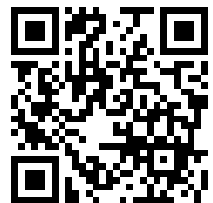


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AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
AUGUST BONDI











**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
**OF**  
**AUGUST BONDI**

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**1833-1907**

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**Published by His Sons and Daughters  
for Its Preservation**



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Arranged by  
**MISS AMANDA M. DOOLEY**  
An intimate friend of August Bondi  
and his family



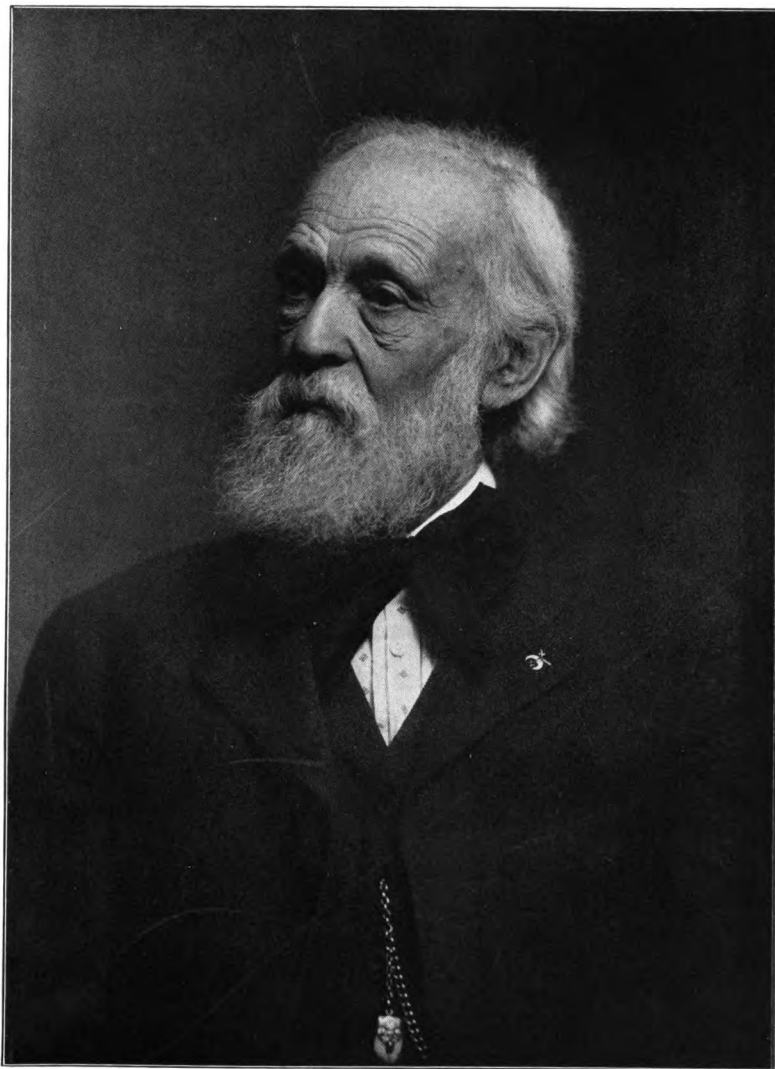
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*Augustus Bond*



# Autobiography of August Bondi

## 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.

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 (nee 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 18th 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 year 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., immuned 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 Frankfort, a- 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 battle-grounds 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, nee 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 grandfather's 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:

**GEBURTS ZEUGNISZ** Von dem Unterzeichneten wird hiemit bezeuget, dasz am ein und zwanzigsten des Monates Jüly im Jahre Ein Taüsend acht Hündert drey und Dreiszig 21 ten Jüly 1833, dem Herrn Commissionair Herz Emanüel Bondi von seiner Ehegattinn Martha gebornen Frankl ein Knabe geboren und demselben am 28 ten Jüly 1833 der Nahme Aügüst Bondi beygelegt wurde.

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

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

W. MANNHEIM  
Relig'ous Lehrer  
der Israeliten  
Zu Wien



T. L. HOFMANN  
M. D. LUDERMANN

Hige, Unterschriften

Werden hiermit bestätigt.

Von der L. C. Poligny Herr Direction  
Wien am 9 September 1833.



Zeüge  
G. G. DIETS

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 thrashings which I had, no doubt, deserved. He 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," an Hungarian, from Presburg, 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 Presburg, 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 Presburg in February and July, 1842, for the semi-annual examinations. I distinctly remember an incident of my Presburg 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 any one 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 out doors, 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 any 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 a 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 Mödling, one hour by railroad from Vienna. I staid 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 also was a medical student of the Vienna University.

Up to 1846 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 relatives 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 "More Nebeechoris" (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 examina-

tion, 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 absoluteism 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-Gramatic and Syntax, and Prof. Podlaha, of the 5th and 6th gymnasium classes, taught me Poesie 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 day time 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.

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 10 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. 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, "Rothenthoms 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 staid 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 Herongasse 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 Herongasse. 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.

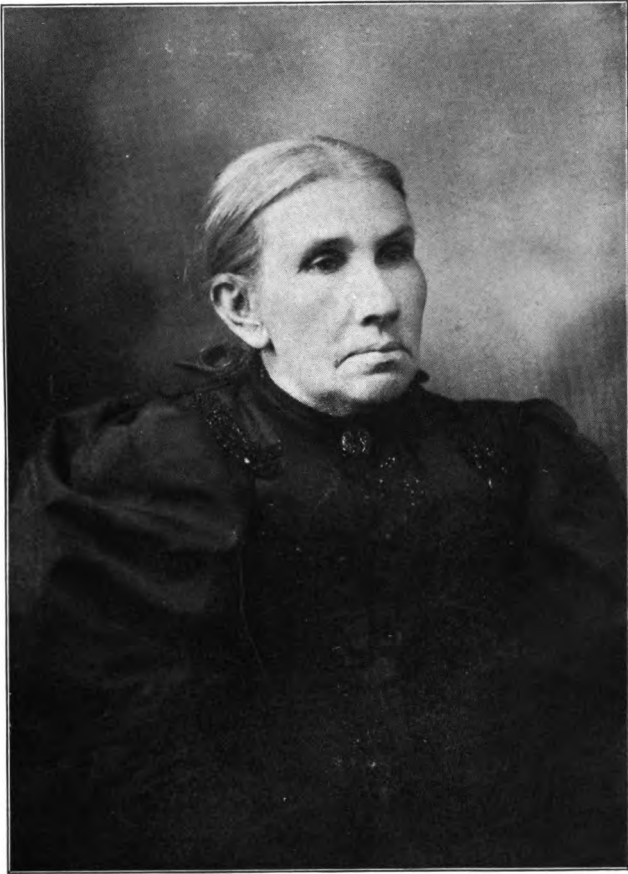
I ran some faster than the others of my small crowd and reached the Herongasse and pushed for the front near the palace where the provincial council held its sessions. I became mixed up with the students of the different schools and faculties. The street was packed for quite a distance, but I kept in 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, (flint-locks)—a dozen dead and dying fall around me. Heinrich 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, "Strauchgassel."

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 Herongasse and Stranchgassel into the Michaelisplatz, in front of the Burg, (imperial residence) were stationed two cannon, in charge of an artillery sergeant, Johann Pollett. The cannon were loaded with grape and cannister, 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 Pollett, 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



HENRIETTA EINSTEIN BONDI





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 *curassiers* 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 an 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 Brunn and Spielberz. Hundreds joined the Vienna legion of the Hungarian Revolution and fell in the battles of 1849. Hundreds more were pressed in to 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 Buda Pest 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 Buda Pest students horseback 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 Wheringer general 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 Huyos 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 I 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, "Hochmächter," 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 '80's. 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 to-morrow for the consideration of the petition. The answer, "Heute noch," (to-day yet) 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 Nivins 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 Jägezeile, 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 debouching 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 build-

ing, 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 a 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 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 Backerstrasse 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, an 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 ordered 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 Fuster (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 demolition 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 Fünster resigned as commander of the Legion and was elected chaplain. The Arch Bishop 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. Messenhauser, 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 24 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 us 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 down trodden 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 Rohath, 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 classmate, 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 indited several leaders in their paper, "Studentem 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 15, 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.

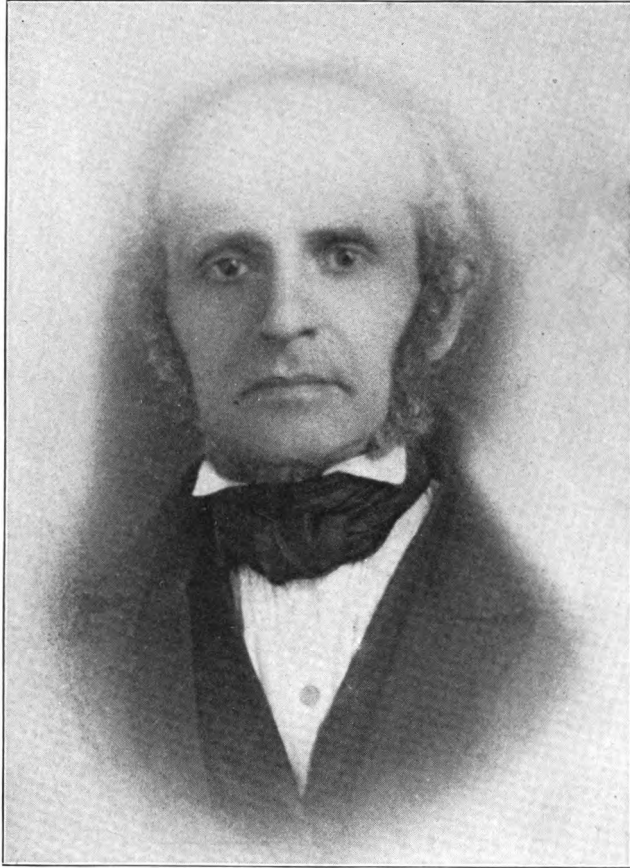
The delegation from the Vienna Committee of Safety, sent to investigate conditions, were curtly ordered out of the town by the military authorities. A great many speeches were made in Vienna and in Buda Pest; but to no purpose. Many citizens and students of Prague escaped to Vienna, as Windischgraetz 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 a'M had elected Archduke Johann (uncle of the Emperor) as Reichsnervenser (Protector of the Realm). And now there were more speeches, more National Guard parades. The "Studenten 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



**HERZ EMANUEL BONDI**  
Father of August Bondi



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. Jellachaich'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 staid 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 Bremen haven, 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 staid 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 Hauser. 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 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 staid 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 Mahe, 35 years old, native of Bordeaux, formerly orderly sergeant with the Zephs 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, Mahe, 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 (Freie 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 coöperation 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 ball 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 Boernstein, 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 "Freie Männer Verein" by some 600 late political fugitives and their friends:

which Henry Boernstein 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.

Boernstein 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 a few months after the organization of the Freie 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 Boernstein 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 Sturgeon Market. Alex Sturgeon paid our drill master and was to furnish our outfit—rifle, sabre, 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 readily 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 first 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 to 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, staid 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, a 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. 24. 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 staid 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 24 hours in wet clothes before I regained the steamer, and the consequence was chronic diarrhoea, 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  $\frac{1}{2}$  cracker and  $\frac{1}{2}$  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 diarrhoea, 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 staid 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 staid 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, 7 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 boating 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, "Massa, 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. m., 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 me 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, Wjel Wright, Blennerhassett, Kaiser, Kribben, Kretschman and many others no longer among the living. 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 staid 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 Polander, — Hendricks, about 60 years old. He was brother-in-law of Uriah 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 "Schnapscheche." I got along fine with Brooks' young brother-in-law, Wolf Keiler, 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 Xaupe's Concert Hall.

August, '54, Benton was beaten for re-election. The three candidates were Thos. H. Benton, Free State or Benton Democrat; Lewis V. Bogg, 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 benefitted 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. Bogg, Benton's opponent. Bogg 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 Lugarmann & 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 left L. & E. and went clerking for Jacob Benjamin, former partner of my dear 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 liats. In November, '54, 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 staid 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 Pottawatomie 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 and made from 25 to 40 and 45 miles per day to reach certain points for 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 our 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 chattle. Every negro hostler talked Free State to us.

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 staid. 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. 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 staid, 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, a 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 Missouriian'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, from Würtemberg. 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 Würtemberg Auxiliaries. He told us he had immigrated from Indiana in the fall of '54, 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 us 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 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 took us across the river to the Mosquito Branch and to its forks at the head, about 4 miles west from Dutch Henry's Pottawattomie 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 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 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 clapboards 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. 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 Pottawattomie Crossing, where Dr. E. 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 Pottawattomies before it was moved to St. Mary's, in what is now Pottawattomie County. The Indians surrendering their lands on Pottawattomie 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. 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 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 Wilkenson, late from Tennessee, who had squatted on an old Indian farm which had some six acres of an old field. He acknowledged himself



**MARTHA FRANKL BONDİ**  
**Mother of August Bondi**



pro-slavery. He was a member of the bogus legislature. 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 to-day 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 staid 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 staid 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 wickeaps made of pawpaw and hickory poles, where Indians had camped the preceding winter.

June 1, Benjamin and Eberhard 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 had brought his boy, Philip, along to help hurry up the roofing of the cabins.

As we were out of provisions, Dr. Eberhard 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's lighter wagon; Benjamin to stay at Eberhard'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. 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. 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. 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'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 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'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's. We staid 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, and 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's wife died, and some two weeks after, the Dr. claimed sickness and asked a visiting neighbor, Kincaide, 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 family (including the family of Dr. Buffington, who had married the eldest Eberhard 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 man, 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 Weiner and his brother, Herman Weiner, 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 Weiner, Jacob Benjamin, Fox, Klein, Ash and myself. Benjamin and I to tend to sales with Fox as helper; Weiner to attend to purchases in St. Louis and Kansas City; Klein and Ash to team; Herman Weiner 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 doc-

tor, 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.

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 Osawatimie 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, 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. Weiner 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 in 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 \$1, 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, 1856, Klein, Fox and Ash returned to St. Louis. They had tramped all the way from Kansas. They and Theo. Wiener could not get along. They said if I had staid, or if they had been assured that I would return they would not have left, but Wiener bossed too much. Klein worked for "Freund," 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 I 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, staid 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.

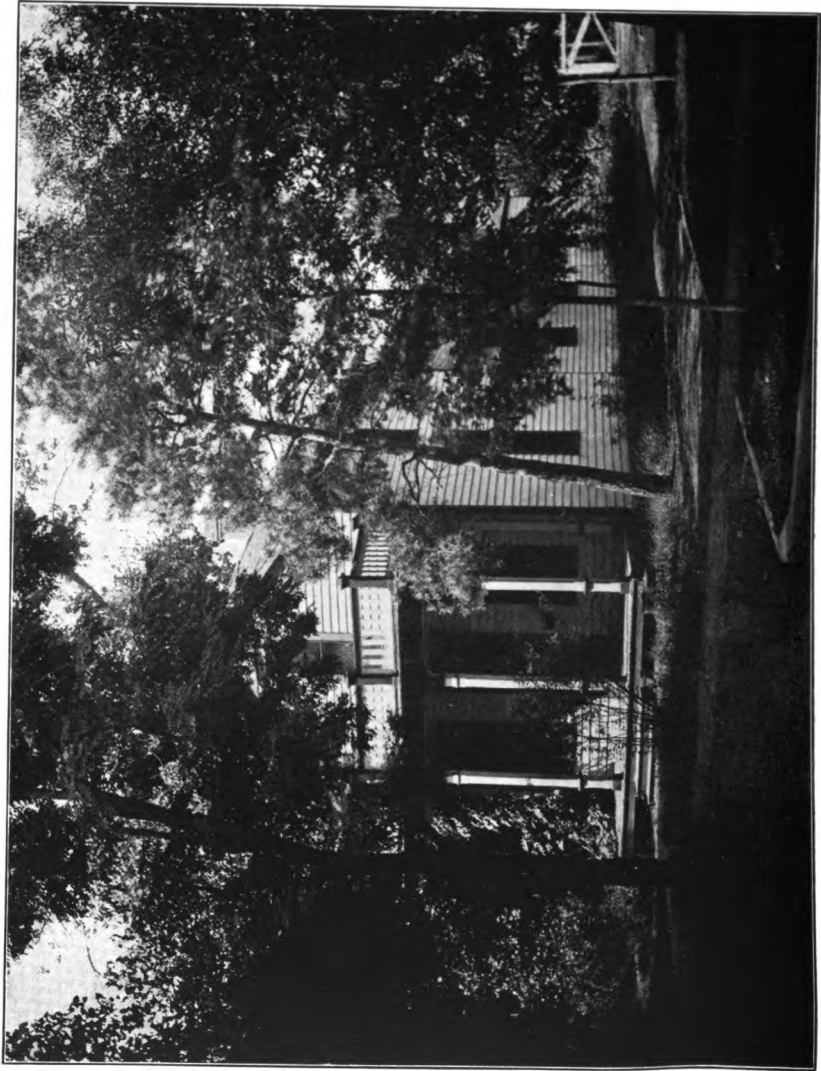
Wiener appealed to the Brown boys for help to oust White from my claim. They asked if he was sure that I would return. Wiener pledged himself that I would do so, then they marched to my claim-cabin and, not heeding White's protest and threats with his ax, bunted in the door and landed White, his family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

**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 staid 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, 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 Houser, 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

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THE BONDI HOME  
Salina, Kansas

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' timber 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. Old John Brown heard the account and John Grant's appeal for protection, but just at the close of the account came a 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 Townsley, 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 to-morrow 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, Wilkinson and Dutch Henry's brother, William. In this account Wiener never said positively who killed those persons, and I could only guess. 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.

## 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 large size revolver. His sons and Thompson had a revolver, cutlass and a squirrel rifle each. Townsley an old musket. Wiener a double-barrelled 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 staid 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. Cochrane, 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.

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 sun up 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. Cochrane, 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. 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 cut-throats 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 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. Phillips, 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 Abbott, Luke Parsons and Hoyt 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 staid 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 MaWhinney 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 MaWhinney's companies joined the John Brown company. Special mention of Luke I. 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 Centropolis 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. 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, Brackett, 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; Brackett challenged Wiener to a duel, and Wiener accepted at once, when Capt. Brown, attracted by the rumpus, came up, ordered Brackett and Wiener to their quarters and the noise stopped at once. This Brackett 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 staid 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 staid 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 dis-



**HEINRECH SPITZER**  
Killed March 12th, 1848, at Herongasse





tant, 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. He replied, "I am not the Captain, I am only 1st sergeant," and pointed out the Captain. Capt. Wood, 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 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 Brackett'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 Houser, on the Marais de Cygnes, where Mrs. Benjamin staid. 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 staid with Houser 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 Odair's 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 Topliff, 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. K. Ambrey. 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 John 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 Houser 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 Houser'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

corall; 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 40 acres of good, thrifty hard timber, and Benjamin to take the old Fox claim which was still vacant, being on Section 16. 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 Kilburn 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 Kilburn 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; some one fired at a target. I exclaimed, "No target for me. Do you see that black-bird 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 Kilburn boys. We elected Austin 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 Howser, 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 Houser'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 staid 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"; a few Missourians had been seen lurking around his place. He had six or seven of the best horses in the country. Henry Kilbourn, Point Dexter, Mannes, Ben Cochrane and I staid 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 staid with our cattle until late in October, then we put 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 I. 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, Mannes, 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, J. 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 Cochrane and Point Dexter Maness 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 free booters.

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 settlers. 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 ac-

quired breeches reached nearly up to my arm pits, 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 Mayne 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 Missouriians 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 Missouriians, 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 Missouriians 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 Missouriians 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 Houser's. We then concluded to start up the hill and move on the highest points towards Houser'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 young companion left us to go to Houser'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 staid 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 guerillas 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 guerillas, 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 staid. 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 I. Parsons, Freeman Austin and others.

A man by the name of Hughes, quite wealthy for those days, owning the 160-acre claim south of Osawatomie 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. 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 Houser's place and returned to Osawatomie in the afternoon and found all

the cattle and horses, being on the north side of the river, safe and unmo-  
lested 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 Osawatomie," 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 sym-  
pathizer, 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 (Garribaldi) shirt, slouch hat, swarthy com-  
plexion, long, black beard, Lane was a quite picturesque figure. We (Ben-  
jamin 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 Pot-  
tawatomie 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 the 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 table-spoon 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 par-

ties 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 sun-up, 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 Cochrane, Point Dexter, 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.

1857. 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 Walker 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 down 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, 1857. For some days reports had been reaching Greeley that the Missourians were repeating their raiding practices against the Linn 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. 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 to-day (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. 6th 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 postoffice 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 Bancher, 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 Fitton), 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 Brackett, Jones and Richardson—who had beggared so many homes and wrecked the future of many hard worked pioneers by their merciless robberies, depredations 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 staid over night, 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.

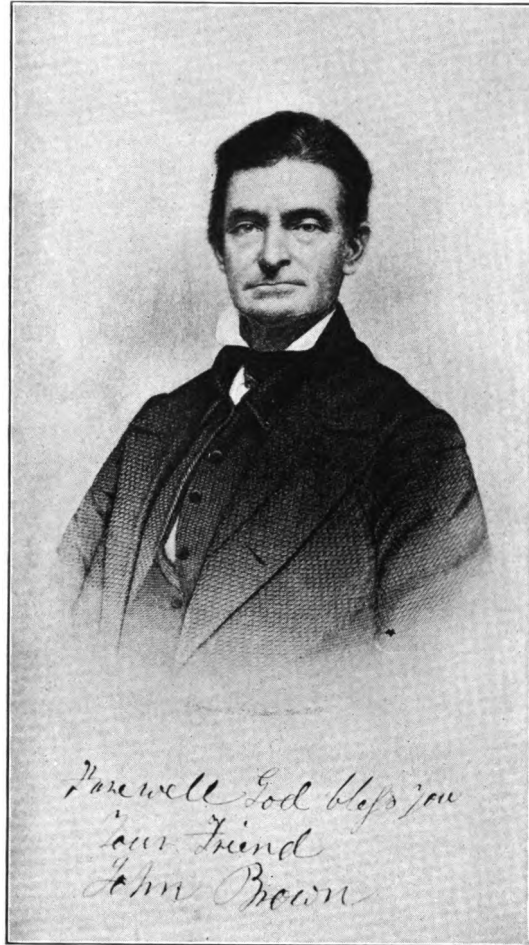
We left Leavenworth July 1st for home. It was a hot and dry summer. Sunday, July 12th, we rested for dinner at Tawney Jones, in the timber, when the Moore boys passed and congratulated me, after having been introduced to my wife.

1860 was the driest year in Kansas experience since 1854. 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 Main 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



**JOHN BROWN**  
Pioneer friend of August Bondi



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.

## CHAPTER VI

1861—CIVIL WAR

Nov. 26, 1861, we arose early, had an early breakfast. I saddled my half-breed mare that I had traded from Poleweskemo, embraced and kissed all, and slowly rode on, a half mile south, towards the hill where John Gerth, on his black Canadian, waited for me. Arrived at the Gerth home I turned towards my beloved ones who stood before their door in the valley my dear wife with the six month baby in her arms; the sun had just risen. I waved adieu with my handkerchief to wife and child, father and mother, and rode on south with the young man, John Gerth, who, from that morning, remained my chum till he was killed at Mark's Mills, Ark., April 25th, 1864. About twelve miles from home we were joined by George Lewis. We arrived in Fort Lincoln by 5 o'clock p. m., where we joined a squad of recruits, about fifteen in number, which garrisoned the fort and camp under the command of Wm. E. McGinnis, lieutenant and recruiting officer for the 5th Kansas Cavalry.

The fifteen recruits under Lieut. McGinnis, with such arms as they owned, formed the garrison of Fort Lincoln, which post was established to protect the northern part of Bourbon and Linn Counties against Confederate raids. Fort Lincoln held a large amount of quartermaster's and commissary stores and was the rallying point of the Linn and Bourbon County's militia when called out; also the headquarters of two companies of independent Federal scouts, the Miller and VanZickle companies. The Van Zickle company disbanded in December, 1861. The Miller company of scouts agreed to go in with us of the 5th Kansas and form Company K, of the regiment.

We had been in Fort Lincoln but a few days when a band of Confederates was reported scouting in the neighborhood and driving off stock and committing all kinds of depredations. McGinnis called out the militia in the neighborhood and sixty-eight men reported within a few hours with their arms. The first thing they called for was something to eat, and as flour and bacon was supplied them, they elected the oldest man—apparently about 60 years old and 6 ft. 4 in. tall—boss-cook, and he started in with his help and baked and fried piles of slap-jacks and pork. He measured the pile for each squad by the distance from the ground to his beard, which was two feet long, and two feet from the ground when he squatted. When he had ten piles in readiness he called supper and the piles were soon no more. We picketed each of the roads with one soldier on horseback and three militiamen, with the exception of one road, considered the most dangerous and exposed, where John Gerth and I were posted as pickets. Our arms were John's old musket and the four-inch Colt which I had purchased in St. Louis in 1854, and this constituted my armament. As our scouts reported next morning that the Confederate bands had retreated with their plunder, the militia was dismissed. About Dec. 15th the mounted cavalry

of the 5th Kansas, A, B, C, E and G, came on from a scout under command of Lieut.-Col. John Ritchie, and camped in the bottom by Fort Lincoln. Soon a regular row broke out, and the upshot was that Lieut.-Col. Ritchie went home to Topeka and resigned, leaving Major James H. Summers in command. Lieut.-Col. Ritchie afterwards commanded an Indian regiment.

The recruits under McGinnis selected one of their comrades, J. A. Parker, who had been 1st sergeant in the 2nd Dragoons, to draw rations and he also instructed us in many things which made camping and military life more comfortable. One evening he and Oliver Triplett, of Co. G, 5th Kansas, rode to Fort Scott together; each had a flask of whiskey in his possession. Parker was brought back by Triplett with a revolver shot in his left shoulder. As Triplett explained, they were firing their pistols, when Parker's horse stumbled and he shot himself through the shoulder. He was taken to Fort Scott hospital. Gangrene set in immediately and his left arm was amputated at the shoulder. He remained with us as bugler of Company K till his time expired. After Parker's mishap I took his place, attending to drawing rations, and Gerth and I went coon hunting and occasionally added a coon to our rations.

Dec. 18, the independent scout company, under Capt. Adoniram J. Miller, and the recruits of Lieut. McGinnis, finally decided to join, to form Co. K of the 5th Kansas Cavalry, and we moved to Barnesville, right on the Missouri line, and quartered in a few empty log houses. We had an election of officers for Co. K. Adoniram J. Miller was elected captain, Jeremiah Johnson, 1st lieutenant, Wm. E. McGinnis, 2nd lieutenant, and Dennis Forester, 1st sergeant.

The measles broke out in our company and we had several sick and some deaths in Barnesville.

One day at Barnesville the three commissioned officers of the company had gone to Fort Scott to put in the requisition for tents, camp and garrison equipments and arms necessary for the company, when Quartermaster Gen. Insley rode up to investigate the needs of the company, and inquired for any one of the officers. I told him that they had gone to Fort Scott, when Isaac Denham, of Emporia, 4th corporal, stepped up and addressed Gen. Insley. "Do you wish to see one of the officers?" Insley replied, "Yes." I am an officer, I am 4th corporal," said Denham. Insley—"I wish to see a commissioned officer, my man." Denham told me that evening that it was very wrong that non-commissioned officers had to mess promiscuously with the men; they ought to mess by themselves.

Dennis Forester, our 1st sergeant, was very particular to have all men out at reveille—roll call, and the absentees he detailed on fatigue, forage hauling, duty, (provided they were willing). The first really cold morning at sounding of reveille only John Gerth and George Lewis turned out. When the boys were at breakfast, Forester called at each mess and notified them: "I have to have roll call over again, as so many missed it I forget whom to mark present." He had the bugler sound reveille and *no one* appeared, so he detailed volunteers for forage-hauling.

**MUSTERED** Dec. 23, we were mustered into the U. S. service as Co. K, of the 5th Kansas, by Major  
**INTO U. S. SERVICE** H. H. Williams, of the 3rd Kansas Infantry, afterwards of the 10th Kansas Infantry, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Dec. 24th we moved to Camp Denver where we received our tents and

some cooking utensils and the much needed arms. Miller's company of scouts had all been armed with old muskets and bayonets. Bayonets were used for picket-pins. The McGinnis crowd now received a similar brand of muskets. We all started at once and filed off a foot or more of the musket-barrels, and so turned the muskets into musketoons. We had no other side arms than those each man furnished for himself, nor had we either clothing or blankets, except what each one had packed from home. On any scouting expedition we carried the ammunition in our breeches pockets.

At Camp Denver we were joined by the infantry companies of the regiment, D, F, and I. We were next thing to a mob. Everybody did what pleased him. As the scouts went out, it generally took them half a day to get them ready. The commissary lieutenant and sergeant stole by wholesale. In Company K we organized Mess No. 4, with 18 men, and mostly Mess No. 4 stuck together during the term of enlistment. The eldest cooked and washed dishes, and I had to draw rations, which caused several quarrels between the regiment and company's commissary sergeant and me, but I came off with flying colors. After two trials there was no more attempt to swindle Mess No. 4. The other messes, encouraged by my success, stood for their rations and stealing ceased. Cold weather commenced in earnest and our lack in blankets was keenly felt. To make up for this deficiency we filled the tents two feet deep with straw and just burrowed into it.



## CHAPTER VII

### 1862—CIVIL WAR, CONTINUED

About Jan. 5th I was taken down with the measles, which prevailed to an alarming extent. I had to go to the hospital tent, which was a sorry affair—the old rotten canvas was full of holes. It was large enough to hold six beds, consisting of rails deeply covered with straw which was held in place by old staves driven into the ground. In the center of the tent was a hole in which, in extreme cold weather, a kettle with live coals in it was set. My apology for a bed was furnished with one blanket, and my comrades of Mess No. 4 contributed of blankets and coats what they could possibly spare. I kept well covered, fully aware of the consequences of careless exposure. I was among the very few who had experienced measles in the army and were not afterwards bothered with the effects of that dreadful disease on the constitution. I was entirely well in a fortnight. So much for taking care of the body in such cases.

Three pieces of hard bread and three cups of smoke-tasting tea was my daily allowance. I took good care to keep my bowels open and as soon as able, after an eight day sojourn in the so-called hospital, returned to Mess No. 4, where I burrowed in straw a few days more before risking outdoor exercise, and fed by the boys, I soon regained strength for a walk and two weeks from the time I went to the hospital, I was myself again. I wish here to remember the nurse at the hospital tent, Edward M. Rice, of Companies B, K, and M. He was not otherwise of much account, but he nursed me as a brother. I am also greatly indebted to Mrs. Andrew Frank, who washed a handkerchief every day for me—I had only two—and did otherwise all she could do for me. Her own two sons were down with the measles at the same time and in the same tent as I.

My wife did not come down because I had expressly—in several letters—requested her not to do so, on account of the baby. In the same tent with me were negroes, officers and servants, all down with the measles. During the week of my hospital confinement, one comrade, out of the six in the tent, was carried out to his grave, and the new-comer was given the place of the dead without change even of the straw. The snow inside the hospital tent was about as deep as outside.

A few days after my return to Mess No. 4, one of the boys, Isaac P. Morey, took the measles and when I applied to the Regimental Surgeon, D. W. Huntoon, for his admission to the hospital, I was given a cursing by Huntoon, but Morey was admitted, but was never afterwards well, and was discharged for disability. Dr. Huntoon was dismissed from the service in July of 1862.

The condition of the regiment was that of a mob. All did about as they pleased. All the first lieutenants could do was to furnish enough for camp guard details. When a parade was ordered the boys made it up not to turn out and there was no parade. Major Summers had two barrels of

whiskey in his tent retailing at \$1.00 per gallon. Occasionally the boys would make up a scouting party and as a general thing everybody came and went at pleasure.

We were paid off about Feb. 14th. I assisted at the pay-rolls. Not an officer knew how to get them up and, of course, I did it cheerfully.

The day of our receiving our pay, Feb. 14th, I mentioned to my chum, John Gerth, that as it was rumored that the command of the regiment had changed and a new lieutenant-colonel, Powell Clayton, been appointed, and that all infantry companies were to leave for the 10th Kansas, and all cavalry companies of the 10th be incorporated with ours instead—it looked like business, and we might leave for the south before many days, and there was just a chance to see home again once more before we must start on our most arduous duties—no one knew how long to last. We saddled and rode off, passed the night at Mound City and were home by noon next day. That evening Geo. Einstein, my brother-in-law, visited us. Next morning I rode with him to Garnet and there took leave of him, paid our taxes and returned home, where I stayed just one more night, then took leave of my loved ones and without looking back started up to the Gerth hill and with John Gerth returned to the regiment, which had moved to Dry Wood, a few miles southeast of Fort Scott, in Missouri, where we found many changes had taken place. Powell Clayton, as lieutenant-colonel, had assumed command. Arrived at Camp Denver, he showed his commission to Major Summers; the major said, "So you have come to command the 5th Kansas, a fine time you will have." Clayton, formerly a captain in the 1st Kansas, who had so well fought at Wilson Creek, answered, "I have come to command the 5th Kansas, and command it I will." Powell Clayton was a man of military education, a Marylander who had come to Kansas with the South Carolina Tigers as a rabid pro-slavery man. He had been city engineer of Leavenworth, and I have it on good authority, that he was the first man in Leavenworth to wear a rebel cockade. He wore it three days, threw it away and recruited a company for the 1st Kansas. He had figured out that ultimate success would be where it eventually realized. All officers of Company K had also resigned at the time of the resignation of Major Summers and Stephen R. Harrington of Coffee County K's had been commissioned first lieutenant and was in command. Also uniforms were on hand for all who were without. The infantry companies had left for the 10th Kansas, and the cavalry companies of the 10th were with us. What a change in three days! Camp guards were posted around the camp about 100 yards apart. All were let in but no one was permitted to go out. Regimental drill from 2 to 5 p. m. every day.

Here follows a copy of the diary kept during my army service:

1861. Oct. 27. Enlisted at Ft. Lincoln with McGinnis (so did Gerth, my neighbor).

Dec. 16. Joined Miller's company at Barnesville. (Miller's company was the 5th Kansas.)

Dec. 25. The 5th Kansas moved to Camp Denver.

1862. Jan. 2. Caught the measles. Five days in the regimental hospital tent.

Feb. 14. Paid off to Dec. 1, 1861. Went home for a few days with John Gerth.

Feb. 18. Returned; found regiment moved to Camp Hunter, on Dry-

wood Creek. Lieutenant-Col. Powell Clayton in command. Captain Adoniram Miller had resigned the command of Company K and been mustered out, so had been Lieutenant McGinnis and 2nd Lieutenant Rush. 1st Lieutenant Stephen R. Harrington in command of Company K, 1 (1 means 5th Kansas).

March 16. Left Camp Hunter for Carthage, Missouri.

March 20. Arrived at Carthage during a snow storm, after dark. Regiment encamped at Camp Sigel (or Curtis). Second Lieutenant Johnson resigned. Edward M. Rice, formerly of Company C, who, in charge of the hospital tent at Camp Denver, had nursed me during the measles, was caught bathing in the spring from which the cooking and drinking water was obtained, and was court-martialed and never after with company or regiment.

March 25. Company K was stationed at Johnson's Mills, on Spring River, two miles from Carthage. Members of the regiment detailed to the mill, grinding wheat into flour for regiment supply.

