

Bypaths of Kansas History

WHEN WOLVES WERE VENERATED

From the *Kansas Free State*, Lawrence, April 7, 1855.

Our attention was attracted the other day by some strange and hideous sounds close to our office, when upon opening the door to see the cause, we discovered an old squaw making a great noise over a dead wolf.—She had it fastened with a lariat, and some white scoundrel in town shot it. She was lamenting the death of it in a very pitiful manner, saying a great many things and pointing in the direction of the person who killed it, but we could understand nothing she said. There were other Indians about, but she could not, with all her entreaties, get them to take much interest in the matter. At last she threw the wolf on her shoulder and started off.

They have a peculiar veneration for wolves, and think that they were the dogs of their forefathers, and many of them therefore never kill a wolf.

THE FIRST WARSHIP TO BE NAMED KANSAS?

From the Leavenworth *Daily Conservative*, April 18, 1863.

By Telegraph.

New York, April 16.

A new gunboat is ordered at the Philadelphia navy yard to suit the machinery captured in the steamer *Princess Royal*, to be named the *Kansas*.

GUNBOAT KANSAS.—As will be seen by the dispatches this morning, a new gunboat has been ordered, to be named the "*Kansas*." It's the best name in the business, and the craft that bears it will fight whether there is any crew on it or not. We look forward to a speedy close of the war as soon as this jayhawking craft is completed. There's rebel mortality in that name.

HAZARDS OF SHIPPING IN KANSAS

From *The Weekly Free Press*, Atchison, November 10, 1866.

The ferry boats *Pomeroy* and *Osborn* collided in the fog this morning. The *Pomeroy* had her guards somewhat injured, the *Osborn* escaped unharmed.

MOVING THE HARD WAY

From the Marysville *Enterprise*, June 15, 1867.

PLUCKY!—Two men passed through our town last Monday evening, en route for Colorado. They had all their "grub" and effects packed in a wheelbarrow, and seemed determined to make the trip in good order. Both are stout, hale fellows, and every mile or so they "change posish"—one walking along leisurely, and the other giving motive power to the wheelbarrow. If *they* don't succeed and make their "pile," then there is no virtue in perseverance.