

William Clarke Quantrill's letter to his mother Caroline, July 30, 1859.
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Lawrence July 30th/59

My Dear Mother.

It has been some time since I wrote to you, and I am now a long ways distant from the place I last wrote to you. I have seen some pretty hard & scaly times, both from cold weather & starvation & the Indians & I am one of 7 out of a party of 19 who started from Salt Lake city for the Gold Mines of Pikes Peak which are talked of all over the country & undoubtedly the Humbug of all Humbugs. I say so because I spent two months in the gold region haveing my own experience & that of a number with whom I was acquainted to prove it conclusively. there is more or less gold scattered over a country about 40 in width running from the mountains east & about 100 long running with the mountains but not in quantities paying of 1.00 per day in the best diggings. I dug out \$84.34 & worked 47 days which money hardly paid my board & expenses.

I am now in Lawrence after having spent over \$300 & many a day & night when I expected either to be killed or freeze to death & at last when nearly in the settlements to have my horse and all taken from me & a companion of mine shot in 3 different places & left for dead & all that saved my head was I was out hunting away from the camp about a mile and a half & hearing the firing hurried to camp in time to see the indians driving off our horses & my friend lying on the ground apparently dead but still breathing with difficulty having been shot 3 times, his leg broke below the knee, shot in the thigh with 7 iron slugs & last shot through the body with an arrow which I first thought would kill him but he lives yet & if taken care of properly will be as well as ever in 6 or 8 weeks. I hardly know what to do at present nor where to go but in my next letter I will be able to tell you some more

I think my friend & my self will make goverment pay us for our losses by the Indians if possible when he gets well.

You would hardly know me if you were to see me I am so weather beaten & rough looking that every body says I am about 25 years of age I expect every body thinks & talks hard about [me] but I cannot help it now it will be all straight before another winter passes. I must bring my letter to a close by saying that I am well, & my love to all.

Your Son
W. C. Quantrill

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