WITH JOHN BROWN IN KANSAS.

These monuments were all completed and received by your commissioners on the 20th of September, and by your request were turned over to you, as governor of Kansas, for such disposition as you might think best, and under the rules and regulations for the government of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga National Military Park.

Your commission deem it unnecessary to speak of the valor and bravery displayed by the Kansas troops engaged in these battles. The record of the dead and wounded tells the story in more eloquent words than we could use. Your commission believe that they have executed their trust in a manner which will meet your approval, and that citizens of Kansas visiting the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park will be pleased with the work of your commission and with the record of the troops from Kansas in both of these battles.

In the discharge of their trust your commission have expended the following sums:

April 15, expense of five commissioners to Chattanooga to locate positions of Kansas troops in battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, $360.00
April 23, expenses of president and secretary to Milwaukee to examine and select monuments .................................................. 90.15
Expense of secretary's office to date ........................................ 76.53
Bill of Smith's Granite Company, for three granite monuments and two granite markers, set up, complete ....................................... 3,000.00
Bill of American Bronze Company, for die and two copies of state seal in bronze .......................................................... 50.00
September 20, expense of five commissioners to Chattanooga to inspect and receive monuments ........................................ 395.05
Total expenditure .............................................................. $4,472.63

Leaving a balance of appropriation unexpended of $827.37.

I have the honor to enclose herewith my imperfect blue-prints of designs of the monuments.

Trusting that the foregoing report and the manner in which the work of your commission has been performed may meet with your approval, I have the honor to be,

J. L. ABERNATHY, President of Commission.
S. R. WASHER, Secretary.

WITH JOHN BROWN IN KANSAS.

Written by AUGUST BOND,* at request of Maj. Henry Inman, and published in the Salina Herald in January and February, 1884.

PURSUANT to your request that I should give you my recollections and views of the character and deeds of freedom's hero, John Brown, in reply to the slanderous article of Utter,† I have tried my utmost to refresh my memory and

*AUGUST BOND was born in Vienna, Austria, July 21, 1833. His father, Herr Emanuel Bondl, was born at Prague, Bohemia, December 24, 1796; his mother, Martha Franke, was born at Prague, Bohemia, December 24, 1805. His father engaged in manufacturing in Vienna, but was impoverished by the political disturbances of the 40's, and in September, 1848, emigrated to the United States with his family, consisting of his wife and son — the subject of this sketch — and a daughter, Henrietta. They settled in St. Louis, Mo. In August, 1857, they moved onto

† REV. DAVID N. UTTER, pastor of a Unitarian church in Chicago, published, in the November, 1881, issue of the North American Review, an article entitled "John Brown of Osawatomie." It was a bitter arraignment of Brown for his connection with the killing of certain pro-slavery settlers on Osawatomie creek, which occurred May 24, 1856. (See foot-note, page 429, volume 7, Collections Kansas State Historical Society; also writings of Richard J. Hinton, George W. Brown, W. B. Connelley, John J. Inman, E. B. Sanborn, etc.)
recall that border war (ended now for more than a quarter of a century), and my intimate relations with the grandest personality of that eventful struggle.

About the middle of May, 1855, I, with a friend named Benjamin, of St. Louis, settled on the Mosquito branch of Pottawatomie creek. About the end of May I called upon one Henry Sherman ("Dutch Henry"), living about four miles from our claim. I had heard he was a German, and I wished to make his acquaintance. After a short talk this worthy said he had heard we were free-soilers, and he therefore would advise us to clear out, or ours might be the fate of Baker. Baker was a settler on the Marais des Cygnes, whom a band of ruffians had taken from his house, whipped, and hanged upon a tree, but had been taken down before life was extinct, and released, upon his promise to leave Kansas—all this because Baker was from Vermont. On my return from Sherman's I had some words with one Wilkinson, who saluted me in the style of Dutch Henry.

Reaching home, Benjamin and I held a council of war. Benjamin (who had worked several days at the settlement on the Marais des Cygnes) reported that no help could be expected thence, where the settlers were all from Missouri or Arkansas. He had heard, however, of a small settlement of Ohio men about five miles to the northeast, and we agreed that these ought to be seen. Next morning Benjamin went there, and returned about noon with Frederick Brown, who brought a greeting from his three brothers, and assured us that they would always be found ready to assist us.

a claim near Greeley, Anderson county, Kansas. In May, 1857, the family removed to Salina, and remained with the son until their deaths. The father died September 25, 1860; the mother, August 10, 1889; and the daughter, March 23, 1906. August Bondi had a classical and scientific education to his fiftieth year, and lived in Vienna, Austria, until September 4, 1848. He lived in St. Louis until March, 1855, when he started for Kansas on the "Polar Star." He crossed the line into Kansas April 3, 1855, and in May settled on the Mosquito branch of Pottawatomie creek, in Franklin county. He removed to Greeley, Anderson county, in March, 1857; thence to Leavenworth, August, 1859; and in July, 1866, to Saline county, which has been his home to this day. Since settling in Kansas he has worked in stores, printing-offices, on steamboats, kept tavern, taught school, farming most of the time until 1877, with an interval of thirty-seven months in the army; and in later years has engaged in real estate, loan and law practice. He has served as a member of the school board, township trustee, clerk of the district court, land-office clerk, member of the State Board of Charities, postmaster at Greeley, in the early days, and postmaster at Salina from May, 1884, to August, 1897.

In 1848 he was a member of the Vienna Academic Legion, Captain Zach's company; in 1853, 1854, and 1855, active in the ranks of the Benton (or free-state) Democratic party, in St. Louis, Mo. In 1856, he was with Capt. John Brown at Ottawa camp; in May; at Black Jack, June 2, and at Osawatomie August 30. In 1857 he stumped Anderson county for the Topeka constitution; participated in flight at Battey's ford, on Little Osage, in Bourbon county, against United States marshal's posse, December 2, 1857, for which action he was removed from postmastership at Greeley; was present at the first organization of "Jayhawkers," near Mound City, December 14, 1857, of which he is the sole survivor. November 1, 1858, he was mustered in as first sergeant of company K, Fifth Kansas cavalry, commanding said company at times, and participating in every scout and engagement of the regiment, still carrying in his body two ounces of lead. He stumped Saline county against prohibition, and in 1858 joined the Democratic party. In church relationship he is a Jew. At Leavenworth, June 28, 1890, he was married to Henrietta Eisenwi, who died August 24, 1906, leaving nine living children. Mr. Bondi has preserved his Academic Legion membership card to this day, and at the centennial reunion of the Academic survivors, March 12, 1898, he was informed that but one other card existed. The Academic Legion consisted of the students of the university, technical college, and academy of arts, about 3600 in all, four-fifths of them being boys from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. They organized the revolution in the German Austrian states, assisting Roseth's efforts for free government in Hungary. The movement collapsed through the apathy of the masses and Russian intervention.

