

QUANTRELL'S RAID.

Graphic Story of the Border Warfare in Kansas.

Between the session of the Republican Congressional Convention at Fairmount Park says the correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Captain William H. Gregg told the story of Quantrell's raid upon Lawrence. "The Lawrence massacre" is what the people of the Kansas University town call it. A few days ago the survivors there quietly celebrated the anniversary of the event, which gave their town its notable place in the history of the Civil War. That even is commemorated by a monument, which bears the inscription: "To the memory of the 150 citizens who, defenseless, fell victims of the ferocity of border guerrillas, led by the infamous Quantrell, August 21, 1863."

The presence in the Republican Convention of J. C. Horton, a wholesale merchant, of Kansas City, who in 1863 was one of the Lawrence business men marked for death and who escaped by being overlooked in the hurry of the raid, was the occasion of the revival of the memories. Captain Gregg and Mr. Horton were quickly sharing reminiscences when the former was led to tell how it all came about. No man living is better qualified than Captain Gregg to give the story of the Lawrence raid, from the guerrilla's point of view. When Quantrell formed his band to operate on the Kansas border, Gregg was the eighth man to join it. He became the first Lieutenant, the officer closest to the leader. He was the first of Quantrell's men into Lawrence and the last out of it, named by Quantrell, to lead the van and later to command the rear in the retreat back to Missouri.

"There were just 249 in the force which Quantrell led to Lawrence," Captain Gregg said. "We crossed the border between the States of Missouri and Kansas near Aubrey. It was well understood that the purpose of the raid was to attack Lawrence. But the first intention was to capture General Jim Lane. We had sent a spy into Lawrence, a negro named John Lobb, to come back and report how he found things. Lobb did not get back before we started. He met us on the road and told us Lane had left town. That was a fact, but Lane had returned later in the evening. We, however, did not learn this until afterwards. We went to Lawrence with the understanding that we would not find Lane, and therefore, we did not look for him. Lane, we were told afterwards, was in Lawrence, but escaped by going out to a pond and getting under water, all but the tip of his nose."

As illustrative of the discrepancies between the truth and the way the history of the Lawrence affair has been preserved, Captain Gregg recalls what happened as the raiders crossed into Kansas near Aubrey.

"If you will look in the war records published by the government," he said, "you will find the official report of the Federal officer who was stationed with 200 soldiers, at Aubrey. In that report the officer states that he heard a command had crossed the line going from Missouri into Kansas on our way to Lawrence. He got out his 200 men and formed them on the prairie as if to give battle. We marched by them in full view not over half a mile away. Quantrell's order was:—

"Make no attack unless fired upon."

"The Federals did not fire and we did not. We rode along, leaving them drawn up in line looking at us."

The surprise of Lawrence was complete, Captain Gregg tells how the entrance was made.

"Five miles to the southeast of Lawrence is a little town called Franklin. When we went through there it was just light enough in the morning to tell the difference between a soldier and a citizen on the streets. We did not stop. There was no fighting. As we passed out of Franklin Quantrell said to me:—

"Gregg, take five men and go ahead to see if there is anything in the way."

"I did so, and as we moved in advance Quantrell put the command in column of fours and followed on a gallop. At that gait we went all of the way to Lawrence. The main body followed so closely that we five men were only 250 or 300 yards in advance most of the time. We rode into the town from the south by the main street, Massachusetts. Just before we came to the business portion there was a large open space with about forty large tents, I don't know how many soldiers were in them. The five men with me halted there for the main body to come up. As we sat on our horses we saw soldiers sleeping on the porches of the nearest houses, and opened fire on them with our revolvers. As soon as Quantrell reached me—he was riding at the head of the column—I pointed to the 40 tents arranged in the open space. Without a word of command being given and without a halt being made the command divided and charged through that camp. Men and horses were wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by the all night riding and by the final gallop. The horses made no effort to go between the tents. They plunged right through them. In three minutes there wasn't a man alive

or a tent standing in the camp. We could see the tents flying as the command went through. I had fallen in on the right of Quantrell, who had remained in the road when the command charged the tents. We started on without waiting for the command to reform and rode down Massachusetts St. into the business part of the town. As we went along he fired to the left and I to the right. We didn't stop until we came to the river bank. When we came to the end of the street we were entirely alone."

