

August Bondi

Excerpts from the *Autobiography of August Bondi (1833–1907)**

**CHAPTER I
FAMILY HISTORY**

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

There is a family tradition that sometime toward the close of the seventeenth or the early part of the eighteenth century, one Jomtov Landschreiber, a rural scrivener, whose business it was to keep up the census of the Jewish communities scattered through Bohemia, outside of Prague, and report the assessment of taxes subject to review by the respective authorities; when urged to adopt a Christian name and to Germanize it, adopted the name of “Bondy.” He had traveled in Italy and “become somewhat acquainted with the Italian language, so he changed the Hebrew word, “Jomtov,” (good-day) for the Italian word, “Bondi,” (good-day) and Germanized it by changing the letter “i” into “y,” making the name “Bondy” and all the Bondi and Bondy families in the world are descended from that Jomtov Landschreiber.

There are in the United States many families “Bundy;” they are descendants of a Huguenot settler, near Vincennes, Indiana, about the eighteenth century.

ANCESTORS

Of the descendants of Jomtov Landschreiber history is silent until we come to one Herz Emanuel Mendel Bondi or Bondy, a wealthy merchant of Prague, Bohemia, and his wife, Judith (nee Lämél), parents of seven children—two daughters and five sons. Of these sons, the youngest, Herz Emanuel Naphtali Bondy, was my father.

CHANGE OF NAME

My father’s family name was originally “Bondy.” In his first citizen’s papers he changed it to Bondi.

**Autobiography of August Bondi (1833-1907): Published by His Sons and Daughters for Its Preservation (Galesburg, Illinois: Wagoner Printing Company, 1910). The following excerpts (chapters I through V) retain the original text of the printed edition, except for minor changes in punctuation, capitalization, and the correction of obvious errors.*

All I know of my father's ancestry is that he descended from an old and honored Jewish family of Bohemia. His grandmother was an Eibenschütz, of Dresden.

My grandfather, Mendel Bondy, had been a well-to-do merchant, up to some ten years before his death in 1827, at the age of sixty-five years. My father always spoke of him with reverence.

My father's mother, Judith Bondy (née Lämél), died when my father was but fifteen years old.

A little incident in the life of her youngest brother, Selke Lämél, may be of family interest.

In his young days, towards the close of the 14th century, an eventful battle between the Austrians and the French resulted in a sad defeat of the former, and Austria wanted peace. To begin negotiations an armistice was necessary; but they did not know who could possibly be persona grata with the French commander. Some person in high standing had become acquainted with young Selke Lämél, of Tuschkan (at that time a wool-broker, and about 24 years old) in the coffee house frequented by both, had found him to be a French scholar, and had taken a liking to him. This man proposed the young Jew, Lämél, as a fitting messenger to Gen. Moreau (the victor at Hohenlinden and Lambach, Dec. 1800), to propose a truce. Lämél went and was successful, his negotiations being most satisfactory to the Austrian government. Lämél's fortune was made. He was repeatedly commissioned to treat with French generals and even negotiated with Napoleon. He received any number of government contracts and became a millionaire, leaving to his wife, at his death in 1845, a sum equal to five million dollars.

His widow died in her 96th year and the estate was divided among her children, who devoted a great part of it to charities, mostly Jewish, and to educational institutions.

Lämél had, in about 1820, an audience with Emperor Francis. As he entered the room the Emperor called out, "Come closer, glad to see you, I love you, Lämél." (Lamel or Lamele means lamb in the Austrian dialect.) Lämél answered, "So your majesty can shear him?" This so pleased the Emperor that Lämél was thereupon ennobled with the title, Simon Edler von Lämél. The family name and male line died out with his son, Leopold, who left daughters only.

MY FATHER'S EARLY HISTORY

My father was born at Prague, Bohemia, December 25, 1788 or 1790, family records differ as to the rear of his birth. In his 12th year he met with a serious accident at a ball game. His left leg was broken in two places which caused a limping gait in a fast walk. This defect, with his inferior size, 5 ft. 3 in., immured him from military service. He had what in those times was considered an excellent education and was well versed in Hebrew and German. From his eighteenth year on, he was engaged as either a salesman or a bookkeeper by prominent firms. In 1811 he joined the Masonic fraternity at Offenbach, or Frankf[u]rt, a[m] Main. Father often told me that the teachings of the secret societies to which he belonged incited to continual mental improvement and were a mutual aid and assistance in the troubles of life. He especially favored Masonry. Love and respect for that institution was, so to say, bred into me.

Among other societies to which my father belonged was a charitable organization something like the Christian Commission in our civil war of the sixties.

It was the business of the members of this organization to visit the battlefields of 1813 and 1814, to assist in caring for the wounded and to relieve the suffering population near the battlegrounds whose homes had been burned and sustenance pillaged by both armies.

In his old age my father could recall many scenes and events of the contests against Napoleon. He was present at the siege and battle of Dresden, where he saw Napoleon on the Bridge, over the Elbe, issuing his orders. Like all European Jews, my father held in great esteem the memory of Napoleon, as he had contributed so much to the extension of religious liberty.

CHILDREN OF HERZ EMANUEL MENDEL BONDY

My father's brothers and sisters were:

1st. Wolf Emanuel Bondy, eldest. Died in 1863 at Prague, in his ninetieth year. His two sons were: Rudolph Bondy, childless, separated from his invalid wife (Gentile). Died in 1903, July 2nd, at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., of acute Bright's disease. Remains cremated; ashes buried in Alton, Ill., cemetery by the grave of his first wife. Ludwig B., the second son, still living (1903), is the owner of quite a printing establishment in Vienna, with his only son as a partner. He is a widower and a Roman Catholic, his wife was also of that creed. The only daughter of Wolf Emanuel Bondy, Julia, married a Mr. Altman and died in 1852, leaving two infant daughters.

2nd. Ferdinand Bondy died childless at 45 years of age.

3rd. Lamel Bondy died childless in his seventieth year.

4th. Isaac Bondy died in 1879 at the age of ninety years. He had two sons, Emanuel Bondy, my brother-in-law, who died childless, near Salina, on my farm in 1874, buried in Gypsum Hill cemetery; and Joseph Bondy, died at Vienna, leaving surviving his widow, Helene Bondy, and one daughter married to a Mr. Freund, and one son.

5th. Anna Bondy, married, died leaving one daughter. Family name unknown to me.

6th. Louise Bondy, married "Lichtenstadt," died a widow, almost ninety years old, in the eighties. Left surviving her six daughters, all yet living (1903), and one son, Maximilian Lichtenstadt, married and in the millinery business in Düsseldorf.

MY MOTHER'S EARLY HISTORY

My mother, Martha, born December 25, 1806, the youngest of three children, was left motherless in her infancy, her mother, Abigail, née Kuh, became insane during confinement with my mother, and died soon after. Her father, Wolf Adam Frankl, was the senior partner of one of the largest silk firms of Austria.

My mother's family, the Frankls, was of the oldest and most respected Jewish families of Prague. In 1810 Wolf Adam Frankl moved to Vienna with his three motherless children, David Adam, Joseph Adam and Martha. He died suddenly in August 1812, as was then supposed, by poison administered in a letter. In 1863

some old letters fell into the hands of my Uncle David Adam which proved, beyond a doubt, that the crime had been committed, but the guilty parties had all gone to their last account. One of the abettors, when at the point of death, delivered the correspondence to my uncle. I do not know the particulars, as I was in the United States army when my uncle wrote the information to my mother, and after my discharge I refrained from mentioning anything about it for fear of causing unnecessary pain to my mother.

My mother's father was a most benevolent and charitable man, as was often told me by old people who had known him well. He was greatly esteemed by the Jewish congregations of Prague and Vienna. He is buried in the old Jewish cemetery, in the oldest part, number 1265, near the gate, second tomb from that of Isaac Forster.

After the death of Wolf Adam Frankl his children were removed to Prague and placed under the care of Israel Landau, president of the congregation, and Rosalia Rebecca Landau, his wife (my grandfathers sister), and were there educated. When a child I heard my mother and her brothers converse about the condition of my grandfather Frankl's estate, how large it was at his decease and plundered in a most shameless manner by different parties.

My mother at eighteen years married a young merchant, "Lippman Wehle," and was a widow six weeks after the wedding. She returned to her Aunt Rosalia Rebecca Landau and remained with her, assisting her in her business (silks) until married to my father, January 12, 1832.

Some three or four years before his marriage, my father had entered into a partnership with his brother, Isaac, wholesaling bleached and unbleached cotton goods. In 1830, nearly bankrupt, they tided their difficulties over by extensions. My parents, after marriage, moved to Vienna; my father to attend to the sales, and Uncle Isaac at Prague to attend to the purchases from mills in Bohemia.

CHAPTER II

EARLY PERSONAL HISTORY

In the third story of the Temple house at Vienna, July 21, 1833, I, August Bondi, was born. Following is the official record at my birth:

GEBURTSZEUGNISZ

Von dem Unterzeichneten wird hiemit, bezeuget, dasz am einundzwanzigsten des Monates July im Jahre eintausendachthundertdreyunddreiszig 21ten July 1833, dem Herrn Commissionair Herz Emanuel Bondi von seiner Ehegattin Martha gebornen Frankl ein Knabe geboren find demselben am 28 ten July 1833 der Nahme August Bondi beygelegt wurde.

Welches auch in dem Geburtsprotokolle der israelitischen Einwohner Wiens, folio No. 325, eingetragen ist. Zu dessen Urkunde eigenhändige Fertigung, Wien am 8ten Septembre 1833.

W. MANNHEIM
Lehrer der Israeliten zu Wien

Gesehen und bestätigt von dem
Herren Vertretern der hiesigen
Israelitischen Einwohner.
Wien, den 9ten September 1833.

Die Vertreter der Israeliten in Wien

T. L. HOFMANN M.D. LUDERMANN

Diese Unterschriften werden hiermit bestätigt von der L. C. Poligny Herr
Direction Wien, am 9ten September 1833.

Zeuge

G. G. DIETS [Direction seal]

My sister Henriette, or Harriet, was added to the family May 22, 1835. From her ninth month to her seventh or eighth year she was very sickly with a disease caused by an abnormal condition of the glands of the bowels—as I understood. She had to be humored and grew up quite self-willed and with all the faults common to family pets.

When I was five years old my mother began to teach me the a, b, c, and the next year I was sent to the private school of a stern pedagogue, Adam Schreyer, who gave me occasional threshings which I had, no doubt, deserved. It must at that time have been about fifty years old, was yet a bachelor, and has crossed the river long ago; but while he was most strict, his system of teaching must have been most excellent, and I learned fast.

I would never tattle at home when I had received a licking, nor was I ever asked whether I had been punished. My mother taught me, and I have so instructed my children, that parents have no business to make such inquiries, nor ought children to tattle, because teachers entrusted with the work of character forming should have full control without parental interference.

Once, while my Uncle David Frankl was visiting us, I came from school to dinner with my hands bloody from a switching, and my uncle prevailed upon my parents to hire a tutor. I was kept home and “Moritz Stern,” a Hungarian, from Pres[s]burg, a medical student at the Vienna University, became my tutor. He was a good scholar and also a friend of the rod. He remained with us six years and taught me, as private tutor, the common branches and Hebrew, German, French, Hungarian and Latin. I underwent the customary semi-annual examinations in different grades at the proper times. When past eight years—the fall of 1841—my father applied for my admission to the First Gymnasium class, but met a refusal because I was under ten years of age—the legal age of admission—so I was sent with my tutor to Pres[s]burg, Hungary, for matriculation in the *Parva* of the Gymnasium there, as the Hungarian school-laws ignored legal age of admission. I studied at ‘home under my tutor and went to Pres[s]burg in February and July, 1842, for the semi-annual examinations. I distinctly remember an incident of my Pres[s]burg visit February, 1842. It was Purim night, the streets of the Jewish quarter were most lively with masks, clowns, etc. At

that time (before 1848) in Hungary the soldiers of the regular Hungarian regiments were used for police when anyone was needed. The weather was bitter cold, two feet of ice on the Danube, the city authorities had established warming stations with a corporal's guard in each of the main streets. My tutor and I entered one of those warming stations about midnight. It was quite filled up with people enjoying the red-hot wood stove, and the squad of Magyar grenadiers, all but the sentry outdoors, and the corporal in common with them, snoring on bunks. It struck twelve o'clock. The corporal called on the respective relief, but the snoring kept on, when the corporal, with a firm grip, raised his cane (of hazel), then the proper mark of distinction of a corporal in the Austrian army, and struck a decisive blow on the posteriors of the members of the respective relief with a "Teremtette" (the Magyar Goddam). The touched relief jumped up at once, rubbed the affected parts, donned their accoutrements and started for their posts.

A little historical item may also be of interest here. At the time of which I am writing, 1842, south and east of Vienna the Danube was crossed by pontoon bridges, and these were taken up when ice formed, and no communication between the two banks of the river existed until the ice had become strong enough to bear the traffic. Sheafs of straw were then placed over the ice at the regular crossings, irrigated and when the material had become solid, planks were fastened to it on top which formed good passage-ways for all travel.

After exhausting my amount of red tape I was at last, in October of 1843, (then past my tenth birthday) admitted to the Second Grade (Principe) of the Academic Gymnasium of Vienna. This Gymnasium, as were all gymnasiums of those days in Austria, was managed by the Piarists, a monkish order, somewhat like the Benedictines, all good men, treating their pupils with even-handed justice and using their best endeavors for their advancement. Shortly after my admission an imperial decree abolished the age qualification for admission to the Vienna Gymnasium.

Besides the regular gymnasium curriculum I continued to apply myself to the study of different languages. My intention all along was to become physician. My Uncle Joseph Adam Frankl, M.D.), (practicing at Marianbad during summers) who had acquired an European reputation, often in his jokes referred to me as his future successor in the profession. As for his boys he had selected different careers. For the elder, Paul, the military profession. The younger son, Joseph, was to be an artist.

In January 1844, my mother became quite an invalid from heart trouble, but under skillful treatment recovered within the next eighteen months. During the months of May, June and July she occupied a summer retreat near Meidling, one hour by railroad from Vienna. I stayed with them all the month of July and passed the happiest days of my childhood in the mountains and forests surrounding the village; often all alone, sometimes accompanied by a dog, generally returning in the evening with my clothes, dirty and ragged.

March of 1845, Moritz Stern, my tutor, was discharged. He afterwards graduated M.D., and in 1849 served as regimental surgeon in the Hungarian Revolutionary Army.

I had two tutors between March and July of that year. In the autumn mother engaged Edward Messer as tutor for sister and myself. He was a medical student of the Vienna University.

Up to 1840 I was among the seven of highest rank in the class. In January of '46,

while I was in the 4th grade of the gymnasium, the firm, "Emanuel Bondy Söhne," of which my father was the senior partner, failed. They had met with severe losses through mercantile failures in Italy, Galicia and Hungary. Father and uncle became involved in lawsuits. My father, as senior partner and manager, had to bear the brunt of a criminal prosecution. The creditors of the firm believed that some distant relative of my father would come to his relief, also that my father could and would likewise use compulsory means with his debtors; but it was impossible for my father to bring about a settlement with his debtors, as the political conditions in Hungary, Italy and Galicia were already quite chaotic, and the relatives who, like my father and my uncle, had suffered losses, would not and could not come to the rescue. In the spring of 1847 my father became dangerously ill and seven weary months passed before he recovered. My mother had saved a small part of her dower and with it she assisted Uncle Isaac (father's old partner), and hired lawyers for legal relief of my father who was committed to jail during the bankruptcy investigation. Legal proceedings in Austria at that time were all in chancery. Judges all expected and accepted bribes as their official perquisites.

Many a bank note wandered from mother's purse into the hand of the respective judges, and I believe that my father's case was kept in court only to bleed mother. During these days of tribulation, from January, 1846, to June 1848, when my father was returned to his family, we lived hard. We children continued to study as before, Edward Messer, M.D., being our tutor until June of 1847, then my sister went to the best private school for girls; but our fare was boiled potatoes and bread twice a day, and bread and cocoa shells for breakfast. Only two meals with meat each week. Some years afterwards my sister was informed that my Aunt Charlotte (Uncle Isaac's wife) had saved her entire dower and had a great deal more means than mother; but be that as it may, I feel, yet in my old age, proud that my mother did what she believed to be her duty, and never did we children oppose mother in her regular remittances to Uncle Isaac. Mother consulted with us about everything. Our lives were embittered by misfortune, but never could children revere parents as sister and I did mother, and she deserved it.

Father never interfered with mother's plans for educating us children. She was his cashier and clerk and had full control and management of the family. In all matters of discipline she was most strict, still I was never licked at home but once, for although I was impetuous, I was easily controlled. When I was nearly 12 years old my father gave me a sound thrashing. I deserved it, and so acknowledged.

Under the teachings of my mother and by the example of father and mother I formed a kind and generous disposition. Up to 1846 my blackened shoes and dusted clothes were brought to me every morning; yet I was prohibited from using any but the most polite language to the servants. My parents always impressed upon their children that Jews or Christians, high or low, all are children of a common Father. These principles affected my conduct all through life.

While keeping a strictly Jewish house, my parents favored my knowledge of other religions. I had read the "New Testament" before I was eight years old. The martyrdom of Jesus caused in me the same feeling of horror and pain as the martyrdom of the victims of the tyranny of "Antiochus Epiphanes." My father explained to me that the report of the Christian Testament regarding the execution of Jesus by the Jews is merely false.

Leopold Brescer, the teacher of the Jewish religion of the Vienna congregation, lectured his students above the 3rd gymnasium grade on [*Moreh Nevuchim*] (Guide to the perplexed) of Maimonides, alternating with it the teaching of translations of the Psalms, Proverbs and Koheleth. My tutor, Moritz Stern, was liberal minded, yet an enthusiastic Jew, and whenever we walked for an airing, conversed with me on Judaism and religious subjects from a liberal standpoint. I could not, under these conditions, help forming my mind according to the command of Moses, "Thou must love the Eternal, thy God and thy neighbor as thyself." Enthusiastic Jew and lover of humanity.

The family troubles affected my studies. At times I got behind. The full gymnasium course in Austria then consisted of six years, each year containing two terms. We had semi-annual examinations in March and July, and quarterly examinations in November, January, April and June, and vacation from about July 5th to October 5th. In May and June of 1846, I had been much distracted and most careless. I had a foreboding that at the quarterly examination in June the professor would call me out for examination by the rector and to be lectured by him. I tied my feet to the foot-board of my bed when I laid down the night before the examination and got up at 3 o'clock a.m., and had mastered my studies by 7:30 o'clock a.m., when I started for school. I was called out to translate and explain Horace's Ode, "De ista rustica." "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis paterna rura bovis exercit suis." I had to translate, explain and expound the entire ode, and acquitted myself most excellently. Professor, rector and classmates were astonished. I managed to hold my own in the class. At this time I had to prepare my lessons at home alone, my tutor Edward Musser, M.D., having been discharged in June of 1847. In February of that year, he had married an ex-governess, the mother of his two illegitimate sons—legitimized after marriage. He often deprecated to me the outrages of absolutism and state-church. Showed me his confessional certificate purchased from a woman hawker for 6 Groschen (6 cents of American money), which the law obliged him to show to the priest before marriage. He died in 1896—83 years old. His son, Edward Musser, Jr., M.D., practices in Vienna.

At the Academic Gymnasium, Professor Rosalek was my instructor in *Parva*, Prof. Franck in Principe-Gram[mar] and Syntax, and Prof. Podlaha, of the 5th and 6th gymnasium classes, taught me Poe[try] and Rhetoric. He often read to us of Washington, Jefferson and the American Revolution from translations of the American authors.

In *Parva* the class numbered 106 students; when we reached Rhetoric we were but 96. In the first grade there were six Jews. There were but two left when we entered the 6th grade.

The friars, as teachers, paid no attention to the creed of their scholars. They were impartial educators. I yet remember with reverence their efforts in my behalf, while I am well aware that the system of the Catholic schools of those days could not bring out the full powers of their pupils' minds. Classics and history were pruned not to entice to disbelief of the state-religion or dissatisfaction with autocracy. The discipline was of the best. It was altogether carried out by intellectual means, but while it was far ahead of the American high-school humbug, it was yet infinitely inferior to the system even then prevailing in the Prussian gymnasiums, where all

superficial training is tabooed and classics and history are taught only to effect general erudition and culture.

I will mention in this connection two little incidents in my college life of this year, 1847. About the middle of January the first general thaw had taken place, but during a dreadful cold of three days in the last week of January, the Danube froze over, the ice being two feet thick. Wolves followed the deer of the Prater into the suburbs of Leopoldstadt and Passau. In the second week of February suddenly warm weather set in and the ice going out dammed the river at a bend, and an inundation was the result. At 9 o'clock a.m. the water stood four feet in the street of Leopoldstadt, where we lived. Some of the scholars hurried home. I would not leave school as I believed I could see the fun later; but when I started at 10 o'clock a.m., the ice-gorge had broken and the inundation was over.

The second incident was a riot of the students of the faculty of Philosophy in February of this same year. The professor of mathematics had slapped a student in the face, and for a week not a student of the faculty came to the lectures, till the professor had publicly asked pardon of the class and of the insulted student. Five hundred students remained together in the daytime and were careful to allow no public manifestation by which any could be singled out as leaders, and as all the 500 could not be arrested, none were.

Then followed those glorious days of March, 1848, glorious for those young spirits who arose as one man, burning with the desire to kindle the light of freedom of "Liberty" in priest-ridden, despotism-cursed Austria.

I will try to give a true and faithful account of those events. I will give only actual facts within my own personal knowledge. "Etsi quorum pars parva fui."

My children, and whoever else may read these lines, let me impress on you my assurance that in this, my autobiography and memoirs, I have not described nor mentioned anything which my ears have not heard or my eyes not seen—except where I state the events from hearsay, and so declare. Some historians or memorialists may contradict some of my accounts of important events; but remember, I was on hand at times and places when and where others were not. I have never favored that embellishment and romanticised tradition should take the place of history, which should be nothing else but true description of the actual happenings and events during the different epochs of humanity as they passed and were acted.

On the evening of the last day. (Tuesday) of the Carneval of 1848, seven young men, mostly medical students, enjoyed a merry-making in the Wieden suburb of Vienna. Only a few weeks before the French had expelled Louis Phillipe. They argued over that event and expressed their preference for a free government in Austria; at last, one called out:

"Let us have some fun and play Vienna Revolution and the expulsion of Metternich," prime minister of Austria for 25 years, who with Nesselrode, was the chief support and sheet-anchor of European despotism.¹

One of the students represented Metternich and the others, with their knotted pocket handkerchiefs, expelled him from the room.

From smallest acorns
Largest oaks do grow.

These youngsters, when sober next day, talking over their fun of the preceding night, eventually made up their minds for a realization of their play, and conferred with their comrades for such purpose.

The students at the Austrian universities had, for years, suffered the grievance that certain studies were attached to and connected with certain class years, and only salaried professors of the Catholic faith were allowed; while in Germany students were allowed to select what studies they pleased for each year of the course established for the study of the respective professions in which they desired to graduate and were allowed to maintain any number of “docents” for the several branches of studies; each docent, however, obliged to pass professional examination. These privileges were comprised under the title “Freedom to teach and to learn.” The strict censorial system muzzling the press, which thereby had also become most servile to the powers which were; and the state-church dogging, more or less, each step of the citizen, were also causes of irritation and most keenly felt by the educated, intelligent youth.

The students at the “Alma Mater” of the three faculties, philosophy, medicine and law; the students at the Polytechnical School, and the students at the Academy of Arts—numbering in the aggregate, near 10,000, with youthful enthusiasm declared for:

Freedom of conscience;
Freedom of the press. and
Freedom to teach and learn.

The students and members of the various faculties and schools agreed to post and to hold a mass meeting in the *Aula* of the university on Sunday, the 12th of March, 1848, at 11 o'clock a.m., to comment upon the formulation of a petition embodying requests for the abolishment of the grievances and for freedom of conscience, freedom of the press, and freedom to teach and to learn, and for a National Guard; which petition could be presented next day, March 13th, by a committee to be selected, to the provincial council (*Landtag*) of the province of Lower Austria, then sitting at Vienna.

The provincial council consisted of the mayors of the large cities and the representatives of the landed aristocracy. The council convened once in a while to go through the formalities of voting an internal improvement budget.

The petition of the students was to be, and was, rather more of an address requesting intercession with the ministry for redress of grievances and abolishment of the autocratic system of government by a Diet to be called together without delay.

The afternoon of the 12th of March was quiet. The police had increased their force of spies in citizen's dress, but no arrests were made. It is said that Metternich ridiculed the movement. Monday morning, March 13th, I went to my class in the gymnasium. I was in the last class, rhetoric, but a few months more and I would have been ripe for the philosophy courses of the university. After the class closed, 10 o'clock a.m., I did not hurry home. We then lived in the Leopoldstadt suburb—Anthony Gasse [Antonigasse]. I loitered on my way to listen to various addresses made to the gathering crowds from the pedestals of monuments. My appetite getting the upper

hand, I hastened home for dinner, intending to return to the city without delay, to be present at the presentation of the address.

The Leopoldstadt suburb lies across that smallest arm of the Danube which separates itself from the main river a few miles above Vienna and reunites itself a few miles below the city. "The city proper" yet retained the old fortress walls with its several gates. On my return from dinner, I reached the gate, "The Rothe Thurm Thor" before 1 o'clock p.m. The gate was closed, infantry on guard. While I waited a few minutes before the guarded gate, my mother came. She had hurried after me, having become satisfied that there would be trouble and begged me to return home; but I stayed and mother kissed me and blessed me. "Go then with God," she said.