John Brown, Jr., in a letter to the committee of the quarter-centennial celebration, January 28, 1884, mentions August Bondi as one of his company. (Page 45, volume 3, Collections Kansas State Historical Society.)
In the course of that summer (1855) I got acquainted with the rest of the Browns who at that time resided in Kansas, namely, John Brown, jr., Jason, Owen and Salmon Brown. They had claims on Middle creek, and owned a herd of full-blooded Davons, brought from Ohio. They had come to Kansas with their families and all their property, and, as free state men, had the intention of helping to make Kansas a free state by lawful means; but they were also firmly resolved to resist force by force. During this summer there was considerable immigration both from the North and the South—the Northern men in the majority; but the pro-slavery men had the advantage of being generally well armed and under better organization. On their side, too, were all the gangs of robbers and murderers who had long considered the borders of Missouri and the Indian Territory as the starting-point, of their plundering raids. The free-soilers abstained from voting at the first legislative election, held in March, 1855, for the Missourians had a second time taken possession of the polls, and only allowed their own friends to vote. In the early part of October the free-state men held an election of their own for a territorial convention. I was then down with the fever, but the neighbors, two Germans, placed me in an oxcart and conveyed me to the voting-place.

Here I first got acquainted with Captain Brown. He told me that he had heard from his sons and kindred of our need, and that he had come to stand by them and us in the coming struggle. Besides his four sons, above named, he had also two brothers-in-law, Orson Day and Rev. S. L. Adair, settled near Ossawatomie, in Kansas. If John Brown himself did not come as a settler, his principal object in coming was to help, by counsel and deed, his children and kinsmen in their deadly conflict with murderous ruffians. It was in Kansas, too, that he came to the conviction not only that slavery was a crime against the negroes, but that its continuance and spread would bring innumerable evils and crimes upon the whites; and to get rid of its effects, the cause, he thought, should be destroyed.

A few days after that October election I went to St. Louis, and, consequently, knew nothing of the so-called "Watkins war," in December, 1855. I returned to Kansas in the spring of 1856, and arrived on my claim the morning of May 21, the day when Lawrence was sacked. The same day mounted messengers brought news of the danger which then threatened Lawrence, and at two p.m. the Pottawatomie rifles, under the command of H. H. Williams,†

*An election of delegates to the Topeka constitutional convention was held October 9, 1855, and on December 15, the election on its adoption or rejection.

†Henry H. Williams was born in Hudson, Columbia county, New York, September 26, 1828. In the spring of 1855 he came to Kansas. He was the third settler on Pottawatomie creek, in Anderson county. Soon after his arrival he attended a free-state meeting, of which he was made secretary, John Brown being chairman. The meeting repealed certain squatter laws that a pro-slavery organization had established. He was a delegate to the Big Springs convention, September 3, 1855. He marched to the defense of Lawrence in December, 1855. When the Pottawatomie rifles were organized, John Brown, jr., was made captain, and H. H. Williams, second lieutenant. In December he was a delegate to a free-state convention, at Lawrence, to nominate officers under the Topeka constitution. In January, 1856, he and John Brown, jr., were elected members of the house of representatives under the Topeka constitution. He walked to Topeka to take his seat, a distance of sixty-five miles. He declined to accompany John Brown on the trip which resulted in the Pottawatomie massacre. In May, 1856, he was arrested by a pro-slavery mob and taken before a pro-slavery grand jury at Paola. He had his hands tied behind his back for a week, when chains were obtained, and he was made to walk to Prairie City, part of the way chained by the ankle to another man, and a portion of the way carrying the chain in his hand; the other end still being on his ankle. He was one of the free-state prisoners at Lecompton and Tecumseh. He was sheriff of Miami county in 1857, and again elected in 1859. In 1881 he enlisted, and participated in the battles of Custer Hill.
of Osawatomie, were on their march toward Lawrence. Theodore Weiner, who kept a store on my claim, and I, joined them. After a march of three miles we overtook the Osawatomie rifles, under the lead of a certain Dayton. The two companies marched together about a mile farther, where we found Capt. John Brown, with his sons, John, Owen, Frederick, Salmon, and Oliver, and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, waiting for us; and here John Brown, Jr., took command of the Pottawatomie rifles.

On the morning of May 22, the whole command, reinforced by free-state men from Palmyra and Prairie City, advanced nearly to Palmyra and went into camp. Here we first heard of the bombardment of Lawrence. In a council of war, it was resolved to wait further news before going forward toward Lawrence. In the evening a messenger came from that town with the request that we would return home, so as not to exasperate the pitiless enemy.

The heads of the free-soil party, who at that time had the upper hand in Lawrence, and therefore in Kansas, belonged to that class with whom interest always counts for more than principle, as was the case in 1848 in Germany. The chief of those foolish leaders at that time was S. O. Pomeroy, afterward nicknamed the "Christian statesman." These cowards buried their guns and rifles, and were ready for anything to keep up the speculation in Lawrence town lots. The Osawatomie and Pottawatomie rifles counted, together, sixty-five men; the Palmyra guards, Captain McWhinney, and the Prairie City guards, under Captain Shore, in all about forty men. All these captains expressed their disgust at the thought of disbanding, for they said that in three days more, at farthest, enough men would have come together to drive Jones and his Missourians out.

Prairie Grove, Van Buren, Fort Wayne, and Pilot Knob, being a major in the Tenth Kansas. He was provost marshal of St. Louis for a while. In 1838 he was elected sheriff of Jackson county, Missouri, his family having moved to Kansas City in 1833. In April, 1847, he returned to Osawatomie and engaged in the hardware business. In 1857 he was elected to the house of representatives, and in 1858 elected to the state senate. In 1859 he was a state-house commissioner, and assisted in building the west wing. He has for many years lived in California.

