehead; upon their horses twenty-two confident men laughed and talked in comrade fashion only a second before."

Edwards in his laudatory history of the guerrillas says on page 327, speaking of Arch Clements who succeeded to the command of Anderson's company of guerrillas, that on one raid lasting but a few days he kept an accurate diary of each day's work, killing federals. Those shot to death numbered 152; killed by having their throats cut 20; hung, 76; shot and scalped 33; shot and mutilated, 11; a grand total of 292—a ten days' job for sixty men, something worth boasting of.

In the same book, in describing 183 engagements by the bushwhackers with federals on the border, Mr. Edwards reports a grand total of 6,388 federal and Union sympathizers killed. The reports of these engagements are quixotic in the extreme. The actual number killed by the bushwhackers could not have been more than 2,000 to 2,500 (bad enough) and fully 70 per cent of those killed are among the unknown dead.

A picture of the horrors of border warfare as painted by the enemy.

We saved Kansas and Nebraska from the rebel hordes, saved our western settlement from General Albert Pike's Christian scheme of annihilation by his Indian allies, kept open and comparatively safe communication with the Pacific coast, and preserved the proper alignment of the right wing of that grand phalanx of army corps that ex-

tended from the Atlantic to the crest of the Rockies, served where we were commanded to serve, and have the consciousness of having done our duty. Kansas furnished for the war in defense of the Union 20,097 soldiers out of a population of 160,665, one out of eight a soldier.

The census of 1860 shows 107,110. Enlistments from Kansas were 3,443 more than the quota—no draft was ever suggested. The proportion of deaths in action or from wounds was 2.79 per cent more than any other of the twenty-four loyal states, and just 25.91 per cent above the average of all the states.

**STATESMANSHIP.** For a long time many journals and many citizens of the United States have held to the illusion that getting money out of all of the people, to bestow upon a few of the people, is genuine statesmanship. This illusion is a very popular one among people who believe in a paternal government. Such persons hold that the highest duty of a congressman or a senator is to get places which will pay money directly to constituents, or to secure general appropriations for communities with which to build unnecessarily commodious and extravagant court houses and postoffices or to dredge and dam, and confine within banks, unnavigable streams. To loot the treasury of the United States in behalf of a city, county or state is considered sensible statesmanship, and the highest development of practical patriotism by many populist newspapers in Nebraska. And a leading one of those organs of discontent, of those promoters of antagonisms between citizens, on October 26, 1898, triumphantly and with fervid pride declares:

*"A record of over 500 pension claims allowed for old soldiers or their dependents in Nebraska is a pretty good evidence of the efficiency of Senator Allen in looking after the interests of his constituents, as well as of his sympathy with old comrades."*

No decent citizen objects to pensions for disabilities incurred in the military service of the United States. But there are a large number of reputable citizens who will not admit that increasing the number of pensioners five hundred in the state of Nebraska thirty-three years after the close of the war is anything like "good evidence" that Allen should be reelected to the United States senate. Nor can adding five hundred to the lists of those to whom all the others must contribute their stipends be considered the most efficient way of looking after the interests of his constituents.

All contemplated additions to the pension rolls which are evolved from the civil war of a generation ago ought to be carefully scrutinized to prevent any more frauds upon a generous government. The fact that the number now drawing pensions added to the number