The small gate near the big gate was opened to allow the relief squad to march out; a crowd of roustabouts from some vessels (the harbor is close by) ran over the squad. The attack was so sudden and the soldiers so unprepared that they ran right over them. I and a few others rushed with them, and I was in the city proper.

Vienna had a weak garrison, as all available forces were needed in Italy at that time, and as I mentioned before, Metternich never suspected the least danger from a mob of half grown youngsters, and foolish protesters. Again, when a few hours after the Her[re]ngasse massacre, he had to change his opinion, the pusillanimity of his advisers influenced the doomed minister and, as is almost always the case when a tyrant meets determined opposition, courage failed him and irresoluteness marked the last hours of Metternich's ministry.

As fast as legs would carry us, I, with a few classmates, ran up to the Her[re]ngasse. With me was a Baron Spens of my class who, in 1849, entered the army as a cadet, and years afterwards died a general. During this walk he continually berated the men who participated in this revolt, as it had already become, and repeatedly said that grape and canister only was a fit reply to the petition.

I ran some faster than the others of my small crowd and reached the Her[re]ngasse and pushed for the front near the palace where the provincial council held its sessions. I became mixed up with the students of the different schools and faculties. The street was packed for quite a distance, but I kept in front. A couple of thousand youngsters cannot be kept quiet, and while waiting for news from the student deputation, who had taken the address to the provincial council (*Landtag*), we shouted for "freedom of the press, and freedom of conscience." Occasionally some shouts of "Down with Metternich," and cheers for "Constitution" were heard.

The deputation appeared on the balcony of the Council Hall and in a few words requested us to be quiet. We complied, when through a side street marched out a battalion of (Czech-Bohemian) pioneers, first in platoon, then in half-company column to within less than a hundred feet of the surging crowd—the platoon front extending from house-wall to house-wall across the street.

The commanding officer steps to the front and shouts the order to disperse. Even if willing, we could not move, as the 80-foot street was packed full. The order "fire" is given, the front ranks discharge their muskets, (flintlocks)—a dozen dead and dying fall around me. Heinr[i]ch Spitzer, 18 years old, a Jewish student of the Technical school, an only son of his parents, from Voisenz, Morana, pierced through the heart falls and brings me down with him, and another student of the same school falls over us both. A bayonet charge is ordered and as I crawled from under my dead comrades, a Czech struck me over the head and shoulders two licks with the butt of

his musket, and another Czech savage lounged his bayonet into my back, fortunately only grazing my skin and raising me from the ground, as his bayonet had become fastened in my overcoat. As the bayonet lost its hold, I made tracks along with a crowd, pushing our way through a narrow alley-like street, "Strauchgass[e]."

At this time a deed of heroism was performed by a man who, long ago, passed to his rest, forgotten by all except the few old men saved by his courage.

At the outlet of the Her[re]ngasse and Stra[u]chgass[e] into the Michaelisplatz, in front of the Burg, (imperial residence) were stationed two cannon in charge of an artillery sergeant, Johann Follett. The cannon were loaded with grape and ca[n]ister, and the gunners stood by them with burning matches. As the crowds, fleeing from the charge of the Czech pioneer battalion, debouched into the Michaelisplatz, an archduke (I have forgotten his name) galloped up in general's uniform and commanded "Fire!" The sergeant, Johann Follett, jumped before the muzzle of one of the guns and thundered to his men, "Hold, hold on, I am in command here and, imperial highness, remember, if I fall here, the House of Hapsburg goes down with me." The living masses of men, women and children within 100 feet of those guns were spared. The brave sergeant was, after a few days, promoted lieutenant and fell at Navara.

The students returned to the *Aula* of the university, leaving the dead and carrying their wounded comrades. My head and shoulders ached fearfully, and the blood trickled slowly down my back inside of my shirt from the slight bayonet wound. The back of my overcoat and my hat were soaked with the blood of Martyr Spitzer.

I went home, had a few bites to eat but said nothing to mother about my experiences. By dark I tried to reach the university to share in the attack on the arsenal, but the gates were closed, so I went home tired and went to bed. I will tell of the attack on the arsenal, as I heard it the next day. About 8 o'clock in the evening the students had organized to storm the city arsenal. Vienna had two arsenals—the city arsenal and the imperial arsenal. The city arsenal contained 25,000 old muskets, some remnants of the Turkish wars of the 18th century, and some ornaments of the Napoleonic Wars, of course, all old style flintlocks. The city arsenal, not containing weapons of great value, had no guard, only a corps of janitors to take care of the rooms filled with relics to be shown to the public which throngs the building on certain days.

The students went for the old banners, which had been used in the Turkish and the Napoleonic wars and later floated in advance of the brave youngsters of those days. They found the flag-room in the university locked and the keys could not be found. It was 8 o'clock p.m., when Prof. Stephen Ladislaus Endlicher grabbed a candle, stuck it on a pole, exclaiming, "Boys, we are all for more light; then let this candle be the symbol of our wish, and our banner." He took the front and the others followed. They marched to the city arsenal, found it unguarded, broke down the gates at 11 o'clock p.m., and each man seized a musket with bayonet and, as they were without ammunition, the bayonet alone was relied upon. During the night Metternich had fled, and the Emperor had issued his proclamation granting the demands of the people and appointing a new ministry. About 7 o'clock of the evening of the 13th of March, a battalion of curasiers had, without provocation, charged the crowds in front of the church of St. Stephen, on St. Stephen's Square, and many were left lifeless on

the spot, many more wounded. Altogether, the number of that day's dead was thirty-eight, among these three women.

Immediately the National Guard of the city was formed. Every citizen was entitled to membership, and the students, in a separate body, called "Academic Legion," formed an integral part. This Academic Legion consisted of five corps: 1st, the students of philosophy; 2nd, medical students; 3rd, law students; 4th, students of the polytechnic School; 5th, students of the Academy of Fine Arts.

So commenced the Vienna Revolution of March 1848. It was closely followed by the uprisings of Berlin, Munich and many others.

In Vienna, in March 1848, was started the movement for a United Germany, which was perfected 22 years later at Versailles, after Austria was ousted from the German confederacy in 1866; and yet the present German Empire and the present dual monarchy, "Austria-Hungary," owe an eternal debt of gratitude for their present freedom, political life, and their liberal institutions to the enthusiastic youngsters of 1848, who then and there sacrificed life and fortunes to their humanitarian aspirations.

Very few of the young men of 1848 concluded their studies. Once engulfed in the whirlpool of the stress and storm of this revolutionary period they could not concentrate their minds on studying for a livelihood.

Hundreds fell in the October days of '48; some were executed by court's martial, more had the death sentence commuted to imprisonment in the dungeons of Brünn and Spielberz. Hundreds joined the Vienna legion of the Hungarian Revolution and fell in the battles of 1849. Hundreds more were pressed into the Austrian army and perished in battle or deserted into Turkey or Italy, and thence emigrated to the United States, where others had preceded them. Many went down, even in this free land, in the struggle for bread, and of the survivors many died on the battlefields of the Civil War of the '60's. Perhaps, one of the saddest deaths was that of Prof. Endlicher, the leader of the students' attack on the city arsenal, who suicided one year after the Vienna uprising. A very few yet survive, proud of the memories of their youth. None have ever regretted their share in the great drama commenced that fateful day of March, 48, whose last act has not been reached.

On Thursday, March 16th, the deputations of the Hungarian Diet and of the University of Budapest reached Vienna to receive from the Emperor, their king, the pledge that the Hungarian constitution should cease to be as a dead letter, Louis Kossuth (Kossuth Lajos) at their head. The members of the Diet in carriages, many of the Budapest students horse-back proceeded to the Burg amid the cheers of the crowds filling the streets.

On Friday, March 17th, we buried the thirty-eight victims of the Thirteenth in a common grave in the Wäringergeneral cemetery. The remains were afterwards removed to the new cemetery and an imposing monument erected by free contributions.

The National Guard and the Legion, 15,000 bayonets, followed the remains to the grave. The different funeral orations lasted three hours. I marched with the corps consisting of the Philosophy students, which had the rear on the march and was on the left wing of the hollow square farthest from the grave, where it was impossible to hear the speaking.

The speakers all expressed the wish that with the remains of the martyrs all further strife be and remain buried; but idle thought! Despots and priests never yield,

except to overpowering force, and even then make continued efforts to regain by stratagem the powers wrested from them by the people.

By evening some Magyar bishops visited the university and, observing that the student's guard used water only for their beverage, ordered up an ample supply of beer, wine and bread to satisfy all the thousands returning from the funeral.

I returned to my studies in the 6th class of the gymnasium and did the best I could, considering that a great deal of my time was taken up with attendance at the various student meetings of those days.

During March and April ministries came and went. About the first week in May, the "Fiquelmont" of the most reactionary section of the high aristocracy was commissioned Prime Minister. One Count Hoyos [von Sprinzenstein] was commissioned in command of the Vienna National Guard. The citizens and the students had a right to believe that the concessions wrung from the imperial government by main strength were endangered. Deputations insisted to the emperor upon a change of ministry, but these efforts were in vain.

On Monday, the 15th day of May, the representatives of the different corps of the Legion, at 3 o'clock p.m., after a deliberation lasting from 10 o'clock a.m., ordered a petition to the emperor for a change of the Ministry, the petition to be supported by the armed forces of the National Guard and of the Legion.

The scholars of the three Vienna gymnasiums were not enrolled in the Legion; but those of the highest, the 6th class or grade, were permitted to bear arms and to do duty in the corps of the students of the Philosophy faculty, as but a few months intervened before they would be ripe for university and matriculation in the First class of students of the faculty of Philosophy. A neighbor, Moritz Pollak, a member of the National Guard, was temporarily absent from home. I took his gun, bought me six cartridges and joined the Legion. All the muskets of the Guard and of the Legion had flintlocks. One-half of the Austrian army was yet armed in the same manner. The regular members of the legion had drilled daily, we 6th class scholars had drilled only occasionally, possibly half a dozen times. At 6 o'clock p.m., the legion, some 9000 strong, left University Square marching by columns of platoons of 32 files, until we reached the wider thoroughfares, when we changed to half-company columns. The philosophy corps, 700 strong, in four companies; each company a captain, two lieutenants, two drummers. The student deputation to the Emperor at the head of the legion carried the monster petition asking the dismissal of the stationary ministry. The different bodies of the National Guard had all requested delay and had declined to take part. Nearing the castle we had to march through two lines of the several regiments of grenadiers of the Vienna garrison drawn up on the sidewalks, so that we scraped their files in passing. These grenadiers had each 60 rounds in his cartridge box. We boys felt the seriousness of the situation: not a loud word was spoken, cigars thrown away, we felt that the night might develop a bloody fray. We debouched into the square, Josephplatz, and in serried ranks took position, filling the square. About 500 or more of what appeared to be common laboring men surrounded the square formed by the legion. The corps of philosophy students had its position on the west side of the square. The windows of the cabinet in which the emperor, the ministry, and the student deputation discussed the petition, was in plain view of all. At 9 o'clock p.m., we received permission to stack arms and leave them under care and guard of a detail and break ranks for refreshments at the tavern on the Square, strictly

enjoined to return to our places within thirty minutes. In ranks this afternoon and evening had touched elbow with Frederick Hassaurek, a scholar in the 6th class at the Piarist gymnasium, in the suburbs of Josephstadt. I had a little change, he had none and was as hungry and thirsty as I was. I invited him and we two had beer and bread at my expense. I have never seen Hassaurek since that night. He escaped from Vienna after the October days, came to the United States in 1849, settled in Cincinnati, began editing a German newspaper, *Hochwächter*, became prominent in politics, was minister to some South American republic, under Lincoln; Chili, I believe, in '62, '63, and '64. He was unfortunate in his second marriage and died broken-hearted toward the close of the '80s. Some think that he suicided.

Before 10 o'clock p.m., every man of us was in his place again. At about 11 o'clock the deputation appeared on the balcony of the council room, and Gustav Klier, a student of law, in behalf of the students' deputation, announced that his majesty desired till tomorrow for the consideration of the petition. The answer, "heute noch," (today [still]) came from thousands of throats. At 11:30 o'clock, some companies of the Guard of the outlying suburbs straggled in, were received with roaring cheers, and each announced that the other companies of the respective districts would be on hand sooner or later. At 12 o'clock, midnight, Gustav Klier returned to the balcony and repeated the emperor's request and received the same answer as before.

A few more companies of the National Guard arrived and with those already present, took position on the west of the Philosophy Corps. Knowing that some 20,000 troops were on forced march to Vienna from Bohemia and Galicia, we were determined to succeed in our demands without delay, and the roar, "heute noch," was incessantly kept up and at 12:15 a.m., the emperor yielded. Fiquelmont was allowed to resign and Pillersdorf commissioned to organize a new Ministry. We then returned to the University Square where we broke ranks about 1:30 a.m.

Gustav Klier, who in his clear voice had at various times during the night announced the condition of the negotiations, after the October days escaped from Vienna, came to St. Louis in 1849 and there made cigars for a living. Afterwards, in 1851, he became teacher in a ladies' seminary and studied medicine at the same time. He graduated as an M.D., in 1854, received an appointment in the city hospital of St. Louis in 1856 and perished in the Gasconade Bridge disaster on a Missouri Pacific excursion, I think, in 1860.

There was not much study after the excitement of the 15th, yet I went to my class each morning of the 16th and 17th of May.

Count Hoyos resigned and Count Mannsfeld was commissioned commander of the National Guard and the Legion.

On the morning of the 17th of May, Vienna awoke to the news that the emperor, fearful for his safety in the capital, had departed for Innsbruck in the Tyrol. Still everything was quite peaceful, only a few small riots occurred which were quelled by the Legion. I served in the ranks on the afternoon of the 17th.

Mother sent me on an errand to a lady, near the Jäge[r]zeile, before breakfast, about 5 o'clock, Thursday, the 18th of May. Returning in about an hour I saw a large body of infantry—regiment after regiment—equipped for field service in half-company column debauching from the northern railroad depot, march towards the main city. I was satisfied something was up, so hurried home, put a piece of bread in my pocket, shouldered our absent neighbor's musket again, as in preceding days,

and put for the university. On the way I purchased at Vienna's only powder store, Stumers, six more cartridges which with the six bought on the 15th, I carried in my trousers. I was only one block from the university when the tocsin of the university church commenced to sound loud and deep. I was one of the first five to arrive. Outside of the regular guard, I was the youngest marching in the ranks of the Legion and my arrival amongst the first five caused quite a comment amongst the guard of the university. We were there informed of all the events of the early morning hours. The university building, ever since the organization of the Legion, was guarded every night by a full company, and one sentinel at each of the three gates. In the early dawn of this morning the sentinel at the south gate had heard a sound as of approaching infantry, and fearing some danger, shut the iron bar gate and shouted to his comrades at the other gates to do likewise, so when the company of grenadiers arrived, the entire guard was ready with loaded pieces behind the gates. Commandant Count Mannsfeld, at the head of the grenadiers, ordered the captain, commanding the student's guard, to disband his men and vacate the premises. A parley ensued. After it had lasted few minutes, a student, nicknamed Ducas, because he was the illegitimate son of a French duke, loaded his musket behind the bar-gate, in view of the troops, and resting his piece on a crossbar of the gate, raised and cocked it ready, and when Count Mannsfeld inquired, "What do you mean?" Ducas replied, "This first shot for you." Count Mannsfeld turned on his heel, the grenadiers retire[d] and a member of the guard climbed the stairs to the university church steeple and sounded the tocsin. By 8 o'clock the Legion was assembled in its full strength in and around the university, and troops commenced to stream in towards the city from the south railroad depot, as they had in the early morning from the north.

The troops took position on the glacis around the city walls and commenced to throw up intrenchments and to place their cannon in battery position, as for a bombardment. A laborer brought the news to the university—to the Untere B[ä]ckerstrasse where I was with the company in whose ranks I served. I exclaimed, "Cannot we build barricades?" and ran into the nearest home and got a pick, borrowed a crowbar from the janitor and set to work at once to lift one of the square granite blocks of the pavement. One of my classmates, a Hungarian, assisted me. As we lifted out the first two granite blocks, some fifty comrades with cheers fell to work. The pick was taken from me by stronger hands, I willingly surrendered it, and before 11 o'clock the barricade assumed respectable proportions, and several hundred more have been started throughout the main city.

My children, it was your father, who not yet 15 years old, had lifted the first granite paving block, to start the first barricade in Vienna.

At noon the decree abolishing the Academic Legion was promulgated but not heeded. Students and citizens of all classes seemed determined to oppose any infringement of the late won concessions.

The barricades, as soon as constructed, were manned by details of the National Guard, as an attack was expected by the large bodies of troops encamped near and around Vienna, and when, shortly after midnight, reinforcements for the Imperial troops arrived, an immediate attack was expected and the tocsin rang out from every steeple of the city and suburbs. Every National Guard drummer beat the alarm, everything was in the best order for defense. The gates of the houses were opened and two men detailed to every second floor window. All women and children were or-

dered from the streets, and when morning dawned, the Pillersdorf Ministry annulled all decrees of the two days just passed.

About noon of the 18th, the delegates of the various corps of the Legion assembled in the *Aula*, had elected Father Anton Fuster (a Catholic-priest), professor of theology of the faculty of philosophy, for commander of the Legion; and about 5 o'clock I was ordered to his quarters on duty as an orderly. Here I found several more youngsters on like detail. He gave us his verbal orders for the various barricades commanded by officers of the Legion, and assigned each orderly to a different barricade as its messenger between the barricade commander and himself. He assigned me to the barricade nearest to the house in which he lived. About 4 o'clock p.m., the delegates of the Legion and of the National Guard organized a "Committee of Safety," to consist of representatives elected by and sent from the various corps and battalions of the Legion and the National Guard. Its business, "Ne populus detrimentum capeat" (that the liberties of the people be not impaired). This committee was soon in working order, the Jew, Dr. Adolf Tischhof for its chairman. As committee of the public welfare its power was unlimited. Dr. Tischhof died in the '90's.

On the afternoon of the 19th, all military posts within the city and suburbs were surrendered to the National Guard for occupation and on the 20th the committee of safety ordered the demolishment of the barricades, and in a few days the city looked as of old. The guards at all public institutions, as the Imperial Bank; Customs house, 'Excise Station, imperial Gardens, the Burg, etc., had thenceforth to be supplied by the Legion and the National Guard. Monday, May 22, Father Fuster resigned as commander of the Legion and was elected chaplain. The Archbishop of Vienna excommunicated him after the October days, and in '49 he emigrated to the United States and taught in private schools in Baltimore and in Philadelphia. In 1870 he returned to Vienna and died there in '74, still under ban. Capt. Messenhausner, retired from the regular army, was elected commander in his place.

On account of the troublesome times, the gymnasiums changed dates of the semi-annual examinations from the first week of July to the first week of June. I passed, received my certificate (*abeunde*) to enter the university and I joined the Legion as a full fledged member with the privilege of a vote as well as to fight, which I had enjoyed heretofore.

I joined Company 5, of the battalion of the Philosophy Faculty, and became a private in its ranks Zach, captain; Fischer, first lieutenant (I have forgotten their given names). I was the youngest member of the Legion and quite petted. I shared all the duties with a will, always on hand to obey orders of the superior officers of company or battalion.

I remember a bread riot of several thousand laborers engaged on public works, clamoring for a small increase in wages, as victuals had raised in price. I happened at the *aula*, just in from 21 hours' guard duty at an excise post, when the order came for a detail of as many men as could be gathered without delay, under any commissioned officer at hand, for the quelling of the disturbance. Within a few minutes about twenty gathered. Lieut. Aigner, a young officer of the Corps of the Academy of Arts, took charge and our little handful hastened away. When close to the mob we detached bayonets and these twenty, mostly beardless youngsters, after arguing with the leaders a few minutes, induced the crowd of some 2,000 or 3,000 men to follow them to the city hall, there to lay their grievances before the city council, then in session, and

on their pledge to follow its in, we marched ahead and brought that mob to the city hall, where after a short argument, the pay of all day laborers on the public works of the city was raised 3 Kreuzers (not quite 3 cents), and the disturbance was quelled. Not much more than a boy, I was always welcomed when meeting with the popular leaders of those days. I became intimate with Oscar Falke, Hermann Moritz and Adolf Jellenek, Burchheim, eminent political writers and speakers, all members of the Legion; also with Capt. Messenhauser, the Commandant of the Legion, Robert Blum and others.

Oscar Falke escaped from Vienna after the October days and established himself at London. The younger Jellenek (Hermann) and Capt. Messenhauser were, after the October days, court-martialed, sentenced and executed (shot Nov. 23, '48) in the Brigit terrace. Adolf Jellenek became later, chief rabbi at Vienna and died Dec. 28, 1895. I also was then quite intimate with Prof. Aigner, who commanded the Corps of the students of the Academy of Arts. Aigner suicided after the October days when he found his escape from Vienna cut off. Daily intercourse with such men had its effect. We boys were all ears when with these men, eager not to miss a word of their conversation. I became imbued with hatred of spiritual and governmental tyranny. The intercourse with such men taught me devotion to humanity. We boys were fairly fanaticized with sympathy for the downtrodden of the globe. All our aspirations centered in the longing for a government in which thrones did not exist. Among my intimates of those days was Dr. Goldmark (a Hungarian Jew) member of the committee of safety, whom we met almost daily at the university, a leader and orator. He escaped to the U.S. after the October days, started a chemical laboratory and factory in New York, and hardly made ends meet until 1861, when at the breaking out of the civil war, he commenced the manufacture of percussion caps and shortly after nearly monopolized government contracts for that article. I also met, frequently, Hans Kudlich, medical student, who agitated the abolishment of the Ro[bu]th, the compulsory sixth work day for the old fief lord by the peasantry, and succeeded, for the law was repealed by one of the first acts of the Austrian Diet. He escaped to Switzerland in October and from there emigrated to the United States, where he still (1903) practices medicine in Hoboken.

One evening while on guard at the university, in a heated discussion, I defended the laboring classes of Vienna, then struggling for a slight increase of wages to ward off starvation, and also the Italians in Lombardy and Venice who, yet struggling against the infernal Austrian military despotism, engaged in a contest which we had won for the time being, but as I and my friends insisted would lose quickly after the quelling of the Italian insurrection. I thought myself insulted, during the discussion, by a class-mate, now a member of the same company and, about to attack him with fixed bayonet, was quieted by the interference of the bystanders. I challenged my opponent in the discussion, but as all around insisted on conciliation, we shook hands and drank some good wine out of one glass. An ample supply of bread and wine was always sent to the university for the guards. The Jelleneks, Falke and Bruchheim reprimanded me next day for my rash conduct, while they fully approved my sentiments and indicted several leaders in their paper, "Students Courier," foretelling a terrible retribution for having stopped half way in the conquest of right and for standing idly by while the imperial army throttled Italy; that after Italy's defeat our turn would be next.

The agricultural population of Austria and all the common people in the various

provinces, steeped in ignorance and superstition, were not ripe for a change from a despotism to free institutions.

On Pentecost Day, June 1848, Whitsunday, Prague, capital of Bohemia was bombarded and next day taken by assault. There had been quarrels and disputes between the different nationalities; but all parties had united in a demand for municipal home rule, when Windischgraetz, commander of the troops in Bohemia, all at once interfered solely for the purpose of causing forceful resistance, which would furnish a pretext for a well delivered blow against the revolutionary tactics of the day, and by gaining a foothold in Prague would be better able to operate in the future against the imperial capital and Hungary.

Eight hundred students and citizens were killed in the two days' fight, June 15 and 16. Among the first killed was the wife of General Windischgraetz. She was watching the battle from a third story window, when a stray bullet hit her in the forehead. Of wounded there were about two thousand.

The delegation from the Vienna Committee of Safety, sent to investigate conditions, was curtly ordered out of the town by the military authorities. A great many speeches were made in Vienna and in Budapest, but to no purpose. Many citizens and students of Prague escaped to Vienna, as Windischgraetz did not care to hold any one who wished to leave. My cousins—children of my father's brother, Wolf-Rudolf, Julia and Ludwig, and my mother's cousins, Adolf, Karl, Hanna and Amelia Austerlitz, were refugees to Vienna and put up with us two weeks.

The German diet at Frankfort had elected Archduke Johann (uncle of the emperor) as *Reichsverweser* (protector of the realm). And now there were more speeches, more National Guard parades. The "Students Courier" prophesied days like Whitsunday and Monday for Vienna, but these warnings were unheeded.

On Corpus Christi Day the National Guard and the Legion took the place of the regular troops during the exercises of the day and in the procession, as all the regular army had departed. It was the custom for the clergy, headed by the archbishop, coming from the cathedral, St. Stephen's to march in procession through the kneeling ranks of troops, who then closed behind them and, with the clergy at the head, march through the city. Returning to the cathedral, again the clergy march through the kneeling ranks.

The Jewish students, with one voice, decided to do just as their comrades did, so we Jewish members of the Legion knelt with our Catholic and Protestant comrades before the Christian host. We did this also at a field mass celebrated in honor of our martyred dead, July 29, '48, by the legion Chaplain, Father Fuster. When the little bell tinkled we all knelt. Father Fuster preached a fine sermon that day that could be heard all over the field. I have met only one man whose voice could compare with Fuster's, he was Thos. H. Benton. About the middle of July I joined the "Vienna Legion" to go to Hungary and assist the Magyars in their struggle against the Ban Jellachich and his hordes of Croats, Slavonians, Wallachians, etc. We were not to depart until, at least, 1,000 or 2,000 had joined to form a full regiment.

My parents had just decided to start a grocery business in a suburb when I informed them of my desire to assist the Magyars in their war for the preservation of their liberties. Father and mother then asked me if I would not prefer to emigrate to the United States, and after a few days of discussion I consented.