*Palmyra was the forerunner of Baldwin. It never reached the dignity of incorporation.

Baldwin was incorporated by the territorial legislature February 4, 1859. Prairie City was located about one mile and a half southwest, on the northeast quarter of section 8, township 15 south, range 20 east. It was incorporated February 4, 1859. The battle between Brown and Pate, later described in this article, occurred four miles east of Prairie City, or probably two miles south of the present town of Baldwin, on section 7, township 15 south, range 21 east; all being in Palmyra township, Douglas county. Prairie City—now extinct—was an ambitious place. June 25, 1857, 8, 8. Proust established Freemen's Champion at Prairie City, in a tent which was erected by the ladies for that use. He issued eleven numbers, when publication was suspended. In three months it was resumed, and continued until September, 1858. In fifteen months forty numbers had been issued. In September, 1859, the material was taken to Burlington. Proust became a lieutenant and quartermaster in the army, first state printer, from 1859 to 1873, and one of the most prominent newspaper men in the state. He died at Topeka, January 31, 1880. The Historical Society has a complete file, bound, of Freemen's Champion.

† SAMUEL C. POMEROY was born in Southampton, Mass., January 3, 1818. He was educated at Amherst. In 1840 he became an anti-slavery man. He happened to be present May 29, 1854, when President Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He said to the President: "Your victory is but an adjournment of the question from the halls of legislation at Washington to the open prairies of the freedom-loving West, and there, sir, we shall beat you." He started from Boston on the 27th of August, 1854, with 200 emigrants for Kansas. On the 6th of September they crossed the line at Kansas City, destined for Lawrence. He settled at Atchison. He vigorously canvassed the East for the free-state cause in Kansas. He managed the aid business during the drought of 1851. Upon the admission of the state he was elected United States senator, and reelected in 1857. In 1858 he was defeated for a third term by the celebrated York exposure. Senator A. M. York, of Montgomery county, got $7000 from him for his support, and in joint convention he denounced Pomeroy for bribery and turned the money over to the presiding officer. Almost unanimously the joint convention voted for John J. Ingalls to succeed him. He died at Whitchurchville, Mass., August 27, 1891.
of the territory. But without consulting old Brown, a majority of the men at last resolved to stay in camp until the next morning, and then by slow marches return home.

At nine o'clock that morning a messenger arrived from Pottawatomi creek, reporting that the pro-slavery men, Wilkinson, Doyle and his sons, and William and Henry Sherman (alias "Dutch Henry"), had been going from house to house of the free-state men, and had threatened that shortly the Missourians would be there and make a clean sweep of them. At some places, where the men were absent, they had grossly insulted their wives and daughters. This news created great excitement in our camp. Still the majority thought it better not to start before morning. Old Brown, who felt indignant, called his sons, his son-in-law (Thompson), Weiner, Townsley and me aside, and said: "Something must be done to show these barbarians that we, too, have rights." After that he wished to know if we all were ready to obey him, and then ordered Townsley to get ready his team, but in a few words requested me not to go with him. He thought it might be elsewhere of greater service to the good cause if for the present I remained behind, and, if need be, keep open the communication between his men and their families. The remainder of that night (May 22) the men who remained in camp talked about the situation and the best means to defend the free-state cause.

In the afternoon of May 23 messengers from Lawrence arrived, and reported that Colonel Sumner, commanding the Second United States dragoons, had issued an order forbidding the gathering of armed men of either party, and there was no doubt Sumner would strictly enforce his order. Now it was urged from all sides that we disband. A few only demurred; our provisions were nearly gone, and to go to war on an empty stomach is unpleasant; so that evening (May 23) the Pottawatomi and Osawatomie rifles went home. Late in the evening I arrived at my claim, in company with an old neighbor, Austin, who was afterwards named "Old Kill-devil," from a rifle he had.of that name. The family of Benjamin (whom we had left when we departed for camp) had disappeared, and no cattle were to be seen. This latter was a serious matter, for there was nothing left in the shape of provisions. When I told Austin that I was willing to stay with him until the last of the border ruffians had left the country, he encouraged me, and assured me that he would find Benjamin's family and protect them, at all events. This the old man faithfully did; and in memory of his friendship and self-sacrifice I have placed a simple slab upon his soldier's grave, near Helena, on the Mississippi.†

†Mr. Connelley's account of the Pottawatomi affair differs somewhat from Mr. Bondi's as to dates. The former states that the Brownes were summoned to the defense of Lawrence on May 22, and on the same day started for the beleaguered city. Before camping that night theylearned that Lawrence had been destroyed the day before, May 21. In the morning, on May 23, a messenger arrived from the Pottawatomi with intelligence which caused Captain Brown to return the same afternoon to the Pottawatomi. The Doyles and others were killed on the night of Saturday, May 24.

Mr. Bondi explains: "I first met Freeman Austin May 21, 1856, when we tramped together in the Pottawatomi rifles, commanded by Capt. John Brown, jr., to the relief of Lawrence, and afterward we were frequently together; as he was a carpenter, a No. 1 mechanic, he worked often for my friend, Jacob Benjamin, and did also considerable work on a hewed-log house I had erected on my Mosquito creek claim, we became intimate. He was a native of Pennsylvania, had been in the Mexican war, would never talk of family or old home; lived mostly with Samuel House, on the Marais des Cygnes, near Osawatomie, in which neighborhood he preempted a fine claim. He was with the Pottawatomi boys in the capture of the blockhouse and fortifications of New Georgia, six miles southeast of Osawatomie, in August, 1856. Freeman Austin took part in the battle of Osawatomie, August 29, 1856. He had joined John Brown the evening before. His presence of mind and unerring rifle, named by him 'Kill-devil,' saved
The evening of May 24 I arrived, tired and hungry, at the camping-ground of old Brown, a log cabin on the banks of Middle creek, upon the claim of his brother-in-law, Orson Day. This is one of the cabins which, under the name "John Brown’s cabin," has since become famous. Day built it as a first shelter for his family, in the winter of 1855-56, and Brown dwelt in it with his younger sons. It was about twelve miles west from Osawatomie, on the bottom land of North Middle creek. Here, also, I found my friend Weiner, 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 Weiner never expressed himself positively as to who killed those persons, and I could only guess about it. I was astonished, but not at all displeased. The men killed had been our neighbors, and I was sufficiently acquainted with their characters to know that they were of the stock from which came the James brothers, the Youngers, and the rest, who never shrank from perpetrating crime if it was done in the interest of the pro-slavery cause. As to their antecedents, the Doyles had been slave-hunters before they came to Kansas, and had fetched along two of their bloodhounds. "Dutch Bill" (Sherman), a German, from Oldenburg, and a resident of Kansas since 1845, had amassed considerable property by robbing cattle droves and emigrant trains. He was a giant, six feet four inches high, and for some weeks before his death had made it his pastime (in company with the Doyles) to break in the doors of free-state settlers, frightening and insulting the families, or once in a while attacking and ill treating a man whom they encountered alone.