April 10. Started to Springfield, taking twenty days' rations along from captured supplies. At Carthage I had sent home the mare I had when I enlisted and borrowed a horse from Sergeant Rodin. At Springfield I captured a nice horse, which afterwards proved to be a Union man's property. I bought the horse from Sergeant Rodin for fifty-five dollars. At Springfield we encamped in Camp Curtis. The members of the 5th Kansas were allowed to come and go as they pleased, but had to be on hand at guard mount and other details, and at drills and evening roll call. The first absentee from drill was put on bread and water in solitary confinement for ten days. He became a terrifying example. There was no further call to punish a transgressor of the camp rules. The 5th Kansas had then and there to furnish camp guards for the 5th and 10th Illinois Cavalry to keep them from straying to town.

During our stay in Springfield we drilled two or three hours daily, whenever not engaged in scouting which was done altogether by the 5th Kansas, as it contained the most alert body of men.

Company F lost one man in a brush on Corn Creek. Twenty-two houses were burned and some few bushwhackers were killed in the neighborhood. Scouting and foraging, with heavy picket duty kept us very busy.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Clayton presented his commission to Major Summers at Camp Denver, Summers remarked, "A fine time you will have to command that regiment." Clayton replied, "I am sent here to command it, and command it I will." Major Summers resigned and Clayton at once moved the regiment to Camp Hunter, on Dry Wood, and had the boys provided with proper uniforms and some blankets; clothes and bedding were sorely needed. The glamor and lustre of soldier life disappearing, the soldier's duty, with its responsibilities, had remained.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clayton was a good soldier, yet a pro-slavery man. At Springfield, at Camp Clayton, he surrendered a slave to her master, which created an excitement amongst the boys, almost amounting to a mutiny.

Capt. Lockhart of Company I was quite prominent in assailing Clayton for his act. Clayton took the lesson to heart and never after interfered with fugitives.

May 5. Scouted to Forsyth, on White River. Mountainous country,

with few small fertile valleys. No young or middle aged men at home; mostly with Price in the Rebel army.

May 23. Regiment started from Springfield to Houston, Texas County. Vergil Howell, of Company K, shot himself accidentally while on camp guard the first night of the march and was left in care of a farmer. He died twenty hours after.

June 2. Co. K ordered on detached service to Crow's Station, on the road from Houston to Rolla. We had to live on the country. Scouted ten days, took ten or twelve prisoners and sent them to Rolla in charge of some infantry. The first night in camp, near Houston, most of the horses stampeded, and it took a few days to gather them up.

June 11. Company K ordered to Eminence, Shannon County, under specific orders.

June 12. As Sergeant Brewer, myself and two others rode in advance guard, we had a brush with some bushwhackers. We killed a horse; could not tell of any other loss of the enemy.

June 15. Arrived at Eminence, county seat of Shannon County, and encamped at Sheldon's Springs, near by, on the bank of Current River. Eminence, the so-called county seat of Shannon County, had not a single inhabitant. It consisted of one large log cabin for the court house and one smaller one for the jail. During court parties staid at the farm house near Sheldon Springs, about one-fourth mile from Eminence, or camped in the woods. The country is very mountainous, with small fertile creek valleys. The only road through the county ran most of the way near Current River, which is deep and is cleared on one side; it has on the other bank cliffs towering from five to seven hundred feet high, making this road an ideal place for bushwhacking. A great country also for caves and springs. Every few miles an overshot-mill grinding, if at work, from three to five bushels of meal per day. We found traces of copper, lead and iron in our route.

June 16. Some natives came in by evening and took the oath of allegiance; lacking a Bible, I swore them on the army regulations, of course, in the presence of the officer in command, Lieutenant Harrington.

June 17. Marion Frank, of Greeley, was killed by a shot fired from behind a granite boulder, while on escort of a load of corn near our camp.

June 18. Marion Frank was buried in Widow Sheldon's private burying ground (as afterwards informed). The shot which killed M. Frank was fired by one William Baskett, who was one of a party of five bushwhackers whose names, as given to us, were Wm. Baskett, Allen, Boyd, Wash. Kelly, and one unknown.

Never was a party in a more dangerous situation than Company K at Eminence. The mountainous country, so favorable to the enemy, and so hostile at large. Five bushwhackers were under orders from Rolla, captured and executed in front of the court house. The youngest boys of our company volunteering to do the job of execution and burial.

June 24. The situation becoming daily more critical, Lieutenant Harrington prevailed on a Pennsylvanian named Capt. Smith, who had settled some twenty-five years ago in these mountains, to steal out towards Rolla for reinforcements.

June 26. The situation became more precarious daily. Before breakfast Lieutenant Harrington called a few of the oldest, including me, and

consulted with us what to do under the circumstances, when Jacob Eby, a German, of Stark County, Ohio, brother-in-law of Judge Valentine, later of the supreme court of Kansas—Eby, at the outbreak of the war, a resident on the neutral lands and a private in Company K, a Free Mason—offered to carry a message to the Sheldon family, the leading family in the county, of which, he had understood, several members were Free Masons, requesting an armistice of twenty-four hours which would enable us to get out of this trap-like county. Eby was given full power by Lieutenant Harrington concerning the terms of the truce. We strengthened our pickets so that nearly every man was on duty, and about an hour before sundown Eby returned, having succeeded in his mission. He had found on the Sheldon place an old man (Sheldon) of 98 years who, as a boy, had been with Washington at Valley Forge, and his grandson, now a lieutenant in Price's army, on sick leave for wounds received at Pea Ridge—both Free Masons.

Eby further reported that they had agreed on the terms of the truce, viz: That Company K should leave their encampment by sun-up of next day and get out without in any way molesting any one. The Sheldons had at once dispatched runners over the county to inform the people of the pact made; further, the grandfather and his grandson, when asked what they proposed be done with the prisoners held by Company K (the prisoners' names being given) replied: "Immaterial what you do with them; these people were thieves before the war and have not improved since. Do with them what you please." Complying with these terms, Lieutenant Harrington ordered that everything be put in readiness to leave the encampment before 4 o'clock next morning. We went to work at once to cook up all the supply of fresh beef and bake up all the flour and meal on hand to supply us for breakfast and march.

June 27. At 1 o'clock a. m., forty-five men of Company D, 5th Kansas, under Lieutenant Moore, arrived as reinforcement from Rolla, as ordered. Guided by our messenger, Smith, they used the night for their journey in order to avoid the bushwhackers. As soon as Company D had arrived, the same men who had been in council with Harrington the day before, were called together to consider whether, in view of the reinforcement, to stand by the terms of the truce or not. We were unanimous for standing by the terms, and by 4 a. m., Company K and Company D were commanded to march out of the Shannon County hills towards Houston. At about 10 o'clock a. m., we reached open prairie. While on the march, as we passed the place where Marion Frank had been bushwhacked and Wm. Baskett left, Bearman Frank, Marion's brother, had the first shot. Farther on Allen was killed by one of Company D as he tried to escape. Altogether, from the 2nd to the 27th of June, Company K killed seventeen guerillas and lost one man. I had never taken part in any of these executions ordered by headquarters at Rolla. Boyd, the last of the bushwhacking gang was taken with us to Houston, where he was let go, with means to return home. After resting at Houston five days, with Company A and detachment of Companies E and D. Capt. Creitz, of Company A, in command.

July 3. We started south for Helena, seeking trouble. Chaplain H. D. Fisher and Quartermaster Davis were with us. We camped that night

without forage, as Curtis' main army, some seven days ahead of us, had swept the country of sustenance for man and beast.

July 4. Traveled only eight miles. Succeeded in finding quite a supply of hay and corn. Rested and fed our horses well. I was on camp guard that night. Several speeches were made after supper.

July 5. Marched to within one mile of Salem, Arkansas, where we camped. That afternoon under orders from Rolla two captains of guerilla bands were surprised by Company K, and having been guilty of many murders and other crimes, were executed, one by Harrington, the other by his escort.

We had marched all day within so-called Confederate lines. It was dark, about 9 o'clock, when we encamped. We had not found any forage during the day, but had noticed a field of oats near the road and every other man struck out for the field for a supply of feed. We cut the oats with butcher knives. I returned to camp with four bundles, two for my horse, and two for John Gerth's, who had stayed in camp. It was about 11 o'clock when I stretched out by the horses, after agreeing with Gerth that we would take turns sitting up and feeding the horses a little at a time, so there would be no waste.

About midnight Lieutenant Harrington notified us that we would have to start by 3 a. m., or before that time. Each one must make as little noise as possible. Some negroes had brought the news that a force of 600 rebels—mostly militia—were encamped on Strawberry Creek and intended to surprise us next morning. And we were to try to surprise them, Harrington said. About 2 o'clock a. m., every officer waked his men and we proceeded on the march southward. At early dawn we reached cross-roads. The main body stopped and three small scouting parties were sent out. I had charge of one, consisting of six men, besides myself. We had proceeded about one half mile on a ridge-like road when we beheld, in a little valley below, within 200 feet of our right, quite a camp of men busy with breakfast and saddling up; they had not yet noticed us. I whispered, "Boys, let us return and report." Five turned their horses to return; Winship, a fool-hardy boy, disobeyed, dismounted and fired his musketoon (Company K was originally armed with muzzle-loading, old-fashioned muskets and bayonets; we used the bayonets for picket-pins and shortened the barrels into musketoons) into the crowd in the valley and to my order, "Mount quickly," he replied, "Another shot," loaded and fired, then mounted and we all returned to the main body. Looking into the valley as we started, it reminded me of a stirred hornet's nest; yet exposed as we were on the top of the ridge, and Winship's two shots, had taken some two minutes, yet not a shot was fired at us from below. The shots had apprised our main body of the direction of the enemy, and they came on a charge towards us. Had not Winship been so foolish we would have surprised them easily, as they had no pickets out; as it was it turned into a running fight. Three of the enemy were killed with broken necks while galloping down a steep hill, three were killed by Company D, who were in advance, and three were taken prisoners, and all the enemy's supplies and a few good horses were captured. They furnished us with one good breakfast. This was the action on Strawberry Creek, near Salem, Arkansas, July 6, 1862.

Near Salem my chum, John Gerth, exchanged his Canadian for a fine 5-year-old, coal black mare. Of this later.

The ammunition used on this occasion was buck and ball cartridges carried in infantry cartridge boxes.

We kept steadily marching; no forage except cornstalks from which the green corn had been gathered by Curtis' main army. We stopped four or five times a day by fields and fed our horses about a dozen blades each, but we kept on the go during the day until dark and were on the road by the dawn, and were yet within Confederate lines.

July 8th. We ran across a party of sixteen or more Confederates who had, some days before, captured a sutler's outfit at Sulphur Rock, Arkansas, which we recaptured, after having captured sixteen of its escort and driven the remainder into timber shelter. The sutler's outfit contained mostly liquors. Chaplain Fisher took charge of the several cases, claiming that he did so that he might eventually distribute it to the hospitals for the sick.

During the short stop this evening Company A boys sneaked the liquors out of Fisher's ambulance and destroyed them. After a short stop we again marched all night.

July 9, 1862. We reached the landing of the ferry across Black River by noon. Capt. Creitz put out pickets, but missed one road leading to the ferry from the northwest. Company A started right in to take part of our train across, Companies D and K remaining with the other one-half on the north side of the river. Our train consisted of some eight wagons with four to six mules to each. They were partly loaded with regimental and quartermaster supplies. While most of Company A ferried across, many of K and D stripped and took a swim, among them was I. A few of us stayed in the water somewhat longer than the others, who got out after a few minutes' dip. As I had crawled out and was just putting on my pants, shots came thick and fast. It just hailed bullets and tree limbs around me. I never dressed quicker in my life. Grasping our guns we retreated under the river bank and put up a good fight. We had, however, to leave our horses, which were tied to trees all over the ground. One hundred and fifty Texas troops, led by one Col. Johnson, had come in on us by the road which Capt. Creitz had failed to picket. When Company A, on the south bank, heard the shots they immediately ferried across to the north side. Chaplain Fisher claims that he did the most valiant tugging on the ferry rope—if he did, it was the only time that he was of any service. He was the most useless person in the regiment. Company A, with their Sharp's carbines, first joined us under the bank, then with the D boys, similarly armed, sallied out as skirmishers; slowly but steadily advancing and driving the enemy who, when about one-half mile from the river, put spurs to their horses and vanished. We counted sixteen Texans dead. We had only two wounded not seriously. Winship, of Company K, was one. He had been shot on the top of the right shoulder. The Confederates' account reported 16 killed and 55 wounded in this action. We had the advantage of the river bank shelter and of fighting afoot, while the rebs. kept on horseback. After the fight we all crossed Black River and encamped near the river. This was the Black River engagement.

This forenoon one of the boys of Company D, Reeves by name, born in Turkey of a missionary family came into camp. His horse had strayed off on the 7th and he had remained behind to find it. He found it late in

the afternoon of the 7th and had followed us ever since. He was nearly worn out when he reached us, but did his part well in the fight.

July 10th. Before starting on the march all quartermaster stores, the two tents and all camp equipage and two wagons were burned, the mules had begun to give out. Before burning the clothing supplies, Regimental Quartermaster Davis told the boys to help themselves to anything they wished. I warned all of Company K not to exchange any of their clothing for new, because the worn clothes were lighter in the hot climate, and that they might be called upon to pay for the new if we ever reached the regiment. We kept on the go all day, stopping several times for ten to fifteen minutes to feed corn blades to horses and mules. We were within Confederate lines, but as a result of the punishment Col. Johnson had inflicted on the Texas rangers, we were free from serious molestation. We were occasionally fired on from the heavy fringe of timber; one of Company E—Grey, was wounded in the right middle finger.

We were joined to-day by Alfred Turney, who claimed to have escaped from a rebel prison. He yarned us that he belonged to some Kansas Home Guard organization, south of Ft. Scott, and had been taken prisoner by a rebel scouting party and been taken to Arkansas. Some two days before he had met us he had escaped on the horse of one of his Guards. We were joined also by W. H. H. Jones and John Jones. The three were sworn in and mustered by Lieutenant Harrington and joined Company K.

Our march was greatly hindered by trees having been felled across the corduroy roads leading through swamps and the narrow embankments along some of the creeks till we reached Augusta July , 11 o'clock (noon). A detail of ten to fifteen, with axes taken from the plantation, had often to march ahead to clear the road. The night of the 10th we camped 15 miles from Jacksonport.

July 11th. About 11 a. m., near Augusta, a few shots were fired from the timber. On the evening of the 10th at Jacksonport, Capt. Creitz had sent on ahead Jacob Eby, of Company K, with orders to push right through to Curtis' main army and report the desperate condition of the command within the Confederate lines, and ask for speedy reinforcements. Things looked ominous. At every plantation negroes advised us that the intention of the rebels was to corner us at some place and capture the whole outfit. A rebel force of 6,000 with artillery was camped only 10 miles from Jacksonport. Only the dread caused by the Black River fight had so far kept them off. The Confederate report stated that 150 Kansas devils marched three days within the Confederate lines. It was thought best not to molest them, as to attack and capture them would have cost too many valuable lives.

We camped at Augusta, on or near the White River, for dinner and to rest our jaded animals. A council of war held by the officers decided that Lieutenant Harrington should push ahead with 20 volunteers of his company to report our condition at Curtis' headquarters. All prisoners, 30 in number, were paroled and let go. At about 3 p. m., Lieutenant Harrington, with his 20 volunteers of Company K, Gerth and I among them, started from Augusta to Clarendon, where Curtis' main army was supposed to be. We were armed with musketoons and carried buck and ball ammunition, only a few of us had revolvers; we rode at a good gait.



About 11 o'clock p. m., we passed the spot on which the Texas troops and the 1st Indiana cavalry had had their fight a few days previous—Cotton Plant—where the Texas men had charged right up to the howitzers and would have captured them and used up the Indiana 1st Cavalry but for the timely arrival of a brigade of infantry. About midnight we stopped at a house for information and found there two seriously wounded Texas rebels. We did not interfere with them and left after a few minutes' rest.

July 12th. Arrived at Clarendon at daybreak. Curtis' army was about to start for Helena in three columns on three different roads, intending to gather supplies (of which they were destitute) by foraging while advancing. Col. Clayton, with the 5th K's forming the advance guard of Osterhaus' Division, had already left. Lt. Harrington left us, his escort, hunting proper officers to deliver Capt. Creitz' request for help. I and a few others scattered to hunt up something to eat for ourselves and our horses, so we became separated. I found some corn for my horse at Gen. Steele's headquarters and fed my horse, sitting right by and munching some kernels of the corn; I was real hungry. Some Missouri soldiers passed just then and seeing me eating the corn, told me of a house where I could get a piece of beef and cornbread for a quarter. I at once saddled up again, picked up a dozen ears into my saddlebags and started for the house where I unsaddled and fed my horse the corn I had brought, then fortune favoring me I got the last big slice of beef and a good sized piece of cornbread and tendered the last quarter in my possession to the woman who saw that it was the last, and refused to take the last quarter from a Union soldier.

I rested until about 2 p. m., when I started with the rear guard of Steele's Division, pushing right on, so that by night I camped with Steele's headquarters. I had brought some corn with me, fed my horse and I shared the cornbread baked for Gen. Steele's bodyguard.

July 13th. At early dawn I started ahead and by sun-up caught up with one Missouri and one Indiana infantry man, both on mules hurrying on like myself to keep ahead of the army foragers. The country through which we passed had never before seen any Federal soldiers. We came across whites and blacks who would not believe that we were Union soldiers, but rebels in captured uniforms. We stopped often during the day to feed ourselves and animals; and advised all people to stay in their houses and if away visiting, to return to save their property from plunder.

At about 5 p. m., we three stopped at a large plantation, 10 miles from Helena, had a splendid supper which we ate with our guns between our knees and our pistols ready.

As we reached the outskirts of Helena we found neither pickets nor guards but soldiers scattered everywhere on the ground. It must have been 11 p. m., when we three stragglers found an appropriate place to tie our horses to trees and stretch ourselves on the ground.

July 14th. I was up before daylight inquiring for the 5th Kansas. At last I found a Missouri soldier who directed me in this manner: "Go straight ahead till you run across a big pile of meat, there you will find the 5th Kansas." I followed his directions and found the regiment encamped by a pile of hams and bacon which the boys had found and captured on Gen. Pillow's plantation close by. I stopped and had breakfast with Co. F. I mailed a letter home, the first since I left Houston.

July 15th. Co. K, with Lt. Harrington and the balance of detachment commanded by Capt. Creitz, arrived.

July 17th. Regiment moved to Buch Grove, where we camped without tents, the giant beach trees kept us dry even during heavy rains.

July 26th. Made three unsuccessful scouts to Marianna, L'Anguille River and Big Creek country.

August 7th. I received six or eight letters from home at one time. Not a letter was ever lost to me up to this date. We were paid off for the second time since I had enlisted. We were paid to June 30th. All boys who had taken new clothing from the pile of Q. M. supplies at Black River, found themselves charged with the same. Reg't. Q. Master Davis had been around the regiment and checked up every man of Capt. Creitz' detachment wearing a pair of new pants or new jacket.

The regiment sent a detail on a scout with Gen. Harvey's command; staid out ten days.

While leaving Helena for the scout of July 26, I met an ambulance taking Freeman Austin of Co. K to the hospital. He was sick, dysentery, I broke ranks, dismounted and shook hands with him, then controlling my grief, rode on. We never met again. He was buried when I returned from the scout July 30th. I erected a wooden slab over his grave. Few better or braver men ever lived. We had been together in the Kansas troubles. I think he must have been past 60 years old at the time of his death.

August 8th. It was ordered that all mules and extra horses be turned in to Post Q. Master's corral.

Alfred Furney, one of the three who had joined us on the march to Helena and had enlisted in Co. K, refused to wear uniform and tried to desert on a mule. I stopped that fun for him. His mule was sent to the corral, his citizen's clothing confiscated and he was obliged to wear uniform. He became as worthless a soldier as ever chewed hard bread.

August 10th. Moved camp to the bank of the Mississippi River. Harrington promoted Captain; Lieut. Brewer promoted 1st Sergeant; I was promoted Commissary and Quarter Master Sergeant. (Cavalry Companies have a Commissary and a Q. M. Sergeant.) I attended to the duties of both offices willingly, preferred to do so, as by this I had all supplies under my management which well satisfied my comrades. My warrant dated from Aug. 1st. I sent home by River Express, eighty dollars, \$80. Had previously sent home \$10 borrowed from Capt. Harrington, also sent home my likeness (a tin type) which cost me \$5.00. Capt., 1st Lieut. and two duty Sergeants on sick list, I came into command of the company, performing the duties of 1st Sergeant as well as of Commissary and Q. M. Sergeant, which gave me more to do than I could well perform. Two-thirds of the company on sick list, Josh Gerth among them, yet with all my business I never failed to provide daily green corn blades for my own and Gerth's horse from the fields of Pillow's plantation, close by.

The sickness was mostly flux and camp dysentery.

Prohibited from using any other than river water. Infantry guards stationed at all springs in ravines, and at river bank to enforce order; such springs running only with water percolated from foul ponds all around. Many of the boys, however, would sneak up to the springs with jugs and so promote sickness. Many would catch small fish in the ponds,

another cause of sickness and death. Corporal Geo. Lewis, from Anderson County, became sick. Dr. Huntoon reproved him as playing off, he became worse and I had him admitted to the post hospital.

Wm. Wade, from Greeley, of Co. K, was discharged for disability and sent north to Kansas. Many boys sent money home with him. He was never heard of after he had gone aboard a transport bound for St. Louis. He was most likely robbed and killed.

The 5th Kansas was assigned to the 2nd Brigade of the 3rd Division of Curtis' army. Brigade Commander, Col. Rombauer, of 1st Missouri Reserve Infantry; Division Commander Gen. Osterhause.

September 5th. Alfred Turney sick, sent to hospital. While there some letters arrived from his wife which I took him, and as he could not read, I read them to him. From the letters I found out that he had belonged to a band of redlegs who had robbed and plundered isolated farms and deserted houses in southern Kansas and he had run off to the Confederate army for safety. One of the letters ended: "Others have stolen as much as you have and are at home. Alf, come home."

Sept. 15th. Capt. Harrington left for Kansas on sick leave.

Second Lieut. Heddens, of Co. E, was transferred to Co. K and promoted 1st Lt. 1st Sergeant Brewer was promoted 2nd Lt.

Sept. 19th. A bear seen on the river bank across the river. Went on a scout, Maj. Walker in command.

Night before picket had been attacked and the Sergeant of the guard killed and one man wounded.

Sept. 21. Scout returned with 21 prisoners.

Sept. 25. Regiment sent a scout to St. Frances River country. By a most unhappy mistake a collision occurred between the 1st Mo. Cavalry and the 4th Iowa Cavalry and the 5th Kansas. One of the 4th Iowa and one of the 1st Mo. were killed, and two of the 5th K's wounded. One horse killed from our regiment.

A few days before the 1st Mo. Cavalry lost two men, killed by mistaking a rebel force dressed in blue flannel shirts for Federals.

Sept. 28th. Slight earthquake.

Sept. 30th. Moved camp to Smizer's farm, seven miles from Helena, where I saw and tasted the first figs in the United States.

This man, Smizer, had in the 50's been county treasurer of St. Louis County and had been in default of \$1,000 in his settlements.

Oct. 5th. George Lewis buried in Beech Grove.

Oct. 6th. Regiment moved camp three miles nearer Helena, while I and most of Co. K were on a scout. Were assigned to Col. Vandover's Brigade.

Oct. 9th. Lines contracted, moved camp one mile nearer Helena.

Oct. 10th. Col. Clayton, who had been some weeks on sick leave in Kansas, returned.

Oct. 11th. Paid off to Aug. 31. Sent home \$10.

Co. B, sent out on a scout, had surprised a detachment of Texas troops Oct. 4th, brought in one Lieut. and eight privates, two of them wounded.

Oct 12th. Picket fighting a daily occurrence.

Oct. 13th. 2nd Iowa loses two men killed on picket.

A scout of the 5th Kansas, under Maj. Walker, to Lagrange, returns. Had had several skirmishes and report three rebels killed.



THE CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. AUGUST BONDI

- |                    |                  |                      |                      |
|--------------------|------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Emma Bondi Sinn    | Hart E. Bondi    | Minnie Bondi Stiefel | Ladore I Bondi       |
| Lillian Bondi Hess | Rosa Bondi Bower | Josephine Bondi      | Ella Bondi Schulhoff |
|                    |                  |                      | Lydia Bondi Cohn     |



Worst cases of sickness sent north. Scout under Capt. Creitz.

Oct. 14th. Scout to Trenton under Maj. Walker. Three howitzers along. Engagement at Trenton. We lost one man, Abbott, of Co. H, shot off old Drywood (a horse). This was the second man killed off this horse, which had had a piece of flesh taken out of his left hindquarter by a shell in the Drywood fight Sept., 1861 (hence his name). Two other horses wounded. Rebel loss—6 killed, 5 wounded, 4 horses killed. Trenton burned.

Oct. 15th. Several Rebel officers and 16 non-com. and privates came into our lines with flag of truce. Some of the officers were of high rank. The officers went to headquarters; the non-commissioned and privates staid with the 5th Kansas and divided among different Co.'s to mess with. They were all Texans, "Bull of the Woods," a noted scout, amongst them. Good, sociable fellows, all good poker players, they won considerable money from our boys.

Oct. 19th. Dress parade at 4 p. m. Farewell of Gen. Osterhaus read. Also orders assigning the 5th K's to Gen. Carr's Division.

Oct. 20th. A detail of 150 of our regiment, among them a squad of Co. K in my charge, sent on scout.

Went first 25 miles northwest, thence to Lagrange by Marianna. Had very good living. Took in a rebel Major and four privates, claiming to have left Price's army after the Battle of Corinth. Returned to camp on Oct. 22nd, just as news came in of the capture by rebels of a 5th Ill. cavalry forage train.

Oct. 22nd. The capture. About 1 p. m., a forage party of the 5th Ill. Cavalry, under Lieut. Elliott, leisurely gathered corn at McAlpine's plantation, 8 miles southeast of Helena; most had carbines stacked or tied to saddles, horses tied to fence when surprised by a party of about 200 rebels. Some 20 shots were fired. One Federal soldier seriously wounded, two slightly wounded. The rebs. took 22 wagons and mule teams, about 20 horses and accoutrements and 20 prisoners. The prisoners were paroled soon after capture; never had their pockets searched. They reported that one-half mile from the cornfield a rebel force lay in hiding about as large as the party which surprised the trains. These paroled Federals returned to their regiment late in the evening. The 5th Kansas sent a detail in pursuit of the enemy but they, having two hours' start, were not overtaken. They had burned some of the wagons to expedite their flight.

Oct. 23rd. Our pickets driven in.

Oct. 24th. Snow this afternoon.

Oct. 25th. Very cold.

Sanitary conditions began to improve. During our stay at Helena Co. K had lost four men, the regiment some 30. The sickness was very great. Even John Gerth and Jacob Eby were excused half the time. Strange that I stood it so well, notwithstanding that I fully performed the duties of Commissary and Q. M. Sergeant and of 1st Sergeant, more or less.

To my knowledge there were three Jehudim in the 5th K's—Marcus Wittenberg, Co. F; Simon Wolff, of Co. E; and myself. Some time in July I accosted Wittenberg, asking if he was a Jehudi; he seemed at first not to understand, then I repeated my inquiry, "Are you not a Jew?" He answered, "I'm a Hungarian, my folks live near Lawrence." There

were several Hungarian Jew families settled on farms near Lawrence. A few days after that Wittenberg fell sick and was taken to post hospital, where an abscess developed which became gangrenous. He was sent to Mound City hospital where he died August 31st. A few days after news of his death reached the regiment; his chum, John Emile, afterward Regimental Hospital Steward, brought me some letters addressed to the deceased to interpret, as they were written in a language unknown to him. There were letters from his parents, written in Hebrew, among others, informing him of the date of Rosh hashono and Jom-Kipur. Now, if Wittenberg had not denied his being a Jew I would have done all in my power to have treated for his ailments in post hospital and had seen to him daily and had possibly saved him. The other Jehudi, Simon Wolff, would likewise not acknowledge being a Jehudi. He was Sergeant of Co. E, and on the Colonel's staff. I let him alone.

I received not less than two letters weekly from home and wrote regularly one, at least, per week. Never lost a letter, neither did my people. In August I received the news of the demise of my father-in-law, Israel Einstein, who had died June 1st, 1862, at Bullenwiesen, Bavaria, 72 years old.

In Sept. we turned in our musketoons and received new arms, viz: Sabres, Lefencheux revolvers and Hall's carbines. The Lefencheux were worthless, would not carry a ball over 15 steps. They were condemned French arms. The Hall's carbines, a kind of old-fashioned breech loaders, were of the lots left over from the Mexican War, would carry a  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. ball about 200 yards.

From the middle of August we had battalion drill daily, at which all able to mount a horse had to be present. This was to compel the men recovering from sickness to exercise for their health, the well men having all the exercise they wanted and needed on picket and scouts.

We had a very small camp guard, only to care for supplies; but every man was sure to go on picket every third day if he was in camp, and often men had to be detailed on scout when just in from picket. I always managed to go on picket or scout with John Gerth and Jacob Eby, promoted Sergeant.

Gen. Curtis seemed to us a very poor commander, always ready to favor a Secesh petitioner, especially if she represented herself as a widow. He also labored under very grave suspicions of being heavily interested in the different cotton speculations of his staff and other officers and officials under him.

The 5th K's all along was the only regiment of the army of which no man needed a pass if away to town or at any locality close by, as orchards, fields, canebreaks, only we were enjoined never to leave camp without side arms and always return at retreat, also any 5th K's could purchase any liquor without permit, and yet we were of the most temperate in the army, just because the boys could do as they pleased; they pleased to be sober to the largest extent.

Jehiel L. Willets was appointed 1st Sergeant of Co. K, August 1st, 1862. He was one of Lt. Hadden's recruits and his valet par excellence. Often played off sick, when I had to act as 1st Sergeant on the various scouts. When neither of the Lieutenants was with Co. K detail, I had charge of the same.

Nov. 3rd. Commenced work to fix up quarters for winter for men and horses. Mess No. 4 hired a black woman cook at \$6 per month. Built a dugout for mess room and cook's quarters.

Nov. 5th. Detachments of several regiments started on a four days scout to Moro, 4 miles. Returned by different routes.

Nov. 9th. Detail of 4th Iowa attacked at La Grange; had 4 men seriously wounded and report 16 Secesh killed.

Nov. 12th. Jehiel S. Willets, 1st Sergeant Co. K, comes in from a one day's scout under Lt. Wood. Regimental detail of 36 under Lt. Wood had struck some rebel pickets on the Marianna road. Willets slightly wounded on nose, went on sick report, and in a few days dog-rubbed a 60 days sick furlough and went to St. Louis. I started in doing 1st Sergeant duty with my other charges.

Nov. 15th. At 3 p. m., 300 of 5th Kansas under Col. Clayton as a part of an expedition up White River embarked on transport, Stephen Decatur. The expedition comprising 12,000 Infantry, 1,500 Cavalry and 20 pieces of Artillery on 14 boats.

I was bantered by a Co. F man to bet \$5.00 that Gen. Harney had been killed lately in a battle before Richmond. I borrowed five dollars from Haddens and, of course, won. I did not want to take the \$5.00, when the man became violent; to please him I took the bill. It also pleased my chum, as we were both out of spending money. The Co. F man had mistaken Gen. Kearney for Gen. Harney. Col. Clayton and some officers and enlisted men of the 5th K's had a good time at the bar of the boat. During some altercation Sergeant Driscoll, of Co. F, went for Clayton's shoulder straps and was promptly arrested.

Nov. 16th. Eleven o'clock a. m., our regiment landed 5 miles above mouth of White River with six pieces of artillery. We tried to go up the river on the south side, through the timber, skirting its banks, a perfect quagmire, our horses sinking knee deep. Saw deer and a panther. At 5 p. m., we had made 18 miles. Camped on the bank of White River. A couple of Co. F paddled across the river on two logs pinned together and brought a flat boat to our side and some 20 re-crossed, who ran on to a small squad of rebels hurrying to the river, routed them and captured a double-barreled shot gun. We camped in the mud without fire. Col. Clayton lay within a few feet of Gerth and myself. About midnight rain began to pour on us. We were drenched and suffered severely.

Nov. 17th. At 9 a. m., we took up our line of march toward the transports. Fed in the afternoon at the first fields we struck. Horses had been without feed 36 hours.

Nov. 20th. Arrived at the place where we had left our boats. We had camped the two nights before—18th and 19th—at plantations and had fared well, horses as well as men. Camped this night in the same manner.

Nov. 21st. Co. K, 40 men under Lt. Haddens, embarked at 9 a. m. on the last transport loaded to the guards with supplies. Stopped in Mississippi at a large plantation and picked up a lot of poultry and honey, reached Helena at 3 a. m. of the 22nd and returned to camp.

Nov. 23rd. General's Steel and Osterhaus returned to Helena; Steel took charge of the forces.

Nov. 24th. Detail of different regiments on scout with three days' rations. Three days' or ten days' rations meant the same. If ordered to



take along rations, each man took as much hard bread as the small saddlebags would hold, with a little coffee and salt tied in small rags. Gerth took coffee, I took salt. I did not use coffee except when seriously wet and chilled. Each man also took along a quart can with a wire bail, made of a quart preserve can, tied to the saddlebags.

Large bodies of troops came down the river. All transports were held until further orders.

Nov. 26th. Scout returned, reported all bridges on Little Rock road burned, and that Maj. Sam Walker, while reconnoitering too far in advance, had nearly been taken in.

Nov. 27th. 20,000 started in the afternoon on boats, landed 10 miles down the river in the state of Mississippi.

Nov. 30th. False alarm of guerillas having attacked our pickets at one o'clock, a. m. and penetrated our lines. Some negroes had been scared by two provost guards.

December 7th. The expedition that started Nov. 27th, p. m., returned. They had burned one railroad bridge east of Grenada at the Junction of the O. and M. Railroad, and one on the road to Mobile, had also burned some other bridges of minor importance; had also captured 200 horses. A scouting detail lost a howitzer in a skirmish with a superior force. The Cavalry of the expedition under Gen. Washburn had done all the execution.

December 11th. At 1 o'clock a. m., some 30 Secesh terrorized some negroes, just outside our lines, by rushing into their houses and looking for cotton on their premises. They burned a few bales of cotton and took along a provost guard's horse, never disturbed a sick Federal soldier stopping at one of the cabins.

Dec. 12th. A band of Secesh got in between the Cavalry grand guard and Infantry outposts about midnight, and as soon as noticed they put out, were pursued 4 miles, but not caught up with.

Much cotton coming in.

Dec. 13th. Pickets doubled.

Dec. 15th. Cavalry grand guard pickets driven into Infantry outposts.

Dec. 16th. P. M. Scout ordered to start; when in line countermanded. Heavy rains set in 14th, continuous pour for 48 hours and many horses died partly for want of shelter (as these cold rains are as hard on stock as a northern winter) and partly for want of roughness. We built shelter places for the horses and gathered cane-blades for roughness.

Dec. 17th. Scout under Maj. Walker started at noon. In a skirmish with rebel pickets Maj. Walker and his horse slightly wounded.

Dec. 18th. A detachment of 40 were bushwhacked by a small band of Secesh, eight or nine, near Jeffersonville. One seriously and four slightly wounded. Five horses killed. Scout returned late in the evening.

Dec. 19th. Dress parade and general order read. 5th K's to form part of the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division. Col. Bussey, of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, commanding 2nd Brigade; Gen. Washburne commanding 2nd Division.

Dec. 20th. 2nd Lieut. W. J. Brewer, having resigned on account of sickness, left for home.

Dec. 21st. Review and inspection.

Dec. 22nd. 5 o'clock p. m., 100 detailed on scout.