The Lieutenant of the guerrillas checked his narration and mused a moment. As if recalling some statements that pass for history to the massacre, he said:—

"It is strange men can't be brave enough to tell the truth. That we killed I don't deny. We went there to kill, and I don't deny it. But I do say we had provocation. Beyond the space where the tents were and before we came to the business houses ran a kind of ravine across Massachusetts street. Near that ravine was a collection of structures made in part of boards and in part of hay. Those shacks were filled with household goods stolen from Jackson county by the Kansans on their raids into Missouri. There were feather beds and all manner of household effects. There were pianos which had cost \$1,000 apiece. We didn't have cheap pianos in those days. The inhabitants of the shacks were mostly negroes who had been run off from their owners in Missouri. I recognized some from my own neighborhood. We went among the shacks touching matches to the hay. It is stated that we destroyed property in Lawrence worth \$150,000. I don't know about that. I have always contended that the fires we started that morning destroyed as much property that had belonged to Jackson county people as that belonging to the citizens of Lawrence. The raid was soon over. If any women or children were ever hurt by Quantrell's men it was accidental. I have always believed that most of the men killed at Lawrence were soldiers. As we rode away, Quantrell told me to take sixty men and hold the rear. The news had spread rapidly. Federal troops began to close in on us, and we had steady skirmishing all of the way back to the border. Once my rear guard was driven right in upon the main body. I told Quantrell that if he would overlook it that time it shouldn't happen again, and it didn't. We lost just one man in Lawrence—Milt Scaggs. The citizens shot him. Then one of them tied him to a horse and dragged him through the streets until his body was naked. After that he was hung to the limb of a tree and riddled with bullets and stoned. This is what we were told afterwards by persons present."

Not a semblance of the feeling which made such things possible was in the tones or the manner of Captain Gregg as he talked. He was moved to speak because of the presence of men who had participated in the events. One who heard him was Colonel R. H. Hunt, who served with Blunt and with the other Union Generals in the fierce campaigning in those times in the Southwest. Colonel Hunt was the officer sent to Lawrence to batter down the walls of the Eldridge House, left standing in a dangerous condition after the burning by Quantrell's men. He is one of the foremost Republicans of Kansas City, and was conspicuous in the convention which brought Captain Gregg to Fairmount.

"I can say this for Captain Gregg," said Colonel Hunt, "that in so far as his memory serves him his statements can be depended upon absolutely. He is a man who would not wilfully misrepresent."

Captain Gregg does not soften the horrors of this border strife. His only contention is that it was not one-sided.

"Quantrell and his men went to Lawrence with h—l in their necks, and raised h—l after they got there," he said, as he finished the narrative. "But what we did was in retaliation for what the Kansans from there had done down here."

Quantrell, who organized these lairs of Western Missouri into the rough riders of the Civil War, was not to the border born. Captain Gregg knew him more intimately, perhaps, than any other of the young Missourians who flocked to him.

"The first we knew of Quantrell," said Captain Gregg, "was when he came into Missouri with five other Kansans to rob Morgan Walker's house. As we learned afterwards, Quantrell came over from Ohio. He was raised in Canal Dover. I have been told of recent years that when he left Canal Dover he was an abolitionist, his people being so known. He moved to Kansas, took up a claim, and taught school. He came out with the Ohio people who were going to make Kansas a free soil State. Something of Quantrell's history in Kansas I have had from ex-Senator Johnson Clark, of Kansas, who afterwards moved to Kansas City. Mr. Clark once told me that he assisted Quantrell to perfect his land claim. I think the claim was near Osawatomie, where John Brown lived. Quantrell, as we got the story after he came among us, had a difficulty with some of his associates in Kansas and was shot and wounded. He joined the five Kansans who came over to rob Morgan Walker, and when he got into Missouri he gave away his companions because of what he had suffered in

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Kansas. After that he remained here. What drew attention to him first was a good piece of work he did in recovering several head of fine breeding stock. The animals had been run off from the owner in this county. Quantrell followed the parties who took them, located them in another Missouri county, and brought them back. The owner offered him a handsome reward, but he refused to accept more than \$2 a head. He said that was all the work was worth. After that some trouble was made over the manner in which Quantrell had recovered and returned the property. There were threats that he was to be arrested and taken to the place where he had found the stock. When he heard of them he said that he would try to make things interesting if it was proposed to punish him for returning stolen property. He went into the brush and began to organize a company. I was the eighth man to join him. I took three others into the camp, making eleven in all. Quantrell made me Lieutenant. That was the beginning of the organization."

What was the secret of Quantrell's success as a leader? Captain Gregg remembered him as a man of about five feet nine inches, having light blue eyes and very light hair. His moustache and small imperial, for that was the way he wore what hair he permitted on his face, were red. There was nothing striking about the appearance of this man of twenty-four as his Lieutenant remembers. His aspect had nothing of fierceness or magnetism about it. He was a man of few words. He usually restrained the ardor of his followers, and never sacrificed a man needlessly. He had no black flag with "Quantrell" in red silk in the centre. "We never carried a black flag," said Captain Gregg.