It would take too much time to recount their atrocities. Wilkinson was one of the few Southerners who were able to read and write, and who prided himself accordingly. He was a member of the border-ruffian legislature, and a principal leader in all attempts to annoy and extirpate the free-state men. Although he never directly participated in the murders and robberies, still it was well understood that he was always informed a short time before an invasion of Missourians was to occur, and on the very day of his death he had tauntingly said to some free-state men that in a few days the last of them would be either dead or out of the territory. In this he referred to the coming invasion of Cook, at the head of 250 armed men from Bates county, Missouri, who made their appearance about the 27th of May and plundered the whole region. His men carried off a good many prisoners, but abstained from killing them, as they feared that for every murdered free-soiler John Brown would kill one of their number.

Should Mr. Utter ever visit southeastern Kansas, and make inquiries of any old settler there of the years 1855 and 1856, he will find the above statement confirmed as often as he may meet with a settler of those years still living. As a full man cannot understand the pangs of a fasting man, so Mr. Utter, in his luxuriously furnished study at Chicago, cannot imagine the feelings of frightened mothers who do not know which is worse, the day or night, nor how soon the fruits of their labor will be destroyed by a band of miscreants, or themselves be called to mourn the death of some of their loved ones.

the Osawatomie saw- and grist-mill. When the handful of free-state men scattered, he retreated with Capt. John Brown through the timber, but stopped at the mill, behind some sawlogs, and, as two border ruffians ran up, one with a burning torch, to fire the mill, he shot the torch-carrier; the other left for assistance, which soon came, so Austin related to me, but while they carried their wounded comrades off, no more attempts were made against the mill. He was mustered into company K, Fifth Kansas. I saw him last July 17, 1861, as he was taken to the hospital sick with chronic diarrhea. He died at Helena, July 30, 1861, in the hospital. He was about sixty-three years old. The congressional commission audited and issued to him a voucher for $33 for tools, etc., lost and destroyed when the storehouse and log cabin on my claim were burned, in May, 1860, by Captain Cook’s company of border ruffians.”
John Brown and his small body of soldiers with him only executed upon those scoundrels a just sentence of death for the benefit of several hundred unprotected families. There was no cabin on the banks of the Pottawatomie in which, after the events of that night became known, fathers and mothers did not go to their day’s work with a lighter heart, nor was there any pro-slavery man who did not perceive that the so-called “peace policy” (born of the selfishness of Eastern speculators) had come to an end, and that only good behavior could shield him from the arm of the avenger. Southern Kansas looked upon John Brown as the instrument of God’s vengeance.

On the 26th of May, 1856, at an early hour in the morning, our little crowd rode onto the claim of John Brown, Jr., on Vine branch, one mile and a half from Middle Creek bottom. About five o’clock in the afternoon of that day, Carpenter, from near Prairie City, joined us, and reported that he had come, at the instance of his neighbors, to request Captain Brown’s assistance against the border ruffians, who, in spite of all proclamations, continued to harass the settlers. Colonel Sumner, of the Second United States dragoons, was the only Northern army officer in Kansas—all others were from the South—and, while taking good care to carry out the letter of their instructions, lacked the good will to do more. The orders were to disperse all armed crowds. Whenever they received news of any devilment committed by the border ruffians they started after them in slow marches, but never reached anywhere in time to prevent mischief, and, if once in a while they caught up with a band of Southerners, the officers in command of the United States detachment halted the ruffians and read them the proclamation. The boss galoot, entitled “Cap.,” by his crowd, then stepped in front of his band, and with a few words admonished them to go home, which they seemed to do at once, by striking promiscuously for the next timber, where they at once reorganized for another raid. To complete the utter ruin of the free-state people, Governor Shannon had also issued a call for the enlistment of a “state militia,” to maintain law and order,” and Buford, Titus, Pate, and others of like ilk, had recruited the same from Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina.

It was Carpenter’s mission to beg Captain 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. Captain Brown declared to Carpenter his readiness to start at once. One of his sons went to Mrs. Jason Brown to tell her to send any inquiring friend who wished to join us to Carpenter, near Prairie City. We started after dark, eleven in number, viz.: Capt. John Brown, Fred. Brown, Watson Brown, Oliver Brown, Salmon Brown, Owen Brown, Henry Thompson (Captain Brown’s son-in-law), Theodore Weiner, James Townsley, Carpenter, and myself.

Captain Brown carried a saber and a large-sized revolver; his sons and Thompson had a revolver, cutlasses and a squirrel rifle each; Townsley an old musket; Weiner a double-barreled shotgun; Carpenter one revolver, and myself a flint-lock musket of 1812 pattern. Watson and Oliver Brown and myself rode bareback. Fred. Brown rode ahead; Owen Brown and Carpenter about ten steps behind; then followed Captain Brown and the rest, two by two. Going from Middle Creek to Ottawa Creek we had to follow part of the way the old military road from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth.

*August 31, 1855, commissions were issued by Acting Governor Woodson, by and with the advice and consent of the council, to Hiram J. Stricker, as adjutant general of the Kansas militia; to A. M. Coffey, as major-general southern division, Kansas militia; to William P. Richardson, as major-general northern division; to four brigadier-generals and to eight colonels.
Arriving near the Marais des Cygnes crossing of the same road, we discovered right ahead several camp-fires, and by their light about 100 yards before us a sentinel in the United States uniform. Fred. Brown continued to advance, and Carpenter informed the old man that he supposed we had struck a detachment of the United States troops acting as a posse of a deputy United States marshal. Captain Brown exchanged a few words with Carpenter, then ordered us to ride ahead, not to betray any anxiety, and strictly to obey his orders.