Dec. 23rd. Scout returned at 3 a. m. A large force of Secesh at-

tacked our pickets; but the Infantry outposts dashing up promptly, the enemy retreated.

Dec. 24th. At 9 a. m., a large scout commanded by Col. Clayton, crossed into Mississippi with five day's rations.

Dec. 25th. Scout returned. They had found all roads impassable. Mail very irregular.

Christmas. General query: "When, if ever, shall we see home again?" I encourage all hands to keep up good spirits. Sooner or later the war will end and the United States be an united free people, the strongest nation on earth.

Dec. 29th. Some Confederate Cavalry dashed into our lines on the Marianna road and captured 20 of the 28th Iowa Infantry on outpost.

## CHAPTER VIII

1863—CIVIL WAR, CONTINUED

January 1st. Gen. O'Gorman superseded Gen. Steel.

No more slaves returned to their masters. Infantry outposts near our camp fired on in the early morning.

Rainy weather continues.

Jan. 2nd. A large scout under Maj. Walker leave camp at 6 p. m.

Jan. 3rd. Return with seven prisoners, captured pickets, taken with horses and arms. Scout had burned the houses, cribs and supplies of meat and meal of the camp at "Andersons." Two of our men wounded. Bad weather continues.

Jan. 4th. 5 a. m. Two Secesh killed by Grand guard of 9th Illinois Cavalry.

Jan. 10th. No news from Vicksburg or Rosencrans.

At 3 p. m. Marching orders. Start next day morning at daybreak. Everything prepared during the fore part of the night.

Jan. 11th. Regiment started with 5 day's rations, hard bread, salt and coffee, as much as our small saddlebags would hold, leaving sick, lame and lazy. All of Washburn's Division, except 4th Iowa Cavalry, along on this expedition towards White River.

Crossed Big Creek in the Little Rock stage road, swimming horses and crossing men, etc., on rough rafts. Every man at work in mire a foot deep, Col. Clayton, as well as the last private. Camped in the evening 3 miles from Big Creek.

Jan. 12th. Waited all day till all of Washburn's Division had crossed Big Creek.

Co. A on picket had, in the evening, been surprised by a Confederate force of 20, who killed one of our men, Co. A, and took two prisoners.

Jan. 13th. Started early towards White River; hot, sultry, roads most miserable, as corduroy roads had not been worked for months. Our horses suffered by plunging into holes covered with slush every once in a while. Many became afflicted with thumps, the weather being so hot.

Jan. 14th. Hot, sultry weather continued in the forenoon. At noon it began to rain. The 5th K's took the advance; shortly rain changed to snow, a regular blizzard. Flakes became larger by 3 p. m., when the 5th K's arrived at Clarendon. By sundown 13 inches of snow on the ground and fearfully cold. Co. K, as all other companies, on picket that night. Lieut. Hadden played off sick. I put out the pickets in a cornfield; the Co. camped in a small frame house and burned picket fence in a fire place to keep warm. Posts relieved every hour, night dark. I was up and going all that night. My heels frost-bitten. Occasionally I discovered the posts by the noise of the horses teeth clinking against the bridle.

Jan. 15th. 5th K's Grand guard relieved by a Missouri regiment. All troops quartered in empty houses. Co. B and C and K quartered in the

Masonic Hall; safe used as hearth to cook on. A beef killed. I devoured possibly three to four pounds, half raw; others did the same. We were half famished. Two boats up at 3 p. m. Drew rations.

Jan. 16th. Twenty transports and two gunboats at the landing. Drew some hay. Received the particulars of the capture of Arkansas Post on the 10th inst. After three and one-half hours' fight the enemy had surrendered. We had captured 16 siege guns and 3,500 prisoners and 6,000 stands of arms. By evening all boats but two left for Duval's Bluff. Great sickness on transports. Many new recruits, mostly from Wisconsin, died from measles. On the 9th inst. the enemy had evacuated St. Charles' fortifications on White River and had loaded the three guns, the ammunition and other stores on the "Blue Wing," a transport captured from us last year. The Blue Wing had landed the three heavy guns, stores and 50 men escort at Duval's Bluff to bring the guns and stores to Little Rock, and were captured by our forces before they could get inland. Blue Wing was run into some bayou in the neighborhood of Des Arc and could not be discovered. Most of the prisoners were clad in rags and suffered from the cold weather.

Jan. 18th. Drew three day's rations. All boats started on return. A boat from Helena brought the news that the detail of 25 of the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, sent from our camp at Big Creek to Helena with a dispatch on the 12th inst., had been attacked by a large Confederate force at Lick Creek; 13 of the Wisconsin boys taken prisoners, one killed, the remaining 9—2 of them slightly wounded—had cut their way through the enemy, killing one Lieutenant and two privates and reached Helena.

Jan. 19th. The Arkansas River, above Arkansas Post, quite low for large sized gunboats, and roads in more or less bad condition for an advance across White River. Orders issued for all forces to return to Helena. Sick were put on transports. We drew three day's rations and on the 20th took up line of march towards Helena. On this occasion Lt. Haddens had the care of the Co. to himself, as I was the disabled one now. On the 16th of January, Co. K went out foraging on horseback in my charge, each man taking a sack along which we filled at a crib about three miles from Clarendon. I generally jumped upon the horse when so foraging, with the sack in my right hand across the shoulder of the horse. As I did so this time, for the first time in my life, I felt a stitch in the back, (lumbago) I had hardly strength to hold on to the sack. John Gerth had to help me down when we reached our quarters and pack me up stairs, as we quartered in the M. Hall, 2nd story. I kept quiet, lying on my back, till we received marching orders for Helena.

Jan. 21st. Roads terrible; progress slow. In the afternoon the entire Cavalry command camped on a plantation, two miles from main road. We killed possibly 1,000 hogs on that place for supper and breakfast, using such parts as would easily broil, leaving the head, etc., for the numerous darkies around.

Jan. 22nd. Crossed Big Creek on a floating bridge and arrived at the camp by late afternoon.

Jan. 24th. A scout of 20 came across a yet unarmed camp of 200 guerillas, (bushwhackers) three miles from our grand guard posts.

27th. Six o'clock p. m., 150 of 5th K's and 100 of 9th Ill. Cavalry to

Lagrange surprised a wedding party; in the fight they killed one rebel Lt. and captured one Capt. (wounded) and 8 men and a lot of horses and guns.

Jan. 30th. Seventeen deserters, Germans, from Texas Regiments. Rebels came into our lines. My horse, for which I had paid \$55.00 at Springfield, was badly stove up, had lost all his spirit and activity, so I traded it for another with one of Co. B. I was badly fooled—better luck next time. I asked the man whether the horse was free from internal disease. He replied: "Free from internal disease"; but it had an infernal disease for me to find out. He stalled with difficulty.

Feb. 1st. Maj. Walker out on a ride with a small escort brought in three peaceably disposed citizens who, on search, had each a revolver under his shirt.

Feb. 6th. Three of Co. K, left at Springfield, rejoined us. No questions asked—were reinstated.

Feb. 12th. Gen. Prentice takes command. Gen. O. Gorman ordered to the Yazoo Pass, six miles below Helena, on the Mississippi side; the river connects with Black Water and Yazoo (intention to reach the rear of Vicksburg through Black Water and Yazoo). Gen. O. Gorman to superintend the engineer work and Maj. Walker, with Co.'s F, D, and A of the 5th Kansas, was ordered there to do picket duty for the forces.

Feb. 15th. Gen. O. Gorman ordered to St. Louis to render account for some of his actions.

Feb. 20th. Capt. Harrington returned from Kansas. Two deserters caught.

Feb. 25th. Desertions from Union forces increasing; 33 had deserted from one Missouri Regiment in one night.

March 1st. Scout; no results. Captured one of Col. Parson's Texas command.

March 2nd. Maj. Walker and detail returned all safe and sound, had never been over 8 miles from Helena in Mississippi. Two companies of 5th Ill. Cavalry had a skirmish near Lick Creek; had five wounded, but killed and wounded 20 rebels and captured 17. Ten transports with troops under convoy of gunboats enter Yazoo Pass.

March 4th. Paid for Sept. and Oct., 1862; sent home \$20.00.

March 6th. Scout of 150 with four day's rations with them, 5th Ill. detail and two howitzers; also detail of 200 sent to Big Creek on fatigue to improve crossings.

March 8th. All returned by 9 p. m. At tatoo had a two hours' skirmish at Lick Creek. Rebs eventually retreated. No loss on our side. Bert Moore, of Co. F, who some time ago had been reported "taken prisoner," now reported "deserted."

#### MAJOR WALKER'S REPORT

After firing had lasted an hour, the Rebel officer in command came up with a flag of truce to the bridge. The Major of the 1st Indiana, the senior officer, in command of the howitzers and of our forces rode out; they conversed ten minutes, then firing recommenced. About 100 Federals crossed on foot-logs. The Rebels retreated, leaving some supplies which were burned by our men. Lt. McCarty, of Co. A, and a Sergeant of Co. A, missing—reported probably captured. A scout of Co. F started at once to Lick Creek and ran across Lt. McCarty and the Sergeant leisurely coming

in, returned with them. On the morning of the 9th, Lt. McCarty reported that he and his Sergeant had fallen behind to watch for rebel pickets which they supposed had hid. The scout had gone on too fast, so they could not follow up quicker with their jaded horses. Co. F, within a few miles of our lines (at Widow Johnson's place) had a skirmish with a rebel force, some ways from the main road. Killed a rebel lieutenant, Lieutenant Cleveland, captured his horse, a gray stallion worth, as claimed, \$3,000, took three prisoners and burned some supplies.

March 10th. 4th Iowa Cavalry scout to Lick Creek; skirmish; two Rebs., 1 Federal killed.

March 12th. Col. Clayton returns from a scout up St. Francis and L'Anguille Rivers on transport with detail of 1st Indiana Cavalry and 3rd Iowa Cavalry. Ran across a Reb. camp in a swamp, near St. Francis River; took 35 prisoners, some horses, some cotton, a quantity of sugar, provisions and medicines. Our loss, one Lieutenant wounded.

March 14th. Col. Clayton and Maj. Walker to Memphis. Flag of truce at our pickets.

March 18th. Col. Clayton and Maj. Walker returned.

March 19th. Flag of truce from Little Rock. Its scout with Co. K during the day.

March 20th. Four day's scout ordered from various regiments with three howitzers.

March 23rd. Scout returned. Had been within six miles of "Cotton Plant"; no force there. Rebs. loss, 1 killed; 3 prisoners.

March 24th. Buffalo gnats killed over 50 of our horses during a few days. John Etherton, of Co. H, deserts; likely to regain Bert Moore. He sends message to our lines for Col. Clayton to go to hell.

March 25th. Col. Clayton ordered to the command of the 2nd Brigade of 2nd Division.

March 29th. Fourth Iowa scout brings in four prisoners.

March 30th. One deserter from Rebel army and one boy report to our pickets. Gen. Price and Missouri Regiments at Little Rock. Cold and blustery.

April 2nd. At 2 a. m., our pickets and Grand guard post of Co. G attacked by a rebel force of about 25 or 30. Corporal Alex. Moore and Sergeant Thos. Saunders seriously wounded and John Goss (?) slightly.

Lt. Ed. Jenkins, in command of post, becomes panicky and breaks afoot to our camp while the boys bravely repulse the enemy; Jenkins is arrested. Co. G lost 8 horses which, after daylight, were found near by, more or less wounded. During the day news came that the fire of Co. G had mortally wounded a lieutenant who had since died.

April 3rd. Corp. Moore dead.

April 4th. Scout of 200; no results.

April 5th. Scout of different regiments, 150 from 5th K's, for St. Francis country.

April 6th. Large meeting of soldiers at the Fort.

Adj. Gen. Thomas, Gen's. Henry and Perkins, with others, address the men and report ten colored regiments to be raised in Arkansas complying with Pres. Lincoln's orders. Expeditions to Yazoo Pass planned to trick the Rebels to deplete Vicksburg garrison by sending forces up river to Yazoo and Black Water.

No more commercial intercourse with Southerners.

April 10th. Scout of 5th inst. returned. Had been a regular rip-and-tear one. A large number of horses and quantity of supplies taken. 4th Iowa Cavalry had been bushwhacked. Loss, 1 Federal killed; 1 wounded. Three Rebs dead on the field.

April 15th. Wife of Rebel Gen. Jeff Thompson passed through the lines. Rebel Smizer was found inside our lines and sent North a prisoner.

April 19th. Two of our videttes surprised by a rebel force on La Grange road. Our loss, 1 killed, and 1 badly wounded.

Scout of 100 to 150 made up of various Cavalry regiments scour the country around our lines daily.

Paid for four months; sent home \$65.00.

April 27th. Inglis, of Co. H, arrested.

April 29th. 4th Iowa Cavalry ordered South.

May 1st. 5th Kansas moved to a camp near the Mississippi River inside the fortifications about noon. We had just reached the new camp, most of us having dismounted and ready to remove saddles, when reports came that the 3rd Iowa Cavalry detail of 150 had been ambushed near La Grange. "Boots and saddles!" The 3rd Iowa lost 3 killed, 9 wounded, 29 prisoners.

In haste mounting, when "Boots and saddles" sounded, I forgot that I had already unbuckled the saddle girth and after a gallop of a couple of miles my saddle turned.

We came up with the Rebs' rear guard near La Grange. They scattered in the woods and we returned to camp.

May 5th. Regiment (all available men) ordered to start next day, 6 a. m., with 10 days' rations.

All available Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery to go.

May 6th. Said scout started with following forces:

5th K's, 250 men.

5th Ill. Cavalry, 300 men.

1st Indiana Cavalry and 3rd Iowa Cavalry.

Two Sections Artillery.

33rd Iowa Infantry, 500 men.

28th Wisconsin Infantry, 500 men.

Col. Clayton in command, started on Little Rock road, proceeded to within a mile of "Cotton Plant."

We destroyed many Rebel supplies of corn, meal and some cotton. We found cribs of corn with as many as 10,000 bushels. While we lived off the country corn was scarce.

One colored man (yellow) called "Buck," came to us and stuck to our Regiment. Claimed to be the offspring of a white mother.

May 9th. All the Infantry, one section of the Artillery, the 3rd Iowa Cavalry and all men of the 5th K's and 5th Ill. Cavalry, with fagged, jaded horses, returned to Helena by different roads.

May 10th. The 5th K's, 5th Ill., one section Artillery and 1st Indiana Cavalry at a bridge over L'Anguille River; when Col. Clayton and the 1st Indiana and the Artillery Section returned to Helena, the 5th Ks and 5th Ill. turned towards Crowley's Ridge and camped that night on Taylor's Creek. We kept on destroying the various supplies we came across.

May 11th. At noon we came across a big store of meat on a plantation

near L'Anguille River. Every man took enough to do a couple of meals. The 5th Ill. stopped at the place and cooked dinner. The 5th Ks went on. At about 5 o'clock p. m., 5 or 6 miles west from where we had left the 5th Ill. on the Crowley road and Co. K in advance, I in charge of the advance guard of about one-half the Company, came across a strong rebel force. I had sent Sergeant Eby and John Gerth some 25 paces ahead. At a slight turn of the road they struck the rebel advance guard from which two shots were fired. I at once ordered the boys forward to where our two videttes yet stood, and ordered, "Dismount, deploy as skirmishers." I had them deploy on the right of the road and empty their Lefoncheux (revolvers) to hide our small number by smoke. Harrington brought up the balance of Co. K and deployed them on the left of the road.

The locality was heavy pine timbered, open woods, very little underbrush, a few old trunks around. Not an axe mark for miles. Locality—near where Jonesboro is now.

The balance of the regiment, dismounted, was up in no time; Co. A, Co. D and Co. F, with their sharp carbines posted themselves to right and left of Co. K; the others, Maj. Jenkins ahead, lined up in center, every man taking to and hugging a tree. Maj. Jenkins did not hunt any cover, neither did any officer on the Rebel side. The commanding officer, on a fine grey, we were afterwards informed was Gen. Cabell.

The Reb. force charged three times, but we were so well posted that we met them with such destructive fire from our carbines that they gave up. We did not know of the presence of that Rebel force nor did they know that the 5th Ks and 5th Ill. were yet on the north side of L'Anguille River. Their intention was to cross the river and catch up with our forces returning to Helena and either harass them or give them battle. Gen.'s Cabell and White had 4,000 men with them and four pieces of Artillery. Cabell was ignorant of our weakness. He thought the 5th Ks was only the advance guard of a large column, and did not wish to continue the fight till he had information of our numbers and strength. He broke off the fight at sunset, just as his artillery came up. They fired three shells into our position. All three exploded near Co. K without any damage. As soon as firing ceased, dismounted videttes were posted. The half of Co. K, under my charge, was posted nearest, some 150 feet from the Rebel's videttes and under Sergeant Major Gilpatrick's command. Between us and the rebel videttes lay a nice looking Confederate, wounded and pleading for water. I stepped out in front of the tree which sheltered me and Sergeant Maj. Gilpatrick, raised both my hands, my carbine in the left, laid the carbine on the ground, then advanced towards the wounded Confederate who told me that the shot had broken his right thigh; that the force were Texans, 4,000, with four pieces of Artillery under Gen. Cabell. I had a canteen filled at the spring at noon. I poured one-half into the Texan's bois d' arc canteen, and gave him a hearty drink, rose, turned right about and walked leisurely to my post amidst the cheers of the Confederate picket.

The 5th Ill. came on at dark and about 9 p. m. we all silently stole away towards L'Anguille.

Our loss in the engagement was 1 killed, Hurd, of Co. A; Platz and one other of Co. F seriously wounded (they were left in care of Surgeon Raff at a house some two miles from the battle-ground) and some 7 or 8 lightly



wounded. One of them, Corporal Hudson, of Co. K, was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh. The mulatto, "Buck," was right in the thickest fray, picked up Hurd's Sharps and not caring for the whistling bullets, unused to breech loaders, tried for a while to load and fire, till we called to him and he took care.

This was the fight at Crowley's Ridge. Having been fully apprised of the heavy force of Gens. Cabell and White, 4,000 men and three or four pieces of artillery, we began the retreat to L'Anguille River as soon as the darkness veiled our movements, with as little noise as possible. Pickets were called in, the nine wounded put into three buggies confiscated from adjacent plantations during the early part of the evening. In the late twilight, the 5th Ks in advance, Co. G advance guard, the 5th Ill. guarding the rear, we moved on slowly for the first mile or two and then on a charge the nine miles to L'Anguille River. When we reached the river we found no ferry on hand. Major Jenkins requested me to try to swim across, as he knew I was a good swimmer. As I entered the water John Gerth requested me to let him have my haversack. I complied. The reason for the request and my compliance was this: The evening before we had looted the remnants of a little trading place. Gerth had taken three pieces of ribbon and put them in my haversack, as we had lightened mine of provisions—hard bread and bacon; his was yet full, and he did not wish the ribbon to become wet.

I went into the water, my horse was unruly; still I had made the middle of the river, when a big column of fire shot up on the opposite bank. The horse, startled, reared straight up and I slipped off and had all I could do to catch his tail and hold on until the horse, returning to the bank from which we started, brought me out safe and my arms as well; but minus my boots and pocket-book containing \$15.00.

The cause of the column of fire which scared my horse was this: Some of Co. F, while scouring the bank, found a skiff in which they crossed the river, gathered a pile of dry leaves and wood and lighted a fire with a cartridge. They had made the big fire by hurriedly rolling up any amount of logs and limbs. The night was very dark and the fire showed us the situation plainly. The river, a mountain stream running full, the water very cold, could not be crossed by swimming without greatest danger. The fire showed us two hewed-log houses close by the old ferry crossing. We were not slow, as dawn must see us across or we would have to surrender.

We lit two fires, bosses were selected in a hurry, a few (4) axes were found at the houses and by 3 o'clock a. m., the log bridge and a small raft were ready, (halters and bridles, etc., used for tying) and we crossed, never more than five on the bridge at the same time. Each man carrying his outfit and swimming his horse across. The 5th Ill. did not cross till daylight and then Co. K was the last to cross. Shortly before crossing, about daylight, Elmer E. Hall, of Co. K, 5th Ill., while on picket fired on a rebel scout near by who was around investigating and got the fellow's gun and brought it to our next camp and afterwards turned it in to the Government authorities.

We crossed the river some 10 miles from Marianna and as soon as all had crossed some boys of the 5th Ill. in two skiffs loosened the halter straps, bridle reins, etc., with which the logs had been tied together, and brought them over, the logs going down stream. We were not slow in fix-

ing our bridles with the first reins coming to hand, secured halter straps pell-mell and put forward. The sun rose fine. When about two miles from the river we halted in an opening in the woods, breakfasted on what we had and stopped till about 3 p. m., giving plenty of time to the boys to fix up their accoutrements, then marched on to the first place we could find some supplies; there we killed several beeves and camped. Co. K on picket; I in charge, in stocking feet, and at 8 p. m. we reached camp at Helena.

May 13th. Col. Clayton with his force had arrived at Helena by noon having had three skirmishes with the enemy; one at Taylor's Creek on the morning of the 11th; one where he crossed L'Anguille on the bridge the afternoon of the 11th, and the third with Col. Doby's home guards near the Smizer farm the morning of the 13th. His loss was 2 killed, 5 wounded. Col. Clayton had been most uneasy over the fate of the 5th Ks and the 5th Illinois. He was overjoyed when we came in. The Rebel loss in this raid was 150,000 bushels of corn, 50,000 lbs. meat and other supplies destroyed. The enemy's loss at Crowley's Ridge was—as afterwards ascertained when Dr. Raff came in—3 dead on the field, 18 seriously wounded, of these two died within two days. Among the wounded were 7 officers.

May 14th. Gerth sold the ribbon in a negro camp for \$9.00 and gave me the money and I bought me a pair of boots at the sutler's store.

May 17th. Dr. Raff, who had staid with our seriously wounded, came in with a citizen-doctor's report. Rebel loss as already given. The Rebels, shy of giving particulars, thinks their loss must have been greater than was told him.

Our two wounded on the way to recovery. The Confederates reported that they had struck the full Federal force of 3,000. I was satisfied that the way their advance fought my advance proved that they supposed the entire force that started from Helena was behind us instead of our 150 boys.

May 21st. Buck enlists and becomes recruiting sergeant for the 1st Arkansas colored regiment.

May 23rd. Some guerillas fire on transports, 5 miles north of Helena. The Marine Brigade landed and burned all the houses near the river.

Two of Co. H—Pat Rose and —— Waters, I think, (names in my diary illegible)—deserted.

May 24th. Dr. Raff promoted to Major Surgeon of 2nd Arkansas, colored.

May 25th. Maj. Walker, detailed on scout with 75 of 5th Ks and 75 of 3rd Iowa, met the Rebels at our picket station, west of Smizer's. Our men repulsed.

Of the 5th Ks, 5 killed, 9 wounded. Of 3rd Iowa, 1 killed, 3 wounded; 20 prisoners, among them 1 captain and 1 1st lieutenant. Maj. Walker gathered our forces.

Col. Crissman, commanding the enemy, sends in a flag of truce. Maj. Walker goes out to investigate the battle-ground. Returned in the evening, reports the Rebel loss acknowledged 30 wounded; did not say how many killed. Col. Crissman gave the number of his forces 300, mostly of Doby's command.

Col. Crissman was seriously wounded through the right wrist.

Two of our wounded died.

May 29th. 5th Ill. Cavalry goes South. All other Cavalry Regiments

preparing to leave. 5th Ks, with a few companies of the 1st Indiana Cavalry, to stay at Helena.

May 30th. Scout with Infantry and Artillery; no result.

Marmaduke reported this side of the Arkansas River.

June 9th. Again scout with Infantry; no results. Considerable Rebel forces with Marmaduke reported at Old Town.

Boats loaded with soldiers pass down, some 45,000 in all.

Some boats stopped at the landing near camp. A few of the Ill. Infantry, 17th, visit our camp and recognize W. H. H. Jones as a deserter. Their captain, when asked whether he had not recognized him, answered, "I did not care about seeing him."

June 13th. Scout to La Grange; capture two Confederate pickets and learn that 1,500 Rebs. with 4 pieces of artillery, are camped between La Grange and Marianna.

Paid for March and April, 1863. Most of it sent home.

June 14th. 3rd Iowa Cavalry goes South. Our regiment has to duty by wholesale. 1,500 passed on boats to Vicksburg. 5th Ks and a few companies of 1st Indiana Cavalry yet remain at Helena.

June 15th. Lines closed. No more intercourse with citizens.

As ever, 5th Ks boys could go wherever they pleased. Could purchase in Helena what they pleased and also outside of the lines, but always with side arms. Three or four mess went several times outside the lines gathering apples.

Right north of our camp was a small dry arm of the Mississippi, and beyond a small island, about 10 acres, well wooded where we often went berry picking (dew berries) and right north of the island and the dry arm of the river was a fine sand bank with water gradually deepening. This place John Gerth and I selected for our fishing ground.

We fished with a trot-line and bait made of cotton and dough. The line was 250 feet, with a dozen hooks, and I swam out with the weight as far as needed.

We caught some fish and occasionally sold a big one; the fish were all Mississippi perch. John Lent, of our mess Co. 4, discovered a bee tree and we chopped it down and gathered 15 to 20 gallons of honey; sold three-fourths to the other messes of the Co. I went swimming every afternoon at 5 p. m. just before supper. The new surgeon who had come from Ft. Scott, Dr. Whitehorn,—and afterward all the surgeons—had requested the boys not to go swimming before 4 p. m. and never after supper as we had had two cases with cramps. Gars were bothersome, bit several, myself among them. A big 6 ft. fellow had me once by the arm, and I dragged him half out of the water when I rushed to the bank. I carry his teeth marks yet. Once a cotton-mouth snake 18 inches came across the river from a distance, we could see it swimming, its mouth open showing the white foam. It was killed as it reached the shore.

I might as well inform the reader of this copy of my diary now, that I put down in the diary,—as far as I could find time and opportunity—all the work done by Co. K. and the 5th Ks. Yet I missed many a scout, picket and other skirmish or engagement as I sometimes did not for several days enter anything then jumble entries together, sometimes lacking ink, sometimes a pen, but I believe I did not miss any of the important events. We were not engaged in any battles in which large numbers figured. Our losses were not

as large at any one time as those of other Regiments, but they happened oftener and slowly our ranks were thinned by losses in actions as well as by the incessant exposures day and night. Co. K. had, at this time, hardly 50 men fit for duty, and the ten companies with Col. Clayton hardly 500.

June 17th. Details of infantry and Cavalry with two days' rations down the river; no results. Returned on the 19th inst. First Ind. picket detail on the Little Rock road when moving out to their post very early in the morning captured four Confed. pickets enjoying a good nap by the roadside—their horses and arms beside them.

June 19th. Scout down the river returned—no results.

Many citizens leave Helena.

About this time found out that the mail going north from Ks from our Regiment had been robbed of many letters containing money sent home by the boys.

William Young, the mail carrier, deserted. His accomplice, Dany, of Co. F. was jailed. Chaplain H. D. Fisher would not attend to even the regimental mail. Had to have two soldiers do it. Chaplain Fisher was as useless as a wagon's fifth wheel.

June 23rd. For some time guerillas had been molesting transports, causing serious losses. Transport Gladiator fired on yesterday a few miles from Helena up the river, and one officer, A. G. M. killed. Transport returned, gun boat went up and shelled the woods.

Maj. Walker returns from Vicksburg and reports the situation satisfactory, that Rebs cannot hold out much longer.

June 25th. Col. Clayton to Memphis.

June 26th. Scout to La Grange—no results. Capt. Moore, Co. F, returns from Kansas; reports Sharp's Carbines for seven companies on the road.

July 3rd. Order to keep horses saddled all night and not undress. Similar orders had been given so often that, while we obeyed orders we did not pay particular attention to them, rather inclined to make fun of the over-anxiety at headquarters. John Gerth and I went out to our fishing ground and set out our line.

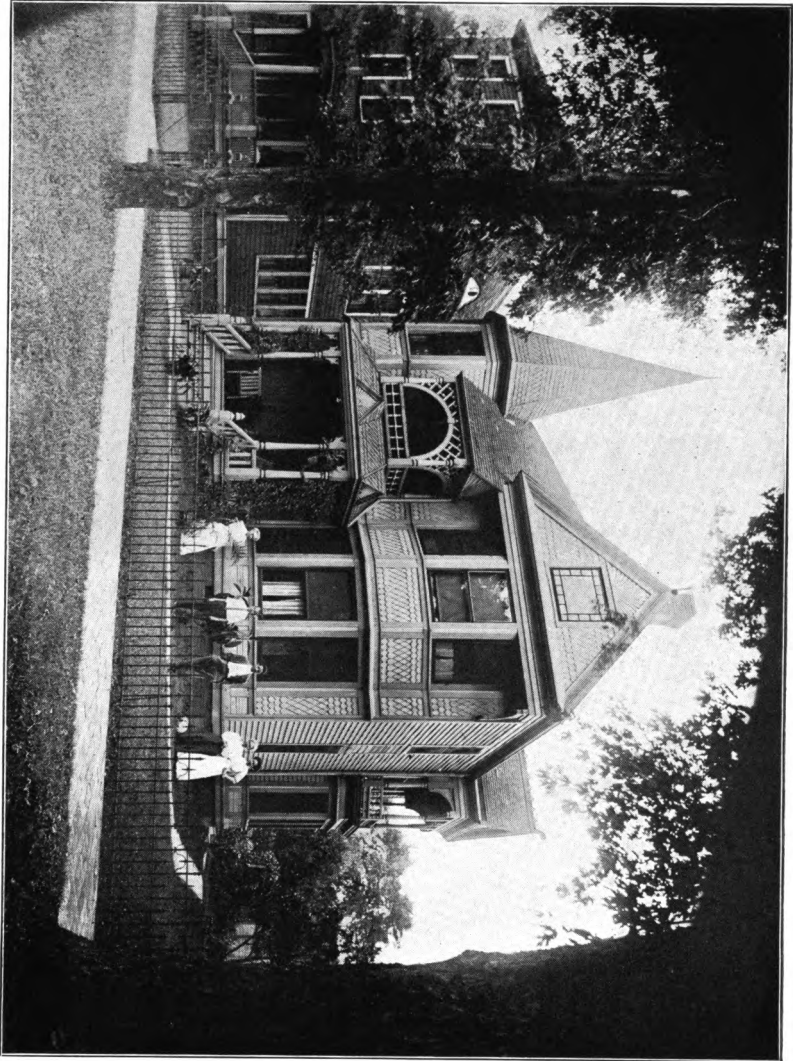
July 4th. At about 3 a. m. I waked John Gerth to go out with me to look at our line. He thought it too early. I argued that we must go so early else we might have our fish stolen as had already happened several times. A good thing for us this delay, had we gone out we would have been captured. While I was trying to have John get up, a cannon boomed. I jumped up and out of the tent and "Boys to your horses." Some got up, some hollowed "What is up?" when "Boots and saddles" sounded from headquarters, the boys laughed and some exclaimed, "They fool us with 4th of July shooting." Capt. Harrington and Lt. Heddens were on hand and ordered our bugler to sound "Boots and saddles." The second cannon boomed and still even our officers inclined to the belief of false alarm. It means a battle this time. Hardly had I finished the sentence when several more guns were heard and small arms fire in rapid succession. Our pickets had been driven in, Helena was surrounded on land side and attacked by a large Confederate force commanded by Gen. Holmes. Gen. Marmaduke commanded the rebel right and Gen. Holmes the left. All told the Confederate force numbered some 13,000 men and 24 or more pieces of artillery. By 7:30 a. m. the rebels had taken the first rifle pits of the Federal left and the Infantry retreated towards

Fort Curtis. The 5th K's was in line on the west side of the levee inactive and mounted. The Hotchkiss missiles kept on shrieking over us. At 8 a. m. we were ordered on the east side of the levee to support the Du-buque Battery of six Napoleons. At that time Gen. Salomon by a successful flank movement with his Infantry, regained the lost rifle pits and the Confederate force, its right and center massed charged on Ft. Curtis. The 5th Kansas, already discounted, was ordered across the levee, on the east side of it for shelter. All I saw of the Confed. movement on Ft. Curtis was that they massed for a charge as if on a parade. The Ft. Curtis guns were quiet. The 5th Kansas was under the command of Maj. Scudder, Col. Clayton having been ordered by Gen. Prentiss to the command of the Federal right. Hardly had we crossed the levee when an aid gallops up, gives an order to the Major, who draws his sabre and orders, "Double quick boys, to support that battery," pointing north to the timber beyond our old camp. All at once, the 28th Wisconsin Infantry hurls itself against us, their officers shouting, "Where are you going?" Scudder answered, "To support that battery." The reply, "Hell, that is a Rebel battery, we are repulsed." (Scudder had misunderstood the order, "Take that battery," for "Support that battery.") Opening our ranks we let the 28th Wisconsin through and charged ahead as fast as we could, shells falling thicker and thicker around us.

The loss of the 5th Kansas was three killed and four wounded, and we were within 150 yards of the battery supported by Shelby's brigade, Gen. Jo Shelby, in command. Without any orders we deployed as skirmishers, every man hunting cover. It was open timber, John Gerth and I kneeling behind a fallen giant cypress, and within five minutes almost every horse (45) of that battery was killed. We saw them tumble. None of us hurt, a bullet hit the barrel of Gerth's carbine. Our nearest to danger.

NOTE—Maj. J. M. Edwards of Gen. Shelby's staff, in his history of Shelby's Brigade relates that this was the first and only time that Shelby's battery ran the danger of capture as nearly all the horses were killed within a few minutes; the 5th Kansas being so well sheltered while deployed that shells did them no injury. Gen. Shelby himself assisted in dragging the guns out of reach of our carbines. Gen. Shelby was wounded in the right wrist in this engagement. We heard one man's voice rising above the din hollowing, "Now boys, altogether." It was Col. Hi Bledson with his fog-horn voice encouraging his men to drag the pieces out of harm's way.

While the 5th Kansas was fighting against Shelby's brigade—(the enemy's left)—the enemy's center had made three unsuccessful charges on Fort Curtis. It was the 7th and 8th Missouri Confederate Infantry that met with the greatest loss in those charges. They would have taken Fort Curtis had it not been for Sergeant Driscoll of Co. F, 5th Kansas, who had been in the guardhouse there since the White River expedition, Nov. 15, 1862, when in a drinking bout with Col. Clayton he had threatened to tear off the Colonel's shoulder straps. There was not—thanks to Gen. Prentiss' inefficiency—any artillery force in Ft. Curtis drilled and able to handle the 62 pounders. Driscoll hollowed out, "Men let me out, I will stop their charge." The situation was critical. The Rebs climbing up had charged up one-half the hill, when Driscoll, freed from the guardhouse and having taken command of the force, threw three big shells into the enemy's charge and broke it. Driscoll kept it up, and after a third unsuccessful attempt the enemy



**THE HOME OF MR. JACOB BOWER**  
**Mattoon, Illinois**



waved a white flag and surrendered. Even their retreat was cut off by Driscoll's shells. Seven hundred surrendered then and there. Driscoll had served five years in the United States regular artillery before he had enlisted in the 5th Kansas.

After the battle Col. Clayton sent for Sergeant Driscoll and ordered his return to his Company—then asked him, "Driscoll, what do you think of it now?" Driscoll answered, "It will not do for you and me to get drunk at the same time."

By 1 o'clock p. m. the Dubuque Battery had silenced the rebel batteries on the hill opposite and the gun-boat, Tycoon, had also begun shelling the Confederates while falling back from Ft. Curtis. The last firing in this battle occurred on our right between the 5th Kansas and the retreating Shelby's Brigade. By 4 o'clock p. m. all was over; the battle at Helena had been fought and won by the Union forces.