All my closest and best friends, old classmates and chums agreed that the time

was near when the revolution in Vienna and Hungary would be drowned in blood, and that I should not oppose the decision of my parents.

General Windischgraetz took command of the army surrounding Vienna in October, commenced the assault and bombardment October 23 and continued it until October 30, when he gave the Hungarian army of 31,000 battle on the Marchfeld, near Vienna, and defeated the same October 31st. He took the city by storm. The losses were immense on both sides. The Odeon, a large building of a block, with various halls, used for dances and theatrical performances, was fitted for a hospital by the Legion and the National Guard, and on the 31st of October it contained 4,000 wounded of both sides. Jellachich's Croats set it on fire and it burned, with all its inmates. The Croats plundered three days in Vienna, just as Tilly's Croats in Magdeburg, when he had taken that city in the Thirty-Years War. I have this from an eye witness.

Before our departure from Vienna, the sessions of the Austrian Diet had commenced, July 28, and the emperor had returned from Innsbruck, at which time the National Guard and the Legion met him at the limits of the suburbs, and he was driven slowly to the Burg through their opened ranks, three rows of National Guards on each side. Then and there was the last time I did duty in the ranks of the Legion.

On Monday, the 6th day of September, in the morning I took leave of my closest and best Jewish chums, Ignatz Goldner, Frederick Brandees, Gustav Spitzer and Emanuel Stiasny. We wept together, embraced, and since I have never met Goldner nor Spitzer, nor do I know what became of them. I met Frederick Brandees in New York City in February and in May, 1898, when going to and returning from the legion jubilee celebration at Vienna. He died in New York May 14, 1899. I met Em. Stiasny several times at Vienna March, 1898, and have kept up correspondence with him.

I never met any of these friends of my youth, except Emanuel Stiasny, with whom I passed many hours during my ten days' stay at Vienna in March, 1848. Stiasny was drummer in the Legion, was court-martialed in December, 1848, sentenced to death, pardoned to dungeon and hard labor for life. He was incarcerated at Brünn for four years, worked at the fortification by day, was manacled to a 20-lb. ball and chain, of which he carried the scars to his grave. His father, through bribed influence, obtained for him a full pardon in 1854. He then studied civil engineering, made his mark in this occupation, retired in 1893, died on July 22, 1904, in his 72nd year. Was never married.

On the evening of the 6th of September, after a visit to my maternal grandfather's grave, my parents, my sister and I went to the Northern railroad depot, accompanied by Aunt Helene Frankl, (wife of Dr. Joseph Frankl, mother's brother,) and my cousins, Paul and Joseph Frankl. At about 7 p.m., the train moved from the depot. For miles we watched the St. Stephen's cross, gilded by the setting sun, and when it disappeared I hid my face in my hands and cried myself to sleep. We stayed two days in Prague at Uncle David's house. Uncle was absent and Aunt Fannie entertained us. We visited relations, and they visited us. From Prague we traveled towards Bremen; by stage to Eger, thence by steamer to Dresden. thence by railroad to Bremen, whence we left Sept. 23, on the bark, Rebecca, of 800 tons, for New Orleans. The vessel had 180 steerage and three cabin passengers, besides us. We occupied one on the upper deck, a small cabin with two large berths. The day before we left Bremenhaven, Uncle

David came to see us, but we were all ashore. The captain and mates did not know our names and so we missed the pleasure of seeing him. The officers of the ship—so uncle wrote us—denied having passengers by any such name as Bondi. We arrived at Balize on the 7th day of November, were taken in tow, with two other vessels, by a tug on the evening of the 8th. On the 9th the tug stopped at a plantation for wood; I went ashore and there saw, for the first time, Negroes at the sugar mill. They were late imports from Africa, men and women clad only in coffee sacks, open at both ends, slipped on and tied around the waist. We arrived in New Orleans November 10th and left it the next day at evening on the steamer, Buena Vista, for St. Louis, arriving there November 23rd.

When near Memphis, one of our fellow passengers on the steamer, trying to draw water from the river with a bucket, fell overboard and was drowned. His old neighbors on board had prayer meeting and I, under the stress of the impression, wrote a poem of some thirty lines which various parties, years afterwards, claimed were well written. My sister kept the poem with some other poetry scribbled at various times. I saw the same in her possession in 1881, but do not know what has become of them at present.

Mother rented rooms in a brick house on Third Street, between Market and Chestnut, one Schuetz, owner. Mother and sister began to teach needlework which proved rather unsuccessful. I hired with the Ruthenburg Bros., dry goods, one door south of the old theater, south of Vine Street, on Third Street, and next to the old Missouri Fire Co.'s station. The name of the senior partner was Julius Ruthenburg; I forget the first name of his brother. I stayed with them at \$8 per month from Dec. 1 to March 1. When first ordered to sweep the store I broke out in tears. A late member of the Vienna Legion to do such menial work—but I soon came to it, but never became a proficient sweeper. Julius Ruthenburg was quite clever to me, but I disliked to continue because the two brothers continually fussed. Father started to peddle, and in March, 1849, opened a store on Carondelet Avenue, about ten blocks north of the arsenal, but the venture was N.G. He sold out at cost to various parties, mostly his creditors, settled up, and we moved to rooms near the arsenal, home owned by a man named H[a]user. Mother and sister opened a private school for girls. They soon had about forty scholars, as the entire southern St. Louis had no public school. Father went peddling, and I started in with Ruthenburg and Emanuel, who had bought out Ruthenburg Bros.

Julius Ruthenburg had started on Broadway [and] Market. Rudolf Bondi, who had followed us to St. Louis, commenced to clerk for him at the time of the great fire in St. Louis which destroyed about ten million dollars worth of property and one life was lost; I think it was the 29th of May, 1849, but am not certain about the date. J. Emanuel, Ruthenburg's partner, was a Russian Jew, about 73 years old, who some forty years ago had escaped military service by running off to England and then to the United States. I worked for \$18 per month, paid \$4 per month for my six dinners per week, and walked about twenty-five blocks to my work every morning and back home nights. Some 10,000 people died of cholera from February to October, 1849. We kept well, but mother's school was broken up by the epidemic. In March my parents had agreed to let me go to California overland, and an informal agreement

was made with a party to take me along for \$60, but mother, at the last moment, withdrew consent.

In October, 1849, I started on a venture to retail an auction stock of dry goods in Quincy, Ill., with Julius Ruthenburg and Cousin Rudolph. I earned about \$90 in six weeks and when ready to return—my earnings in a money belt in five franc pieces—the belt burst and all my money was irrevocably lost. I was taught caution by this lesson and remembered it through life.

When I returned to St. Louis I found my parents living in the Schuetz brick house; mother and sister working for a shirt factory and father making cigars. I apprenticed to Arthur Olshausen, owner of *Anzeiger des Westens*, to learn the type-setting and printing trade. The foreman, one Lischen, was a scoundrel who, contrary to the arrangement made between Olshausen and my father, robbed me of the extra pay due me for work after 6, o'clock p.m.

There I proved quite useful. After two months I set from 4,000 to 5,000 ems and worked off by myself the setting of the small French, Italian and Spanish weeklies of the day.

I left the printing office in March, 1850, and for two weeks stayed with a nephew of Julius Ruthenburg, who ran a small tannery near Edwardsville, Illinois, to recruit, after the three months' night work in the printing office. (I forget the tanner's first name, but he was a Ruthenburg).

In May, 1850, I went into partnership in Vide Poche, Carondelet village, five miles north from Jefferson Barracks, in a tavern business, what is now Schirmer Street. My partner was Paul Mahé, 35 years old, native of Bordeaux, formerly orderly sergeant with the *Zepbies* in Africa for seven years.

In 1850, the Cabot communist colony of Nauvoo had disbanded and many of the ex-members drifted to St. Louis and quite a number came to Vide Poche village, which was then mostly inhabited by the descendants of the first French settlers. I then became acquainted with an old man who when a boy, had plowed corn on the site of the St. Louis court house. I heard the story of the Grand Coup, the last Indian onslaught in St. Louis, from the sons of the Canadian pioneers and from a few survivors. I was also in daily contact with the ex-Nauvoo colonists, and these people just made themselves contemptible in my eyes with their continued mouth-slobbering, upholding communism, atheism and other isms, and then bowing low when meeting a priest, of whom there were plenty in Carondelet, as the Jesuit seminary was then located there.

My partner, Mahé, taught me the principles and technicalities of gardening. We had five acres to cultivate and just as he taught me, so I garden yet by rule and line and flat cultivation.

I there became acquainted with the Carlat Bros., who kept tavern near Jefferson Barracks, four miles south from where I kept. They were named Jean Baptiste Carlat and Eugene Carlat. Both yet *live*; the former a farmer in Jackson County, Mo., and Eugene Carlat, the Kansas City undertaker, whom I still (1903) meet every time I visit Kansas City. I also learned to ride and to drive while at Vide Poche.

I quit the tavern business in May, 1851, came to St. Louis and tried to study mathematics.

My parents kept a small dry goods store and shirt factory on Second Street, near to and north of Myrtle Street, in John Eherle's brick building. I bought me a school

text book in algebra and tried hard to study by myself, intending to begin a course in some school to fit myself for a civil engineer, but I could not settle down to study. I had a good time swimming, fishing and on excursions. I joined the Society of Free Men (*Freier Männer-Verein*), where I became acquainted with Dr. Henry Börnstein editor of the *Anzeiger des Westens*, and Prof. Franz Schmidt, late president of the Frankfort Parliament.

ST. LOUIS POLITICS

Now about politics in the United States and St. Louis as I found them on arrival at St. Louis, and as they developed.

In the November election of 1848 the Whigs carried their national ticket and Zachary Taylor was elected president. Complete returns in those days were not possible till some time in December. The Germans in the United States were solidly aligned with the Democratic Party. Frank P. Blair, of St. Louis, had played a prominent part in pushing the Van Buren Free Soil ticket, which had hardly caused a ripple in the political sea. The pro-slavery attitude of the Democratic Party was not yet discovered in St. Louis. The two German papers made opposition to one another for patronage only. I tried to keep posted and attended all mass meetings, and all ward meetings, which were held near the center of the city and were easily come-at-able. The democratic mass meeting, held Jan. 8th, 1849, was the first political meeting which I attended in the United States. There I heard Frank P. Blair for the first time.

In 1849 commenced the contest for and against the admission of California as free territory. Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Seward were leaders in the respective debates.

In 1850 the Missouri legislature passed the since notorious Clairborn, Fox, Jackson resolutions pledging Missouri's cooperation with its southern sister states and instructing its representatives and senators in Congress to comply with these resolutions. Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion," opposed the resolutions with all the energy of his nature. "Solitary and alone, he set the hall in motion" to block the support of slavery extension by the Missouri democracy. He was beaten for his sixth term in the senate, the pro-slavery Whig, A. Geyer, was elected. In 1852 Benton became a candidate for representative to Congress for the 7th Missouri congressional district, in which St. Louis was situated, and was elected. In April, 1851, Luther M. Kennett, Whig, was elected mayor of St. Louis. In the riot on that election day, a few houses, owned by Germans in South St. Louis, were destroyed. The American, or Know-Nothing party, had begun to swallow the Whig party.

The ministers of various churches opposed the lately organized, so-called, "Benton Democracy," which was hostile to further slavery extension, and as all late German immigrants under the leadership of Henry Börnstein, editor of the *Anzeiger des Westens*, took a prominent part in the "Benton Democracy." Some ministers attacked that immigration which they claimed had to leave their country for their country's good. This antagonism of church against the men of '48 and '49 effected the organization of the *Freier Männer-Verein* by some 600 late political fugitives and

their friends which Henry Börnstein most effectively directed to influence progressive policies in city, state and nation.

We youngsters from the barricades and struggles of the revolutionary movements of Germany, Austria and Hungary, who had there been initiated into politics, were eager to grasp the opportunity which would prove our important political influence in our new home. It was not sympathy with the Negro slave, it was antipathy against the degradation of labor which made us a solid unit to back Thos. H. Benton and his campaign manager, Frank P. Blair.

We had no votes, as it required five years residence for full citizenship and only full citizenship could vote at that time, but we could argue, talk: and discuss, and while some stood aghast at the cheek of the exiled youngsters, the crowds listened, were led to consider, were influenced to vote. Then and there was planted the seed of which Gen. Lyon reaped the harvest. The young exiles of '48 kept Missouri in the Union. They furnished the brains to the physical forces of German workmen. By them united St. Louis was firmly held in the grip of loyalty to the Union.

Börnstein eventually (1861) became lieutenant colonel of the Second Missouri Volunteers, then colonel and military governor of Missouri, and after the three months' service of his regiment, he was, until 1866, American Consul at Hamburg. He died in 1897 at Vienna in his 94th year.

Before 1851 the influence of the German voters in politics was nil. Occasionally a German was elected constable or justice of the peace, but few months after the organization of the *Freier Männer-Verein* the American papers began to fight the late German immigrant, to oppose his influence in politics; but they yet respected the youngsters who from the revolutionary battlefields of Europe had invaded the United States and were anxious to make themselves felt in politics.

Thomas H. Benton, in his struggle, was valiantly assisted by Frank P. Blair and Henry Börnstein and Joseph Lewis Blennerhasset, son of Hermon Blennerhasset, of Blennerhasset Island, of Burr Confederacy fame.

Whenever I could I attended these political meetings. I heard ex-Senator Benton address a meeting of some 20,000 on Washington Square. His voice was like the roaring of a lion. I attended the funeral procession in honor of Henry Clay who died July, 1852. I also heard Benton's funeral oration on Daniel Webster in November of the same year.

In the summer of 1851 the Lopez Crittenden expedition left New Orleans, 500 strong, to liberate Cuba. This undertaking was premature. If this first division of the liberating army had waited for the second division, the Spanish sway in Cuba would have ceased then and there, I enlisted in the second division which was to start two weeks after the first division. We were 35 strong. Each night we drilled in the Surgeon Market. Alex Sturgeon paid our drill master and was to furnish our outfit—rifle, satire, bayonet, revolver. Of this division, only two survive (1903), Major Wiseman and myself. Alex Sturgeon is in his eighty-fifth year, and Major Wiseman is in the Leavenworth Soldier's Home (1903).

Every river town from St. Louis to New Orleans and from Pittsburg to Cairo was ready with its quantum for the second division, all to ship as nearly at one time as possible. Twenty-four hours before we were to take the steamer at St. Louis, the news of the defeat and annihilation of the best division reached St. Louis and the second

division disbanded. I cannot recollect the exact date, but think it was the second Sunday in September, 1851.

All the German organizations under Börnstein leadership united in a funeral demonstration in honor of Crittenden and his comrades who had fallen in battle or had been garrotted by Spanish court martial.

October, 1851, I engaged in school teaching in school district No. ___, Merrimack township, St. Louis county, in a German settlement, at \$20 per month; boarded with Philipp Waldorf. Paid, with washing, \$6 a month. It was eighteen miles from St. Louis. I walked to St. Louis every Friday evening and returned Sunday p.m., riding in the Carondelet omnibus the first six miles. I had eighteen pupils in this log school house in the woods. The boys had to cut wood during recess to heat the room. As it was the first school kept for eighteen months, the children were beyond ordinary control and I quit the job, as I did not admire handling a hickory rod for six hours a day. I returned to St. Louis and about the middle of November I started from home again for Texas by deck passage on the *Grand Turk*, for which I paid \$2.50 to New Orleans. I was advised to buy a quart of whisky and give it to the first good-looking Irish deck hand who would feed me through. I did as advised and had my grub all the way for ten days in New Orleans.

I remained in New Orleans two weeks, became acquainted with a young man of my age from Boston, who boarded where I did. He was with his uncle. We visited all places of note around. I had a letter of recommendation from my father to a brother Mason, Dr. Dembitz, father of the S. N. Dembitz of Louisville, Ky. He recommended me to several houses, and if I had cared I could have had employment, but I refused several good offers of \$40 and \$45 per month. New Orleans was then the landing place of returned Californians, and I saw many leaving their ship with heavy carpet bags. I tried there to enlist for Commodore Perry's Japan Expedition, but they had just closed the recruiting office; I had reached it too late. It rained almost every day while I was in New Orleans. I paid no attention to getting wet and allowed my clothes to dry on me repeatedly, for which foolish trick I had to suffer afterwards.

I left for Galveston with the *Meteor*. Afterwards, under another name (which I have forgotten), as a gunboat in the Mississippi fleet of 1862, it assisted us in repelling the Confederate attack on Helena, Ark. July 4th, 1863. I arrived in Galveston about Dec. 10, 1851, stayed around a week and could not find a suitable job. I had only \$1.15 left, and I wanted to go to Houston. Hearing that a steamer *Brazos* was taking a lot of German emigrants there for \$1.00 per head, I went aboard in the evening, after having purchased a big bag full of wormy crackers for my supper and breakfast for 5 cents, and I slept on some sacks of grain on deck. Next morning the steamer started by 10 o'clock and the mate and clerk refused my dollar for the passage, as I did not belong to the emigrant crowd, fortunately the captain came along just then and he offered to take me free and give me my grub if I would interpret in collecting freight charges from the emigrant crowd.

The captain of the steamer *Brazos* was Thomas Henry Chubb, as Boston Yankee, afterwards Commodore in the Confederate service, and one of the most successful Confederate smugglers and blockade runners. His mate was his brother, John Chubb, also afterwards in the blockade running business. Arrived at Houston and finding no employment—the town was the muddiest town I have ever seen—I returned to the *Brazos* because Captain Chubb had promised me work in case of failure to find any in

Houston. I was installed as barkeeper. I made another trip to Houston and returned to Galveston Dec. 21. The day and evening was hot and sultry. It became still about 10 o'clock p.m., and the captain ordered the anchor out, as we were close to a bar and all signs foretold a northerner. At 11 p.m., the storm broke loose and drove the boat, dragging anchor, ashore on a sloping sandbank high and dry. The place was somewhere near Morgan's Point. Chambers County, I believe, is now the name of the region where, having been driven by the storm, we stayed six weeks, until relieved and floated off by a spring-tide. While staying wrecked on the sand bank I took part in an expedition of exploration. The country was a wilderness. We met thousands of wild cattle feeding on the prairies. We found a bayou, the mouth of which was close to the place where we were wrecked. We also found several hundred acres of cedar and oak timber. Everybody on board the steamer was discharged except the mate, (the captain's brother), myself and two Irish firemen and the engineer. The captain and the mate each had his wife come from Galveston by steamer and skiff to the boat to cook for us. We had plenty of hard bread and flour, and whenever we were out of meat we shot a young beef and preserved the hide, as instructed by Capt. Morgan's overseer. When we were floated off we took the hides to Galveston and delivered them to the agent of the ranch. The cattle, some six hundred head, and ten thousand acres of land, were for sale for \$15,000. Two dollars per head for the cattle and 25 cents per acre for the land. An old German and his hunchback son lived on the land in a cabin near the bayou to take care of the improvements of the large deserted plantation close by. These deserted plantations had costly mansions and had been deserted because the fevers had killed the families. The only drinking water was that which fell from the clouds. Every plantation had immense wooden tanks in which the rain water was caught. New Orleans, Galveston and Houston also depended upon the rain for their supply of drinking water, as the bayou waters were brackish. Capt. Chubb used what force he had to chop oak cord wood and cedar piles out of the timber lands close by and loaded them on board—none objected. He claimed to visitors that he ought to have something to reimburse him for lost time.

Through carelessness I lost my way and wandered around 21 hours in wet clothes before I regained the steamer, and the consequence was chronic diarrhea, which became worse daily. My disregard of sanitary precautions, allowing my wet clothes to dry on me, both in New Orleans and since, had undermined my system. The disease became so serious that the company gave me up. but I kept on my feet, and having some medical knowledge, I restricted myself to ½ cracker and ½ cup of tea three times per day, and put red pepper in my tea. With this treatment I improved so that I could skull the boat loaded with cedar wood from the shore to the steamer through about eighteen inches of water. I kept moving and at work, and after a few days of my restricted diet, the fearful hunger which accompanies chronic diarrhea, left me, and I allowed myself two cups of beef soup with plenty of red pepper, and before we left the sand bank my condition was normal, but I continued to stint my food. About the middle of February 1852, the spring-tide set in, and all hands helped to work the boat into deep water. I coiled the slack of the capstan and when done with my work I felt that I could not get up, so severe was the pain in all my limbs. Inflammatory rheumatism had set in, and it held me bedfast for two weeks. As soon

as I could move, I took a bath in the bay every evening while the weather was warm, and improved in strength very rapidly.

The first week in March, 1852, the *Brazos* went into the Trinity River trade. It took four weeks for the round trip. I went as second clerk and barkeeper. While the *Brazos* was being fitted for the trip up Trinity River, I stayed three or four days at Capt. Chubb's home and bunked with his eldest son, Thos. Henry Chubb, Jr., later on wharfmaster at Galveston.

During my stay in Texas I gathered a great deal of information on southern life. When in Galveston the howlings of the slaves receiving their morning ration of cowhiding waked me at 4 o'clock a.m. I found the Yankees the most cruel masters. The native southerner had a full knowledge of the Negro character and treated slaves with regard to their dispositions, so different from whites. Hospitable to any white man, no matter how poor, they yet had no consideration for the poor white laborer. The sick slave received attention, the sick white laborer none. I make these statements from my personal experience and observation. Every good-looking young man from the north could have his pick of southern young ladies of first families. I was only 18 years, yet if I had been willing, several of these young ladies would have fallen in love with me. I disliked to marry a woman with slaves. Had I stayed south I would have joined the Confederate army, but while really I did not have much sympathy for the Negroes, I felt that my father's son was not to be a slave driver.

While lightering over Redfish bar on the first trip of the *Brazos* to Trinity River, the bay was black with swans, pelicans, geese and ducks, and Col. Morgan's 18-year-old son was close to our boat engaged in duck hunting in a skiff managed by a colored boy, who let one oar drop, scaring the ducks. Young Morgan, mad, his gun ready for the ducks, deliberately emptied the load into the shoulder of the colored boy. I loudly condemned such cruelty. (Of course, I put into my remarks all the vinegar of an 18 years smart aleck), when an old man, Rev. Roach, a minister of the southern M. E. church, father of our pilot, stepped up and reproved me, finishing his remarks thus: "We have no use for northern abolitionists, and only your age protects you from deserved punishment." In February 1852, three free mulatto sailors, citizens of Boston, were, according to Texas law, sold into slavery for attempting to run off three slaves by hiding them in their outgoing vessel.

The first trip of the *Brazos* was a paying venture. I saw numberless alligators, from ten to twenty feet or more. On our return trip a snag, into which we ran one morning by 8 o'clock, took our larboard guard, and it took two days to rig a false guard. We started on our second trip about the first week of April. We went each time as far as Magnolia, the landing of Palestine.

The keel boat from Dallas brought a full load of bear pelts for shipment. Here I saw *bois d'arc* (osage hedge), with trees three and four feet thick. On this trip I nearly lost my life in this manner: Capt. Chubb shipped a second engineer, gambler and spreer. The second day from Galveston he brought me a dozen decks of cards (as barkeeper, I kept and sold cards), and requested me to sell these instead of others when called for by him. I well knew that they were likely marked and refused. On the down trip he started a game of poker with some planters who had their cotton aboard, and putting in all night lost heavily, lost all his money. By morning he was wild, as he had had some twenty drinks during the game, and when he met me, pulled out a pistol, exclaiming, "I believe I just as well kill you d—s—b—." A young

Kentuckian, returning to his old home for his girl, knocked up his arm and the bullet went wild; he then pulled out his bowie knife and lunged after me. I raised my right hand to ward off, and as he reeled, the point of his knife cut into the tip of my little finger. The scar is there yet. The captain locked the fellow into a cabin, and tied him down till sober, when he begged my pardon. I refused to prosecute, which I could not have done anyway, as it all happened in a wild, sparsely settled country. On this trip I saw deer and turkeys by the hundreds in the woods bordering the river. A whole deer sold to the boat for 75 cents. Nearing Galveston, Capt. Chubb made me an offer of staying with him as overseer of a plantation and timber lot on the bay, 30 miles from Galveston. I did not refuse but said I would look over his place and see whether I could do the work.

When in the bay returning on this second trip to Trinity River, May 9th, we had to lighter twice over the bars. It took us until May 10th, o'clock p.m., to reach Galveston. The Negro crew had been up two nights. Capt. Chubb ordered the boat unloaded at once and his brother, the mate, and his cousin, watchman and second mate, by name, George Reed, to attend to the darkies getting it done by morning. The mate and watchman came and requested me to attend to the unloading. If I intended to follow boat, I had to learn anyway how to run the deck, but at the same time made me promise never to reveal to Capt. Chubb that they had left their job to me. In the goodness of my heart I assented. By 4 o'clock a.m., May 11, the crew tired, having been up three nights hand running, and some, trying to skulk, I poked them up with cord wood, when one of them, "Ike," turned on me and said, "M'assa, I didn't think dat of you." This cut me to the heart. I finished having the boat unloaded by 7 o'clock a.m. The captain came aboard at 9 a.m. I asked for my pay. He tried in vain to hold me, and at 11 a. in., I was on board the *Meteor* for New Orleans, where I arrived May 13th, at 5 o'clock a.m. I visited Dr. Dembitz, spent two days with them, and then put for St. Louis, where I arrived about May 23, having been away a few days over six months. When I arrived in St. Louis my parents and sister were highly pleased. My parents rented a room in the home where they had their business and desired nie to study for some profession. I tried hard but I could not concentrate my mind on my studies. I had taken up algebra, because if I had to choose a profession, civil engineering was my preference, and algebra and geometry were necessary studies for that profession. I tried two months but gave up. Political waves ran high—Missouri then had state elections in August. Benton ran for representative in the 7th district (St. Louis) and was elected with eight hundred plurality. Franklin Pierce ran for president against Winfield Scott. Ned Buntline, whose real name was Edward Judson, was in St. Louis, as he expressed himself, to run the American campaign against the d—d Dutch and Irish. The democrats called Gen. Scott all "Fuss and Feathers." I heard Stephen A. Douglas, the little giant, speak to thousands on the Court House Square of St. Louis, at one of the November elections.