The sentinel allowed Fred. Brown and Carpenter to advance to within twenty-five steps, and then halted them with the usual "Who goes there?" and clear through the still night air rang Fred. 's answer, "free state." The sentinel called the corporal of the guard. We others, by our captain's order, continued to ride on to within about five steps of Fred. and Carpenter, and formed like a very disorderly crowd. Carpenter explained to the corporal that we were farmers near Prairie City, and had ridden to Osawatomie at the request of the settlers there to protect them against a raid from Missouri.° We had been there two days, with no Missourians to see or hear from, our provisions had run out, and so we had concluded to go home. The commanding officer, Lieutenant McIntosh, company F, Second dragoons, now came up, and Carpenter repeated his tale, none of the others mixing in the conversation. The deputy United States marshal made his appearance, and insisted that the lieutenant should hold us until daylight, but McIntosh replied to him that he had his orders, and could not detain peaceable travelers, and called out to us, "Pass on!"; and so we went on in slow gait till we had reached the hills on the other side.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 27th day of May, we reached the hiding-place on Ottawa creek which Carpenter had picked out for us; it was in a bend of the creek, in the midst of virgin forest about one-half of a mile thick. We made our camp near a large, old oak log, and tied our horses in the bushes. Captain 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 (wheat ground in an iron corn-mill), and Captain Brown commenced to prepare breakfast. We stayed here up to the morning of Sunday, the 1st of June, and during these few days I fully succeeded in understanding the exalted character of my old friend. He exhibited at all times the most affectionate care for each of us. He also attended to cooking. We had two meals daily, consisting of bread made of the flour above mentioned, baked in skillets; this was washed down with creek water, mixed with a little ginger and a spoon of molasses to each pint. Nevertheless we kept in excellent spirits; we considered

° Oscar E. Learnard came to Kansas in the fall of 1855, settling in Lawrence. He made the trip from Ottumwa, Iowa, on horseback. He soon enlisted on the free-soil side of the controversy, and in 1856 was in command of a squad of horsemen, encasing in the forays of that season. He was born at Fairfax, Va., November 14, 1832, on the same homestead where his father was born and upon which his grandfather made the first settlement. He is the ninth generation of his family in this country, his ancestor, William Learnard, coming from England in 1832. Colonel Learnard was educated at Berkshire Academy and Norwich University. He traveled for a year in the South, and then graduated at the Albany Law School. In the spring of 1857 he located the town of Burlington, in Coffey county. He was elected that Fall to the territorial council, and served three sessions. He was president of the convention, at Osawatomie, May 18, 1859, at which the Republican party was organized. (See sixth volume of Historical Collections, pages 312-315.) Upon the organization of the state government he was elected judge of the fifth judicial district, but resigned at the breaking out of the war to accept the position of lieutenant-colonel of the First Kansas infantry. He served in the state senate from Douglas county for the sessions of 1866, 1867, and 1868. He served one year as superintendent of Haskell Indian School, appointed by President Cleveland, although always an ardent Republican. For twenty-six years he was tax commissioner and special attorney of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis (now the Frisco) railroad. His wife is a daughter of Col.
ourselves as one family, allied to one another by the consciousness that it was our duty to undergo all these privations to further the good cause; had determined to share any danger with one another, that victory or death might find us together. We were united as a band of brothers by the love and affection towards the man who with tender words and wise counsel, in the depth of the wilderness of Ottawa creek, prepared a handful of young men for the work of laying the foundation of a free common wealth. His words have ever remained firmly engraved in my mind. Many and various were the instructions he gave during the days of our compulsory leisure in this camp. He expressed himself to us that we should never allow ourselves to be tempted by any consideration to acknowledge laws and institutions to exist as of right if our conscience and reason condemned them.

He admonished us not to care whether a majority, no matter how large, opposed our principles and opinions. The largest majorities were sometimes only organized mobs, whose howlings never changed black into white, or night into day. A minority conscious of its rights, based on moral principles, would, under a republican government, sooner or later become the majority. Regarding the crimes and cruelties of the institution of slavery, he declared that the outrages committed in Kansas to further its extension had directed the attention of all intelligent citizens of the United States and the world to the necessity of its abolishment, as a stumbling-block in the path of nineteenth-century civilization; while it was true that the pro-slavery people and their adherers had the upper hand at present, and the free state organization had dwindled to a handful hid in the brush, nevertheless we ought to be of good cheer, and start the ball to rolling at the first opportunity, no matter whether its starting motion would ever crush us to death. We were under the protection of a wise providence, which might use our feeble efforts.

Occasionally Captain Brown also gave us directions for our conduct during a fight, for attack and retreat. Time and again he entreated us never to follow

Shaler W. Eldridge. In 1884 he became proprietor of the Lawrence Journal, which he still owns. Colonel Leonard, as president of an old settlers' organization, called the Fifty-sizers, in an address delivered September 14, 1892, thus speaks of the importance of the skirmishes ending with the repulse of the 2500 before Lawrence, September 14, 1856, and Governor Geary's action in disbanding the Missouri militia.