Rebel loss—according to Confederate reports—173 killed, 687 wounded and 776 missing.

Union loss—250 killed and wounded. Gen. Prentiss reported 300 Confederates dead and buried and 1,100 prisoners.

Had Shelby's Brigade followed up their repulse of the 28th Wisconsin and charged right up behind that routed regiment, they would, beyond a doubt—have captured the Dubuque Battery, the confusion was so great; but the delay of a few minutes on the part of the rebels allowed the 5th Kansas to double-quick through the retreating Wisconsin Infantry, deploy and take sheltered positions—every man for himself—and stop the Confederate opportunity to work mischief.

The 1st Indiana Cavalry (three companies) and the 2nd Arkansas (colored) had, all along, kept the rebels from advancing on the Little Rock road. A company of the 2nd Arkansas made a desperate charge on the rebel lines which were weak at that place. It is supposed that the attack of the Confederate right there was a feint made for deception mostly. Brick was in advance. They captured 20 prisoners.

Gen. Prentiss sent all the unwounded prisoners up the river on the Tycoon the same evening without allowing them a meal before their departure, as they had bragged of eating dinner in Helena, he would not allow their brag to be made good. Our wounded, among them one Branum of Co. K, were also sent up the river.

When quiet began to prevail about 4 p. m., the tortures of thirst became unbearable and colored men were kept continually busy watering the troops yet in line.

The Confederate flag of truce which came up to our pickets, was not permitted to proceed, but was turned back. The rebels were informed that their wounded in our lines would be well cared for. They left several doctors with them in the improvised hospital at Smizers. Gen. Prentiss sent them medical supplies as needed.

The 5th Kansas cooked supper that day in their old camp. The 5th Kansas Regimental flag had been all torn to pieces by a rebel Hotchkiss.

This, the battle of Helena, was not much made of because Vicksburg fell that same day, July 4th, 1863; but the Kansas 5th had shown there what individual self-reliance can accomplish.

Company K on guard that night.

July 5th. 5 o'clock a. m. Alarm. Confederates in force seen below



Helena. We are informed that the enemy had brought away only his light artillery and had left 10 pieces with an infantry guard and now hauled them out.

July 6th. The 5th Kansas, 1st Indiana and 107 Illinois Infantry with Dubuque Battery out to reconnoiter—found the retreating enemy near Lick Creek and harassed his rear. Returning they paroled 105 Confederate wounded at Pope's plantation. Also found some piles of overcoats and blankets where the Confederate army had left them when marching to battle July 4th.

July 7th. Richard Parmenter of Mess 4, Co. K, received word that his brother of the 6th Missouri Confederate, was wounded in the Helena hospital. He visited him and found him improving. He was sent North within two days after his brother's visit.

With John Gerth I visited the old cemetery on the hill where most of the enemy had fallen. Pieces of human flesh of those who had been killed by the 60 pounders fired by Driscoll from Ft. Curtis, still adhering to the tombstones, of which many were broken to pieces. Dead still found scattered in ditches and brush heaps.

July 8th. Capture of Vicksburg announced to the troops gathered at Ft. Curtis. Same day a small scout around Helena.

July 10th. Scout to La Grange. Twenty-one wounded with their nurses found eight miles from Helena. Our advance was fired on at La Grange by a Confederate rear guard of their forage train going toward Mariana.

July 12th. Confederate flag of truce halted at La Grange road; not allowed beyond our pickets; returned next day.

Review and inspection of the 5th Kansas at 10 a. m. in honor of a Capt. Vaughn from Kansas, who got the job of inspecting Kansas troops in the field. Capt. Vaughn—bloated drunkard—was introduced and the boys cheered on command.

This Capt. Vaughn afterwards in 1867 suicided in Denver with morphine.

July 14th. Two of the 1st Indiana Cavalry hunting their horses beyond our pickets, captured; also a few mules used to work a cotton patch on Pillow's plantation, taken in by a small rebel scout.

July 16th. Scout, no results. New arms—Sharp's carbines and heavy Colt's revolvers arrive.

July 19th. Fifty of the 5th Kansas detached for advance guard of 800 infantry and three pieces artillery, find Confederates in strong force at Lick Creek. Skirmish with pickets; no results.

July 22nd. Twenty men of Co. D detailed to do duty as advance guard for 2nd Arkansas (colored), march to Austin, 25 miles up the river, bring in seven horses and eight negro recruits and some negro contraband families.

July 24th. First boat up from New Orleans. Buck, who was missed on the return of the 2nd Arkansas Regiment, comes in. He had been captured while but a few yards from his comrades by four Secesh but managed to crawl away during the night.

Scout to Big Creek crossing found only a small Confederate force which retreated without firing a gun.

July 25th. John Gerth and I are on the sick list for a few days. I keep on doing camp duties, however.

July 30th. Paid off; sent home most of it. Reinforcements arriving. Gen. Prentiss returns.

August 2nd. Gen. Steele arrives from Memphis.

Aug. 5th. Gen. Prentiss departs for Memphis to take the place of Gen. Hurlbert, resigned. Expedition to Little Rock preparing; Gen. Steele to command it.

All on sick list examined by a board and every man asked whether he considered himself able to stand a long, arduous march. Almost all declare themselves willing and ready.

Aug. 11th. At 3 p. m. the first column of the Little Rock expedition moves forward and camps that night five miles west of Helena at Polk's.

General orders issued against marauding. One of Co. H enters a negro cabin and steals a pair of boots. Parade ordered and the thief returns the boots to the negro in the presence of the Regiment on parade.

News received that Gen. Davidson with a cavalry force coming from Missouri has captured two boats near Pocahontas and marched down along the St. Francis River to join Gen. Steele.

Aug. 15th. Started again and over-took a train of 185 wagons at Big Creek. Gen. Steele joins.

Aug. 16th. Bushwhackers molest the troops. One soldier killed while filling his canteen at a well. One wagon-master wounded.

Quite a Confederate force surrounds the 5th Kansas headquarters and train. Every Company on grand guard till the gross of infantry arrives. Adjutant De Costa of 5th Kansas, a late importation from Kansas, takes off his shoulder straps for fear of being hit in any fight, and makes himself ridiculous with his dude manners.

Aug. 17th. Camp two miles above Clarendon. Transports and one gunboat there. Health of the boys improving in spite of the hot weather.

We all put leaves in our hats.

Aug. 18th. Report of infantry skirmishes 10 miles west of Clarendon.

Aug. 23rd. Cross White River.

Aug. 24th. Fifth Kansas arrives at Duval's Bluffs. Camps within one-half mile of the river.

Aug. 25th. Report of a fight at Brownsville between Confederates and Gen. Davidson's forces.

Aug. 26th. Six transports arrive at Duval's Bluff. Co. K kept busy foraging, scouting and doing picket duty. Camp in tall timber.

Aug. 31st. We muster in the morning. Co. K had killed a fine, fat beef. At 9 a. m. Co. K ordered on scout. I remain solitary and alone in the camp of the company. Roll a hard-bread barrel near a log, and sitting on the log I make out the muster-roll of the company on the hind-end gate of a wagon laid on the barrel, and at the same time jerk the meat off the beef killed in the morning. I have it all done when the boys return, and divide, giving each individual his share.

Received first notice of Quantrell's Lawrence raid.

Before beginning another month's diary, I will narrate a little episode of the Kansas 5th.

About 10 days after the battle of Helena, Col. Clayton bet \$100 with Capt. of Dubuque Battery that the 5th Kansas could charge on his battery from 300 yards and take possession of the battery before it can fire a second round, and we did it—250 picked men, 35 men of Co. K, Lieut. Heddens in

command. I was second in command. Lieut. Ward was on picket and Capt. Harrington officer of the day.

We charged as foragers, great care taken that our pistols were loaded only with blanks. Two of Co. F were thrown from their horses slightly injured.

The 5th Kansas won Col. Clayton's bet.

September 1st. Left Duval's Bluff for Brownsville, cross a prairie of about 30 miles, arrive at Brownsville late in the evening.

Two of Gen. Davidson's Regiments had on the 25th of August driven the enemy out of Brownsville; no losses on our side. Fight at Bayou Metairie. Retreating enemy burns the bridge across the bayou. Our loss eight killed, 30 wounded. The greatest loss was sustained by dismounted cavalry charging some earthworks. Two of our dead had fallen close to the Bayou and had to be left as the enemy in strong force across the Bayou kept our men in check. Reported that a scout of the 1st Iowa Cavalry had reconnoitered to within 6 miles of Little Rock.

Co. K lived entirely on the beef jerked by me August 31st; hard bread had given out. My health was giving way. I felt so puny. John Gerth felt weaker even than I did. Lacked the will power. Heat terrible.

Sept. 3rd. Ordered on scout to start 6 a. m. Went to Dr. Whitehorn, surgeon in charge of the regiment at 5:30 a. m.; explained to him that I felt terribly exhausted and requested some medicine to brace me up. He gave me a few drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic.

The 5th Kansas, 1st Indiana cavalry and five pieces of artillery start to reconnoiter towards Bayou Metaire where the fight had taken place August 28th. By 10 a. m. I began to feel fine and so continued during the day. By evening we stopped close to the Bayou and made camp. One-half of Co. K ordered on picket which I posted.

All grumbling, hungry and discouraged. All our jerked beef used up. We forage some corn from a field close by. I told the boys not on duty to lie down and rest. I rode to our boys on picket and informed them, as I had the boys in camp, that I would hunt some grub and they were to let me come through no matter how late. Of course, I had the countersign. I rode 3 miles and reached a plantation at dark. I hired a negro with my last 25 cents (postal currency) to catch for me a dozen chickens and ducks, and fill a sack I had with sweet potatoes. I killed the fowls and tied all to the saddle, then returned, waked the boys who got a big two-gallon kettle from the artillery boys and all was stewed for breakfast, and Co. K did well dipping into that kettle with their cups. We licked it clean with sweet potatoes instead of bread.

Sept. 4th. The force separated and we reconnoitered, all armed, and returned to Brownsville late at night.

Sept. 6th. Left Brownsville going towards Little Rock.

Sept. 7th. Escort train forage in a corn field near Bayou Metaire. Gather corn horseback, tallest stalks I ever saw. Co. F's picket fired on, horse wounded. Gen. Davidson's advance guard has a running fight; five of our men wounded, 15 prisoners taken, belonged to Dobbin's regiment, amongst them the regiment adjutant. Strike rebel pickets in force; eight miles from Little Rock and camp. My health not improving, general prostration, all my system out of whack.

Sept. 9th. Reconnoissance in force. Fifth Kansas in advance. De-

ployed to within one-fourth mile of the rebel works on the left bank of the Arkansas River. Exchange shots and capture a straggler.

Sept. 10th. Early in the morning we find the enemy had abandoned his earthworks on the left river bank. Our advance crosses and finds the Confederate force in full retreat; exchange shots with his rear guard, Shelby's brigade; twenty of our men wounded. Capture a large quantity of sugar, molasses, and 500 bales of cotton and take several hundred prisoners. By evening the 5th Kansas camps two miles from the river, on its left bank.

Sept. 14th. All able men ordered on three days' scout toward Pine Bluff. I remain with John Gerth and two other men of Co. K in the so-called camp. We four selected a big log for headquarters, and I find something to eat for men and beasts. I happen on a small pile of corn and two hens, and while the two invalids prepare the chickens, Gerth and I bring in about a bushel of corn and then cut some cornstalks for roughness. We stew the chicken in some kettles found in the deserted camps and add to the chicken some pawpaws gathered close by.

Sept. 17th. All the remainder of the regiment for Pine Bluffs where we arrive Sept. 19th about 11 a. m. and the regiment is quartered in deserted frame buildings.

Sept. 21st. Assist two Jehudims to their horses taken by Co. F boys. One of the Jehudim is a baker in Pine Bluffs. Had Rash-Hashono dinner with Mr. Kahn, a brother of my former fellow-clerk, Schnäpeche.

Sept. 26th. Became very sick, went into post hospital where I was treated by Surgeon Porter.

October 5th. Left hospital very weak, but altogether free of fever. 1st Indiana Cavalry rejoins our regiment.

Oct. 9th. Scout captures rebel camp at Tulip with large amount of supplies, and also bring in 200 sheep.

Oct. 14th. Having improved in health, I started with Co. K under Lieut. Wood, for Little Rock to deliver a lot of some 30 prisoners, and to bring back a battery of four howitzers.

Lieut. Wood gets drunk with Forage-master Vaughn, each having started with a canteen of whiskey; and in his drunkenness Lieut. Wood arrests me for drunkenness, and confiscates my canteen of water. He became furious because he had put out some pickets and could not tell me the location when I insisted upon the information so I could visit them during the night. Sergeant Miller took my place and I turned in with the rebel prisoners in a log-cabin. By midnight Lieut. Wood, sobering, became uneasy and, as the moon had risen, visited the pickets; and the boys just went for him on account of his confiscation of my canteen of water.

Oct. 15th. Lieut. Wood ordered me relieved from arrest and to take charge of advance guard. I refused to do duty, but took charge of my arms and continued to refuse to do duty till returned to Pine Bluff. Lieut. Wood was in misery as he expected and feared court-martial.

Arrived at Little Rock by evening. Prisoners delivered and we view the town.

Oct. 17th. By noon return to Pine Bluff with battery of four howitzers.

Oct. 19th. Returned to Pine Bluff, go on doing duty as if nothing had happened between me and Lieut. Wood, who is very courteous. I do duty as before as first sergeant and commissary and quartermaster sergeant.

Capt. Harrington to Little Rock on detached service.

Oct. 24th. Four deserters arrive from Price's army. Report him at Arkadelphia grazing stock; also that our raid in Tulip caused quite a scare as the Confederates supposed the gross of Steele's army were behind the scout.

Col. Dobbins one and a half miles from Tulip with six pieces of artillery spiked them and moved towards Arkadelphia. Thin ice formed nights on pools.

Oct. 25th. 8:30 a. m., our pickets on south side of town under command of Lieut. Clark, Co. B, attacked; two taken prisoners. Attacking force, 3,500 and 10 or 12 pieces artillery, under Gen. Marmaduke who sent a flag of truce summoning our surrender within 30 minutes. Answer—"No surrender." In a very short time our men were ready to receive the attack. All told we were less than 500 able men. The public square was made the center of our position. All horses were gathered there and tied just as such work could be done in a big hurry. Some 100 of them ran off during the battle and were captured, as were the 60 army wagons and their mule teams, and all the records of the 5th Kansas and 1st Indiana. Gathered around the public square and in the streets leading to and from it, defense to utmost was to be made. In marching up to take position, Co. K lost one man, Pat McMahan, killed, hit by a shell in back of the skull; and one man wounded. All the contrabands (darkies) were utilized to erect barricades with the cotton bales on hand. The four howitzers lately brought from Little Rock by Co. K, did good service in the hands of Co. A, 5th Kansas, and some 1st Indiana boys. The Confederates set the buildings on fire to drive us from our position. We lost our clothing and accoutrements left in quarters. The new barricade where Co. K was stationed took fire and we erected another some 150 feet behind, but had left some burning and some unburned bales at the old barricade. Clayton ordered Lieut. Haddens, who this day commanded Co. K—Harrington being in Little Rock—to have all bales at the old barricade removed and fired at several places for quick consumption, else the Confederate sharpshooters would profit by them. This was about 10 or 11 a. m. Haddens ordered Sergeant Miller to execute the order. Miller pretended not to hear the order and went off to join Lieut. Wood, who, with a few men, held a brick house on our left. Haddens came to me and said, Sergeant, you heard Clayton's order; it has to be done, and quickly. The rebel Hotchkiss shells and the bullets of small arms came amongst us like hail. I pulled my hat over my eyes, laid down my carbine, pulled out my pistol and cocking it, called on some 30 contrabands behind us to come up, which they did. I explained to them what had to be done and how, picked up some lariat ropes which happened handy and organized three bands of the men, and at the word forward we fairly flew towards the bales left at the old barricade. Seven negroes were shot down around me, one right by me. Three dead, four died before morning, the balance with me at the barricade tied the ropes to three bales respectively and pulled them by main force in different directions, the bales sheltering the pulling arms—set fire to them and to all remaining bales, the smoke hiding us from the sharpshooters more or less, and so, without the loss of another man, I succeeded. Haddens never said a word when I returned to the company. It appeared to me that it displeased him that I had returned safe and sound. He often afterwards proved his dislike of me. Lieut. Wood and his skirmishers captured seven straggling rebs plundering in burning houses. About

3 p. m. Marmaduke quit firing and retreated. Col. Clayton with about 100 men followed up, skirmishing with guard and had a few horses killed.

Oct. 26th. So far as known, while we lost 7 killed and 24 wounded, the Confederate loss was 60 killed, who were buried by the contrabands, and 17 prisoners. The number of wounded could not be correctly ascertained, but it must have been large, for they left 30 of their worst cases in a house close to town and sent in a flag of truce for medical supplies. Our ambulances brought in 18 to the post hospital. All our wounded (8) who had been treated with anaesthetics before amputation, died; all similarly injured, of the Confederates, treated without anaesthetics by their physicians survived. Co. K quartered in an old store building south of the square and neighboring with one Altschul. A colored man whom I had picked up two days before the battle, had saved my large saddle-bags and Gerth's and my blankets and clothes. This was the battle of Pine Bluffs, Ark., October 25, 1863.

Oct. 27th. News that Davidson's cavalry had reached Arkadelphia.

Oct. 28th. Our loss in the battle of the 25th sums up to date, 15 killed and died of wounds, and yet 16 wounded in hospital. We lost also the entire wagon train, 60 wagons and as many four and six-mule teams, also many horses captured and many killed by shells in court house yard.

Oct. 30th. Capt. Clark and 20 men of Co. B on scout toward Arkansas Post, capture and bring in 17 prisoners, four of them commanding officers, surprised at a wedding—had made 80 miles in 20 hours.

Nov. 2nd. Scout to Arkadelphia finds works dismantled. Price and Marmaduke reported at Camden.

Nov. 3rd. Lieut. Clark in charge of picket captures one lieutenant and three men scouting around three-fourths mile from post.

Nov. 10th. Reinforced by 28th Wisconsin infantry.

Nov. 25th. Repeated scouts bring in a few prisoners. Breastworks about finished. For about a week reveille at 5 a. m. Parts of companies H and C detailed to artillery with some of A and 1st Indiana. Rations scarce.

Nov. 26th. Paid; sent \$100 home.

Nov. 27th. Guerillas at Johnson's plantation capture six mules. Telegraph line to Little Rock completed. Four prisoners with scout from Saline in.

December 8th. Two hundred on scout.

Dec. 10th. Returned with four prisoners. One of the 1st Iowa wounded. Co. K move into log barracks which we had built, near earthworks, which we had constructed, which comprised about one square each way from court house. Sickness increasing.

Dec. 19th. News—40 former citizens of Pine Bluff killed in action at Princeton between Rebel Gen. Fagan and Union forces under Solomon.

Dec. 21st. Very cold. First steamboat to Little Rock.

## CHAPTER IX

1864—CIVIL WAR, CONTINUED.

January 9th. Arkansas River covered with ice. White River also. Navigation stopped. Reported only two days' rations at Little Rock. We have only five days' rations ahead.

Small scouting parties sent out, return occasionally with a few prisoners and a few horses.

Jan. 11th. I arrested Pat Montgomery when on scout Jan. 9, '64, a few miles from Pine Bluff. He had ridden up to Lieut. Wood and said, "My horse is too tired, I will return to camp." Lieut. Wood ordered him to stay with the scout, but he returned to Pine Bluff. As Lieut. Wood paid no attention to him, I did. I had him arrested and court-martialed. Sentence—30 days hard labor at the approaches of the bridge across the Arkansas River and three months' loss of pay; making up the pay-roll next muster day, Feb. 28th, I did not enter the sentence so Pat lost no pay. I did this because he sent most of his money home for the support of the family. His father had died of heart failure in camp at Springfield, Mo., in 1862.

Union people meet to send delegates to a state convention at Little Rock. No excitement.

The scout of the 5th Kansas and the 1st Indiana to Napoleon return. The scout was sent out to intercept 6,000 Texas cattle driven east for the Confederate army. Came to the Mississippi just as the last of the steers landed on the east bank. Bought a double barreled gun from Lieut. Wood captured on the trip. I still own it.

Jan. 16th and 17th. Scouting party of Companies F, G and C start towards Monticello under Lieut. McCarty, met a large body of Rebels and lose one of Company G, a prisoner. Three of Company C missing. Sergeant Osaburg of Company A, two citizens and one Arkansas Fed. Militia reconnoitering 14 miles from Pine Bluff at Richland down the river, surprised at a house after night; two citizens and one militia killed; Sergeant Osaburg and one militia escaped. Send out a scout under Capt. Barnes which returned Jan. 18th and report Rebels in force 12 miles from town on Bayou Bartholomew. Col. Clayton sets out with all the available force and our four howitzers.

Jan. 19th. Meet the enemy and drive him seven miles. Rebs fought with good discipline, fell back and re-formed. We lost one of the 7th Missouri killed, and Capt. Wyatt of Federal Militia mortally wounded. Rebs had no artillery. One of the missing of Company C comes in; also a small scout which under Lieut. Clarke had started Jan. 17 comes in. Had lost eight of Company I and two of Company K missing—likely prisoners. Lieut. Wood and 18 of Co. K within five miles of the place where the 10 were taken in.

Two alligators, three to five feet long, chopped out of the ice of a lake near town, kept by some of the boys for a week or two and then sent North.

Jan. 20th. Clayton and his force return at 2 a. m. Grand guards ordered out on all roads; 12 of Company K under Lieut. Haddens on the Monticello road, six miles from town near bridge over Bayou Bartholomew. Very chilly night,—suffered. No fire allowed. Returned to camp. The Missouri cavalry had joined the Pine Bluff forces; also the 28th Wisconsin infantry shortly after the battle at Pine Bluff.

Jan. 21st. Our horses suffer for lack of food. At 11 o'clock p. m. every available cavalry man ordered out. Col. Clayton starts with 800 men, the 7th Missouri having come in at 9 p. m.

Jan. 23rd. Fifth Kansas and 1st Indiana returned, horses worn out after riding all night to the 22nd a. m.

Jan. 22nd. Saline River reached by 8 a. m. Reb. force near the river bank; 7th Missouri charged with sabres. Rebs stood up to it slowly retreating across the river. The 7th Missouri came on them, hand to hand fight with pistols. Two Rebs killed near the river bank. Rebel force in ferryboat kept up firing without injury to us, while our fire killed a good many horses hitched on the opposite bank and in sight. Their owners had failed to put them in shelter. Our artillery useless as they had become mired way back. Two cribs of corn gathered by the Rebs burned. Report that old Burgess of Company I, one of the missing of Lieut. Clark's party, was found killed, five wounds. Report that Gen. Davidson was at Tulip Jan. 21st.

Jan. 28th. Infantry on picket duty; cavalry on grand guard 6 to 12 miles out. Relieved every five days. Hard service this.

Jan. 29th. Lieut. Greathouse, 1st Indiana, with 40 men attached on Grand guard 12 miles out on Warren road, retreats to gin; beat the enemy off. Our loss, one wounded.

February 5th. Paid off and one of our scouting parties capture a Reb. Lieut. who had commanded the force that had fought Lieut. Greathouse.

Lieut. Hadden and 20 of Company K with team bring in a lot of corn fodder bought from a negro. The fodder cost was 3 cents a bundle. We who had bought and brought it in, stacked it in our hut and fed it to our horses, three bundles daily to each.

Feb. 18th. Stamboats arrive and Major Walker returned Feb. 17th from Kansas.

Reliable reports; that the Rebs had cleaned up the country on Saline River of horses, hogs, cattle, and feed and had retired to Camden, occasionally scouting to within 40 miles of Pine Bluff.

March 9th. Three deserters from Monticello report Shelby and his men there. Provisions and feed scarce. A Federal Lieutenant captured by six rebs a mile outside of pickets while sparking.

March 14th. A detachment of the 7th Missouri and 1st Indiana—300 in all—left for South Bend; had several skirmishes, lost one of the 7th Missouri killed and a few wounded. A Capt. Bloodshaw, who had charge of some guns to annoy our boats, was captured. He had his piece thrown down the river bank before he surrendered.

March 17th. A large train of 100 teams hauling cotton to Pine Bluff underway from near Saline River.

March 18th. Twenty-five of the 7th Missouri on grand guard on lower Monticello road attacked by Rebs; lose five men. Reb. loss, two killed, one lieutenant and two men wounded and two captured by our men who retreat-



ing scattered and came in by the morning of the 19th. Lieut. Young and 25 of Company F on reconnoitering, hit a large force this side of Monticello and return on the evening of the 18th.

March 19th. Every man ordered to be ready at a moment's warning.

March 20th. A scouting party made up of the 7th Missouri and 1st Indiana and 18th Illinois to South Bend return; had lost one man killed from brush.

March 25th. Weather disagreeable—two days' drizzle; 7th Missouri receive marching orders. I am about well of swamp fever.

March 27th. Several scouts more or less successful, have several skirmishes with small forces.

March 28th. Five o'clock a. m. A scout of 200 5th Kansas, 150 1st Indiana cavalry, 200 7th Missouri cavalry and 500 infantry with eight pieces light artillery, left Pine Bluff for Mt. Alba on Saline River; arrived there at 4 p. m.; skirmished with Reb. pickets across the river, built pontoon bridge that night and March 29th crossed with most of the cavalry in the morning and scouted carefully five or six miles. By evening had captured 30 Rebs. One hundred men under Lieut. Greathouse of 1st Indiana, and Lieut. Young of Company F, Kansas 5th, were sent towards Monticello and during the fore part of the night captured 270 Rebs., a train, which they burned, and many horses and mules. The Rebs. mistook them for their own (Shelby's) men and their pickets never fired an alarming shot. The party also destroyed a Reb. pontoon over the Saline River near Warren and returned to the command at Mt. Alba where Crawford, Wright and Dockery with 2,500 men had attacked the infantry left there. The Rebs. began to skirmish at daylight of March 29th, and until about 10 a. m. The cavalry, five miles the other side of the Saline River, returned to Mt. Alba and came in time to assist in repulsing the main attack on our forces. The Rebs. withdrew with a loss of 25 killed, about 60 wounded and 40 prisoners. Our loss—two of the 28th Wisconsin infantry killed, and two of the same regiment wounded. As quick as the 5th Kansas came in from across the river the engagement began to wax warm. We dismounted and deployed. Company K ordered to support two howitzers of the 1st Indiana and a detail of the 28th Wisconsin infantry already in position; went in, on double quick with the 28th Wisconsin detail, to an old log corn-crib for shelter, using the cracks for loop-holes. This being just opposite the enemy's center, greatly contributed to the repulse of his charges. During the action one of the 28th Wisconsin within the cabin was hit in the forehead and fell back dying. While I tried to raise him up, both of the howitzers, one on each side of the cabin, were discharged. I was on the ground busy with the dying and received the full sound and my left ear became deaf and has remained so since then. The enemy, without artillery, retreated slowly, and Col. Clayton ordered me to take a squad across the river and scout about three miles down, then return and report to him and be quick as possible. I took 15 men of Co. K, crossed the river and with Richard Parmenter (an old wood crafter) of Co. K on my left, we galloped on, then I first experienced the deafness of my left ear. We found no enemy and I returned and reported, and the cavalry was ordered to charge and harrass the retreating enemy, which we did till we came to a very defective bridge, partially destroyed, where we halted and waited for the infantry and cavalry to catch up. We then marched about 10 miles to a place where the 5th Kansas advance guard had found a lot of

meat hidden. We camped there that night and returned next day, March 30th, to Pine Bluff. I was in command of rear guard. We brought in 350 prisoners and about 150 mules and horses. My bunk mate, John Gerth, sold a captured mare to Lieut. Haddens for \$100 (which he never paid for).

April 5th. 300 1st Indiana cavalry and 5th Kansas started on scout and returned April 9th in the evening with 20 prisoners and 100 head of horses and mules. Had been to Monticello, Ark., Longview, Hamburg, Ashley county, near Louisiana line, thence back to Monticello.

April 8th. On our return we stopped at Monticello for dinner; we were out of provisions. Col. Clayton ordered that every other man forage for man and beast, giving us one hour for dinner. John Gerth foraged for himself and me. In a few minutes he brought in nine fresh turkey eggs; a fire was soon kindled and the eggs put in to roast. I invited Lieut. Haddens to share. While Gerth superintended the eggs and fed the horses with corn some of the boys had found, I left to hunt more eatables. I entered the first house where it smelled like something cooking; found there a mother and some children. I told them not to be scared. I was only hungry and would take the liberty of investigating the stove. I took a pan of corn bread,—just done—out of the oven and a piece of bacon out of the pot, wrapped them in some brown paper and left. We three had a good dinner and even spared some to others not so lucky as foragers.

I was in command of the rear guard when the lady in charge of the Young Ladies' Seminary came to me and complained that some of the men had been through the house and one of them, not in uniform, had purloined a changeable green silk dress of her stepdaughter's, and begged us to hunt it up and return it if possible. I galloped up, found the dress strapped to the saddle of a citizen scout, unbuckled it, and taking the two Mapes boys along, reported my errand to Lieut. Haddens and returned the dress to the lady in charge; then seeing in the near distance the dust of the Confederate advance guard, left for the command.

April 15th. Train of 300 teams from Pine Bluff to Camden.

April 16th. Second arrival of a boat this spring. News received that of its escort five men of the 7th Mo. Cavalry had gone ashore, 11 miles below Pine Bluff, and had been bushwhacked; two killed and three mortally wounded.

April 21st. A detachment of 150 of 5th Ks. and 25 of 1st Indiana under Major Walker ordered to Little Rock to escort a train from there to Camden. When we arrived at Little Rock we were ordered to Pine Bluff with four infantry regiments and four batteries and a larger train of empty wagons to load train at Pine Bluff with supplies shipped there by boat, and thence to proceed to Sturges' army at Camden.

April 27th. At Campbell's plantation we received the first news of the several disasters to Steele's army from a lot of stragglers on their way to Little Rock. They reported that April 20th a train of 180 empty wagons had started from Camden to Little Rock escorted by about 300 men of the 1st Ks. Col'd and 2nd Ks. Cav. and four howitzers. That train and the four howitzers had been captured by Rebels, about 3,000 strong, after a brave resistance by the escort. The colored soldiers had neither given nor received quarter. April 24, Col. Clayton received news that a train of 400 empty wagons and ambulances from Camden to Pine Bluff was in danger of attack and capture. He sent all available cavalry, 100 of 5th Ks., 200 of

7th Mo. Cavalry, and 100 of 1st Indiana, with two howitzers, under Maj. McCarty, to reinforce the escort which consisted of detachments of the 77th Ohio, 36th Iowa, 46th Indiana, and 1st Iowa Cavalry, and four pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Col. Drake, of 30th Iowa. All told, with the Pine Bluff reinforcement, Lieut. Col. Drake had 1,200 men.

Lieut. Col. Drake had information of the attack planned by the Rebels, yet did not hurry his train on but proceeded leisurely. April 25th, a few hours after the Pine Bluff reinforcement had reached him at 11 a. m., while pulling through the miry bottom near the Marks Mills, eight miles from Mt. Alba, crossing over the Saline, the Confederates attacked by platoons, cut the different detachments from communication with one another and captured the whole outfit. Lt. Col. Drake, of 77th Ohio, was severely wounded in the outset. The 36th Iowa charged but were quickly surrounded, as was the Pine Bluff detachment. Driscoll, of Co. F, spiked the two pieces in a hurry. Maj. McCauley ordered Lt. Haddens to assist to gather as many as he could and charge through the Rebel lines, which was done, but with great loss. John Gerth was shot through the upper part of the breast and killed; Col. Hall, of the Rebel Mo. force, of St. Joe, Mo., captured his black mare. Williams, of Co. K, and Sergeant Hendrics, of Co. K, were mortally wounded and died two days after. Lt. Haddens had his crupper straps shot off his saddle, but reached Pine Bluff. Lts. McCarty and Jennings were taken prisoners, also Maj. McCauley.

The Union loss was 80 killed, 250 wounded, upward of 900 prisoners; also all the trains, 400 wagons and ambulances, with four to six mules each, and six pieces of artillery. April 27th a flag of truce, under Lt. Brown, Co. F, 5th Ks., was sent from Pine Bluff and the dead were buried; they had been mostly stripped of shoes and clothing. The prisoners had been robbed, otherwise treated well enough, and after some weeks, were paroled. The surgeon of the 1st Indiana was sent out to care for the wounded with a hospital tent and supplies. His instruments were stolen and his supplies used for the wounded of both sides. More supplies freely sent. I had seen my bunk-mate, John Gerth, for the last time, April 21st, about 2 p. m. I was going to Little Rock with the detachment and he from there, where with two others had carried a message. I asked him to join us, as we were below the number required for escort. He refused, as his mare needed rest, having been ridden hard for three days. It was my luck that I went with the detachment to Little Rock, else I might have shared Gerth's fate. I had detailed Sergeant Hendrics to command Co. K's detail, when he played off sick and was excused by the surgeon, and when another private brought me the doctor's excuse, I remarked to Sergeant Eby, just in from picket: "Let us fill Co. K's detail with you and me," and he being willing, we went.

April 29th. 5th Ks. on a scout towards Camden; rode 50 miles reconnoitering different roads. Often close to Rebel pickets.

April 30th. Having received news of Steele's retreat from Camden, we returned to Pine Bluff.

Battle at Jenkin's Ferry, over the Saline River. 2nd Ks., colored, behaved nobly. Took three pieces of artillery and 1,200 prisoners and secured an orderly retreat. Col. Cloud, who in the beginning of the battle, had made 400 prisoners, commanded the rear guard on the retreat.

May 5th. Rumors of engagement between Confederates and Gen.

Steele at Benton; that Gen. Steele had captured 5,000 prisoners and 18 pieces of artillery, turned out to be only an engagement between Carr's Cavalry and Fagan's advance guard which retreated with loss.

May 14th. Five officers, Lt. McCarty amongst them, late prisoners at Marks' Mill, had escaped and came to Pine Bluff.

May 18th. But little scouting done. Reported that 7,000 cavalry, with eight pieces of artillery, under Shelby and Marmaduke at Monticello and along Bartholomew Bayou preparing for raids toward Duval's Bluff, Little Rock and Missouri, and that they had pontoon bridges with them.

May 22nd. One lieutenant and five men gobbled up Webb on the Sulphur Springs road.

May 24th. Guerilla Captain Webb's forces within one and one-half miles of Pine Bluff. His fine horse captured.

May 25th. Gen. Steele at Pine Bluff.

May 26th. General review—likely the last in which the Ks. 5th regiment could participate, as the enlistment of so many of the companies has nearly expired.

June 7th. Thirty re-enlisted veterans left on veteran's furlough.

June 9th. Several guerilla bands infested the neighborhood of Pine Bluff and mostly across the river. Co.'s K and F on a scout took four prisoners, when on the 6th, 35 cavalry men, hunting cattle, had been surprised and had lost two killed, three wounded, three prisoners. This skirmish happened at Water's plantation.

Lt. McCarty also took two prisoners on a short scout in same neighborhood on June 7th.

The 7th Mo. detail behaved badly when surprised. It consisted altogether of new recruits.

Of the six men captured, four returned to camp June 7th, reducing the loss of June 6th to two killed, two wounded, two prisoners.

June 17th. About 400 Rebs, following behind a scouting party, attacked our pickets, under Lt. Wood, Co. K, on the upper Monticello road. Lt. Wood and his 16 men fought them handsomely. It took one hour for the Rebs to reach the infantry picket posts. On the alarm, 75 of 5th Ks. turned out and skirmished three hours with the enemy, who then retreated. No loss on the Federal side, except three horses wounded.