During the summer and fall canvass I had never missed any gathering. I heard Benton, Kennett, Blair, [Ur]iel Wright, Blennerhassett, Kaiser, Kribben, Kretschma[r] and many others no longer among the living.² The hard work of the '48ers had elected Benton and his ticket in the August election of '52 in St. Louis. Dr Börnstein

and his crowd had met the expectations of his friends. This was the year of the high water in St. Louis. The Mississippi came up to Commercial St.

In November of '52, I went to work for Brooks, a clothier, on the Levee, at \$20 for the first month, \$25 the second month and after. I stayed with Brooks for six months, and then had \$30. The firm then became Brooks & Keiler, and I remained with them until April, 1854. The senior clerk was a Pol[e], Hendricks, about 60 years old. He was brother-in-law of Udall Levi, commodore of the U.S. navy, a good clerk but too fond of poker for his good. There was also another clerk, Kohn, nicknamed "Schnapschec[k]e." I got along fine with Brooks' young brother-in-law, Wolf Keller, about my age, for whom I wrote love letters to a girl in New York, whose mother at one time had expressed to my mother a wish that I might become her son-in-law. Mrs. Harris died with cholera in 1849. In March, 1853, my parents closed up their business and removed to Louisville, Ky. Here in 1853, my cousin, Emanuel Bondi, proposed to my sister and was accepted. Neither mother nor I liked the match, but would not oppose. My sister had refused marriage into one of the richest and oldest Portuguese families in Kentucky. They were married in March, 1854. I had left Brooks & Keiler the same month and had gone to work for my brother-in-law's old bosses, Lugarmann & Ettman, wholesale hats and caps. My brother-in-law established himself in the clothing business in Lexington, Mo., but for lack of business left in the fall and opened on Market Street, opposite Xaup[i]'s Concert Hall.³

August, '54, Benton was beaten for re-election. The three candidates were Thos. H. Benton, Free State or Benton Democrat; Lewis V. Bogly] National Democrat; Luther M. Kennett, Whig and native American. Kennett was elected, and there followed a great riot in St. Louis, many killed and wounded. Capt. Almsted, with his battery, saved South St. Louis, mostly German, from invasion of the native American rioters, as his battery was drawn up at the junction of South 2nd and 5th Streets. The Benton Democratic Party in St. Louis County was badly used up. They had started in on the new deal of primary nomination, afterwards in Kansas called Crainford Co. system. I have since experienced repeated trials of the system, but have never known any party to be benefi[t]ed by it. During this canvass I was, of course, on Washington Square, where Thos. H. Benton made one of his characteristic addresses to about 20,000. When leaving the square I happened in a crowd which by chance hustled against a man who turned out to be Lewis V. Bogly], Benton's opponent. Bogly] was so excited, believing that the crowding on him was a premeditated insult, that he was about to draw his pistol, when some of his friends pulled him out.

July, of '54, was an eventful month for me. On the 21st I became of age. The same week a special friend, Isaac Fuchs, senior partner of Fuchs & Benjamin, died of cholera. I had faithfully nursed him during his brief illness, and a few days after his death I had a sunstroke; for 24 hours I lay alone in the upper story of Lugaarmann & Ettman's wholesale establishment. Dr. Hartmann, long ago deceased, treated my friend and myself. My recovery was very slow.

During the winter of '53 and '54 my cousin Emanuel, Isaac Fox, Jacob, Benjamin and I organized as a whist club, met every night to 10 o'clock p m. After Emanuel's marriage and removal to Lexington, the three left, with now this, now that friend, kept on playing whist occasionally. After Fox's death I ceased playing altogether and for forty years did not even handle a card.

September, of '54, my brother-in-law moved to St. Louis and I It is L. & E. and

went clerking for Jacob Benjamin, former partner of my dead friend, Fuchs, at \$40 per month, boarding with my sister, and I remained with Benjamin until some time in February, 1855.

Benjamin and I had bought 4-in. Colts and practiced considerably at target. Once in May, '54, I came near hitting him at target practice. The pistol would not revolve, and he and I looked into the cylinder while on pistol. Inadvertently I pulled the trigger and the bullet passed between our hats. In November, '51, Benjamin was fooling with his pistol in the house and the bullet passed by me into a window frame. During the years '53 and '54, I rid myself of the last remnants of rheumatism by taking cold water baths morning and evening.

In March, 1855, I left Benjamin and made up my mind to become more useful to humanity than by mere counter hopping. To use President Roosevelt's mode of expression, I was most anxious for a strenuous life. I was tired of the humdrum life of a clerk. Any struggle, any hard work would be welcome to me. I thirsted for it, for adventure, and the next ten years gave me enough of the life I then hankered for. Preparatory to undertaking any new enterprise, I visited my parents in Louisville and stayed with them a few days. I found them comfortably situated. My dear father worked in a furniture factory at \$7 per week. He had had the job for some years. My dear mother worked for a clothing store and earned from \$3 to \$5 per week. They had saved some money and were still laying up some every week. If I had found any occupation there, I would have remained. I was loth to leave them after a week. I met my father's boss, as a partner in a furniture factory in 1857 in Kansas, he had settled at Garnett, Anderson County, and visited us on my father's claim. He praised father's industry and punctuality, told me also that nothing could prevent father from voting the democratic ticket. The election riot of '54 was expected, but father voted early, before going to work, to be sure that his democratic vote was in.

Returning to St. Louis about the middle of March, I happened on a Greeley leader in the *New York Tribune*, appealing to the freedom loving men of the states to rush to Kansas and save it from the curse of slavery to be fastened on it by the "squatter sovereignty" principle contained in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The same day I purchased a pair of saddle bags (which I kept in use even in the U.S. service and up to my discharge from the U.S. army. At my removal from Salina to the farm, 1868, they were lost), and March 26th I was on the steamer, *Polar Star*, on my way to Kansas City. I met Dr. Rufus Gilpatrick on board. After a most tedious trip (the passengers were landed several times to lighten the boat over bars and then had to walk from 5 to 10 miles), April 2nd I landed at Kansas City, then Kansas Landing. I left my saddle bags at the warehouse of Riddlesberger & Co., and, light with only my 4-in. Colts, struck out for the Territory of Kansas. My companion and chum was Stephen Withington, from Lancaster, Mass. He was about my age, his only baggage, a rifle and a single blanket. We two took supper at the Harris house at Westport, and the same evening, April 2nd, 1855, crossed the line and had arrived in Kansas. We slept and breakfasted at the Quaker Shawnee mission and then marched on to Lawrence, 35 miles from the Mission. By noon our feet were very sore, and night found us hungry and exhausted, and yet 10 miles from Lawrence. We ran upon a camp of teamsters, who fed us at 50 cents apiece for supper and breakfast, and we slept on the single blanket at the campfire. After a most frugal meal of bacon and corn meal cakes, we toddled on, and arrived at Lawrence by noon of April 4th. That night we

camped in the sod church, took our meals at the New England Emigrant Association Hotel at 25 cents per meal which, considering the prevailing prices of provisions, was very reasonable. My chum, Withington, was a member of the secret Know-nothing organization, and some typos of the lately established *Herald of Freedom* made some impertinent remarks to him on his association with sauerkraut—he laughed it off. I remarked to him that in the slavery issue was embodied the death warrant of the Native American party. Next morning before starting on our scout to look over the country, we concluded that we ought to buy a half pint of whisky. The store would not sell me any, but sold one-half pint of what they called belly-ague medicine to Withington for 50 cents. Walking out of Lawrence, we traveled about a mile with a man named Emory, afterwards Judge Emory.

The evening of the 5th of April we reached the claim-shanty of the Archibald family and there I became acquainted with Julia Archibald, afterwards Mrs. James Holmes, the first white woman that climbed Pike's Peak in May, 1858. The settlers we found in Wakarusa Valley were mostly from the New England states and Ohio, a few from Illinois. The Archibalds were blue-noses from Nova Scotia.

At the late March election mobs of some 2,500 or more armed men from Missouri (border ruffians) had overrun the settled parts of the Territory and had driven the settlers from the polls and had elected, what we afterwards called the First Bogus Legislature of the Territory of Kansas and had then retired to Missouri to their homes.

The Free State settlers were determined to conquer by outstaying the border ruffians. They said, "They have managed to outvote us but we will outstay them."

We squatted three miles from Archibald's, on a creek, tributary of the Wakarusa River and packed a few provisions and tools from Lawrence (10 miles).

We worked some time building a shanty, but were without team and provisions so scarce that, at one time, we had to wait two days in Lawrence before we could purchase a few pounds of flour. My chum became very tired of the country, and I concluded that, under the circumstances, I might as well leave, too, for St. Louis, and then return with my old boss, Jacob Benjamin, and settle in Southeast Kansas, which was claimed to be a finer country than the region around Lawrence. We sold our shanty and tools and struck out for the Missouri River.

CHAPTER III

THE JOURNEY TO SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS

The greatest drought within memory yet, prevailed in Kansas (1855). It had neither rained nor snowed in Missouri and Kansas since August, of '53. The creeks were dry, and rivers, such as the Wakarusa, barely a ripple. The prairies all cracked and no signs of new grass. Corn in Jackson County, \$1.00 a bushel; flour, \$6 and \$7, even up to \$10 a sack in Lawrence occasionally. This drought had extended over all the western country to the Alleghenies, and lasted to the end of May 1855.

Withington remained in Kansas City hunting for work. I arrived in St. Louis toward the end of April. Benjamin and I each bought a riding horse, accoutrements

and equipments and early in May we left St. Louis by the St. Charles state road for Southeastern Kansas, for the Pottawattomie country.

We crossed the Missouri River at St. Charles and again at Rocheport, where we sold our double-barrel shotgun; it was so cumbersome to carry, but we regretted having done so in after days. Unused to the saddle, we were quite stiff after the second day's ride, but soon overcame that difficulty arid made from 25 to 40 and 45 miles per day to reach certain points foe supper and bed. On account of the great drought of '54, which had not yet been broken, water and feed were scarce, and we soon learned to water out horses at any creek we came to before noon or after 4 o'clock p.m., as at none of the houses was there more water than was needed for household purposes. At many places taverns sent their stock three miles to water. Oats and corn were \$1.00 per bushel; potatoes were from \$3 to \$4 per bushel, and were sold at the drug stores. I claimed to have just come from Texas and Benjamin lately arrived from Germany. All the farmers had more or fewer slaves and were very suspicious of "Yankee Negro thieves." We could deceive the owners, but not the chatt[el]. Every Negro hostler talked Free State to us.⁴

The slaveholders were in great glee over the pro-slavery victory at the polls in the Territorial election in March. When nearing the border beyond Lexington, we met various crowds returning from Kansas. Some 10 or 15 miles beyond Lexington, at the place where we stopped for dinner, a cavalcade of about 30 rode in just from the Territory; from them we had a fine account of their expedition to Kansas and of their doings there lately. A young man from Jackson County, Mo., had taken a claim on the Marais des Cygnes late in the fall of '54, had laid four poles for the foundation of a squatter-shanty, had barked a few trees and then returned home. In the spring of '55 a man from Vermont, Baker by name, had taken the claim in good faith, built a log house in which he lived with his wife and four children. The border-ruffian crowd, who at the March election, had invaded the precinct, found him living on the land and preparing to break some prairie. They gave him warning to leave, but Baker stayed. In May, '55, the notorious Capt. Reid, with his gang of fifty border ruffians, scouting in the neighborhood mainly for the purpose of stealing stock, and "for fun" came down on Baker, broke up his little furniture, tied him to a tree and gave him a whipping, then warned him again to leave.⁵ The gang that was chief in this outrage was met by us at the time and place stated above. I may as well add that I afterwards became acquainted with Baker, who had stayed, and in 1859 had built a large two-story frame house of native lumber in Stanton, Miami County, and lived with his family in the lower story. The upper story was used a few times for a Masonic Hall by Stanton. Lodge, No. 3, A. F. & A. M. I think Baker was W. M. In April, 1860, cyclone, the first on record in Kansas, destroyed the home. Just wiped it from the earth during the night and Baker and his entire family were killed. The storm was not felt much beyond the confines of the little village. No rain followed the wind. When the settlers arose in the morning following the storm, they saw no house on the Stanton hill, and on investigation found the house scattered and the family dead in the ruins. I think Ottawa Lodge, A. F. & A. M., afterwards took the number of the destroyed Stanton Lodge. Capt. Reid became quite notorious in the border-ruffian war. He afterwards commanded the pro-slavery forces in several raids in Kansas. (More of this later).

We stopped about six miles from Independence with an old farmer, Napoleon

Franklin, for six days to recruit our horses before going into the Territory. He owned a thousand acres and 20 slaves, had 2,000 bushels of corn of the '53 crop, which he sold at the crib for \$1.00 a bushel. It had taken us six days to come from St. Louis to the Franklin farm.

May 20th, having bought an outfit of axes, handles, a few cooking vessels and some provisions at Independence, then headquarters for the Santa Fe trade, we struck for the Territory by the road to New Santa Fe. Ten miles from Independence we made our first camp, cooked our food with corn chips, and the following day at 2 p.m., reached New Santa Fe. Suddenly the sky clouded over, and for shelter from the approaching storm we stopped with a German who kept the only grocery store in the village. From 4 o'clock until midnight the rain fell in sheets. The first since Aug., of '53. All night through the Negroes kept us awake with their noisy barter of eggs, butter, corn, etc., for whisky. After dinner we crossed the line into the Territory, traveling about nine miles before we came upon a spot where some Missouri teamsters were camped. They had hauled provisions to some Indian agency and were returning. One of them halted us and bantered us for a trade of our horses and saddles for his wagon and two yoke of cattle. We slept at the camp and in the morning made the trade, so there we were on the prairie with a big wagon, one large wheel-yoke, one yoke of smaller leaders, ten days' provisions and a lot of most necessary tools and cooking utensils. Rather following than driving our team, we journeyed towards Marais des Cygnes where, we had been told, good bottom claims with timber were yet to be had in plenty. For noon we camped at Little Wolf Creek, where some teamsters assisted us to unhitch, so our cattle could drink and feed. In the afternoon we reached the Marias des Cygnes bottom and found three immigrant families from Illinois and one from Missouri camped. There I saw, tied up to the hind end of the Missourian's wagon, the first wooden mould-board plow I had ever run across. We did not dare unyoke the cattle, as we were not yet posted how to yoke them, so let them feed with the yoke on. The next morning the oldest of the Illinois party showed us how it was done.

Towards evening of the day we reached the camp on the Marais des Cygnes bottom, we were visited by an old man of 70 years, who gave his name as Dr. Eberhard[t], from Würt[t]emberg. He had been in the United States about 25 years. He claimed to have participated in the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, 1812 as surgeon in the Würt[t]emberg Auxiliaries. He told us he had immigrated from Indiana in the fall of '51, had a good claim on the Marais des Cygnes close by, but had no team, his horses having died the previous winter. He wished to show its some claims and, should we settle, help us to put up a shanty; we, in turn, to help him with our team to break 10 acres. His family consisted of a wife, who was sick in bed, two unmarried daughters and one son. One married daughter and a son-in-law, settled close by, had also lost their horses.

Dr. Eberhard[t] came around next morning, May 24, '55, and we went with him, accompanied by our friendly Illinois, and leaving our team, etc., in charge of the other Illinois men.

It had not yet rained in these parts. The Marais des Cygnes River was low and the branches dry. Dr. Eberhard[t] took us across the river to the Mosquito Branch and to its forks at the head, about 4 miles west from Dutch Henry's Pottawattomic crossing, the present site of "Lane," where the old California trail from the south

crossed the Branch. We found some good bunches of good timber and a nice Branch bottom. It was not sufficiently timbered to suit our Illinois friend and he concluded to go farther to the Neosho; but Benjamin and I decided to settle there, so returned to the camp. The next morning, May 25th, with Dr. Eberhard[t] as guide, we drove to our new home-to-be. Benjamin took the claim south of the trail and I the one north of it, stepping off for each 1000 steps square. That same evening we began to cut logs for Benjamin's cabin. I dragged them next day and on the third day of our squatting Benjamin's cabin was raised and a foundation laid for mine. As far as I can remember, it was about the 24th of May, 1855, that Benjamin and Dr. Eberhard[t] left to make some clapboards to cover our cabins, as we had no board timber on our claims. As soon as the boards were ready, Benjamin was to return for the team. He had not taken it with him, as the care of it would take up his time, and they were to work early and late to get ready 800 white oak clap boards in two days, (that is, to cut the tree, saw it in lengths and rine the boards).

CHAPTER IV

ROUGHING IT

The provisions left with me were a few pounds of unbolted cornmeal, two pounds of rice and a few bacon rinds; every other bit of our provisions had been eaten. As soon as Benjamin and the Dr. [Eberhard[t]] had left, I wrote a letter to St. Louis, and after yoking and chaining the oxen to the wagon, that I might be sure of their safety, I set out for Dutch Henry's Pottawattommie Crossing, where Dr. E[berhard] had told me teams passed on their way to Kansas City for supplies. It was about 4 miles from our claims on the Fort Scott and Leavenworth, or California trail. A brisk walk of an hour brought me to Dutch Henry's. I found him at home, gave him my letter, which he put into his cigar box with others. From him I learned that the nearest post offices were Westport, Independence and Macabee in Cass County, Missouri, and that most teams passing stopped at his house for letters to the Missouri offices.

I left many letters in Dutch Henry's cigar box and not one was ever lost. I gave him our names that the teamsters might inquire for letters at Kansas City, and we received our mail quite regularly in that way until the Osawotamie post office was established at Osawotamie, about eight miles from our claims, then we got our letters regularly from that office. Dutch Henry, (his real name was Henry Sherman, as given by him; it was probably Schürmann), with his two brothers, William and Jacob, or James, lived on what had been a large farm, and Agents' Headquarters of the Pottawattommies before it was moved to St. Mary's, in what is now Pottawattommie County. The Indians surrendering their lands on Pottawattommie Creek for their diminished reserve around St. Mary's. Dutch Henry had come from Northern Germany about 30 years ago, and had worked for the Indians.⁶ When they left, he squatted in the buildings and he and his brothers had started raising and stealing cattle. The place was on the California trail from the Indian Territory by Fort Scott, where thousands and thousands were driven annually to California. By night the Shermans would drive away more or less stock from each herd, hide them, brand them and then mix them with their own, after the herds had passed. They sold cattle to goat beef contractors and goat freighters. When the Sacs [Sauks] and Foxes wintered on the

creek they traded to them beef for ponies. I found only Henry at home, his brothers had gone 10 miles up the creek after some cattle that had strayed. He asked me about my politics. I told him I was Free State. He began to curse the "abolishtenists," as he called them, and freely expressed his pro-slavery sympathies, and hostility against the carpet-bag immigrants from the north, and assured me that Kansas would be a slave state, "by fair means, if we can; by foul means, if we must." Returning, I saw a man plowing north of the road. I went over to see him. It was Wilk[i]nson, late from Tennessee, who had squatted on an old Indian farm which had some six acres of an old field. He acknowledged himself pro-slavery. He was a member of the bogus legislature.⁷ Later, on my way home, I met the Rucker family, with some friends, from Cole County, Missouri, coming in. They had a bunch of cattle with them. They all settled on North Pottawattomie, somewhere near the present Westphalia. Their descendants are today the richest people of Anderson County, Kansas.

Arrived at the claim, I turned the oxen out to graze and went to work to cook my first lonely dinner. I mixed a dough of unbolted meal and baked it in the ashes. The pone was of good size, on which account I was in luck. Benjamin and I had experienced, as yet, no wet weather, except that heavy local shower at New Santa Fe, but on the evening of this day, the 29th of May, '55, the sky clouded up. Before dark, I yoked the cattle and chained them to the wagon. About 2 o'clock a.m., the gates of heaven opened and it began to pour. I put the meal and rice under the driest place in the wagon. By morning the Branch was a river and still it poured. I turned the cattle loose to graze and herded them, that they might not stray. I was drenched to the skin, (we had no waterproofs) still I must watch the oxen, so I crept under the wagon and there ate my breakfast (a piece of my pone). At noon I chained the cattle to the wagon, then undressed and wrapped myself in the blankets to take a little rest. About 2 or 3 o'clock, we had no watch, the rain quit and the sun came out. I hung my clothes out to dry and dressed in my underwear, made a fire and put on a little rice to cook. It must have been about 7 p.m., of the 29th of May, '55 ; I had just driven the oxen closer to camp and made ready to eat my supper of rice, when a man rode up and said that he lived five miles southeast of Dutch Henry's Crossing, had stayed at Stanton during the rain and hurried across the river before it should rise too high to ford, and was now in a hurry to get across Pottawattomie, yet curiosity to know what new neighbors he had, had induced him to come to my camp, which was hardly 50 rods from the big trail. He introduced himself as Mr. Barnabee, a minister of the M. E. church, south. He stayed about five minutes, inquired my politics and I of his. He would be thought neutral, as all pro-slavery men would to a free state inquirer, unless they intended to scare a new settler. Refusing my invitation to a cup of rice, he rode away, after informing me that the claims we had taken belonged to some Missouri young friends of his. We were informed later that he rode from one pro-slavery settler to another, a few days afterwards, and tried to incite them to drive the two Dutch abolitionists out of the county. This Rev. Barnabee was in February, 1856, appointed postmaster (I forget the name of the office). He left in the fall of the year, and judge Hannedy squatted on his claim and lived there up to his death. As the sun went down, it began to rain again, and rained unremittingly in sheets until about 4 p.m. next day. My hardest job was to keep the oxen close. The weather was warm, so I took no cold, although I was in wet clothes all the time. I had no food, but a little rice and my cornmeal pone, of which I could eat only so much as I must to

still hunger. With the evening the storm set in again. I felt quite lonesome and passed my time chewing bacon rind.

The rain that night, from May 30 to 31, was as heavy as any before. It ceased about 8 o'clock a.m., of the 31st.

The Mosquito Branch was a river and had come within three rods of my camp. I went into the timber for some dry wood and made up a big fire to dry my clothes. When the sun came out I fixed a frame on which to dry my bed-clothes, which had become quite damp. Desperately anxious for a change from unbolted cornmeal pone, I went out to see whether I could find anything, and saw a drowned rabbit. I fished it out, but it was too far gone, so I threw it back. I felt so lonesome; nothing to read, nothing to do, but to lug fire wood to keep up a big fire.

While exploring for dry wood I ran across the squatter foundation of which the Rev. Barnabee had spoken. I also found the frame work of two Indian wick[iu]ps made of pawpaw and hickory poles, where Indians had camped the preceding winter.

June 1, Benjamin and Eberhard[t] returned, took one yoke of oxen to haul the boards, returned late that evening and next morning began to roof the shanties. Benjamin had brought some bacon home, but as breadstuff was low, I went to Stanton, five miles the other side of the river, and bought half a bushel (25 lbs.) of meal and packed it to camp. The river was quite high. I stripped going and coming, and in the deep places held my clothes and the meal on my head. I used the compass to make a bee-line trail. In climbing up the bank of a ravine I had to cross, I took hold of what looked like a branch; it turned out to be a timber rattler digesting his meal. I let it be, when the clammy touch revealed its nature.

Dr. Eberhard[t] had brought his boy, Philip, along to help hurry up the roofing of the cabins.

As we were out of provisions, Dr. Eberhard[t] and I made up our minds to go to Independence to lay in a supply, taking with us one yoke (the wheelers) and Dr. Eberhard[t]'s lighter wagon; Benjamin to stay at Eberhard[t]'s and work at breaking with the other yoke, and a yoke of some of the neighbors, to get some brush land ready for a crop, and to haul out fencing and set it up, while Dr. E. and I should be gone—allowing eight days for our trip to Independence and return. Next came the money question. I had written for some money to be sent to Independence, but if our St. Louis people should have failed to remit, it was agreed that I should trade my 4-in. Colt for something to eat. Dr. E[berhard] and I started on our trip early in the morning of June 4th; my first trip of any length as bushwhacker. We reached Independence early on the morning of the 7th, found no letters, so traded my pistol for \$12 worth of provisions—100 lbs. meal, 50 lbs. flour, two sides of bacon (35 lbs. each), and a few minor articles. Late that evening we camped at New Santa Fe. I cared for the oxen and cooked supper—corn cakes and fried bacon. The Dr. [Eberhart] had bought some booze at 50 cents a gallon, and was dead drunk in the wagon. Having lived on dry pone so long, the fried bacon tasted fine, and I had a big supper, for I was hungry, having eaten nothing all day. I had been unwilling to spend any of my little change left for a meal, and as the cattle had had nothing to eat since the evening before, I hurried on to the prairie, picking up dry wood as I went along to cook our supper and breakfast. Next day we camped for dinner at Little Wolf. Dr. E[berhard] having emptied his bottle, was still tipsy. While grazing the oxen, I ran across some wild onions, and for the first time used some to fry with my bacon. We

came to Eberhard[t]'s place June 10th. His wife was worse. Next morning I started with Philip to take our provisions home. I put the meal and flour on our clapboard bunk and hung the meat in the center log. (We had given Dr. Eberhard[t] one-half side). Half way home Philip shot a young fawn, weighing about 25 lbs. The same evening, June 11, Philip returned with me to our camp. The intention was to cut and split some posts and rails for a pen to hold the oxen in at nights. On the morning of the 12th early, after fixing things to rights in the cabin and eating our breakfast of pone and bacon, we started for the timber, cut a walnut tree, over three feet in diameter, and sometime in the afternoon had it worked up into 8-ft. lengths, the trunk as well as the largest branches, and about 4 o'clock p.m., we started to split the butt log. It was quite twisted. Of course, I was altogether new to the business and Philip only a common sized boy of 15 years. Long shadows were thrown by the trees already. It was full supper time but I was determined to open the log before supper. The boy was quite restless; he was hungry, so was I, but I remarked that the log was nearly open and I desired to conquer it before supper. I rolled the log over and said, "See here, Philip, the log is in two, all it needs is cutting the splinters; I will tear the bark off and show you." I peeled the log, shaving the bark off with my right hand. While I did this, Philip stubbornly hacked with his ax on the end of the log. The axes were well ground, like razors. His ax slipped on the sap and nipped off the first joint of my index finger and half the first joint of my middle finger on the right hand, which was under the bark, separating it from the log. The ax was so sharp that I felt no pain, but just a stinging sensation, and when I withdrew my hand from under the bark, said, "I believe you have cut my hand." I put my fingers into my mouth to lick off the blood and saw that the tips were missing. I tied up my hand and we hurried to the Eberhard[t]'s, where I washed my hands and the doctor put some raw petroleum on my fingers, which he had brought from Indiana. I found one of my finger tips weeks afterwards five feet from the log. Benjamin was at Eberhard[t]'s. We stayed there until the patch (some ten acres) was broken. Meantime I assisted some of the neighbors to survey and measure claims. My fingers healed fine; only three or four nights I waked up with a most painful sensation. It seemed as if the tips were cramped. Such feelings are peculiar to amputations.