"History is naturally divisible into epochs, which embrace the inception and the conclusion of some distinct phase of general history, or the determination of some special issue around which are grouped its incidental and collateral events and incidents. This is notably true of Kansas history, which is full of startling and sensational features, even to this day. The events, the memories of which are reviving here to-day, and the details of which we have been living over again, constituted an epoch the most stirring and potent in its results of any in our history; for it was a contest of physical force, in which the free-state men were placed at the most serious disadvantage, both in numbers and resources. It was a period of armed invasion—a period of Kansas by force. The memorable invasion of the 2500 on September 14, the last of the series of armed invasions—these are the parts of the whole that make up the war period in our history. It is a history that has never been written except in disjointed and incomplete parts, but it is a history that contains the substance and trial of the supreme issue out of which have come the privileges and opportunities of our million and a half of free and prosperous people. September 14, of which these meetings are the anniversary, was the last of the warlike invasions of Kansas. It was the last and supreme effort of the pro-slavery party to dominate Kansas by force, and it ends an epoch in our history worthy to be remembered and celebrated by those who appreciate its significance. No man or woman or child who participated in the events of that momentous period is likely to forget the experience it brought to them, the record of which it is the purpose of this organization to perpetuate and perpetrate. I do not, of course, mean to imply, by what I have said or may say, that the effort to make Kansas a slave state ended on September 14, 1856, though I do mean to imply that the question was settled from that day. I might even go further, and say that the result, though not achieved, was clearly discernible before that. After that date, while matters were crude and unsettled, and it took some time to adjust things to the new conditions in which we were thrown, a sense of relief and a brightened outlook, and life was opening up on pleasant and new enterprise, and new enterprise occupied public attention, the winter and spring being full of activities and industries. The epoch of war was past, and the character of the future state virtually settled."
the example of the border ruffians, who took a delight in destruction; never to burn houses or fences, so often done by the enemy. Free-state people could use them to advantage. Repeatedly he admonished us not to take human life except when absolutely necessary. Plunder taken from the enemy should be common property, to be used for the continuance of the struggle; horses to go to recruits, cattle and provisions to poor free-state people.

Before every meal the captain spoke the blessing aloud. He was an orthodox Christian; some of his sons were free-thinkers, regarding which he remarked that he had tried to give his children a good education, and now they were old enough to choose for themselves. Once he also talked about temperance, when Carpenter brought a pint of whisky into camp for Weiner's special benefit. Old Brown was a teetotaller, but still liberal enough on that subject.

On the morning of the 28th of May, Ben. Cochran, a settler on Pottawatomie creek, and a 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 Weiner's store; all this had happened in the presence of United States troops, under their commanding officer, Captain Cook, company F, Second United States dragoons, was requested by the settlers to interfere. He refused, as he claimed not to have any orders to that effect; but he compelled the leader of the border-ruffian militia outfit, whose name was also Cook, to surrender all his prisoners to the United States troops. In the afternoon of the same day Carpenter brought Charles Kaiser into our camp. Kaiser had a claim three or four miles from our hiding-place, and had become acquainted with Captain Brown during the Waverly war. He was about thirty-three years old, and a native of Bavaria; had long resided in Hungary, where he had served during the whole of the revolutionary war of 1849. His face was marked with saber cuts and lance thrusts. He was extremely well pleased to find a member of the old Vienna legion. He, Weiner and myself became very intimate in a few minutes. Kaiser was full of fun; no matter how serious the occasion, he was on hand with his jokes.

At our supper of the 28th of May, Captain Brown expressed his surprise that while Carpenter had informed many of the surrounding settlers of our presence in the neighborhood, still none as yet had come to see us. Such action seemed to him very strange, as we had come by their request, and had no other purpose in view at that time than to strike a blow in their behalf to assist them in getting rid of their enemies. He thought these people very much discouraged, and because in the last three or four days no horses had been stolen, no cabins plundered, all thought of resistance had been given up, and for our handful to go to war by themselves would be certain destruction without any benefit to the cause.

It was during that evening that Captain Brown used the following words: "If the cowardice and indifference of the free-state people compel us to leave Kansas, what do you say, men, if we start South, for instance to Louisiana, and get up a negro insurrection, and thereby compel them to let go their grip on Kansas, and so bring relief to our friends here?" Fred. Brown jumped up and said: "I am ready." Requested to give his opinion, I replied, that having traveled through the South during the years of 1851 and 1852, I was satisfied no baker's dozen could kick up a negro rebellion worth while, nor with any other certainty than that of having Judge Lynch to pass on their cases. Kaiser spoke up: "Never mind, captain, the reorganized border-ruffian militia will do its share to wake up the people to drive out these scoundrels; because, if they don't, the free-state men will not have teams enough left this fall to take their families out of Kansas. The settlers are as yet all busy planting corn, and no
neighborhood wishes to leave work for fight; but it won't last long, and the militia will soon arrive in this neighborhood, because little has been stolen here as yet, and much greater the inducement for them to come."

All this proves that two things were uppermost in the heart of old Captain Brown—the total abolition of slavery and the liberation of Kansas from its oppressors. In his views and motives he never held anything in common with any of the free-state party of Kansas. These leaders, afterwards political bosses of Kansas, had come to Kansas as played-out politicians at home, whose ambition now consisted in swimming with the lately discovered current. These men were not overanxious for positions which implied bodily risks. What were they doing while Robinson and others were prisoners under guard of the United States troops and old Brown was straining his utmost to rally the disheartened people to strike a telling blow? They were East lecturing.

On the 29th day of May, Captain Shore, of Prairie City rifles, and Doctor Westfall, a neighbor of Mr. Carpenter, came into our camp and told us that many horses and other property had been stolen near Willow Springs, about ten or fifteen miles distant, and asked old Brown what he calculated to do. Brown replied with the question: "Captain Shore, how many men can you furnish me?" Shore answered that just now his men were very unwilling to leave home. Brown then said, "Why did you send Carpenter after us? I am not willing to sacrifice my men without having some hope of accomplishing something."

On the evening of the 29th of May, Captain Shore visited us again and brought us some flour. Captain Brown then told him that if his men continued unwilling to turn out, we had no business to stay there much longer, as the enemy would sooner or later find our hiding-place. Captain Shore then requested Captain Brown to wait a few days. The Missourians suspected our presence not far from Prairie City, and he believed their fear of Brown had so far protected this immediate neighborhood from raids. Should it ever be found out that Brown had left it would be worse than ever. Brown, in his answer, gave him time until the next Sunday to gather the settlers, that with our combined force we might hunt for the militia, and offer them battle wherever we found them. Shore promised to do his best. Before leaving on the 30th of May, Redpath, the well-known newspaper writer, visited us.*

Redpath declared that it showed well for the settlers that, in spite of the great rewards offered, nobody had, as yet, been found to pilot the enemy to our camp. He asked us to remain in good spirits; that while we alone represented the aggressive anti-slavery agitation of the United States, also on our perseverance alone depended the ultimate victory of the good cause. He also advised Brown not to leave Douglas county, and he would try to secure up some provisions, so that the Lawrence "stubbins" (a military organization of about twenty young men) might join us. Redpath was very cheerful. After he had left, Captain Brown decided to stay where we were for the present, that we might realize the expectation of our friend.

