

To meet these forces we had in Lawrence  
about 500 men, with superior arms - Pieces  
of Cannon & four Tranches or rifle batteries thrown  
up in the streets. All parties had out  
scouting parties as well as picket guards  
at night. In fact the picket guard of the  
Wakarusa came so close to the  
Lawrence guard as frequently to challenge  
each other & sometimes to exchange shots.  
In one of these encounters Barber - a Free  
State man - was shot, <sup>dead</sup> on Thursday night.  
Our reinforcements came in slowly - those  
of the Missourians rapidly. Stringfellow & Atchison  
were the real leaders of the Missouri forces  
although Sherman had them enrolled as the  
Militia. Whilst trying to get a load of powder  
& lead into the town on Saturday evening  
& being separated from my men I was  
taken prisoner by a large party of the  
Missourians from the Wakarusa. They marched  
me 15 miles to Head Quarters, skimming  
the Kansas river in our course & placed  
me under guard. The camp presented a  
scene much like what I imagine  
Jannetorium to be. The wind blew a perfect  
gale & the camp fires made the woods look  
like a vast sea of flame & smoke.