We received a letter from St. Louis informing us that the brother of Benjamin's old partner, Michael Fox, and his chum, Arndt Klein, had arrived from Europe and had been sent to Independence, by the Missouri River, with one hundred dollars for us. We immediately started for Independence, where we found the boys. I purchased a supply of *callodeon* for my sore finger ends, applied it freely, and succeeded in a short time to use my hand well, and was elected cook for the season. Benjamin bought a prairie breaking plow, and we located claims along the Mosquito Branch for the new arrivals. We built a pen for the oxen and started to break the land. Benjamin left us about the first week in July in the weighting-teams from Stanton to attend to some business in St. Louis, intending to return in a few days. A few days after he left, our leader cattle strayed. We hunted for them faithfully, offering five acres breaking for information of them. At last, after they had been gone two weeks, one White, three miles from us on the prairie—afterwards the Hastings' place—gave us the desired information and we found them eight miles from our claims, in the Pottawattomie bottom, near Osawatomie.

While Benjamin was gone, we became acquainted with the Brown family—the

family of John Brown—afterwards Osawatomie Brown. One afternoon some thirty head of Devon cattle came into our bottom, grazing, and half an hour later came two men to drive them home. The two men were Jason and Owen Brown. They stopped about half an hour with us and told us they were Free State men. I told them we might need some help, as I feared the pro-slavery settlers would sooner or later attempt to drive the Dutch abolitionists from the Branch. They cheered us and said any time you let us know, we will come to your assistance. We are four brothers, all well armed.

The Brown's Devon herd frequently strayed into our claims which caused us many visits from the brothers. The father, old man Brown, any one of the younger boys, Oliver, and their brother-in-law, Henry Thompson, had not yet come to Kansas.

About the middle of July Dr. Eberhard[t]'s wife died, and some two weeks after, the Dr. claimed sickness and asked a visiting neighbor, Kincade, to get him a pint of whiskey. It was brought to him, he drank half of it and expired. His eldest single daughter married a young man, Standifer, in August. In the summer of 1856 the whole Eberhard[t] family (including the family of Dr. Buffington, who had married the eldest Eberhard[t] girl in Indiana) moved to Nebraska.

This Dr. Buffington was a case, claiming to be a graduate and barely able to write his name or to read the newspaper.

About August 1st, Benjamin returned from St. Louis, bringing with him a good two-horse wooden axle wagon, a good yoke of 5-year-old oxen, a double-barrel shotgun and abundance of provisions and tools, also a hired man to assist in putting up a good lot of hay. Including myself, there were now at the claims five men. I was continued as cook, Benjamin to keep the breaking plow going and the hired m[e]n, Klein and Fox, to keep at haying, to mow, rake and put up large cocks and whenever about twenty tons were ready to stack it. Benjamin was then to haul it with the team and big wagon. Everyone of us performed his share of the work faithfully. Benjamin wished all preparations for winter made before leaving again, as he intended to return to St. Louis in September. After breaking twenty acres and putting up 75 tons of hay, he left for St. Louis to perfect the arrangements for opening a store on his claim. Theodore W[ie]ner⁸ and his brother, Herman W[ie]ner, to furnish most of the funds and Jacob Benjamin and I to have shares in the venture; my brother-in-law to assist me with funds, and Fox and Klein to work for wages. Benjamin would send out from St. Louis another young man named Ash. Our capital, starting, was to be \$5,000, with \$5,000 more to be ready for investment should the venture prove profitable. The business was to be general merchandise, stock buying and selling to be one of its features. The intention was to found one of the largest business houses in that part of the Territory. We were sure, from what we knew of the stocks kept and the profits made by other merchants, that our venture would be a success, and no one need be astonished if we planned to employ six men: Theodore W[ie]ner, Jacob Benjamin, Fox, Klein, Ash and myself. Benjamin and I to tend to sales with Fox as helper; W[ie]ner to attend to purchases in St. Louis and Kansas City; Klein and Ash to team; Hermann W[ie]ner to remain in St. Louis with his clothing business, northwest corner of Market and Main Streets.

As Benjamin was ready to leave I became very sick with intermittent fever. He went to Stanton for a physician, who treated me with bluemass and quinine and

soon broke the fever, but I was still very weak. This doctor, whose name I now forget, drank himself to death, in the fall of that year. The Brown boys visited me repeatedly while I was sick and brought me sweet milk and buttermilk, and our intercourse with them became more and more intimate.⁹

When Benjamin left for St. Louis, the hired man went south to the Neosho, so we three, Fox, Klein and myself, were left alone. Although I was weak I continued the cooking and the other two boys hauled in a great quantity of dry wood for winter and cut some logs for an addition to the cabin to be used as a warehouse. About that time the man, White, who had given us information about our strayed oxen, came over and said he was ready for the five acres of breaking. Fox went along to do it, taking with him the three yoke of oxen. While he was away, young Ash came from St. Louis. He had come by boat to Kansas City, then to Osawatomie by stage and had walked from there. I received a lot of quinine pills and some aloes for a cathartic from my brother-in-law. I had an attack of intermittent [fever], but broke it up with the medicine just received. Still, I was so weak I could hardly crawl, and discouraged, selected a place on the hill behind my shanty for a grave; but the quinine strengthened me and I soon gained rapidly. We spent our time chinking and daubing the cabin, digging a spring, and raising the warehouse, when Klein fell sick with intermittent fever. He was sick for several days, refused food and medicine, and commenced to worry me. One evening when the fever had left him weak. I ordered Fox and Ash to hold him down; I pressed his jaws open and fed him medicine, as to a horse. I gave him three doses of quinine (9 grains), which broke the fever, and he gained rapidly afterwards.

I received a letter from Benjamin about the middle of October, saying he was sick and Theo. W[ie]ner would start with \$3,000 worth of goods as soon as ready and that my brother-in-law had invested \$1,000 or more in the venture.

FIRST MEETING WITH JOHN BROWN SR.

The bogus Kansas legislature had arranged for an election of a territorial legislature, the election to take place in October, of '55. The Free State men had convened in Lawrence and agreed on a call for a Constitutional Convention to meet in Topeka July 4th, 1856. Election of delegates to the same to be held the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November at usual voting places, and enjoined on the free state people not to participate in the election for Territorial Legislature, but hold themselves all aloof as the invasion from Missouri would be overwhelming.

The Border Ruffians came in by the thousands, as they had done in March of that year, and of course carried every precinct. The Free State people did not offer to vote; it would have been useless. On the first Tuesday after the first Monday, 1855, the Free State people had their election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention. Our claims were that we resided in Franklin County. Franklin and Anderson Counties were in one delegate district and John Brown, Jr., who had resided on his claim in Franklin County, on the Vine Branch of Middle Creek, was the candidate. The polling place was at the house of a Free State settler, John Grant, a little distance north of Dutch Henry's, some four and one-half miles from our claims.

On the morning of the election we hitched up the wheelers and Fox. Klein, Ash and myself started for the polling place. As we neared Dutch Henry's Crossing, a two-

horse team caught up with us and to it, seated on hay, were the Brown boys, John Jr., Owen, Fred, Jason, Oliver, Solomon and Henry Thompson, their brother-in-law, and in their midst an older man of about 50 years, whom Jason at once introduced to us as his father, John Brown, from Akron, Ohio.

John Brown, Sr. wore the same plush cap that exists now in the collection of the Kansas Historical Society, a cavalry sabre belted on and a very large revolver, something at that time quite new, Chicope Falls manufacture. We shook hands, and he said he had come to Kansas to do what he could to help organize the Free State people for successful resistance. We voted, had quite a chat with the men at the polls and then returned home.

Not yet recovered from my illness and unable to do more than the little cooking, I became anxious to go to St. Louis to recuperate. Having only a few dollars, the boys agreed that I should take \$4, enough to pay a night's lodging and stage fare from Osawatomie to Kansas City, and the shotgun which I might pawn for fare from Kansas City to St. Louis. I arrived at St. Louis about the 20th of November, 1855. Theo. Wiener was gone and Benjamin was recovering from his fever. My brother-in-law let me have the money to redeem the gun which I then gave to Benjamin to take to Kansas. I was taken with remittent fever and was down with it more or less all winter until April, when it disappeared. The winter was very cold, the Mississippi was frozen two feet thick. The ice bridge held for two weeks. My brother-in-law closed up his business, sold out and intended to go to Kansas in the spring or summer to look up a business location, if the store run by Wiener and Benjamin did not need additional help, and then we two would arrange to start business together. Benjamin married in November the youngest sister of Sol. Boehm, now keeping drug store on Franklin Avenue, St. Louis (1903).

Dec. 31, 1855, I was shaven for the last time. I have never since allowed a razor on my face.

My brother-in-law and sister lived upstairs in the house where John Urban kept hats and caps.

January, 1850, Klein, Fox and Ash returned to St. Louis, They haul tramped all the way from Kansas. They and Theo. Wiener could not get along. They said if I had stayed, or if they had been assured that I would return they would not have left, but Wiener bossed too much. Klein worked for [Christian?] Freund¹⁰, whose sons still have a large bakery in St. Louis, Fox also found work in a bakery. (They were bakers by trade). Ash went to his brother who worked as cutter. Michael Fox and Klein afterwards started bakeries for themselves. Fox died in 1879 and Klein in 1893. Ash disappeared; no one ever knew what became of him.

My sister and Benjamin's wife and Mrs. Urban wished me to become acquainted with and court Miss Fannie Hendricks. I had clerked with her father some years at Brooks. Her mother was a Levi, of an old Portuguese family, the sister of Commodore Uriah Levi, of the United States Navy. Hon. Jefferson M. Levi, member of congress from New York, who inherited Monticello from his childless uncle, the commodore, is his nephew. The girl, about 20 years of age, was a beauty, but somehow was too bashful. The only time I visited her was to deliver to her a letter from Mrs. Benjamin. The girl would have been willing enough to marry me and would have waited until

I could have prepared for it. She married late, long after the commodore's death in 1871.

Benjamin and wife left for Kansas in March with the first steamer. I was to go with Theo. Wiener, who would be in St. Louis by April. My brother-in-law had sent some merchandise, groceries and clothing to Kansas and was to follow me shortly. Wiener came to St. Louis the last week in April, stayed about a week and purchased what he thought was needed in the business, and about the first of May, 1856, we left for Kansas via Kansas City, Mo. Upon our arrival Benjamin, Wiener and I were to consult whether we should stay together or my brother-in-law and I should manage a Branch, some twenty miles south, towards Neosho.

WIENER'S STORY

Theo. Wiener told me that some time in January the man, White, who had told us about our oxen, had undertaken to jump my claim, having sold his own to a man, David Garrison, the same, who in 1856, Aug. 30th, was murdered by the Border Ruffians. Garrison's widow had sold it to Hastings, who in 1864 was waylaid, shot and robbed of \$3,500, the sum for which he had sold the quarter section. (There was a \$2,000 house on the place.) The robber left him for dead, but he came to long enough to give evidence as to the murderer, a half breed, tawny Indian, whom the settlers found with the money still in his possession, and hanged him without much ado about it.

Wiener appealed to the Brown boys for help to oust White from my claim. They asked if he was sure that I would return. Wiener pledged himself that I would do so, then they marched to my claim-cabin and, not heeding White's protest and threats with his ax, bunted in the door and landed White, his family and possessions, on the prairie, whence he moved to a claim on Sauk Branch.

Theo. Wiener was in politics as late as the spring of 1855, a rank pro-slavery man. He was a thorough Douglas-squatter-sovereignty democrat and considered all free state reports regarding invasions of the Border Ruffians from Missouri as fakes and lies. He had lived for a long time in Texas and Louisiana and had gone to Kansas to trade and to make money, on the information of Benjamin and myself, regarding the chances. When settled in our place and in business, the pro-slavery men wanted him to come out and openly espouse their cause; but he refused, alleging that he had come to Kansas to trade and not for politics. Notwithstanding this, he soon procured a large custom of the settlers on the Shawnee and Peoria trust lands, who were, nearly to a man, pro-slavery. His custom extended to 25 miles east of his location. Even Shawnee Coppey, Indian Chief, dealt and traded with him, and he lived over 30 miles east. Yet some of them had it in for Wiener, and Dutch Bill, Dutch Henry's brother, 6 feet, 3 inches tall, weighing 250 lbs., a notorious bully, was to thrash Wiener. One Sunday in February, when Wiener was alone in the store, he came along and started in, but Wiener came out ahead. Theo. Wiener was a Polish Jew from Posen, near the Silesian border, 5 feet, 10 inches in height, and weighing 250 lbs. Instead of Dutch Bill thrashing Wiener. Wiener thrashed Dutch Bill, and after he had him down he pulled the revolver out of Bill's holster and fired it off and then kept on at Bill till

tired, then he ordered him up and gone, and threw the pistol after him. After that Wiener acknowledged himself Free State.¹¹

BIOGRAPHY CONTINUED

When Wiener arrived at Kansas City he did not find the teams he had expected Benjamin would send to meet him, as there were about 25,000 pounds of freight to haul out, so he started horse back to our place, which people had begun to call Wienersville. We decided that as he would return with horse and ox teams to haul the goods, I should stay in Kansas City to wait for the teams, then he would escort the three horse teams and I the two ox teams. I remained at the boarding house five days and, no Wiener appearing, and knowing the road by which he must come with the teams, I set out on foot one Sunday to meet him. By three o'clock p.m., I had made 35 miles and met our old three-yoke team. I did not know the driver, but I did know the cattle, and I learned that Wiener had started with several teams from this side of Osawatomie, his drivers mostly Shawnee Indians. Next morning I met Wiener at O.K. Creek, where the teams had camped and, having come in very late at night, had not yet prepared to go to the Levee to load at Riddlesberger's warehouse. After noon of the following day, Wiener started home with the horse teams and I stayed with the cattle teams, of which one was our old three-yoke team, driven by Benjamin's hired man. It rained heavily the first day out. We just made Bull Creek in time, before the rise made it unfordable. We had just camped on its west bank when the rain began again in a regular downpour, and when we reached Bundy's Crossing of the Marais des Cygnes, the river was booming. We waited three days on its banks and the morning of the 21st of May, we crossed, reaching Wienersville for dinner. Benjamin and Mrs. Benjamin greeted me. Our claim cabin was the dwelling house, the store building was an 18x24 log cabin, with a log addition as warehouse. Some twenty barrels of salt on the outside. The store contained a fine assortment of general merchandise. Twenty-five acres of the bottom, all that we had broken in '55, was fenced and in corn, already up. The store was thronged with customers. I had hardly helped unload and eaten my dinner when a runner came around and informed us that the Eldridge House in Lawrence was in ruins, having been bombarded by the pro-slavery Kansas militia, and that the Free State people called for help to drive the pro-slavery outfit out of town. That Wienersville was selected as the meeting place of the Pottawatomie Free State Minute men, under the command of John Brown, Jr., H. H. Williams, afterwards major of the 10th Kansas Volunteer Infantry, was 1st lieutenant, Simon B. Morse was 2nd lieutenant. That three and one-half miles northeast, where the California trail crossed Middle Creek, the Osawatomie company, commanded by Capt. Dayton,¹² and the Pottawatomie company would meet and march on to Lawrence that evening and night, under command of John Brown, Jr. A short time after the Pottawatomie men began to gather, Wiener and I decided to join; from my European experience, I advised that as he was marked by the pro-slavery people as a deserter, he was in danger and the Free State camp was the safest place for him. We held a "council of war" at Benjamin's and it was decided that Benjamin and his wife should take refuge at once with Peter H[a]user on the Marais des Cygnes, three miles north of Osawatomie, and should haul the most valuable goods there and hide them in the big timber. Two teams were with the Pottawatomie

men and Wiener had them loaded with all the meat and flour they could stow away as his gift, so we had provisions for some days. The border ruffian invasion being on hand, he would rather have our people fed on our stuff than let it fall into the hands of the Border Ruffian plunderers.

We reached Middle Creek by sunset. John Brown, Sr., and his sons were there, and the Osawatomie company reached there by 10 p.m., and we took up the march to Lawrence, waded through creek and river, breakfasted at Taway Jones' timber¹³ and reached a patch of woods near Prairie City by 11 o'clock a.m., of May 22nd, where we halted and struck camp, on the request of the Committee of Safety at Lawrence.

May 23rd, about 9 o'clock p.m., John Grant, from near Dutch Henry's Crossing, came to the camp. He was a member of the Pottawatomie company, but at the urgent solicitation of his mother and sister had remained at home. He told us that on the morning of that day Bill Sherman, Dutch Bill, had come to their cabin—his father and himself being out in the field—and in his usual swaggering tone had denounced the abolitionists, and finding that the women were alone, had attempted to criminally assault his sister—Mary Grant was one of the best looking and finest educated women on the Creek, a girl of 23 years. The outcries of the women brought father and son from the field in haste and Dutch Bill left, cursing and vowing utter extermination of all free state men.¹⁴ Old John Brown heard the account and John Grant's appeal for protection¹⁵, but just at the close of the account came runner from Lawrence with Col. Sumner's proclamation ordering all armed bodies to disperse. Thereupon the two companies agreed to break camp at dawn and return home. John Brown called his sons, Wiener, Townsley and myself to one side and made a short speech, telling us that for protection of our friends and families a blow must be struck on the Pottawatomie Creek to strike terror into pro-slavery miscreants who intended pillage and murder, and asked James Townsley¹⁶, who had a team of old grays, whether he would haul them. He assented at once. Brown then asked each of his sons, his son-in-law and Wiener separately if they were willing to accompany him. They all assented. To me he said, "I do not want you along, you have been away all winter; you are not so well known; we need some one to keep up communication with our families, so you will attend to bringing news to us and carry news to our families. You will remain behind for the present, anyway. You may meet us, however, if you choose, on the claim of my brother-in-law, Day, by tomorrow night." He gave a few more immaterial instructions. Townsley had his team hitched up, the men of the expedition were on the wagon, old Brown shook hands with me, and off they started. As arranged, we broke camp at dawn of May 24th. For breakfast we halted at Taway Jones and cooked and eat up the last of Wiener's gift of provisions. I do not know what we should have done without that supply, as no one had with him more than bread for one good meal. We had one tent amongst the crowd; some of the boys had pitched it. I crawled into it and sat gassing with the boys, when one of them named Reynolds began to handle his gun to fix something on the lock, resting the muzzle on the ball of my left foot. I said, or rather I intended to say, "I had better move my foot." As I said "move," the gun went off and I never finished the sentence. The bullet went into the ground outside the tent. Reynolds was scared; I jumped up and hollowed, "I was in luck, boys." That afternoon I reached my claim. There was no one there. The stock was gone and most of the dry goods, saddlery, groceries,

etc., had been carried away. The salt and the goods belonging to me, yet boxed up ready to go to some other trading post when we should agree upon it, were left. On the evening of that same day, May 24, I arrived, tired and hungry, at the camp ground of Old Brown, a log cabin on the banks of Middle Creek, on the claim of his brother-in-law, Orson Day, to which Brown had told me to come. Here I also found my friend, Wiener, from whom I first heard an account of the killing of Doyle and his sons, Wilkinson¹⁷ and Dutch Henry's brother, William. In this account Wiener never said positively who killed those persons, and I could only guess.¹⁸ Wilkinson was a member of the Border Ruffians and the day before his death had tauntingly said to some free state men that in few days the last of them would be either dead or out of the territory. In this he referred to the coming invasion of Cook, at the head of 250 armed men from Bates County, Missouri, who made his appearance about the 27th of May and plundered the whole region. John Brown and his handful of men only executed upon those scoundrels a just sentence of death for the benefit of many unprotected families.¹⁹

CHAPTER V

BORDER WAR

On the 26th of May, 1856, at an early hour in the morning, our little crowd rode on to the claim of John Brown, Jr., on Vine Branch, one mile and a half from Middle Creek bottom. About 5 o'clock that afternoon Carpenter from near Prairie City joined us and reported that he had come at the instance of his neighbors to request Capt. Brown's assistance against the Border Ruffians, who, in spite of all proclamations, continued to harass the settlers. It was Carpenter's mission to beg Capt. Brown's assistance in behalf of the settlers of the southern part of Douglas County against these marauders organizing under territorial laws and armed with guns furnished by the government. Capt. Brown declared his readiness to go at once, and sent one of his sons to tell Mrs. Jason Brown to send any enquiring friend who wished to join us to come to Carpenter near Prairie City. We started after dark, eleven in number. Capt. Brown carried a sabre and a largest size revolver. His sons and Thompson had a revolver, cutlass and a squirrel rifle each. Townsley an old musket. Wiener a double-barreled shot gun. Carpenter one revolver; myself a flint lock musket of 1812 pattern. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of May, we reached the hiding place on Taway Creek, which Carpenter had picked out for us. Brown inspected the surroundings, put out guards and appointed reliefs. After a while Carpenter brought in some corn for our horses and a small sack of coarse flour, and Capt. Brown began to prepare breakfast. We stayed here until Sunday, June 1st; during these few days I learned to appreciate the exalted character of my old friend. He showed at all times the most affectionate care for each of us. On the morning of the 28th of May, Ben. Cochra[n]²⁰, a settler and member of the Pottawatomie Rifles, joined us. He related that in the last raid the ruffians had burned my cabin, stolen my cattle and plundered Wiener's store; all this had happened in the presence of the U.S. troops, under their commanding officer. Capt. Cook, Company F, 2d U.S. Dragoons, was asked by the settlers to interfere. He refused, saying he had no orders to that effect, but ordered the leader of the Border-Ruffian militia to surrender all his prisoners to the U.S.

troops. In the afternoon of that day, Carpenter brought Charles Kaiser, a native of Bavaria, and an old soldier of the revolution of '49, to our camp. He was extremely well pleased to find in me a member of the old Vienna Legion.²¹

On the 29th of May, Capt. Shore of Prairie City Rifles and Dr. Westfall, a neighbor of Carpenter, came into camp and told us that many horses and other property had been stolen near Willow Springs, about 10 or 15 miles distant, and asked old Brown what he calculated to do. Brown replied with the question, "Capt. Shore, how many men can you furnish me?" Shore answered that his men were just now very unwilling to leave home. Brown said, "Why did you send Carpenter after us? I am unwilling to sacrifice my men without some hope of accomplishing something." On the evening of the 29th of May, Capt. Shore visited us again and brought us some flour. Brown told him that if his men continued unwilling to turn out we would not stay there, as the enemy would soon find our retreat. Shore asked him to wait yet a few days. He felt that the Missourians suspected that Brown was not far from Prairie City and fear of him had protected the neighborhood from raids. Brown gave him until Sunday to gather the settlers, that with combined force we might hunt for the militia and offer them battle wherever we might find them. Shore promised to do his best. On the morning of the 31st, Capt. Shore informed us that a large company of Missouri militia had gone into camp on the Santa Fe Road, near Black Jack (Spring); that a few hours ago a house in Palmyra had been raided, the men disarmed and their weapons carried off. Rumors had been sent through the settlement summoning everybody to appear at Prairie City at 10 o'clock next forenoon. Capt. Shore concluded with the words: "We expect you with us." Capt. Brown grabbed Capt. Shore's hand and answered, "We will be with you." It was near midnight when our visitors left us. Next morning, June 1st, Capt. Brown had breakfast by sunup and when shortly afterwards Capt. Shore arrived to pilot us, we shouted with a will. Carpenter, Kaiser and Townsley assisted Wiener to empty his bottle. Capt. Brown called out, "Ready, forward march," and we were on the road. After a short ride we arrived at Prairie City. We found about a dozen settlers gathered around the principal building, a hewed log house, 18x24 feet. After picketing our horses we joined those present and were told that a circuit preacher had made an appointment for the day. Soon numbers arrived and the service began at noon. The prayers were hardly finished, when three men with guns across their saddles were seen galloping towards the village. They came within 50 yards and halted. The two Moore brothers, armed with carbines, and four or five others mounted and went out to meet the strangers who turned and put spurs to their horses; but racing down the first hill, one of their horses fell, when they surrendered to their pursuers. When brought before Capt. Brown they acknowledged they were from the camp of the Kansas Militia at Black Jack, on the Santa Fe Road, commanded by H. Clay Pate from Westport. Their company numbered about 80 men, all well armed with rifles and revolvers. One of the prisoners owned up that he was one of the three who had raided Palmyra the evening before, and that, not knowing of the Free State meeting, they had come to Prairie City for a like purpose. These prisoners and their arms were turned over to Capt. Shore, who detailed seven of his men as guard. The prisoners also told us that they had several Free State prisoners in their camp, one of them, an old man, a preacher, named Moore, whom they had picked up near Westport and taken along for their special fun. The Moore brothers at once knew this to be their

father and begged us to start at once, but Capt. Brown declared we should not start before night had set in, and attack the enemy at daybreak, to which plan all agreed. After supper about forty men, Prairie City Rifles, put themselves under the leadership of Capt. Shore. Carpenter, the two Moores and Dr. Westfall asked permission to face next day's dangers in his company, which was freely granted. On unanimous request Capt. Brown accepted the command-in-chief. After sundown the order to saddle up was given, but it was already night when our force of 60 men left Prairie City. At midnight we halted in a post-oak grove, two miles from the enemy. All hands rested near their horses. That night it was agreed to leave the horses with a small guard, to move on foot up to within a mile of the enemy. Capt. Brown's company in advance and center, Capt. Shore's men thrown out as skirmishers on each flank, all together, without firing a shot, to charge upon the Border Ruffian camp, Monday, June 2d, 1856.

