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The inefficiency, stupidity, diffidence, we will not say cowardice, of Captain Pike made up the first of a remarkably strange, untoward, and lamentable series of incidents that left Lawrence without any notice of the black cloud gathering on the border to overwhelm her.

Let us consider this column of guerrillas strung out on the virgin prairies of Kansas, crawling toward Lawrence like a monstrous snake, creeping upon its prey. There were more than four hundred and fifty of them, as can be made out from the official reports, Gregg's count and the statement of Colonel Holt to Hon. H. S. Clarke.⁵ Most of them had been in the guerrilla warfare of the border two years. Some of them had been in the old Kansas wars. These, as far back as 1855, had ravaged



Bill Anderson

Kansas settlements by the light of burning homes. Bill Anderson had lived on the Old Santa Fé Trail near Council Grove before the war and had stolen horses and cattle all along the Neosho Valley. His father met a violent death there in connection with a horse-stealing incident. A year before this raid he had carried the torch along the old trail and burned men alive in their homes. He was more savage than a mad wolf, and his men panted for blood. When he was killed he had, so it is said, the scalps of two women on the

is three miles west of the State-line and two miles north of the point where Quantrill entered Kansas. Gregg is in error as to the distance.

⁵ Edwards says Holt was with Quantrill at the inception of the raid, but this is not probable. He had been to Northern Missouri to recruit men for the Confederate army and was on his way out with them, and was not seeking service with Quantrill nor in Missouri. He fell in with Quantrill after he crossed the Blue, probably about Chapel Hill. Colonel Holt spent most of his time while at Lawrence at the front gate of the premises of H. S. Clarke; there he made his headquarters. He told Mr. Clarke that he had fallen in with Quantrill by accident after crossing the Blue and that Quantrill had invited him to come with him to Lawrence to get his men christened. He saved Mr. Clarke's life. Mr. Clarke had S. W. Brewster, Esq., Chanute, Kansas, publish an account of his experiences on the day of the Massacre, and a copy of the pamphlet is in the Collection of the author.