On the morning of the 31st Captain Shore informed us that a large company of Missouri militia had gone into camp on the Santa Fe trail near Black Jack (spring). At about ten o'clock A.M. of the same day, came Captain Shore, Captain McWhinney, and Carpenter, and reported that three men, pro-slavery mili-

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*In his book entitled "Eclecticism of Genius," Maj. James B. Pond says of James Redpath: "Jim" Redpath did several first things, to some of which I have already made references. He was also the first 'interviewer' in the United States, as his 'interview' (as he called it in the Tribune) with old John Brown, which I witnessed, giving the Puritan leader's account of the flight with Henry Clay Pate at Black Jack, one of the memorable events of the free-state struggle, was the earliest of actual newspaper interviews."
tia, a few hours before, had broken into a house in Palmyra, about a mile from Prairie City, while the inmates, amongst them seven free-state men, were at supper. The three Missourians disarmed the seven free-state men and carried away their revolvers, five double-barreled shotguns, and two rifles. It was impossible to put up with such a shameful outrage. Rumors had been sent through the settlement summoning every one to appear at Prairie City, at ten o’clock in the forenoon next day. Captain Shore concluded with the words, “We expect you with us.” Captain Brown grabbed Captain Shore’s right hand, and answered, “We will be with you.”

It was near midnight when our visitors left us. Next morning, on the 1st of June, Captain Brown had breakfast early, by sunup, and shortly afterwards Carpenter arrived to pilot us. We mounted with a will. Carpenter, Kaiser, and Townsley assisted Weiner to empty his bottle; Captain Brown called out, “Ready, forward march!” and we were on the road.

It is hardly possible to give an accurate description of our appearance. Our clothes readily showed the effects of the bushwhacking business, continued for the last ten days; we had come down to wearing ideas, suspicion and memories of what had once been coats, pants, and hats. Still, in the best of spirits, and with our appetites still better, just whetted by our scant breakfast, we followed Captain Brown toward Prairie City.

After a short ride we arrived at Prairie City. We there found about a dozen settlers gathered around the principal building of the village, a hewed-log house, sixteen by twenty-four; the same was afterwards occupied by Dr. H. J. Canniff, and then, in conjunction with two small cabins, represented the town. After picketing our horses we joined those present, and were informed that a number were expected, as the circuit preacher had made an appointment for the day. Shortly after large numbers commenced to arrive from all directions, some afoot, some horseback, some with their families, in all sorts of vehicles, generally with ox teams; the men armed with all sorts of guns. All respectfully saluted old Brown, who never tired of walking among the different groups, and, with words of cheer, encouraging the crowd to shake off the border-ruffian yoke. Divine service commenced at noon. So many were assembled that only women were admitted inside the house. Never have I met with a more attentive or devout congregation; and when the minister prayed for peace for the sorely tried people of Kansas, unanimous responses were felt as well as spoken.

The prayer was hardly finished when three men with guns across their saddles were seen galloping towards the village. They came within about fifty yards and halted. The two brothers Moore, who alone were armed with carbines, and four or five others, mounted and went out to meet the strangers, when they turned and put spurs to their horses, but, racing down the first hill, one of their horses fell, and they surrendered to their pursuers. The prisoners, brought before Captain Brown, acknowledged that they were from the camp of the Kansas militia at Black Jack, on the Santa Fe trail, commanded by H. Clay Pate, from Westport; that their company numbered about eighty, all armed with good rifles and revolvers. One of the prisoners owned up that he was one of the three who had RAID Palmyra the evening before, and, as they had been ignorant of the free-state meeting, they had come to Prairie City for the same purpose. The prisoners and their arms were turned over to Captain Shore, who detailed seven of his men as guards. These border ruffians were free to talk, and, among other things, they informed 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 two
Moore at once knew this to be their father, and begged us to start at once; but Captain Brown declared that we should not start before night had set in, and attack the enemy at daybreak, to which proposition all agreed. Captain Brown then requested the women to prepare supper; teams were then started to bring in provisions, which soon returned with sufficient quantities of flour and meat, gathered in the neighborhood.

About half an hour before sundown supper was finished and Captain Brown began to organize the crowd. About forty men, the Prairie City rifles, put themselves under the leadership of Captain Shore. Carpenter, the Moores and Doctor Westfall asked Captain Brown for permission to face next day's dangers in his company, which was freely granted. On unanimous request, Captain Brown consented to be commander-in-chief. After sundown the order to saddle up was given, and it was night when our force of sixty men started from Prairie City. Captain Brown's company formed the advance-guard, with Carpenter and Westfall as pilots. About midnight we halted in a post-oak grove some two miles from the enemy. All hands rested as well as they could near their horses. During this rest Captain Shore agreed to Captain Brown's plan of attack in all of its details. It was agreed to leave the horses with a small guard, to move on foot up to within a mile of the enemy; then Captain Brown's company in advance and center, Captain Shore's men thrown out as skirmishers on each flank, and all together, without firing a shot, to charge upon the border-ruffian camp.

Captain Shore detailed five men as guard with the horses. Captain Brown prevailed upon his son Fred to stay with them. At first streak of day we started, Brown's company ahead, consisting of Captain Brown, Owen Brown, Watson Brown, Salmon Brown, Oliver Brown, Henry Thompson, Charles Kaiser, Theo. Weiner, Carpenter, the two Moores, Doctor Westfall, Benj. Cochrane, August Bondi, and James Townsend. After a march of a mile and a half we reached the summit of a hill, and before us, about a mile distant, was the hostile camp; in the midst of a small grove. Captain Brown called out, "Now, follow me!" and down-hill he and his company started on a run. We had not yet run down half of the hill when we were greeted with the shots of the Missouri picket, and at the same time we heard the guns of Shore's men replying behind us. Soon the Missourians sent whole volleys against us, but on charged Brown's company. 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 some two feet deep. Beyond, within about two hundred yards, was the Missouri camp.