June 24th. Being St. John's Day an invitation was sent out by the Federal Masons from Pine Bluff. About 60 Confederate Masons came to our pickets, on the Monticello road, deposited their arms with them and came to Pine Bluff and were received by the Federal Masons. All staid together, ate, drank, and feasted together until almost sunset, when the Confederate Masons took leave, picked up their arms at our picket post, and left for their camps.

June 26th. Gen. Carr, on reconnoitering, met, near Clarendon, some of Gen. Shelby's force; lost 12 killed, 35 wounded and fell back. Rebs captured gunboat No. 27.

June 27th. Gen. Carr reinforced attacked Gen. Shelby and captured three pieces of artillery.

July 1st. Bushwhackers, under Capt. Vargenne, attacked a plantation worked by contrabands, 20, up and across the river. Kill 10 negroes and wound one of 1st Indiana Cavalry, and a negro woman.

July 8th. Ten men (new recruits) of 13th Ill. Cav. on Warren road picket taken in while blackberrying and stripped naked.

July 10th. Rebs reported in force some 10 miles down the river, under Gen. Fagan, had also, July 7th, attacked a foraging detail under Maj. Walker. An expedition was ordered out, consisting of 400 cavalry, 400 infantry, and five howitzers. Started early in the morning. Enemy found in strong position at Richland. Several scouts were sent in different directions to reconnoitre. Co K and Co. A mistook each other for Rebs. A few shots were fired when mistake was found out. Towards evening 40 teams came up from Pine Bluff and were loaded with corn from a crib found hidden in the woods.

July 11th. Returned by morning.

July 12th. Corporal Lent, Co. K, buried. I suffered a sunstroke. All I could do to reach camp where steaming hot water applied to bowels relieved me.

July 15th. Co's A, E, and F, under Lt. Col. Jenkins and Maj. Walker, to Little Rock for muster out by expiration of time.

July 20th. I was ordered to take 15 of Co. K to escort the beef contract or drover across the river to bring in a lot of beeves. The darkey with the drover guided us to a swamp where we found quite a lot of cattle which we at once started for Pine Bluff. Some six miles from Pine Bluff we came upon a nice cow which the drover ordered to be driven in with the herd. Passing the next house, out came a woman and asked why we picked up her cow. She had six children, her husband was in the Confederate army and the cow was one-half their sustenance. The drover ordered the negro to drive the cow right along, when I stopped him and called the boys together for council, and we unanimously agreed to leave the cow with the woman, and so we did. The drover became hot and threatened to report me. I never minded his gab and kept on with the detail. Of course, we were reported.

July 23rd. We kept quite a force at Johnson's plantation, about 100 men and one howitzer. Had a fight with a Reb. force that day; two rebels reported killed. By evening a flag of truce came to the post proposing to make a melon patch neutral territory for both sides to gather the melons without hindrance, and it was so done. Rebs. and Feds. mingled in the melon patch and conversed. Some even sat down and had a social game.

July 24th. Sold our horses to the Government.

July 25th. Sixty men of the 5th Ks. sent out to reinforce Lt. Col. Owen of 1st Indiana Cavalry on the Johnson farm.

July 26th. Some more of Co.'s A, E, and F sent to Little Rock for muster out; time expired.

August 1st. Remnant of 5th Ks., consisting of most of six companies, ordered across the river to hold the guerillas in check. We camped at different places every night. Slept with boots and accoutrements on and horses bridled while on that service.

NOTE—After doing duty as 1st Commissary for nine months and Sergeant for so many months, I received my 1st Sergeant warrant.

August 5th. Camped in a deadening when during the night a storm came up and the big trees just fell all around and amongst us. No men, only three horses killed.

August 15th. Returned to our huts in Pine Bluff.

September 9th. Scout ordered toward Monticello to reconnoitre.

Reported that Price and Shelby were gathering forces at Dardanelles, and that 8,000 Texas Confederates were in camp near Monticello.

The 5th Ks., some 70 men of Co.'s K, G, H, and A (whose time had not yet expired) under Maj, Scudder and Lt. Jenkins, Co. G and Wood, Co. K, the two howitzers, formerly handled by Co. A, 5th Ks., and 1st Ind. and 600 men of the 13th Ill. Cav., under an old Major of the 13th Ill. Cav., being the ranking officer and in command.

Sept. 10th. (Morning.) We were ordered out with three day's rations. At 3 p. m., we camped, and were informed that we would start again at 1 a. m., and to make as little noise as possible.

Sept. 11th. We started at 1 o'clock a. m., Co. K in advance. With Co. K were a few of late Co. F, whose time had not yet expired. Co. K deployed as skirmishers on right of column. Next to me, on my right, was Trooper Brown, son of Orville C. Brown. About 3 a. m., going through some brush my carbine unhooked and fell to the ground. Trooper Brown picked it up and handed it to me.

By 4 a. m., the regiment halted and Co. K, under Lt. Wood, were ordered to proceed cautiously towards Monticello as near as possible, then return and report. Proceeding, Lt. Wood ordered me to take charge of the van with 16 men. I did and sent Sergeant Eby and a trooper sixty paces ahead as videttes and charged them to proceed slowly and look about carefully. At about 4:30 a. m., they captured a Confederate mail carrier with a saddlebag of letters. These letters contained the first information of the contemplated Price's Raid into Missouri. We rode on and at about 5:30 a. m., we stopped at a farm house where we found two barrels of apple and squash pies ready to haul to Monticello for sale to the Confederate garrison. We played havoc, as we had not eaten anything since 5 p. m. of the day before. After filling ourselves with pies, on we went. At 6:30 a. m. we came to where the road was forked, one road going down a steep hill, the other road going around, both coming together at the foot of the hill. Sergeant Eby, with his companions, had stopped at the forks, and after a short council I, with my men, took the short road down the steep hill. The main force of our small scout had taken the circuitous route, and when I with my crowd had arrived at the foot of the hill, we concluded that it was too ticklish to advance farther without closing up, so we waited for the main body. Most of us dismounted, I amongst others, when, within about 50 feet of us, just where the road went around a patch of brush, several guns were fired and ten or more Greys were seen running towards Monticello. We had struck the Confederate picket post.

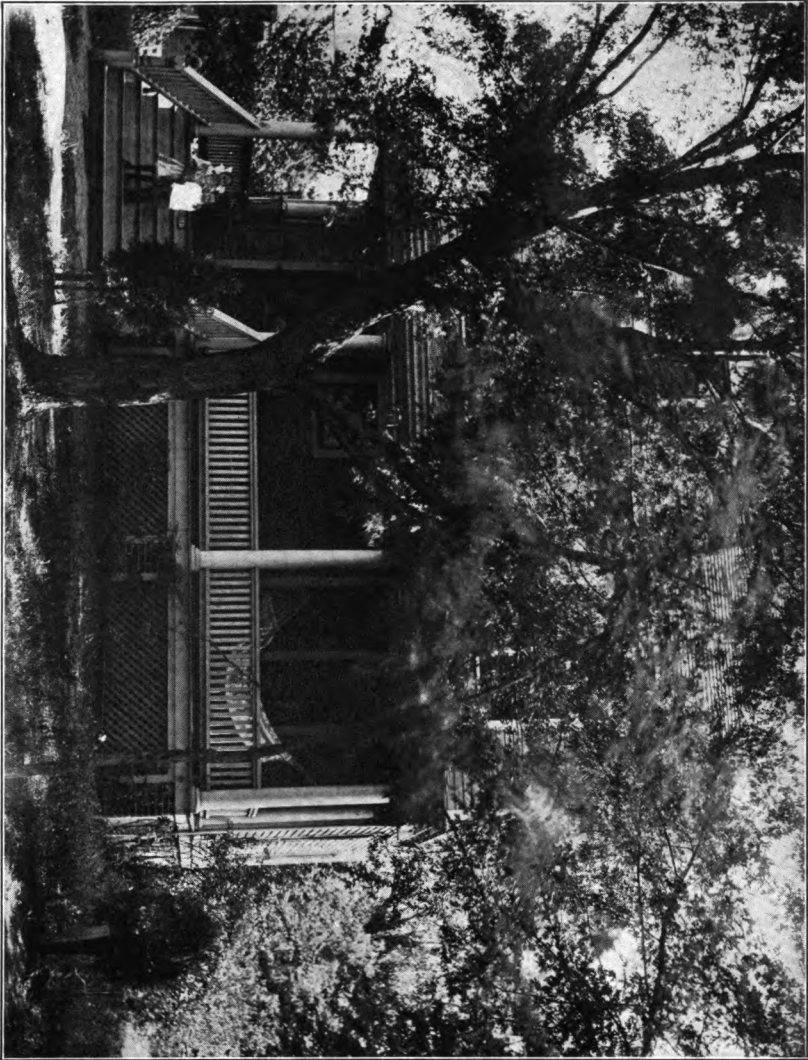
The main scout with Lt. Wood and the Lieutenant in command of the 13th Ill., galloped up. We searched along the road carefully and found the station of the Confederate picket post with a rail pen in which were several blankets and a few Belgian rifles. That picket post was in the thicket close to the road, some 50 feet from where my men had dismounted. If their attention had not been directed to the party coming the usual driveway, somebody would likely have been hurt. We were surprised that the Confederate pickets were all infantry. This came because Price had most of the horses with him preparing for his raid into Missouri. Our party did not advance; but the two lieutenants concluded to return and report. Lt. Wood was the ranking officer, yet he allowed the command to the 13th

Ill. Second Lieut., who had been but lately mustered in. We censured Wood and told him he was wronging his command in giving way to the Illinois snub. He replied that he had made a mistake, but would not now insist on commanding the scout, and that it would be altogether foolish to go farther ahead when 8,000 Confederates were within two miles. Returning, the 13th Ill. stopped at every house, but found not much loot, as the people had but little worth taking. At one house where they stopped we heard quite a fracas and Lt. Wood, Sergeant and I went in. The cause of the noise was this: The woman of the house, with her seven children, were eating breakfast—milk and corn bread—when an Ill. trooper intruded and took the milk pitcher off the table, for which the woman had stopped him, and the lieutenant had taken sides with the man and had drawn his sabre on the woman. That was just as we came in. The woman explained that her husband was in the Confederate army and milk and bread was all their provender. Lt. Wood just prevailed on the Lieutenant to return his sabre and I took the pitcher from the fellow and returned it to the table, and I further gave the 13th Ill. Lieut. to understand that he must not delay as we had to hurry to the main column with the mail carrier and his mail and report, and so it was done.

The main column picked up the other straggling party and we went Southeast, leaving Monticello on our right flank. During the day, while doing rear guard duty with Co. K, my carbine somehow was unslung and dropped to the ground. I picked it up and remarked, "If it comes down once more I will come down with it."

We of Co. K had no more to eat that day after our pie breakfast and the expedition all camped with empty stomachs. The 13th Ill. Major commanding this expedition (as he ranked Major Scudder, of the 5th Ks.,) was a German, had likely been a corporal in Germany and had served as major in another cavalry organization of which the veterans had been consolidated with the newly reconstructed 13th Ill. He had no business to roam around, but should have returned to Pine Bluff as soon as we had the information and the Confederate mail. While we all went hungry he carried a big ambulance with two negro servants along, and the smell of his victuals became a nuisance to our fellows; but we could not help it, so just rested, as the 13th Ill. provided the pickets. The Confederates becoming thick in our front, the Major of the 13th commanded return march to Pine Bluff.

Eight o'clock a. m., our advance guard, under Ed. Jenkins, Lieut. of the 5th, had a skirmish with a small body of Confederates. One of their officers, a lieutenant, was seriously wounded, left in the field and cared for by the surgeon of the 13th. We hurried forward. By 9 a. m., the enemy appeared in force and we formed in line of battle at what is called the Monticello Cross Roads, 10 miles Southwest of Pine Bluff. Our main body formed on the right and on the left of the road on either side of the howitzers. Ed. Jenkins, with about 80 men, partly 13th partly 5th (about 10) on our extreme left, the 13th, 600 strong, in the center, on the right the howitzers and remainder of the 5th. 64 or 65 men on the extreme right commanded by Maj. Scudder and Lt. Wood. Our position was in an old field of about 800 acres. At the first Confederate volley nearly all of the 13th started to flee and with them the two who carried the howitzers' primers. Sergeant Maj. John W. Denton was killed, Bugler Parker shot



**THE HOME OF MR. SIGMUND STIEFEL**  
**Salina, Kansas**





through the knee. Our boys became shaky. Troopers Hudson and Cooper of Co. K, rode into a little draw pretending to fix their bridles. I ordered them back into line. Just as I had done so Maj. Scudder rode up and gave this order to me: "Sergeant, steady the boys; hold them till we have saved the guns." He took Lt. Wood along to help limber up. During the increasing fire of the enemy I steadied the boys before the howitzers. A bullet hit me in the left thigh. I kept on, however, in front of the boys, riding up and down, watching every man and reined up on right flank and turned my horse to left.

The guns were limbered up and commenced to move. Major Scudder galloped over to Lieut. Jenkins and ordered him to fall back towards Pine Bluff, then came up to me and ordered: "Fours right, forward, march." As he rode up I was hit in the scrotum, and just as my horse turned I was hit on the belt plate and knocked off my horse. On the ground I handed my carbine to Sergeant Eby, while two boys, without dismounting, raised me behind Trooper Weil, of Co. I. I then unbuckled my pistol and handed it to one of the boys, and the pain becoming unbearable, I begged to be dropped, and Weil dropped me by a log. Soon I heard a voice of command, "Halt, a wounded Yank, Colonel," was the cry. Confederate Col. Patterson stepped up and asked me: name, rank and regiment. I made a motion like choking first, then like suffering from shortness of breath and then with sore bowels. The shot which hit my belt plate had bruised me all over the bowels and speaking pained me badly. Col. Patterson took down my name, rank and regiment and at my request the men undressed me and put my clothes under my head. I was informed that they would leave me but would see that I was cared for. They said Kansas is all right, we have always treated one another white. If the Arkansas foot cavalry had got hold of you it would have been different. Col. Patterson, leaving me, gave me a peculiar grip and assured me that I would be cared for. One of them asked me whether I would not prefer to be home. I answered, "Would not you?" Some one said, "The Yank. is right." After exchanging a few more questions and answers I was left by the main crowd. Then some stragglers passed by. One asked me for my money. I answered, "I need it more than you do," and he left. Then came another and tried to remove my boots from under my head, when the Lt. commanding the rear guard kicked him off, saying, "Damn you, you have good enough shoes." The men were all dressed in good grey uniforms, mostly all infantry. Price had taken all available horses to Dardanelles preparing for his raid, and the way that I had spread and lined up my 62 men made them believe that we were masking the howitzers, else they had charged right up. They had flanked some of the 13th fugitives, and had made some 80 prisoners. I lay in the open, in the hot sun from the time the Confederates had left me; my tongue was parched. I bit a piece of the skin off my right thumb and was about to faint, when some hogs came around and I braced up, well knowing that if I should faint I would be a goner. The sun was sinking. Not a sound of a human being had I heard since the Confederate Lieutenant had kicked the marauder away from my boots. It became dusk. After sunset I was afraid that if obliged to remain all night where I was I might faint and then become the prey of the hogs. I tried to hollow but failed, my bowels were so sore. I could not walk and just as I tried to slide along snake-like, something white seemed to shine

through the weeds and brush. I gave a faint cry and I heard some one say: "Here he is," and immediately after an old man appeared on foot, accompanied by a young man on a white pony. They told me they had been informed that some dead and desperately wounded Yankees were around on the morning's battlefield. They had fenced in the dead to keep the hogs from them, and then had searched for me. The old man told me he had two sons in the Confederate army, the younger was a lieutenant home on sick furlough and still very weak. When the old man assisted me up, he gave me a grip, peculiar, like Col. Patterson's which I afterwards found out to be a CcM. grip. The young man steadied me, and at last they succeeded in landing me in the saddle and began to travel with me; the pony following the road and my two rescuers walking one on each side of me and holding me in the saddle, stirrups buckled high, and so we proceeded to the home of the old man, (whose name was Evans), 10 miles distant. After traveling about five miles we passed a small pond and the young man, at my suggestion, dipped some water with his hat and gave me a few swallows. I fainted but soon recovered and we reached Mr. Evans' house about midnight. They stripped me naked, laid me on the porch and, at my request, dashed a few buckets of water over me, washed me clean, gave me a clean shirt and some cotton cloth of which I made needed bandages, then I drank a quart of fresh buttermilk and began to rest quite easy; but no sleep. An hour after sun up a neighbor lady called around and asked me if I cared for chicken broth, she would kill a hen for me. Her husband was in the Confederate army, but the 5th Ks., while on their scouts had always acted like gentlemen. I thanked her and said buttermilk was good enough.

Sept. 15th. About 10 a. m., the flag of truce, with the surgeon of the 28th Wisconsin and a detail to bury the dead, came after me. I gave to my host, Evans, my boots and the \$5 bill I had in my wallet, and to his boy (about 11 years old) my pocket knife. The trip to Pine Bluff over the corduroy roads was not a very agreeable ride. About 3 p. m., I arrived at the Post Hospital and was placed in a cot next to a 13th Illinois trooper, who had his knee cap shot away in the same action in which I was wounded, also he had dysentery. He died Sept. 15th. No surgeon appeared, and I sent for our regimental surgeon, Ponto, who told me that the surgeon of my ward was absent, that he could not attend any patient outside of his ward. I begged him to see that I be furnished with a brand new sponge, that I would not use the one furnished, as old sponges spread gangrene. He had me furnished with a new sponge and clean bandages and I dressed my wounds as best I could. I was also given an oil cloth under my sheet and a mosquito bar, the fly pest was terrible. My cot was by an east window.

Sept. 16th. A citizen contract surgeon came around by 1 p. m., examined me and dressed my wounds, and I had my nurse, one of the 6th Minnesota, pick out several maggots.

Sept. 17th. Brigade General Surgeon Mills, from Little Rock, came around inspecting the hospitals; he examined me and to my question, "Tell me the truth, Dr., will I get well?" he replied, "Damn you, this will not kill you," and prescribed two big doses of epsom to be taken 24 hours apart. Sergeant Eby came in the afternoon and having received permission, I requested that some one furnish me daily one pone cornbread, one

quart buttermilk, but that I had no money; some of the boys to advance me some money till I could repay. John Pattee, of Co. K, visited me within a half hour and offered to advance me all needed funds and on my account he gave \$5.00 to Sergeant Eby to provide what I wished.

Sept. 18th. The epsom salts physicked me badly and caused my anus to bother me by protruding, which afterwards produced piles. I became quite lousy and had my hair cropped close for 25 cents.

Sept. 20th. I was getting along reasonably well, but slept very little, yet refused morphine. My 6th Minnesota nurse looked sad that morning. I asked him what was the matter and he said, "I guess as you are so still and give us so little trouble, you can hear bad news. The doctor told me that the gangrene had set in in the wound in your scrotum, and you cannot survive." I replied, "As God wills, but I think I shall recover." The Chaplain of the 28th Wisconsin brought me some pictorial papers, and I wrote a few lines to my people which I mailed.

Sept. 25th. I became stronger and began to rest nights and was able to hunt and pick the maggots which infested me and as it seemed that I was becoming somewhat costive, the Dr. prescribed one pint of sorghum daily which with the corn bread and quart of buttermilk I received daily contributed greatly to my recovery.

I must tell here of a visit from Lieut. Hadden on the 13th of Sept. I had not yet recovered my speech. His business with me was only to find out from me whether I could remember having issued an order for three pairs of socks, as he was that much short in his clothing chest. He had been in the smallpox hospital for six weeks and I had taken care of the clothing chest during that time, as I generally had done for two years. He had me relieved from duty from that date, so I lost 1st sergeant pay from that date. Major Scudder desired and recommended me for appointment as Sergeant Major in place of Denton, but Adjutant Murphy objected, as he could not afford to have a Sergeant Major sick in the hospital.

Nov. 10th. About this date I was sufficiently recovered to make the trip north to Leavenworth for final discharge by expiration of term of enlistment. Most of Co. H and Co. K went in charge of Capt. Thompson of Co. H. I traveled by ambulance to Little Rock and thence, Oct. 13th, by railroad to Duval's Bluff, thence by steamer to Memphis, two days. As I could not, with my sore limbs, lie on deck on empty gunnies, I hired cabin passage and paid \$40 to Memphis, where we arrived Nov. 15th and had all day till evening. We boarded a packet for St. Louis and paid \$45 for cabin passage. We reached St. Louis Nov. 18th. I had taken along to wait on me the black boy, Ed., who had so faithfully saved the blankets, etc., belonging to Mess No. 4 at the Battle of Pine Bluff, and he traveled in my place on deck, feeding on my rations. Arrived at St. Louis I hunted up a suppository to ease my scrotum, then started to find Herman Wiener, who gave me a good dinner and a white shirt, then returned to the boys. In the evening we took boat to Hannibal where we landed Nov. 19th, and left, with the Hannibal and St. Joseph, for St. Joseph.

Nov. 20th. We arrived at 4 a. m., and left by boat for Leavenworth. Arriving at 2 p. m., I went immediately to the city where I found my brother-in-law, Mike Einstein, staid with him two days, then hired a buggy and with the boy, Ed., started for Greeley, where we arrived Nov. 24 and next day, Nov. 25th, hitched up to return to Leavenworth. When driving

up to our place, at about 3 p. m., my mother and Rosa were in the stockyard and as soon as the child saw me she hollowed, "The good papa is come," and jumped into my arms; then my mother and my father hugged me; my wife being absent at a neighbor's funeral, whence she returned by 5 p. m., and we were a reunited, happy family, after three years' separation.

In the morning, I being still quite weak, my wife hitched up a team and we started for Leavenworth, leaving Ed. at home to do the chores. We reached Leavenworth on the 27th and stopped with our sister-in-law, Carrie Einstein. My brother-in-law, George Einstein, was in New Mexico.

December 1st. Discharged, mustered out and informed there was no money on hand to pay us. The same game had been played with the 1st detachment of the 5th Ks., mustered out in the beginning of August, but they threatened to roll out the paymaster's safe, so were paid off. We were so few, about 100 or so, only, and could but submit. Then ex-Paymaster Sleeper came to me and offered to pay the boys of Co. K at 10% discount. The First Natural Bank of Leavenworth made a like offer to Co. H boys and we accepted, and Dec. 3rd we, Co. K, were paid off, less 10% in the paymaster's office in Ft. Leavenworth, all leaving our discharges with the paymaster to be mailed to us after the Government had paid Sleeper. We could not help ourselves. No railroads and winter on hand, none nearer than I to the Ft. Leavenworth, most in South Kansas and Iowa and Northeast Missouri. We received our discharges by February 1st. I paid to John Pattee \$96.00 he had advanced to me.

Dec. 5th. Left Leavenworth and arrived home with a blizzard at 8 p. m., Dec. 7th.

## CHAPTER X

1865—HOME AGAIN.

The farm had been well taken care of. I found six horses, 45 head of cattle and about a dozen hogs.

My mother had traded the town lots for the 80 adjoining, so father owned a quarter section. I did not find, in my judgment, feed enough, so I fed the stock well, intending to turn them out by Feb. 1st.

I continued very weak and as I began to work, the piles caused by the epsom doses became worse and most of the time I lay on my back resting. By spring, 1865, I started a small business in Greeley; was not very successful. In June, 1865, I sold the farm for \$1,500 and stock, etc., for \$1,000 and moved to Leavenworth and started a grocery store, corner of 5th and Osage. For a few months business was encouraging. During the holidays of autumn, 1865, I went to worship in the Temple at Leavenworth, first for many years.

My eldest child, Rosa, went to a German private school. My second daughter, Lina Helene, was born Nov. 27th, 1865.

I was initiated E. A. by Delphian Lodge U. D., A. F. & A. M., at Garnett, Kan., May 18, 1865. Passed to F. C., June 7th, 1865, and made M. M. July 20, 1865. I was really raised to this degree on my birthday, as it was nearly midnight before I was started in, and finished at 1:30 o'clock a. m., of July 21, 1865.

One day as I was standing before my store in Leavenworth, an Indian dressed in U. S. uniform accosted me. "How, me Pohuishema," he was the Shawnee with whom I had traded horses in January, 1861, on the Taway Reserve. He entered at my invitation and bought some canned fruit and tobacco, promising to pay at pay-day of the 15th Kansas, which had a company of Indians. Shortly afterwards a whole troop of Indians came on and from that time till pay-day I sold to those Indians some \$300 worth of canned goods and tobacco, keeping account and charging to the respective Mess Sergeants. In the afternoon of pay-day they came and settled and I sold them about \$100 worth more to take along on the journey to the Indian Territory.

I did a similar business with the 2nd Kansas (colored), after two of the regiment had recognized me as their host of Dec., 1860, when they stopped at our cabin on the road to Lawrence, fugitives from Missouri slavery. I sold \$200 worth to that Regiment on tick. They paid all, after receiving their pay.

## CHAPTER XI

### 1866—SET OUT FOR SALINA.

Business became extremely dull. In January, 1866, I had taken a severe cold. I delivered my goods to purchasers, often packing 50 to 75 lbs. for ten blocks. I suffered with congested lungs. Staid indoors on the couch and recovered within a week. By April I had gained strength and felt good and stout; and in May we concluded to quit Leavenworth and go some place West or South. I closed out July 1st, just keeping two rooms of the house, and bought a pony for \$35 and started South. When 18 miles from Leavenworth, making a dinner halt, the pony broke loose and I returned on foot to town. Bought another pony for \$40 to start out West. Some Indian had brought back my first pony and I had traded it to a rectifier, Aufrecht, a Hungarian, for a barrel of whisky, worth \$102. It had turned out to be a good work animal. I started for Salina on horse-back.

July 16th. I camped out every night; fed my pony grass and about 10 cents worth of corn daily, purchasing it and provisions in the hamlets through which I passed. I was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes in the Vermillion River bottoms. Stopped once over night with a half-breed, Trembleur, near Louisville, stopped at Louisville with an acquaintance, Schuler, with whom I left my military overcoat and kept on for Salina. On this trip I generally started at earliest dawn, then stopped at about 10 a. m., in a shady place, near a well, and rested and grazed my pony to 4 p. m., when I resumed my journey, traveling on till 10 or 11 p. m., then lay down on the prairie alone; always traveling with canteen full of water, never using coffee.

July 22nd, 6 o'clock a. m., I reached Salina, bought a lot and shanty (where the U. S. post office stands now, 1904), paying \$60 down, then returned to Leavenworth, where I arrived July 25th at 9 p. m., footing the last 40 miles, as my pony had lamed itself climbing over some rocky hill in Jefferson County. I bought goods, hired one David Churchman for clerk and started with two 6-horse teams for Salina July 31st, at 6 a. m. Reached Salina Aug. 6, paid the remainder due on my lot and shanty and started business.

Grasshoppers were plentiful, but did not injure anything. October I sold my lot and the shanty to one Hewitt and rented a shanty on St. Fe Ave. The shanty had been used for a school house, and at this date, April 28th, 1904, exists yet, back of the store of the Sherrin Bros.

I did a smashing good business; had on Dec. 31, 1866, made \$1,500 clear. My child, Lina, had died August 27, 1866, of infantile cholera and Ella (Eleonora) was born Dec. 14, 1866. My brothers-in-law, Mike and George Einstein, proposed that by spring of 1867 I should enter into partnership with Mike in general merchandise, and if I agreed, should prepare for it by renting a good store, etc. I bought residence lots where the Cath-

olic parsonage is now and refusing an offer of John Sherrin's to buy me out I contracted with Col. Phillips for lease of a store room close by, where I kept. I had vastly preferred to sell out and with the money earned go to farming, but my brothers-in-law insisted differently. My dwelling house was started, also the new store house I had contracted to lease, and about the 10th of February I went to Leavenworth to settle the particulars. As I arrived at my folks I found my Ella and Katie Eberhardt on a bed side by side. Katie nearest to me and believing it was Ella, I picked her up and hugged her, when my wife came in and explained my mistake. When I saw Mike he backed clean out and I was well aware that I was in the soup. I had missed the chances of selling out to advantage, had put all my spare cash into my dwelling house, etc., but there was no help. At this time I received \$3,000 from my sister with request to invest it so she would find a home for herself and husband if circumstances should change and they be obliged to look for a place of rest in old days. My brother-in-law, Emanuel Bondi, was broker at the Vienna Exchange. I bought some goods and returned to Salina, bought 160 acres, where I afterwards farmed in my sister's name, I holding her power of attorney, also some lots in Salina.



## CHAPTER XII

### BECOME A FARMER.

May, 1867. My house was done, my family arrived. I put up the first big swing in town and my wife and mother invited all the girl children of Rose's age to a party, the first children's party in Salina. Very high water. Keen competition. Business went from bad to worse. I made some money in poultry, hides, etc., but not enough to keep my head above water. I was nominated for County Treasurer in a mass convention, but as I refused to commit myself to support the balance of the ticket my nomination was reconsidered, when one Amrine beat me six votes and was nominated. I ran independent but utterly refused to put up anything and was beaten 40 votes by S. Amrine, who from the start had put up a barrel of whiskey in his cellar.

I had put up a log cabin on the place bought in February of one Cutler and had a tenant, Waller, who had broken 10 acres additional to the five acres of old ground and had raised a crop of potatoes and corn which I had given him. I had also bought 40 acres joining from the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

In March I went into bankruptcy. Bought two yoke of cattle and a mule and started to break the 40 acres, camping out May and June in a ravine near the river, going home to Salina every Saturday p. m. and returning Sunday p. m.

The old ground I had rented to the same tenant, one Waller, formerly of 2nd Col. Vol., at one-third for corn and potatoes. I happened to be home when Isadore was born Wednesday, April 29th, 1868. I sold my dwelling in June for \$900 and immediately began to build on the farm, to which we moved late in August and I commenced to make hay at once. My stock then consisted of three cows, three calves and two mules.

My father, Herz Emanuel Bondi died Jom-Kipur evening after the holiday had ended at 9 p. m., Sept. 26th, 1868, 11th Tishri, Saturday night, of old age, near 78 years old by the records, likely as not two years older. He had gradually become weaker for the last three months and his mind was clouded half the time; but he read the German newspaper 24 hours before he died and without spectacles. Sunday morning I sent my tenant to Salina for a coffin, to Ed. Lotz. He returned at noon. My neighbors, old soldiers, John Falk, Fred Blan and Boniface Glahn dug a grave near the house and my father's remains were there buried till May, 1876, when I removed the same to my lot in Gypsum Hill Cemetery. My father had been very active all his life and a good, exemplary husband and father and grandfather. May my children remember me as affectionately as I remember him. I have at all times tried my best to behave respectfully and kindly toward my father and as I honored my parents my children honor me and their children will requite to them their exemplary behavior towards me and my deceased wife.

During the winter of 1868-69 we had two buffalo hams and some beef heads for meat. We lived on the money realized by hauling firewood to Salina.

1869, Jan. 2nd. I went with some neighbors to Mule Creek in Ellsworth County, to get posts; staid ten days and returned with 85 good oak and walnut posts. I had before in the spring of 1868 found 500 oak and walnut posts in a drift in Kaintuck Creek and gave one half to a neighbor, R. S. Champlin, who furnished the team to haul them. While I was gone to Mule Creek our milch cow strayed and my wife, with a neighbor woman, who had her cow strayed, waded the river twice and brought back the cow. My dear wife was not afraid of any of the trials of pioneer life. Mother and wife and I decided to raise some vegetables in the spring to get the cash for the necessary provisions. I picked my potatoes over, reserved some of the very best for seed and March, 1869, loaded 50 bushels of good, large peach blows for a trip to Ft. Harker, where I sold them for \$45 and having camped out on the trip, brought the whole amount home and invested \$8 in garden seeds. Brought the first radishes, etc., to Salina and on my cold frame raised lots of plants, furnishing early cabbage and tomatoes. Sold my first lot of early Yorks at \$3.00 per dozen. My tenant had put in seven acres of fall wheat for one-third share to him, I furnishing everything. I put in six acres of spring wheat; paid \$2 per bushel for seed. Raised a fine crop of wheat, had 15 acres of fine corn which was totally destroyed by a hail storm July 17, 1869, while in roasting ears. We made out the best we could through the year following with the proceeds of the fall wheat I had raised; but another streak of bad luck happened to me. I had traded my big mule to a Texas herder for a good mare and some cows, and had bought a lot of cows with money borrowed, when a few days after I had all but two cows stolen by Texas herders and driven to the railroad and shipped. I put in some fall wheat in the fall of '69 by hand. The dry weather froze it out. Expecting the passage of a herd law, I built a 40-acre pasture. In 1870 I raised quite a crop of oats and corn.

Emma Jettel had been born Dec. 17th, of 1869, so we had four children, Rosa, Ella, Isidor and Emma. From the first school day in the fall of 1869 Rosa went to school every day to School District No. 6, of which I had been elected clerk. Selection of teachers devolving on me I did the best I could and the school of School District No. 6 kept flourishing. I worked steadily, my wife and mother did likewise, and we lived within our means and contented. In the winter of '70-'71, I traded 31 acres across the river for 16 acres in bottom adjoining.

The winter of 1871-72 is memorable on account of the thousands of Texas cattle brought in to be wintered, and the fearful winter, the coldest ever experienced here. On the 14th of November in a blizzard eight men froze to death in Saline County and 2,000 cattle lay down and thousands more were so weak that they died before spring, 1872. Nation Bros. had 8,000 head die, the provisions for winter feeding being so inadequate. About Dec. 1st some 200 head of starving cattle broke into my fodder field and trying to drive them out I had quite an experience, as a cow went for me. I shot her with my army pistol, but she kept on, threw me into a bush and pinned me there. I kept on shooting and she left and drove a neighbor out of his field, but died crossing the river at Caryness. Many people were impoverished by trying to keep more cattle than they had feed for. The

day after my adventure with that cow, I hired three neighbors and we hauled 15 acres of stock corn that day to save it from the starving herds.

The pistol with which I shot that cow has a little history. It was an army revolver and had been given me by my old chum, John Christian Fisher, May, 1867, when he visited me. He had carried it through the war. He had been regular bugler of the 5th Iowa Cavalry. He died at Ft. Smith in St. John's Hospital of pneumonia in the 80's, I think 1887.

In 1871 I had a good corn, a good wheat and a fine potato crop. I must go back to 1871 now for some important events: Hermine Esther was born Feb. 21, 1871. In December the glands in my neck began to swell, diagnosed as blood poisoning resulting from my wounds. My neck and throat swelled to double size. I became bed-ridden with the tumor Feb., 1872. My wife and mother had a hard time. The neighbors had to assist in feeding the cattle and provide wood. I had at this time a good span of horses, a colt and about 30 head of cattle and a goodly number of hogs.

In April, 1872, I was unanimously—only three votes not cast for me, none against me—elected Township Trustee by the work of love of some comrades, as they claimed, to give me the means to hire the labor done which I could not perform. I recovered slowly and by June 1st had Townships 15-2 and 15-3 assessed.

I raised good crops of everything this year, and was in September nominated clerk of the district court on the Democratic ticket, then called Liberal Republican ticket—thence put on the Independent ticket and was elected with 200 majority.

I had put in 20 acres of fall wheat that fall and left my family tolerably well provided for and with the hired hand, when in January, 1873, I started on my duties as clerk of the district court. March 5th, 1873, Hart Emanuel was born. Again good crops of oats, wheat and potatoes this year also. August, 1873, my brother-in-law, Emanuel Bondi, arrived from Vienna. As he came he gave me his funds uncounted and we started to build a big house, so that if my sister should live with us we would have plenty of room. She arrived in October. My brother-in-law, Emanuel, became sick with a cancerous tumor in his bowels and died March 8th, 1874. Buried in Gypsum Hill Cemetery.