Capt. Shore detailed five men as guard with the horses; Capt. Brown prevailed upon his son, Fred, to stay with them. At first streak of day we started, Brown's company ahead, consisting of Capt. Brown and his sons, Owen, Solomon and Oliver, Henry Thompson, Charles Kaiser, Theo. Wiener, Carpenter, the three Moores, Dr. Westfall, Benj., Cochra[n], August Bondi and James Townsley. After a march of a mile and a half we reached the summit of a hill, and saw before us, about a mile distant, the hostile camp, in the midst of a small grove. Capt. Brown called out, "Now follow me!" and down the hill he and his company started on a run. We had not made half the hill, when we were greeted with the shots of the Missouri pickets, at the same time we heard the guns of Shore's men replying behind us. Soon the Missourians sent whole volleys against us, but Brown's company charged right on. When we arrived at the foot of the hill we saw before us the old Santa Fe Road with its oldest wagon trail which in many places had been washed out some two or three feet wide and about two feet deep. Beyond, within about two hundred yards, was the Missouri camp.

Capt. Brown jumped into the old washed out trail and commanded, "Halt, down!" His companions followed his example, and now we saw that not a man of Capt. Shore's company, except Capt. Shore himself, had followed down hill; most of them had already disappeared, a few yet on the brow of the hill wasting ammunition, and very soon these also retired in the direction of their comrades. So, right in the beginning of the fight Brown's forces had been reduced to his own men. He scattered them all along that old trail, and using it as a rifle pit, we opened fire, to which the enemy replied with continuous firing. Wiener and myself were posted on the extreme left flank. Capt. Brown passed continually up and down the line, sometimes using his spy glass to inspect the enemy's position and repeatedly cautioning his men against wasting ammunition. About a quarter of an hour after we had reached the old trail, Henry Thompson was shot through the lungs and was led away by Dr. Westfall; shortly after Carpenter was shot through the upper arm and had to retire. Then Capt. Shore squatted himself on the ground and said to Capt. Brown, "I am very hungry." Brown never answered and went on his way to see that the gaps, caused by the absence of Thompson, Carpenter and Westfall, be filled as well as possible. Capt. Shore then spoke up: "Boys, I have to leave you to hunt up some breakfast." And the hero of that day—according to Mr. Utter—got up and dusted. After the lapse of another half hour Townsley asked Capt. Brown for permission to go for ammunition.

Capt. Brown did not reply, and Townsley left. Neither he nor Capt. Shore returned to us till after H. C. Pate's surrender, when they came to us following behind the Lawrence Stubbs.²² It might have been about nine o'clock in the forenoon when Captain Brown stopped near Wiener and me and, having looked through his spy glass for some time, said, "It seems the Missourians have also suffered from our fire; they are leaving one by one; we must never allow that. We must try to surround them; we must compel them to surrender." He then walked down our line, spoke with some of the men, and returned with the Moore boys to where Wiener and myself were posted and beckoned us to follow him. We five, Capt. Brown, the two Moores, Wiener and myself, ran up a hill south of the Missouri camp. As soon as we had gained a commanding position within two hundred yards of the enemy, Capt. Brown ordered the two Moores to aim with their carbines at horses and mules exclusively, and not to shoot at any men at this time, if it could be avoided, as he wanted to take as many prisoners as possible. The Moore boys, with four shots, killed two mules and two horses, which we could perceive created great consternation in the Missouri camp, and we saw several leaving. Now Capt. Brown drew and cocked his revolver and declared that he should advance some twenty yards by himself, and if then he should wave his hat, we were to follow; Wiener and me ahead; the Moores to come up more slowly that, if necessary, they could cover our retreat with their carbines. According to previous agreement our comrades along the Santa Fe Road were to run to us as soon as they saw his signal with the hat. Capt. Brown advanced but about twenty steps when he stood, waved his hat and we joined him. Then the Captain and we four behind him, together with the seven along the Santa Fe Road, charged against the Missouri camp. Capt. Pate stepped out in front of his men and waved a white handkerchief and called out to Capt. Brown that he was ready to leave. Capt. Brown kept on until within five feet of Capt. Pate, and, covering the hostile commander with his revolver, called out, "Unconditional surrender." The rifles slipped the grasp of the Ruffians and Pate surrendered his sword. Twenty-four well armed cutthroats laid down their arms; some thirty had run off during the engagement; seven, more or less seriously wounded, lay on the ground. The booty of the day consisted of thirty stands of U.S. rifles and accoutrements, as many revolvers, thirty saddle horses and equipments, two wagons with their teams, and a large amount of provisions, ammunition and camp equipage. Capt. Pate surrendered his sword and revolver and I, being right by, asked him for the powder flask he carried, and [he] gave it to me. I kept the old 1812 musket I carried at Black Jack with that powder flask like a sacred relic. They burned up in the old claim-shanty on my father's place, near Greeley, while I was in the military service. I found, afterwards, the flintlock in the debris. It is now in the collection of the Historical Society in Topeka.

While Capt. Brown was giving orders concerning the guarding of the prisoners, we discovered two riders, one behind the other, charging down the Santa Fe Road towards us. The first was Fred Brown, who introduced the other as Mr. Phillips²³, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. They informed us that the Lawrence Stubbs were right behind them. Now the three prisoners of the Border Ruffians appeared and words fail to describe the joy and gratitude shown by these men. Their treatment had been most barbarous. Now came up the Lawrence Stubbs with Major Abbott²⁴, Luke Parsons and Hoyt²⁵ in the lead. Capt. Shore and Townsley came up behind

them. After a few minutes, Capt. Brown succeeded in bringing into order the general turmoil, and with the prisoners in our midst we started for Prairie City.

On our arrival at Prairie City with prisoners and booty, Capt. Brown ordered our squad who had fought and won to continue guarding the prisoners, and he would find some women to bake bread and fry some meat to prepare a meal for us and the prisoners from the captured supplies. We obeyed and stayed with the prisoners, and it was seven o'clock before supper for the prisoners was ready. Capt. Brown first saw that the wounded prisoners were well taken care of—Dr. Westfall was with them—then he ordered that the thirty-six well prisoners eat first, after which we would be served, as he had in the meantime prevailed on the Lawrence Stubbs, Capt. Shore, and M[c]Whinney to prevail with their crowd to relieve us, guarding while we ate our supper. None of our crowd had tasted food or drink since the preceding day about four or five o'clock p.m., and were almost faint. At last we had our supper, at which time immense stacks of biscuits and meat just disappeared. After supper, twilight lasting, we marched to a grove on Tawny Creek where we, the men with Brown, and the Lawrence Stubbs made camp, the prisoners in the center, organized some reliefs for the night and rested as best we could. That night, June 2nd, everything portable of the Brown outfit and what we had captured was made away with and stolen by the settlers around the country. Wiener and I lost one pair of heavy Mackinaw blankets; Capt. Brown lost most of the blankets used by himself and his boys and a valuable pair of saddle-bags containing a complete set of surgical instruments and we had all we could do to save our horses and equipments and a few blankets.

Next morning, June 3rd, we organized messes, the mess wagons of the captured Pate company furnishing the provisions, reorganized companies, elected commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and John Brown commenced to entrench, using the high banks of the Creek for breastworks wherever possible, and digging rifle-pits at other places. We fortified this Camp Brown to withstand the attack of any force without artillery.

By noon of the third day of June we were about 125 to 150 men, reasonably well organized. A beef was brought in and killed and other like meat supplies were provided for the following days.

Several of the Stubbs, Shores, and M[c]Whinney's companies joined the John Brown company. Special mention of Luke [F]. Parsons, who joined Brown's company. He was just my age and was peculiarly attractive to me; we bunked together more or less during the campaigns of 1856. In the afternoon of June 3rd, we held council how to improve our exterior, the Brown outfit being altogether in rags. Capt. Brown selected five men to ride to the store of a pro-slavery man, Menard of Westport, who kept at Centrapolis to "impress" for our use some clothing. Fred and Oliver Brown and three of the Stubbs went and soon returned with some palm leaf hats, check shirts, linen coats, a few linen pants and bandanna handkerchiefs. I was on camp guard when they returned. Fred Brown, however, kept for me a check shirt, a palm leaf hat and a bandanna handkerchief, and one of Stubbs gave me a pair of jean pants, so I was well fitted out, only that I regretted that my toes showed too much for their good and. stubbed continually on roots in the timber.

The work of entrenching went on and by evening it was fairly well completed, only artillery could have dislodged us.

We had elected a settler by the name of Walker for corporal, he claiming to be

a Mexican war veteran.²⁶ About four a.m., June 4th, I was on outlying camp guard when one of our prisoners made his appearance, coming from Prairie City. I halted him and called for the corporal of the guard, Walker. The prisoner related that he and Walker had been neighbors in Missouri, and Walker had sent him during the night for a quart of whisky, which he had now with him. The loud talk attracted Capt. Brown, who after information, confiscated the booze and handed it to Wiener, who was by. He reduced Walker to the ranks and sent the prisoner to his place with the other captives of war. Wiener and Kaiser took each a big drink to Walker's health.

About 10 o'clock the morning of June 4th, Br[o]ckett, the 1st lieutenant of the captive Border Ruffian company, got into some altercation with me. I cannot remember how it started. The dispute waxed loud; he used the expression, "What does a d___d Dutchman know of liberty?" Wiener mixed with it; Br[o]ckett challenged Wiener to a duel, and Wiener accepted at once, when Capt. Brown, attracted by the rumpus, came up, ordered Br[o]ckett and Wiener to their quarters, and the noise stopped at once. This Br[o]ckett figured for years in many midnight forays of Missouri robberies on Kansas farmers in Bourbon and Linn Counties. He commanded the Ruffians in the Indian Post massacre and many other outrages. He was taken prisoner November 1861 by a company of the 6th Kansas, court-martialed and executed.

Now that we boys were well fed, clothed and idle, of course we must be up to some scheme. So, after supper, June 3rd, Solomon and Oliver Brown, Luke Parsons and I discussed a plan to have the free state men secede Kansas from the U.S., raise a lone star flag and declare independence. We were very enthusiastic; but when John Brown was informed of our project he soon cooled our fervor by his cool, simple words, "Boys, no nonsense."

On Thursday, June 5th, about 9 o'clock a.m., Col. Sumner, in command of the 2nd U.S. Dragoons, with his regiment, came up to our camp, halted within a mile and proceeded with some of his officers and a U.S. deputy marshal to our camp. When halted by our guard, he sent word to Capt. Brown demanding an interview. Capt. Brown met the colonel at once, accompanied by me. Brown and Sumner stepped aside and held a quite spirited conversation for some ten minutes; of course, I heard nothing of their conversation nor did any one else. I caught Sumner's last words, however. "I have no orders for your arrest, but he has," and I supposed that by "he" Sumner meant the U.S. marshal.

By noon, within one hour of the interview between Sumner and Brown, the grove was vacated; Camp Brown had ceased to exist.

While moving our effects Solomon Brown carelessly handled a double-barreled shotgun by its muzzle and part of the load tore the flesh of his right upper arm. We hauled him to the Carpenter cabin and Dr. Westfall dressed the wound and continued to treat him, visiting him daily, and I stayed with him to nurse him. Col. Sumner offered the services of the regimental surgeon but, as the wounded man got along pretty well, we declined with thanks. Henry Thompson was also improving. The Brown outfit, consisting of the old man, the boys (except Solomon) and Wiener had selected a thicket, some half mile from Camp Brown, for their camp. Henry Thompson was made very comfortable with them. Capt. Brown would not allow any conversation above a whisper and no cooking in day time. I stayed with Solomon Brown till Sunday, June 8th, when he was so far recovered as not to require my services as nurse. I came into the Brown camp and learned from the Captain that a

company of the 2nd Dragoons, Company F, under Capt. Cook, was camped about a quarter of a mile distant, across the creek, guarding a lot of Free State prisoners, amongst whom were John Brown, Jr., Jacob Benjamin, Jason Brown and Simon B. Morse, of our Pottawatomie neighbors and friends, and he wanted me to go and visit them and see how they got along. I went at once, reached the camp of the soldiers by 8 o'clock a.m., and asked for the captain's tent: went in and was face to face with two military men, and addressed the one nearer me as Capt. Wood[s]²⁷. He replied, "I am not the captain, I am only 1st sergeant," and pointed out the captain. Capt. Wood[s], from South Carolina, afterwards general in the Confederate service, was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness. The captain asked me where I was from, etc., and after a few minutes' questioning, ordered that John Brown, Jr., Jason Brown, Jacob Benjamin and Simon B. Morse be brought in. These men were mighty glad to see me. The two Browns and Benjamin and Morse were chained with two big chains. Two by two, arm and foot chained to arm and foot. I could not give them any information which I had personally received from their families, but told them we would have been informed if anything was wrong with them, and we had heard nothing. They wished me to visit their families at once. About to leave, I said to Brown, Jr., "How are you treated?" when Capt. Wood[s] boiled up and said, "No impudence around here." You must remember I was about 23 years old and looked much younger. I replied, "Captain, we want to know how these prisoners are treated, as we have treated our pro-slavery prisoners d—d well." I then repeated my question, to which John Brown, Jr., replied, "We cannot exactly find fault; we receive good food, but these chains are hurting." I shook hands with each and returned to the Brown camp and reported. That night the camp guards were doubled and Capt. Cook issued orders that in case of an attempted rescue the prisoners be shot down. I must have made quite an impression in my linen coat, palm leaf hat and jean pants—toes out.

Capt. Brown then ordered me to visit the families of John and Jason Brown, of Henry Thompson and Mrs. Benjamin; to take the letters he handed to me their respective addresses and on my return bring any letters entrusted to me by the parties.

On the breaking up of Camp Brown, all captured property was, by orders of Col. Sumner, to be returned to our prisoners when they were set free. I had hidden Br[o]ckett's horse, a fine iron-grey, and put it in Wiener's charge. I left it now in care of Wiener and took his heavy Kansas pony to execute Capt. Brown's orders and left for the Middle Creek and Marais de Cygnes country. I found the Brown families at David Garrison's, took dinner with them, then went on to H[a]user, on the Marais de Cygnes, where Mrs. Benjamin stayed. She occupied the old claim shanty, with part of the merchandise saved still in it, part of the saved goods were secreted in various places in the timber. She told me that the cabin, store and warehouse buildings in Wienersville had been burned after everything except the salt had been looted. The salt barrels had been also burned and the salt scattered. The hewed-log house in process of construction, north of the other buildings, was not injured, but the fences had been torn down and the cattle had injured the growing corn. They also told me of the Border Ruffian raid on Osawatomie, when every store and house had been looted by the Border Ruffians, Capt. Cook heading the raiders. I stayed with H[a]user that night and next morning, June 9th, I set out early on my return leaving my 1812 musket with Mrs. Benjamin. I stopped at Garrison's, where Mrs. John

Brown, Jr., gave me a letter to her father-in-law. I also stopped at [A]dair's²⁸ and Day's and arrived safe at the Brown camp before evening.

Tuesday, June 10th, we held council and agreed to separate. Capt. Brown to go north for means to carry on the contest. Wiener was anxious to go to St. Louis and thence to Shreveport, La., to dispose of 4,000 acres in that neighborhood. We broke camp very silently about 6 o'clock a.m. Henry Thompson was taken up to Carpenter's to stay with Solomon, till both were able to travel. The other Brown boys to go with their father. Wiener and I started towards Lawrence, but after a few miles we made up our minds to stop at Capt. Walker's Free State camp to find out about the condition of the road towards the Missouri River, and so we did. Wiener was armed with a double-barreled shotgun and I carried a four-inch Colt's. I rode the iron grey, captured at Black Jack; Wiener his heavy Shawnee pony. We stopped at Walker's camp. He had about fifteen young men with him and told us that he was about to move his camp to Coal Creek, where the Free State Volunteer men were gathering, under command of one Toppliff, late lieutenant in the regular army, who had resigned his commission and was sent out by our northern friends to organize the Free State forces. We took supper with Walker's crowd and June 11th, at daybreak, we were up, intending to reach Leavenworth by evening so we could put Wiener on board a boat at dusk or during the night, when we found my iron-grey gone—stolen. Afterwards I found out that one of Walker's men, nicknamed Yankee Jim, had hidden it, and afterwards sued for \$30. This Yankee Jim was eventually known as a regular thief and died of pneumonia in December, of '56.

Nothing else could be done but to grin and bear the loss. I put my saddle and bridle into the care of a settler near by, and we plodded towards Lawrence, Wiener horseback and I on foot. Arrived in Lawrence, Wiener met a brother Mason, who furnished each of us with a pair of socks and a pair of boots and also let Wiener have \$5 on Wiener's draft, payable in St. Louis, at his brother, Hermann's. We purchased also two loaves of bread and ten ears of corn and then pushed on to the ferry and crossed the Kaw River about eleven o'clock next morning. On the ferry we overheard the men telling one another the news that Gov. Shannon had issued a proclamation offering \$500 reward for the capture, alive or dead, of old John Brown, and \$100 reward for each member of his band. We pushed on without stopping for eating for about an hour, when we ran across an Indian with a half gallon of wild strawberries. I gave him a quarter and packed them in my hat till we reached a creek, when we sat down and made a meal of our bread and berries, feeding the pony the corn we had bought at Lawrence, and by two o'clock p.m., pushed on towards Leavenworth. We reached Three-mile Creek by evening and camped there, making our bed right by the pony's picket pins, watching alternately. At earliest dawn we pushed on again towards Fort Leavenworth, where we thought it least dangerous for Wiener to take a boat. On our way we met a man moving from Iowa. Wiener sold him the gun for \$10 which, with the change he had, furnished him the means for cabin passage to St. Louis. We reached the timber close to the landing place of Fort Leavenworth by about 9 a.m., June 12th, and made camp near a fine spring. (The surroundings of the Fort were still wilderness in those days.) I purchased some cheese, crackers and dried beef at the sutlers and some shelled corn for the pony.

The intention was to ship Wiener at night but no boat came. About 3 o'clock a.m., of the 13th, we heard a whistle up the river and hurried to the landing. It was

the “F. [X.] Aubrey.” Wiener got on and in due time reached St. Louis. I returned to our camp, made my breakfast of the scraps of crackers and cheese left, saddled up and started for Lawrence, where I was directed to Topliff’s camp on Coal Creek, which I reached late and had my supper there. I remained at the camp several days, and when it broke up for want of supplies I went with about fifteen of the boys, on invitation, with Major J[ames] B. Abbott to his place. This was, for the time being, headquarters for the Free State forces. Abbott was elected to the command of all the Free State forces of Douglas County—hence the title, Major. We were kept busy getting supplies from known pro-slavery trading posts and from herds owned by aiders and abettors of the Missouri marauders, and started a blockhouse as a basis of fortifications. Camp Abbott was the great stopping place for Free State people when traveling from place to place. I have met with Major Abbott several times since. He was agent for the Shawnee Indians under Lincoln and died at De Soto, Kansas, March 2nd, 1897; his wife and children had died before him.

One day, about June 23rd, Jacob Benjamin put in an appearance, as all Pottawatomie prisoners had been released, and we started for the H[a]user place, on the Marais de Cygnes. I was then, at once, invited to take part with five other boys in a raid on the pro-slavery settlers on the Big Pottawatomie, just to scare them. I went along and was selected as Capt. Pate. I was to make believe that we were Border Ruffians, just coming to see our friends and advise them to leave, as we could not protect them longer, and to return to Missouri for safety. We had quite a little fun and scared those people so that they sent a runner to Paola that very night to inquire if Capt. Pate’s story was true. This night’s fun was brought to my remembrance in October, of 1904, almost half a century after its occurrence by meeting in Salina a Mr. Williamson, who had worked for Dutch Henry during the summer of 1856, having come to Kansas from Virginia with his uncle, Baker, who had also stopped at Dutch Henry’s. Williamson was with his uncle that night when we five boys made such a fuss and warned Baker to leave. Baker was quite scared and fired off a shotgun loaded with bird shot just as we were leaving, one shot of which struck young Fuller in the heel of his shoe. This Williamson afterwards herded Henry’s cattle, when sometime in August we confiscated some fourteen fat beeves for the use of the settlers, and I had to take him prisoner and hold him for a short time till the other boys had cut out the beeves. But to return to my record.

I was at H[a]user’s by five o’clock a.m., on the morning following that night escapade. At eight o’clock came a constable from Paola, county seat of Miami county, to attach the goods for some alleged debts owed by Wiener to some pro-slavery settlers. The constable took all the dry goods into his possession and hauled them to Paola, the trial to take place five days later. After this seizure we packed up, got the stock—cows, calves and oxen—together, some forty head, and moved that very day to Wienersville, camping there that night. With us was a boy of about 12 years, John B. Maness, and Freeman Austin. Next day we built a cattle corral; the boy was to herd the stock. We fixed up the fence, replanted some of the corn ground, which kept us busy for two days, then we went to work to make the new hewed-log house habitable; Austin to work inside, Benjamin and I assisting. By the time of the trial we had completed our work and were living in the house. Benjamin and I went to Paola to the trial on the attachment suit. Gen. Coffey, who afterwards served in the Confederate army and still survives (1903) at Knobnoster, Mo., nearly 100 years old,

pettifogged for plaintiffs, I for the defendants. When dinner time came, Gen. Coffey spoke up: "Squire, what is the use of a longer *parlez vous*, the constable knows all about this; the defense has no case," and this settled it. In due time about \$500 of dry goods were sold, or rather distributed to the plaintiffs to settle the costs.

Returned to Wienersville, Benjamin and I made up our minds that I claim the better of our former two claims—one-fourth mile by one mile, giving me over 100 acres bottom and 10 acres of good, thrifty hard timber, and Benjamin to take the old Fox Claim which was still vacant, being on Section N. The land had been surveyed during the winter of 1855-56. Such was our intention for the time being. The U.S. Land Office had not yet opened.

We kept very busy with all kind of labor preparing to stay and winter. I learned to milk, as the milk of nine cows was most of our living. Our meat supply came from the Dutch Henry herd, as the Free State settlers would kill one of his beeves from time to time. I was present when the first head of the Dutch Henry herd was impressed for Free State beef. It was about July 10th, when I met one of the three Kilb[o]urn brothers, who invited me to their house to help hoe a 20-acre corn field; they would return the service. I started at once and worked with them a couple of days till done, living on dry corn bread. About 5 o'clock of the afternoon we finished, Henry Kilb[o]urn said, "Boys, this dry corn bread won't do; Dutch Henry has some three or four hundred fat cattle; let us kill one and live." We started at once and soon found a bunch near the field of Wm. Partridge. Henry killed a big two-year-old heifer of about 600 lbs. weight. While the boys skinned the animal I went to ask Partridge to assist by hauling the quarters to his house to be cut up and divided. Partridge hitched up and by night had the quarters hung up by his house. Early in the morning we cut up the meat. Partridge was to haul the shares to the respective homes. Before starting we had a meat breakfast, and as we were ready to pitch in, P. remarked, "Boys, hold on, we must first ask the blessing of the Giver of all good." Thereafter, at least, one beef a week was killed out of the herd to keep us from starving. Breadstuff had become very scarce, as the Borderers in Missouri prevented the purchase and handling of it by Free State people.

I will tell you how I acquired the reputation of a good pistol shot. One day, three or four of us young men were at James Townsley's; someone fired at a target. I exclaimed, "No target for me. Do you see that blackbird in yonder oak-tree? I will bring it down." I fired my four-inch and the bird fell to the ground. The tree was, at least, 75 feet high. Of course, it was brag on my part and then luck. A few days afterwards in a cornfield they talked of my marksmanship, and one spoke up, "Show them, Bondi, what you can do; hit that butterfly." It was some twenty-five steps off. I fired and the butterfly was no more.