Captain Brown jumped into the old washed-out trail and commanded "Halt, down!" and his companions followed his example. Now we saw that not a man of Captain Shore's company, except Captain Shore himself, had followed downhill. Most of them had already disappeared; a few were yet on the brow of the hill, wasting ammunition, and very, soon those 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 volleys. Weiner and myself were posted on the extreme left flank; Captain Brown passed continuously 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 Doctor Westfall; shortly after Carpenter was shot through the right arm and had to retire. Then Captain Shore squatted himself on the ground and said to Captain Brown,
"I am very hungry." Brown never answered, and went his way to see that the gaps caused by the absence of Thompson, Carpenter and Westfall were filled as well as possible.

Captain Shore then spoke up: "Boys, I shall 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 Captain Brown for permission to go for ammunition. Captain Brown never answered, and Townsley left. Neither he nor Captain Shore returned to us until after 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 me and Weiner, and, after having looked through his spy-glass at the enemy's position for quite a while, he said: "It seems the Missourians have suffered from our fire; they are leaving one by one. We must never allow this: we must try and surround them, and compel them to surrender." He then walked down our line, spoke with some of the men, and returned with the Moore boys to where Weiner and myself were posted, and beckoned us to follow him. The five—Captain Brown, the two Moores, Weiner, and I—ran up a hill south of the Missouri camp. As soon as we had gained a commanding position within 200 yards of the enemy, Captain Brown ordered the two Moores to aim with their carbines at horses and mules exclusively, and not to shoot any men at this time, 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. We saw several leaving.

Now Captain 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 should follow, Weiner and myself ahead, the Moores to come up slower; that, if necessary, they could cover our retreat with their carbines. According to previous agreement our comrades along the Santa Fe trail would run to us as soon as they saw his signal with his hat. Captain Brown advanced some twenty steps, then waved his hat, and we four behind him, as well as the seven along the Santa Fe road, charged against the Missouri camp. Captain Pate stepped out in front of his men, waved a white handkerchief, and called out to Captain Brown that he was ready to leave. Captain Brown kept on until within five feet of Captain Pate, and then covering the hostile commander with his revolver, called out, "Unconditional surrender." The rifles slipped from 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 United States rifles and accouterments, as many revolvers, thirty saddle-horses and equipments, two wagons and their teams, and a large amount of provisions, ammunition, and camp equipage. *

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*This is known in history as the "Battle of Black Jack." Among the manuscripts of John Brown in the collection of the Kansas State Historical Society are two copies of the following contract for the exchange of prisoners. They are each signed in the handwriting of the men named: John Brown and S. T. Shore in behalf of the free-state men, and H. Clay Pate and W. B. Brockett for the proslavery. One copy is perfectly clean, and the other badly torn. The latter has on the back: "Endorsed by United States Marshal Hay, Colonel Coffey, General Haskell, or Judge Cato, friends at Baptiste Paola, K. T." The paper reads:

This is an article of agreement between Capt. John Brown, 3rd, and Samuel T. Shore, of the first part, and Capt. H. C. Pate and Lieut. W. B. Brockett, of the second part, and witnesses that, in consideration of the fact that the parties of the first part have a number of Captain Pate's company prisoners, that they agree to give up and fully liberate one of their prisoners for one of those lately arrested near Stanton, Osawatomie, and Pottawatomie, and so on, one of the former for one of the latter alternately, until all are liberated. It is understood and
While Captain Brown was giving orders referring to the guarding of the prisoners we discovered two riders, one behind the other, charging down the Santa Fe trail towards us. Soon they were with us. The first was Fred Brown, who introduced the other as William A. 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 failed to describe the joy and gratitude shown by these men. Their treatment had been most barbarous. Mr. Moore, a Methodist minister, sixty-five years old, had been tied down to the ground the evening before, and been compelled with a funnel to swallow a pint of whisky. Of course Mr. Utter is ignorant of such atrocities.

Now came up the Lawrence "Stubbs," with Major Abbott, Luke F. Parsons and Hoyt in the lead. Captain Shore and Townsley came up behind them.

After a few minutes Captain Brown succeeding in bringing order out of the general turmoil, and, with the prisoners in our midst, we started for Prairie City.

With this chapter I intend, for the present at least, to close my recollections of Capt. John Brown and his heroic deeds in Kansas in 1856. Every word that I have written is true, as I report no fact or event without being present and having personal knowledge, without fear or favor. I neither flatter nor blame, but as genuine historical truth compels me. Nor do I try to surround truth with a frame of romance, to make it more acceptable. I write as I saw and felt those many years ago, as I feel to-day. In plainest language I try to describe the time in Kansas, "which tried the souls of men," which brought forth that hero, John Brown, and caused him to court the martyr's death. The further time removes that struggle of the distant past, the more thorough the purity of his principles and intentions and heroic sacrifices. My old friend must appear to impartial history as equal to the most exalted characters produced by humanity, and will go down to the end of time. Truly, in his behalf can we say with Hesiod: "His is the immortal reward of the labor of the great."

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THE GREAT SEAL OF KANSAS.

Written by Robert Hay, for the Kansas State Historical Society, January 17, 1883.

The great seal of Kansas has a history. We wish to give that history with some conscientiousness, but think it will not be uninteresting to premise something about seals in general.

It is probable that the use of seals is as old as alphabetic writing, and certainly it is older than the common use of alphabets. A seal was engraved on the gold or gems of rings, and very early had an important signification.

Agreed by the parties that the sons of Capt. John Brown, sr., Capt. John Brown, jr., and Jason Brown, are to be amongst the liberated parties (if not already liberated), and are to be exchanged for Captain Pate and Lieutenant Brockett, respectively. The prisoners are to be brought on neutral ground and exchanged. It is agreed that the neutral ground shall be at or near the house of John T. for Orin O. Jones, of this territory, and that those who have been arrested and have been liberated will be considered in the same light as those not liberated, but they must appear in person, or answer in writing, that they are at liberty. The arms, particularly the side-arms, of each one exchanged are to be returned with the prisoners; also the horses, so far as practicable.

PRAIRIE CITY, KANSAS TERRITORY, June 2, 1854.

S. T. BROWN.
H. C. PATE.
W. B. BROCKETT.

*For biography of Robert Hay, see foot-note, page 27, volume 7, Collections Kansas State Historical Society, and page 131, Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Science, 1896-98.

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