The grasshoppers in 1874 destroyed the corn crop of Western Kansas. I raised that year 1100 bushels of fall wheat, nearly 1000 bushels of oats. The grasshoppers also destroyed the crop of 100 peach trees; we gathered only about four bushels, and the trees died. The Republicans desired to renominate me for the office I held but I refused, as I considered it dishonorable to be nominated and elected on a Democratic or Independent ticket one term and count Republican support for the next.

I had been initiated Odd Fellow March, 1874.

Lillian Jochetel was born October 8, 1874.

1875

I raised good crops of corn and wheat. In July, I think July 2d, helping a neighbor, Bonapart Bohn, harvest, I was attacked by two dogs and badly used up and was six months getting over it. My sister, all at once, in the winter of 1875-76, became very quarrelsome and insisted that I refund to her the cost of the new house and other moneys my brother-in-law

had at divers times given to me with the understanding that I should keep all, but take care of the couple all their lives and provide for them in a will. My sister needed nothing while with me, as I provided even extravagant wishes, and besides she had \$35,000 7% U. S. bonds. I settled with her. She gave me deeds. I mortgaged the place for \$1,500 as a first mortgage and \$1,500 to her a second mortgage, and she started May, 1876, for St. Louis where she fell into the hands of female knaves who flattered her out of some \$10,000. Then she traveled for eighteen months all over the world and at last was beggared by a swindle real estate deal in which she lost her last \$10,000.

## 1876

The big cyclone of June 16, 1876, destroyed my wheat crop, but my corn being small, made me yet a fine crop. My out houses were blown away and my dwelling badly injured.

July 16th, 1876, Lydia Gertrude was born. In September, 1876, I was nominated Probate Judge in the Republican convention and elected without opposition.

A few days after the nomination I loaded hay and by a small cyclone was blown off the load with my fork behind the horses, and they kicked two ribs into my lungs. I was confined to bed six weeks; a very close call.

## CHAPTER XIII

### 1877—REMOVED TO SALINA

I bought a house in town from the proceeds of my stock sale and moved into it April, 1877, and rented the farm. The office did not pay well and I defaulted interest and the U. S. Marshal sold the place. I tried to sell the farm for the mortgages, but \$3,000 being the highest offer and my sister refusing to take less than the entire amount due her, I had to let it slide.

1878. In the fall I was renominated, but lost the election, beaten by the Prohibition candidate.

Sept., 1878, I became a Royal Arch Mason. In the spring of 1879 I was elected Police Judge and worked life insurance for the Mutual Life of New Jersey.

Feb. 23, 1879, Josephine Sophia was born. My wife was quite sick. Mrs. Gradwohl took fine care of her and the baby and they pulled through.

In May, of 1878, I was appointed Register's Clerk in the U. S. Land Office, which position I kept till the Register, T. L. Bond, had finished his term to July 1st, 1880. I was re-elected Police Judge in 1881 and again in 1883, but never with a larger majority than 10 votes. In August, of 1882, I became active in the Democratic party, the Anti-Papal League, and assisted G. W. Glick to carry the county and state. My eldest boy, Isidor, helped to print the tickets on an old hand press. He worked once from 9 a. m., to 11 p. m., without stopping longer than five minutes for dinner and five minutes for supper.

In 1884 I was appointed on the State Board of Trustees of Charitable Institutions. In July and August, 1884, I collected \$4,000 for the Democratic campaign. In the fall of 1884 the Republicans—Hallowell, U. S. District Attorney; E. L. Norton, Justice of the Peace of Salina, and a few other Republicans, all dead at this time—had me indicted for a violation of the Pension Laws. The case was dismissed after Cleveland's election.

1884. My eldest daughter, Rosalia Rebecca, left Salina for Chicago to stay with my brother-in-law, George Einstein. June 29, 1884, she was married to Jacob Boweer at Chicago in the house of her uncle, George Einstein.

I worried along the best I could, earned about \$50 per month on an average. Gave to my children as good an education as I knew how. The boys working out in the country during vacation; but always took care that all my children should have as good a time as possible while with their parents. My eldest grandchild, Sarah Bower, was born in Mattoon April 14th, 1885. To realize pledges I refused appointments of Register of the U. S. Land Office and of Post Master, and at my instance S. M. Palmer was appointed to the one office and N. F. Carroll to the other. Refused re-election as Police Judge. In 1886 I started my son, Isidor, into the carpenter and builders' trade, paid for his instruction in drawing and for sev-

eral years sent him to the Normal Business College during winter. My children kept growing and in general excellent health. Ella had gone to Mattoon with Rosa in July, 1885, and Minnie had gone clerking. Hart and Isidor had worked steadily at farm labor during the summer. I saved Isidor's money for him. Hart and Minnie gave me their earnings to assist the family. Isidor earned \$1.75 per day in October and November, 1886, for himself, as his boss, George Krueger, had refused to continue him longer as apprentice, as he had made his shop "closed union."

March, 1887, Isidor went to Lewes & Breese to work as apprentice for them at \$1.00 per day during the working season. Every winter he went to the Normal Business course at my expense. He had purchased also a good  $\frac{1}{2}$  pony for \$60 with his savings, as his first pony had died. My wife visited every summer in Mattoon. I had started in the loan business in 1886 and with my insurance I made a living, assisted by Minnie and Hart and off and on by Isidor. I had mortgaged my house for \$350 to pay a few debts and enlarge it. Isidor helped fix it up in the spring of 1887. During the winter of 1887-88 and spring of '89 Hart went to the Wesleyan University and writing school; studied playing baseball more than anything else. In March, 1889, he hired to Rothschild Bros. as driver and chore-boy. Isidor had finished apprenticeship and started to Portland, Oregon, April 1st. We were all broken up when he parted from us, but he had to leave, as prospects here in Salina were nil. My dear mother died of pneumonia August 19th, 1889.

Ethele Carney Bower had been born Dec. 18, 1886, and Albert Abraham Bower, March 30th, 1889. Isidor gave splendid accounts of himself. Earned the first month in Portland over \$100. The spring of 1890 I apprenticed Hart in the Enterprise Machine Works. He never liked the society nor the job. He returned home in the fall and went to the Normal Business College two terms, Isidor advancing the money, and in March, 1891, he left for Portland. Emma went with her brother, Isidor, to the World's Fair in 1894. Isidor spent from March to December, 1894, at the World's Fair and visiting relatives and friends, staid three months with us in Salina.

My second daughter, Eleanor Shedel, married to Frank M. Schulhoff at Mattoon, Ill., Jan. 15, 1893.

I had been appointed Post Master of Salina March, 1894.

Fannie Florence Schulhoff born Aug. 20, 1893, a seven-month's child. Hermine (Minnie), my fourth daughter, married to Sigmond Stiefel, Jan. 22, 1896. I was removed from Post Office Aug. 1st, 1897. I had worked too hard for Democratic victory in 1896. My expense of \$1,200 in the campaign from first to last carried the county by 625 majority. The Post Office employes presented me with a gold headed cane.

In May, of 1896, at Prague, Bohemia, my Aunt Fanny Frankle died a few days after her 90th anniversary. The last of my dear mother's family contemporaries.

My dear wife went to eternal rest August 24th, 1900. August 10 had been her last well day. She had been to the circus with the grandchildren, Sarah and Ethel. I did not go with them, as it was the anniversary of the Wilson's Creek Battle where so many of my friends of the early 50's and a few of the Vienna Legion sacrificed their lives to uphold the Stars and Stripes. She was taken with heart trouble that evening and remained an

invalid more or less till she suddenly expired at 1 o'clock a. m., August 24th, 1900.

I have been fortunate in my life to be the son of so affectionate a mother and the husband of so affectionate a wife and mother. My mother and my wife worked hard to assist me in keeping our possessions together, while I was away in the front, '61-'64, and afterwards to raise such a nice family of sons and daughters.

I must not grumble, as my children continue to be a blessing to me, just as the memory of grandparents and parents will be a blessing and guiding star to them all their lives.

My third daughter, Emma Jittel, was married to Leon Sinn, Jan. 5th, 1898.

At the funeral of their mother, all my children were present. She was buried in Gypsum Hill Cemetery, August 27th, 1900, in the family lot.

In 1898 I visited my native place, Vienna, Austria, after 50 years' absence. My dear wife refused to cross the ocean, so I went alone. See the diary kept on the trip, also the newspapers supplementing the trip.

After my return from Europe we continued to live quietly. My wife and daughters, Lydia and Josephine, and myself. The three more or less frequently visiting in Mattoon and Galesburg; my daughters and sons visiting us occasionally.

After my wife's death I continued to live in the old house with Liddie and Josie, and in Jan., 1902, the Stiefel family moved over. Sigmond, having concluded to build, July, 1902, the Stiefel family moved into their own house, No. 441 S. St. Fe Ave.

I fixed up the grounds, and in 1903 I gave up housekeeping and moved to the Stiefel's.

Henrietta Stiefel was born October 27th, 1900, at Salina, Kansas.

Benedict Frankl Stiefel was born August 15th, 1903.

Regina Sophia Sinn was born at Salina June 14, 1901, 5:30 p. m.

Henrietta Martha Sinn, born at Kewanee, Henry Co., Ill., Oct. 3, 1903, 6 p. m. My son-in-law, Leon Sinn, about January, 1902, began to suffer with locomotor ataxia, had to give up his occupation as commercial traveler; staid sometime in Chicago for treatment, and in May, 1903, he and Adolf Hess opened in Kewanee, Ill., a branch of Bondi Bros. Co.

Lillian Bondi was married to Adolph Hess at Mattoon, Ill., Jan. 24, 1904, by Rabbi Emil Leipziger of Terre Haute, Indiana. I visited the Pacific Coast August and September, 1903. Met Jason Brown in San Francisco, Major S. R. Harrington, former captain of Co. K, 5th Kansas; likewise Henry Thompson in Los Angeles and Solomon Brown in Portland, Oregon. My trip extended from Aug. 6th to Sept. 15th.

1904

May 30th. I am intending to visit the St. Louis Fair in a few days.

I have not paid so much attention and time to the record of my life right through as I have to the items referring to my activity in connection with the Revolution of '48, with the Free State cause in Kansas, '55, '56, '57,

and with the Federal army, '61 to '64. Always devoted to the labor for Free Popular Government. I do not regret a single step or instance in my long life to further and to assist the realization of my devout wishes that tyranny and despotism may perish, and bigotry and fanaticism may be wiped from the face of the earth.

Never orthodox but a consistent Jew nevertheless; I believed in the continuance and upholding of all the ceremonial laws. Shableos, purim, chanuka, pesach and all holy days as symbolic manifestations of the Creator and the creation.

Nearing 71 years of age, I have but the desire to see my two boys and my two yet single girls well married. I often feel superfluous, having, since the death of my dear consort, no human being depending on my solicitude as she had been. My children are all amply able to care for themselves. Hating to rust out I keep on busy with Democratic politics trying my best to end the reign of Republican boodlers.

It is my wish that when I shall pass into the great Beyond, my funeral shall be plain. No flowers, no cards, a cheap coffin which should not exceed \$10.00. My pall-bearers should consist of my sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons—as many as can be present; Grand Lodge to be requested for dispensation, and of Masonic brethren. If not enough of the above can be present, my children may employ a Rabbi, such services to be held at the Masonic Temple. The funeral rites at the grave to be Masonic, in charge of Salina Lodge, No. 60, A. F. & A. M. Kaddish to be said by my children at the grave after the Masonic burial service. During the burial service I wish that mention be made of my being in the front March 13th, 1848; likewise in Kansas in 1856, actively participated June 2nd and August 30th, 1856, at Blackjack and Osawatomie and did my full duty in military service of the U. S. for over three years, leaving the same with two ounces of lead in my body. I further wish that the usual Government tombstone be set up on a base as foot stone at my grave, with following inscription. The Government furnishes the stone inscribed:

### AUGUST BONDI

Co. K., 5TH KANSAS VOL. CAV.

To which I wish added:

#### FIRST SERGEANT OF CO. K.

At Vienna . . . . .	March 13, 1848
At Blackjack . . . . .	June 2, 1856
At Osawatomie . . . . .	Aug. 30, 1856
Left in Field, desperately wounded . . . .	Sept. 11, 1864
Discharged . . . . .	Dec. 2, 1864

My will is filed with Mackey Lodge of Perfection No. 2, yet my children do with what I leave as they think best, but I believe that the single girls should have it all. Or give \$200 of my life insurance to go to the Hebrew College—\$100 in memory of mama, and \$100 in memory of me.

That the home and lot be not sold for 10 years, as it may yet become the refuge of some of my descendants and come in good play.

It is also my wish that my pension certificate be not returned to the



Government; that Isidor take charge of my discharge. Hart of my 1st Sergeant Warrant, and Rosa, for Albert, of my pension certificate. My old dress sword to Minnie for Frankl; my gun to Albert; my pistol to Jules. The medallion picture, made about 1780, to Frank Schulhoff. It is the portrait of Eva Frankl, of Offenbach, near Frankfort, and let my children carefully divide my other old papers—they are not only curiosities, but of intrinsic value by reason of their age. Likewise my library and furniture. My Masonic ring and diplomas to Hart.



**HOME OF HART E. BONDI**  
**Galesburg, Illinois**



## CHAPTER XIV

### EUROPEAN TRIP

**ON BOARD THE WESTERLAND,  
FEBRUARY 16TH, 1898.**

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everything to enhance my comfort on the trip.

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Saturday, Feb. 12th, I visited my old schoolmate, Fred Brandeis, with Herbert Einstein for guide; B. was out attending to his lessons. Mrs. B. and her two daughters went with me to Morning and Riverside Park—Grant Mausoleum. When we returned Fred B. came in about 6 p. m., and was all upset at meeting me. Had dinner with him and promised to return the 14th inst, which I did. We went down town together and took leave of each other that 14th of February at Central N. Bank building, then bought my ticket, berth 31, on Westerland for \$46, to leave Wednesday, the 16th inst, at 12 m.

George Einstein was quite ill the evening before and had to take to bed. I took leave, reached Sol. E.'s office at 10:10 a. m. Sol, Frank, and Mr. Jacob Hessler saw me to the steamer, bade me good-bye at 11:40 a. m. Left the wharf at 12 m., sharp. Eighteen second cabin passengers, exclusive of three children. Passage altogether pleasant; was seasick three days, and on the 24th of February wetted by a rough sea. On the 27th at 6 p. m., arrived at Antwerp, tipped berth-maker \$1.50 and the waiter the same.

Stopped at Hotel Frankfort. It being first Sunday after Carnival—Mardi Gras—the petit carnival had sway. Immense crowds on the streets, singing, hollowing, whistling and joking. Thousands on the streets. All coffee houses and taverns jammed; no drunkenness.

I viewed the new depot. All taverns are more or less ornamented with old style frescoes. Here I first met the old custom of drinking sitting. No drinking while standing; no bars, except in a very few English places. Left at 10:30 for Cöln. Baggage examined at Herbisthal. The Belgian ticket seller at the depot tried to beat me out of four francs in making change.

Feb. 28. Arrived at Cöln at 6 a. m. Visited the Dorn at early mass Frühmesse, with Mr. Wolfram E. Dreifus, of N. Y., studying chemistry at Münich who acted as my guide. We had coffee at 8 a. m., at the depot when Mr. D. left for Münich. I took in the town by myself. The city of Cöln has yet a great many antique buildings and the lately erected buildings are built and ornamented to correspond to the old ones, and are mostly decorated with fine sculptures, copies of the old masters.

I tried to hunt up Leon Sinn's uncle. Found the residence of one B. Sinn in Reubens St., who was not home, so continued to view the city.

In passing, I looked into the interior of a Caserne getting ready for dinner. White tablecloths spread, water bottles and castors distributed, everything in cleanest possible style. Viewed the remaining old towers and the St. Blasius collection of antiquities, headstones, carvings in wood and ivory, also fine works in iron and brass.

Left 1:28 for Cassel. I find the Prussian R. W. employes a very courteous set, yet the entire system of treating passengers very distasteful to everybody used to the American R. R. system.

On the way from Antwerp to Cassel I began to understand the degree of development attained by the German industry. Nearly a continuous town all the way; every stack smoking, everybody busy, and as is claimed, good wages. Then every vacant place—no matter how small—is used to grow a tree. The German Forest-Culture is simply grand. Young and old forests well cared for. All hillsides—no matter how steep—in timber. Beech and spruce about equally divided, less oak. No bleak hillsides as in Pennsylvania and other states. Beech almost exclusively used for R. R. ties and their tops for charcoal and pickets. I consider this clean and prosperous condition in Germany—a 2x10 country, not as large as Texas—as most humiliating to an American. I think it would be highly beneficial if each state should send annually a few talented young men to Germany to study their system of forest-culture.

The German manner may not be altogether applicable to us, but we might improve on it. Yet it is a system with a view to greatest development; one factory—so, to say—assisting another in the export business, all keen to compete with the nations of the earth in all marts of trade.

Friend Kothe was at the depot to receive me. Supped together. I staid at the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm.

March 1st. The Kothe family received me grandly.

Viewed drilling of soldiers. It was muddy, and the men had their pants either tucked into their boots or rolled up. I have viewed drills since repeatedly. The lieutenants work very hard to make each man proficient in the presence of the Co. Captains, who are on horseback. The one-year volunteers are also on the drill grounds, instructed in company commands. All under supervision of superior officers. I saw, once, the Commanding General at Cassel hobbling around at drill. The march of the troops is an easy swinging walk. The cavalry is armed with lance, carbine, sabre and pistol. The horses are about 15½ hands high, and weigh about 900 to 1000 lbs.

The horses used for hard work are Holstein or Belgian roans. They pull immense loads.

From the moment I reached Europe I found it to be a country of large beer glasses and small coffee cups. The import duties make coffee dear and to assist the increase of income everybody drinks lots of beer and I tried to do as the Romans do while in Rome. The German beer, to my taste, is vastly preferable to the American beverage. It does not contain as much alcohol and is most likely much purer, as by the law, beer must be brewed from barley, hops and water only, all other ingredients forbidden under high penalties. I was informed that strictest purity in all foods is insisted on. Butter cannot be colored nor salted for sale.

All trees are protected by barbed wire or otherwise, from injury by dogs. Dogs in Germany are useful and yet a nuisance. Dogs are har-

nessed and work, pulling milk, vegetables and delivery carts. Fancy dogs are kept in abundance, promenaded by their male and female nurses. The tax on dogs kept as luxury has of late been increased. There is no begging in Germany; that is, no asking charity by word of mouth. Occasionally a cripple will stand or sit with his hat or a cup in his hands, but no word is spoken.

The owners of vacant town lots to prevent taxation turn them over to the community, which in turn, distributes them to the poor to raise vegetables or to graze their cows or goats thereon.

March 2nd. Visit Wilhelmshöhe, the Forest Park. Trees of a 100 years are very plenty and of all kinds; firs, spruces, oaks, sycamores, beeches, etc. Seven inches of snow on the height—Hercules Temple—none below.

Passed Die Kriegschule where the officers are instructed in handling men. Received information as to street car travel in Germany. Every car has a placard notifying the public as to how many are allowed to stand (generally four) and no conductor can take in a passenger if the car is filled, as per notice. I was also informed of the Prussian or German system of laborers' insurance. Each laborer or servant, male and female, is provided with a book on which an official collects 2 marks per month, one to be paid by the employer and one by the employee, generally the employer pays both. Payments are made by stamps which the official pastes in the book and cancels, and in case of sickness or disability the laborer receives gratuitous treatment and two marks daily. Yet in several respects Germans are far behind us in the comforts of civilization, as they have very little heating by steam or water, mostly all by stoves. In R. R. travel trunks are an unmitigated nuisance. Nearly all Germans travel in Germany with gigantic grips. Their post pack, package system, fills the place of our express and is cheaper.

All railroad and post officials wear uniforms easily recognizable as to what branch they belong.

The following conversation between two commercial travelers I overheard on the train between Cöln and Cassel: The two expressed themselves in vigorous terms on the imprudence of the laboring classes, that proportionately laborers were scarce, while clerks, bookkeepers, lawyers and doctors were far above demand. That the laboring classes earning good wages would live better than formerly, better than some higher classes. One said, "My wife keeps a few hens. We cannot afford to eat the eggs, but the laborers of the town will buy them of my wife as soon as laid and eat them." And said the other, "I be Goddamned, I have to eat dry bread for lunch, and our porter has ham sandwiches every day at 10 o'clock."

As mentioned before, land here is taxed according to what it produces, as innumerable acres have been platted as additions. As soon as an addition is laid out the Commune takes possession of the streets, marks out the sidewalks and the proper places for the trees. The shade trees are all considered public property just as parks, boulevards, etc., and are watered and cared for alike. No tree is removed because it happens to stand in the center of the proposed sidewalk; instead it is carefully preserved.

Many flowers already in bloom, as "Schneeglockchen." The tender kinds of flowers, such as roses, etc., are, during the winter, laid down and covered with spruce boughs and as this covering is removed the rosebuds

are already formed. I have already seen various species of birds in the parks here, Dohle, Arnsel and one something like the Thrush. Rooks, Ravens also are plentiful.

March 3rd. Had wired to Mrs. Somper; she visited me this day; was full of anxiety for her boy in Salina. If he had only remained true to religion. I quieted her apprehensions as well as I could.

Grass already high enough to pasture. Took a walk around town; visited the Port, River Fulda, perhaps two and a half feet wider than the Smoky Hill at Salina. Walking around town I observed that the first building erected in an addition is a tavern. "Um einem lang gefühlten Bedürfnisse abzuhelfen," so no one need suffer from thirst.

Here I first experienced the meaning of old country courtesy, always taking hats off and bowing.

Visited O. Seitz birthplace, the "Old Charite." Was present at a drill of "retreat."

So far it has rained every day of my sojourn in Europe, yet the streets are not so muddy as Broadway, New York. I noticed on all old pumps a placard, "Dangerous to health," the water is used only for sprinkling and watering. I also find many florists, and flowers cheap. Viaducts, street lamps, railings, are more or less ornamented. The smallest depot is built, as it seems, to last as long as any be needed. An electric R. W. was built and the ground was prepared for it four feet deep. Rivers, creeks and even small rivulets have their beds straightened, no meandering of the same allowed.

The stations vorsteher is always on the perron (platform) at the departure of trains. No one but passengers and parties that have bought a proper ticket from a 10 pt. in the slot<sup>3</sup> machine are allowed to the perron. When the train stops, if only for a few minutes, the crowd hastens to utilize the time to swallow one beer.

The furniture is all shipped from the factories in big vans which are hauled on flat cars like our menageries. When the train is about to start, doors of the coupes are closed and as 2nd and 3rd class coupes have no toilet room the traveler is sometimes inconvenienced, for only when the train makes a three-minute stop is the door of the toilet car unlocked and then the traveler must remain there until the next station is reached. All R. R. embankments are more or less planted with spruce; if too steep, ginster, a wild, weedy shrub, grows which is used for street brooms. At every block you find a man who uses one of those brooms to sweep up all kinds of dirt, horse manure, etc., and deposits those sweepings in a hand cart; when full it is hauled to a two-horse wagon which carries its load to some lot near the city used for garden. Corner stones of cut stone are buried in the ground in a most substantial manner.

March 4th, 8:22 a. m., left Cassel for Marburg. Arrived about 11 a. m. Third class in Germany is good enough to my taste, as good as 2nd class for the day time, the only difference being cushioned seats, for which I never care. The compartments for eight travelers are locked while the train is in motion. The injunction of "No smoking," is always disregarded. I have not yet run across any lady in Europe to whom smoking is offensive. The houses of the track-walkers are not very far apart and look quite neat. At the passing of a train the train-walkers stand at "Attention." As the train stops at a station its name is never called into the

car, and only occasionally by the conductor as he reaches the perron, when the train is very long and reaches away beyond the perron. Travelers have to acquaint themselves with the names of the stations as best they can. At large stations a bellman walks ahead of and beside the incoming and outgoing trains.

I visited at Marburg Mr. Wilhelm Adalph and read a copy of the certain will in which Lotz was interested. Marburg, a town of hills and hill-sides, population 14,000, with an university of 1,000 students, is quite an ancient town; very few new buildings going up in new streets. Here I saw first the old German colors—black, red and gold—worn by students. The students look quite different from those of 50 years ago. No thread-bare coats, nor home-made shirts; all dressed dudish-like and seems to me, not nearly so polite and accommodating to ladies as their ancestors.

Long drawn names on German signs abound, as

Schlächter werzeug fabrick.  
Brillingläse Schleiferei.

At 4 p. m., left Marburg for Frankfort to return to M. on my way home. On my way to Frankfort, riding in 3rd class coupe with commercial traveler, by questioning, I received much information. I learned that Germany has no law like our mechanics' lien law; that when a contractor or owner of a building busted, material, men and laborers had to take equal chances with other creditors. I also learned the new German name for mortgage shark, "Cravatten Macher." Also I learned then first about the law then first introduced into the Reichstag to prevent the spread of sexual diseases. Country everywhere tilled garden-like. On recommendation of one, stopped at Hotel Emerick Hammerschlag from Giessen, Jewish house, where I was afterwards informed Moses Stiefel had stopped with his father.

March 5th. Being Saturday I went to the (orthodox) Synagogue; present at a "Bar Mitzna." As it happened, I witnessed three more while in Europe. Pretty nearly all seats were filled, yet to my notion entirely too much conversation during worship. The chasan and choir appeared to me excellent, so unisonous and precise. After service, a drizzling rain having set in, I found many servants with umbrellas ready to take their mistresses home. Having lost the umbrella purchased at Cassel, I bought another.

Visited Kare Rothschild's place of business. Found him absent from town. Wrote a few letters in his absence and mailed them at the "Post" which I found kept elegantly clean, spittoons and boxes for waste paper all over, also umbrella drip-pans next to writing desks in lobby. Saw the old Rothschild house, the only remnant of Frankfort's old "Jewry." Then started to visit Mr. Julius Sinn, Kaiserstrasse No. 8. Found the school boys always ready to direct. Was most royally received by Mr. Julius Sinn, Mrs. Sinn and Mrs. Wiesel, Mrs. Sinn's mother. Had dinner and supper with them and went to the theatre in their company; could not disengage myself from these clever people. The performance was "Saida." The opera house is a splendid structure, which, as I afterwards found out, all first-class structures in Europe most closely resemble.

March 6th. Not having time to stop long enough in Frankfort to visit a Chapter I visited Moritz A. Locx, orator of a Chapter of the Eclectische Bund. On my question he gave me about the following information: The



Johannite Grand Chapter does not allow subs. to confer D's on Unitarians, the Eclectische Bund does. The J. Chapter will treat visiting Jewish brethren very fraternally however, and are in friendly fraternal communication with the E. B. Chapters, but all candidates for the Degrees in an Eclectische Bund Chapter have, before initiation, to pass a favorable ballot of two Johannites Chapter and afterwards can continually visit a J. Chapter; for instance, a Berlin or Frankfort Jew petitions a Frankfort E. B. Chapter for Degrees, he is balloted in the respective E. B. Chapter and also in two Johannite Chapters, and if one such exists at his place of residence such one has to be one of the balloting Chapters. If the three ballots are favorable, he is initiated and can thereafter continually, as long as his E. B. membership lasts, visit the J. Chapter at his home and is styled a permanent visiting B. In Germany and in Austro-Hung. S. R. Chapters one year has to interfere between the several Degrees. Some never reach the M. M. D. It takes generally some 10 years' membership before a brother can be elected W. M. Russian Jews domiciled in Germany have an equal chance for membership.

Regarding Semitism, he remarked: Anti-Semitism was most rampant in places where no Jews resided; for instance, in many districts in Saxony the A. S. was called the socialism of ignorance. A farmer, to pay out his fellow heirs, mortgaged the farm descended to him. On delinquency of interest and foreclosure some Jew who has bought the respective paper of the Credit Bank, buys the farm, then rises the cry, "The Jew has ruined the farmer." So the small mechanic, who is crushed to the wall by the factories, howls similarly. Then Bismark, while no A. S. himself, from political reasons, for a time seemed to favor the A. S., and thereby assisted to make them respectable. I will hereafter in these notes return to this theme.

During my stay in Frankfort the mother of a pupil of the public schools there was arrested and fined for having called a teacher "partial" while upbraiding him for lecturing her son before the school; she had also struck the teacher at the same time. She was not punished for that. The judge fined her for using the epithet, "partial," but explained that the woman had given the slap under hysterical excitement produced by giving vent to her anger. He would fine her for the misdemeanor committed in the first stage of her anger but no further. Fine 10 marks and costs.

I find Germans generally friendly to American visitors, but dislike unnecessary mixing up of English words in a German conversation.

Frankfort citizens, like those of Cassel, are not very partial to Prussian rule, but prefer it to any other they would or could have.

Had dinner with the Sinn family. They have a fine 3-year-old girl and a nine-months-old boy. Visited Palmen Garden with the ladies in the forenoon and the Jorlogischen in the afternoon, also the Stadt Theater in the evening. I find following customs: Many clip their beards very close instead of shaving. Very many wear boots; jack in every room. As a general thing the citizens are satisfied that the junker monopolize the "Lieutenant stellan." They call the position of a military officer with the starvation salary, "Glänzendes Elend," as remuneration for hard work and the duty to take the front in case of war.

March 7th. At Gemunden in Bavaria, met the first hop-yards; acre

joining acre, poles all yet stacked in pyramidal piles. Some vineyards also, vines all pruned very low, staked  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet high.

Many farm houses in Bavaria are frames filled out with brick, covered with cement. As you advance into Catholic Germany, Friars and Nuns become very plenty. I met everywhere two or more receptacles for burned-out matches in every car. I visited the Citadelle Castle built by the peasants of the Salzburg Bishopric in the 11th century, and so far frequently beleaguered and never taken by an enemy, the Reitschule, St. Peter's Church, the Mönchsberg, its church and dwelling hewn in the rock, in the 5th century, near where the Roman Janavium had stood. Alps in the distance, white with snow, the Benedictine Abbey, where we had a good glass of wine. Saw the house where Mozart was born and lived. Salzburg's new houses, as in many places in Europe, are constructed to conform to the old buildings. Was in the theater in the evening, really a fine building for so small a place. Saw the Salza and the old bridge over it, and on the morning of the 9th of March, I visited the Mirabel garden, the Stadtgarten and the Vogelhaus. Saw peaches trained on trellises and affected with borers, as in the U.S. Salzburg is surrounded with forests and meadows. Many cattle raised and sold to the valley farmers to fatten. Game laws very strict and strictly executed. No does killed for years until 1897, when a limited number were allowed to be shot.

All R. R. superintendents in Austria carry sabres, yet show a certain good fellowship; never in a hurry. Nearly every man wears a chicken feather in his hat. Wine about 25 cts per litre. They used to consume here lots of Bohemian beer, but since the Czech excitement it is more or less tabooed by the Germans here at Salzburg.

Austrian soldiers met here for first time. I saw a battalion march with music to the drill ground. They do not march as stramm as the Prussians; wear shoes and leggins, no helmets, but czakos.

All houses here have double windows. They are mostly so wherever I have been in Europe.

B. E., or rather the firm of which he is a member, Newburger and Konstens, dealers and jobbers in silks and fancy dry goods, of München, have a branch house in S. They own a nice building and they have a big trade. They buy from manufacturers, to whom they give their orders months ahead.

Here I became acquainted with the Austrian Post Deposit System. A deposits 110 frc. in the Vienna Post O. to the credit of B in Salzburg. B then exchanges the respective certificates for 2 of 50 Cen, each to pay his debts and so on, and any Post deposit certificate costs only a fee of 6 xger each.

Here as everywhere I have been, roses and other tender plants are left out all winter but thickly covered with fir boughs which in spring are removed and buds have formed already under the winter cover. Women, even in town, wear shorter skirts than with us. Oxen draw with a neckyoke somewhat similar to those we use, but mostly with rope traces hitched to a head gear. Cattle are of a peculiar breed, called Salzburg breed, large, heavy quartered; a good yoke worth up to 1000 Thal. Goods generally sold on 6 mos. Cash discounts large, as with us. Heating stoves are all pottery, some very old and of fine design. The coal-hods, coal shovels and similar small iron ware are of finer design and pattern than the like American

goods. The Austrian Cav. horses are a great improvement on the Prussian, yet all have their tails cut very short, just as other Cav. horses. The Cav. horses show cleaner limbs than in Germany.

March 9th. Left Salzburg. B. E. going with me to Linz. Passed Lambach, where its Savings Bank pays all communalty taxes. Franciscans have a large church and monastery to be seen from cars. Saw some good leather harness on farm teams. Isolated farm houses becoming more frequent. Lands in crops in the bottoms mostly tilled in beds about 50 ft. wide. From Lambach to Gonunden we pass over the first R. R. track constructed in Austria, about 1836.

Reach Wels which has natural gas and a large butter and egg trade. After Wels the bottoms widen and I am told the cattle country ceases, and grain culture begins. Very little poultry seen around farms as I had formerly remarked in Germany. Nearing Linz I noticed baled straw and sacked grains for shipment. East of Wels I noticed the first farm houses covered with straw, also some roofs partly tiled, partly straw, also some fallow tillage. At Linz, near the depot, I saw a fine chaise with a fine team, rows of poplar and from Linz. Danube valley widening continually.

Here B. E. and I parted. I promised him to be with him April 6th, a. m. Occasionally two plow or harrow with one team, one drives, the other holds the plow. Here I also first noticed that all trains have a car with a lookout in their center. Orchards with mulched trees trimmed high. Trees not so well distanced as with us, as all are old orchards.

Conversing with commercial travelers, I am informed, first, that commercial matters in Austria are in a bad plight partly through the incompetency of higher officials. Exports are mostly wool, curiosities and novelties, leather wares and paper.

2nd. Merchants only vegetate, taxes being enormous. Germany has far outstripped America in its industries of all kinds.

3rd. Retrogression in commerce has been followed by retrogression in morals.

4th. Jesuitism and Ultramontane politics are the cause of Anti-Semitism.

5th. Things will just go on till the Ship of State has to stop from Treasury exhaustion. The clergy will not put up and the new course will not be inaugurated by any bloodshed; it will come because the government will have exhausted all means of continuing as at present.

Jews vote mostly with socialists, while they will not take part in their deliberations. The best class of laborers vote likewise and always against the so-called Christian socialists.

6th. The agricultural element, as in '48, as soon as they had acquired freedom from the most obnoxious taxes have joined the clericals and keep them in power.

7th. Hungary is the abiding place of liberalism. What is tabooed in Austria is beloved and honored in Hungary.

In passing some meadows I saw many small shocks of 500 lbs. each of last year's hay yet standing out. A traveler never suspects being near Vienna until almost there.

Arrived at Vienna March 9, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Took hack to Ostereichische Hof, on Alten Fleischmarkt, got a room in 4th story, 2½ fr. per day. Changed clothes and at once started across



THE HOME OF MR. LEON SINN  
Kewanee, Illinois



the street to see Paul, who had been invited to a party, but sure of my arrival had delayed to start.

Received letters from home.

Paul Frankl received me just as if we had last met some two weeks ago, not as if we had been apart 50 years. I read my letters, had a glass of wine with Paul, then accompanied him to his place of invitation, then had supper and went to bed. Before I sat down to read my letters I was heartily greeted by Paul's two daughters, Minnie and Frederike, also by his housekeeper, an elderly maid. Paul is a widower, his wife, a granddaughter of Henrietta Sonntag, having died some years ago.