About the end of July, 1856, just as we were ready to start in to chink and daub the house preparatory for winter—before commencing to make hay—comes a runner from Lawrence, from the "Committee of Safety," to say that the pro-slavery settlement of New Georgia, on the Miami lands, four miles south of Osawatomie, had to be wiped out at once. Some 75 people from Georgia and South Carolina, a few families amongst them, had rallied to assist in the raid, viz., Bondi, Benjamin, Austin, and the three Kilb[o]urn boys. We elected Austin²⁹ for our captain and started for the big Pottawatomie timber, near Osawatomie, and made camp in the timber on the claim of Rev. Amos Finch (Wes. Methodist) in the afternoon of the

day set for the raid. A runner was at Finch's already to inform us that the expedition was delayed and could not be on hand for two days longer; so we camped right there, living on raw green corn from Finch's field and sleeping on the ground without fire. Rev. Finch could not feed us; he had hardly anything to live on himself. During those two days we drummed up a few recruits in Osawatomie. Dr. Gilpatrick came to us and requested me to accompany him to New Georgia, pretending to hunt some stray cattle, and spy out the conditions of the fortifications. We did so and succeeded. Found the entrenchments complete on three sides, yet open on the south. That night we met the Northern companies, marched around Osawatomie, crossing the Marais des Cygnes below the town. Some sixty of us rushed up, surrounding the entrenched sides, fired a few shots into the air, and the whole southern outfit ran out to the south, and we went to work to dismantle and burn. We found some 500 lbs. of bacon and a large supply of flour. Each one took about 10 or 15 lbs. of bacon for himself and we had to destroy the remainder, however sorry we were to do it. The block-house, with the bacon, lit up the sky for miles. New Georgia was destroyed and the southerners, deprived of provisions, had to leave, greatly to the relief of the Free State settlers. I gave my chunk of bacon to H[au]ser, so did Benjamin. Our captain, Austin, had bought a pint of booze at Osawatomie (only 15 cents) and had started in on it; so when we rushed up to New Georgia, he was pretty full and in the hurry stumbled and fell, dead drunk; but, as he related, rallied in the morning and visited the fire, still burning, then joined us at H[a]user's, and we all went home.

About this time, the last days of July, '56, my brother-in-law, Emanuel, came to us from St. Louis; and now, being one more in number, we started a well intending to go to haying after finding water. Up to this time, and afterwards, too, I, the assistant cook to Mrs. Benjamin, had to pack water from the Branch, a quarter of a mile distant. About the first week in August, 1856, I went to Osawatomie for mail. When I returned I was informed that while Benjamin was down in the well—Austin and my brother-in-law at the windlass—some soldiers of the 2nd Dragoons from their camp, near Dutch Henry's Crossing, came around. They proved to be the 2nd Lieutenant, Thompson, one sergeant and one private of Co. F. The lieutenant dismounted at the well, commenced cursing and ordered Benjamin to be hauled up, then arrested the three and ordered the sergeant and private to take them to camp, he riding behind, pistol drawn, and time and again, with oaths and curses, telling them that he had a good mind to kill them anyway, so as to lessen the Abolitionists by three. After running them a mile or so, he told them to get home. This Thompson, a native of South Carolina, was killed during the Civil War. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

The raids of the Missourians continued in a peculiar manner; some half dozen would steal into a settlement and drive off a lot of cattle and horses, rush them ten miles off, then sometimes divide into two or three parties, always herd the stolen stock in some out of the way place during the first day following the raid and drive them to Missouri the second night. Some efforts were made to steal our herd and also to steal Brown's herd of Devons. We, Brown, Benjamin and I put our cattle together and with all the families, moved them to David Garrison's, who had a large corral, into which we put them at nights under guard. The Mannes boy stayed with us. This boy, John Bean Mannes, was afterwards of my company, K, 5th cavalry. We made this move about August 10th. A day or two before this move I was called upon to assist in

the protection of an old German settler, on South Pottawatomie, Schutte [Schütte?]; a few Missourians had been seen lurking around his place. He had six or seven of the best horses in the country. Henry Kilbourn, Poin[d]exter, Mannes, Ben Cochra[n] and I stayed around Schutte's two days, scouted through the timber, found signs of a late camp in a ravine, but no Missourians, so we left Schutte's. Mind, we were always afoot, and after we had traveled a few miles towards Kilbourn's, we met a runner sent from Osawatomie to get, at least, twenty men to assist in defending the town, as a body of Border Ruffians had reached Paola bent on plunder. We four marched to Osawatomie, reached the town tired, slept on the floor of some house there. By morning the news came in that the Missouri company at Paola had retreated, not considering themselves strong enough to raid Osawatomie. We were about to leave the town, after a scant breakfast, when an old man came to us and asked about the locality of our claims and informed us that four yoke of pro-slavery work cattle, formerly owned by the New Georgia colony, were with his cows. The New Georgia men had stolen his four horses before we routed them, and he was afraid that when some of them might return for these four yokes they would drive his cows with them. There was yet a large Santa Fe wagon without box on the old site of New Georgia, and some log chains and yokes close by in a hollow. He wished that we would take away oxen, wagon, yokes and chains. He lived five miles from Osawatomie. We went with him at once. Arrived at his place we hid in the timber all day and at sunset came out, ate a hearty supper at our friend's house, hitched up the four yoke to the wagon and drove to the Mosquito Branch, arriving there by morning. We took the wagon to Kilbourn's timber and the eight oxen were put with the Bondi and Benjamin cattle and with them moved to Garrison's. These four yoke stayed with our cattle until late in October, then we out them out to winter with a man named Saunders, on North Middle Creek. In the spring we divided the spoils. To Kilbourn and Mannes, the best two yoke of oxen; to Benjamin and me, the two smaller yoke, the wagon and chains.

About the middle of August, a band of Free State boys, thirty in number, commanded by Capt. Cline, came on the Pottawatomie Creek; most of them had, with their captain, lately come from Iowa. They had some teams and provisions along. All of them were well mounted on horses captured from pro-slavery men. They had several brushes with Border Ruffians and as yet had always routed them. Their last raid had been on the Rev. Martin White's place (a Baptist minister from Missouri); here they had captured eleven good horses.

About August 20th, ('56) old John Brown reached Osawatomie with a spick and span four-mule team, the wagon loaded with provisions, besides he was well supplied with money—all contributed by northern friends of the Kansas Free State men, like Thad Hyatt. With Brown had come some thirty men from near Topeka and Lawrence—mostly of the Stubbs—amongst them Luke [F]. Parsons and Charles Kaiser.

Old Brown told me and some of the neighbors, who had come to greet him, that he intended to invade the pro-slavery settlements of Linn and Bourbon counties, to give them a taste of the treatment their Missouri friends would not cease to extend to the free state settlements up the Marais des Cygnes and Pottawatomie. As he saw that I was not mounted, he ordered some of his men to capture all of Dutch Henry's horses; and when they were brought in, I received a four-year-old fine bay horse

(steed) for my mount. I furnished my own equipments from some new saddlery goods of the old store which had been hidden in the brush for safety. Old John Brown rode a fine-blooded bay.

The Capt. Cline Company joined us and we moved from Osawatomie about August 24th. Benjamin and my brother-in-law remained with Mrs. Benjamin and the cattle at Garrison's, and it was agreed before I started with the Brown command that in case of an attack on the settlement, Benjamin should turn out: but my brother-in-law should under all circumstances remain with Mrs. Benjamin and the cattle. The boy Ma[n]ess too, was to continue to assist herding the entire bunch.

When Brown's company started from Osawatomie, a few men of the neighborhood joined the command and a few joined Capt. Cline's. I can recall some of those who joined Brown's command: Evander Light, Whitney Wood, [I]. M. Anthony (Susan's brother), and Cyrus Tator, afterwards probate judge of Miami County, elected in the fall of 1857, and in July, 1860, he was lynched on the overland Pike's Peak route for highway robbery and murder, Ben Cochra[n] and Poin[d]exter Maness³⁰ joined Cline's command; James Holmes, afterwards secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, was with Cline, also.

Brown's company was about thirty-five strong; Cline's about forty-five. Cline and most of his men were Free State Yankees, deteriorated into freebooters.

Both companies, Brown's and Cline's, started from Osawatomie August 24th. When camped for dinner rest, Capt. Brown made a talk to us of his company. He wished us all to understand that we must not molest women nor children, not take nor capture anything useless to us or Free State people: further, never destroy any kind of property wantonly nor burn any buildings, as Free State people could use them after the pro-slavery people had been driven out. Never consider captured horses or cattle as anything else than common property of the Free State army. The horses for military use, the cattle for food for our soldiers and settler. He ordered also that we should keep some distance in camp from the Cline company, as they were too riotous. Whenever he could he would hire our meals, as he had ample means to pay for them. He then made arrangement with Capt. Cline that the two companies should daily exchange places on the march. One day, Brown's in advance, the next day, Cline's; the teams with the provisions always in the center during the march and in the rear during a fight.

We camped the first evening near a small Quaker settlement of three families, near Sugar Creek, Linn County. Capt. Brown had them prepare supper and breakfast for us. We there received information that a large pro-slavery force of about 500, among them the Bourbon County Rangers, with a red flag ornamented with skull and cross-bones, were raiding the Free State settlers of Linn and Bourbon Counties; that a man, Montgomery, by name, and his neighbors had been compelled to flee and had all moved to Lawrence a day or two ago. Capt. Brown also learned the names and the residences of the local pro-slavery leaders.

When we broke camp on the morning of August 25th, '56, the Cline company had the advance. By 10 o'clock a.m., we came on the fresh tracks of the pro-slavery raiders and quickened our pace. By noon we received information of their camping on South Middle Creek and hastened to surprise them, the Cline company in advance. On the last hills, overlooking the valley two miles wide, the pro-slavery camp was in full view; and the Bourbon County Rangers and their Border Ruffian auxiliaries,

outnumbering us five or six to one, immediately upon sighting us, galloping down the hill, turned and fled, leaving the camp teams, many horses, provisions, tents and their red flag with the skull and cross-bones; yea, some who had been enjoying a noon siesta, left their clothes, hats, shoes and boots. I found a pair of boots which were just the fit, and as mine were in favor of keeping my feet aired, I was not long in changing. I also found a hat which I appropriated; my palm leaf of Camp Brown memory was used up. I still wore the pants and coat which had been apportioned me, the pants hardly holding together. In vain I looked for a pair amongst the plunder.

Capt. Cline saw Capt. Brown about the division of the spoils; he claimed the larger share because his men were in advance. Capt. Brown remarked, "My men do not fight for plunder; keep it all," and so Cline kept almost the whole spoils. This was the "Battle of South Middle Creek." We made camp on the ground deserted by the enemy, and rested there until morning. The Cline outfit quarreled till midnight about the division of the spoils.

The morning of the 26th we started to raid the pro-slavery settlement on Sugar Creek (Linn County). Brown's company had the advance. About 10 o'clock a.m., we stopped on the place of a "Capt. Brown"; he was captain of the pro-slavery or Shannon Militia. We took his cattle, about fifty head, and while searching the house for clothing, a young woman, his daughter, just berated the abolitionists for all out. Amongst her other remarks, I caught this one: "No Yankee abolitionist can ever kiss a Missouri girl." As she uttered these words, I spied a litter of hound pups in the corner of the kitchen. I picked up one and said, "I would kiss a hound pup before I would kiss a Missouri girl," and I kissed the pup. While rummaging around I found a couple of empty nail kegs and a box marked B, as my kegs and boxes had been marked, and this Capt. Brown had been in the raid on Wienersville. I opened a trunk, no doubt belonging to Capt. B., and found there a new pair of jean pants, about five sizes too large for me; nevertheless, I exchanged my nether garments. The newly acquired breeches reached nearly up to my arm bits, but were quite comfortable.

We returned from our raid to Osawatomie on the afternoon of the 28th of August, bringing along some 150 head of fat cattle. Of these Capt. Brown had four killed at once to feed the hungry settlers around. Early next morning Brown and Cline divided the captured stock, each taking one-half. Capt. B. charging to his share the four killed the previous evening, and he ordered four more killed for the settlers. The eight hides he gave to a poor widow who had given us six bushels of corn to feed our horses.

We broke camp, moving across the Marais des Cygnes with the horses and cattle, making the "Crane" dwelling on the "Crane" farm our headquarters. This Crane farm is the present site of the insane asylum—main buildings. The Cline company remained camped in the Bottom by Osawatomie south, with all their stock by them.

Jacob Benjamin and Freeman Austin came to us during the day, as there was a report that a very large pro-slavery force, under the command of [J.W.] Reid, was south of Lawrence, heading for Osawatomie, and the settlers were called upon to come and assist in defending the town. Capt. Brown arranged with Capt. Cline that Brown's company should picket the roads towards Paola and Cline's company picket the Lawrence road.

On the evening of the 29th of August, Capt. Brown told off the different reliefs

for the various picket posts. Benjamin and I were on the last relief of the picket, a full half mile from the camp, northeast, towards Paola, on the main road leading towards Paola, and we came on at 2 a.m. to stand four hours, till 6 o'clock a.m. At about 5 o'clock a.m., we heard one shot quite distinctly; some few minutes after another shot and, within a few minutes more, the report of several guns. I had just said, "Those boys ought not to waste ammunition so foolishly," when we heard several volleys succeeding one another, intermingled with a boom like that of a cannon, and again single shots. This was kept up, and I said to Benjamin: "This is battle." He agreed. As the firing continued, I said, "They must have forgotten us; the Missourians have surprised our people; let us hasten to the ford," and we did so. The ford was a full mile from our picket post. As we reached it we met some fifteen of Cline's men horseback, just having crossed over, and Dr. R. Gilpatrick was with them. They told us that the town was surprised, the pickets were driven in and followed at once by a big force of Missourians, they thought about 500 or 800 strong, and that they had a small cannon. I argued with them a minute or two that as Capt. Brown was still over there, we might yet do some good with our small force, when the firing ceased all at once, and we all considered the day lost. Cline's men and Dr. Gilpatrick declared that the best to be done was a retreat to Lawrence and assist the stand there, and they rode off. Then a young man—who had a claim on the Pottawatomie and had crossed the river on foot—came in and told us that the Missourians had crossed at Bundy's Ford and had jumped the town by the Lawrence road. That our men had made a good stand. That the Missourians must have met with quite a heavy loss of killed and wounded, and that he thought Capt. Brown had worked himself down the river to the H[a]user's. We then concluded to start up the hill and move on the highest points towards H[a]user's place. On the way we made a breakfast of muskmelons and watermelons and had gained the top of the hill, giving us a view of Bundy's Crossing, when we saw the Missouri force emerging from the timber, after having crossed the river, and going east. We could see very plainly two wagons loaded with what looked like dead men, as legs and arms were hanging out. Our voting companion left us to go to H[a]user's. We crossed at a low-water ford and came out on the Adair place and pushed towards Osawatomie, when we ran on the body of Fred Brown, right by the main traveled trail. Benjamin stayed with the body, and I ran to the Adair house. Mr. Adair came out, and we three carried the dead to a small shanty in the rear of the dwelling house. Mr. Adair told us Fred Brown was killed by the Missouri advance guard while going from the Garrison place to his; that David Garrison had also been killed about the same time. We learned afterward that the Rev. Martin White had commanded the advance guard, and if he had not killed Fred Brown himself, his men had done it under his orders, and the same of Garrison. From my experience with the Missouri guerrillas during the Civil War I incline to the opinion that these men were not killed because of their relationship and friendship to Capt. John Brown, but because these Border Ruffians, and later the Missouri guerrillas, when surprising a town or settlement, would kill all they ran across lest an untimely alarm might be carried to their objective point, copying Indian strategy.

From Adair's we went to the Garrison place, where Mrs. Benjamin and my brother-in-law stayed. I had left my horse here. Benjamin, too, had left the horse Capt. Brown had given him out of the lot taken on Sugar Creek here. After quite

a council Benjamin and I started for Lawrence, by way of the Abbott camp. We reached our destination at 7 o'clock a.m., August 31.

I may as well at this time give all the information I received within the next few days after the battle. This information I received from Capt. Brown, Luke [F]. Parsons, Freeman Austin and others.

A man by the name of Hughes, quite wealthy for those days, owning the 160-acre claim south of Osawatomic with fine improvements—a two-story log house, a log barn, etc.—piloted the Missouri crowd across Bundy's Ford to the attack from the west of town. Brown and his men from the Crane house posted themselves in and around a log house at the edge of the timber in the north end of town; but after the first shot from the Missouri cannon the men scattered through the timber, keeping up a desultory skirmishing fire, assisted by the Capt. Cline crowd who had hurried from their camp, south of the town. But the numbers were against them, and our men began to retreat, most of them through the timber along the south side of the river. About fifteen or twenty started to cross at the ford and go up the river on the north side, among them George Partridge, who was shot and killed while crossing the river. Nearer the center of the town Charles Kaiser, severely wounded in the right hip, and E. T. Brown, the 14-year-old son of Orville C. Brown, were made prisoners.³¹ Some of the Missourians ran to the sawmill to set it afire. L. I. Parsons and Freeman Austin were behind some sawlogs. Parson's gun missed fire, but Austin killed the man carrying the torch, then the rest turned back, carrying the dead man with them. Austin and Parsons both fired again, and they had one more to move, and the mill was saved. Capt. Brown worked his way with a few men to H[a]user's place and returned to Osawatomic in the afternoon and found all the cattle and horses, being on the north side of the river, safe and unmolested about the Crane place. Cline's cattle, horses, teams, tents, etc., had all been captured. Capt. Brown ordered a sufficient number of beeves to supply the needs of the settlers to be killed daily, but cautioned against waste.

The killed in the "Battle of Osawatomic," on our side were Fred Brown, David Garrison, George Partridge.

A stranger, a Missourian, by name Williams, who had brought a load of meal and flour the day before, was killed and his team and load taken along by the Ruffians.

Charles Kaiser was killed the afternoon of August 30. Shot down in cold blood at the Missouri camp, near Olathe. We have never found his remains. T.E. Brown was set free and served three years in Co. F, 5th Kansas. Hughes left with his Missouri friends that morning and never returned. His cattle and hogs assisted in feeding the settlers all through fall. A man named Bogus Williams, a Pennsylvanian, a pro-slavery sympathizer, bought the improvements and pre-empted the quarter section, but sold at the commencement of the Civil War.

We reached Camp Abbott some time during the night, picketed the horses and slept till noon of August 31st, then went to Lawrence; were billeted and quartered at some house for meals and floor space. Sept. 1st, 1856, we registered at the headquarters of the Free State commander, James H. Lane. I received an old musket in place of the rifle I had borrowed some time ago from Taway Jones. I objected to the unwieldiness of a musket on horseback. Gen. Lane handed me a few cartridges and said, "That is just the gun I want you to have." He ordered a parade and some 200 or more of the Free State forces fell into line. Gen. Lane made a few remarks to them on absolute

obedience to orders; he closed with the words, "All who are ready to obey orders, at the word, 'Forward,' march two steps to the front." At the command all stepped forward. He said, "Not a d—d man in the rear." In his red (Ga[r]ibaldi) shirt, slouch hat, swarthy complexion, long, black beard, Lane was a quite picturesque figure. We (Benjamin and I) were detailed to Capt. Sam Walker's command and were with him scouting back and forth two days. When Capt. Brown reached Lawrence we went to his command. My brother-in-law had come with him, anxious to return to St. Louis. As he had only money enough to pay stage fare to Kansas City (\$3 00), and boat fare to St. Louis (\$12.00), I borrowed \$1.00 from Capt. Brown so he could buy a few meals, and he left.

As we received news that the Border Ruffians kept raiding the Pottawatomie country in small parties, we—Benjamin and I—made up our minds to return to the Garrison place and bring Mrs. Benjamin and the Brown families and all the stock to Douglas County. For this purpose we left for the Garrison place on the 5th of September, and on the 8th had the families and stock within eight miles of Lawrence; young Maness herding the stock, and we camped in a deserted cabin. I became very sick with fever and ague, and the only medicine on hand was Peruvian bark, which I took by the tablespoon full.

I surrendered my horse to Capt. Brown to mount someone whose horse had died, and about the 12th of September, after Jason and Owen Brown had scouted through the Pottawatomie country and found all raiding parties had departed for the Missouri camp, near Lawrence, we drove back to the Mosquito Branch, the Browns going to Iowa to winter.

Sept. 17th, Gen. Richardson of Missourians, and Gen. Lane formed line of battle. Richardson had 2,500 men in camp and line willing for duty, and Lane about 500. The two commanders rode out of their respective commands under a flag of truce, held a palaver and agreed to disband their men and send them to their homes, and to stop all depredations by their organized forces; and this agreement was tolerably well kept by both sides.

As we had made no preparations for winter and had not succeeded in finding water at sixty feet, we concluded to winter in Osawatomie where a good, roomy cabin and corral was offered us.

Benjamin and his wife were there, and Maness had driven the stock there, so I was left alone in the house on the Mosquito Branch claim, just to watch some furniture which was to be moved shortly. I was yet quite weak, when one morning towards the last of September, just before sunup, I noticed a lonely rider crossing the Branch and coming up the California trail to the house. As he came nearer I saw it was Capt. Brown. He stopped without dismounting and told me that he was on the road to Iowa where his people intended to winter. I paid him the \$1.00 I owed him, and as the sun rose we shook hands and he went on. That was the last time I met with old John Brown.

We moved to Osawatomie and put up a lot of hay. We had some fifty head of cattle. Sam Green hired me to sell out what merchandise he had left and paid me in shirts and socks; and when the Eastern-aid goods reached us, Rev. Adair, who had been elected to superintend the distribution, appointed me as his assistant to deliver

goods on his order, which I did without pay. I also assisted in butchering the Hughes cattle and hogs, as they were needed for food.

Mrs. Benjamin died in confinement about the middle of October; her child, a son, died soon after. Jacob Benjamin, Ben Cochra[n], Poin[d]exter, Maness and I, and Benjamin as Wiener's attorney in fact, laid out the town of Greeley, in Anderson County, in December, 1856; and Maness having taken a claim joining, he and I moved into an old claim cabin, and brought the cattle with us and wintered them there on the range. Benjamin married again in January, 1857, a daughter of Maness, her first name was Elizabeth.

1557. Toward the end of March I sold my claim for \$800, and we started a two-story log house in Greeley for a store.

Benjamin filed a pre-emption claim on the 80 acres on which he had wintered and eventually got it after considerable lawing.

My parents and brother-in-law and sister arrived in Osawatomie about the first week in April. I bought the Weightman claim on the creek, south of Greeley, on which they settled. I opened the store about the middle of April and did fairly well. I was appointed postmaster of the Walker³² post office. Benjamin was a partner in the business. I had a great many trips to make to Lecompton in land contests of the town of Greeley and Benjamin's claim. We won them, but during my absence the business was neglected, especially after my brother-in-law left for Europe in May.

In May, of 1857, I presented my claim against the United States for \$1,000 for property destroyed in 1856, before the Congressional Commission and had it allowed. It is yet unpaid.

During the spring and early summer came on the canvass for and against the vote on the Topeka constitution, and the old Free State leaders divided, part favoring a big vote, part favoring a general apathy. I stumped Anderson County against Dr. R. Gilpatrick and Dr. J. G. Blunt for the participation of the settlers in the election for the Topeka Constitution and prevailed. At one time the bribe of an appointment to the office of probate judge was offered me. Of course, it was rejected.

At one time in this campaign I walked from Greeley to Marais des Cygnes, crossing of the old California trail, and back to take part in a caucus held in the woods near the crossing. In July I spent the 1st, 2nd and 3rd visiting Theo. Wiener, who then lived in Washington, Iowa. I was in Mt. Pleasant and Keokuk on the 4th. I visited in St. Louis and returned to Kansas by July 15th, 1857.

My business did not keep up while I was gone. My sister tended the post-office and Benjamin mostly the store; he did not seem to take. The man had changed considerably since he had married his second wife. I believe his wife's relatives pilfered.

In November we had an election for the legislature under the bogus laws, the election was *viva voce*.

Gov. Walker shut clown on the pro-slavery election frauds and the elected legislature was thoroughly Free State. I happened in Lecompton when the attorney-general of the Territory, Wm. Weir, afterwards Colonel of the 4th Kansas, expressed himself thus: "What business has a democratic governor to expose and defeat democratic election frauds?" Gov. Robert J. Walker was an honest man, befriending the justice of the cause of the Free State settlers.

Dec. 1, 1557. For some days reports had been reaching Greeley that the

Missourians were repeating their raiding practices against the Lima and Bourbon settlers, and on Dec. 1, 1857, Dr. J. G. Blunt and I formed an organized company of fifteen to go down to help Montgomery, Jennison and Bayne to defend the homes of the settlers.³³ The Border Ruffians had a new way of pestering the Free State people. The pro-slavery grand jury in Ft. Scott had indicted a large number of most peaceable settlers for all kinds of offences, and the U.S. marshal posses in squads of fifty, one hundred and even more, scoured the country to make arrests and steal stock. The Free State men under Montgomery, Jennison and Bayne determined on making a stand. As already stated, Dr. J. G. Blunt and I had prevailed on some fifteen to assist the Linn and Bourbon County Free State people. Blunt hired a four-mule team and wagon and about fifteen of us started for the scene of the troubles. I am today (July 13, 1903) the only survivor of this expedition. We left Greeley at 9 o'clock the evening of the 1st, and about 3 o'clock the next morning one of the boys, Cass Eams, carelessly took hold of a gun by the muzzle to lift himself into the wagon, and was fatally shot. We left him in Mound City in the morning, where he died Dec. 5th, and was buried Dec. 5th with military honors. About noon, Dec. 2nd, we arrived at Fort Bayne, on the Bayne claim, a camp around a log cabin in the center on the Little Osage. Major Abbott was there with a few men from near Lawrence. Capt. Bayne had some twenty men with him. Dr. Gilpatrick was there, too, altogether we were about forty-five men. The marshal's posses were in the neighborhood of 250 men and an attack was expected. We knocked out some chinking of the cabin for port-holes and hastily made breastworks from some rail-piles. About 3 o'clock p.m., the Missourians came on to within 50 yards, when they spread out in open order and began firing; we replied, the action lasted an hour. The Missourians lost some horses and about ten men wounded, three of whom died in a few days. None of us received a scratch.