All through the Missouri border country was an intense desire for revenge upon Kansas, Quantrell, with a grievance of his own, furnished the opportunity to feed it. Captain Gregg told how the organization grew upon this basis. A single incident will illustrate:—

"On one occasion," he said, "the Kansans came into Jackson county and visited the houses of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Sanders. They took the two men prisoners, robbed the houses, and then burned them. When they did so they refused to let any of the women folks put on so much as a bonnet, although it was in the winter. After making the destruction as complete as they could, they took Mr. Crawford and Mr. Sanders to Blue Springs and killed them. Not long after that Mrs. Crawford came to Quantrell's camp bringing three boys. The youngest was not more than fourteen."

"Here are all I have left," she said to Quantrell. "I want you to take them and make soldiers of them."

"That was the way Quantrell's men were recruited. Most of them were scarcely boys. All of them had family wrongs to avenge."

A few years ago the story started afresh that Quantrell was not dead, but had escaped and was in Arizona under an assumed name, having resumed his earlier vocation of teaching school. The Lawrence people raised a fund and proposed to pay a reward for the return of the ex-guerrilla to stand trial. Captain Gregg scouts the idea that Quantrell is alive. He says the story of his death in Kentucky about the close of the war is absolutely authentic.

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Time Extended.

The time for receiving proposals as stated, it will be seen, has been extended from Tuesday, October 4, to Thursday, October 20th.

NOTICE

—TO—

CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of A. Henderson, Woodstock, N. B., until 12 o'clock,

Thursday, Oct. 20th,

for the construction of a county jail on the lot owned by the county in the town of Woodstock, in accordance with the plans and specifications to be seen at A. Henderson's office and work to be done and brick, mortar, cement, iron and stone necessary to compose it to be furnished by contractor. No proposal will be considered unless making it shall furnish evidence satisfactory to the committee appointed by County Council to take charge of it, of his ability to do the work, and that he has pecuniary resources to fulfill the conditions of the contract provided that contract be accorded him. The said committee reserve right to reject the whole or any bid offered. Tenders or bids will be received for brick, iron or wood work separate or complete.

The municipality of Carleton County per
GEO. W. WHITE,
Chairman of Com.
Woodstock, Sept. 13, 1898.

Probate Court, County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable of the said County—Greeting:— WHEREAS the Executors of the estate of John Buckley, deceased, have filed in this court an account of their administration of the said deceased's estate, and have prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law.

YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the legatees and next of kin of the deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in his said estate, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a Court of Probate to be held in and for said County, at the office of the Judge of Probate for said County in the Town of Woodstock in said County, on TUESDAY THE FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for, and as by law directed.

Given under my hand and the Seal of
L.S. the said Probate Court, this thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1898.

LEWIS P. FISHER,
Judge of Probate County of Carleton.
FRANK B. CARVELL,
Registrar of Probates for Carleton County.

Notice Of Sale.

To Benjamin McLean of Northampton in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Maria A. his wife, and all others whom it may be in anywise concern.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley and Carvell in the town of Woodstock in County of Carleton on Monday the seventh day of November next at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the said Parish of Northampton, described as follows:—"Beginning at a point twenty-two chains and fifty links distant in a Southerly direction from South Westerly angle of lot seven in North Newburg on the base line of lot eight; thence Easterly and parallel to South line of said lot seven one hundred and ten chains; thence Northerly, parallel to base line sixteen chains or to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and sixty six and two thirds acres more or less, being part of lot eight granted to George Shaw, and part of lot nine granted to Ziba Shaw in North Newburg, being same land described in a deed from James A. Phillips and others to said Maria A. McLean, dated twenty first of March 1883 together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto appertaining."

The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage of Mortgage, bearing date the twenty sixth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty three, made between the said Benjamin McLean and Maria A. his wife of the one part and the undersigned Hester Hume, of the other part, and recorded in Book A number 3 of Carleton County Records on pages 557, 558 and 559 the twenty eighth day of May A. D. 1883, default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured. Dated this twenty third day of September A. D. 1898.

HESTER HUME,
Mortgagee,
HARTLEY & CARVELL,
Solicitors for Mortgagee.

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Probate Court, County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable of the said County, Greeting:— WHEREAS the Administrator of the Estate of Catherine McAlpine, deceased, hath filed in this Court an account of his Administration of the said deceased's estate, and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law.

YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the Heirs and next of kin of the deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in her said estate, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton at the office of the Judge of Probate for said County of Carleton in the Town of Woodstock on Monday the thirty first day of October next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by Law directed.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1898.
LEWIS P. FISHER,
Judge of Probate in and for the County of Carleton.
FRANK B. CARVELL,
Registrar of Probates in and for the County of Carleton.

He—So you have decided that they are not married? Why? He put down his satchel in order to assist her whilst she stepped from the car.

"Don't you think Lucy's new sailor hat is perfect?" said Mrs. Flocks to Miss Kittish. "It certainly is," replied Miss Kittish. "It makes me seasick."