March 10th. After breakfast, visited Paul, who ran all over the city with me. He went with me to \_\_\_\_\_, attorney-at-law, chairman of the Comm. of the "Surviving Members of the Legion," to whom I paid 6 fr. for my ticket to the banquet, which he afterwards sent me at Paul's. Met Cousin Ferdinand, who, in mien and act, betrays a most melancholy, misanthropic turn of mind.

At 11 a. m., went with Paul in the Knupe Reischenberzer Busel am alter Fleischmarkt where his crowd, all with one or two exceptions, returned and active service officers of the army made place for me at their table and all shook hands with me and cordially greeted me.

They invited me to spend the evening with them at the Grüne Anker-gasse, and I promised to be with them after the theater, as I had bought a ticket to "Die aezauberte Braut" Hof Opemtheater. Had dinner with Paul, then looked around town again. Good draft horses, harness only heavy backband, heavy collars and rope tugs. Coffee very high, through taxation, a pound costs 40 cts. American money. Altogether it seems to me that the prices of all necessaries of life are exceedingly high. Everything taxed to the utmost. I found coal very high in Germany, mostly on account of the high freight rates on the (goat) Railroads; but coal is very high in Vienna, about \$10 per ton of brown coal. People this time of year already do without fire, dwellings are chilly and at that very few people here wear undershirts.

The inner part of the town has not changed much in the 50 years, but outside of where the walls had been everything looks quite different. The Rings have replaced the walls and Stadtgraben, the old Wein Fluss is getting to be all tunnelled over and will be used altogether as a giant sewer. The old Weirte Grater, of my memory, is gone and replaced by a conglomeration of coffee houses, drinking booths, shows, and places of amusement, with but few young trees interspersed. The entire Prate woods is thinned into a Park.

The asphalt pavement is very slippery; every once in a while you meet a crowd around a horse that had fallen down.

Went to the theatre. It was crowded, only a few of the most expensive seats left. No admission during the overture. Over 150 people occasionally on the stage. After the performance went to the Grüne Anker-gasse to the party that had invited me, supped there, had some wine with them, also champagne. Entire bill not quite 4 fr.

The old Col. Fuchs, who acted as presiding officer, announced a toast to the Emperor. I stood up with the crowd, then I requested to be allowed to state the reason why I had joined in such a toast. I stated that the honorable chairman had declared in his toast that his Majesty had all along

shown himself their faithful friend, and as I considered myself to be the friend of the friends of my friends, I drank the toast in honor of the friend of my friends, meaning in my heart all it implied, etc. Then the chairman rose and proposed a toast to the neighbors and fellow-citizens of our friend, Bondi; to the people of the U. States. We separated at 1 a. m.

March 11th. Visited the house I was born in, which is the house in which the Temple is located. I visited the house we had lived in Karmeliterhof from '36 to '46. It was about demolished. I visited the house we had lived in, in the Leopoldstadt. The Leopoldstadt seems altogether as the Jewish quarter of the town. Wien is said to contain 40,000 Jews. In the afternoon I visited Paul, found letters. He stated to me that A. Semnitemism was largely caused by the carelessness of the Jews not paying any attention to politics. When they waked up the evil had grown to enormous proportions, mostly nursed by the clergy and aristocracy. He gave me a card of introduction to Dr. Max Henda, a lawyer, the leading Free Mason of Vienna, on whom I afterwards called at 5 p. m. Dr. Henda is a Scottish Rite 33d degree Mason. After proving myself a brother he invited me to see him at 8 p. m., at which time I called, but he was out; had left an excuse with the janitor who gave me a card to be handed to the tyler which would secure me immediate admission. The card had the words written: "Admit Mr. Bondi."—Max Henda.

Being Friday, I visited the fish market, saw cats of 75 to 150 lbs. Went to the Temple in the evening, then in the Maria Hilf to the Stadt Triest to visit the Chapter "Irene." I presented the card of Dr. Henda, was immediately admitted and invited to sit in the East, introduced by the W. M., when I addressed the Br.; the Worshipful Master cordially answered. The Brethren wore no aprons, nor were any columns, jewels or any paraphernalia around the room, except three lights in the center. It was explained to me that since 1798 Masonic Lodges are forbidden in Austria. They are constituted as humanitarian clubs. Six such Chapters or clubs in Vienna, of about 40 members each. The work under Charter of the Hungarian S. R. G. Chapter. As a candidate is elected he has to go to Presburg for his degrees. One year interviened between the degrees. After the Master Mason Degree, they confer only the 18th, 24th and 32d. Formerly they had also St. John Blue chapter, but they have all through Austro-Hungary constituted themselves as S. Rite. I was also informed at this visit that the talk of the Magyars terrorizing the Germans was all bosh, invented by the clericals. The Magyars are down on the German peasantry because they act as stubborn-brakes in their wheel of state blindly in the wake of their priests, always opposing any and every liberal reform movement.

Annual dues of members of the S. R., 32 frc. At the death of a member of the Chapter every member contributes 10 frc. to the widow, which she has to take. The Masonic charities of these Austro-Hungarian Chapters are immense. Widows and children taken care of, provided with work and situations, or if crippled, with places in charitable institutions to which the Chapter contributes generously. Unfortunate brothers assisted to make a living. All business transacted on E. A. Degree; of which due regard is made by brother greeting brother.

A box of fraternal assistance always passes before closing.

This Chapter of about 40 members has 15,000 fcs. in bank. The wives and children of the members contribute to and constitute the "Schwisternbund," similar to our Eastern Star. After the Lodge closes all brethren have a repast together (Weine Tafel), each paying his share.

March 12th. In the Temple; reminded how I used to go with my father. Given a seat. Quite a crowd. Service lasted two and one-half hours. Bar Mitzna—some 100 marriage bans read off by the Rabbi according to law. Service ended 9:30 a. m. Memorial day's crowd.

March 13th. The commencement of the struggle.

March 14th. Surrender to the uprising.

March 15th. Hungarian Constitution amended.

March 16th. Kossuth in Wien.

March 17th. Burial of Martyrs.

After service I hunted for and found my old chum, Emanuel Steasny, Tuchlauben No. 8. He is some three months older than I am. In '48 he was drummer in his Company in the Techniker Corps. He was arrested in '52, sentenced to be hanged, pardoned to 15 years' hard labor in Olmütz. After having carried ball and chain for four and one-half years and doing hard labor in company with all manner of criminal convicts, he was pardoned. After nursing himself up, in '58 he was appointed by a R. R. building company on their engineer staff and worked as such to '70, when he went into business with his brothers. He retired from all business in '88 and continues to live with his brothers, altogether retired.

In the evening I took part at the banquet at Hotel Le Grand where I met some 60 of the old boys. I was the youngest then, I am the youngest now. None were admitted except survivors of the Legion. Between the tables a few reporters. As it happened, in my neighborhood some six or seven, all Jehudim. As I do not look exactly like one I was greeted "Iori orochi," to which I answered, "I am one."

The speaking as is customary here was all done in moderate tone. It was of quite loyal tenor.

Dr. Kopp, the Fest president, in some appropriate remarks proposed the toast to his Majesty. Music by the band—Gaudemus—then Prof. Suess made the speech of the evening. Often he spoke so low that many could not catch his words. When called upon I let the eagle fly without any preparation, and with a voice which resounded from the walls, I fairly lifted some of the boys off their feet.

I spoke to the best of my recollection as follows:

Kameraden:

Entschuldigt wenn ich vielleicht nicht so geläufig bin wie Ihr in der Sprache unserm Jellinek, Teschhof Tüster und Goldmark. Aber fortgefahren haben ich drüben wie wir Alle angefangen oft mit Wenigen gegen Viele stats eingestanden für Wahrheit und Recht und mit den vielen andern Deutschen Brüdern die Sterne und Streifen vor Vernichtung beschützt lässt Euch berichten das jeder alte Legioner drüben treu dem Gelübde geblieben. "Halten will ich stetz auf Ehre; stets ein braver Bursche sein." Alle, Alle mit denen ich dort dann und wann zusaammen gekommen sind. die dem irdischen dasein entrückt, und meines wissens leben blos, zwei Amerikanische Bürger wovon ich einer die en der Aula ihrer politischen Laufbahn begonnen und die dort ausgestellten Grundsätze lebenslang befolgt haben.



Mich unbelangend war ich sehr oft im Geisten bei Euch stets beflissen mein ganzes thun und lassen dem 13 ten Marz '48 anzupassen ohne Reichtümer zusammeln stets fehlissen meinem Kindern und Enkeln die Hinterlassen schaft des guten Names eines alten Legionärs zu sichern.

Wie ihr Alle bin ich nahe dem letzten Meilenstein bereit für den letzten Engel fertig sein abmarschiren.

Und wann ich stolz mich fühle  
 Als Burger eines Landes  
 Wo hoch die Freiheit ihr Fahne schwingt  
 Bin ich stets eingedenk des huligen Landes  
 Das hoch um alte Kampfgenossen schlingt  
 Grusz Euch Ihr alte Recken  
 Die ohne fürcht vor schnöde Tadel  
 Trotzdem in unser alten Heimath seid verblieben  
 Mit letzten-Hauch will ich es verkünde  
 Das wie in der Jugend wir gestritten für ewigwahres Recht  
 Wir auch bis auf dem Letzten  
 Stets im Geist und Herzen eins.

The banquet was concluded and the old boys separated at 11 p. m.

March 13th. Visited the new Jewish and Central Friedhof and therein the graves of Dr. Adolph Fishhof of the martyrs of 50 years ago and of Pater Anton Fuster.

Returning to town I was given an ovation on a small scale, viz: Some older citizens on the tramway car had engaged me in conversation and after having informed them of name and residence all, the conductor included, shook hands with me, and at the horse changing station he begged me to come on the platform, turned into the station and about a dozen employes came out, doffed their caps and cheered me.

Took dinner with Paul where I saw his son, Max, 17 years old, cadet in the artillery academy; and Paul's stepfather-in-law, one Spitzer, some 70 years old, an old legionary and now a pensioner R. R. official.

Supped on beer and sausage in a Hungarian Jewish restaurant, all including tip 18x; everything neat as a pin.

At the Carls theatre in the evening; played "Die Näherin," Mad. Gustinger in chief roll. Neither play nor acting was up to my expectation. Price of ticket, 1 fr., glasses included. Saw some students in the theater behave like regular hoodlums.

March 14th. Visited the old Beth Chagion. Found mother's and father's graves in excellent condition. It took the sexton's wife some two hours to find it. It was in just as good condition as when restored and renovated by my father 60 years ago. I said Kadish. It is near the gate in the oldest part of the cemetery, the 2nd headstone from No. 1265 of Isaac Forster. Visited Mr. Weckler (newspaper man out of a job). My cousin, Ludwig B., who has quite a number of holy images scattered about his house, has a printing office and employs nineteen people, has a very good office and owns it and a house worth 75,000 fr., subject to a debt of about 5,000 fr.

Visited Dr. J. Loewener in Al Wises business. Left my card at Nicolaus Durntia's, he being at Meran.

In the evening visited Zukunft Chapter. Some kind of a lecture on

social or political subject is given by some brother at every chapter meeting. I was present at a balloting for a candidate. As in all Scot. Rites lodges each candidate has to state his religion and politics. In this case the candidate was a Roman Catholic. The ballot showed one black ball, which according to the Constitution and By-laws of the A. H. Grand Lodge, yet makes the ballot clear; but on motion, the W. Master deferred the announcement of the election for the purpose of giving the committee further time to investigate how far his religion might interfere with Masonic obligations and duties. Supped with the brethren.

March 15th. Saw firemen hurrying to a fire in a slow scale through the very narrow and crowded streets. They keep up a blowing of trumpets, but run their teams through the newer and wider streets. Saw Bosnian soldiers (Turks), fine men. All wear fezs instead of Czakos. They have their own cooks. Their slaughtering and cooking done according to the Koran.

Saw the returning Wachparade march through the streets under the protection of some twenty police to give the soldiers marching room, as a mob of 2,000 or 3,000 march along. Similar performance daily at Munich and Berlin.

All over the public pleasure grounds and parks in Germany and Austria are no policemen, but placards, "Recommended to the protection of the public," nor are loose dogs allowed therein; all dogs have to be led by chains or rope by owner. The dog, in Europe, is a quite useful animal, thousands are worked in harness. All kinds of peddlers and traders use them for draught animals.

Granite dust of Vienna very injurious to the lungs.

March 16th. To Buda Pesth; arrive at 8 p. m. A smart boy of 9 years on the train, when questioned as to his father's occupation, said, "He is a liver dealer." "Leber händler." Meaning that he dealt in goose livers.

Stopped at the Erzherzog Stephan.

Entering Hungary you notice broad plains, large vineyards. Both men and women wearing boots, women carrying loads in baskets on their backs. R. R. officials without sabres, but with long stemmed pipes. All laborers smoking short stemmed pipes while at work. Timber not as well cared for as in Germany. Good tillage of fields which, being very level, look much like Kansas fields. Nice cattle, fine, but not fat horses, most chickens like Leghorns.

Called at the residence of Dr. Moritz Bauer at about 9 p. m. He being away, his wife informed me that they had not received any notice of my visit. Invited me to stay with them, her sister, Fräulein Paula, and herself. Dr. Bauer arrived at 11 p. m. We staid together till 1 p. m., when he saw me back to my hotel; was real royally received.

March 17th. At 9 a. m., called on Bernard Friedman at his office of Secretary of the Zion Society. Met in him a gentleman and scholar. Dr. Bauer called there at 10 a. m. The two took me over town through the underground railway. With Dr. Bauer I visited the new Parliament building; Landtag in session. Tickets of admission were all gone, yet on information that I was an American the usher brought two tickets, and addressed me in good English, introducing himself. He had been educated at Alexandria, Egypt, his father having been Consul there for 20 years. The member on the floor does not speak any louder than in usual

conversation tone, so every body has to be kept very quiet to catch the speaker's words.

The Parliamentary building costs fifteen million frc., to be paid in 15 years. One million per annum. In the Diet (Landtag) are 443 deputies. The speaker, clerks and press are seated as in our legislature. The Ministerial seats are in front of the Deputies, facing the speaker.

In 25 years Buda Pesth increased from 20,000 to 600,000 inhabitants, which shows it to be a modern city, most like an American city. Some 40,000 Jews, all enthusiastic Magyars. Buda Pesth has some Oriental features. Many Chibooks in the coffee houses. Divans in the apartments. Turkish street merchants in Turkish dress and moccasins, occasionally an upper class Turk walking on the streets and Turkish veiled ladies riding in carriages. The people seem hospitable and very courteous to strangers. Hungarian horses, fine limbed but quite lean, caused by feed, as no more hay is fed to horses than is absolutely necessary.

Called on Dr. Moritz Megee (leading lawyer and deputy, married a Jewess) who informed me as to chapter meetings.

Supped with Dr. Bower, then met with Br. F. and visited a coffee house where a gipsy band played till 1 a. m., when I was seen back to the hotel by my friends.

March 18th. Visited the new open citadel in company with a new acquaintance found on the way. Bosnians on guard. Paid to the two Bosnian corporals a tip of 5x each. Was shown through rooms and saw an old ambulance of the days of Prince Eugene. The citadelle is now disarmed and has been by the Emperor donated to Buda Pesth. Its demolishment will begin May 1st, only a small portion of the walls to remain as historic memorial, the site to become pleasure grounds.

Returned to Alt Open where I took in the hot springs cable elevated railway, the old Turkish fortress, the Burg and Castle, the King Mathias church, the column erected to the memory of Gen. Heutze and 411 Austrian soldiers killed in the defence of the Open against the Hungarians in '49. This column is to be shortly removed to Vienna.

The Emperor in Hungary is quite a different man from the Emperor in Vienna. In Hungary he grants all, even the most liberal, requests of the people and the Diet. In Vienna he is the "Catholic Majesty."

In the evening I visited the Comenius Chapter. Finely received, seated in the East and given the honors just as I had been received in Vienna. Here I first saw a Chapter meeting in Masonic dress and paraphernalia. W. M. in the East, S. W., Southeast, J. W., Southwest, Treasurer to right, Secretary to left of W. M., representation of the Great Light on the carpet in the middle of the floor, also three burning tapers in triangular position lighted at opening by Sr. and Jr. Warden. W. M. head uncovered. As in Vienna, some brother, after disposition of business, lectures on some subject of Masonic or philanthropic interest. Bro. Dr. Betleheim held a lecture on the subject, "Why is the Masonic Organization Continued as a Secret?" After the lecture the following question came up:

In some Comitatus (name forgotten) a Catholic priest was at last fall's election the conservative (clerical) candidate for deputy; opposed to him as the liberal candidate was another Catholic priest. The Archbishop forbade the clergy to take any part in the campaign, yet all the priests and Seminary took part on the Conservative side except one Seminary student

who espoused the radical side. The priest candidate of the Radicals was elected and the bishop expelled the young man who had assisted the Radicals from the Seminary. He was very poor, and came to Buda Pesth to see what he could do, as his theological career was cut short. Comenius Chapter voted 10 fc. per month for three months for his support and all Br's expressed themselves that the other Chapters would take some similar action so that the young man could either study some other profession or they would assist him to a situation so he could make a living. The Bro's speak Hungarian and German as they wish. The records of this Chapter are kept in German; Humbolt Chapter also in German. The official language of both these Chapters is German, yet any Br. is allowed to use either language. Box of fraternal assistance passed before closing. After closing, banquet and speeches. One Magyar Bro., a professor at Lgegeden gymnasium, lectured on some patriotic political subject in Magyar; the lecture to be published also in German, of which they would send me a copy to Salina.

March 19th. Visited Temple where a Bar Mitzwa read the law in an astonishingly clear voice. Received a letter from Widow Helene Bondi inviting me to call on her. The Buda Pesth Jews have arranged to build a new three million Synagogue. The city contributing one million.

Visited with Dr. Bauer the Central and other Market Halls.

Buda Pesth has one Central and ten other Market Halls, all under glass, kept scrupulously clean and are splendid structures of the kind. Lots of fine vegetables, large fish, cats of enormous size. Hungarians are very courteous. I visited the Custom House. Trains in and out, as with us, elevators.

Dog teams as plenty as in Germany. Horses hitched as in Germany. Double or single with tongue, no shafts. Magyars keep horses in thin order, feeding just as little roughness as possible. Oats is the principal food. The Chapter Br's. are all one in politics, all radicals against the clericals. Once in a while the Volks party working on socialistic lines are successful. I find no terrorizing of Germans, as the hue and cry in Germany.

The Magyars mean that Hungary belongs to the Hungarians and that no people can successfully and cohesively struggle against despotism if eternally disturbed with race and language troubles. The intelligent Germans and all Jews are Magyars. The German peasants under Clerical guidance are German Clericals and oppose Magyarism; but this opposition is weakening gradually. The Nonveds are all sworn to uphold the constitution and as all officers are obliged to be able to speak German, the Jews have a surprisingly large number of officers.

19th, p. m. I took a walk with Mrs. Bauer and Miss Paula Vidder, visited the Veneshtagin Gallery Stadtwaldchen and Exposition building.

To my sorrow I found in Germany and Hungary that in Jewish circles marriages between first cousins are very frequent and that the issue of such marriages are physical weaklings.

19th, 8:30 o'clock p. m. Left for Ngrigehaga with Mr. B. F., arrived at N. on the 20th at 7:30 p. m. Mr. F. went on to Nirbator to visit a sick sister.

March 20th, Sunday. Took the one cart at the depot, drove to town. My driver, a stalwart 6-foot Magyar, long blue apron, bunch of flowers in his hat. The horse showing his ribs, but under the korbach (squirr)

making 2:40 time. My driver stops short at the toll gate, I pay 4x for entering N. Drove on to Market place where, being Sunday, everything is life; a Jehudi makes the interpreter and I get off at "Die Krane," breakfast and then hunt up Mr. Imre Pavlovitch and I pass the day in company with him, his wife, his son, and his daughter. His family consists of Imre Pavlovich, Charlotte (his wife), Lander and Carol (sons), Rosa, single, and Clara, married daughter. Mr. Pavlovich is 72 years old and a splendid specimen of a Hungarian Jew. Talked mostly on politics. He explained that while each class wanted privileges, yet they have not yet ripened to a full sense of what general liberty means, but it has begun to dawn on the minds of the people. The peasant is asking himself how it comes that priest and bishop own and control thousands of acres of field and vineyard, and answering himself that they are able to continue their rule only by a kind of reign of terror, by threats over their blind followers and ostracism of opponents.

Everything here still more oriental than in Buda Pesth, furniture as well as habits, all frescoed walls and rugs. At 4 p. m., it krocked. Mr. P. went out and returned after a 10-minute stay and informed me that there would be court here to-morrow, and Bernard Friedman, a leading lawyer of Buda Pesth, was here, and the Stuhl Richter had invited him to supper, and having no coffee and all stores hermetically closed on Sunday, he sent over to B. P. to help him out with a pound of coffee. P. keeps a general country store; he told me that Sunday law-closing business (except coffee houses and taverns after 10 a. m.) was strictly obeyed and enforced. I had found the same to be the case in Germany and Austria. We staid together until 10 p. m.

March 21st. Mr. F. stopped off at Ngrigehaga, had formerly been Prof. at the Gymnasium and had taught P.'s boys; informed me that his sister was considerably improved. Mr. P. showed me Jake's old account books he had kept while employed here. Had breakfast together and parted at 9 a. m. All moved to tears. Return to Buda Pesth.

The wide plain of the Tisza, all in wheat, looks like home to me; agricultural implements similar to ours. Met some corn fields; some corn yet in shocks. Stalks are cleaned up as in the United States. Saw the Tokai and Hezyalya Hills. The Philoxera had damaged the vineyards immensely; about two-thirds had already in the past years been replanted with American vines, with nature grafts, and men, women and children are busy replanting some of the hills yet.

Saw the hill at Sgerencz where Arpad had stopped and made up his mind to settle his people in the distance (in Zemplin Comitatus) Kossuth's birth-place. Saw the battle-field of Kapalna. Buffaloes near by at work drawing immense loads of rock. The hunting lodge at Gedölyo, the Hungarian Reformatory, Baron Schasberger's refinery and 1,000-acre farm, manure and where dinner, etc., is hauled to the working men on portable rails; also the Rakos field near Buda Pesth, where the Magyars used to meet in mass convention, horseback, to elect their king. Met on this trip many peculiar characters, for example: A Magyar peasant woman returning from a market dressed in fine cloth, fine shawl, boots, kid gloves on her paws and a big market basket; cattle buyers with their long walking sticks like Alpenstöcke. They go to market, work in fields with the men; none work real hard, all try to live well. Crops in '97, as a rule, were poor.



THE HOME OF MR. JULIUS COHN  
Sedalia, Missouri



Some who had grain left over got good prices. Good clothes not much cheaper than with us. Coarse goods are cheap. Military service is a civilizing factor to the different races of Hungary. They learn what cleanliness means and also learn the German and Magyar languages. German peasants are represented as clerical as the Slavs. All clericals are opposed to the compulsory school law. A woman carried 500 frogs to market for which she had paid 1x piece; will likely receive 20x per dozen. Arrived at Buda Pesth about 5 p. m.

March 22nd. Around town. Met a very few Magyar Bros. with small Masonic badges. Landlord of hotel a Brother.

Mr. B. F. told me that he was Secretary of the Zion Verein, 1800 fc. annual salary and lodging. He was gymnasium professor, too, when he began University study; two years later he was appointed to his present position, elected from 71 competitors. The Zion Verein, a protective association for the sick, widows and orphans, was organized by Buda Pesth Jews in '41. Two years ago it was thrown open to all creeds alike and has now 1100 Jewish and 4000 Christian members.

For street cleaning they use brooms, shovels, barrows, hand-carts and wagons.

March 23rd. Visited Palace de Justice. Saw jury room, ballot box, present at criminal trial for arson. Attorneys do not speak above a conversational tone.

Order of the Court:

Three Judges

Clerk

Pros. Att.

Defend't.

Defend't. Att.

States' Witness.

The presiding judge requested the defend't. to plead. He plead "Not guilty." Visited the Register of Deeds office. Saw abstracts made in the —what we call—Australian plan, that is, guaranteed by the Government. Visited the Kiralyi Tafel and the Kiralyi Curia. Here Dr. Bauer was informed that he had won a 23,000 fc. suit, his fees being 2,000 fcs.

Amount of judgment has to be deposited on appeal. In state cases the state may appeal, the defendant to remain prisoner during appeal. All costs to be paid in advance by plaintiff with stamps attached to papers.

Everybody talked of the Gen. Lukanovich Monument lately erected by free contributions at Marvo-Varsehely, where he fell.

Very few people over 70 years of age in Hungary. Met only one, a Jewish farmer, of 84 years, at Nyreghaga. Saw Turkish princesses riding around town veiled. Soda in syphon bottles delivered. Cold porcelain stoves. Coal very high; its transportation freight costs more than with us, and yet people wear no underwear. No wonder they are so subject to colds and lung diseases.

Viewed Eölvös and Petöfi monuments, and in the afternoon with Mrs. Bauer and Miss Paula Vidder, visited the wax figures; heard a good story of a Jew convert. Visited a doctor for treatment of my sore throat, paid him 2 frc. and received a great deal of benefit; was well in a couple of days.

The Magyar in Hungary is to the Slav. what the Prussian is to the German, not exactly loved, but preferred to other nationalities who wish



to be ruling and yet are inefficient and incompetent. I saw a great many Magyars around town in their home-made white blanket cloaks.

I passed every evening in company with B. F. or Dr. Bauer, or with both, in a coffee house where we heard gipsy music and patriotic songs. No exposure of female actors allowed in Buda Pesth. Passed over the big iron bridge again and noticed the lions without tongue. They are sculptured in marble, one on each side of the approach. After they had been placed and the bridge opened to traffic, a boy came along and noticed this defect. About that time some Magyar peasants disputed as to the nationality of the building engineers; some thought German, others, French, others, English engineers, when one peasant remarked: "No difference who engineered and built this bridge; whether German, French or English, the German is still a hundsfoft.

I saw samples of Russian wheat, none as clean and plump as Kansas wheat, of which I understand two ship loads had just arrived at Fiume.

March 23rd. Visited Humboldt Chapter, was examined in first degree. Our pass word of 2nd degree is here the pass word of 1st degree; seems so in Scot. Rites. All members of Humboldt Chapter wear a lodge medal of bronze with Humboldt's likeness on blue ribbon. Received as usual.

March 24th. Walked around town. Noticed that streets were well sprinkled and city well lighted, better than any town, American or European, I have visited. Advertising columns are more numerous than in Vienna. Prisons are well kept. The bricks used here in building are of twice the size of American bricks, all laid in cement, terra cotta fire proof ceilings. All buildings covered with heavy coat of cement on outside. I saw some hacks with steel shafts. Evening spent as usual at Gipsy music.

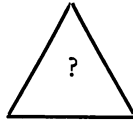
March 25th. Had following anecdote of Dr. Nenda related to me: A fellow who had stolen a pair of pants having been arrested and being without means, selected Dr. N. for his attorney. He came into court wearing the stolen pants, yet Dr. N. cleared him; but when the thief thanked him and wanted to shake hands, Dr. N. told him to get out, being so impudent as to wear the stolen pants into court.

Visited Humboldt Chapter, where the Masons of Buda Pesth and the Sschwesternbund met and listened to Dr. M. Nenda's lecture on Robert Burns. Passed the box of fraternal assistance. After the lecture, supped at Peter Vidder's. Visited Pilsen Braunei's schank in the forenoon, had shalot with B. F., also present Mr. Löw and Mr. Bache, Max H., (big difference between W. and P.), then Venetia coffee house in the afternoon; at both places was at Peter Vidder's table where the largest grain operators had met. Then at 4 p. m., I attended the 1st session—the conference session—of the Hungarian Grand Lodge in the Masonic Temple. The Grand Lodge meets the 1st day with a subordinate Chapter, when all amendments and new by-laws are subjects of debate in which all brothers present and the Grand Lodge delegates participate. After the respective debate is closed, the delegates vote on submission of amendments and new by-laws to Grand Lodge; if vote is favorable, it is submitted to Grand Lodge next day and of course passed without delay, and most of the second day is spent in fraternal intercourse and banquet.

Met Grand Master Janovich, a Magyar, who opened Chapter meeting

with a German address. The discussion was alternately German and English.

Grand East

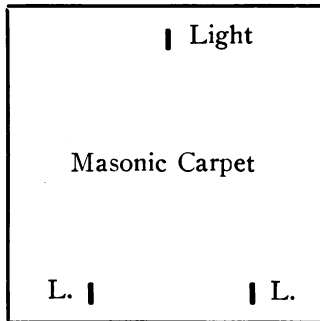


W. M. no hat

Officers of and  
Del. to Gr. Lodge

Secretary of  
Sub. Chapters

Banner



West

Sr. Ward.  
Sr. Dea.

Jr. Ward.  
Sr. Dea.

Entrance

No windows. Organ and Records in 2nd story.

Sr. and Jr. Deacon alternate at door to remind leaving Brothers of the Box of Fraternal Assistance. Left Grand Lodge at 8 p. m., and crossed over to the depot where, notwithstanding the rain, Dr. B., B. F., and Miss P. Vidder had come to bid me farewell. Left 9:35 p. m., for Vienna.

March 27th. Arrive at Wien at the Osterreichische Hof about 8 a. m. Breakfast, then visit Paul; receive and read letters; visit Beisele and dinner at Paul's. In the afternoon with Paul and Frederike, visit Max F. at Artillery Cadet Academy; the Cadet Casino a dirty hole. By 4 p. m., I visit with Wittwe Helene Bondi, where I found Bro. Max Stern and lady, the daughter of Mrs. H. Bondi. She has another child, a boy, 9 years old, a fine boy. Staid with them till 10 p. m. All houses are closed and locked in Vienna at 11 p. m., and it costs 6x per head to get in after that time. Coffees and taverns must have separate permit to keep open after 11 p. m., but all must close at 12 midnight, as the Wiener says the police takes care so one may not spend too much money.

March 28th. Took leave of Stiasny Ludwig Bondi and Dr. Kopp, whom I promised I would visit Dr. Hans Rudlich on arrival in the U. S. Visited a jeweler, Springer, who had been to B. P. the year before with Vienna Merchant Delegation. He expressed himself that Vienna could not

outdo Pesth in entertaining visitors. There I met another manufacturer who was hot on Anti Semiteism, as his best customers in wholesales were the Hungarian Jews. In the afternoon I visited Paul and found him lying down, suffering with a swelling near the groin, which had a tendency to become an abscess.

March 29th. Beisele adieu. Drawing money I have to pay his Majesty 5x every time.

Viewed again the Joseph's platz where Fred Hassaurek and I drank our last glass together May 15th, '48, also Micheliplatz, Herrngasse, the old Landhouse, Strauchgasse, then visited the historical and art museum on the Maria Theresa Square, immense buildings just crushing to intellect; Egyptian antiquities without end, old monuments, tons in weight. I saw a letter collection from Baron Larner, never fingers nor sees a letter.

In the afternoon I visited for the last time Volksgarten and Schönbrunn. Noticed that many singing birds had already arrived and that all trees throughout the city were watered at public expense, as in Germany. Snare drums just as in U. S. The old pattern not more in use. Hussars on march sling carbines as we do. Take leave of Paul and family, 8:45 p. m., by N. W. Bahn to Prague. Two cigars of my fellow travelers procure us a 2nd class coupe to ourselves.

Fields manured with lime and city rubbish; highways good as in Germany; many factories. Smokestacks about as plenty as in Germany. The bottoms are similar to Hungarian fields, interspersed with hop and vineyards. Oak instead of beech ties.

March 30th. Arrive at Prague.

Stop at Englische Hof, visit Anton and Karl, close by.

Visit Judenstadt, the house in which my mother was born. The old Altneu Schule and the cemetery both dating from about 500. Saw the headstones of my Frankl ancestors, the oldest dating 1602 of Spiro Frankl, the old Jewish Rathhaus, the Frankl Institute, the places where my Bondi and Frankl ancestors had traded. The Frankl place already demolished. The entire Judenstadt in process of demolishment, as far as funds are available. Dinner at Anton. In the afternoon viewed the Moldeaubrücke, visited Headschin, ugly images of saints all over. Water-mills in Moldau River, no navigation except by rafts.

March 31st. Army wagons are lighter than in U. S. Quotation from Austrian Reichstag speeches: "Jews in Hungary as happy as maggots in rotten cheese." I understand that mail paper packages are oftentimes opened to hunt for condemned papers.

Visited Rings, Keinkerche. Dinner at "Deutsches Haus." Quite a good element among young czechs, as they are all anti-clerical and now quarrelling with the Alt-czechs about the erection of a monument to John Huss. I believe the young czechs will carry their point. The Prague city council has passed the appropriation, but the site has not yet been determined.

March 31st. Visited the old Weldstein Castle on the Headschin. Saw the stuffed hide of the horse he rode at Lützen with his equipments. Saw women with earrings that would credit a Zulu. Visited Bro. Fred Püritz. At German theatre in the evening. A fellow stole paste jewels from holy Virgin's image; received three weeks in jail.

April 1st. On enquiry as to my opinion on U. S. difficulty, I stated

that public schools would always come out ahead of an illiterate people ruled by monks.

Visited the Walschan Jews Cemetery and the graves of my relatives.

My mother's maternal grandfather was Solomon Kuh. My paternal grandfather, Mendel Bondi.

Attended Mairin in Altness Schule. They have a good chason.

Supped with Bro. Fr. Püritz, his brother, and Bro. Bacher at "Blauer Stern."

April 2nd. Tried to visit the Synagogue on die Wemberge, came too late for service. The building is fine. Took leave of Mr. Püritz. Püritz Bros. are millionaires, own two factories, one near Prague, and one in Lachsen, and employ nearly 600 people in each. They manufacture cheap, coarse cotton goods. Passed the evening at Karl Frankl's. Had quite a conversation with Miss Olga. I condemned the cramming system, she upheld it. She is a verbildeter Blaustrümpf. Praised the old life in the Judenstadt "unsere Voreltern haben doch so vergnügt gelebt." I replied, "Just as one who had one ear cut off rejoiced that he had one ear left." She, the D. F., praised the religious piety of the Christians, etc.

Karl has two children; this girl, 21 past, and one son, 20, who had served 1 year vol. in the Artillery and has received his commission as reserve Lt., and is now again in service under three months' instruction rule. Karl told me this has cost him a neshiras. I rejoined that I would not give him an x. I favored that the aristocracy and nobility should have all such empty honors "glänzendes Elend." Karl and Anton must be worth about 6 to 700,000 gulden each. Anton has a boy, Fred, 12 years old, in 1st gymnasium class who is still dressed and undressed by his bonne. Anton's wife is quite deaf, but speaks and understands English.

Walk around town and suburbs. Copy of an inscription on a monument near middle of the bridge:

Kodosh (in Hebrew)  
L' Adonoi  
Tri Sacivum  
Christi Crucifixi Honori  
Ex mulcta in sanctam crucem  
Blasphemi Judaei Postuma Regio  
Tribunali appellationum  
Anno Domini MDCXCVI  
Mense Septembri, Die XIV.

Met Anton and Karl at their office and told them that the Pesth Jews would have thrown such a statue into the Danube long ago. Both were ignorant of its existence. Their bookkeeper (a Christian) was not. The bookkeeper then related to us that this morning, while leaving the coffee house, an alt czech had remarked, "Hier geht Brüder Frankl's Lawyer." On inquiry I stated that I still believed in continued peace, but any effort of outside interference might bring on war. Then took a long walk with Anton; took dinner with him and walked over to Karl's. His son, Paul, a technical student—a genuine smart Aleck—had nothing to talk about but Count X, Baron Y, etc., was so familiar and using Du to him.