During the engagement Col. Wm. A. Phillips, the New York *Tribune* correspondent, came up on a gallop, hitched his horse under the upper river bank and jumped into our fortification, and was received with three cheers for the New York *Tribune*. The enemy left at 5 p.m., and our scouts, bringing us news that a body of 500 Ruffians was coming up from Fort Scott, we concluded to retreat to Mound City. Arriving there at 3 o'clock a.m., we made camp in a grove by a school house. There we recruited our forces. Ten men came from Greeley, and by the 10th of December we had 150 men tolerably well armed, under command of James H. Lane, commander-in-chief. We camped out through the whole time without blankets or warmer winter clothing. The weather was comparatively mild, and we had plenty of wood. The Missourians became afraid of the Free State forces and posses, and all made tracks back to Missouri, and while occasionally small parties of five or ten would raid and depredate and murder within a few miles from the border, never hereafter did any large bodies invade Kansas until the Civil War broke out, because the Free State men of Linn and Bourbon Counties kept up their organization under Montgomery and Jennison ever after as Jayhawkers. On the evening of the 14th we were ordered to break camp, Montgomery's, Jennison's and Bayne's companies sufficient to preserve order, and Gen. Lane further ordered all men to meet at the school house at midnight, where, after a short speech, he enrolled all present (about 150) as the first members of the Kansas Jayhawkers. He explained the new name in this wise: As the Irish Jayhawk with a shrill cry announces his presence to his

victims, so must you notify the pro-slavery hell-hounds to clear out or vengeance will overtake them. Jayhawks, remember, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," but we are his agents. So originated the name, Jayhawks (corrupted Jayhawkers), afterwards applied indiscriminately to all Kansas troops. Of all the 150 in and around the school house that night I am the only survivor (July 15, 1903). I and J. E. Blunt are the only survivors of this, the first military organization of Jayhawkers. The school house was a log house of very large dimensions, about 24 feet or more square, and we were packed in it like herrings.

At Gen. Lane's order, "March," we all piled out, each party for their homes. We from Greeley arrived home by 7 a.m., Dec. 15, 1857. February, 1858, I was removed from the post office because of having, with others, fired on the U.S. marshal. This just suited me, as I had quit the merchandise business. Jacob Benjamin, having made his proof and entered his claim near the town of Osawatomie, moved into the store building.

March, 1858, I was appointed enrolling officer of the Kansas Militia for Anderson County by Maj. Gen. Lane, commander-in-chief of the Kansas Territorial Militia. I appointed D. J. Jackman, who lately died at Ft. Scott (April, 1903), my deputy; no emoluments were connected with that office.

My sister left for Europe about the middle of March, 1858. From that time on I attended to farming and stock-raising. I purchased two old plugs and a yoke of cattle. April 1st, I started with Benjamin and a neighbor, John Ba[u]cher, into the Indian Territory to purchase cattle, but after two weeks' excursion returned without them. I had at that time scraped together some twenty head of cattle, of which more than half were cows and heifers. A young man, John Christian Fischer, in '58 began to make his home with me, and we chummed until the fall of '60. July 4th, 1858, I was with Jim Lane and his bandits at Topeka. In '58 and '59, I had a fine vegetable garden and even in '60 I had a good supply of vegetables.

In the fall of '58, Capt. John Brown camped for three days in the claim cabin of a non-resident, Mitchell, one-fourth mile east of our cabin. He had with him eleven Negroes, former slaves, which he had gathered in Missouri and was just then running off to Canada and on account of whom the so-called "Battle of the Spurs" was fought a few days later in Jackson County, Kansas, between John Brown and the United States marshal's posse. He would not let me know of his presence and instructed all to whom he applied for supplies (Benjamin, Squire Mack, James F[e]tton), to be close mouthed and never inform me, Gilpatrick or Blunt of his presence, as he well knew that we, Free State men, did not sanction an increase in the colored population north, and I suppose he never forgot my opposition to his Negro insurrection plans when at Taway Camp May, 1856, April, of 1859, Theo. Wiener visited Greeley and I accompanied him on his return to Leavenworth. We rode horseback. One of my old plugs gave out and died on the return trip, 15 miles from Leavenworth. I lived that year very contentedly with my parents. Our income was small, yet we did not live up to it. As I have said, my garden was fine. I raised 150 bushels of potatoes, four bushels of beans and one bushel of Japan peas on not quite one acre of ground. Every Sunday a few German bachelors gathered at our house to hear my father's war stories of 1812, '13, and '14, and to smoke his home made cigars of home raised tobacco. In the fall of that year (1859) took place the "Brown Raid" on Harper's Ferry. The Free State people of Kansas, while not approving of it, sympathized with old Brown.

The villainies of the Missouri Ruffians had created such a feeling of revenge it must have actuated old Brown. We all felt bitter upon the hackers—Pate Br[o]ckett, Jones and Richardson—who had beggared so many homes and wrecked the future of many hard worked pioneers by their merciless robberies, depreciations and raids.

Old Capt. Brown was a good, square man, a man steadfast to principles which he had accepted as just and righteous, and if the Border Ruffians had not developed a tiger-like inhumanity the Harper's Ferry raid could never have taken place. The Free State men of Kansas owe to John Brown gratitude for their success. He and his handful kept together in Taway Camp in May of 1856, accomplished at Black Jack, June 2, 1856, he proved there that the Border Ruffians could be met in the field and defeated with proper energy and pluck. He saved the Free State cause then and there from unavoidable defeat which would have been its fate if that action had not been fought, or if victory had not been won.

1860. April 29th I left home on a trip to Leavenworth to cash a draft sent to my mother as part of her share of the estate of her Aunt Rosalia Landau, who died in Prague.

May 1st, morning, I had camped 18 miles from Leavenworth. I found one inch of ice on the water in a bucket of some other campers. In the afternoon of May 1st, I visited Simon Kohn, an old acquaintance, from St. Louis. He introduced me to George Einstein, then city clerk, with whom I went home and stayed overnight, and there met Miss Henrietta Einstein, who married me June 28th, 1860. I proposed by letter on the short acquaintance of a few hours and was accepted. Squire Peter McFarland married us. At supper Squire McFarland discussed politics with me. I gave it as my opinion that Lincoln's election would cause a war of secession. He opposed me; but before the year was out, he, as a captain of Volunteers, had a piece of his skull taken off by a shell, and replaced by a silver plate. He was the first captain of Company G, 1st Kansas Regiment. Squire McFarland made a mistake in the record of the marriage which mentions July 28, 1860, as the date.

We left Leavenworth July 1st for home. It was a hot and dry summer. Sunday, July 12th, we rested for dinner at Taw[a]y Jones, in the timber, when the Moore boys passed and congratulated me, after having been introduced to my wife.

1860 was the dryest year in Kansas experience since 1851. I raised some sixty bushels of corn, possibly more than the whole township had raised. I had plowed, in April, my six acres of brush land a foot deep, with two yoke of cattle and it yielded fine.

In November, 1860, mother and I went to Leavenworth to buy supplies. The trip lasted twelve days. By a sudden cold snap the Kaw River froze over, and we camped nearly four days on its bank. During the winter of 1860-61, I kept up the meat supply with rabbits. I killed one corn-fed hog, and four from the mart. In July, 1860, I met Jacob Benjamin one Sunday on the prairie. We somehow got into an argument, and he started to strike me, when I applied to him a few sound licks and kicks till he commenced to howl like a baby and expressed regret that our friendship had so ended. I fully rehearsed to him his treachery, that he had overreached me in spite of professed friendship in various deals and explained to him that his family and mine, he and I, could have nothing in common; yet, I shook hands with him,

pledging him my forgiveness, but wished him distinctly to understand that we had to be as strangers, and we never exchanged a word after that.

He enlisted in Co. E, of the 11th, was considered a D. B. in the service. Swapped his lands in Anderson County with Gen. Blunt August 1st, 1865, for a section in [Miami] County, and while hauling timber his team ran away at Bull Creek Crossing; he fell from his load, broke his jaw and died three days after the accident from blood poisoning. His wife, who held all the property, married again. This time a butcher of Paola, who went through all her belongings and left her, and Mrs. Elizabeth Maness died in the '70's, poor and forlorn, her children scattered. In the winter of '60-'61, my place was selected as a good underground railway station, and I sheltered several runaways; also nursed a young man from Linn County, who in a border foray, had been wounded in one hip. I kept him until his recovery was complete—about a month. Our house, or rather cabin, was close to a big body of timber which, in case of necessity, provided a good shelter.

1861. In February I made a trip to Lawrence and on the way swapped my horse for a fine half-breed mare, with a Shawnee Indian, named Polewishemo.

Sunday, April 28, my eldest child, Rosa, gladdened our cabin. Monday, April 29, I met with about forty neighbors in Mount Gilead and Squire James Hannaway administered to us the oath of allegiance, we forming a ring around him. Of the men who were with me, so far as I know, only Capt. J. G. Rees, late of Co. E, 11th Kansas, and myself are amongst the living.

A great lot of aid-supplies came to Kansas in the fall of '60 and spring of '61. I never asked nor received any. I hauled a jag of dry limbs to the Greeley corn mill every Saturday and was given in payment a half bushel of corn meal. I acted as special constable in almost every case before Squires McDow and Mack of the township, and occasionally had considerable fun with the parties to the suit. Neither the Squires nor I ever charged fees.

In the middle of May I teamed to Leavenworth, hauling butter and eggs there, returning with crockeryware, etc., for the Mt. Gilead merchant. My sister-in-law, Carrie Einstein, and my 3-year-old nephew, Sol Einstein, returned with me for a visit.

On the way to Leavenworth I stopped in Lawrence several hours to hear the speeches of Robt. B. Mitchell, Owen A. Bassett and J. G. Blunt to the crowds, encouraging them to enlist. I met on this occasion Dr. Rufus Gilpatrick and settled with him for assistance at my wife's confinement, \$4. I felt sore that I could not then enlist in the first regiments, but I made up my mind to do so as soon as possible. I also met Bernard P. Chenoweth, who had recruited part of Co. A, of the 1st regiment. He was then already married (I believe) to the woman whom Kansans know as Carrie Nation. Chenoweth was mustered out with the regiment as captain of Co. A, 1st Kansas.

About the 15th of June George Einstein visited us and took his wife and son home.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-one was a wet year. The bottoms raised but little corn. I had broken some seven acres brush land in the Spring, which I planted July 7th and I raised quite a crop of nearly fully matured corn by Oct. 15th, when I cut it up.

July 21st, my birthday, was the day the first battle of Bull Run was fought.

August 10th the battle at Wilson's Creek. The boys who had foretold the end of the war by Fall gave up as mistaken. I strained all my energy so that I might leave home and enlist by November. My mother also hurried me to complete my work that I might enlist. She would agree with my wife that the country which gave to us, exiles, home and rights, had a right to claim our services. She would take care of wife and child, and if I should fall I would honor my child, and family. I must follow the call of duty.

I had my hay and enough of it well put up, fodder hauled together, a big pile of wood before the door, my hogs killed and pickled, a supply of breadstuff laid in by November 20th, when I told my wife and parents that the time was at hand for me to join the men who had "rallied round the flag." My father said that if I left for the war, his blessing would go with me. My father, who was 71 or more years of age, was yet quite stout and in perfect health. He had always been industrious, never afraid of doing something to benefit his beloved ones. He worked in a brickyard in St. Louis in the fall of '49 to assist and contribute to the family living, his share. He worked at cigar-making, peddled, and in Louisville for some years had worked in a chair and furniture factory. On the farm he attended to the woodpile, fed chickens, hogs and cattle and calves. He was most punctual to attend to any duty or work he had once assumed. He was, of course, most partial to our baby, sliding her around in a box fitted up, as we had no baby carriage; such things being unknown in the settlement. My father and mother have faithfully assisted their son and his wife on all occasions, and my debt and my wife's debt of gratitude was not cancelled by caring for them when they became more or less invalids; but we tried to imitate them in assisting and providing for our children so that they should, at some time, when we were no more, bless our memory, as we did always the memory of my dear parents.

My mother said that as a Jehudi I had the duty to perform, to defend the institutions which gave equal rights to all beliefs. My wife was still—then my mother arose up and said she would care for and protect and work for and do all she could for my wife and child. I must go and fight for my country, and she would care for family and home. And my mother has faithfully, most faithfully, redeemed the pledge. When I left home Nov. 26th, 1861, I left with my family some thirty head of cattle (one yoke of work oxen, eleven cows, the balance young stock), one mare and two spring colts, also some pigs.

John Gerth, my neighbor, and George Lewis, of near Hyatt, had agreed to enlist in the same organization that I would, and we had also agreed to start Nov. 26th for Fort Lincoln, in Bourbon County, Kansas.

Notes

¹ Names that Bondi mentions, revolutionaries and the Austrian leaders, are often famous names that play prominent roles in histories of that time. See, for example, C.A. Macartney, *The Habsburg Empire. 1790–1918* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1969). I have made minor modifications in Bondi's orthography, e.g., *stayed* instead of *staid*.

² *Ernst D. Kargau's St. Louis in Former Years: A Commemorative History of the German Element* (1893) in Don Heinrich Tolzmann (ed.), *The German Element in St. Louis* (St. Louis: Clearfield, 2000). A number of the names that Bondi mentions figure prominently in this book. For example, on Börnstein, see p. 24 et alia; on Kennett, pp. 100 and 250; on Bogy, pp. 62, 249–50; on Uriel Wright, p. 84; on Kretschmar, pp.

104 and 159; and on Dr. John Hartmann, pp. 198 and 200.

³ Kargau, p. 110.

⁴ Phillips recalled the words of John Brown in an interview. Brown “condemned the sale of land as a chattel [i.e., land that includes slaves], and thought that there was infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in our country slavery was the ‘sum of all villainies,’ and its abolition the first essential work.” William A. Phillips, “Three Interviews with Old John Brown,” *Atlantic Monthly* 44 (1879): 741.

⁵ Sanborn’s description of this incident may be, in part, based on Bondi’s text. He reports that Baker came from Vermont. Sanborn, p. 254. Cf. James C. Malin, *John Brown and the Legend of Fifty-Six* (Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, 1942), p. 750.

⁶ The Sherman brothers were natives of Oldenburg, Germany. Stephen B. Oates, *To Purge this Land with Blood: A Biography of John Brown* (New York: Harper & Row, 1970), p. 99.

⁷ Sanborn has information that Wilkinson came from the North, but married a Tennessee wife and adopted her view of slavery. Sanborn, p. 271.

⁸ In the typescript and in his hand-written letter to Sanborn Bondi consistently refers to Wiener, not Weiner. January 25, 1884. See n. 18 below.

⁹ Richard J. Hinton describes the Brown family settlement: “With the captain were his sons, John, Jason, Owen, Frederick, Oliver, Salmon, Thomas, his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, and his brothers-in-law, the Rev. Adair, who is still living at Osawatomie, Kansas, and Mr. Thomas Day, his wife’s brother; Ruth, his eldest daughter, Wealthy and Ellen, the wives of John, Jr., and Jason, with children—one having died while these emigrants were passing through Missouri.” Hinton adds also the names of others who became closely associated with Brown in the coming days: “To their camp came James H. Holmes, a well-educated New Yorker, fresh from college; August Bondi, European engineer (sic) and soldier; Charley Kaiser, one also of the brothers of Susan B. Anthony (there were two in Kansas); the Partridge boys, John Bowles and his brother William; Dr. Updegraff, John Ritchie, H.H. Williams, and a few others. Augustus Wattles, O.B. Brown, the founder of Osawatomie, James Hanway, E.B. Whitman, James Montgomery, with one or two more comprised nearly all who, after that first year, became identified with John Brown. Some of them were advisers, not fighters.” *John Brown and His Men* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1894), pp. 39–40.

¹⁰ Kargau, pp. 68 and 115–16.

¹¹ “Salmon [Brown] recalled that W[i]ener was ‘a big, savage, bloodthirsty Austrian’ who ‘could not be kept out of any accessible fight.’” Oates, p. 99. Bondi wrote of Wiener’s dramatic conversion to the Free State cause: “For nothing, however, did I admire John Brown as much as for the conversion of my friend Theodore Wiener from a rank pro-slavery man to an uncompromising abolitionist, which happened in the winter of ’55 to ’56. Wiener was a Jew, as I am, and Benjamin was; he came from Germany in ’47 and to St. Louis in ’54, where Benjamin and myself became acquainted with him. Benjamin and myself left St. Louis for Kansas early in spring ’55, as we parted, he wished that the southerners would assist us to an early return. In fall ’55, about September, B[enjamin] returned to St. Louis, when Wiener consented to come to Kansas and open a store on my claim, pledging himself to B[enjamin] that he would run his store and let politics alone. Wiener invested \$7–8,000 in goods and came to Kansas. In the meantime I had become very sick and had left for St. Louis just two days before Wiener reached my claim. So I did not see W[iener] till about May ’56 when he came to St. Louis to buy goods (I returned to Kansas with him). Judge of my surprise when W[iener] conversed with me as a radical Free State man. He was free to acknowledge that the change was mainly due to his intimacy with the Browns.” The letter, dated January 25, 1884 from Salina, is on stationary that refers to the “Office of August Bondi, Police Judge, Salina, Kansas.” Collection Bondi, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

¹² James Townsley described the events involving Captain Dayton. Sanborn, pp. 262–63.

¹³ Taway Jones is John T. Jones, referred to also as the Indian Ottawa Jones. He supported the free-state cause. Jones’s place was off the California Road. Oates, p. 138. Cf. Sanborn, pp. 245 and 262.

¹⁴ Charles A. Foster reports about this incidence: “In the spring of 1856 William Sherman had taken a fancy to the daughter of one of his Free-State neighbors and had been refused by her. The next time he met her he used the most vile and insulting language toward her, in the midst of which Frederick Brown appeared and was besought for protection, which was readily granted. Sherman then drew his knife, and, speaking to the young woman, said: ‘The day is soon coming when all the damned Abolitionists will be driven out or hanged; we are not going to make any half-way work about it; and as for you, Miss, you shall either marry me or I’ll drive this knife to the hilt until I find your life. Frederick Brown quietly warned Sherman that if he attempted any violence, he would be taken care of; when with an oath and threat, Sherman left them.’” Sanborn, p. 256.

¹⁵ Despite this plea, Grant was one of the persons who later “censured the massacre as an inexcusable outrage.” Oates, p. 141.

¹⁶ Sanborn writes: “Townslley had been a cavalry soldier in the United States army from 1839 to 1844, and had fought against Indians in Florida; by trade he was a painter . . . went into the Pottawatomie region and bought a ‘claim,’ for which he paid eighty dollars, put up a rude cabin, and moved his family into it.” p. 262. Mrs. Townslley describes her husband’s activities in Kansas and defended his innocence of the Pottawatomie “murders.” Selections from the Hyatt Manuscripts,” *Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society* 1-2 (1881): 203–06. In 1879 Townslley himself gave an interview in which he said that he had refused Brown’s request to be a guide for a proposed killing of pro-slavery people. “During the killing Townslley, Fred Brown and Wiener stood guard . . . Townslley admitted that he did not approve of the killing and considered it terrible, but Brown insisted that it was necessary for the protection of the settlers.” Molin, p. 386. Despite his disapproval, Townslley continued to be part of Brown’s subsequent campaigns.

¹⁷ “Allen Wilkinson, his wife Luisa Jane, and their two children had emigrated from Tennessee. They built a cabin (which also served as post office) on Mosquito Creek, about a mile north of Dutch Henry’s Crossing. Wilkinson had been elected to the proslavery legislature. . .” Oates, p. 99.

¹⁸ In his article in response to Utter, Bondi adds: “I was astonished but not at all displeased. The men killed had been our neighbors, and I was sufficiently acquainted with their characters to know that they were of the stack from which afterwards came the James brothers, the Youngers, and the rest, who never shrank from perpetrating crime if it was done in the interest of the pro-slavery cause. As to their antecedents—the Doyles had been ‘slave hunters’ before they came to Kansas, and had fetched along two of their blood hounds. ‘Dutch Bill’ Sherman, a German from Oldenburg and a resident of Kansas since 1845, had amassed considerable property by robbing cattle droves and emigrant trains. He was a giant, six feet four inches high, and for the last weeks before his death had made it his pastime) in company with the Doyles) to break in the doors of free state settlers, frightening and insulting their families, or ones in a while attacking and ill-treating a man whom they encountered alone. It would take too long to recount all their atrocities. Wilkinson was one of the few southerners who were able to read and write, and who prided himself accordingly. He was a member of the border ruffian legislature, and a principal leader in all attempts to annoy and extirpate the free state men. Although he never directly participated in the murders and robberies, still it was well understood that he was always informed a short time before an invasion of Missourians was to occur, and on the very day of his death, he had tauntingly said to some free state men that in a few days the last of them would be either dead or out of the territory.” Bondi “Reminiscences,” p. 28, part of the Utter articles, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka. When interviewed in 1880 about the killings, Wiener denied his involvement. He said, according to John Hutchings: “I tell you I know nothing about the matter.” Malin, p. 394. In his letter to Sanborn Bondi speculated about Wiener’s position on the killings: “Wiener himself has never to any extent conversed with me on the so-called Pottawatomie massacre. He never would allow himself to be drawn out. I have a theory of my own on this matter. I have a suspicion that Wilki[n]son was a Mason; so is Wiener, and Wiener did not know at the time that Wilki[n]son was a brother Mason. It may not have been, still such is my suspicion.” At the bottom of this page Bondi wrote: “The last part of this letter from mark x strictly confidential.” The confidential segments include remarks about Wiener and Kaiser. The letter is dated January 25, 1884. Collection Bondi, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

¹⁹ James C. Malin has published the affidavit by George W. Grant about this controversial event. *John Brown and the Legend of Fifty-Six*, pp. 573–577. Grant stated that “John Brown Sen., Owen Brown, Frederick Brown, James Townslley, M. Winer, Henry Thompson, Oliver Brown, and Salmon Brown did on malice aforethought kill and murder the said Wilkerson, Shearman & Doyles, and the affiant further states that Samuel W. Kilborn, Poindexter Mannass, Simeon Morse, William Partridge, Henry H. Williams, and Jason Brown remained with said Company, until they disbanded on Potawatomie . . .” James Hanway, who lived near the place of the “Pottawatomie executions,” described John Brown’s reflections about it. “I knew all good men who loved freedom, when they became better acquainted with the circumstances connected with the case would approve of it. The public mind was not ready then to accept such hard blows.” Sanborn, p. 250–51.

²⁰ John Brown wrote on June 3, 1857 of Mr. Cochran, on Pottawatomie Creek as one of the reliable persons for his cause. This letter also mentions Daniel Foster, William David, Dr. Updegraff, S.H. White, William Phillips (see p. 52), Mr. Adair (see p. p. 64), Holmes (see p. 61), Frazee, Hill, and A. Watles (to whom the letter is addressed). Sanborn, p. 303.

²¹ Bondi’s typescript gives a few more details about Kaiser. See note 39, p. 25, in this volume.

²² A Lawrence rifle company to which Luke F. Parsons belonged. John Brown hoped that the company would join him in his battles, but the company was not willing to leave Lawrence. Nevertheless, Parsons

joined Brown. Sanborn, pp. 283–85.

²³ Phillips met with Brown on several occasions. In one interview, published in the *New York Tribune* on July 11, 1856, Brown criticized the free state politicians from the East for trying to pass resolutions instead of acting. Phillips saw Brown as a “strange, resolute, repulsive, iron-willed, inexorable old man.” Oates, p. 159.

²⁴ Bondi mistakenly writes John, instead of James for Abbott. Major James B. Abbott is known as the person sent to New England to procure weapons for the free-staters of Kansas. “Abbott Howitzer – Its History,” *Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society* 1–2 (1881): 221–26.

²⁵ Cyrus Adams describes the death of a Major Hoyt in a letter of August 25, 1856. Sanborn, p. 328.

²⁶ Oates, pp. 160–61.

²⁷ Governor Shannon sent Captain Woods to Osawatomie and had him bring John Brown Jr. and other prisoners back to Tecumseh for interrogation. Oates, pp. 144 and 146.

²⁸ Bondi probably means Adair (not Odair). According to Sanborn, Rev. S.L. Adair, who resided at Osawatomie since 1854, made his log cabin available for meetings of the Brown family. Sanborn, p. 188.

²⁹ During the time of the Pottawatomie killings Freeman Austin, according to Bondi, stayed behind to locate and protect the Benjamin family. Austin was “an old neighbor” who “was afterwards named ‘Old Kill Devil’ from a rifle he had of that name. In memory of the “old man” and “in memory of his friendship and self-sacrifice” Bondi “placed a simple slab upon his soldier’s grave near Helena, on the Mississippi.” Bondi, “Reminiscences,” p. 28, part of the Utter articles, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

³⁰ P.D. Maness is one of the prisoners with H.H. Williams, Wm. Partridge, Jason Brown, S.W. Killbourn, John Brown Jr., S.B. Morse, and J. Benjamin after the Pottawatomie killings. Letter of June 14, 1856 by H.H. Williams to Rev. Samuel Adair. Williams writes: “The eight prisoners including myself from Pottawatomie and Middle creeks arrived here today & are to have a preliminary examination next week.” <http://www.territorialkansasonline.org/cgiwrap/imlskto/index.php>.

³¹ These Browns are not related to John Brown Sr.

³² Walker is now referred to as Greeley.

³³ The fight took place at Bayne’s Ford on the Little Osage River in Bourbon County. Bondi’s participation caused his removal as postmaster of Walker.

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