What D. F.'s have they in Europe!

Passed the evening at Anton's, where I met Ferdinand Frankl, who was in a quite communicative humor, told me that Paul would be operated upon Tuesday, the 5th, and he would leave for Vienna to-night to be with Paul at that time. Became acquainted with Anton's mother-in-law, Madame Wiener, 78 years old, living in a big house all by herself. Many old ladies live in similar style in this country. Met Bro. Bacher, paper jobber, and took leave.

April 4th. Left Prague for Pilsen at 8:20 a. m.

Prague has the most ancient buildings well preserved of almost any town in Europe. Anton Frankl was with me till the train rolled out. He may soon visit the U. S.. He intends his son for a farmer.

Arrived at Pilsen at 10:30, visited Edward Recht, then remained at and near Schwarger Adler till midnight. Visited churches and Frangeskammer Cloisters, fine paintings. The Jews have a fine Synagogue. Pilsen is a very old town, yet has newly laid out boulevards and streets with fine buildings.

In a café an old man, Guttman, a distant relative of Anton F.'s wife, embraced and kissed me, believing that I was Anton F., as I favor him so much. Left Pilsen for München at 12, midnight. Had passed a very disagreeable day. Few passengers in the coupé: spread my blanket and went to sleep. Awoke about 3 a. m., and called on Herr Conductor for an Abort, went to sleep again, and as I was ignorant of any change of cars and the conductors are so very sloven in calling stations and waking passengers, I failed to make the necessary connection and went on to MÜNBERG, where for additional 6 marks I took the fast train for München. Conversing with a commercial traveler while going towards München on the slowness of the conductors and the ridiculous arrangement of coupé, he replied, If you should complain of the conductor not waking you, you would be informed that you should take a sleeping car if you wish to sleep. In general, you will find that railroads are run in Germany not for the convenience of the public, but to make money for the state.

Many hop gardens between MÜNBERG and München.

April 5th. Arrived at München at 10 a. m., and stopped at "Deutscher Kaiser." Bernard Einstein came to see me while I was dressing. Went over to his house, close by, was greeted by his wife and children. He has a nice 13-year-old girl, Clara, and two smart boys, Sigfried and Gustav. It being Easter vacation the children could show me around town. I went to look at München's buildings and monuments.

April 6th. I visited the Maximilianeum with Miss Clara for guide. Bought her a potted rose and a hyacinth. In the afternoon visited the Sattelkammer and the botanical garden which in all its details seems perfection, then also Justig Palast.

On inquiry I was directed to one Königswerder as being a Bro. Mason. Met him in his counting house, and when I introduced myself as a brother, he got scared and said, Dear sir, this is a Catholic country: I do not want to be seen talking to you. It would hurt my business, etc. I talked hardly, louder than a whisper, yet he seemed all out of sorts. He possibly supposed I was some known Masonic celebrity. I left him, and when near the outer door his son, as I found later, also a brother Mason, asked me where I was from. I answered, "Thank God, not from Germany."

Went to the Synagogue and attended Seder at B. E. in evening.

April 7, 8, 9. Attended Synagogue and viewed Arcades, Prophyläen Obelisk in memory of the 30,000 who fell in Russia, 1812. Feldherrn Halle, Rathhouse. In spite of all Gemüth lückkeit too many memories of "the good old times" which, different from Hungary, nobody cares to eliminate, yet Bavaria with its altogether unfettered individual liberty impresses me more pleasing than the serious Prussian Schranakheit in Northern Germany.

For residence I would select München after Buda Pesth.

Dinner with Julius Einstein. Met Mrs. Bertha Eisenger and her son, Julius, who acted as my guide. Viewed Ruhmes Halle, tomb and grave of Eugene Beauharnais in the Michaelis church. Tomb of Duke Sigismund, founder of München in 1250 in the Liebfrauenkirche, Reformed church, which was crowded and where the minister held his crowd with a good sermon in genuine good German.

Here in München I read the first report of McKinley's (war) message and of the efforts of papal arbitration. I then gave it as my opinion that this meant war as soon as the U. S. was ready. The U. S. could not afford papal interference and other powers could not offer their friendly offices for a settlement after the Pope's offer was refused. All papers hostile to the U. S. Once in a while I see a "Wiener Freie Presse," which keeps perfectly neutral and seems to favor the U. S. It is just now good form to condemn the U. S., prate about how they will be used up. Such talk is heard everywhere by high and low, Jehudin excepted, and I understand that the same feeling prevails in Prussian Germany. Possibly some Americans could sit quiet when our country is insulted by such jackanapes, who believe that a Herr Von has to officer, else soldiers cannot fight. My arguments in favor of ending Spanish monk rule cannot be contested with reason, and I am generally let alone after a few minutes' controversy.

April 9th. One o'clock p. m. Left for Augsburg where at the depot I am received by Mrs. Marie Einstein and her daughters, Mrs. Bertha Sängner and Mrs. Etta Wiesenthals. Stop at Bayerische Hoff and stay with Mrs. Einstein at Wiesenthals.

Meet Mr. L. Weisenthals, Mr. Julius Sängner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Knapp, S. Schidlopt and others (mostly O. F.)

L. Wiesenthal is just selling out his clothing business preparatory to going into wholesale cigars. Julius Sängner is in the plumbing business with his brother-in-law, Knapp, a Catholic, who has married Sängner's sister. Her mother stays with her and they live kosher and the children are baptized Catholics. The Lech owns through the town and drives several mills. Passed through Sängner's shops and saw some nice plumbing work, a new electric gas lighter, some new, pleasing patterns of coal hods and coal shovels.

April 10th. Took in Augsburg; saw Fugger House, Welser House, the 3rd Mohren Hotel and therein the huge fireplace where Fugger burned the promissory notes which he held of Charles V., Karmelite Kloster, Luther's residence, the Rathhouse, the Reichtags Gebäude. Passed two hours in the "Weissen Ross" at the O. F. table with about twenty-five brethren O. F.'s, all congenial, no Spanish sympathizers amongst them.

April 11th. Am early at the depot to take the train to Merlingen to reach Buttenwiesen. As I sit down to a table and order my breakfast, an elderly gentleman at the same table engages me in conversation. He re-

marks, Germany and Russia are together now and will stay together to teach the English manners, and the U. S. will find Cuba a tough morsel. I rejoined, Nonsense, the German Emperor has at last made up his mind that Germany cannot remain Russia's obedient servant and wishes to conciliate England, and besides the English-speaking nations—England and the U. S.—at this juncture are together—(joining my hands). He replied, Ah, "vous etes Francais." I answered, "Non, Monsieur Je suis Americain." He then informed me that he had been in the U. S. in Texas in '62, '63, '64, buying cattle. I said, Then you were engaged in blockade running with Commodore Chubb. He said, "I was," Chubb was most successful. I then told him that I had worked for Thomas Henry Chubb in '51 and '52. This was Brombach, still employed as cattle buyer by several large manufacturing plants.

Took the cars to Merlongen where Sol. Stein was in waiting with a buggy and we went through Lauterbach to Buttenwiessen where I was received by Isaac Schloss; had lunch, then went to the Bethchagim with Sigmond Einstein where I said Kadish at the graves of my wife's parents, then viewed the Synagogue, the old Einstein house now owned by Mrs. Regina Stein W'we. Buttenwiessen is a very nice, clean village, provided with water from a spring five miles away in the hills. Each family pays 9 marks annually. Had dinner at Mr. Schloss' where I met Miss Lux, the bride-to-be of Sigmond Einstein. Left Buttenwiessen by 3 o'clock. Mr. Schloss took me back to Mertinzen. Fields look nice. Wheat a fine stand. Return to Augsburg and immediately drive to Holbein Lodge, I. O. O. F., had a fine evening with them.

Augsburg has yet a number of old buildings. These old houses are like fortresses, doors open with chains when bell is rung.

Holbein Lodge met about 20 strong. Vice Grand Julius Sanger installed. Membership about 40; 3 marks monthly dues. Initiation, 20 marks. Each degree, 3 m. Candidate to be present at least six meetings during three months before he can advance to next D. Lodge capital in cash, 4,000 marks, furniture worth 2,000 m. Before a petition is received a responsible committee is informed of the candidate's wish and decides on probability of candidate's election or rejection. Box of Fraternal Assistance passed before closing. Supper and other refreshments partaken together and some time passed in fraternal intercourse.

April 12th. Make the acquaintance of Mr. Guttenheim, a man of extraordinary universal knowledge.

April 13th. Return to Munich. God bless the friends of Augsburg. Meet with Isar Lodge, No. —, I. O. O. F., who invite me to their banquet, 16th, inst.

April 14th. Visit the Museum and in evening the theater with Clara Einstein and Julius Essinger (Der Kreigelschreiber).

April 15th. Visit Pinakothek Hof Brevhaus (Pferdemarkt), the horse fair, the cattle yards and slaughter house.

April 16th. Visit Burg, take coffee with ladies at Concordia Club. In the evening visit Zur Rette Chapter. German Masons dull, one-half dead. No such vigor exhibited as in Austro-Hungary. Then to the banquet at Caffee Luitpold. Give them a toast, "Our wives, sisters and daughters."

April 17th. Take leave of Bertha Essinger and Julius Einstein. Take dinner at Sam Senn's, B. Einstein and family and at 4 p. m., to Augsburg

where I was greeted by Julius and Bertha Sanger. Bertha Sanger favors my Emma so much.

From Augsburg to Nordlingen where I stay over night. A fine bottle of Culmbach.

April 18th. Bopfingn, where I am met by Mrs. Fanny Guggenheim and Carl Weit, who take me to Oberndorf, where I meet and visit Mrs. Anna Weil, Wwe., Miss Babette Weil, Miss Selma Guggenheim, Mrs. Betty Weil, Dr. Solomon Baer, Clara, his wife, and baby. Also Julius and Lina Lundheimer. Visit the Glue and the Les Gras factory, the shops and offices pertaining to the same. The Les Gras oak, 80-gal. hogshead, is manufactured here. Such hogsheads cost about 4 marks each. Oak lumber 5 cts. a foot. Obemdorf Rathhaus, 600 years old. Obemdorf and Bopfingn have 2700 people and 18 taverns. Mr. Carl Weit gives it as his opinion that Germany will have to remain a nation of laborers, as the nations bordering on the Atlantic Ocean will remain the traders; he also informed me that Germany's industry is not nearly so hampered as Austria's, which is taxed to death.

Saw the Post-bote and his knapsack piled some three feet high with packages. Dwarf pears and peaches growing along lattice on south side of a wall. Some kind of a hazelnut trimmed to all shapes.

April 19th. Take a tour through three villages with Dr. Baer, who is a district physician, with 2,000 marks salary. Leave for Hochhausen at 2 p. m. Mr. Maier Stiefel and daughters at station when I arrived at 10 p. m.

April 20th. Walk over Hochhausen and Wehrbach, view the monuments erected to the fallen of '66, '70 and '71.

April 21st. Visit of Mrs. Hess and Sol. Reich.

April 22nd. See Mrs. and Mr. Weinstock, 88 years old and still robust. Visited by Isaac Stiefel and family, and by Rosenstock and family. Walk through villages, fruit trees in numbers, potato planting commenced. View the goose herd, penned up in the day time; the large mill; hills for vineyards, mostly terraced with stone walls. Visit the Synagogue, some good voices.

April 23rd. To Synagogue the last time in Germany. Take leave of the Stiefel family, Lottie, Emilie, Jacob, Oscar, Isaac Shipels, and Rosenstocks. Change cars five times between Hochhausen and Frankfort. Cross the Main, see the Shessart Mountain chains and woods, oak forests, 15 miles thick, and quite full of game of all kinds. I notice that all freight cars have painted on them the number of men and horses each can hold in case of war. Saw fields of mustard and flax in bloom, also orchards. All highways in Baden and Wurtenburg have rows of fruit trees on each side, from which the villagers sell crops to the highest bidder.

April 23rd, 6 p. m. Arrive at Frankfurt. Take final leave of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sinn and Mrs. Weisel. Mr. Julius Sinn tells me that Bismark committed the mistake of expelling the Jesuits by a decree without calling on the intelligence of the nation to assist him in his work. He wanted to do it all himself. To his mind, the people were ignorant of what would benefit them.

April 24th. To Marburg where I met Mr. Ed. Hoffman and went with Mr. Adolph Hoffman to dinner. Find in him a Bro. Mason. Accompany him home, a few miles. Stay in Marburg at hotel until 4 p. m., then take



a long walk, view the castle, meet many students with scarred faces, otherwise all very dudish.

April 25th. Settle the Lotz business with Bro. Hoffman. Startled him when I made known to him that I was a Jew. All classes of the population hostile to Americans, except a few Masons. Saw the students fencing. Saw a dead Auerhahn, just killed this morning.

Visit Mrs. Harries and Mrs. Frankfurt, then leave at 5:58 for Cassel.

April 26th. Pass with the Kothes. Leave April 27th at 12:10 a. m. for Köln, where I visit Mr. Bernard Sinn and find Mrs. Sinn dangerously sick. View the town, the museum, the fortifications.

Take leave of Germany in the Dorn. Leave for Antwerp at 2:20 p. m. Arrived at Antwerp at 6:40 p. m.

April 28th. Secure passage in the Friesland. Visit the Exchange and the Picture Gallery which is immense. I never thought so much of life could be painted on canvas; some 70 of Rubens' paintings.

Belgium has fine fruit trees. Half the country still in winter. All cultivation in beds. Many old-fashioned windmills with long wooden arms. Viewed the new Union depot, to cost 75 million francs, with miles of granite viaducts.

The story of Entatto, Capt. of Viscaya, bulldozing a New York mob, is circulating in the papers.

Papers here, as in Germany, all hostile to the U. S.

In the evening went to the circus. Fine performances. Lake in arena.

April 29th. All women have Mrs. De Tomly noses. Horses pull immense loads. Visit Synagogue. Rabbi tells me no Anti Semitism in Belgium. People industrious. All women knit while in shops and behind peddling outfits.

Leave town at 6 p. m., and take up my berth on Friesland.

April 30th, 8 o'clock a. m. Good bye Europe!

## APPENDIX A

### CHRONOLOGICAL CHART

#### OF IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF AUGUST BONDI.

1833. July 21st. Born at Vienna, Austria, in the 3rd story of Temple House.
1838. Taught his A, B, C, by his mother.
1839. Sent to private school. Pedagogue (very stern) Adam Schreyer.
1841. Applied for admission to the Vienna Gymnasium. Refused—was under age—10 years required for admittance.
1841. Matriculated at Presburg, Hungary. No legal requirement of age. Entered Parva of Gymnasium.
1842. Took examination in February and July. Passed.
1843. Ten years old. Was admitted to 2nd class, Principe, of Academic Gym, Vienna.
1845. Dr. Ed. Musser my tutor until 1847. All studying done at home.
1846. In 4th class of Gymnasium.
1846. Became Bar Mitzva in July.
1847. December, began the study of English under private tutor.
1848. Monday, May 15th, joined the Academic Legion. Youngest member of Legion.  
May 18th. 8 o'clock a. m. Lifted the first granite paving block to start the First Barricade in the Vienna struggle, at 15 years of age.  
June 6th. Passed examination; received certificate (Abeunde) to enter University and joined the Legion as full fledged member with privilege of a vote.  
Joined Co. 5 of Battalion of the Philosophy Faculty. A private in ranks.  
Sept. 6th. 7 o'clock p. m. Left depot at Vienna for the United States. Spent two days in Prague.  
From Prague to Eger by stage, thence to Dresden by steamboat, on to Leipzig by railroad, then to Bremen by railroad.  
Sept. 23, on Bark Rebecca for New Orleans. Nov. 10, arrived at New Orleans.  
November 11th. On Steamer Buena Vista for St. Louis; arrived there Nov. 23rd.
1849. October. Started to retail auction stock at Quincy, Ill. Returned to St. Louis, learned type-setting and printing.
1850. Left printing office in March. May, formed a partnership in tanner's business. Quit at end of May, of 1851.

1851. Engaged in school teaching in St. Louis Co., Merramec township, 18 miles from St. Louis, in October. No go.  
Started for Texas.  
December 10th. Reached Galveston.
1852. March. On the Brazos as 2nd clerk and bar-keeper.
1853. January 7th. Nineteen years old. I declared my intention of becoming a citizen of the United States at St. Louis, Mo.
1854. November. Engaged as clerk for Brooks, clothier.  
Clerk for Lugerman and Eltman, wholesale Hats and Caps.  
October 5th. Naturalized at St. Louis, Mo. Age 21 years.  
July 21st. became of age.  
September. Clerk for Jacob Benjamin.
1855. March 26th. On board Steamer Polar Star for Kansas City, Mo.  
April 2nd, reached Kansas City; April 4th, reached Lawrence; April 5th, reached Archibold's shanty. We squalled three miles from Archibold's in the Wakarusa Valley.  
Returned to St. Louis last of April. May 23rd, reached Marais des Cygnes Bottom.  
May 26th. We took up our claims, 1000 steps square; Benjamin's south of the California trail, and mine north of the trail.  
July. Became acquainted with the John Brown family.  
August. Opened a general merchandise store with Benjamin as partner.  
November 20th. Returned to St. Louis.
1856. November. First time I met John Brown, Sr., at Free State Election. Join the Free State Minute Men under command of John Brown, Jr., and march to Lawrence.  
Beginning of Border Ruffian War.  
June 2nd. At the battle of Black Jack. First battle of the Border War  
September. Saw John Brown, Sr. for the last time.  
At the battle of Osawatomie.
1857. Presented my claim against the U. S. for \$1,000 for property destroyed in 1856 and had it allowed by congressional commission.  
May 14th. Appointed Post Master at Walker, Anderson Co., and Territory of Kansas.
1858. February 17th. Appointed Enrolling Officer of Kansas Territory, Precinct of Greely, Anderson Co., in the Eighth Brigade, commanded by Gen. Calvin McDaniel.
1860. May 1st. First met Miss Henrietta Einstein at her brother's home.  
June 28th. Married Miss Henrietta Einstein at her brother, George Einstein's, at Fort Leavenworth.  
Winter of '60 and '61, sheltered many runaway slaves.
1861. April 29th. Took the oath of allegiance.  
November 26th. Left home to enlist.  
December 23rd. Mustered into the U. S. service as Co. K, of the 5th Kansas Cavalry, at 8 o'clock p. m., by Major H. F. Williams, of the 3rd Kansas Infantry, afterwards of the 10th Kansas Infantry.

- February 15th. Visited my home from noon of the 15th till morning of the 17th inst.
- December 16th. Joined Miller's Co., 5th Kansas, at Barnesville. Enlisted at Ft. Lincoln with McGinnis.
- November 1st. Volunteer, enrolled in the U. S. service to serve three years.
1862. January 2nd. In Regimental Hospital with measles for five days.
- March 16th. Left Camp Hunter for Carthage, Mo.
- July 9th. At the battle of Black River.
- August 7th. Paid off—second time since I enlisted.
- August 10th. I was promoted Commissary and General Military Sergeant.
- November 12th. Began First Sergeant duty.
1863. July 4th. At battle at Helena.
- September 26th. Very sick in Post Hospital.
- October 5th. Left hospital, weak but free from fever.
- October 14th. Falsely arrested for drunkenness by order of Lieutenant Wood, himself too drunk to know what he was doing. When sober he apologized, fearing a court-martial if he were reported. He ordered me to take charge of the advance guard. I refused to do duty until we returned to Pine Bluff.
- October 25th. At the battle of Pine Bluff, Arkansas.
- November 26th. Paid off; sent home \$100.
1864. January 22nd. Skirmish at Saline River, Ark.
- February 5th. Paid off.
- September 11th. Battle at Monticello Cross Roads, 10 miles southwest of Pine Bluffs. Was severely wounded in the engagement; left on the field by the retreating army; taken prisoner by the Confederates; so nearly dead as to be left by the Confederates on the field; rescued next morning at 10 o'clock by flag of truce come to bury the dead; taken to Post Hospital.
- November 10th. Sufficiently recovered, I began the journey home (Leavenworth) to be discharged, my term of service (3 years) having expired.
- November 18th. Reached St. Louis.
- November 24th. Reached Greeley.
- November 25th. Reached Leavenworth.
- December 2nd. Discharged; mustered out.
- December 3rd. Paid off, less 10%.
1865. February 1st. Received our Discharge-papers. Early in the spring started a grocery store in Leavenworth, corner of 5th and Osage Streets.
- May 10th. Initiated Ent. App. by Delphian Lodge U. D., A. F. and A. M., at Garnett, Kansas.
- June 7th. Passed Fellow Craftsman.
- July 20th. Made Master Mason.
1866. In May we concluded to leave Leavenworth for some place West or South.
- In June sold my farm for \$1,500, and the stock for \$1,000.
- Closed my store July 1st.

- July 16th. Started for Salina, where I arrived July 22nd at 6 o'clock a. m. Bought a lot and shanty standing where the U. S. post office now stands. Paid \$50 down. Returned to Leavenworth, bought merchandise, hired a clerk and with twenty-six horse teams started again for Salina, arriving there July 31st at 6 a. m. August 6th, paid balance due on lot and shanty, and started business. October, sold my shanty, bought residence lots, where the R. Catholic priest's house now stands (April 28, 1904), and built.
1867. Bought 160 acres, which I afterwards farmed.  
In May my house was finished and my family arrived—father, mother, wife and children (Rosa and Ella). Bought 40 acres from Kansas Pacific railroad. In March went into bankruptcy.
1871. Glands in my neck swell. Diagnosed as blood poison, resulting from my wounds. Bed-ridden for months.
1872. Unanimously elected township trustee.
1874. March. Initiated Odd Fellow.
1876. September. Elected probate judge.
1878. Became Royal Arch Mason.  
May. Appointed register clerk in U. S. land office.
1879. Elected police judge, and worked life insurance.
1880. Member of the commission to appraise the U. S. Military Reservation, known June 16, as "Fort Harker Military Reservation in State of Kansas."
1881. Elected police judge, second term.
1883. Elected police judge, third term.  
Correspondent of the Kansas "Freie Presse" of Leavenworth.
1884. Appointed on the State Board of Trustees of Charitable Institutions.
1886. Started in loan business.
1894. Appointed post master at Salina.
1896. April 2nd. Made Perfect Elec. 14th degree.  
April 11th. Made Knight of Red Cross, 18th degree.  
April 11th. Made Knight Kodosh, 30th degree.  
April 13th. Took 32nd degree.  
Admitted to the bar, attorney-at-law, at Rush County, Kansas, June 22nd. Studied under Chas. A. Hillar.
1898. Visited my native place, Vienna, Austria, after nearly fifty years absence.
1903. Went to live with my daughter and her husband, Sigmond Stiefel.  
Began the autobiography April 25th.
1904. August 6th to September 15th, visited the Pacific coast.  
In June visited the Fair at St. Louis.
1905. Contributor to the State Historical Association.  
Have written full instructions for my burial and the disposal of my property, personal and real estate.  
My will is in my private box in the Farmer's National Bank, Box No. 22.

## APPENDIX B

### MARRIAGES

August Bondi, of Vienna, Austria, and Henrietta Einstein, of Buttenwiesen, near Augsburg, Bavaria, married at Leavenworth, Kan., June 28th, 1860.

Rosalia Rebecca Bondi and Jacob Bower (of Szatmar, Hungary), married at Chicago, Ill., June 29th, 1884.

Eleanor (Shedel) Bondi and Frank M. Schulhoff, Szatmar, Hungary, married at Mattoon, Ill., January 15th, 1893.

(Hermine) Minnie Bondi and Sigmund Stiefel, of Hockhausen a-d-Tauber, Baden, married at Salina, Kan., January 22nd, 1896.

Emma (Jittel) Bondi and Leon Sinn, of Cincinnati, O., married at Salina, Kan., January 5th, 1898.

Lillian (Jochetel) Bondi and Adolph Hess, of Eibisheim, Baden, married January 24th, 1904, at Mattoon, Ill., by Rabbi Leipziger.

Hart Emanuel Bondi and Cora Strouse married at McPherson, Kan., June 21st, 1905, (19th Sivan 5665), by Rabbi Mayer, (Cora's birthday), Apr. 4, 1884.

Lydia Gertrud Bondi and Julius Cohn, of Warrensburg, Mo., married at Salina, Kan., by Rabbi Max Lieberman, of Kansas City, Mo., August 22, 1905 (21 Av. 5665).

Sarah Bower and William Maurice Barth, of Chicago, Ill., married at Mattoon, Ill., January 27, 1909.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AUGUST BONDI  
MARRIAGES

MARRIAGES



## BIRTHS

August Bondi, born at Vienna, Austria, in Temple House, Seitenstätter gasse, July 21st, 1833.

Henriette Einstein, born at Buttenwiesen, Bavaria, October 15th, 1833.

Rosalia Rebecca Bondi, born near Greeley, in Anderson County, Kansas, April 28th, 1861 (Sunday, 10:30 a. m.).

Helene (Lina) Bondi, born at Leavenworth, Kas., November 27th, 1865. Died August 27, 1866.

Eleanora (Ella) Shedel Bondi, born at Leavenworth, Kas., December 14th, 1866.

Isidor Israel Bondi, born at Salina, Kas., April 29th, 1868.

Emma Jittel Bondi, born near Salina, Kas., December 17th, 1869.

Hermine (Minnie) Esther Bondi, born near Salina, Kas., February 21st, 1871.

Hart Emanuel Bondi, born near Salina, Kas., March 5th, 1873.

Lillian Jochetel Bondi, born near Salina, Kas., October 8th, 1874.

Lydia Gertrud Bondi, born near Salina, Kas., July 16th, 1876.

Josephine Sophia Bondi, born at Salina, Kas., February 23rd, 1879.

Sarah Bower, born at Mattoon, Ill., April 14th, 1885.

Ethel Carey Bower, born at Mattoon, Ill., December 18th, 1886.

Albert Abraham Bower, born at Mattoon, Ill., March 30th, 1889, 10:30 p. m.

Jules Gerardin Frankl Bower, born at Mattoon, Ill., January 15th, 1895, 6 a. m.

Fanny Florence Schulhoff, born at Mattoon, Ill., August 20th, 1893, 2:30 a. m., 7 mo. child.

Henrietta Jittel Stiefel, born at Salina, Kas., October 27th, 1900.

Benedict Frankl Stiefel, born at Salina, Kas., August 15th, 1893.

Sophia Regina Sinn, born at Salina, Kas., June 14th, 1901.

Henrietta Martha Sinn, born at Kewanee, Ill., October 3d, 1903, 6 p. m.

Samuel Milton Sinn, born at Kewanee, Ill., August 17th, 1904.

Henrietta Carol Bondi, born at Galesburg, Ill., February 23rd, 1908.

Joseph Bondi Cohn, born at Sedalia, Mo., June 10th, 1908.

BIRTHS

BIRTHS

## DEATHS

Israel Einstein died at Buttenwiesen, near Augsburg, Bavaria, June 1st, 1862, 1st Sivan 5622. 73 years old.

Helene (Lina) Bondi died at Leavenworth, Kas., August 27th, 1866. 10 months old.

Herz Emanuel (Naphtali) Bondi died near Salina, Kas., September 26th, 1868. 11th Tishri 5629—after sundown, 7:20 p. m. 78 years old. He was born 25th Kislev 5549—1790.

Emanuel Bondi died near Salina, Kas., Sunday, 1:20 p. m., March 8th, 1874. Had been born at Prague, Bohemia, July 7th, 1829, and married to Henrietta (Harriett) Bondi at Louisville, Ky., March, 1854.

Sophia Einstein, *nee* Kettner, died at Buttenwiesen, near Augsburg, Bavaria, January 2d, 1881, 3d Shvat, 87 years old 5641.

Albert Abraham Bower died at Szatmar, Hungary, March 15th, 1889, 12th Adar 5649.

Martha Malke Bondi, *nee* Frankl, died at Salina, Kas., Monday, August 19th, 1889—22d Av. 5649, at high noon. She was the daughter of Abigail Frankl, D 4th Av. 5568, 1808, and of Wolf Adam Frankl, D 11th Av. 5573, 1812, and born 25th Kislev 4567, 1806, married to Herz Emanuel Bondi January, 1832; came to the U. S., Nov., 1848; to Kansas April, 1857; buried by the side of second husband, in Gypsum Hill cemetery, Aug. 20th, 1889.

Henriette (Cheile) Bondi died at the Pius Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., March 28th, 1896, 14th Nisan 5661, and was buried by the side of her husband, Emanuel Bondi, in Gypsum Hill cemetery March 31, 1896.

Marie Einstein, widow, died at Augsburg, Germany, October 2d, 1898, 16th Tishri 5659. 78 years old.

Sophie Sinn, mother of Leon Sinn, died at Galesburg, Ill., Jan. 5th, 1899, 2:45 a. m. 23d Tebeth 5659.

Henrietta Bondi, *nee* Einstein, died August 24th, 1900, 29th Av 5660, 1:20 a. m. Buried at Gypsum Hill cemetery Aug. 27th, 1900.

Georg Gabriel Einstein died at New York, N. Y., Feb. 16th, 1907. 71 years old, 2d Adar 5667.

DEATHS

DEATHS

## APPENDIX C

WOLF ADAM FRANKL, died at Vienna the 11th of Ab 5573—Aug. 1812.

ABAGAIL FRANKL, died at Prague the 4th of Ab 5568—Aug. 1808. Their children:

DAVID ADAM FRANKL, born 1801, died at Prague 1875.

JOSEPH ADAM FRANKL, born 1803, died at Marienbad 1874, and

MARTHA (MALKE) FRANKL, born at Prague the 25th day of Kislev 5567—Dec., 1806, married HERZ EMANUEL (Naphtali) BONDI, born at Prague the 25th of Kislev 5549 Dec., 1790, at Prague January, 1832. Arrived in the U. S. at New Orleans from Vienna Nov. 23d, 1848—in Kansas March, 1857; in Saline Co., May, 1867.

Their children:

AUGUST (Anshl), born at Vienna July 21st, 1833.

HENRIETTA (Cheile), born at Vienna May 22d, 1835.

HERZ EMANUEL (Naphtali) BONDI died at his son, August's, farm on Sec. 31, Walnut tp., Saline County, Kas., on the 11th of Tishri 5629 Sept. 26th, 1868, at 7:20 p. m., near 78 years old. Remains buried in Gypsum Hill cemetery, near Salina, Kas., May 1875. Lot 15, Block A.

Surviving children of David Adam Frankl, viz: ANTON, KARL and FERDINAND, all at Prague, members of one firm: Brüder Frankl, Seed and Produce Merchants.

Surviving son of Joseph Adam Frankl, viz: PAUL FRANKL, born 1834. Captain in the Imp. Austrian Navy.

HERZ EMANUEL (Naphtali) BONDI, born at Prague the 25th of Kislev 5549 Dec. 1790.

MARTHA (MALKE) BONDI, died at her son, August's, residence at Salina, Kas., on the 22nd day of Ab 5649, August 19th, 1889, at 12:18 p. m. Her remains buried August 20th, 1889, beside her husband's.

AUGUST BONDI married to Henrietta Einstein at Leavenworth, Kas., June 28th, 1860.

ISIDOR ISRAEL EINSTEIN died at Buttenwiesen, Bavaria, on the 3d of Sivan 5622, June 2d, 1862. 72 years old.

SOPHIA EINSTEIN died at Buttenwiesen, Bavaria, on the 3d of Shebat 5641, Feb. 1881. 87 years old.

HENRIETTA (Jittl) EINSTEIN, born at Buttenwiesen, Bavaria, Oct. 18th, 1833.

The "Bondi" and "Frankl" families both claim descent from King David, through Rabbi Hillel, their ancestor. Genealogical tables to that effect exist at Prague.

The "Bondi" families of anywhere descend from Jomtov Landschreiber, who about 1760 lived in Bohemia, somewhere near Prague. His name was Jomtov and his business was "Landschreiber" (clerk) in some government office supposed to have been connected with the taxation of Jews. Under the Govt. edict of that time he changed his Jew name "Jomtov" (Engl. good day) to Bondi, which likewise means good day in Italian. Jomtov Landschreiber had lived some time in Italy. Afterwards, "Bondi" was occasionally corrupted into "Bondy," but all Bondis and Bondys are kin.

Surviving nephews of Herz Emanuel Bondi: Rudolph Bondi, music teacher, St. Louis, Mo.; Ludwig Bondi, printer, Vienna, Austria; Joseph Bondi, broker, Vienna, Austria; Max Lichtenstadt, millinery, Prague, Bohemia.

Rosalia Rebecca Bondi, born near Greeley, in Anderson Co., Kas., April 28th, 1861.

Helena Bondi, born at Leavenworth, Kas., Nov. 27th, 1865; died Aug. 27th, 1866.

Leonore (Sheidl) Bondi, born at Leavenworth, Kas., Dec. 14th, 1866.

Isidor Israel Bondi, born at Salina, Kas., April 29th, 1868.

Emma (Jittl) Bondi, born Walnut tp., Saline Co., Kas., Dec. 17th, 1869.

Hermine Esther Bondi, born at Walnut tp., Feb. 21st, 1871.

Hart Emanuel (Naphtali) Bondi, born at Walnut tp., Saline Co., Kas., March 5th, 1873.

Elizabeth (Jachel) Bondi, born at Walnut tp., Saline Co., Kas., Oct. 8th, 1874.

Lydia (Gettl) Bondi, born at Walnut tp., Saline Co., Kas., July 16th, 1876.

Fanny Josephina (Siftel) Bondi, born at Salina, Kas., Feb. 23d, 1879.

Rosalia Rebecca Bondi married to Jacob Bower, from Szatmar, Hungary, at Chicago, June 29th, 1884.







## THE FINAL WORD

JUDGE AUGUST BONDI had just completed a visit of some length to his sons and daughters living in Illinois and Missouri, and returning to his home in Salina, stopped at St. Louis on some important business, when his death occurred suddenly, Monday, September 30, '07. Following are a few items taken from papers bearing the date:

"The well known and much honored patriot, pioneer and politician, Judge August Bondi, dropped dead in St. Louis, on the corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, near to the Southern Hotel, where he was stopping. The death was caused by heart failure.

"The remains were brought to Salina on the west-bound passenger train of the Union Pacific, and were met by Geo. D. Adams and an escort of Masons, and taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sigmond Stiefel. From there the remains will be taken to the Masonic Temple where the body will lie in state until time for the funeral services. The following are the pall bearers: R. S. See, C. Eberhardt, E. W. Ober, J. A. Kimball, W. F. Grosser, J. F. Merrill.

The remains will be laid to rest in Gypsum Hill cemetery by the side of his wife, who died some six years ago."

"The funeral services of Judge August Bondi were held this afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the Masonic Temple. The services were largely attended, the building being packed to standing room. Rabbi Meyer, of Kansas City, performed the Jewish rites. He gave a touching address on the life of the Salina pioneer, famous in history of the state. Following these services the Masons took charge and the beautiful Masonic services were held.

A special choir, composed of Mesdames Schwartz, Webb, Hillar and Burch, and Messrs. Rush and Carnal furnished the music."

### FUNERAL OF JUDGE BONDI

"The Masonic Temple was crowded Thursday afternoon. The hour before the funeral hundreds of friends passed in and viewed the remains, The sermon delivered by Rabbi Meyer, of Kansas City, was pronounced to be one of the best ever heard in Salina. His eulogy of the deceased was especially fine and went direct to the hearts of the friends present.

The county court house was closed during the funeral service; Judge Bondi having been court clerk for one term, and also probate judge.

Besides the pall bearers, taken from the Masonic body, the remains were given an escort by the Odd Fellows, and by the Grand Army of the Republic. The Elks also attended in a body."



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